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By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.



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TOM MERRY'S CHRISTMAS



*A Splendid
Double-Length
School Tale. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.*

CHAPTER I.

A Tussle in the Snow.

TOM MERRY looked out of the dormitory window, in the School House at St. Jim's, and gave a whoop of delight, which awakened every boy who had not already been aroused by the jangle of the rising-bell.

Manners and Lowther sat up in bed, rubbing their eyes sleepily.

"Ger-ooo! Jolly cold!" said Monty Lowther. "Going to be a cold Christmas. What are you whooping about, Tom, you lunatic?"

"Hurrah!"

"What's the matter?"

"Snow!"

"Eh?"

"Snow!" trilled Tom Merry. "S-N-O-W! Snow! It's falling as thick as you like, and the quad looks like a winding-sheet. Snow! Get up, you lazy beggars! Fancy lying in bed when the first snow of the season is on the ground! Get up, and let's go and have a look for Figgins & Co. before breakfast!"

"Good idea," exclaimed Manners, jumping out of bed. "Get up, Monty! Get up, you fellows!"

But the fellows of the Shell were already tumbling out of

Next Thursday.

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bed. Christmas was close at hand, and in a few days St. Jim's was breaking up for the holidays, but until this morning no snow had fallen on the old school.

The coming of the snow meant fun and frolic. There was not a boy in the School House who, as soon as he saw the snow, did not want to go out and look for the New House fellows. There was no fun like a battle of snowballs in the quad.

"Buck up!" exclaimed Tom Merry, who was moving like lightning himself. "The giddy water's frozen in the jug! Groo—it's cold! Get a move on you, you fellows."

In a remarkably short space of time Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther were dressed, and with thick scarves wound round their necks, they sallied forth from the dormitory. The other fellows followed. As the Terrible Three ran along the passage, Blake, Herries, and D'Arcy came out of the Fourth Form dormitory.

"Hullo," exclaimed Blake, "you know it's snowing, I see. Were you looking for us? We were just coming to look for you, as a matter of fact."

"Yaas, wathah!" said D'Arcy. "We are goin' to give you a weally high old time, deah boys."

"Pax!" exclaimed Tom Merry, laughing. "Keep your warlike ardour for the common foe, Gussy! No good rowing each other, Blake, with such a splendid opportunity of giving Figgins & Co. the kybosh. We were just going out to look for them. You kids come along—"

"Who are you calling kids?" demanded the three Fourth-Formers with one voice.

"Sorry; I meant cads—that is to say, my respected house-fellows," said Tom Merry. "Now, don't start ragging in your own house, but come and have a go at the enemy."

"Righto," said Herries. "Come on, Blake."

"Yaas, wathah!" said D'Arcy. And the School House boys poured out into the quadrangle. The ground was a sheet of white. Paths and plots had disappeared. The walls and the buildings had on a spotless sheeting, and every chimney, every window-sill, was gleaming white in the wintry sun. Snow was still falling in feathery flakes.

The juniors rushed out with a whoop. Snow was what they had wanted for a long time, and here it was at last, and plenty of it. Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's, came tramping through the snow. He was evidently an early riser. He gave the juniors a cheery nod and a good-morning, and then jumped as a snowball spattered in his left ear. But Kildare was a good-tempered fellow, and he only brushed the snow off and laughed as he walked on.

"Here, drop that, Gore," exclaimed Tom Merry. "The person of the captain is sacred, and most seniors would have licked you for your cheek. Keep your snowballs for Figgins & Co. Hallo, the New House bounders are coming out."

The door of the New House was open. The rival houses of St. Jim's were always on the war-path, and neither party was likely to lose this opportunity of settling old accounts.

A swarm of juniors, belonging to the Shell and the Third and Fourth Forms, had poured out of the New House. Conspicuous among them were Figgins & Co.

Figgins—long and lean and muscular; Wynn—short and plump; and Kerr—the keen and canny Scot, were the three known all over St. Jim's as Figgins & Co., and they were three of the best.

"There they are!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Come on!" "There they are!" exclaimed Figgins at the same moment. "Come on!"

And both parties came on promptly. They gathered snowballs rapidly, and the missiles flew thickly, as the rivals of St. Jim's approached to closer quarters. The air seemed full of them, and full, too, of gasps and yelps as they came home on noses or ears. A tall young man who had come in at the gate, and was crossing towards the Principal's house, paused in dismay as he found himself between the two contending parties.

A snowball caught him on the right ear, and he staggered; and then another from the opposite side caught him on the left, and he righted again. Then another landed under his chin, and a fourth knocked his hat off.

"Goodness gracious!" gasped the young man. "Dear me! This is—er—annoying!"

"Come on, deah boys!" shouted D'Arcy, who had old scores to wipe off against Figgins & Co. "Come on, and give 'em socks!" The swell of the School House was charging gallantly, eye-glass in eye, and snowballs in hand. "Give the howwid boundahs beans, deah boys!"

And the missiles flew from the excited swell of St. Jim's, but D'Arcy was about the worst marksman in the School House, and his snowballs went anywhere but near the target. The tall young man we have mentioned was trying to recover his hat, when D'Arcy's fusillade, missing Figgins & Co. by about half a dozen yards, fell thickly upon him. He was baffled right and left, and with a gasp he sat down in the snow. Tom Merry, rushing on to meet the enemy, nearly fell over him.

"Here, don't get in the way!" exclaimed Tom Merry

indignantly. "You're stopping our snowballs. I think you might have more consideration, I do really."

"I—I—I assure you I am not stopping them on purpose, Merry," gasped the stranger.

Tom looked at him as the young fellow pronounced his name.

Then he gave an exclamation of pleasure.

"Mr. Dodds!"

He dropped his snowballs and seized the hands of the tall young man, and helped him to his feet. Figgins & Co. were rushing on, pelting Tom Merry, and Mr. Dodds received spattering missiles all over him. Tom gallantly placed himself between the visitor and the enemy's fire.

"Hold on, Figgy!" he shouted. "It's Mr. Dodds—it's our curate!"

"Oh, is it?" said Figgins, lowering his arm. "We're—ha, ha!—we're sorry, sir."

"Awfully—ha, ha!—sorry, sir," said Kerr.

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I am afraid you received some of my snowballs, sir, that were intended for these howwid boundahs, and in that case I beg to apologise most sincerely."

"Oh, don't mention it," said Mr. Dodds, rubbing the snow from his handsome clean-shaven face, and setting his hat right again. "It is all right. I came here to see you, Merry, but I don't want to interrupt your sport. Don't mind me."

And he walked on towards the house.

"Jolly good sort," said Figgins. "I like your taste in curates, Tom Merry. I remember when he was at St. Jim's last, and you played him against us, you boulder, and gave us a high old time. Let him get clear, and then we're going to give you socks."

Mr. Dodds disappeared into the Principal's house.

Then the School House and the New House parties went at it hammer and tongs. Tom Merry was well backed up, and he led gallantly, and the New House fellows were driven back right up to the door of their own house.

There, however, Figgins & Co. rallied them, and they came on again, and the School House fellows were driven back, and a desperate affray raged in the quadrangle.

The snowballs fell as thick as hailstones, and some of the excited juniors, coming to closer quarters, grappled with one another and rolled in the snow.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had singled out Kerr for his special vengeance.

When the swell of the School House had lately had a bad attack of calf-love, Kerr had disguised himself in feminine attire and cruelly made fun of Gussy. And D'Arcy had not yet quite got over it.

"Go for 'em!" shouted Figgins, rallying his followers. "Down with the School House!"

The New House juniors came rushing on. The School House party fell back—all except Arthur Augustus! Gussy was seeing red, and he went straight for Kerr.

Kerr had five or six snowballs under his left arm. He saw Gussy coming, and he pelted him steadily. Missile after missile smashed on the aristocratic features of Arthur Augustus, but nothing would have stopped the swell of St. Jim's then. He came right on, and threw his arms round Kerr's neck in an affectionate hug.

"Here, get off!" exclaimed Kerr. "Don't, before the people! We're not in the garden by moonlight alone, and—"

"You howwid boundah!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "I am goin' to give you a feahful thwashin'!"

Kerr's foot slipped in the snow, and they went down, D'Arcy on top. Kerr gasped as the swell of the School House rubbed his features in the snow.

"Rescue!" spluttered Kerr. "Drag him off!"

Figgins and Wynn came to the rescue in a moment.

They seized hold of Arthur Augustus and pulled, but Arthur Augustus seemed to be fastened to Kerr like a limpet to a rock.

"Welease me!" shouted D'Arcy. "Welease me immediately! I am goin' to give Kerr a feahful thwashin'!"

"Here, come off," grinned Figgins. "Yank him off, Wynn. He's too funny to live."

Pratt and French came to aid, and Gussy was dragged off by main strength. Kerr jumped up.

"He's filled my nose and ears with beastly snow," he exclaimed. "Let him have some of the same medicine. Roll him over!"

"Righto! Roll him along, kids!"

"Welease me! I wefuse to be wolloed along—"

D'Arcy's protests were ineffectual. The juniors, howling with laughter, rolled him through the snow. They say that rolling stone gathers no moss, but a rolling junior certainly gathers plenty of snow, and so D'Arcy found. The snow clung to him and stuck to him, and covered him and hid him. Faint gasps came from the midst of the snow, and feeble protests.

"I am weally gettin' quite wet! Pway welease me! I distinctly wefuse to be tweated in this beastly mannah! Wescue, deah boys! Wescue!"

"Hullo, they've got hold of Gussy!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Rescue!"

He led a rush for the spot where the unfortunate swell of the School House was taking his punishment. Figgins & Co. were laughing so much that they were not for the moment ready for battle. The rush of the Terrible Three drove them back, and the New House fell back on all sides from the School House rally.

Blake picked up Arthur Augustus, and set him upon his feet. The swell of St. Jim's was covered with snow, and gasping for breath. His eyeglass and his cap had disappeared.

"Weally," spluttered D'Arcy, "this is a vewy wuff game! I weally—"

"Oh, you're all right," said Blake. "Come on, Herries."

They rushed on. Right back to the New House porch went Figgins and his party, followed up by a shower of missiles. This time they strove to rally in vain. The School House pressed the attack, and the juniors receded right into the porch. Figgins & Co. made a desperate rush, but they were collared and plumped down into the snow, and Blake, Herries and D'Arcy sat on them there. Tom Merry, Manners and Lowther led a rush into the porch of the New House, to drive the demoralised enemy fairly into their quarters.

"Boys!"

The figure of Mr. Ratcliff, the house-master of the New House, appeared in the doorway. But the excited juniors hardly noticed him. Snowballs were flying, and several of them biffed upon the features of Mr. Ratcliff, and he sat down on the mat. He jumped up again in a rage.

"My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "It's Ratty! Bunk!"

And the School House party promptly "bunked." Mr. Ratcliff ran out into the quadrangle, with a vague idea of wreaking his vengeance upon them, and his foot slipped in the snow, and he rolled over. By the time he was on his feet again, there was not a junior of either side to be seen. They had taken the opportunity to make themselves scarce.

CHAPTER 2.

Rough on Figgins!

TOM MERRY came into the School House, flushed and rosy from the tussle in the quad. He met Mr. Dodds in the hall. The curate had removed the traces of his rough handling by the rival juniors, and he looked his handsome, reverend self once more. He nodded pleasantly to Tom Merry and his chums.

"I'm breakfasting with the doctor," he remarked; "I shall see you afterwards, Tom. I have some messages for you from Miss Fawcett, and I also want to speak to Figgins."

"Right!" said Tom cheerily. "Chapel's at nine, you know, so there's lots of time. My old governess is all right, I hope. No bad news?"

"Oh, not at all; quite the contrary!" said Mr. Dodds.

The chums of the Shell passed into the dining-room. Blake, Herries, and D'Arcy were at the Fourth-form table. Arthur Augustus was looking very red and ruffled, and he was rather troubled in his mind, as he had not had time to put himself tidy before breakfast.

"I wonder what Diddy has to tell us," Tom Merry remarked, "and what he wants to see Figgins for? I hope there's nothing wrong with the Figginses, or any of the little Figs."

Breakfast over, the Terrible Three repaired to their study. There Mr. Dodds came to join them. Tom Merry pulled out the armchair for the honoured guest. There was still twenty minutes before morning chapel, and time for a chat. Mr. Dodds sat down, and stretched his long legs. He laid a parcel on the table, at which the chums looked curiously.

"Now for Miss Fawcett's messages," he said. "In the first place, Miss Fawcett is anxious about your health, Tom."

Tom Merry coloured a little.

Miss Priscilla Fawcett had coddled him ever since he was a baby, and although he had grown into one of the heartiest and most athletic youths at St. Jim's, the good old soul persisted in regarding him as an exceedingly delicate lad.

"Oh, that's all right, sir!" said Tom. "Look at me!"

"Well, you certainly look healthy enough," said Mr. Dodds, smiling. "But Miss Fawcett says that appearances are deceptive. She was thinking of coming down to see you herself, to see whether you were in a fit state to undertake the journey to Huckleberry Heath when the school broke up for Christmas."

Manners and Lowther giggled.

"Oh, rats!" said Tom Merry. "I always like to see Miss Fawcett, of course; but I'm glad she hasn't come here to gey me. The fellows haven't let me forget her last visit, yet."

"As I was coming to see Figgins," said Mr. Dodds, "I offered to save her the trouble of coming, by looking after you myself."

"Thank you, sir," said Tom Merry gratefully. He fully understood the curate's kindness.

"I think I can report that you are in a state of glowing health, and in a fit condition to do full justice to the Christmas are at Laurel Villa."

"Rather!" said Tom Merry emphatically.

"That packet contains some things Miss Fawcett considers you will require. Open it, Tom, the contents are for you; though you can share with your friends if you like, of course."

Tom Merry cut the string and opened the little parcel.

Then he gave the curate a reproachful look. Mr. Dodds's face was grave as a judge's.

"Let's have a look," said Manners. "My only hat! Cod-liver oil!"

"Green globules for pale persons!" giggled Lowther.

"Dr. Bones's specials!" murmured Tom Merry. "Thank you, Mr. Dodds. It was—was very kind of you to bring me these things."

"I have some inquiries to make also. Are you using the flannel chest-protector Miss Fawcett sent you last week?"

"Oh, yes; I'm using it!"

"Good! I shall be able to tell your old governess so, then."

"Certainly. Only don't mention that I'm using it to clean my bicycle with."

Mr. Dodds laughed.

"One more message. Miss Fawcett will be glad to see at Laurel Villa any of your friends whom you would like to bring home for Christmas."

"Right!" said Tom. "Manners and Lowther are coming. Lowther's uncle is abroad, you know; and Manners is coming, too, because I shall punch his head if he doesn't. We three have sworn a solemn oath never to be separated any more, so we're bound to go together."

Mr. Dodds smiled as he rose.

"Very good. I shall be at Laurel Villa also for Christmas—"

"That will be jolly!" exclaimed Tom Merry, with real pleasure. "Won't it, kids?"

"Rather!" said Manners and Lowther.

The curate smiled pleasantly as he shook hands with the three.

"And now I will run across and speak to Figgins," he remarked. "I have a less pleasant message for him. His father will not be in England this Christmas, and arrangements are to be made for Figgins to stay at St. Jim's over the vacation."

"Oh, I say, that's rotten!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Yes, it is not nice for Figgins. Sir Fortescue Figgins asked me to tell his son, as he was called away in a hurry. Good-bye, my dear boys!"

And Mr. Dodds left the study and the School House, and crossed the snowy quadrangle to the New House. He knew his way to Figgins & Co.'s study, and he went up, hoping to find Figgins there. He was not disappointed. Figgins was in the room, but Wynn and Kerr were not to be seen.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Figgins, cheerfully, laying down the football boot he had been carefully patching, "that you, Mr. Dodds? This is an honour. Take a chair—not that one, it falls down unless you balance it carefully. This is the visitor's chair."

Figgins drew out the best one in the study, and Mr. Dodds sat down.

"I'm sorry we snowballed you in the quad, sir," said Figgins. "Accidents will happen."

"Quite so," said Mr. Dodds. "That is nothing. I have a message for you from your father, Figgins."

"He's all right, I hope, sir," said Figgins anxiously.

"Quite well, Figgins. But he has, unfortunately, been called abroad all of a sudden, and will not be in England for Christmas."

Figgins's face fell.

"That's beastly," he said. "Poor old dad! And I—"

"I am making arrangements with Dr. Holmes for you to remain at St. Jim's during the vacation," said Mr. Dodds. "I'm sorry for this, Figgins. But you will be well looked after here."

"Ye-es, I suppose so," said Figgins.

A bell began to ring. Figgins started up.

"That's chapel," he said. "You'll excuse me, sir."

"Certainly," Mr. Dodds shook hands with Figgins, who hurried away. Poor Figgins's face was very glum. It was a bitter disappointment to him.

"Hullo! what's the matter?" exclaimed Kerr, meeting him. "You look as if you were going to a funeral, Figgins."

"Oh, nothing!" said Figgins.

Kerr looked at him curiously, but said no more. Wynn asked the same question when he met Figgins, and received the same reply. The Co. were puzzled.

It was a blow to Figgins. Like the rest of the boys, he had looked forward to the Christmas holiday by the home fireside. St. Jim's was a splendid place—in term-time. But, when deserted for the vacation, it would be lonely and desolate. The luckless lads who remained over the vacations had what they graphically described as a "rotten" time. The Head himself would be away, and though every arrangement was made for the comfort of the boys staying behind, they were naturally downcast.

It was not a pleasant prospect for Figgins. The chums of Study No. 6 noticed his glum looks when they met in the Fourth-form class-room. Mr. Lathom was taking the class in Latin, and Blake turned to Figgins while Kerr was construing.

"Anything up?" he inquired. "You weren't hurt in that row this morning, were you?"

"Rats!" said Figgins. "Of course not."

"Then what do you mean by going about with a face like a fiddle?" demanded Blake.

"Oh, it's all right!"

"Oh, if it's a beastly secret, keep it, and wrap it up in cotton-wool!" said Blake.

"It's not a secret," said Figgins, grinning. "It's only a message I've just had by that blessed curate from home. My governor's gone abroad, and I'm to stay at St. Jim's over Christmas, that's all."

"Hard cheese," said Blake sympathetically.

"Beastly hard," said D'Arcy, who overheard the New House leader's reply. "I sympathise with you from my heart, Figg. It is wotten for you."

"D'Arcy, you are talking!" rapped out Mr. Lathom.

"Yaas, sir. I was saying it was wotten—"

"You will take fifty lines, D'Arcy."

"But I was only sayin' that it was—"

"That will do, D'Arcy."

"But I was only—"

"A hundred lines, D'Arcy."

"But—"

"Another word and I shall cane you."

Arthur Augustus relapsed into indignant silence. It was evidently of no use arguing with the master of the Fourth.

"My word!" murmured Blake. "They say sympathy's cheap, but it's cost Gussy a hundred lines this time. Never mind, Gus! I'll do half of them."

"That is vewy kind of you, Blake. I wegard—"

"Two hundred lines, D'Arcy!"

"Oh, dear!" murmured the swell of the School House. He said no more during that lesson.

CHAPTER 3.

A Warm Reception.

TOM MERRY came out of the Shell class-room with a thoughtful frown upon his face. Monty Lowther nudged Manners.

"There's some new wheeze coming," he said. "What is it, Tommy? Some new dodge up against the New House? Get it off your chest, my son."

"Nunno. I was thinking of Figgins."

"What's the idea? We've given Figgins & Co. one licking this morning. Another one will do them good before we part for Christmas."

"No, no; I wasn't thinking of that. You remember what Daddy said when he was here—Figg has got to stay over the vacation at the school."

"Yes. And it's beastly hard lines on Figgins," said Lowther. "If I were going home, I'd ask him to come along. Though I don't know exactly how he'd take it under the eires, as Gussy says."

"That's what I was thinking," said Tom Merry, with a nod. "Why shouldn't I ask him to come with me to Huckleberry Heath? You two chaps are coming, and he would be jolly enough with us. Of course, he's our deadly foe in a sense; but he's a jolly good fellow, and although we're rivals here, we should get on well, I think."

"Good idea!" exclaimed Monty Lowther heartily. "And it's just like you, Tom. Our little rows here needn't make any difference."

"Certainly not," said Manners. "I should be glad to have old Figg, for one, and— But I say, what about Miss Fawcett? She gave you permission to bring your friends—our two noble selves—but another one—"

"Oh, she's all right," said Tom Merry. "I'll just send her a wire to ask permission; but I know what her answer will be."

"Then ask Figgins."

"I will. I'll go and speak to him now, and if he says 'Yes,' I'll buzz off to the village and send the wire."

Tom Merry strolled away to the New House. He went with friendly intent, but of course the New House fellows were not to guess that. They saw him coming, and after the happenings of the morning they regarded it as an extraordinary piece of nerve on his part. Kerr and Wynn were looking out of the porch of the New House when they spotted him coming.

"Well, of all the nerve!" exclaimed Fatty Wynn. "Look at the cheeky bounder!"

"We'll give him a warm reception," grinned Kerr. "Buck up, you fellows! Get snowballs ready, and give him a regular volley as soon as he comes close."

"Good wheeze!" exclaimed French. "I never saw such

a nerve! We'll give him a volley, and then roll him in the snow as we did Gussy this morning."

Tom Merry came on, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. The New House juniors lay low in the porch till he was quite close; and then they rushed out. A rain of snowballs smote upon the hero of the Shell, and he was bowled over as if by a Gatling gun.

"Here, stop that!" gasped Tom Merry. "I'm—"

"Collar him!"

"I tell you I've come to—"

"You've come to the wrong shop," chuckled Kerr. "Lay hold of the wriggling bounder, kids! He's going to be put through it this time."

"Let go! I came here to speak—"

"No time for speaking. This is a time for action," grinned Fatty Wynn. "Over with him!"

Tom Merry struggled desperately, but they were too many for him. He was rolled over in the thick snow, right up to the door of the New House. He gasped and spluttered in the hands of his enemies.

"Leggo! Lemme gerrup! I tell you—"

"Roll him over!"

Tom Merry made a desperate wrench, and tore himself loose, and leaped to his feet. The juniors were closing in on him again, and there was but one avenue of escape—the open door of the New House. In a twinkling Tom Merry darted into the rival house. The New House fellows were after him in a twinkling.

"The cheek!" exclaimed Kerr. "My hat! We'll give the bounder a lesson! Collar him!"

Tom Merry rushed up the steps three at a time, leaving lumps of snow on every stair. The juniors were after him in a buzzing swarm. It was no time to stop and explain. He ran right into Figgins's study, and slammed the door and locked it. The next moment a score of excited youngsters were thundering at it.

Tom Merry sank gasping into a chair.

"What the—how the—who the—why the—"

He looked round quickly. Figgins was in the study, staring at him in blank amazement.

Crash! Thump! Bang!

"Open this door!"

"Rats!" gasped Tom Merry. "Go and eat coke! I say, Figgins—"

"Do you?" said Figgins. "Of all the blessed cheek I ever saw or heard of, this takes the Huntley & Palmer."

Figgins stepped to the door to open it. Tom Merry caught him by the shoulder. The next moment the exhausted School House junior was down on the floor, and Figgins was sitting on his chest.

"I say, Figgins—I—let me get up—I—"

"Likely! You come into my study like a giddy buffalo, and lock the door—"

"I tell you—"

Crash!

"It's all right!" called out Figgins. "All right, Kerr! I've got him, the bounder! Now, Tom Merry, do you prefer red or black ink as a complexion wash?"

"Pax, Figg. I came here to—"

But the ink was already streaming over his flushed, upturned countenance. He closed his mouth and eyes tight, and that effectually prevented explanation. Fortunately there was very little in the inkpot.

"Now," said Figgins, "you can jump out of the window, or take your chance at the door. I—"

"You howling ass, I—"

"It's pretty cool, even for you, to come alone into the New House to rag us," said Figgins. "My hat! You simply asked for this, and you can thank your lucky stars that it's not worse."

"I didn't come to rag you!" yelled the unfortunate chief of the Terrible Three. "I came to invite you to my place for Christmas."

Figgins jumped up in astonishment.

"You—you—came—for what?"

"To ask you down to my place for Christmas," growled Tom Merry, getting upon his feet, "and I must say this is a nice reception you've given me."

"Why couldn't you explain? Of course I thought—"

"A lot of chance you gave me to explain, didn't you?"

"No, I suppose I—ha, ha!—didn't."

"Well, will you come?" asked Tom Merry, rubbing the ink from his countenance as well as he could with his pocket-handkerchief. "Manners and Lowther are coming to Huckleberry Heath for Christmas, and we'd like you awfully."

"After this reception I've given you?" grinned Figgins.

"Oh, mistakes will happen!" said Tom Merry cheerfully.

"Now, I want you to come, Figg. Don't say 'No,' old chap. Figgins hesitated.

"You know I'm left at St. Jim's over the holidays?" he asked.

"Yes, Mr. Dodds told me so when he was here."

"Well, I—I—if you've asked me out of—of—"

Figgins turned red. Tom Merry gave him a slap on the shoulder that made him stagger.

"I've asked you because I want you, Figgy. Because you're a decent old sort. Now, you're coming, aren't you?"

"Right you are!" said Figgins. "I'll come, and be glad. You're a good chap, Merry. I'll be jolly glad to come. But what about your guardian?"

"Oh, I'll go and send her a wire!" said Tom Merry. "That will be all right. Just speak a word to those bounders when I open the door, will you? They'll snatch me bald-headed when I go out otherwise."

"Ha, ha! I'll calm their savage breasts."

Figgins unlocked the door and opened it. Kerr and Wynn and a crowd of juniors crammed the doorway. Figgins waved his hand.

"Keep your tempers, kids. Tom Merry came on a friendly visit, and you've been a bit too previous. Let him go out in peace. We've made it pax."

"That's all very well!" exclaimed Pratt wrathfully. "I vote that we don't have any beastly pax with the bounder. Let's shove his head in the chimney."

"And put some pickles down the back of his neck!" exclaimed French.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Figgins, "unless you want a prize thick ear. So long, Tom Merry! Off you go!"

The juniors unwillingly allowed the School House chief to pass. Tom Merry walked calmly down the stairs, rather enjoying the situation. The juniors eyed him like an excited football team watching an opposing player taking a penalty kick. Monteith, the head prefect of the New House, met him in the hall, and stared at his face.

"What on earth have you been doing, Merry?"

Tom passed his hand over his ink countenance.

"Oh, only some ink got upset in Figgins's study!" he replied. "It's all right, Monteith."

The prefect laughed.

"I thought I heard a row, and I was coming with a cane to look. Perhaps I was mistaken. Travel!"

The prefect went back into his study, and Tom Merry travelled. His chums stared at him when he rejoined them in the School House.

"Is that how Figgy receives invitations?" asked Monty Lowther. "He's not coming, then?"

"Not at all. He's coming, right enough. They didn't understand at first, that's all."

"Ahem! I think I should be inclined—"

"Oh, it's all right! Mistakes will happen. Are you fellows coming along to the post-office to send that telegram?"

"Yes, rather. A run will do us good, and we may be able to hunt up a row with the village kids. They gave D'Arcy a horrid time the other day."

The Terrible Three walked down to Rylcombe, and the wire was despatched to Miss Priscilla Fawcett, at Laurel Villa, Huckleberry Heath. It was brief, but to the point:

"I want to bring Figgins for Christmas.—Tom."

The three juniors walked back to the school without meeting any of the village boys, and the row did not come off. A little later the reply to the wire was received at the school:

"Bring Figgins by all means. Take care of your chest.—PRISCILLA FAWCETT."

CHAPTER 4.

Tom Merry Umpires for Study No. 6.

BLAKE was scratching his nose in a thoughtful way. Herries and D'Arcy looked equally reflective. It was evident that some weighty matter was exercising the intellects of Study No. 6.

"I don't exactly know how to fix it," said Blake.

"And I don't," Herries observed. "It's a difficult matter."

"Yaas, wathah!" Arthur Augustus remarked. "Pewhahs I can suggest a way out of the beastly difficulty, deah boys. You wequire a fellah of my brains to—"

"Oh, rats! Don't you start thinking, Gussy, or you will break something—"

"I wegard that as a wude we remark, Blake. I was thinking," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity, "that we should call in an umpire to decide for us."

"Well, that's not a bad idea for a silly kid," said Blake encouragingly. "If you keep on like this, Gussy, I've no doubt you'll grow quite intelligent in time."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Hallo, there's Tom Merry!" Blake spotted the hero of the Shell passing the door. "He shall umpire for us. I say, Merry! Men-r-r-ry!"

Tom Merry stopped and turned back, and looked into No. 6.

"Hallo, kids!" he said cheerfully.

"Who are you— Never mind! I say, Merry, we want you to umpire for us."

"Certainly; but this seems to me rather late in the season for cricket. Why don't you leave it till next April or May—"

"Oh, don't rot, Merry! We're not thinking of cricket, you ass—"

"Well, I must say you're polite to a chap you want to umpire for you," said Tom Merry good humouredly. "I'll referee with pleasure, if that's what you want; but how you're going to play football with the snow on the ground—"

"Ass! We're not going to play football—"

"Then if you're not going to play cricket or football, I don't see what use you've got for an umpire or a referee. Good-bye—"

"Stop, fathead! Come in. We want you to decide a question for us—"

"Oh, I'll do that!" said Tom Merry, coming into the study.

"A chap of my age ought to be always willing to help youngsters out of their difficulties—"

Tom Merry was two months and seven days older than Blake, a fact which he never allowed the chief of Study No. 6 to forget. Blake looked daggers.

"Go on," said Tom Merry. "I'll take the armchair, if you don't mind."

He calmly lifted the astonished D'Arcy out of the armchair, and sat himself down in it. It was the only one in the study, and though extremely worn, was very comfortable.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Thanks, Gussy; I'm quite comfy."

"I wasn't thinking of that, Tom Mewwy. I was thinkin'—"

"Never mind what you were thinking, Adolphus. Go on, Blake, and let's know what the trouble is," Tom Merry said, with the air of a magistrate.

"My name is weally not Adolphus, and—"

"Rats! Go on, Blake, or Gussy will never leave off talking."

"Well, this is how the matter stands," said Blake, while D'Arcy found a new seat on the corner of the table. "There's three of us here—"

Tom Merry glanced round the study.

"Quite correct. Did you do that in your head, Blake?"

"I'll do something to your head if you don't shut up," said Blake. "There's three of us here, but there used to be four. You remember old Digby, who used to be in this study with us. He left soon after you came to St. Jim's."

"Oh yes, I remember old Dig," said Tom Merry. "What about him?"

"Why, he's gone to live with his people in Devonshire, you see, and they've got him at a school nearer his home than this. We miss him a lot, of course, and he says in his letters that he misses us, though he seems to have a pretty good time where he is. Now, we want to see him again, and he wants to see us, and I had the idea of a reunion at Christmas."

"And a jolly good idea, too," said Tom Merry.

"Now Dig would ask us all down to his place for the vacation, like a shot," said Blake, "only his people couldn't take in three, I think. As we're all to be together—that's settled—the question is which of us three is going to have the whole four with him."

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus. "Now, I have first claim. My governor has a weally nobby place, and it's not far from your home at Huckleberry Heath, Tom Mewwy, and we might be able to see something of you during the holidays."

"Good," commented Tom Merry. "Now what's your claim, Blake?"

"Why, I want 'em to come to my place," said Blake. "As chief of this concern, I've a right to give orders. D'Arcy and Herries say that this is a case in which the chiefship doesn't count. I say that's all rot."

"Ahem! Now, Herries, what's your idea?" asked Tom, looking as magisterial as he could. "I must hear all claims before I decide."

"Why, you see," said Herries, "my place is a jolly place by a lake, and we should have lots of skating and sliding, and other sorts of fun. Then Dig promised a long time ago to spend Christmas with me, and I'm going to keep him to his word."

Tom Merry shook his head solemnly.

"The claims are conflicting," he remarked. "It's a difficult question to decide. In the first place, are you sure that Digby will come to whichever of you has the honour of entertaining the rest?"

"Yaas, wathah! Dig won't mind."

"That's all right," said Blake. "Dig doesn't care a brass button so long as we're all together again."

"In the second place," said Tom Merry, "as you've called me in to umpire, are you willing to abide by my decision?"

"I suppose so," said Blake doubtfully.

"Yaas, wathah! It's no beastly good callin' in a fewfwee unless you agree to abide by his decision," said D'Arcy. "I vote that we allow Tom Mewwy to decide, and bind ourselves to accept what he says. That's playin' the game, you know."

"Very well," said Blake. "I agree."

"Righto," Herries remarked. "Count me in."

"That's settled," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "I'll give a decision according to my best judgment. It's understood that whatever it is you'll do as I tell you!"

"Yes, that's understood."

"Now firstly, Herries has a jolly good claim, because he has Digby's promise to spend the Christmas holidays with him."

"Righto," said Herries, looking satisfied.

"But secondly, D'Arcy has a good claim, because his place is near my own home, and if you were all there, you'd be able to see me during the vac., which, of course, would be a thrilling pleasure to all of you, to say nothing of myself."

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus.

"Yet thirdly, Blake has an excellent claim, because as chief of the study he undoubtedly has a right to give the casting vote in favour of himself."

"I told you so!" exclaimed Blake. "You're a jolly sensible chap, Tom Merry, and I'd say so anywhere. Of course I've the right to—"

"Wait a minute; I'm not finished yet. Each claim is a good one, but on different grounds, and in fairness I must decide that the claims are of exactly equal weight."

The chums of the Fourth looked puzzled.

"Well, that's not much of a decision for a beastly umpire to give," said Blake. "Do you suggest that we should toss up for it, then?"

"I've not finished yet," said Tom Merry. "The claims being of exactly equal weight, it becomes necessary to suggest a fourth expedient."

"Get it off your chest, kid."

"And that is, that you don't all go to Blake's place, because the other two claims are so good; that you don't go to D'Arcy's place, for the same reason; and that you don't go to Herries' place, for the same reason too; but that you all come to my place, and bring Digby along with you."

Tom Merry delivered this decision with becoming gravity. The chums of Study No. 6 looked at the umpire, and at one another.

"That's my decision," said Tom Merry, getting up.

"I suppose you're rotting," said Blake.

"Not at all. You are to come to my place, and bring Dig along. That's settled."

"But—you ass—we can't raid you like that—"

"My dear chap, it will be a pleasure to me, of course, or I shouldn't ask you," said Tom Merry, with his usual candour.

"And as you've bound yourselves to respect the umpire's decision, you've got no choice in the matter. Of course, if you think you wouldn't be comfy with me, that would be a different matter."

"Rot!" said Blake. "Nothing of the kind. We came to your place once, and had a royal time. But—you boulder, you've caught us in a trap! We—"

"I say, Manners and Lowther are coming home with me," said Tom. "And old Figgins is coming."

"Is he?" exclaimed Blake. "That alters the case. My hat, we shall be quite a party!"

"Then you'll come?"

"Certainly!" said Blake, laughing. "If your guardian is agreeable."

"Oh, I shall go and send her a wire," said Tom Merry. "Now I can count on you, kids?"

"Yes; and thanks."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Righto!" said Herries. "It will be jolly. It will remind us of the time we went down to Huckleberry Heath in a motor-car, and if D'Arcy could get his cousin Ethel to come over—"

"Bravo!" exclaimed Tom Merry, delighted. "He can, he will, he shall! Do you remember how old Figgins stranded us and took the lady home in his trailer? That was a jolly time."

"I am suah Ethel would be charmed," said Arthur Augustus.

"Come to think of it, deah boys, this is weally a wippin' idea of Tom Mewwy's, and it is vewy kind of him, too."

"Rats!" said Tom Merry. "We shall be a jolly party, and no mistake about that. I'll be off and send that wire now."

And Tom Merry left the study in high good-humour. He left the chums of the Fourth in a similar mood. It was, in fact, an excellent way out of the difficulty, and everybody was pleased.

"Hallo, kid!" exclaimed Manners, meeting Tom in the hall. "Where have you been? We've been looking for you."

"In Study Six. Blake, Herries, D'Arcy, and Digby are coming down to Laurel Villa for the Christmas vac.," said Tom cheerfully. "We've just arranged it."

Monty Lowther gave a whistle.

"My hat, we shall be a ripping party!"

"Rather! Are you coming down to Rylcombe with me to send a wire to my governess? I shall have to let her know, you know."

"Oh, come on," said Manners laughing. "We shall wear out that post-office if we keep on like this. Let's buzz."

They buzzed. They were soon in the little post-office at Rylcombe, and the young lady who sent the telegrams smiled at Tom Merry's sunny face. Tom took a form and a pencil, and wrinkled his boyish brow.

"You can't get it into twelve words," said Monty Lowther, shaking his head. "You can't fix that anyhow. I say, miss, can you send the address free at Christmas time?"

"No," said the telegraph girl, laughing;

"That's a rotten omission of the postal authorities," said Monty Lowther. "I shall alter that when I get into Parliament. Make it a bob's worth, Tom."

"Can't," said Tom. "End of the term, you know. I'm just on stony. I've got a tanner and a halfpenny."

"Turn out your pockets, Manners. Show up."

Manners turned out his pockets and showed up. But he, too, felt the "draught" at the end of the term. His show-up produced an assortment of what a Yankee would call "notions"—pencil, string, sealing-wax, toffee, a broken penknife, and a lot of caramels—and three halfpence in net cash!

"That makes eightpence altogether," said Lowther. "I wonder if I've got anything. If I have I'll shove it in for the good of the cause."

Monty Lowther went methodically through his pockets. A threepenny bit with a hole in it was all he found, after long and careful searching.

"Elevenpence," said Manners. "You'll have to shove it all into twenty-two words, Tom, that's all. We'll help you."

"There's the address," said Tom Merry. "That's got to go in—Miss Fawcett, Laurel Villa, Huckleberry Heath, Sussex—that's seven. 'I'm bringing Blake, Herries, D'Arcy, and Digby down for Christmas,' that's seventeen. 'Tom,' that's eighteen. That leaves us four words over."

"Can't waste 'em," said Lowther. "Make it a bit more explicit. Say 'as well as the others.' That will do."

"No, that's five, and we haven't got another halfpenny."

"Make it t'others then," suggested Manners. "'As well as t'others.'"

Tom Merry scratched his curly head.

"I say, is 't'others' one word, miss?" he asked.

"Yes, I think it will go as one," said the smiling girl.

"Thank you. Please send that for me."

Tom passed in the scribbled form.

"Elevenpence, please," said the girl.

Tom Merry passed over the sixpence, the threepenny piece, and the penny, and the two halfpennies, with the air of a prince, and the telegram ticked off. The chums left the post-office and walked through the snowy street towards Rylcombe Lane.

"I say!" exclaimed Manners suddenly. "We needn't have sent those other four words, you know. We might have saved the tuppence."

"My hat, so we might!" said Lowther.

Tom Merry looked at Manners in deep disgust.

"Well, you might have thought of that a little earlier," he said. "There's twopence—the last, last twopence in the coffers of the firm—clean chucked away! Rotten!"

CHAPTER 5. Another Telegram.

"Figgins!"

"Oh, Figg!"

Kerr and Wynn uttered the name of their leader in reproachful tones. The Co. seemed to be distressed.

"Oh, I say," said Figgins. "You shouldn't take it like that, you know. It was awfully decent of Tom Merry to ask me."

"Very likely," said Fatty Wynn. "But as soon as I knew you were going to stay at St. Jim's over Christmas, I immediately thought of asking you to come down to my place in Wales, and if you had told me before Tom Merry asked you—"

Figgins looked uncomfortable. He had not wished to appear to be fishing for invitations, but he had really been over-sensitive on the point. Either of his chums would have been glad to have him for the holidays.

"And I would have carried you off to my place," said Kerr. "You've never seen Scotland—that is to say, you've never lived. It was beastly of you to accept Tom Merry's invitation, Figg. I say it advisedly. It was beastly."

"Rotten," said Fatty Wynn, wagging his head. "Very rotten."

"Inexcusable."

"Distinctly beastly."

"Oh, I say," said Figgins. "I'm sorry, you know, but—but Tom Merry was awfully decent about it. I only wish you two chaps were coming to Huckleberry Heath with me."

"I've a good mind to ask Tom Merry," grinned Kerr. "I hear that he's taking Study No. 6 along, and Digby is coming up from Devonshire."

"Is he?" said Figgins with interest. "I should like to see Dig again! What rows we used to have when he was in Study Six in the School House with Blake and Herries. Good old Dig! I wish you were coming, and that's a fact—"

"Letter for you, Figgins," said a Third Form youngster, putting his head into the study.

"Hand it over," said Figgins.

The Third-Former tossed the letter in, and Figgins caught it. He glanced at the writing and gave a whoop.



Manners turned out his pockets and produced pencil, string, sealing-wax, toffee, a broken penknife, and a lot of caramels, but only three halfpence:—in net cash!

"It's from Smythe—old Marmaduke!"

The Co. were interested at once. Marmaduke Smythe was the son of a millionaire, and he had come to St. Jim's about the biggest "boulder" the old school had ever seen. He had gone through some rather painful adventures, too, but the Juniors had reformed him. He had good stuff in him all the time, and Figgins & Co. had brought him out, and he had lent such valuable assistance in a row with the School House that the chums had admitted him to their noble company as one of the "Co."

Marmaduke's father had been very pleased by the reformation of Marmaduke. He had taken the boy home when he was quite cured of his little unpleasant ways, and Figgins & Co. had rather missed him, though he had not been with them long.

Figgins was glad to see the letter from him. He opened it at once, and glanced over the contents, and then his face was a study.

"I say, no bad news, I hope," said Kerr anxiously.

"N-no," said Figgins. "It's an invitation for Christmas. He wants us all three to come and spend the vacation with him. Apologises for not writing earlier, as he's only just got home from a trip to Mentone with his mother and sisters."

"Too late!" said Kerr tragically. "If we could all go together, we'd make excuses to the people at home. But as you're booked for Huckleberry Heath—oh, Figgy, how could you?"

"Well, I never thought of Marmaduke," said Figgins. "I

knew he was abroad, you see. It will be a disappointment to him. He never wanted to leave St. Jim's, although he was so rotten about coming here at first. It's unlucky."

"You'll write to him, I suppose, and tell him you're going to Tom Merry's? Mind you tell him you had already accepted."

"Of course."

So the letter was written, and Figgins & Co. walked down to the school post-box and duly posted it. The box was in the school wall, near the gate, and they met the Terrible Three coming in.

"Hullo, where have you been?" asked Figgins.

"Down to the post-office to send a wire," said Tom Merry. "I say, I've thought of a ripping idea as we came home."

"What is it? Some new wheeze?"

"No. It's a jolly good idea, and would work out well if we acted upon it, and I should like you three to promise before I tell you."

Figgins looked rather suspicious.

"What is it? Something up against the New House, you boulder?"

"No. Honour bright. It's a ripping idea, and nothing against your old house," said Tom Merry. "A sort of peace-on-earth and general good-will idea."

"Well, under those circumstances, I think we can promise," said Figgins. "What do you say, you chaps?"

"Oh, that's all right," said the Co.

"Very well, this is the idea. Figgins is coming with me for Christmas, and though we shall be a jolly party, he's bound to



feel rather lonely without the Co. My idea is that you two chaps should write to your people, and explain to them that you can't leave Figgy at such a time as Christmas—and come along with him. Will you?"

The Co. looked at one another.

"Well, that's jolly good of you, Merry," said Kerr. "I don't know—"

"You've promised."

"I don't know—" said Fatty Wynn.

"You've promised."

"So you have," chuckled Figgins. "It's a go, Tom Merry, if your guardian will stand the strain. I'll answer for these kids. They're under my orders."

"Oh, Miss Fawcett will be delighted. I'll just send her a wire—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Manners and Lowther together. "Another wire!"

"Well, I'd better let her know, because of getting the rooms ready, you know. Laurel Villa is a rambling old place, with endless rooms—but, of course, you've seen it," said Tom Merry. "There's room for an army, and the more the merrier. You're coming."

"Yes, and many thanks," said the Co. "We'll come, never fear. It will be jolly to be all together."

"Yes, and I can promise you some larks," grinned Tom Merry. "Come on, kids, let's go and send that wire—hullo, there's dinner! We shall have to leave it till after school. I say, I'm jolly glad you're coming, kids."

The boys went in to dinner. After that meal, Tom received a wire from Miss Fawcett in reply to the one he had just sent concerning Blake, Herries, D'Arcy, and Digby.

"Bring your four friends as well, by all means. Mind you do not get your feet wet.—PRISCILLA FAWCETT!"

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Manners. "You're going to get some hygienic advice every time, I see, Tom. The last time it was something about your manly chest. Now it's your tootsies, I—"

"Oh, rats," said Tom Merry. "Time we got to the class-room."

"You'll get some more when you send the next wire, about the Co. coming," grinned Monty Lowther. "Luckily, Miss Fawcett can't send pills or cod-liver oil by wire."

The chums of the Shell went into the class-room. In the dusky December day the gas was already lighted, for afternoon lessons. Snow was coming down again with the fall of the darkness, and the sheeting of white in the quadrangle grew thicker and thicker.

"My word!" said Monty Lowther, when they came out after work. "We shall have a jolly tramp down to Rylcombe through this. Better think twice about that wire, Tom."

"Rats!" said Tom Merry. "Who's afraid of a little snow, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, I'm not, but we sha'n't be allowed to go out in it if they see us. We shall have to dodge the prefects."

"Well, that won't be for the first time, my son."

"What about the tin? I found a penny in the study, but you can't send a telegram for a penny, Tom."

"I'll borrow a tanner off D'Arcy."

Tom Merry went off in quest of D'Arcy while his chums were putting their coats on. Arthur Augustus was toasting chestnuts by the fire in No. 6.

"Have some beastly chestnuts, Tom Mewwy?" he asked hospitably.

"Well, I've had a good many of your chestnuts in the 'Weekly,' Tom Merry remarked. "Still, I'll have some more. But I really came here to raise the wind. Can you lend me a tanner?"

"Yaas, wathal! I'll make it a pound if you like."

"My dear Gussy, you are as generous as you are good-looking, but a tanner will do. Thanks, I'll let you have this back before we break up. These are jolly chestnuts. We're going down to Rylcombe to send a wire, and you can get a lot more cooked in time for our return, if you like. Put 'em on fancy plates in our study, and mind they're warm."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

But Tom Merry was gone. He rejoined his chums, and they went out into the dusk. The gates were not locked, and the Terrible Three found it easy to make their exit. Kildare appeared at the gates as they set their faces towards the village, and called out to them. Apparently they did not hear, for they kept on, and quickened their pace, and the December mists swallowed them up.

The snow was deep in the lane, and growing deeper. There was little wind now, and the flakes came down heavily and steadily. The lads were well wrapped up, with thick scarves wound round their necks, and the flaps of their caps pulled down over their ears. The exercise made them warm as they tramped on, the snowflakes whitening on their shoulders and their caps.

They reached Rylcombe, and the telegraph-girl smiled as they came into the post-office. Tom smiled, too, and raised his

cap, and a shower of snow scattered on the floor. He took a form and a pencil.

"Make it twelve this time," urged Monty Lowther. "Fourteen is the outside limit. Still, as we're sending such a blessed lot of wires, they ought really to come cheaper. I say, Miss, is there any reduction for quantities?"

"Not at present," said the girl, laughing.

"Miss Fawcett, Laurel Villa, Huckleberry Heath, Sussex," said Tom Merry. "That's seven. Am bringing Kerr and Wynn as well.—Tom. That's fifteen."

"Cross one out, then. There's only sevenpence."

"Say also, instead of as well," suggested Manners. "That will fix it."

"Good wheeze. 'Am bringing Kerr and Wynn also.—Tom." Tom Merry wrote it out on a fresh form, and passed it to the telegraph-girl, and it was ticked off to Huckleberry Heath, and the chums of the Shell passed out into the dusky winter evening again.

As they left the post-office, three pairs of eyes fell upon them. Without noticing that they were being stared at, the Terrible Three strode on, and Messrs. Pilcher, Grimes, and Craggs exchanged a wink and a chuckle. Pilcher, Grimes, and Craggs were the leaders of the village youths with whom the boys of St. Jim's were frequently at war, and it occurred to them that fate had placed the enemy into their hands on this rough winter evening.

"My 'at!" said Pilcher. "Now's our chance, boys. Go and fetch some of the chaps, Craggy, and we'll follow them, and give them a warm time once they're out of the village. Some of them shoved Grimey under the village pump the other day. This is where we get our own back."

Unsuspecting the treat in store for them, the Terrible Three tramped on towards the school. The going was slow in the thick masses of snow underfoot, and they had no particular cause for hurry. The thought of danger had not crossed their minds.

The first hint of it was a snowball, which caught Tom Merry on the back of the head and sent him pitching forward. He dropped on his hands and knees. There was a yell in the winter dusk, and a pounding of feet in the snow. Manners and Lowther whirled round at once, and Tom was on his feet again in a twinkling.

Five or six dim figures loomed up in the dusk. Snowballs flew with deadly aim, and smote thickly on the chums of the Shell.

"It's Pilcher's gang!" gasped Tom Merry. "Look out!"

The chums grabbed up snow, and were soon sending back rapid missiles. But more figures loomed up behind Pilcher and company, and it was evident that they had nine or ten foes to deal with. The villagers made a rush.

It was impossible to face the odds. To be captured and rolled in the snow was not a pleasant prospect. The chums of the Shell took to their heels and ran.

"They're running!" yelled Pilcher. "After them!"

The Rylcombe boys ran too. They were close behind, and a snowball caught Monty Lowther in the neck, his foot slipped, and he went down. Tom Merry helped him up in a jiffy.

"It's no good running!" muttered Tom. "They'll have us! Follow me!"

His chums obeyed without question. Tom Merry darted through a gap in the snow-covered hedge, and Manners and Lowther followed.

"After them!" shouted Pilcher again.

Tom led the way direct towards the old barn, where the juniors of St. Jim's had sometimes held meetings. It was a ruinous structure, with only the walls and a small portion of the roof standing.

Tom ran into the barn, followed by his chums. The interior was very dark, save where gleamed the snow that had piled in thickly through the gaps in the roof.

"Good wheeze!" muttered Monty Lowther. "We shall keep them off here all right!"

Pilcher and company were coming full pelt across the snow-covered field. Tom Merry dragged an old bench across the doorway of the barn; the door had long been gone.

"Now get snowballs!" he muttered. "We'll keep 'em off here!"

The three chums had a pile of snow close at hand, and they set to work with energy to manufacture snowballs. Their hands worked like lightning. Pilcher, who had at first thought that the St. Jim's boys had made a break across country to escape, stopped as he saw that they had disappeared into the barn. But it was only to allow his straggling followers to come up. Then the Rylcombe boys gathered in a body, and charged. Right up to the barn door they came with a rush.

"Give 'em socks!" muttered Tom Merry.

The Terrible Three made rapid play with the ready snowballs. Pilcher was bowled over by one that crashed under his chin, and he slipped in the snow and went down, and Craggs fell across him in his hurry. Grimes ran right on and stumbled over the bench in the doorway, and a left-hander from Manners

laid him on his back. The rest of the village lads scattered before the fusillade from the barn.

Pilcher staggered to his feet, shoving Craggs roughly off. "What do you mean by falling on me, you idiot?" he demanded.

"What do you mean by getting under my feet and fetching me down?" demanded Craggs, with equal excitement.

"You fathead!"
"You dummy!"

The next moment they were going for one another hammer and tongs. With the leaders fighting, the followers were not likely to do much. They scattered, followed by rapid snowballs from the barn.

"My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry, peering out into the snowy gloom, "they're fighting with one another—Pilcher and Craggs, I think! All the better for us! They'll never get at us here."

The two combatants separated at last. They realised that they were wasting their energies. Pilcher shook his fist at the barn.

"Come on!" sang out Tom Merry. "Why don't you come on, Pilly?"

The village boys did not come on. But they remained within close distance of the barn, their eyes on the door. The truth dawned on Tom Merry, and he gave a whistle of dismay.

"They're going to keep us here!" he exclaimed.

"My word!" said Monty Lowther. "What about calling over at St. Jim's! There will be a row if we're not back soon!"

Pilcher put his hands to his mouth and shouted to the boys in the barn.

"You can stay there as long as you like, young 'uns! We don't mind waiting! But when you come out, look out for squalls, that's all!"

And the Terrible Three looked at one another in dismay.

CHAPTER 6. To the Rescue!

"MERRY!"
No reply!
"Merry!"

Mr. Railton, the master of the School House, was taking call-over in the college hall. But there were three vacant places in the ranks of the Shell. Of the three, Tom Merry's was the first name called, and it became clear that the hero of the Shell was conspicuous by his absence.

Mr. Railton looked up with a frown.

"Merry!"

Blake, in his place with the Fourth, was greatly inclined to reply "Adsum" for the missing lad, but although that might have served with the short-sighted Mr. Lathom, it was of no use with the house-master.

Mr. Railton marked Tom Merry's name absent, and called the next.

"Lowther!"

No reply.

"Lowther!"

So Lowther was marked absent, and the next name was called. The next was Manners, and he also failed to respond.

"Manners!"

There was no reply. The rest of the roll answered, the Terrible Three being the only absent members. The assembly broke up, the boys dispersing to their houses, with the exception of Study No. 6 and Figgins & Co., who remained to speak.

"I say, do you know where Tom Merry is?" asked Blake.

"He went down to the post-office," said D'Arcy. "He told me he was goin' to send a telegraph."

"That's so," said Figgins. "I knew he was going to send one."

"But he has had plenty of time to get back, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus, "unless he has been lost and has pewished in the snow."

Blake snorted.

"Do you think he's the kind of kid to perish in the snow?" he demanded.

"Yaas, wathah! I've heard of twavellahs pewishin' in the snow on the Alps."

"But there aren't any Alps in Rylcombe, fathead!"

"I refuse to be chawactewised as a fathead."

"Rats! It's possible that they've taken a short cut, or something, and lost their way in the dark," said Blake thoughtfully.

"Likely enough," Figgins agreed. "Tom Merry may have been carrying out some idea of his, and you never know what's going to happen when he does that."

"Suppose we go and look for him?" suggested Herries.

"He's had lots of time to get back to the school, unless something's happened. He may have got into a row with the village lads, or perhaps with the Grammar School fellows."

"That's possible. But I don't see why it should keep them

all this time. Still, it's a good idea to go and look for the lost sheep. Let's go."

"We shall have to get over the wall," Kerr remarked.

"Taggles has locked up, you know."

"Well, let's get over the wall, then."

The six juniors soon had their coats and caps on. Taking care to keep out of the sight of troublesome prefects, they reached the old familiar spot where the ivy on the school wall had often helped them out of bounds before. It was not so easy now, however. The ivy was dripping with damp and heavy with snow. The juniors looked at it rather dubiously.

"Looks rather rotten," said Figgins. "I suppose we shall have to tackle it, though."

"Yaas, wathah! But I've got an idea, kids—a weally wippin' idea! I'll go and bowwow Taggles' ladder—"

"You make me fatigued, Gussy," said Blake, in a tired voice.

"Do you think Taggles wouldn't tumble at once?"

"Oh, no. I would lead him to suppose that there was a fire or something."

"Ha, ha! Don't give us any more of your ripping ideas, Gussy. Let 'em rip! Give us a bunk up, Figgins. We've got to manage it."

Figgins gave Blake the required "bunk." The hero of Study 6 drew himself gingerly up the ivy. He was near the top when his grip slipped on the snowy tendrils, and he came down again much faster than he had ascended. He clutched wildly at the ivy, and a regular storm of snow descended upon the waiting juniors. Blake plumped on the ground. The snow broke his fall, but the shock was considerable.

He sat up with a grunt and glared at Figgins.

"Well, you are an ass, Figg!" he exclaimed hotly.

"Am I?" said Figgins. "Why, you slipped down yourself, fathead! I can't help it if you're clumsy, can I?"

"Why couldn't you support me properly?"

"Why couldn't you hold on properly?"

"My deah fellows, don't start waggin' one another now!" interjected Arthur Augustus. "It is too beastly wotten cold to stand here while you quawwel."

"That's so," said Kerr. "Lend me a hand, Herries, and I'll go up first."

"Righto," said Herries.

Kerr succeeded in reaching the top of the wall. He sat on it and glanced down with a superior smile at Blake.

"It takes a Seot to show you fellows the way to do these things," he remarked. "I—Ow! ooh!"

Kerr suddenly disappeared. He had slipped from the top of the wall, and the juniors heard a bump in the snow on the outside of the wall.

"Ha, ha!" yelled Blake. "I'd rather not be shown how to do that, Kerr, thanks."

Kerr made no reply. He was rubbing his jarred bones outside the wall. The juniors got over one by one, clearing off most of the snow from the wall in the process.

"Well, we're here at last," said Figgins. "We'd better go down towards the village and see if we can see anything of them."

"Betwah look for twacks in the snow," said D'Arcy. "I have heard of Wed Indians followin' a twail by the twacks in the snow."

"Ass! How are we to find any tracks when the snow's still fallin'?" said Blake.

"I'm sure I don't know. If I were leadah—"

"You'll make a lovely one. Come on, kids; let's get down towards Rylcombe, at any rate. If they're coming back we shall pass them."

"Unless they've weally taken a short cut, and pewished in the snow."

"Rats! Get a move on you!"

The six juniors went down the lane. The snow was still falling, and the road was a sheet of trackless white. D'Arcy, with his mind full of Red Indians, looked round anxiously for a trail, but could not find any signs of one. But all at once Blake halted with an exclamation.

"Did you hear that?"

"Yes," exclaimed Figgins excitedly. "It was a shout! There's something going on in the field—near the old barn where we held the theatrical meetings."

"Tom Merry can't be there—"

"Yaas, wathah! They may have gone there to weahwase some play for Christmas," said D'Arcy. "They may be keepin' it a gweat secwet."

"Yes, I think I can see them doing that in this weather," said Blake. "I don't see how the fellows can be there, kids, but we may as well have a look. There's somebody shouting there, at all events."

The juniors hurried to the nearest gap in the hedge, and entered the field. The whitened walls of the old barn loomed up ghostly in the winter gloom. Dim figures were moving in the snow, and the juniors made out nine or ten forms rushing excitedly towards the door of the barn, hurling snowballs as they ran.

"It's Pilcher's lot," exclaimed Figgins. "Nothing to do with us. But who's in the barn? By jove! Listen!" A voice was heard ringing from the barn. "Give 'em socks!" It was the well-known voice of Tom Merry. "Come on!" yelled Blake.

And the juniors of St. Jim's rushed pell-mell to the rescue. As a matter of fact, Pilcher & Co. had grown tired of waiting. They had tramped and stamped in the snow to keep themselves warm, and the Terrible Three were doing the same in the barn. It was a trial of patience, and Pilcher's had given out first.

The chums of the Shell knew that calling-over was past at St. Jim's, but they did not leave the barn. Rough handling awaited them if they did, and they had hopes that their comrades would come to look for them. During the enforced inactivity they made a huge pile of snowballs ready for another attack, and now it had come.

The village fellows were rushing on furiously, determined to get into the barn by hook or by crook. Pilcher had had enough of waiting. They came on fast, and the snowballs flew from the doorway with deadly aim. Big and heavy were the snowballs, and very hard, and they were planted with splendid skill upon the foe. Pilcher and Craggs were bowled over, and their followers rushed on over them. Grimes succeeded in reaching the door, and instead of falling over the bench he dragged it away. Tom Merry hit out, and Grimes dropped like a log. But the way was open.

The tussle was too close now for snowballs. The Terrible Three lined up at the door and used their fists. They hit out well and hard, and for a minute the attack was stemmed. The assailants fell back from the hard knuckles. But Pilcher was on his feet now, and he led them on again determinedly.

Three could not stand against so many. Back went the chums from the rush, and the village boys came swarming into the barn. Tom Merry went to the ground, locked in a grapple with Pilcher, and Manners and Lowther were overborne.

"Got 'em!" yelled Grimes.

"Got 'em!" yelled Figgins, the next moment—and the six juniors from St. Jim's came upon the villagers with a sudden and devastating rush.

The surprise was complete. The villagers were knocked right and left, and in a minute or less they were flying in all directions; with the exception of Pilcher, who was gripped by Tom Merry and could not fly.

"Knocked 'em out!" gasped Blake. "They're gone! Are you here, Tom Merry?"

"Wescue!" shouted D'Arcy, who was too excited to be aware that the enemy were fled and that the fight was over. "Wescue! Come on, deah boys! Give the beastly boundahs socks, you know! Wescue!"

And he hurled himself upon Figgins, mistaking him for an enemy in the gloom. Figgins lifted him off the ground and sat him in a snow-bank.

"It's all over, Gussy!" said Figgins. "You're excited. Sit there and cool yourself for a bit!"

"Weally, Figgins, you are vewy wuff!"

"Ha, ha! What have you got there, Tom Merry? What's that you're sitting on?"

"Oh, that's Pilcher, I think!" said the hero of the Shell cheerfully. He had got the better of his antagonist, and was sitting on Pilcher's chest while he recovered his breath. "You're Pilcher, aren't you, kid?"

"Yes," growled Pilcher. "Lemme gerrup!"

"I don't know about that. What were you going to do with us?"

"Give you a jolly good roll in the snow!" said Pilcher defiantly.

"Then we can't do better than serve you the same. Or do you think we'd better duck him in the river, Figgy?"

"Can't; it's frozen."

"We could break a hole in the ice. We could use Pilcher's head for a mallet. It's much the same material."

"Good wheeze. Collar him and bring him along."

The juniors crowded round Pilcher and dragged him out of the barn. He struggled desperately, but quite ineffectually in so many hands.

"Now, Pilcher, walk quietly down to the Ryll," said Tom Merry, making a sign to his comrades to release the prisoner. "If you go quietly we'll— Why, he's off!"

Pilcher had seized the opportunity. He was off like a shot. The juniors made a pretence of pursuit, which caused Pilcher to make a desperate spurt, and he vanished into the night.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Tom Merry. "The ass thought we were really going to duck him! I say, it was jolly good of you fellows to come to the rescue like this."

"Rather," said Manners. "They had us that time, and we should have had a rough handling if you hadn't come up. You came just in the nick of time."

"Yaas, wathah! I am glad I bwrought the fellows along."

"You brought us along!" said Figgins. "I like that."

Phew! the snow's coming down. Let's get off, kids. It's too cold to stick here listening to Gussy!"

"Weally, Figgins—"

But the juniors were off. They reached St. Jim's without misadventure, and the Terrible Three stopped at the frost-rimed iron gate.

"You'll have to go in here," said Blake. "We can't come in with you, or it will give the show away. Come along, you chaps!"

The rescuers re-entered the school the way they had left it, while Tom Merry rang up Taggles. Then the Terrible Three went in to face the music, but when Tom Merry explained the circumstances, Mr. Raiton excused them, and they departed from the house-master's presence feeling very satisfied. When they went into the study, Tom Merry found a familiar buff envelope, addressed to himself, lying on the table.

"There's your answer from Miss Fawcett," grinned Monty Lowther. "Let's hear it."

Tom slit open the envelope and read out the telegram.

"Certainly bring Kerr and Wynn. Wrap yourself up well for the journey.—PRISCILLA FAWCETT."

CHAPTER 7.

More Telegrams.

"DIG!" Blake uttered the name in a kind of whoop. It was the day before breaking-up, and evening school was just over, and the boys were pouring out, when the station hack from Rylcombe came grinding through the snow, and a well-known form hopped out in front of the school-house. Blake, Herries, and D'Arcy spotted him together, and they made a simultaneous rush.

It was Dig, their old chum of Study No. 6—Digby, as large as life. Blake hugged him round the neck in the most affectionate manner, and Herries seized one hand and D'Arcy the other, and they worked away at Digby's arms as if they mistook them for pump-handles.

"Here, draw it mild!" gasped Digby. "Love me as much as you like, but don't discolate all my giddy bones. Chuck it!"

"Dig, it's a treat to see you again!"

"Rather!" said Herries. "Same old face; same old grin—not a bit changed!"

"Yaas, wathah!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "It's a weal pleesuah, Dig, old fellow. A wegulah tweat, and no mistake, you know. How do you do?"

"How did you do?" asked Blake. "How—oh!"

Digby was struggling to release himself, and his foot slipped on the frozen steps.

"He's going!" yelled Blake.

Digby was certainly going, and Blake was going with him. They rolled down the steps of the School House, and Dig tightened his grip on the hands of Herries and D'Arcy to save himself, with the result that he dragged them down also. The four juniors rolled down into the snow in an inextricable heap.

"Going—gone!" exclaimed Tom Merry, looking out of the door. "Here, Manners, Lowther! Come and help me sort these merchants out!"

The Terrible Three ran down the steps to help. Manners ran a little too quickly, and slipped, and shot down, knocking Blake over as he was rising. Blake grabbed Herries, who was getting up, too, and they sprawled in the snow with Manners. Digby sat up and looked round him in dazed astonishment.

"Well, I don't know whether you planned this reception for me," he said. "If you did, it's a great honour, I suppose. But don't let us have any more formalities. I've had enough."

"Yaas, wathah! I wegard this ez extremely clumsy of Blake. My eyeglass is bwoken, and my beastly collah is vewy wumped."

"Same old Gussy!" grinned Digby, as he staggered to his feet. "What's the latest in waistcoats? Hallo, Tom Merry, how do you do?"

He shook hands with the Terrible Three; and then Figgins & Co., who had spotted the new arrival, came racing up, and there was more hand-shaking. They shook Digby's hands and thumped him on the back till he threatened violence, and then they desisted.

"I say, it's real jolly to see you again, old Dig!" said Figgins.

"Do you remember the awful lickings we used to give you?"

"No, I don't," said Dig, with emphasis. "I remember the awful lickings we used to give you New House fellows, if that's what you mean."

"Well, the awful lickings we used to give each other," said Figgins, grinning. "I dare say we both gave as good as we got. Remember the time you bagged our concert, you image, and Marmaduke turned the gas off at the meter and dished you?"

Digby chuckled.

"Yes, rather. That was one of our best wheezes, Figgy. By the way, have you heard anything of Marmaduke?"

"Lots! I've got heaps of news for you. You're coming to a brew in our study now——"

"Wrong," said Tom merry. "He's coming to a feed in ours!"

"Nothing of the kind," said Blake indignantly. "He belongs to Study No. 6, doesn't he? That's where he's coming, aren't you, Dig?"

Digby grinned.

"Settle it among yourselves, my infants. I don't care a rap, so long as the feed is a good one. That's the chief point."

"Now, that's what I call sensible, Dig," said Fatty Wynn, approvingly. "You've hit the right nail on the head. Now, we've got a pie that's a regular dream——"

"We've got a fine assortment of tarts and jam-rolls," said Blake.

"We have game-pie and cake and sardines," said Tom Merry. "I really think——"

"Rats! Dig couldn't eat your old sardines. You can get those any time."

"They're not old sardines, fathead; they're——"

"Tell you what," said Figgins, struck by a bright idea, "we'll pool the supplies and feed together. You can all come to my study."

"To mine," said Tom Merry. "Now, you know it's the biggest junior study in either house, and there are ten of us, so it will be a squeeze."

This argument was unanswerable. Figgins & Co. agreed, and they cut off to the New House to fetch the provisions. Digby was borne in a kind of triumphal procession into the School-House. Mr. Railton came out of his study and shook hands with him, and so did Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's. Then he was hoisted shoulder-high and carried upstairs to Tom Merry's study.

It was undoubtedly an honour, but it was a perilous distinction. Digby was rather relieved when he reached the top of the staircase with no bones broken. They plumped him down rather breathless in the study.

"It's jolly of you to come here, to go down with us in the same party," exclaimed Tom Merry. "We'll keep it up a bit to-night. There's no preparation, you know, as the school breaks up to-morrow. Come in, Figgins, if you can find room for your feet."

It was certainly rather a crowd in the study. But Tom Merry had unusually extensive quarters for a Shell boy, and the room had accommodated larger numbers before. The ten juniors found room, and the table was soon groaning under a collection of provisions.

With a fire blazing in the grate, and an incandescent burner shedding light over the festive board, the study was certainly jolly. Monty Lowther, who had an artistic eye, had brought in some sprigs of holly, which he stuck up round the study, much enhancing the Christmassy effect. There was no mistletoe, but as Blake remarked, that wasn't wanted yet, unless Arthur Augustus felt inclined to kiss Kerr. This allusion to the trick Kerr had played on the swell of the School House nearly disturbed the harmony of the meeting, but Blake withdrew the remark gracefully and pacified Gussy.

Digby's face beamed with satisfaction and good-humour as he looked round the study, and at the familiar faces round him. The feed was good, and the juniors did it full justice.

"This is jolly," Digby exclaimed at last. "Good old Christmas! It's jolly to see you all again, looking so well, Figgins just as lanky as ever, and Gussy just as egregious."

"Order! Order!"

"I beg to inform the honourable member that my remarks were not meant in a disparaging sense. But I say, I wish old Marmaduke were here! We only want him to complete the happy family."

"Yes, I wish he were," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "I believe he's abroad."

"No, he isn't," said Figgins. "He's home, and he wrote to me to ask us to go down to his place for Christmas, but I was already engaged. I thought——"

"I thought——" said Kerr.

"I thought——" said Fatty Wynn.

Tom Merry stopped his fork half-way to his mouth, and stared at them.

"You seem to have been doing a great deal of thinking," he remarked. "Any result?"

"You see," said Figgins. "It would seem cool."

"Well, everything's cool this weather. But what are you driving at?"

"Well, as we're not going to Marmaduke, what price having Marmaduke with us?"

Tom Merry gave a jump.

"Do you think he'd come?"

"I'm pretty certain he would."

"Splendid idea! I thought he was away, or I should have thought of it. We'll send him a wire, and—and I shall have to wire to my governess, too."

"More wires!" grinned Monty Lowther. "You'll make

the fortune of the local post-office, Tom. If I might venture on a pun."

"No, don't!"

"Order!"

"If I might venture on a pun, I should say."

"Rats!"

"I should say, 'Why a wire?'"

"Rotten!"

"Very rotten!"

"Extremely rotten, dear boy!"

"We'll all go down and send those wires," said Figgins, "and I pity Pilcher and his lot if they fall in with us while we're all together. Have another tart, Dig?"

"I wish I could, Figgy. But the storage department is full up."

"Another cup of tea?" said Tom Merry persuasively.

"N—no, thanks."

"You haven't had any bananas," said Fatty Wynn. "They're good: I've eaten fifteen of 'em, and I know! You'll have a banana, Dig?"

"No, I won't, Fatty! You may as well scoff the rest."

"Then as the feast's over, we'll make a move, and send off that wire," said Tom Merry, getting up. "Are you all ready?"

"Yes, we're ready."

"Yaas, wathah!"

The juniors marched out in a body, Fatty Wynn lingering behind for a moment to cram the rest of the bananas into his pockets. He might get hungry during the walk, and Fatty Wynn believed in being prepared for everything.

Kildare met the juniors as they sallied out of the School House into the dusky quadrangle, in cap and coat and scarf. He stopped them.

"Where are you going?"

"Only just going to send a wire, Kildare," said Tom Merry, in his most suasive tones. "It's not locking up yet, you know, and——"

"But it's foggy in the lane, and——"

"My respected captain, there are ten of us, and if we lose our way, we shall find one another again," said Tom Merry. "Who ever heard of ten juniors getting lost? Besides, I am going to look after these youngsters very carefully."

Kildare laughed.

"Well, you can go, but mind you're back for calling-over this time."

"Yaas, wathah!"

So the juniors marched off. They left the gates of St. Jim's and marched down the foggy lane through the snow, two and two. Tom Merry walked with Figgins. He had an important matter to discuss with the New House chief.

"The worst thing about the end of the term," said Tom Merry, "is that one gets beastly stony broke."

"Exactly," agreed Figgins. "I've got just three halfpence left myself."

"Oh, have you? said Tom Merry. "Excuse me while I speak to Kerr."

He changed place with Lowther, who was walking with Kerr. "Beastly stony time at the end of the term, Kerr," Tom Merry remarked. "Do you know, I'm in the brokest state I've been for a long time."

"So am I," said Kerr. "My worldly wealth consists of a French penny. Rotten, ain't it?"

Tom Merry made a grimace.

A few minutes later he changed with Manners, who was walking with Fatty Wynn. Fatty Wynn was already nibbling at a banana.

"I say, Fatty, isn't it rotten getting stony broke just before the vacation?"

"Rather," said Fatty, with much feeling. "I'm stony broke myself."

There was evidently nothing to be got out of Figgins & Co. Tom Merry tried Blake next, with the same casual remark as a feeler.

"Yes, t'was ever thus, you know," said Blake. "Most of us are expecting remittances to-night or in the morning. If we don't get 'em, I for one shall have to spend Christmas with a capital sum of twopence halfpenny in my purse."

"That's bad," said Tom Merry, sympathetically. "I say, Herries, are you in the same category? Are you broke to the wide?"

"Stony!" said Herries. "There's a remittance due, but it hasn't come yet."

"It is weally a most remarkable circ," observed D'Arcy, catching the remark. "But I find myself absolutely stony at the present moment too. It is weally remarkable, and I think I must have left some soveigns lyin' about somewhah."

Tom Merry gave an expressive grunt.

Such a famine in cash had seldom been known among the juniors, and a natural delicacy made Tom hesitate to approach Digby on the subject. But Blake guessed what was in the wind, and he called out to Digby.

"Got any tin, Dig?"

"Yes, lots," said Digby, cheerfully. "My governor tipped me a sovereign this morning."

"Corn in Egypt! Give it to Tom Merry."

Digby obeyed without hesitation. Tom Merry grinned as he accepted the golden coin.

"I only want a bob or so," he remarked. "You shall have the change, and I'll pay the bob to-morrow. If you hadn't come to the rescue I should have had to run into Simmonds's and pop my watch."

"And what?"

"Pop—that's East-End for pawn," said Tom Merry, with an air of superior knowledge. "Hallo, here we are at the post-office. Come in: I think there's room."

There was none too much room in the little Ryleombe post-office. The telegraph girl looked in astonishment at the crowd of snowy juniors. Tom Merry bowed politely.

"We've come to send another wire," he remarked. "Are you still charging for them? Ah, sorry!"

"Give me that pencil, Figgy."

Tom wrote out a telegram to Miss Fawcett. It was brief but to the point.

"Am going to bring Marmaduke.—TOM MERRY!"

Then he indited a longer message to Marmaduke. Perhaps the possession of a whole sovereign made him eloquent.

"Marmaduke Smythe, Esquire, 200, Park Lane, London! All the fellows are coming down with me for Christmas—Manners, Lowther, Study No. 6, and Dig, and Figgins & Co. We want you to come too. Try to get here to-morrow morning to join the party in the train. Don't disappoint us.—TOM MERRY."

"Two shillings and twopence, please," said the telegraph girl, as she took in that wire and counted the words.

Tom Merry paid up cheerfully, and returned the change of the sovereign to Digby.

"Well, that's explicit enough, at all events," said Monty Lowther. "No room for misunderstanding that wire, anyway. I hope Marmy will get down here in time!"

"Oh, he'll come," said Figgins, confidently.

And ten juniors tramped back to St. Jim's through the snow. Later in the evening came the two reply wires. The first was from Miss Fawcett.

"I shall be glad to see Marmaduke. Don't forget a foot-warmer in the train.—PRISCILLA FAWCETT."

Marmaduke's reply was equally satisfactory.

"Coming! Rather! Look out for me in the morning at Ryleombe Station.—MARMADUKE."

CHAPTER 8.

Breaking Up.

A FROSTY, sunny morning—cold but bright. Frost on the windows and on the trees, and snow still thick in the quadrangle save on the cleared paths. Roofs still in sheets of shining white, dazzling in the winter sun.

Cheery crowds in the quad. All sorts and conditions of vehicles were there to carry the boys of St. Jim's to Ryleombe Station with their belongings. Luggage was in piles, boys of all ages and sizes in crowds, laughing and chatting and shouting.

"Jolly weather," exclaimed Tom Merry, feeling a gust of sharp wind on his merry face as he put it out of the School House door. "Where's our brake?"

"Ere you are, sir," said the driver of the required vehicle, touching his cap. He knew Tom Merry, and anticipated a liberal tip.

Tom Merry was in funds. A postal order had reached him that morning from Laurel Villa, Huckleberry Heath, and he had changed it in the house-master's study for current coin of the realm. His new funds were burning in his pockets.

"Hallo, Jarvis! Sure the horses won't fall down dead?" asked Tom Merry, looking critically at the animals attached to the brake.

"Yessir," grinned Jarvis.

"Taggles! Taggles! Taggy! Taggy! Why don't you buck up with that luggage?"

"Which I haint got a dozen pair of 'ands, nor the strength of a blessed regiment of 'orses," said Taggles. "You must take your turn, Master Merry."

"Rate! Taggles, I shall report you."

"Which I 'aven't got a dozen pair—"

"Taggles is lazy, kids. Let's roll him in the snow."

"If you lays a 'and—"

"Let him off, as it's Christmas time," said Monty Lowther. "We shan't see his bonny face again for three weeks."

"Good. Taggy, you're let off because it's Christmas time, but don't do it again."

"Of all the young himps," murmured Taggles. "That dratted Master Merry is the himpest."

"Let's get our boxes down ourselves, chaps," exclaimed Tom Merry. "Taggles is overworked. Lend me a hand with this."

"Look out! That's Master Knox's box."

"Let my box alone, you young rascal," shouted Knox the prefect.

"I'm helping Taggles," replied Tom Merry, starting the box down the stairs. It was a heavy one, and it slipped from his hold. "Look out there!"

There was a quick scurrying. The box bounded from stair to stair and crashed into the hall, and the cord and the lock broke together. Knox was extremely unpopular as a prefect, and he guessed that Tom Merry's clumsiness was not wholly unintentional.

"You young scoundrel!" he roared.

And he made a dash up the stairs for Tom Merry. Tom was off like a shot, with the incensed prefect behind him.

"Go it, Tom!"

"Buck up, Knoxy!"

Tom went like a champion sprinter along the passage, heading for his study. Knox was left behind, but he came on quickly, and seeing the study door open, naturally concluded that Tom Merry was in there. He dashed in furiously, and the next moment Tom Merry slipped out of an alcove in the passage, and drew the study door shut from outside.

Before Knox knew what was happening, Tom had changed the key to the outside of the lock, and turned it. Knox tore at the door.

"Unlock this door, you young villain!"

"Merry Christmas, Knox!" called out Tom Merry. "I'll leave the key with Taggles."

"You rascal! Open the door!"

Knox kicked furiously upon the panels. But Tom Merry was gone. His chums stared at him as he rejoined them downstairs.

"Hallo! What have you done with Knox?"

"He's in our study. I've locked him in. I say, Taggles."

"Don't worrit me now, young gentlemen. I ain't got a dozen pair of 'ands—"

"Oh, all right. I was only wondering whether this five-shilling piece would be any good to you, but I don't want to worry you."

Taggles's expression changed wonderfully.

"Which that is very kind of you, Master Merry, and I'll 'ave great pleasure in drinkin' to your werry good health this Christmas time," said Taggles.

"Here you are, then, but mind, drink my health in tea," said Tom Merry. "I don't approve of intoxication, Taggles, and I have often thought of giving you a word in season—"

"Ha, ha, young gentlemen will 'ave their little joke," said Taggles, pocketing the five-shilling piece. "Which I wish all young—"

"I say, Taggy, you'll fasten up Knox's box again, won't you? And here's the key of my study; Knox has got locked in somehow. You might let him out after I'm gone."

"Ha, ha, certingly, Master Merry," grinned Taggles.

"Hullo, here's No. 6. Are you all ready, Blake & Co.?"

"Yaas, wathah," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "We are quite weady. The weathah is beasty cold, don't you know."

"All the more seasonable," said Tom Merry, cheerfully. "Get aboard! Taggles will have us loaded up in an hour or two—"

"Which it's all done, Master Merry."

"Good. Here's Figgins & Co. All aboard!"

The youngsters crowded into the brake. The driver ascended to his seat. Tom Merry's party was one of the first to start. There was a shout as the brake rolled off.

"I hope you haven't forgotten your pea-shooters, kids!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "I've saved up a special lot of peas for this auspicious occasion."

"I've got mine," said Digby, "I brought it here on purpose. There's Monteith—give him a volley for luck."

The prefect of the New House jumped as three or four peas smote upon his countenance. The juniors were deadly marksmen. But Monteith also felt the genial influence of the season, and after that jump, he laughed, and waved his hand.

"Good-bye!" he called out. "Merry Christmas."

"Good-bye!" roared the juniors, waving their caps. "Same to you, Monty, and many of 'em."

"There's Kildare—give him one for luck," said Figgins.

A missile from Figgy's shooter tapped the captain of St. Jim's on the nose. He started, and then shook his fist playfully at the juniors.

"Good-bye, Kildare."

"Au revoir!" called out the captain of St. Jim's, "Merry Christmas!"

And Kildare walked away with Monteith. He was leaving St. Jim's with the New House prefect that morning, to spend the vacation with him at his home. They had been enemies once, but that was a thing of the past.

The brake turned out of the old gates, and went briskly down the road. The juniors turned to take their last look at the school over the leafless tree-tops.

"Good old St. Jim's," said Figgins. "We've had jolly times

there, and we'll have some more next term, too. We'll make you sit up, Tom Merry."

"Same to you, and many of 'em," said Tom Merry, gazing back. The school sank out of sight, only the tall clock-tower still showing above the trees as the brake rolled on.

"Remember how you climbed the tower to fetch my monkey down, Tom Merry?" asked Figgins; "and we all thought you were going to break your neck!"

"Yes, rather. That was a beastly experience, and no mistake. Hallo, there's some old familiar faces—Pilcher, Craggs, and Grimes."

The three village lads were coming up the road. They drew aside as the brake came by, and the juniors seized their pea-shooters. But Tom Merry called for peace.

"Don't fire, kids! Wish 'em a Merry Christmas instead."

"Good idea," said Figgins. "Hallo, Pilcher! Where did you borrow that face? Merry Christmas, old fellow. Good luck."

Pilcher grinned.

"Same to you! Bury those features before you come back, won't you! Good luck!"

And Pilcher, Grimes, and Craggs, waved their caps as the brake swept by, and the St. Jim's fellows waved back, and so the parting was unusually amicable.

Mother Murphy was at the tuck-shop door as they passed up the street to the station. They gave her a cheer, and she waved her hand and smiled, and even Gaffer Jones worked up a friendly grin upon his leathery features.

"Here's the giddy station!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Now, then, down with you! Marmaduke's lying round here somewhere, and we've got to find him."

There was not much trouble in finding Marmaduke. He knew the train the juniors would leave by, and he had had time to get down from London. He was waiting inside the station, and had been there five minutes. He heard the uproar that heralded the arrival of the party from St. Jim's, and came out, with an expansive smile upon his plump features.

"Marmaduke!"

Figgins & Co. shouted out his name, and fell upon him and hugged him. Then he shook hands all round with the Terrible Three and Study No. 6. There was hand-shaking enough to dislocate his arms, and thumping enough on the back to dislocate his spinal column. But he came through the ordeal smiling.

Tom Merry took the tickets for the whole party, and they swarmed on the platform. The local train was waiting which was to take them to the junction, where they changed for their final destination. Crowds of St. Jim's boys were arriving every few minutes now, but Tom Merry and his party were first, and first came meant first served in the matter of accommodation.

Tom Merry opened the door of a first-class carriage and marched his flock into it. They were eleven in all, so there was about room. Then Tom Merry closed the door, and held it shut against all comers.

"Sorry, Gore! No room here for anybody! Pass on to the next carriage, please."

"I'm coming in there."

"So am I," said Mellish.

"And so am I," exclaimed French.

"Sorry, gentlemen," said Tom Merry, with his never failing politeness, "no entrance for donkeys! Pea-shooters forward! Present! Fire!"

Tom Merry held the handle of the door fast, while his comrades volleyed with peas from the window. Gore and his companions fell back from a withering fusillade, and went along to another carriage.

"Victory!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Hallo, here's some of the seniors! If they want to come in—"

"Get out of this carriage, you youngsters," exclaimed Sefton of the Sixth. "I want it!"

"Go hon!" said Tom Merry.

"Open this door! Are you holding it! How dare you?"

Tom Merry looked inquiringly at Marmaduke, who was opposite him.

"How dare I, Marmaduke?"

"Blessed if I know," grinned the heir of millions. "Is it Sefton's face that worries you?"

"Yes, that must be it. Sefty, old man, your face worries me."

"Let this beastly door open, you young hound."

"Rats! Go and eat coke! There's room for you in the guard's van. That's where dogs have to travel, and you know it as well as I do."

Sefton grasped the handle of the door and tried to turn it. But it is easier to hold a carriage door handle shut than to open it against opposition. It did not move, and Tom Merry grinned at the angry senior provokingly from within.

"My dear Sefty, it's no good. Dogs are not admitted into this carriage, and you can't come in! Really! Now don't be naughty, but run away and play."

Sefton reached through the window as he could not open the

door. Tom Merry drew back, and Marmaduke, prompt to act, seized the senior's head and held it fast by the ears. Digby just as promptly collared his hair, while Blake and Figgins took care of his hands.

"Ow!" roared the unfortunate bully of the Sixth; "Leggo!"

"You wanted to come in just now," said Tom Merry, in surprise. "Some people are never satisfied! Keep him tight."

"Ow! I'll be the death of you! I'll—I'll—"

"Will you promise to be a good boy if we let you go?"

"I'll wring your necks. I'll—"

"D'Arcy, there's a bottle of lemonade in that hamper. Get it out, will you?"

"Yaas, wathah, Tom Mewwy."

Arthur Augustus quickly had the lemonade out and opened. Tom Merry took the bottle in his hand.

"Now, Sefty, will you promise to be a good boy, or will you scoff this lemonade with the back of your neck? It's just as you like."

"I'll be the death of you."

"Very well, if you will have it! Say when!"

And Tom Merry commenced to pour the lemonade over the back of Sefton's head as he was held sprawling in at the window.

"Ow! Don't! I'll leave you alone! Leggo! Leave off!"

"Good. You can scuttle, Sefty."

The senior was released. There were roars of laughter on the crowded platform as he drew back from the carriage. He rubbed the back of his head furiously with his handkerchief. Then he made a rush for the carriage.

"Present! Fire!" sang out Tom Merry.

A volley of peas from the shooters crowded in the carriage window greeted Sefton. The door did not budge, and he staggered back from the stinging fusillade.

"Now, gents! Stand back there!"

The train was going to start. There was a general bolt to get on board, and Sefton rushed off. He was in a towering rage, but he didn't want to be left behind. The engine snorted and puffed.

"We're off!" said Tom Merry. "And we've got the carriage to ourselves. Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the juniors.

They crowded in the window and waved their caps. They kept up a roar until the train was fairly out of Rylcombe station, and whistling along the snow-covered track.

Off for the holidays!

It was always a joyous time. And joy reigned in the crowded carriage. Half an hour later they changed at Wayland Junction, and boarded the train which was to land them late in the afternoon at Huckleberry Heath. Then the hampers were opened, and the juniors feasted royally as the train rushed on its long journey through snowy wastes and leafless woods.

At last came the halt at the little old station so familiar to Tom Merry.

"Uckrbrrryeth!"

That was the mystic word chanted by the porter, which Tom Merry translated into Huckleberry Heath for the benefit of his companions. And they swarmed out of the carriage.

"Hallo, there's Duddy!"

Mr. Dodds, the handsome, athletic curate of Huckleberry Heath, was waiting for them on the platform. There was more hand-shaking, and they accompanied the curate to the waggonette he had brought to convey the party to Laurel Villa.

"This is jolly of you, Mr. Dodds," said Tom Merry. "I always said you were one of the best. Didn't I, kids?"

"You did," said Figgins, "and so say we all."

"Thank you," said Mr. Dodds demurely. "I hope we shall all have a jolly Christmas, and that I shall not find any fireworks in my boots, or tar in my soap-dish—"

"Or treacle in your bottle of hair restorer," said Monty Lowther. "Certainly not. Kids, the person of Mr. Dodds is to be considered sacred. But everybody else in Huckleberry Heath is fair game!"

And it was agreed that it should be so. Mr. Dodds laughed as he gathered up the reins. In high spirits the party drove off for Laurel Villa.

CHAPTER 9.

Welcome Home.

MISS PRISCILLA FAWCETT stood in the doorway of Laurel Villa, looking out over the long garden into the snowy road. There was a flutter of expectation in the kind old lady's face, and her glance was eager. Hannah, her favourite maid, was hovering round her, looking forward nearly as much as Miss Fawcett did to the arrival of Tom Merry. There was no one in Laurel Villa who did not love the young scamp.

"Let me see," murmured Miss Priscilla. "The rooms are all ready, Hannah—"

"Quite ready, ma'am."

"The beds are all well aired—"

"Beautifully aired, ma'am."

"The new medicines have come down from London——"

"They're all in your room, ma'am."

"The special box of the green globules——"

"It's on your table, ma'am."

"And the Purple Pillules for Perplexed Patients——" Miss Priscilla broke off suddenly. "The waggonette! He is coming, Hannah!"

The vehicle had come in sight on the road. Eleven juniors stood up waving their caps as Laurel Villa came in sight, and Miss Fawcett was seen standing at the door. Mr. Dodds brought his horses to a halt at the gate with a flourish.

Eleven juniors swarmed to the door. Tom Merry hugged his old governess affectionately, and then hugged Hannah. Monty Lowther hugged Miss Priscilla also, and so did Manners, and D'Arcy, not to be left out of it, hugged Hannah. All the juniors were not personally known to Miss Fawcett, but they were soon presented. Most of them had visited Laurel Villa on the famous occasion when Tom Merry had had his day out in a motor-car.

The little old lady was quite in a flutter. She was usually dressed quietly to the verge of primness, but now she had burst forth, as it were, into full bloom. A wonderful robe of indescribable colours and priceless material, which Tom Merry's uncle had sent her from India, draped her form, and really became her wonderfully well. Perhaps the pattern was a little startling. But what did that matter?

Tom Merry marched his army to the rooms prepared for them. Three large rooms adjoining one another, with communicating doors, had been prepared for the juniors, and there was plenty of room for the eleven beds. Everything was very comfortable, and neat and clean as a new pin.

"Jolly!" said Blake, looking round. "Like being in a giddy dormitory all to ourselves. Tom Merry, you've really brought up your guardian very well."

"Yaas, wathah, and I congratulate you on the result, Mewwy. I am suah that we shall be quite comfy in these quartsahs."

"Rather," said Figgins. "Hallo, Fatty, where have you been?"

The juniors were busily engaged in removing the signs of travel. Fatty Wynn had come in last. There was a happy look on his face.

"Hush, Piggy! I say——"

"What is it?"

"I've just had a peep at the dinner, that's all. Goose——"

"Gourmand!"

"And Christmas pudding——"

"Eh?"

"I tell you there's a Christmas pudding. Honour bright. I suppose Miss Fawcett knows that people don't like to wait till——"

"You giddy Falstaff! She knew you were coming, you see."

"I regard Miss Fawcett as a most sensible old lady. I wish I had a few aunts like her. I'd cherish 'em, and no mistake."

A bell rang below. Tom Merry finished tying his necktie. He was looking very handsome and happy. The rooms glistered with holly and berries, and the lights gleamed upon jolly faces.

"Now, then, you chaps——"

"Pway wait for me," said D'Arcy, who had insisted upon a complete change of wardrobe after the long journey in the train. "I shall not keep you waitin' a minute, Tom Mewwy. I must apologise for——"

"Don't waste time apologise, Gussy," advised Blake. "Leave that till you get back to St. Jim's. Buck up, or we'll take you down without a coat on."

"Weally, Blake——"

"Buck up!" howled half a dozen voices.

"Same old Gussy!" grinned Digby. "How I remember him! The marvel to me is that you haven't killed him by this time!"

"Weally, Digby——"

"Buck up! Shut up! Buck up! Not a word! We'll carry you down without a necktie!"

"If you think I could appear in the pwesence of a lady without a necktie," said Gussy, ceasing his tying of that necessary article while he spoke, "you are quite mistaken, deah boys. It would be regarded as extremely wude——"

"Are you going to get done?" howled Blake.

"Weally, Blake——"

"Collar him!" exclaimed Marmaduke. "Bring the bounder down! Don't let him tie his necktie!"

"Weally, Marmaduke——"

But the chums were "fed up" with Gussy's delays by this time. Tom Merry stood by laughing as they seized and hustled him to the door. D'Arcy's dressing was quite complete save for the necktie, and that went to the floor under a dozen feet.

"Pway release me!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "I could not possibly appear in the pwesence of Miss Pwiscilla Fawcett without my beastly necktie, you know. I insist upon bein' immediately released."

"Rats! Bring him along."

"Tom Mewwy, I appeal to you. Can I possibly appeal in the pwesence of——?"

"Looks to me as if you've got to," said Tom Merry cheerfully.

"I must weally wemonstwate——"

"Oh, shut up!" said Fatty Wynn. "When I think of goose and roast beef and Christmas pudding and mince pies kept waiting by you, Gussy, I could slay you with my own hands."

"But weally——"

The swell of St. Jim's had no time for more. He was rushed downstairs in the midst of the juniors, and swept into the dining-room. Mr. Dodds was there, and Miss Priscilla, and another lady—younger, well known to the chums. It was D'Arcy's cousin Ethel, who was staying with Miss Fawcett. Glad were the chums of St. Jim's to see Cousin Ethel, as they all called her. D'Arcy was crimson to the ears.

"Weally, Ethel, you must not smile at my absurd appearance," he exclaimed. "These howvid boundahs have insisted upon bwingin' me down without my beastly necktie, you know."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the girl. "That is very painful to you, I know, Gussy. But, do you know, I hadn't noticed it till you drew my attention to it."

"Oh, weally, I am an ass, you know," said D'Arcy.

"Yes, I think you are," said Ethel. "At all events, I will take your word for it."

Ethel's place was between Figgins and Marmaduke. Figgins reminded her of the famous day out, and her run home in the trailer behind his motor-bike. The girl remembered perfectly, and she laughed gaily over the reminiscence. D'Arcy looked across at Figgins once or twice, with his eye-glass screwed into his eye. He thought that Figgins was getting on awfully well with Cousin Ethel, and he didn't quite know whether to like it or not.

The dinner was a very merry one. The juniors were so happy at being together, and Miss Priscilla and Ethel were in such spirits, and Mr. Dodds came out so strong, that it could not fail to be happy. Fatty Wynn did full justice to the dinner, and every course was welcomed by him with open arms, as it were, and he was specially destructive in his attack upon the early Christmas pudding.

And afterwards, when D'Arcy saw Kerr talking to Cousin Ethel, he grew extremely uneasy, fearing that a certain late occurrence at St. Jim's was the topic of conversation. D'Arcy had fallen in love with Ethel Courtney, the Head's niece, for several days. Perhaps it was the name of Ethel that attracted him, for he had been in love with his Cousin Ethel, too, once or twice. Figgins & Co. had not allowed him to forget his love attack, and he feared for his life that it would be detailed to the laughing girl.

He got Kerr aside as soon as he could, while Figgins carried off Ethel, and talked very seriously to the Scottish partner in the Co.

"I say, Kerr, old man," he remarked. "We're goin' to be jolly good friends duwin' the vac, you know, ain't we?"

"Yes, rather," said Kerr, giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder, that made the swell of St. Jim's stagger. "Certainly, Gussy."

"Don't be so beastly wuff. I want you to let bygones be bygones duwin' the vac, Kerr. Nothin' to be said about old jokes, or——or anythin' of that sort."

"Not a word," said Kerr, giving him a playful dig in his fancy waistcoat.

"Pway do not be so demonstrwative, Kerr. Mind, not a word about the little——little joke in the Doctor's garden that time, when you disguised yourself and——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have you told Cousin Ethel?" asked Arthur Augustus anxiously. "Oh, dear! She will never let me forget it if you have."

"My dear chap——"

"I wogard it as weally tweacherous on your part, Kerr——"

"What is treacherous on my part?"

"Tellin' Cousin Ethel about that mattah——"

Kerr dug him in the ribs.

"But I haven't told her."

"Oh, that's all wight, then!" gasped D'Arcy. "Pway do not dig me in the wibs any more, Kerr. It disturbs me. Mind you don't tell her."

"I won't," said Kerr. "Honour bright."

So Gussy's mind was relieved. It was a jolly evening, but after their day's travel the chums had to go to bed early, and when ten o'clock struck they were all asleep in their beds, dreaming pleasant dreams.

ANSWERS



The kind old face of Miss Priscilla beamed upon Tom Merry and Co. from the easy-chair, showing that she was as happy and pleased as anybody.

CHAPTER 10.

Fatty Gets too Near to the Turkey.

TOM MERRY sat up in bed. The morning sun was shining in at the windows and glistening on the frost that covered the panes with its delicate traceries. It was a cold but fine hard morning, and no snow was falling, though the ground was thick with what had fallen during the night.

"Hallo, eight o'clock!" exclaimed Tom Merry, looking at his watch. "This won't do, lazybones. You're getting into bad habits already, sticking in bed like this. Wake up!"

"I'm sleepy," murmured Fatty Wynn.

"Never mind," said Tom Merry, jumping out of bed. "You'll be wakeful enough when I've squeezed this sponge over you."

"D-d-don't! I'm getting up."

And the fat boy of the New House bounced out of bed. Figgins and Monty Lowther were in the same room, and they jumped up, too. Tom Merry kicked open the door intervening between that room and the next.

"Wake up, Blake!"

Blake yawned and sat up. A pillow hurled by Figgins caught him in the act, so to speak, and he rolled off the bed. He went sprawling on the floor with most of the bedclothes, and Figgins burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha! Is that how you like it done, Blake?"

"You horrid boulder!" exclaimed Blake, scrambling up, and seizing his bolster. "I'll give you fearful beans!"

And he rushed at Figgins. The other door opened, and Kerr looked into the middle room. He was in time to see Figgins bowled over by Blake's bolster.

The Scottish partner in the New House Co. was not likely to stand that. He went for Blake with the nearest pillow, and the chief of Study 6 sprawled under a mighty swipe.

"Buck up, School House!" shouted Herries, and he went for Kerr.

In a moment Study No. 6 and Figgins & Co. were engaged in deadly strife with pillow and bolster. The Terrible Three stood by laughing. Monty Lowther received a terrific swipe from D'Arcy which was intended for Figgins, and was bowled over like a ninepin. He jumped up and went for the swell of St. Jim's. Tom Merry and Manners could not resist the temptation to join in, and they seized pillows and rushed into the fray. They hit out right and left, distributing their blows with great impartiality. Marmaduke had sided with Figgins & Co. as of old, and Digby joined in with Study 6. The Terrible Three were on their own, and they acted the part of free-lances.

A terrific combat was soon raging. Juniors were bowled over, but they jumped up again, and renewed the combat gallantly. A rush of the Co. bore their opponents backwards, but they rallied again, while the Terrible Three tackled the victorious New House fellows. The fun waxed fast and furious.

Blake's party and Figgins & Co. were too busy to attend to the Terrible Three for a time, and Tom Merry had it all his own way. Then by a tacit understanding the two parties of

Fourth-Formers suddenly ceased their mutual attack, and combined against the chums of the Shell.

This rather changed matters. Eight youngsters attacked the Terrible Three, and Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther were driven into a corner, where they valiantly defended themselves with their pillows.

"Go for 'em!" shouted Figgins. "We'll teach 'em to biff both sides of us! Snatch 'em bald-headed!"

"Give 'em socks!" yelled Digby. "Down with the Shell!"

"Yaas, wathah! Give the boundahs beastly socks!" shouted D'Arcy, brandishing his pillow excitedly, and sending Herries and Marmaduke flying with accidental swipes. "Give the—Ow!"

Marmaduke had jumped up and seized the swell of St. Jim's, and plumped him on a bed, and was proceeding to sit on his chest.

"Marmaduke, pway wesease me! I insist—"

"Sit on him!" gasped Herries. "Keep him down! He's more dangerous to us than to those rotters! Pin him down!"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"I've got him!" said Marmaduke cheerfully. "He won't get up in a hurry."

Certainly the Fourth-Formers seemed to get on better without D'Arcy's aid. They cornered the Terrible Three, and Manners dropped under Blake's pillow; but the next moment Tom Merry floored Digby, who sprawled over Manners.

"Rush 'em!" shouted Figgins.

The Fourth-Formers rushed. Tom Merry hurled his pillow at Figgins, who ducked and let it whiz over his head.

At the same moment the door opened, and the smiling countenance of Mr. Dodds looked in.

"Boys, it's time—"

Biff!

Right into Mr. Dodd's face went the flying pillow, and it bowled him over like a cannon-ball. He disappeared from the doorway, and a thud was heard in the passage.

"My hat!" gasped Tom Merry. "Pax, you fellows."

The pillow fight ceased at once. The juniors rushed to the door. Tom Merry and Blake lent helping hands, and the curate, gasping, was set upon his feet.

"I say, we're awfully sorry, sir," said Tom Merry penitently, though his eyes were gleaming with fun. "It was quite an accident, of course."

"Of course," said Monty Lowther. "The pillow was intended for that bounder Figgins. I vote that we scrag him for dodging the enemy's fire."

"Yaas, wathah! Let's sewag Figgins—"

"Never mind," said Mr. Dodds, laughing, as he smoothed his rumpled hair. "I am sure it was an accident. But you will be late for breakfast. I heard the fearful din you were making, and so I looked in to tell you."

"Thank you, sir. We'll be down in two ticks."

The curate passed on. The juniors grinned over the occurrence, and voted Mr. Dodds a jolly good fellow for his good temper. When they went down they found breakfast ready, and Miss Priscilla beaming over the teacups.

Breakfast over, the glorious winter morning invited them out of doors. Laurel Villa stood in extensive grounds, part of which was cultivated, while there were extensive gardens and conservatories, and special hothouses, where bloomed the flowers that were the pride of Miss Priscilla's heart. Down at the end of the grounds ran the Huckle River, where there was boating and bathing in the summer. But now the stream, which bubbled and sang through the rushes in the summer-time, was frozen hard in a broad sheet of glistening ice.

"Who's for skating?" Tom Merry asked. "I warned you all to bring your skates, but I have a good many here in case you've forgotten. Where are you going, Fatty?"

"Oh, just to have a look at the farmyard!" said Fatty Wynn.

Figgins burst into a chuckle.

"Miss Fawcett was telling him about the big turkey, and Fatty wants to see it!" he exclaimed. "Mind he doesn't go for you, Fatty! You look a tempting morsel for a turkey. He might take you for an extra-size oyster, you know."

"Yaas, wathah! If I were you, Fatty, I'd wait till Christmas to see the turkey."

"Oh, rats!" said Fatty. "He won't go for me. I'll stroke him—"

"Don't you be an ass!" said Tom Merry. "You don't know turkeys."

But Fatty Wynn, sniffing the sniff of one who condemns advice, was gone. Tom Merry went into the house to fetch his skates. It was a glorious day for skating. Mr. Dodds, who had his parochial duties to attend to, could not join them, but Cousin Ethel came up, in what D'Arcy described to Marmaduke as a "weally wippin' get-up." The girl's sweet face looked out from the white furs with a merry smile. Mr. Dodds' face was rather grave as he left the boys, and Tom Merry, coming out with his skates in his hand, noticed it.

"I hope nothing is wrong, Mr. Dodds," he said, looking up at the tall curate.

Mr. Dodds smiled.

"No, not at all, Tom. I am going to see an old fellow, who is in a rather bad way, that is all," he replied.

"Anybody I know?" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes, old Granfer George," said Mr. Dodds. "He used to carry you about when you were a little fellow, you remember."

"I remember, Mr. Dodds. I hope he's not ill."

"No, only the same old rheumatism, and Granfer George wouldn't part with that for anything, I think," said Mr. Dodds.

"Only financial difficulties, Tom. His landlord, Mr. Squires, is very hard on him, but I hope to make it all right. Good-bye, Tom."

And Mr. Dodds went off with his swinging stride. The juniors were crowding down towards the river when Digby uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Hallo! What's that?"

It was a terrific uproar from the direction of the farmyard. The loud clucking of fowls was mingled with the squealing of startled pigs and the yelling of a human voice.

"It's Fatty Wynn!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "He's been looking for trouble, I expect—"

"And found it," grinned Digby.

The boys rushed into the farmyard. A startling sight met their gaze.

"Help!" It was Fatty Wynn who was yelling, "Help! Help!"

In spite of their concern for Fatty, the juniors could not help bursting into a roar of laughter.

Fatty had evidently been approaching the big turkey too familiarly, and the haughty bird had resented it by seizing the fat boy of the New House by the ear!

The beak was firmly fixed on Fatty Wynn's ear, and he was struggling desperately to escape. He fought gallantly, and the turkey flapped its wings as it was whirled about by the frantic junior, but it did not let go.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Figgins. "I told you so, Fatty!"

"Help!" shrieked Fatty. "Rescue!"

Tom Merry dashed forward to the rescue.

He clutched the big bird, but it was not so easy to make it release its grip on the ear of the unfortunate Fatty.

"Help! Help!"

"Here, lend a hand!" gasped Tom Merry. "Take the beast by the neck, Figg! Thump it, Dig!"

Figgins gripped the turkey's fat neck, and Marmaduke thumped, and Digby thumped. With a wild flapping and a screech, the turkey at last released Fatty Wynn, and scuttled off. The juniors closed round Fatty and bore him away.

"Ow!" gasped Fatty Wynn. "O-o-o-o-o-oh! Ow!"

"Serve you right!" said Figgins unfeelingly. "Why couldn't you let the turkey alone? What were you trying to do—eat it?"

"No, I wasn't!" grunted Wynn. "I was only just trying to see how fat it was."

"Ha, ha! Did you find out?"

"The brute snipped hold of my beastly ear! Gr-r! It's bleeding! Never mind," said Fatty Wynn, a smile breaking out upon his plump face. "I'll take it out of him at dinner-time Christmas!"

"Ha, ha! I think I could write a thrilling novel for the 'Weekly' about that," said Figgins, entitled, "The Terrible Turkey, or Fatty Wynn's Revenge."

"Oh, don't rot!" said Fatty. "It hurts. I—"

"My dear child!"

It was the anxious voice of Miss Priscilla.

"Blood! Dear me! You are—are wounded! Hannah! Lint! Bandages! Hannah!"

"It's all right, Miss Fawcett," said Fatty Wynn, who had no desire to be made an invalid of, and who knew Miss Priscilla's little ways. "It's only—"

"My dear child, come up to the house at once! Take his other arm, Hannah!"

"But I—I—I—"

"How fortunate that I heard the noise and came down at once. Quick, Hannah! Run on ahead, and get the lint prepared! Hurry!"

"I—I—I—"

Fatty Wynn's protests were not even listened to by the anxious Miss Priscilla. He was simply rushed off willy-nilly. He disappeared into the house with Miss Fawcett and Hannah.

The juniors burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well," said Tom Merry, "by the time Fatty escapes, he will have learned to let live turkeys severely alone, I think. It's safer to wait till they're cooked. Come on, kids, and let's get that skate. You are skating, Cousin Ethel?"

"Certainly," said the girl, with a bright smile.

The stream was wide and the ice firm. A couple of hundred yards down the stream was a board, warning skaters that the ice was thin. But there was little danger even there, for Tom

Merry knew every foot of it, and he remarked that in the thin spot the water was shallow.

Tom Merry was a master of the art of skating, and most of the others skated well. Cousin Ethel was a marvel. D'Arcy was the weakest of the party on skates, but he did not like to own up before the girl's laughing eyes that he was a poor skater. D'Arcy always had a lurking suspicion that Cousin Ethel was laughing at him.

"You'll hold me at first, won't you, Blake?" he whispered. "Dig, old man, I should be extremely obliged if you would take the othah side—just for a little. I am not weally a bad skatah, you know, but one gets out of pwactice so beastly soon."

"Exactly," assented Blake, winking at Digby. "We'll help you. Got the skates on all right?"

"Yaas, wathah—I—er—think so. Careful now, deah boys!"

"Digby, old man, are you being sufficiently careful?"

"Yes, Blake, I think I am being sufficiently careful. If I am not sufficiently careful, you must tell me whenever Gussy falls over—"

"Weally, Digby—"

"Come along, Gus. Mind you're sufficiently careful, Dig."

"Certainly. I will be sufficiently—"

"Oh, don't wot, you fellows. Take care. I can feel my feet slipping away—ow!"

D'Arcy was on the ice at last. His right leg went one way and his left leg another, and he threw his arms wildly round the necks of Blake and Digby.

"Hold on!" gasped Blake.

"I am holdin' on, deah boy. I weally do not feel quite secure. The ice is unusuallly slippy, I think."

"Ha, ha! Keep your feet together."

"I—I will try, but they seem to go away fwom one anothah of their own accord. It is more difficult than I thought at first."

"Why, I thought you could skate, Gus," said Cousin Ethel, mischievously.

"I—I weally can, you know, but I am considerably out of pwactice!" gasped D'Arcy. "Dig, old man, you needn't hold me by the collar. You are wumplin' it. Hold me by my beastly arm!"

"That's all right! Come along, Gussy!"

Gussy was fairly going now. Blake and Digby could do anything on their skates, and they supported the swell of St. Jim's between them, and ran him along.

Gussy gradually got into the way of it, and, like all beginners, as soon as he felt he could go he wanted to go without assistance.

"I think I am all wight now, Blake," he said. "You can let go, Dig, old man."

Figgins was cutting figures on the ice, and the other juniors were flying round, with scarves trailing in the wind.

D'Arcy felt that he was keeping Blake and Dig out of the fun, and besides, he didn't want to appear helpless before Cousin Ethel.

"Let me go now, Blake. I was only a little out of pwactice, and I am quite capable of takin' care of myself now, I do assuah you."

"Cut off, Blake," said Dig. "I'll stiek to him."

"Right you are," said Blake, who was anxious to get some skating, and he spun away with a whiz, and was soon competing with Figgins in cutting capers.

Dig good-naturedly stuck to the swell of St. Jim's, but D'Arcy would not have it. He insisted that he was quite well able to take care of himself.

"My dear Dig!" he exclaimed, "I'm spoiling your fun, and you are spoilin' mine. I am goin' to skate alone. Pway release me!"

"Oh, all right, if you put it like that," said Digby resignedly.

"You're a silly ass, though, and you'll come a cropper."

"I shall not come a cwoppah."

Dig obediently released the swell of St. Jim's, and D'Arcy stood alone. Figgins came by, with Cousin Ethel on his arm—that is to say, her hand on his arm, of course, and the two appeared to be enjoying themselves hugely.

D'Arcy's emulation was aroused. He was standing with some difficulty, but he knew it was easier to keep moving than to stand still on slippery ice. And that ice was very slippery.

"I suppose I had better begin with a figh of eight," D'Arcy murmured. "Figgins does them easily enough, and it's wot to suppose that I can't do what a New House wottah does. I will show Ethel that I can skate, bai jove!"

And Arthur Augustus started off with a run.

Then, somehow, he never exactly knew how, his right leg travelled away from his left and went up into the air, and at the same time he gathered speed, and, much to his own astonishment and terror, he went along like lightning on one leg.

"My hat!" exclaimed Digby. "I never thought Gussy could do that. We needn't have wasted so much time holding him up, Blake."

Blake roared. He caught sight of the agonised expression on D'Arcy's face as he shot by, and he knew that that wonderful exhibition was quite involuntary on D'Arcy's part.

Right on went D'Arcy with a wild rush. He couldn't think. His wits seemed to be scattered. His right leg remained stuck out like a semaphore, his left bent under him. But he still skated along in a half-sitting posture. The look of him, and especially his face, with its bewildered expression, was so ludicrous that the juniors roared again.

"Help!" gasped D'Arcy faintly.

"Look out!" yelled Figgins suddenly. "Look out, D'Arcy! You're making for the thin ice!"

D'Arcy was indeed rushing right down on the warning-board, but he could not have stopped himself to save his life.

"Look out!"

"Stop!"

"Danger!"

D'Arcy, with a wild effort, brought his right leg down upon the ice once more, but with disastrous results, for the skate smashed through the thin surface, and there was a gush of black water from beneath.

All round the swell of St. Jim's came an ominous cracking and creaking. Water gushed out. D'Arcy realised his danger, but he could not help himself.

Crash!

A cry of horror rose from the boys as the ice parted in a wide gap, and the swell of St. Jim's went through.

CHAPTER 11.

D'Arcy in Danger—Tom Merry's New Idea.

COUSIN ETHEL gave a cry of alarm.

"Arthur! He will be drowned! Save him!"

"What-ho!" said Figgins reassuringly, and he left the girl's side and sped on towards the thin ice.

"Look out!" shouted Tom Merry. "You'll be in too! Look out!"

"Yaas, wathah!" came a voice from the gap in the ice.

Arthur Augustus had gone right through, but his feet had found the bottom of the shallow water, and he stood with the ice on a level with his chest. He was in no danger of drowning, unless his lower limbs should freeze and refuse to support him. He made frantic efforts to get hold of the ice, but it chipped and broke in his grasp.

"Look out, Figgins! You—"

It was too late.

The bold Figgins was already on the spot. The ice, already weakened, cracked under him, and he went through, and bumped right against Gussy.

The swell of St. Jim's clutched hold of him to save himself.

"Weally, Figgins—"

"Hold on, Gussy! I'm going to save you!"

"Weally, Figgins, you are very clumsy! You might have drowned me! Help, deah boys! I am simply fweezing, and my trowsers are completely spoiled."

The juniors gathered round the gap in the ice.

A creaking under their feet warned them not to come too near, yet it was necessary to get Figgins and D'Arcy out at once if they were not to freeze.

"My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "What's to be done? I—"

"Is there a ladder?" asked Cousin Ethel quickly.

"By Jove! That's the idea! Come and help me carry it, some of you! Keep your pecker up, Figg! We'll be back in a jiffy!"

"Righto!" sang out Figgins, as cheerfully as he could.

"Weally, this is howwidly wotten!" gasped D'Arcy, as Tom Merry and three or four others tore off. "I'm fweezin'!"

"Buck up!" said Figgins. "I'm freezing too!"

"I say," called out Marmaduke, "why not smash the ice and come along? The water's shallow enough there for you to get to the bank."

Figgins hesitated. He knew there might be hollows in the river bed. Still, it was worth trying.

"Chuck us a skate, then," he said, and Marmaduke, having thrown him a skate, and Figgins having caught it, he commenced to smash a passage through the thin ice towards the bank.

All of a sudden he disappeared up to his neck, and the juniors gave a cry.

Figgins scrambled back gasping.

"It's all right," he spluttered. "I stepped into a hole, that's all. They forgot to pave the bottom of the river, Marmaduke, so your idea won't work."

"Where's my skate?"

"Your skate? At the bottom of the river somewhere, I think. I haven't got it. You'd better wait till the season, and start fishing for skate," said Figgins.

"Oh, dear, I am howwidly cold! My twousahs are fweezin' to my beastly legs!"

"What the dickens did you want to get on thin ice for, duffer?" said Figgins.

"I couldn't help it, Figgins. I couldn't weally. I wondah how long Tom Mewwy is goin' to be with that laddah. I say, look out, Marmaduke."

Figgins's vigorous blows on the ice had weakened it. A crack had extended under Marmaduke's feet, but the heir of millions had not noticed it. He noticed it now, however. The ice gave a creak and a groan and went through, and Marmaduke dropped into the water.

"Ow!" shivered Marmaduke Smythe, as the freezing water swirled round him.

The other juniors crowded back. Digby heroically tried to lend a helping hand to Marmaduke Smythe, and went in himself.

"Here comes Tom Merry!"

Tom Merry, Herries, Lowther, and Manners were rushing down to the stream with a long ladder borne in their arms. They ran it down to the water, and laid it across the ice. It reached from the bank to a spot where the frozen surface was thick and solid, and formed a bridge across the dangerous section.

"Catch hold, Figg!"

"Right!" said Figgins, and he was on the ladder in a twinkling. D'Arcy caught hold of it, too, but he was too fatigued and cold to draw himself out. Figgins gripped him by the shoulders and dragged him upon the level ladder by main force.

"Thank you, Figgins!" gasped D'Arcy. "But you weally needn't be so beastly wuff, you know. You have quite shaken me out of breath."

"Oh, rats! Come along, kid, and dry up."

Figgins hauled D'Arcy along the ladder. Tom Merry seized him and bore him to the shore. Digby and Marmaduke soon climbed out, and the four wet and dripping juniors came safe to the bank.

"Don't stand still a moment!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "You'll freeze, as sure as a gun. You want bed and blankets and hot-water bottles. Run—hard as you can go!"

Figgins, Digby, and Marmaduke needed no second bidding. Each with a helping hand on his arm tore off towards the house. But Arthur Augustus was slower; he had his personal dignity to consider.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Run, you silly beggar—run!"

"I wufuse to wun! I wufuse to act in such an extwemely undig. mannab. I will walk, with pleasuah, but I wufuse to tear about like—"

"Collar his other arm, Kerr."

Tom Merry and Kerr gripped an arm each of the swell of St. Jim's, and they ran him off, whether he would or not. He

had to run or be dragged, and he decided to run. His feeble protests passed unheeded, and Tom Merry and Kerr made such good speed that they reached the house soon after the others.

Miss Fawcett was already alarmed. She had finished attending to the unfortunate Fatty Wynn, who was lying on a sofa with his head bandaged up. She was in her element now with four drenched and half-frozen juniors to look after. Hannah came at her call, and the four drenched ones were bundled off to bed, with hot-water bottles at their feet and blankets piled on them till they were nearly suffocated. The Huckleberry Heath medico was sent for at once.

"Five of us laid up," said Tom Merry ruefully, when they sat down to lunch. "They'll be all right to-morrow, though. And Cousin Ethel's engaged this afternoon, too. That makes six. But I say, you fellows, I've got an idea."

"Get it off your chest, then," said Blake. "I don't suppose it's any good, but we may as well hear it."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Did you hear what Mr. Dodds said to me before he went away this morning? There's something up with old Granfer George in the village. Now, why shouldn't we all pay him a visit, and see what the trouble is, and get him out of it, if possible?"

There was a chorus of approval.

"Very well," said Tom Merry. "Wire in, and we'll go after lunch."

And after lunch they went. Leaving the invalids, the six juniors set off in the December dusk to walk into the village. Tom Merry knew Granfer George's cottage well. It was a neat little structure, with a large garden which was the pride of Granfer George's heart, but which was now hidden under a sheeting of snow. Tom Merry knocked at the door, and it was opened by Granny, the partner of Granfer George's weal and woe—mostly woe now, to judge by the looks of the old couple.

"It's Master Merry!"

Their pleasure at seeing him was unfeigned. Tom Merry shook hands with Granfer, who was sitting over the fire, and presented his chums. They sat down on oaken settles in the red-brick-floored kitchen, which, homely as it was, presented an appearance of cleanliness and comfort grateful to the eye.

"We're glad to see you, Master Tom," said Granfer, with a wheeze. "But you find us in sad low spirits, I'm afraid."

"Exactly," said Tom Merry. "You see, we've heard that you are in trouble, and we've come to see what it is, and to help you out of it if we can. Haven't we, chaps?"



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"Just so," said five voices together.

"That's very kind of you, young gentlemen," said Granfer, with a moisture in his old eyes; "but I'm afraid you can't help me. It's that Mr. Squires, you know."

"Your landlord. I know he's a hard case," said Tom Merry. "I remember tying a jumping cracker to his coat-tails when I was a little 'un, and when it went off he was startled, and he got into an awful temper. He couldn't take a joke. But what has he been doing now, Granfer?"

"He wants us to leave the old cottage," said Granfer George, with a groan, "where we've lived for forty year come Michaelmas. We've got to turn out at Christmas, Master Merry, unless—"

Tom Merry's brow contracted.

"Unless what?"

"Unless we pay up arrears by Christmas. You see, the cottage belonged to Mr. Squires's feyther, who was a kind gentleman if ever there was one, and he let the rent run. You see, he never meant to make us pay it; it was his way to helping us out in these hard times. But he died suddenly, and the cottage belongs to Mr. William now, and his agent has come down on us sudden loike. Whur are we to get fifteen pounds from come Christmas?" Then Granfer gave a dismal wheeze. "We've got to leave the old place. Mr. Dodds is very kind, but bless you, he hasn't any money; he gives away all he can spare already to the poor in the village. We shall have to turn out."

"You sha'n't!" exclaimed Tom Merry abruptly. "I'll take the matter in hand, Granfer. I'll talk to the boulder. You sha'n't be turned out. I'll find a way!"

But old Granfer George only shook his head dolefully.

"I tell you I'll find a way, Granfer," said Tom Merry, shaking hands with the old fellow. "Don't worry, now. Good-bye, and leave it to us."

And Tom Merry and his comrades quitted the cottage.

"What the dickens are you going to do, Tom?" asked Monty Lowther curiously. "It's hard cheese on the old gentleman, but you can't raise fifteen pounds."

"It's a big sum," remarked Kerr. "We could have a whip round; but even with Gussy and Marmaduke doing their best, I don't imagine we could raise that figure."

"I'm not thinking of a whip round," said Tom Merry. "Why shouldn't we earn the money?"

"How the deuce are we going to earn it?"

"There's lots of money earned at Christmas-time by carol-singers," said Tom Merry, into whose brain a brilliant idea had flashed while he was talking to Granfer George. "Why shouldn't we start in that line?"

"Bravo!" cried Manners. "Ripping!"

"We've got some musical instruments, and we've all got decent voices. We know the giddy carols by heart. What do you think of the idea? We can make up a party of eleven, and eleven sweet voices in the still night ought to have some effect."

"It's a go!" was the general verdict.

And a "go" it was.

CHAPTER 12.

Miss Priscilla Looks After the Health of Her Guests.

THE next day was a busy one at Laurel Villa. The amateur carol-singers were preparing for their venture, and they had plenty to do. The invalids were all well, fortunately, only D'Arcy having taken a slight cold. Fatty Wynn had recovered, too, from the attack of the enraged turkey, and in spite of Miss Fawcett's anxiety, he had insisted upon having the absurd bandages taken off his head.

All the juniors joined heartily in Tom Merry's new project. There was likely to be some fun in the carol-singing, at all events. And all wished to help Granfer George. An appeal to Miss Fawcett would probably have had that result; but Tom Merry, who knew that the kind old lady already gave more in charity than she could conveniently spare, felt a natural delicacy about eliding her assistance. Mr. Dodds felt the same, undoubtedly, for he had not mentioned Granfer George's difficulty to Miss Priscilla.

Some of the juniors had musical instruments, some hadn't; but, as Tom Merry said, the instrumental music was not indispensable—the singing was the thing. If they sang beautifully, there was no doubt that they would get a rain of coins.

"Coppers, I expect," said Lowther.

"My dear fellow," said Tom Merry, "if we're going to turn up our noses at coppers, we may as well give up the idea at once."

"I know. But how many coppers do you want to make up fifteen pounds, I wonder?"

"I can tell you," said Kerr, who had a head for figures, and was the champion mathematician of the lower forms at St. Jim's. "Hundred pence are eight and fourpence, so four thousand and—"

"Oh, don't!" said Lowther. "If we gather in four thousand odd pennies, it will be a giddy harvest, that's all."

"They won't all give coppers," said Tom Merry. "We shall very likely get shillings and half-crowns and—"

And brickbats, more likely still," said the sarcastic Lowther.

"Oh, don't raise difficulties!" said Figgins. "What instruments are you going to play?"

"Paper and comb."

"I've got my mouth-organ," said Manners.

"And I've a cornet," Herries remarked. "You've heard me play that cornet, chaps."

Blake shuddered.

"Yes, old fellow, we have," he said, with feeling. "If we're going to try and make money, perhaps the cornet had better be left at home."

"Yaas, wathah! The row Hewwies makes with that cornet is somethin' feahful."

"Rats!" said Herries cheerfully. "It will drown your singing, and that's something."

"I wegard that as a wude wemark, Hewwies. I think—"

"Cornet and mouth-organ and paper-and-comb will do nicely for the orchestra," said Tom Merry, the peace-maker. "The rest of us will sing. Let's rehearse."

"Good. I'll sing seconds," said Blake. "Just listen!"

He started. Lowther listened with his head cocked thoughtfully on one side.

"I say, Blake, if you sing like that, seconds will be too long, and if you keep it up for minutes, there may be homicide done."

"Order!" said Tom Merry. "What about your own beastly squeak, Monty? You know it sounds like a stiff hinge creaking when you get on the top notes."

"Oh, does it!" said Monty Lowther. "Never mind, it can't be worse than the rest, that's one comfort."

"Yaas, wathah! I say, you fellows, considewing what a weally wotten lot of singahs you chaps weally are, I've thought of a wippin' ideah."

"Order!"

"I've got a splendid ideah," said D'Arcy obstinately. "Suppose all you fellows stand wound in a wing—"

"Stand wound in a wing! What does he mean?"

"I mean what I say. Suppose all you fellows stand wound in a wing—"

"What kind of wing? A turkey's?"

"He means stand round in a ring," giggled Lowther. "Go on, Gussy. When we're standing wound in a wing, what's to happen?"

"Suppose all you fellows stand wound in a wing when we go carol-singing, and let me do a nice solo," said Arthur Augustus modestly. "As you know, I'm not a conceited fellow in any way, but I weally think—"

"Rats!" "Shut up!" "Order!"

"I wufuse to wats—I mean to shut up—till I have finished my wemarks. I could give the Bwewish public a good solo in weally good style, and I weally think it would bwine the coppahs—"

"It would," said Monty Lowther. "It would bring the nearest copper, to run you in as a public nuisance, I think."

"Lowthah, I object to such wemarks as that. Gentlemen, I think my ideah is a wippin' good one. If you appwove of it—"

"We don't!" came a howl from ten voices in unison.

"Vewy well," said Arthur Augustus. "I've done my best. Don't blame me if the whole thing turns out a ghastly fwoot now."

"We won't," said Tom Merry reassuringly. "The singing ought to be a success, if you keep your head quiet. Now let's go and rehearse, kids!"

They crowded round Miss Fawcett's piano. Lowther, who was really musical, played well, and he could accompany anybody, though some of the singers tried his powers hard. When Herries sang he seemed to be racing the accompanist, and usually got there first; while Manners, on the other hand, got in a bad second at the finish. Arthur Augustus was generally a bar or two before or after the music, but he blamed the pianist.

The coming expedition was not confided to Miss Fawcett. She would probably have objected on the score that Tom Merry might catch cold. Besides, the object of the plan was a secret. At nightfall that evening—the day before Christmas Eve—the juniors were in a state of suppressed excitement. It was impossible to get away after dinner without giving the secret away, so the chums pleaded fatigue, and went to bed very early. They went to their rooms—that is to say—but they had no intention of going to bed.

"You see, kids," explained Tom Merry, "this window opens on an outhouse, and we can easily get to the ground from the roof. Then we can march off without anybody being the wiser. We'll raise the tin and save Granfer George from his Shylock of a landlord, and hide our light under a bushel."

"We sha'n't want to take a light," said Herries, who was very dense sometimes. "Carol-singers never do. Besides, what's the good of taking a light if you're going to hide it?"

"You don't compwehend, Hewwies. When Tom Mewwyy says hide our light under a bushel, he doesn't mean hide our light under a bushel, he means—"

"Blessed if I know why he can't say what he means," said Herries.

"My dear Hewries, he speaks in a metaphysical way. You see—"

"I mean, ass, that we're going to keep it dark, duffer, and not gas about it, image!" said Tom Merry. "Savvy? Hallo, who's that?"

There was a knock at the door.

"Are you in bed, dear boys?" came a gentle voice from without.

"N—n—n—no, Miss Fawcett," said Lowther.

Tom Merry went to the door.

"Anything wanted?"

"Yes. I have a little medicine to give you all when you are in bed. You were all so fatigued, so early in the evening, that I am anxious about you."

The juniors exchanged sickly grins.

"We—we're all right, dear," called out Tom Merry—"right as rain."

"My dearest Tommy, I am too anxious to rest until you have all taken your medicine."

"We—we can't!" muttered Lowther, "not if it's anything like the horrible stuff she sent you at St. Jim's, Tom."

"Oh, come," said Digby, "we can't say no. It's all meant in the way of kindness, you know. I say, Miss Fawcett, that's jolly good of you!" he called out.

"Right-o!" grinned Marmaduke. "Let's have the giddy medicine! We may get a chance of spilling it, you know. We won't drink it if it can be helped."

"You're awfully good," said Tom Merry. "Bundle into bed, and let her come in. All of you who don't like the stuff pretend to be asleep."

The juniors bundled in. Five minutes later came another gentle tap on the door.

"Come in!" sang out Tom Merry.

Miss Priscilla entered, followed by Hannah bearing a tray with bottles and wineglasses on it. There was a lurking smile on Hannah's face, but Miss Priscilla's countenance was solemn and concerned.

The doors were open between the three rooms. Miss Priscilla glanced at the white beds, and the worried faces looking out of them. She came to Tom Merry first of all.

"Don't sit up, Tommy dear! Just turn on your elbow. You must not exhaust yourself."

There was a chuckle somewhere. Miss Fawcett did not notice it. She was too busy. She uncorked a blue bottle, and half-filled a wineglass with its contents, and then opened a brown bottle, and filled the glass up to the brim. The concoction looked deadly, and an anticipatory shiver went through Tom Merry.

"I—I say, dear, I'm all right," he said weakly. "I—I'd rather not take any of that stuff."

"My dear boy, I know you don't want to make me anxious."

"Oh, very well, then!" groaned Tom.

He shuddered as he took down the wineglassful. It was a weird concoction of Dr. Bones's, a medical man in whom Miss Priscilla had a great faith.

"That is right, Tommy, darling!" said Miss Priscilla encouragingly. "Now, will you have some of the Pink Pills, the Green Globules, or the specials?"

"I'll have some of the specials," said Tom Merry.

"Here they are! Now—"

"I haven't finished the box you sent me to St. Jim's," said Tom Merry. "It was a very big box, you know."

"My dear child, it contained only a hundred pills, and it is quite three weeks since I sent it to you!" exclaimed Miss Fawcett, in distress. "You cannot have taken six before and after every meal, according to the instructions."

"N—n—no, I don't think I could have," said Tom. "I'll have a couple now, please."

"Here are—"

"No, not those. I'd rather have those I have brought from St. Jim's, or the box may not get finished up, and that would be wasteful."

"My dear, thoughtful darling!" said Miss Priscilla.

Tom's conscience smote him a little. As a matter of fact, the box of specials had been emptied into the fire at St. Jim's, and with an eye to the future, Tom Merry had manufactured two or three dozen pills of harmless bread, exactly similar in appearance. These were all the box contained now, and Tom Merry did not mind taking them. As his friends were in the joke, they did not mind either, and the worried looks disappeared from their faces.

Tom's conscience, as we said, smote him a little. It seemed like deception; but he felt that he could not let his innocent chums be poisoned by Dr. Bones's fearful and wonderful concoctions. Miss Priscilla found the box on Tom's dressing-table, and brought it to his bedside.

"Two will be enough, with the medicine, Tommy dear."

Tom took the two pills like a hero. Then Miss Fawcett passed on to the next bed, followed by Hannah, with the tray.

"I—I'd rather have pills than medicine, please, Miss Fawcett," said Lowther meekly. "I've more faith in the pills."

"But, my dear child, the medicine is really marvellous, and it has cured people of such terrible scourges as rheumatism, lumbago, appendicitis, and consumption, as you will see by Dr. Bones's splendid testimonials."

"Still, the pills are a greater triumph of genius, in my opinion," said Lowther. "I suppose if I take six or eight that will be as good as the medicine."

"I—I suppose so," said Miss Priscilla doubtfully.

"I wouldn't mind taking ten," said Lowther, "or twelve, if you think it advisable."

"I say, don't you get scoffing all the pills, Lowther!" sang out Figgins. "Leave some for us, you greedy boulder."

"I have plenty more, Figgins," said Miss Fawcett reassuringly. "I always keep a large box containing five hundred in the house, in case of accidents."

Figgins grunted. He didn't want to be helped from the large box containing five hundred, but from Tom Merry's box containing the bread pills.

Lowther finally took eight, and then Miss Priscilla went from bed to bed, like a ministering angel. At every bedside she found the same preference shown for the pills, so that the box was nearly empty by the time she had finished her round, and the medicine, save for the dose Tom Merry had taken, was untouched.

"Good boys!" said Miss Priscilla. "You are really good to take the pills so nicely, and when I write to your parents I shall mention it. I regard you as being especially under my care as far as your health is concerned, and I shall see that you do not want for medicine while you stay at Laurel Villa."

And, with that kind promise, Miss Priscilla withdrew, and Hannah carried away the terrible tray. Monty Lowther sat up in bed.

"Well, Tommy, old son, you're the only one that scoffed the medicine. How do you like it?"

Tom Merry groaned.

"Don't ask me!"

"Tell us what it's like."

"Like ink and carbide of calcium with copperas, and—and bitter almonds," said Tom Merry. "I think that about describes it."

"Ha, ha! It must be nice, then. Do you feel inclined for carol-singing after it, or shall we leave you at home to recover from the dose?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said Tom Merry, jumping out of bed. "I shall soon get the taste out of my mouth. Get ready!"

The juniors were soon ready for the excursion. Tom Merry opened the window and looked out. Gardens and roofs were hidden under the snow sheeting, and thin, feathery flakes were falling through the gloom without a sound.

"Lovely night!" said Tom Merry cheerfully. "Christmassy, at all events! Come on, follow your leader, and don't lose your footing."

"Lead on, Macduff," said Monty Lowther. "We're after you."

Tom stepped through the window, over the low sill upon the roof of the outhouse. His foot sank deep in the six inches of snow on the roof. Stooping down, he made his way carefully down the slope to the edge, which gave upon a flower-bed, now deep under its mantle of winter white.

"Careful!" said Tom Merry, turning his head. "If you slip you'll come down like a shot, and you won't be able to stop yourself."

"Right-o!" said Lowther, crawling down the roof gingerly.

Arthur Augustus came next. Figgins helped him out of the window, and then the swell of St. Jim's crawled down the snowy slope. He had screwed his eyeglass into his eye, but as he felt the cold contact of the snow he shivered, and the eyeglass was jerked from its place. He made a wild clutch at it, and slipped on the slope.

"Look out! Help! Ow—wow!"

D'Arcy went down the snowy slope like a skater. He dropped into a sitting position, and shot down upon Monty Lowther, who vainly tried to dodge him.

"Look out!" gasped the swell of St. Jim's faintly.

But there was no time to look out. Monty Lowther was swept away, and he crashed into Tom Merry. The three of them were swept off the sloping roof in a twinkling, and landed in the snow beneath.

Fortunately the snow was thick and soft underneath. They bumped into it and sat up, gasping for breath, and considerably shaken, but not much hurt.

"You—you ass!" gasped Lowther. "What did you do that for?"

"I assuah you it wasn't my beastly fault, dear boy," said D'Arcy. "I dropped my eyeglass, and that was the reason."

Lowther seized the swell of St. Jim's and plunged his face into the snow. D'Arcy wriggled vainly in his iron grip.

"There!" gasped Lowther. "That'll teach you to drop your beastly eyeglass, and then drop on me, you fathead! Yah!"

D'Arcy struggled into a sitting position.

A TALE OF TOM
MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.

Carol-singing apparently was not popular in Huckleberry Heath. They came at last to a farmhouse just outside the village. The church clock was striking eleven, and they felt that it was about time to get home. The takings amounted to one and tenpence. They gave the farmhouse a last chance.

But no sooner had the sound of the carol floated through the frosty air, than a window opened and a night-capped head looked out over the barrel of a blunderbuss.

"I give you one minute to get clear before I fire!" roared a voice.

It did not take the carol-singers a minute to get clear. They bolted for the lane, and halted there breathlessly for a minute. They looked at each other, and then, without a word, set their faces towards Laurel Villa. Ten minutes later they were climbing back into their bed-room.

Tom Merry laid the proceeds of the night's work on the table.

"One and tenpence!" he said lugubriously. "Chaps, I'm afraid that there isn't a fortune to be made at carol-singing in Huckleberry Heath."

There was a tap at the door, and Mr. Dodds came in. He did not seem surprised to find the gas alight and the juniors all up and dressed. He had a pipe in his mouth, and had evidently been sitting up smoking. Tom Merry remembered that the curate's room looked out over the outhouse also.

"Good-evening!" said Mr. Dodds cheerfully. "I saw you coming in, and thought it was burglars at first. May I ask where you have been?"

"Carol-singing, sir," said Tom Merry dismally; "trying to raise the wind, sir."

"And that is the result?"

"That's it, Mr. Dodds. One and tenpence."

"But why did you do it? You are not in want of money."

"Oh, it wasn't for ourselves, sir," said Tom eagerly; and then he stopped.

The curate looked at him curiously.

"Then what was it for, Tom?" he smiled slightly. "I saw Granfer George to-day, and he told me of your visit. Have you been trying to raise funds for him?"

"That's it, sir," said Tom, turning red. "And—and we've got one and tenpence towards fifteen pounds! Rotten, isn't it?"

"Yes, it cannot be called a brilliant success," said Mr. Dodds, laughing. "Still, Granfer George must take the will for the deed. By the way, there is a subscription being raised to help him out of his difficulty, and if you want to help you can all contribute, and I have no doubt that Granfer George will be left safe in his cottage."

"Good!" exclaimed the juniors all at once. "Good business!"

"Good-night, Mr. Dodds!"

The curate left the room. The juniors began to undress for bed. It was a disappointment, but, after all, there had been fun in the expedition. The subscription for Granfer George would effect the object Tom Merry had in view, and each of them meant to contribute liberally.

They were fatigued with the tramp through the snow, and glad enough to get to bed.

"Good-night, dear boys!" said D'Arcy, as he drew the clothes about his ears. "It has been fun, but as for Tom Mewwy's ideas, they are simply wotten. He had better put that one and tenpence in the poor-box at church. I vote that we don't allow Tom Mewwy to have any more ideas durin' the vac. It makes a holiday too much like work to have to cawwy out Tom Mewwy's wotten ideas."

"Hear, hear!" came in a chorus of approval.

"Yaas, wathah!" went on D'Arcy. "You heah, Tom Mewwy?"

There was no reply from Tom Merry.

"Tom Mewwy! You heah?"

Snore.

"The boundah's asleep!" said D'Arcy. "Undah the cires, the best thing we can do is to go to asleep also, dear boys."

And they did.

CHAPTER 14.

High Jinks at Laurel Villa.

CHRISTMAS EVE!

When the boys looked out of the window they saw the flakes falling white and thick.

Christmas was being ushered in by a fresh fall of snow. Woods and fields for miles glistened white. Bushes and hedges had disappeared under a spotless sheeting.

"Good old Christmas!" said Tom Merry, as he looked out into the waste of white. "This is jolly! We'll get some snow-balling this morning!"

And after breakfast the juniors sallied forth, careless of wind and snow, and enjoyed a rough-and-tumble game. And Mr. Dodds joined in it too, and proved that he was as good a marksman as anybody there, and so did Cousin Ethel. Cousin Ethel,

indeed, had the best of it, for she hurled her snowballs at all and sundry, and received none in return. Figgins had contributed himself her chief of the ammunition department, and he kept her well supplied with snowballs. The boys in return always missed her, so that Cousin Ethel had a really victorious time of it.

Then there were Christmas decorations to be finished, and the juniors set to work there with a will.

Cousin Ethel again came out strong. She had an eye to artistic effect, and she had eleven devoted assistants.

Holly and mistletoe were in abundance. The juniors were inclined, if anything, to overdo it. Tom Merry had an idea of illuminating the drawing-room with Chinese lanterns, and Miss Priscilla Fawcett, though she felt an inward tremor, would not say him nay, but agreed smilingly to the proposal.

And the idea was carried out, and the effect was really very charming.

Then, in the afternoon, there were guests to meet at the station, a number of Cousin Ethel's girl friends coming down for Christmas, as well as a sister of Digby's, and a couple of charming cousins of Manners', and several relations of the other juniors.

Monty Lowther declared that a sprinkling of the feminine gender always improved a party, and, moreover, that when there isn't a girl about you do feel lonely. There were a good many girls about now, and none of the juniors felt lonely.

They were all very jolly, as a matter of fact. It was intended to "keep it up" that evening in the good old-fashioned way, and they were all anticipating a good time.

Miss Priscilla excelled herself just now. She was all hospitality and kindness and good humour, and her kind old face shone with pleasure at seeing so many happy young faces round her. She was even observed to pinch Mr. Dodds' cheek once, and the curate laughed.

But the happiest person there was probably Fatty Wynn.

Fatty was thinking of the dinner. It was fixed for an early hour, so as to leave a long evening, which was an advantage in Fatty's eyes.

And that dinner! Fatty kept a surreptitious eye on the preparations, and he was in ecstasies at the thought of it.

The dusk of the early evening fell upon happy faces. Lights gleamed in Laurel Villa on Christmas decorations and glistening holly, on bright smiles and laughing eyes.

When Fatty Wynn sat down at the dinner-table he sighed. Tom Merry, who sat opposite him, looked across in alarm.

"Anything wrong, Fatty?"

The Falstaff of St. Jim's shook his head.

"No, Tommy, old son! Everything in the garden is simply ripping."

"Then what were you wheezing about like an old bellows?"

"Happiness, old kid," said Fatty Wynn. "I sigh when I'm happy. D'Arcy sighs when he's in love, as you'll remember."

"Dwy up, Wynn! I wegard that remark as—"

"Sorry! That was a slip. Tom Merry, this is the crowning moment of my life. To sit at this festive board with so many familiar faces round me, and such a dinner—"

Fatty Wynn was growing quite poetical. He finished with a sigh. At the thought of the dinner words failed him.

The dinner really merited Fatty Wynn's heartfelt eulogiums. It was a triumph. The table, which had been under Cousin Ethel's anxious care, was a triumph, too, of decoration and effect.

But the smiling faces round it were its greatest adornment.

The dinner was a success, especially from the view of Fatty Wynn. Needless to say, Fatty excelled himself upon this auspicious occasion. It would take too much space to relate how he enjoyed himself, how he fairly let himself go, how he accepted two helpings of everything, and sometimes three or four.

All things end at last, and there came a time when Fatty Wynn could not find room for one more mince pie, not even for one more walnut. He was observed to walk very slowly when he went into the drawing-room. He would have found it difficult to move quickly after that dinner. He did not find it easy to move at all.

Winter darkness lay outside Laurel Villa, with snow falling in ever thicker and thicker flakes; but inside all was light and warmth and gaiety.

Monty Lowther naturally gravitated to the music-stool. Monty came out on this occasion with really unsuspected powers.

Monty could accompany anybody when he chose, and he was in his best and most obliging humour now. When Marmaduke sang too fast, Monty gallantly put on steam and kept pace with him. When Herries sang too slow, Monty slackened down to the time of a dead march, and they came to the finish together—a dead beat, as Blake remarked.

They almost all sang. Some sang well, some didn't; but everybody was in a good humour, and inclined to look upon the bright side of things.

Manners' song probably afforded most amusement, if not pleasure. Manners' voice was in the process of transformation, and he wasn't quite sure whether it would turn out to be a very high tenor or a very low bass. Tom Merry remarked that it would be either a Caruso or a Plançon, and it was even betting which.

When Manners sang the high tenor came out alternately with the low bass, mingled with some baritone, and the general effect was curious, not to say weird.

D'Arcy, by general request, was induced to sing his famous song, "Give Me Back My Eighteenth," which he had sung on a famous occasion at St. Jim's.

Either the song, or the way D'Arcy sang it, sent the audience into convulsions.

"Good old Gussy!" said Blake, tapping him on the shoulder, when he dropped into his seat after making his bow. "The oftener I hear you sing the more I think that you would have made a fortune on the stage."

D'Arcy smiled modestly.

"Yass, wathah! I have often thought so myself," he remarked. "I'm not what you'd call a conceited fellow, you know, but a chap can't help knowing when he's got a beastly good voice, you know."

"Exactly. You would have made a success on the stage——"

"At Covent Garden, you mean, Blake?"

"No, I mean at the Alhambra, as a funny man," said Blake.

"Weally, Blake——"

"I say, Fatty," said Blake, turning to the Falstaff of St. Jim's.

"What price that recitation you were going to give us?"

Fatty Wynn shook his head.

"Not a word, Blake," he murmured mysteriously.

Blake looked at him in astonishment.

"Why, what's the matter, Fatty?"

"I'm not up to reciting anything now. I'm not up to moving at all. I—I think I really shouldn't have eaten those last half-dozen mince-pies," said Fatty Wynn. "I feel that I am not in form for any exertion at present."

"Ha, ha! Never mind. Cousin Ethel is going to sing the 'Star of Bethlehem,'" and Blake cocked his head upon one side to listen with all his ears.

Cousin Ethel sang sweetly and clearly.

After that Mr. Dodds was prevailed upon to sing. He had a fine baritone, and he gave a good song. And then persuasions to the same effect were showered upon Miss Priscilla.

"Dear me!" said the good old soul, extremely flustered. "You must not ask me to sing. I really—really—well, if you insist!"

There was a buzz of applause when Miss Priscilla consented to sing.

Miss Priscilla had been growing younger and younger as the evening progressed, and more than once she had shown traces of kittenishness, much to the delight of the young people.

She sang an old song of her childhood, in a weak but very sweet voice, and it was received with rapture.

And Miss Priscilla sank into her seat blushing and smiling.

And now Monty Lowther crashed out a pianoforte solo as a wind-up to the music, and then musical chairs were the order of the day, or rather the evening.

And now the fun waxed merrier.

The chairs were ranged in an almost endless row down the centre of the big room, and the company took up their positions.

Monty Lowther played. With much laughter and fun the game proceeded, in the glimmering lights of the Chinese lanterns, strung to every available projection of the room.

Monty Lowther had an instinct, as it seemed to everybody, for stopping at the moments most inconvenient to all concerned, and accidents resulted. Fatty Wynn, in his hurry not to be left out, plumped down upon the lap of Arthur Augustus.

There was a general shriek of laughter. But D'Arcy did not laugh. The Falstaff of St. Jim's was no light weight.

"Oh, weally, Wynn!" gasped the swell of the School House.

"Oh, weally, you have almost crushed me, dear boy!"

"What did you want to get under me for, then?" inquired Fatty Wynn.

"Weally, Wynn——"

But D'Arcy's remarks were lost in the laughter.

The game went on, and Arthur Augustus, in his anxiety to avoid a similar catastrophe, was left out himself in the next round.

But if D'Arcy's misadventure had caused laughter, there was still more when Miss Fawcett, who entered into the game with really youthful ardour, sat down by mistake upon the knees of Mr. Dodds.

The boys and girls simply screamed.

"Dear me!" gasped Miss Priscilla, jumping up like a Jack-in-the-box.

Crash! went the piano again. The game went on, till came the time for forfeits. Tom Merry awarded the pains and penalties. And some of his awards caused convulsions.

Fatty Wynn had to recite the "Charge of the Light Brigade." His plea that he did not know it was disregarded, but he was allowed as a favour to substitute lines of his own for those he did not remember. The effect was curious, and caused shrieks

of merriment. Monty Lowther was condemned to dance a waltz with a chair as a partner, and he went through the ordeal with a crimson face, to the strains of the "Merry Widow" waltz, crashed out by Mr. Dodds.

And other merry games followed, till, as the evening was growing old, the room was cleared for dancing. And although everybody wanted to dance with Cousin Ethel, still the other girls were all charming; and as the numbers were equally balanced, and the boys were all nice, there were no wallflowers. Monty Lowther, who was tireless, again distinguished himself at the piano. Mr. Dodds led off with Miss Priscilla, who, although she declared that her dancing days were over, enjoyed herself as much as anyone present.

And Fatty Wynn—who, like most plump lads, was a good dancer—came out quite strong. Only Fatty was afflicted with a slight shortness of breath, probably owing to the extreme justice he had done to the dinner. It was due to Fatty that the only accident came about that might have marred the joyousness of the evening—to Fatty, and to Tom Merry's ingenious idea of Chinese lanterns.

Fatty had claimed a dance with Miss Priscilla. The mistress of Laurel Villa had been, as we have said, growing younger all the evening, and she was now about sixteen. She danced with Fatty Wynn, but here Fatty's fatal want of breath assailed him. He blundered into another couple, and exactly what happened next nobody knew—except that one of the Chinese lanterns was upset, and Miss Priscilla's dress was in a flare of flame.

There was a cry of wild horror through the room. Miss Priscilla shrieked.

The dance stopped instantly; Monty Lowther sprang up. There was a general rush towards the old lady. Tom Merry was quick, but Mr. Dodds was quicker.

The curate reached Miss Fawcett's side in a twinkling. In a flash his coat was off and wrapped round her, and before the flames had time to take a firm hold, they were extinguished.

Save for the fright, and the spoiling of the dress, Miss Fawcett was little the worse. The curate suffered more than she did, as a matter of fact, for his hands were scorched, and some of his hair was frizzed.

It was all over in a moment or two. Miss Priscilla sank into Mr. Dodds' arms. Many ladies would have taken the opportunity of fainting, but Miss Priscilla had too much tact. She really felt inclined to faint, but she fought it back.

"Dear Miss Fawcett, are you hurt?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"It is quite out now."

"Dear Miss Fawcett——"

"I am quite all right, my dears," said the old lady bravely.

"My dress is burnt, that is all, and if Mr. Dodds will help me away, I will return soon; and meanwhile, continue the dance. I am not at all hurt!"

"It was my fault," said Fatty. "I——"

"Not at all, my dear lad."

Miss Priscilla retired from the room. The dance did not continue, even when Mr. Dodds had delivered the old lady into the hands of Hannah, and returned to say that she was not hurt. But ere many minutes had passed, Miss Priscilla returned herself.

She had changed her dress for a still more gorgeous and wonderful robe; and though her face was a little pale, it was very cheerful and smiling.

The young people crowded round her affectionately.

"I am perfectly recovered, my dears," said Miss Priscilla.

"I will remain in my easy-chair and watch you, that is all. Mr. Dodds was more hurt than I."

But Mr. Dodds made light of his scorched hands.

Miss Priscilla was ensconced in the deep easy-chair, and there she sat while the dancing was resumed.

And a merry dance it was. Very seldom had any of the boys—or of the girls either, for that matter—enjoyed themselves so much. The kind old face of Miss Priscilla beamed upon them from the easy-chair, showing that she was as happy and pleased as anybody.

And if D'Arcy felt a little envious at first for the preference Cousin Ethel showed for Figgins, he soon found consolation in the smiles of Digby's sister.

But all things must end, and midnight was approaching. A crash of bells from the village church warned the dancer that Christmas Eve was giving place to Christmas morning.

Mr. Dodds threw open a window, and the joyous sound of the bells floated in. Then came a nearer sound—the sound of voices in song. From the dim, snowy night came the carol, and it sank into the hearts of those who heard:

"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

And with what better words can we close our tale of Tom Merry's Christmas?

THE END.

Another long, complete tale dealing with Tom Merry's Schooldays next Thursday, entitled, "A SNEAK." Please do not fail to order your copy of "THE GEM" LIBRARY in advance. Note usual size and price, One halfpenny.

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TEMPEST HEADLAND

A SPLENDID NEW SCHOOL TALE

By S. CLARKE HOOK.

READ THIS FIRST!

Tempest Headland is a large school standing in an exposed position of Britain's coast. It contains some six hundred odd boys. Some of them, as will presently be seen, were very odd.

A fearful storm is raging outside, when Cyril Conway tells Herr Ludvig, who is taking the class for German, that he can see from the window a ship being driven ashore. Dr. Buchanan, the headmaster, Herr Ludvig, and the boys immediately make their way to the cliff, but in reaching there they find that the ship has sunk. However, the Head is instrumental in saving a little black boy. He is taken to the school, and money to the amount of £1,000, with a request that it may be used for his up-bringing, is found on him. A medical man examines the boy, and he finds the boy has had such a shock to his system as to affect all memory of the past. He does not even remember his name, so the Head leaves it to the boys to re-christen him. After a lengthy discussion, Billy Barnes and Cyril decide on naming their new schoolmate Snowy White Adonis Venus.

Thus it was that the unknown negro lad came to Tempest Headland, and thus it was he received his extraordinary name. (Now go on with the story.)

CHAPTER 2.

Venus Takes Some Boxing Lessons.

"Now, my lovely Venus," exclaimed Cyril, "you must understand that you have come to this college to learn. The masters will teach you that the world is round, and the sun is hot, and a few unimportant matters like that, while I shall teach you a few very important matters that a nigger of your size ought to know, and the first will be how to punch a fellow's head without hurting yourself. You are to sleep in our dormitory to-night, and as Snigg also sleeps there, you are likely to get severely bullied. Very well; if you follow me into the gymnasium, I will give you your first boxing lesson. A head like yours won't be much good for learning purposes, but it will make a capital punching-ball, and if you carefully note how I punch it for you, you will naturally know the correct way to punch Snigg's head. You had better come also, Billy Barnes, because you are not nearly as good at boxing as I should like to see you."

"Is dere any sort ob pain in connection wid de lesson?" inquired Venus, with a broad grin.

"Well, we shall have gloves on," observed Cyril. "Of course, when I smash you in the nose, the sensation will be disagreeable."

"I tink I would rader take de instructions by seeing Billy's nose smashed. Seems to me dat would be de most comfortable way to learn."

"Not a bit of it, my beautiful Venus! Billy doesn't like his nose smashed."

"I dunno dat I'm going to like it so mighty much, eider," growled Venus. "Still, if you say it's got to be learnt, I suppose dere's no help for it."

Venus's doubts seemed to increase when he put the gloves on, and they were confirmed when he received the first blow on the nose. Cyril was an adept at the noble art, and he gave Venus some very valuable instruction, though that worthy would insist on receiving the blows on the top of his head.

"You must keep your face up, Venus," said Cyril. "But dey don't feel at all comfortable in de face, and I don't mind dem on de top ob de noddle."

"Don't you see, if you will bob your head down, anyone fighting with you would upper-cut you—so! then, when he knocks your face up, he hammers at it right and left—like that!

—nearly knocks the beautiful thing off your shoulders. But, never mind, you don't shape at all badly. Now smash me in the face, and watch how I guard them."

"Seems to me dat I'm guarding dem wid my face," observed Venus. "Dey come back rader too fast."

"Well, that's when I counter. You see, when a chap hits you in the face, your object is to guard the blow and return it immediately—like that! Hallo! Don't go toppling over like that, Venus. Keep your left leg forward. You've got plenty of strength; all you need is to learn to use it. I'll give you a turn at the punching-ball directly."

"Do you tink dat will be less painful?"

"Pooh! There's no pain attached to it."

"Den I rader tink de second lesson had better commence right away, 'cos dere's a lot ob pain attached to de first one."

"Not so much as there will be when you fight with Snigg."

"Den I don't tink dat fight will come off."

"Yes, it will. He will hit you, that's absolutely certain. Directly he does that you are to go for him like a wild bull. Never mind about guarding. Keep hitting him in the nose, and when you've botched that up have a turn at his eyes. Barring Graft, he is the worst bully in the college. Keep hitting him as hard as you can, and always straight from the shoulder—like that! Ah, that's better, Venus!"

"Golly! Dat little one didn't feel anything like better."

"I mean it didn't knock you down. I can see you are improving."

"I dunno dat I feel so much improved one way and anoder."

"Well, I will give you a turn at the punching-ball now. Take the gloves off. Now, consider that ball is a fellow's face, and that you are fighting him. Put your left foot forward, and remember that if you are fighting a fellow, he is sure to return your blows. That ball will show you what I mean. Hit it as hard as ever you can. Use your left for the hitting; guard with your right."

"Dere ain't anything to guard, dough."

"Fire ahead, Snowy White Adonis Venus! We gave you a good sounding name, but there is something more than your name that you will have to learn in this world. Hit out as though you were fighting Snigg."

Venus did so, and the ball came back and caught him a slap in the face that greatly surprised him.

"Golly! Where did dat come from?" gasped Venus.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Billy. "You should have guarded that one. Keep on smacking at the ball. If you were punching Snigg's head you wouldn't stop to ask where the return blows came from."

"I don't seem to care much 'bout dis lesson," observed Venus, shaking his head at the quivering ball. "Tink I would rader go and learn 'bout de roundness ob de world and de heat ob de sun."

Cyril, however, kept him at it, and he gave him some very valuable hints with respect to Snigg.

"He will lick you to-night," added Cyril; "but I will take you in hand to-morrow, and in time I believe you will be able to take him down a peg. Of course, you will get hurt in the meantime, but that doesn't matter."

"Eh?"

"I say that won't matter."

"Well, I dunno 'bout dat. Seems to me dat it will matter above a bit."

"I tell you what it is, Venus!" exclaimed Cyril. "You take too jolly much dainty care of that dial of yours. Are you afraid of its beauty being spoiled?"

"I dunno dat I care 'bout de beauty ob de ting so much; but it's de only face I hab got, and I'm a lot too fond ob de poor ting to want to see it hurt in any way. I don't want de best face I hab got spoilt."

"BRIAN'S CHRISTMAS," A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale is on SALE. "PLUCK," NOW ON SALE.

"My dear Venus, you couldn't possibly spoil a face like that. Now, suppose we take you to Mopps! You will have to make the acquaintance of Mopps sooner or later."

"Sort ob clean de floor wid dem?"

"Rats! No! Mopps is the college porter. He's short and fat, and his face is like a November sun rising through a London fog. Mopps has two duties to perform at this college. One is eating, and the other is reporting boys for breaking bounds. He does both of them remarkably well. Then his temper! Well, come this way, and I will show you what his temper is like. Let me see! He will be having his lunch now, and if we disturb him in the middle of it you will have a glorious opportunity of judging what his temper is like."

Mopps was at lunch. He had got a huge plate of boiled beef with carrots and dumplings and potatoes boiled in their skins, and he appeared to be enjoying it.

"Now, see you here!" he roared, when Cyril entered his lodge, looking remarkably meek. "You clear hout! I won't have you here, you calm-faced demon! I'd rather have living vipers in the place. You ought to be drowned!"

"My dear Mopps," exclaimed Cyril, sighing deeply, "I am extremely sorry to hear you speak like that of one for whom I have such deep respect. Excuse me, you should not eat with your knife, Mopps. You might cut your lips. Besides, it's vulgar."

"Will you clear hout!"

"Then, again, there is no 'h' in the word out. You shouldn't call it hout, because that sounds vulgar. You wouldn't believe how red your face is, Mopps, and it is of that peculiar red that does not match the blueness of your nose."

"Yah, yah, yah! You'm going to make dat man angry before you hab done wid him," observed Venus.

"If you don't get out of my room I'll kick you out!" declared Mopps, viciously prodding a potato.

"My dear Mopps, you will do nothing of the sort," said Cyril. "And for this reason. You know as well as I do that you are not allowed to strike a boy, much less kick him. Besides, you would not dare to rise from the table for the kicking purposes, because, if you did, something serious would be nearly sure to happen to your warm collation, which you, in your vulgarity, would call grub."

"If you don't go, it will be the worse for you, you pernicious varmint."

"But, my dear Mopps, if you stuff chunks of suety pluggers that size into your mouth, you will choke yourself to a certainty."

"If you don't clear hout I'll give you summat to remember me by!"

"Quite unnecessary, my dear man. I shall remember you by the size of your mouth and the blueness of your nasal organ till my dying day. Just look at him stuffing in hot potato and carrot on the top of that dumpling. There goes more meat, too. I'd rather keep you for a week than a fortnight, Mopps. I would, really."

"Ain't it disgraceful that a man should be annoyed this road by a parcel of boys! If you don't stop that guffawing, you busted nigger, I'll smash your black face for you."

"That is not the way to address Mr. Snowy White Adonis Venus," said Cyril. "You must call him 'sir.' And look here, Mopps! Venus is very particular how you clean his boots. He likes them highly polished, so as to match the black beauty of his face."

"Myes! Dat's so, Mopps," declared Venus, rolling his eyes and looking remarkably serious. "I shall expect dose boots cleaned to perfection."

"You insolent young varmint, you can clean your own boots, 'cos if you think as I'm going to wait on a nigger, you are mistook!"

"Should say it wasn't much trouble for a man ob your size to clean an extra pair ob boots," observed Venus. "I dunno what would be de good ob a man like you if he didn't hab to work. If I was your master I should keep you hard at it, and— Yah, yah, yah! Golly! de man has choked himself at last. Best get de fire shovel and scoop dat last moufull out again."

What Mopps had really done was to stuff a large piece of hot potato in his mouth, and it burnt him severely, while it made him very angry.

"Have you burnt yourself, Mopps?" inquired Cyril. "Poor, dear man! Shove your head in a bucket of water!"

"Clear hout of my room!" howled Mopps, bringing his fist down on the table with a force that made the crockery rattle. "You are enough to drive a man into a madhouse. I believe the boys in this 'ere college are the worst on the face of the earth, and they ought all to be wiped off it. That's the solemn truth."

"Golly! Do shove anoder piece ob hot potato into your mouf," said Venus. "You can't tink how funny you look when you choke like dat, and— Yah, yah, yah! What's de man doing now?"

The fact is, Billy had crept under the table, and seizing Mopps' leg, was giving him the most violent wrenches.

"Bust! Let go! Let go, you varmint!" howled Mopps.

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PART 4 READY THIS WEEK.



Billy did nothing of the sort. He gave a final wrench that pulled Mopps off his chair, and as he fell he clutched at the cloth; then he sat on the floor with a frightful bump, and dragged his beef, potatoes, carrots, and everything else that was on the table on to the top of himself, while the youngsters' howls of laughter mingled with his roars of rage.

"Woohoo! My spine is broke!" hooted Mopps.
"Poor, dear man," murmured Cyril. "And what is far worse is, that your crocks are broke, too. You have also taken your dinner externally. I must say, Mopps, that you are the worst behaved man I ever came across. Fancy jumping off your chair like that in the middle of dinner! And look what a horrid mess you have made yourself in! I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself when the beautiful Venus is gazing at you."

"Oh, you utter varmint!" howled Mopps. "Wait till I get hold of the boy as did this!"

"Funny ting dat de man blames us when we neber touched him," observed Venus. "He takes a diye off his chair, and frowns his dinner into his own face, den goes and blames innocent schoolboys. Nunno, you don't, Mopps! You'm a lot too cross at de present moment for me to get near you. You might start slapdashing about, and dat would hurt dis poor nigger. I'm going to anoder place."

They all went after that, and left Mopps to clear up the awful mess he had made.

Cyril gave Venus two more lessons in boxing that day, and he found him not only an apt pupil, but also a very hard hitter.

"You will get on famously with Snigg," declared Cyril. "All you have got to do is to keep hitting him on the nose."

"But suppose de boy starts hitting me on de nose?"

"Pooh! You mustn't take any notice of that. He's bound to knock you about pretty freely, but you have the advantage of him, because if he gives you a couple of black eyes they won't show."

"Spect dey will feel."

"I tell you what it is, Snowy White Adonis Venus, you take too dainty care of yourself."

"I don't want dis child to suffer any pain."

"There's nothing in a little pain. It soon gets all right; and you won't notice pain while you are fighting. It's this way. If you don't lick Snigg, he will keep on licking you, and he will make your life a burden to you. What you have got to do is to go for the bully directly he hits you. Don't give him any warning, just get in a scorch on his nose, and before he has recovered from it, give him five or six more. Never mind about guarding his blows. Keep on punching away at his face and hitting him in the wind. You will soon dishearten him. He will probably lick you the first time, and if he does, challenge him for to-morrow night. I'll give you some more lessons during the day, and if you only keep on long enough, you are bound to lick him in the long run."

"I dunno 'bout dis," mused Venus. "Seems to me dat if I hab got to fight de bully ebery night, and hab lessons ebery day, chips are going to get knocked off dis child before de victory occurs. All de same, Cyril seems to know all 'bout de matter, so I 'spect I'd better follow his advice."

When Venus entered the dormitory that night, Snigg was brushing his hair in front of the glass. Venus gave him as wide a berth as possible, for the bully was several years older, and considerably bigger; in fact, he was by far the biggest boy in the room.

"Come here, you little black brute!" he snarled, directly he caught sight of Venus.

"Don't seem to want to," answered that worthy.

"What, you refuse to obey my orders! Isn't it bad enough to have to associate with a brute of a nigger, without the little beast being impertinent! If you don't come here I will break your stupid head!"

"Seems to me dat I'm going to get hurt wedder I go or not," observed Venus, cautiously approaching the bully, who immediately caught him a crack over the head with the brush, and he hit with such force that he smashed the handle in half, a thing that made him fearfully angry.

"Yah, yah, yah!" roared Venus. "I rader tink you hab done more damage to your brush dan to my noddle dat time."

"Didn't I hurt you?" sneered Snigg.

"Nunno! You can't hurt my noddle wid a brush."

"Then perhaps I can hurt your face, you hideous little brute!" cried Snigg, dealing him a blow between the eyes that not only hurt, but it knocked him head over heels into the fireplace.

"M'yes! You hurt me dat time," observed Venus, sitting up and gazing around. "Just you wait a moment till I get dis coat off, den I will try a little hurting. If I hab got to be hit about like dat, seems to me I may as well get a little ob my own back. Now den, Snigg, just you say when you want to begin operations."

"What! You dare to threaten me! Why, you little black beast, I'll—"

Venus did not wait to hear what he was going to do. He rushed in, and taking a flying leap at his foe, caught him a

frightful crack on the nose, then he bolted, with Snigg in hot pursuit; but Venus had scarcely got half the length of the dormitory, when he turned and, lowering his head, butted Snigg in the wind with a force that caused him to double up and gasp.

Venus saw his opportunity, and knowing he could not afford to miss one with such a powerful adversary, he quickly caused Snigg to stand upright by catching him three stinging uppercuts in the face, then he favoured him with another butt in the chest.

"How do you tink I'm getting on, Cyril?" inquired Venus. "I dunno wedder I hab hurt him yet, but I'm mighty certain he has hurt me."

"Pooh! You are not hurt," declared Cyril. "Ha, ha, ha! He has made you look pretty, Snigg. If you only stick to him, Venus, you will win."

"Oh, I'm going to stick to him for de next half hour or so. Let's try anoder smash."

Cyril Conway eyed Venus closely as he rose to his feet. He fully expected the little nigger would get a thrashing, because the bully Snigg was so much bigger and older; but Cyril had formed the opinion that there was grit in Venus, and he knew perfectly well that the only way to stop future bullying was to let the fight go on.

"That's the way I serve a dirty little nigger who dares to stick up to me," cried Snigg. "Now, see here, you cheeky little black beast, it is not my intention to knock you sillier than you are. I have given you a thrashing, and am perfectly satisfied."

"Golly! But I ain't at all satisfied," growled Venus. "You'm hurt me, and dat don't seem sort ob satisfactory to me. Should like to hurt you a bit, and dat's what I'm going to try to do. Tink I can do it, Cyril?"

"Snowy White Adonis Venus, of that ilk, I know you can. I know when I first came here I got worse hurt than you have been. Well, I fought on. Stop if you like."

"I ain't tinkin' 'bout stopping yet. Seems to me I didn't do anything to Snigg. Well, I'm in de right, and I'm going to fight for dat right till he knocks me senseless. It ain't any good habing a friend who takes you in hand if you don't gib him satisfaction. I'm going to gib you satisfaction, Cyril, wedder I get beaten or not. You ain't going to be able to say dat nigger has disappointed me. Nuff said. De next round now occurs, and— Golly!"

Snigg was not the sort of boy to lose an opportunity. While Venus was glancing at Cyril to note the effect of his words, Snigg sprang forward, and delivered an upper-cut beneath his opponent's jaw. It brought Venus's teeth together with a snap, and down he went again.

For some moments there was silence in the dormitory, then it was broken by Venus's murmuring voice:

"Can see de waving palm-trees—can hear de birds and de roll ob de sea—yet I tink it's night. Dark night—nunno. How did all dat happen, now? Oh, I remember! Noder round required here."

"Snigg," said Cyril quietly, "I am going to tell you what every boy in this college knows. You are a pitiful cur. If Venus does not thrash you I will."

"What do you mean, you cheeky cad?"

"What I say. Venus, if you don't obey my orders and box, I'll thrash you as well. Now, stick to him! That last blow was foul."

"You liar!" cried Snigg.

"I don't answer that sort of language with words, Snigg. The language is suited to your friend Graft, or one of those cads. You are in different company now, and it will be well for your constitution to remember it. I have nothing more to say to you."

"You mealy-mouthed little girl!" cried Snigg. "I will inform Graft of your opinion of him, and after he has given you your thrashing, I will give you a second one. Now, you little black beast, if you want any more, say so."

"Don't seem to care for any more," observed Venus, swaying a little as he rose. "All de same, I ain't senseless yet, and dat's when I'm going to stop. I ain't disgracing Cyril as well as myself. No, you don't; I'm ready for dem now! Yah, yah, yah! Missed again! Try dat one."

Venus had stepped back to avoid another upper-cut, but as it was delivered in the air Venus sprang forward, and with all his strength he landed on Snigg's nose.

"And dese on top ob it—one, five, six, nine, ten."

Venus was no good at counting, but he was remarkably good at hitting. Guarding he cast to the winds, and lashed out right and left. He got a few in the face, and more on his head, but he went on, his one thought being to strike straight from the shoulder as Cyril had taught him.

"Aim at his nose," had been Cyril's instructions. Venus did, and hit it time after time; then Venus rushed in, and they both went down, so did the wash-stand and the basins and the water.

What happened after that it was difficult to see, because

the combatants were so mixed up; but it seemed as though Venus had got Snigg by the jaw and the ear, and it was quite certain that he was hammering his head on the floor, while Venus's yells awoke the echoes of the college, and brought up Herr Ludvig, the master on duty, post haste. That gentleman saw two fighting boys, and such being quite against the rules of the college, he used his cane. Venus had fondly imagined his situation was the best, but now he found it very much the worst. However, he seized the piece of yellow soap that had fallen from the washstand, and stuffing it into his adversary's mouth, drove it home with his fist.

After that he rolled Snigg on the top of himself, and let him bear the brunt of it.

"I never saw such boys!" exclaimed Herr Ludvig, desisting when he thought they had had enough. "How dare you fight in the dormitory? You, Snigg, should know much better. Und you—vat is tat absurd name!—you should know tat it is cowardly to bang a boy's head on the floor ven he is down. Eh, vat is tat? Vat is your hand bleeding for?"

"Spect dat was where he got it between his teef, sah. Had to stop de biting by banging his noddle. Yah, yah, yah! Den I tought a little soap would help stop it. Still, we can finish it off widout any more banging or biting—like so."

Snigg had risen. Venus went in again. Herr Ludvig held his cane upraised. That bite, which was a very severe one, angered him more than the fighting. He was a good-hearted, honourable man, and a thing like that was abominable to him, especially as Snigg was so much bigger. So the cane was still upraised, and Cyril folded his arms across his breast as he watched in silence.

Snigg's head was knocked backward by the blows he received. He got the last beneath the jaw, and down he went in a heap upon the smashed crockery.

"Lights must be out in ten minutes, I say!" cried Herr Ludvig, glancing at Cyril. "Let all noise cease."

Then he strode from the room and went down to the porter's lodge to tell Mopps to go up and clear up the wreckage. Then he went to Dr. Buchanan, the Head, to tell him what had happened.

"Well, Herr Ludvig," exclaimed the doctor, "do you wish me to intervene?"

"It is te breakage; I must report tat."

"That is immaterial. Are the boys injured?"

"Not injured, but hurt. Te bite is severe—so vere te blows."

"Then you deal with the matter as you think right. Snigg, I am sorry to say, is a bully, and it was cowardly to attack the negro lad—unless, of course, the negro lad attacked him. I wish I had not left his name to the boys, Herr Ludvig. Snowy White Adonis Venus is about as ridiculous a name as even William Barnes could have conceived. And there is not the least doubt that Cyril Conway was a party to it."

"Ah, a clever lad! He can learn all he wishes."

"Yes, a remarkable lad. I hope he will make a great man. I have never had a calmer lad in this college, nor a more troublesome one. But there is no vice in him. He is honourable—thoroughly truthful. I trust Tempest Headland may have cause to be proud of him. And this poor negro lad! I am so sorry for him. I fear he will have a rough time."

"It must be; but I could see by tat boy's eyes—Cyril's eyes, I mean—tat he admires him. Ach! Should Cyril take him in hand tat vill make a difference. I tank you, sair. Goot-evening!"

"Good-night, Herr Ludvig!" exclaimed the doctor, grasping the German master's hand.

Meantime, Mopps, the porter, had entered the dormitory, with a pail and mop in his hand. The boys were scrambling into bed, and as he gazed at the wreckage he wagged his head from side to side and muttered things beneath his breath.

"Oh, you varmint!" he growled aloud. "Don't I wish I was your master for half an hour! I'd break a good many canes over your backs during that time. Here, jest as I'm going to have a quiet bit of supper, you get playing these ere monkey tricks."

"But, my dear Mopps," murmured Cyril, "boys will be boys. You were once a boy yourself."

"Bust me if I was like you!"

"No, dear man," exclaimed Cyril, "I don't suppose you could have come up to my state of perfection. You see, I am a decade or so in front of you, and that makes all the difference. But what do you think of Snigg's personal appearance? Observe his snout. That smashed-looking organ in front of his face with a starboard twist is his snout. It appears to be bleeding into his mouth, which is a lucky thing, because he won't lose any blood that way. It is a sort of perpetual motion."

"Well I'm blowed!" gasped Mopps. Snigg was one of his favourites, because he always had plenty of pocket-money; for the same reason Snigg was a sham of the bully Graft, who should have known better, seeing that he was a monitor of the college. But then Graft was very cunning, and what the boys knew about him the masters did not, and the boys would not tell. Had Mopps told all he knew concerning Graft, that worthy would no longer have been a monitor. He entered the dormitory at that moment.

He was a tall young fellow, with a fair, handsome face. He was rather slimly built, although his shoulders were broad, and he was a good all-round athlete. Some thought he would one day become captain of the college, when Jim, the present captain, went up to Oxford. Jim and Graft were not on speaking terms, except when duty compelled.

"I am sorry to see there has been a disturbance," observed Graft. I desire to know who has been fighting."

"That nigger and Snigg!" growled Mopps, who had heard as much from Herr Ludvig.

"Oh, that is ridiculous!" exclaimed Graft. "The nigger is going to be my fag, and as such he will receive the very kindest treatment; in fact, he will receive special treatment. Snigg is a lad whom I esteem. I know a good lad when I see him. Now, I always set my face against fighting, but in a case of this sort it should be settled. Finish the fight. I shall make an exception in your cases. Finish the fight, Snigg. Show the lad that it is absolutely wrong to fight. You understand me?"

"Well, dat's just what I tink had better be done," exclaimed Venus. "It ain't any good stopping in de middle, 'cos we would hab to go on again. I'll hab anoder go."

Twice Venus got knocked down, but he came up smiling, and kept dashing in. He did not appear to have much feeling.

"You are getting on capitally, Snigg," declared Graft, though he knew better. "He is getting winded. Another round will settle him."

"Don't tink so," murmured Venus. "Tink I'm getting on all right, Cyril."

"Superb! Now go for his body. Keep landing him in the wind. Listen! If you plant half a dozen blows just where my finger is, this will be the last round."

Once more Venus went in. He caught two or three blows on the top of the head, where they did not hurt him at all, and all the time he was landing right and left.

"Why, talk about piston-rods!" exclaimed Cyril. "Ha, ha, ha! Well done, Venus!"

"Tell me when you tink I hab got up to de six. Here, come back, Snigg! How do you suppose I'm going to hit you in de chest when you run away from me?"

"Silence in the dormitory!" ordered Graft, who saw that his man was hopelessly beaten. "I won't allow fighting, and if there is a repetition of it I shall use my cane. Make haste and clear that mess up, Mopps."

"I don't see dat we need take any notice ob dat fellow," observed Venus. "He seems a mighty humbug, 'cos he told us to fight it out. Come on, Snigg, and let's finish de argument!"

"Snigg is far too obedient to do that," said Cyril.

"Den has he beaten me?"

"Well, just look at him! Looks as if he were trying to bite air. Does he look like a boy who has won a fight? You will want some scaffolding round that snout of yours, Snigg. You feel like a winner, don't you?"

"You wait till to-morrow, and I'll give him the worst thrashing he has ever had in his life!"

"Then it is very evident that he has never been thrashed," said Cyril. "I hope this lesson will do you good, Snigg. You had better get to bed. Now, Mopps, get on with your work. You are the laziest man I ever came across. That water will all soak through while you are looking at it."

"Oh, you meek-faced varmint!" snarled Mopps. "Wouldn't I like to have the handling of you for half an hour!"

"Poor old Mopps! It is strange that a little work always makes you cross. What do you suppose I keep you at this



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college for? Certainly not to look at, for no one could call you beautiful. Let's up-end him!"

"Yah, yah, yah! Don't mind habing a turn at dat, if it ain't against de rules ob de college," said Venus, who was just as ready for a joke as was Cyril himself.

"I do not believe there is a rule about up-ending the college porter," observed Cyril. "I know most of the rules through having broken them, but I can't remember one forbidding us to up-end the porter. I wonder how he would look standing on his head?"

"I dunno!" mused Venus. "He ain't much to look at standing on his feet. Might look better de oder road up. Yah, yah, yah! Should rader like to see him dat way fixed!"

"The worst of it is, you would want a small crane to lift him," observed Cyril; "and if we happened to drop him his head would go clean through the floor. Fancy what a shock that would give to the masters below! They would think some awful monster was coming through the ceiling!"

"Oh, you utter varmint!" growled Mopps. "You ain't fit to live! You ought to be—Bust! Woo-hoo!"

"What have you done now, dear Mopps?" inquired Cyril. "Why, I've cut my 'and on this 'ere broken china, you little rat!" snarled Mopps.

"My dear creature, that is all in your day's duties! You shouldn't make all that fuss just because you have cut your 'and. The 'urt to your 'and is 'armless."

"I knew a fellow who had his hand cut off," observed Billy Barnes. "He never made the slightest fuss or uttered a sound."

"Perhaps he was under chloroform," suggested Cyril.

"No, he wasn't," said Billy. "He was under the train, and his head was cut off at the same time."

"Then depend on it, that is why he did not utter a sound," said Cyril. "I believe Charles the First was the only man who walked and talked half an hour, after his head was cut off."

"Well, I don't believe he did that," said Billy. "At any rate, it wouldn't matter if Mopps' head was cut off, 'cos it's no jolly use on!"

"True; but a great college like this couldn't employ a headless porter," said Cyril. "He looks funny enough as it is. That's right, Mopps. I am glad to see you have stopped up all the water; now, when you have collected the china in your pail, you may go. Rather awkward to stoop, isn't it? You remind me of a dirigible balloon."

"You utter little beast!" snarled Mopps, shoving all the broken

china into the pail, and striding from the dormitory. He was rounding the end bed, which was against the door, when suddenly he uttered a wild howl, and went sprawling forwards on his face, while the pail flew across the floor, and all the water he had slopped up, together with the broken china, was once more upset.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Cyril. "That is a case of as you was afore!"

"Bust me!" hooted the unfortunate Mopps.

"I wouldn't be the least surprised if you do bust yourself, if you drop on your waistcoat like that!" said Cyril.

"Some varmint has been and shoved a stick between my legs!" roared Mopps, picking himself up.

He was quite correct. It was one of Billy's brilliant ideas. He had seized his stick, and crawled under the beds for the purpose, and he now came scuttling back again. As Mopps looked under the end bed Billy popped up between the middle ones, and he looked perfectly innocent.

"Never mind, Mopps!" he said. "Accidents like that will happen, if you are not very careful. You should have looked where you were going to. All you have to do now is to slop the water up before it runs through the ceiling."

"Now, you boys," exclaimed Graft, entering the dormitory, "I am perfectly disgusted with you for not being in bed! I am going to put lights out. You will come to my study at six o'clock to-morrow morning, Venus, as I intend to get up early. I have given orders that I am to be called. Be good lads. Good-night!"

"The biggest humbug in this college!" observed Cyril. "All right, you little beast!" said Snigg. "I'll tell Graft what you say of him!"

"It's only what I think, and what every sensible fellow in the college thinks of him. If you were not as stupid as a daddy-long-legs in the candle-flame, you would see that Graft is only friendly with you, so that he can borrow your father's money. You will never get a penny back, unless it is paid with a view to borrowing larger sums. Now get into bed."

This is what they all did; but just as Venus was dozing off he heard Cyril, who slept in the next bed, whispering in his ear:

"Get up, Venus," he murmured. "I've got a big scheme on. Be as silent as a dead mouse, and follow me!"

Venus did so, and when he got into the passage he found it fearfully cold.

"It ain't as hot as it might be," he murmured.

"Never mind about the heat."

"I don't; but I must say I mind 'bout dis cold. I tink I would like a few more clothes on dan dis nightshirt."

"Pooh! That's all right. We have got such frightfully exciting work in hand that we sha'n't feel the cold just directly. Now, I have a great scheme on, but whether it comes off, all depends on Snigg's sleeping powers. As a rule, you can't wake the lump up unless you dowsse water over him. He sleeps through the fiercest thunderstorm; in fact, in the middle of the night it is almost impossible to wake him. Now, if you get caught, you may get whacked, but that doesn't hurt much. I can't do it alone, so you must take your chance with me."

(Another long instalment of this splendid school story in next Thursday's Number. Please order your copy of the GEM in advance.)

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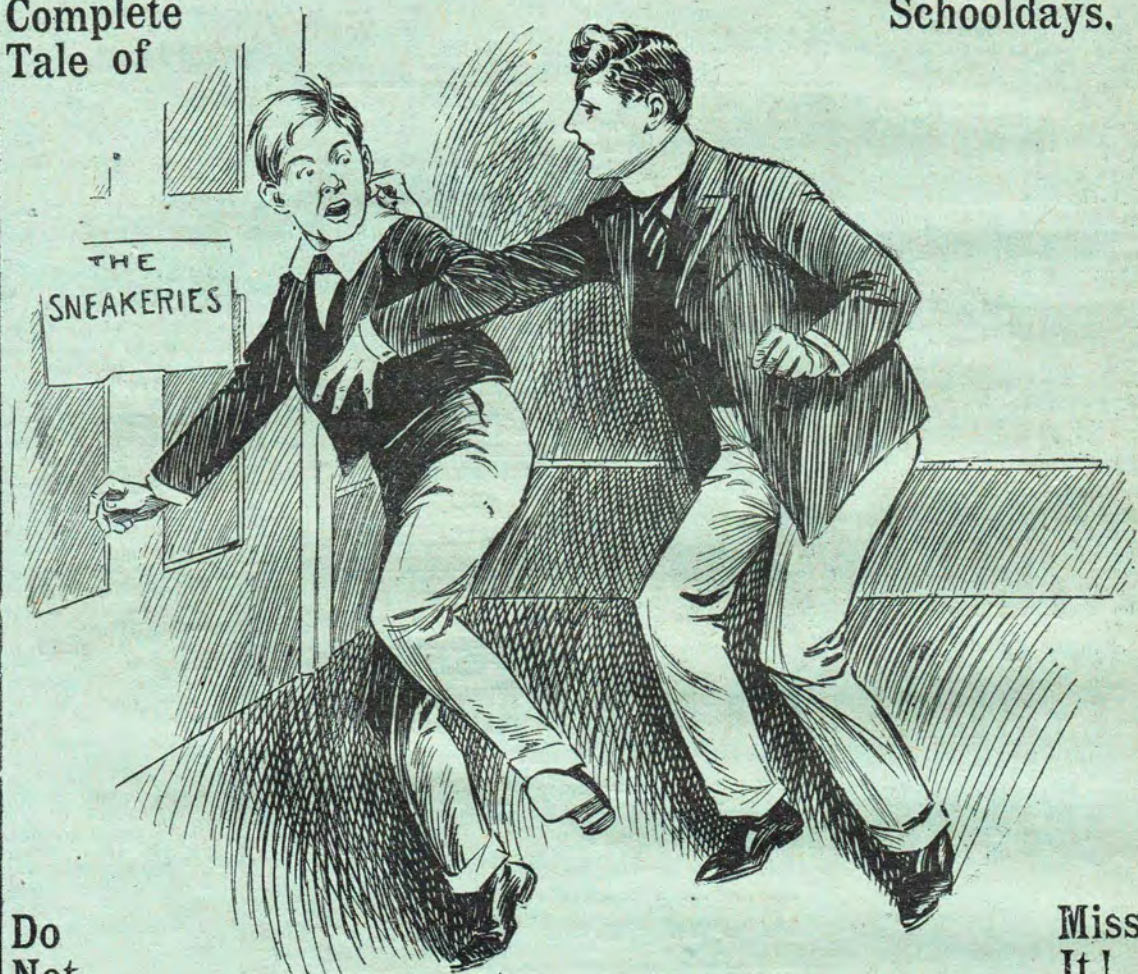
Now, good-bye till next Thursday. It is yet too early for me to wish you A Merry Christmas, so I defer that pleasure until December 19th.

THE EDITOR.

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