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OF TOM MERRY'S
SCHOOLDAYS.

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.



D'ARCY
AT THE
WAXWORKS!

NO. 44.

VOL. 2.

"Marvel-
lous!" gasped
Arthur Au-
gustus. "I should
weally think that
this waxwork was
alive, if I thought
such a funny-lookin'
old codger could be
alive at all, I should
weally!"

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Schooldays.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



CHAPTER 1.

Something Like Good News.

"MERRY!"
Mr. Railton looked into the common-room in the School House at St. Jim's. It was evening—a dark winter's evening—and most of the juniors were there. Tom Merry was deeply engrossed in a game of chess with Monty Lowther, and he did not hear his name called.

"Merry!"

"Check!" said Tom Merry.

Manners came over and gave the hero of the Shell a dig in the ribs.

"Can't you hear Mr. Railton calling you, fathead?"

Tom Merry looked up quickly.

"Did you call me, sir?"

"Yes," said Mr. Railton. "You are wanted in the doctor's study, Merry. You will kindly go there at once."

And the house-master walked away.

"Oh, rats!" groaned Tom Merry. "What is it this time, I wonder? You can take my place here, Manners. I don't

suppose I shall be much inclined for chess after the Head has finished."

He vacated the chair at the chess-table; and Manners dropped into it.

"What do you think it is, Tom?" asked Monty Lowther. "I can't call to mind any special delinquency to account for this sudden and pressing invitation to the Head's study."

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Tom Merry shook his head.

"Blessed if I know. But the Head doesn't want to see me for nothing! It's rotten—on this special date, too!"

"What is there special about the date?" asked Jack Blake, of Study No. 6. "Is it anybody's birthday?"

"Oh, no. It's Tuesday; and to-morrow's Wednesday——"

"Go on!"

"What I mean is, to-morrow is an anniversary in the Merry family," explained Tom. "It's the anniversary of the date when my uncle won the Victoria Cross in Afghanistan; and we always keep it as a holiday. I was thinking of explaining that to the Head, and putting it to him, as an old sport, whether he ought not to give me the whole day——"

"Ha, ha, ha! I can see him doing it!"

"I don't see why he shouldn't. I always had a day out on that anniversary before I came to St. Jim's, and why shouldn't I keep up an old custom, especially such a ripping one?" said Tom Merry. "But this knocks it on the head. After he has got through with the lecture, or the licking, whichever I'm going to have, it would look like a nerve to ask him for a whole holiday to-morrow."

"Ha, ha! I fancy it would strike him rather in that light."

"Well, it's rotten—that's all I've got to say!"

And Tom Merry, looking as glum as he ever could look—which wasn't very glum after all, for Tom's was a sunny nature—marched out of the room to pay the undesired visit to the sanctum of the Head of St. Jim's.

"Hard cheese!" said Blake, addressing Lowther and Manners.

But Lowther and Manners were deep in a chess problem, and they did not hear or heed.

"Hard cheese!" repeated Blake, turning towards his chums of Study No. 6—Herries and D'Arcy. "Of course, it would have been like Tom Merry's cheek to ask for a whole holiday to-morrow when the rest of the school has only a half——"

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "But I have observed that that boundah Mewry has cheek enough for anything, don't you know?"

"Right," said Herries. "Why, if he had a whole holiday, of course we should have to have the same. We couldn't be put in the shade by a bounder in the Shell."

"Certainly not," agreed Blake. "What does his old anniversary matter? Why, I've got lots of anniversaries in my life! There's the anniversary of the day when my governor——"

"Had the brokers in?" suggested Gore, of the Shell.

"Sent me to St. Jim's," said Blake, taking no notice of Gore. "Then there's the anniversary of the day when we collared Figgins & Co.'s concert, though that hasn't come round yet——"

"Yaas, wathah! And there's the anniversary of the day when I purchased my first fancy waistcoat——"

"Ha, ha! There's lots of anniversaries, and I could make up a list of three hundred and sixty-five if we could have a holiday on each," said Blake. "That would suit me. Still, as I was saying, it's hard cheese on Merry to get a licking on the eve of his anniversary, especially when his uncle nabbed the Victoria Cross——"

"Picked it up at a sale, I expect," jeered Gore.

"You'd better say that to Tom Merry," said Blake. "It's about time you had a licking, Gore. You're a pig!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

Meanwhile, Tom Merry was making his way to the Head's study.

He knocked at the door; and the deep voice of the Principal bade him enter.

Dr. Holmes adjusted his pince-nez and looked at Tom Merry as he came in. There was a telegram lying on the writing-table before the doctor, and Tom noticed it and felt more cheerful. It was possible that it was not a licking he had been called into the Head's study for, after all.

"Merry," said Dr. Holmes, "I have—er—received a wire from your former governess and guardian, Miss Priscilla Fawcett."

Tom Merry looked a little anxious.

"I hope there is nothing wrong at home, sir?"

The doctor smiled.

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind," he replied—"nothing wrong. I am glad to say. This telegram from Miss Fawcett relates to—er—to a certain anniversary which appears to be kept up in your family."

Tom Merry's face brightened.

He had often owed much to the thoughtfulness of Miss Priscilla Fawcett, but that she should have come to the rescue in this particular was really ripping.

"Yes, sir. To-morrow's the anniversary of the day when General Merry won the Victoria Cross—he was only a lieutenant then. We have always kept up that date as a holiday."

"So Miss Fawcett explains," said the Head graciously.

"Now, Merry, it would be impossible for me under ordinary circumstances to grant you a holiday which was not shared by the whole school, but upon such a peculiar occasion——"

"Oh, thank you, sir——"

"One moment! I have inquired of your Form-master, and he tells me that your progress with your studies is so very satisfactory that the holiday could safely be granted. I was very pleased to hear this, of course."

"It was very kind of Mr. Linton, sir."

"Mr. Linton always does you justice, Merry, though I believe you have sometimes regarded him as a somewhat strict Form-master. Under the circumstances, I have no hesitation in acceding to Miss Fawcett's somewhat pressing request, and granting you a whole holiday to-morrow instead of the usual half-holiday."

"Thank you, sir!" said Tom Merry gratefully. "I shall not forget your kindness, sir."

And then the hero of the Shell hesitated.

"Well, Merry," said the Head kindly, "you have something to say to me?"

"Ye-es, sir! Could I—would you think it a cheek—I mean a nerve—that is to say, presumptuous, if I asked you to——" Tom coloured and paused.

"You may speak out, Merry," said the Head, smiling, "especially as I think I can guess what is coming."

Thus encouraged, Tom Merry went on with more confidence.

"It's—it's like this, sir. If you could let Lowther and Manners have the holiday too, it would be ripping, and——"

"I understand, Merry. And I had already thought of that, and spoken to Mr. Linton on the subject. Manners and Lowther have shown exemplary conduct lately, and as it is a very special occasion, I shall grant them leave at the same time with you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" Tom Merry was beaming now.

"You are very kind, sir."

"Not at all. I am glad that your conduct, Merry, has enabled me to gratify you and Miss Fawcett in this little matter."

And the doctor turned to his writing-table again; and Tom Merry left the study. He went back to the School House common-room at a speed which left a breeze behind him in the passages, looking more like a fast forward making for the enemy's goal than anything else.

He burst into the common-room like a whirlwind, and rushed upon his chums, who were still deep in the chess. He grasped them both at the same time, and dragged them off their chairs, and waltzed them round the room. The chess-table went over with a crash, and the pieces were scattered far and wide, and that was a sudden finish to that particular game of chess.

Manners and Lowther gave a simultaneous shout.

"You howling lunatic!"

"You gibbering maniac!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Tom Merry. "Hear me smile! Ha, ha, ha!"

He waltzed the helpless juniors round and round, till they tore themselves loose and hurled themselves upon him in wrath.

They seized him and pinned him against the wall, with ruffled hair and torn collar, and glared at him.

"Now," said Monty Lowther, "explain yourself, before we jam your head against the wall!"

"What's the matter?" said Manners. "You've busted up our game of chess, and carried on like a frantic generally. What's the matter? Have you anything to say before sentence is passed on you?"

"Yes. Ha, ha! The Head——"

"Blow the Head! What the——"

"I tell you——"

"What do you mean by——"

"The Head——"

"Jam his napper against the wall, Lowther, as he won't explain."

Biff! Tom Merry's head and the wall met, and Tom gave a yell.

"Now will you explain?" demanded Lowther severely.

"Ain't I trying to explain?" howled Tom Merry. "I tell you the Head sent for me to tell me I was to have a whole holiday to-morrow——"

"Oh, I see! But——"

"And you two are to have the same."

"Hurrah!"

"Bravo!"

They released him. Tom rubbed the back of his head. Then the three joined hands and executed an impromptu waltz. They cared nothing for the eyes upon them. The Terrible Three never did.

"Well, my hat!" said Gore. "That's what I call favouritism! Fancy those three rotters having a whole holiday, and us being left out of it!"

"Rotten!" said Mellish. "Rank favouritism!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Blake warmly. "It's disgusting to hear you two snarling! Why can't you let a chap alone? Those three are pretty cheeky, and they have an idiotic idea in their heads that the Shell is a cut over the Fourth Form, but they're three of the best all the same, and worth a bushel of you two."

"Yaas, wathah! I weally think Coah and Mellish would do bettah to banish the feelin's of envy, hatwed, and all

chawitableness fwm their bweasts," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Why shouldn't Tom Mewwy be allowed to keep up his beastly anniversaw?"

"Right-oh!" said Herries. "Why not? Let him have it without a lot of snapping. And it's only natural his chums should have it along with him."

"That's all very well," said Gore; "but—"

"Rats! You shut up! You're a pig!"

"I tell you—"

"Oh, wing off," said Arthur Augustus. "You make me tiahd, Goah, not to say weally exhausted. Pway dwy up."

And the chums of Study No. 6 walked over to the Terrible Three and congratulated them.

"Good for you," Blake said. "I hope you'll have a ripping time."

"Thanks," said Tom Merry. "We shall! We're going to make a day out of it—leave St. Jim's first thing in the morning—"

"And have a day in town—" said Lowther.

"And explore London," said Manners. "What-ho!"

"Jolly," said Blake cordially. "You'll go up from Rylcombe in the first train, I suppose?"

"That's it; at half-past eight in the morning."

"Good. Hope you'll have a ripping time."

But Blake's brow was very thoughtful as he signed to his chums to follow him, and left the common-room. They went to Study No. 6, their own quarters, and Blake carefully closed the door.

"Of course," he remarked. "You two know what we're going to do?"

"Yaas, wathah! It's simply impos for us to be left behind when the Tewwible Thwee are goin' to have a day out in town."

"Right," said Herries emphatically. "Of course it was right to sit on Gore for his caddish grumbling. But it's a different matter with us."

"Exactly," said Blake, with a nod. "If the Terrible Three put us in the shade, it would be a blow at the prestige of Study No. 6. We've simply got to go."

"Yaas, but I suppose it would be no good askin' the Head for permish?"

Blake laughed at the idea.

"Not much! We shall have to take French leave; and if there's a row afterwards, we shall have to face the music. I suppose you're game?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"We needn't say a word to a soul, but just skip out of the gates after breakfast, and bolt. We sha'n't be able to carry any bags or anything, but we happen to have plenty of tin just now, and—"

"Yaas, wathah! I have the fivah my govannah sent me, and—"

"And I have seventeen bob. We shall be all right. We've got to catch the same train as Tom Merry in Rylcombe—"

"It is weally a wipping opportunity," said D'Arcy thoughtfully. "You see, I can nevah get weal satisfaction in my things without an occasional visit to the centah of fashion—"

"Ha, ha, ha! Now's your chance, Gussy—"

"Yaas, wathah! I shall have a gweat deal of shoppin' to do in Bond Stweet, you know. It is weally fortunate that I am in funds, though, of course, I can tell the persons to send in their beastly bills, you know, to my govannah. Yaas, I weally think we shall have a wipping time in town, deah boys."

And the chums of the Fourth fell to laying plans; which was exactly what the Terrible Three were doing in their study at the same time.

CHAPTER 2.

Catching the Train.

TOM MERRY jumped out of bed cheerfully the following morning, and proceeded to pull the bedclothes off Manners and Lowther. The chums of the Shell yawned and got out of bed, shivering in the cold of the winter morning.

"It's going to be fine, that's one comfort," said Tom Merry, looking out of the window. "It's jolly cold, but clear as anything."

"Yes, here," said Monty Lowther. "We may find it thick enough in town."

"Never mind that. After all, there is a lot of fun in going about in a fog."

"Especially if you get lost in it, or run over, or—"

"Oh, rats! Don't croak, but get into your things, old chap."

The Terrible Three were first down of the Shell. They were all eagerness to be off, but they did not confide their intention to anyone, excepting Study No. 6. The Head naturally imagined that the holiday would be spent rather nearer St. Jim's than London, and they did not want to enlighten him. It would be time enough to reveal the facts after they had come home that night.

"The Head might be anxious about us, you see," Tom Merry said considerably. "He might think we weren't able to take care of ourselves, which would be—"

"Rot!" said Monty Lowther.

"Yes, but I mean it would be awkward, for he mightn't let us go."

"Then we should have to cut it."

"Couldn't be did, dear boy. After he's been so kind as to give us the holiday, it would be ungrateful. But if he doesn't know anything about it till we come back—"

"Then he can't object—"

"Exactly, and that will save trouble in the family."

So the chums of the Shell were reticent. After breakfast they left the dining-hall, and a few belongings were crammed into a bag. Then they hurried down to the gates. In the quadrangle they met Figgins & Co., the chums of the New House. Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn stared at them, amazed to see the three in overcoats, and Tom Merry carrying a travelling-bag.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Figgins. "Whither bound?"

"Oh, just going for a little run up to town, you know," said Tom Merry carelessly.

"If you're trying to pull my leg, Tom Merry—"

"But I'm not, Figgy. I wouldn't pull your leg for anything. It's long enough already, both of 'em," said Tom Merry, with a glance at Figgins's extremely lanky legs. "You see—"

"Oh, don't rot! Are you really going up to town?"

"Certainly. Don't you see me in my coat and travelling cap, and behold my bag? What more do you want? We're off to catch the 8.30 at Rylcombe."

"But what's the game? Why aren't you going to have lessons to-day?"

"It's the anniversary of the day my uncle got the Victoria Cross—"

"My dear chap," said Kerr. "A good many 'uncles' have got the Victoria Cross, but they don't lend much on it—"

"I tell you my uncle got the Victoria Cross for saving a gun in Afghanistan, and we keep up the date in the family. The Head has looked at the matter in a sensible light, like a jolly old sport as he is; and he's given Lowther and Manners leave as well as myself. So we're off."

"My word!" said Figgins. "If you're not off!"

"Good-bye, kids. Be good, and we'll bring you back some chocolates."

And the Terrible Three walked on with an extremely important air.

Figgins stared after them.

"My hat!" he said. "So they're off. 'I've half a mind to take French leave and follow.'"

"Good wheeze," said Fatty Wynn. "They're sure to have some ripping feeds in town, and we could join them, and they would have to stand treat."

Figgins snorted.

"Oh, rats! If you don't leave off talking about grub, Fatty Wynn, you'll make me hungry. Hallo, here come those kids from Study No. 6 in the rotten School House."

Blake, Herries, and D'Arcy were coming towards the gates at a run.

They had their coats on, and Blake and Herries were in caps, but D'Arcy was sporting a handsome silk topper, in honour of the occasion. The swell of the School House looked really imposing in his elegantly-cut coat, his shining topper, his high collar and lovely tie, his natty spats, and his eye-glass.

"My aunt Sempronia Susannah!" ejaculated Figgins. "Where are you kids off to, and what is Gussy looking so killing for? Is he in love again?"

D'Arcy turned red.

"Weally, Figgins, I wish you would not allude to that mattah," he said with a great deal of dignity. "You wecall a bitter wecollection to my mind—"

"Didn't know you had one."

"What, a bittah wecollection—"

"No, a mind," said Figgins.

"Weally, Figgins—"

"Come on," shouted Blake. "We shall be late."

"Yaas, wathah. I should thwash you for that wemark, Figgins, but I am in a huwty to catch a twain."

"Ha, ha! I breathe again," said Figgins. "But, I say, Blake, where are you going?"

"Oh, up to town, you know, to see how things are going on," said Blake.

"Has the Head given you a holiday, as well as Tom Merry?"

"No; we've given ourselves one. Come along. We shall have to run."

"Yaas, wathah! Buck up, deah boys, and wun like any thin'."

And the chums of Study No. 6 rushed off.

"Ere, where are you going?" shouted Taggles the porter, as they darted through the ancient gateway of St. Jim's. "Come back 'ere!"

Arthur Augustus turned round.

"I wewget that it is imposs, Taggles. You see——"
"Come on," howled Blake, catching him by the arm and rushing him along. "Do you want to lose the train?"
"I was only explainin' to Taggles——"
"Blow Taggles! Get a move on you."
"I am weelly wunnin' as fast as I am able to wun, Blake, and I weelly wish that you would not gwasp my arm like that. You are ewumplin' my coat."

"I'll crumple your neck if you don't buck up," said Blake.
Figgins & Co. looked after them from the gate. Figgins turned to the Co. with a gleam in his eyes.

"Are we going to be left out of this?" he demanded. "Is the New House to take a back seat in this way? Is the School House going to take all the fun, and are we going to stand it? Are we going to take this lying down?"

"No," said Kerr. "Not by long chalks."

"Rather not," said Fatty Wynn emphatically. "It would be infra dig——"

"You'll be in for a dig if you spout Latin at me," said Figgins. "But, I say, we've got to show that we can play up to the School House every time. Tom Merry has gone off with permission, and Blake has gone off without it. Now, we're going off too, like——"

"Like fireworks," suggested Kerr.

"Like Blake," said Figgins. "Are you ready? We can dodge chapel and get our things, and catch the train at Rylcombe if we hurry."

"Good wheeze. Come on."

And the chums of the New House tore off to carry out the idea. Meanwhile, the Terrible Three were striding manfully along Rylcombe Lane to the station, unconscious of pursuit. They reached the station three minutes before the train was due, and Tom Merry had time to stop at the tick shop and lay in a hamper. With great forethought he foresaw that they would be hungry in the train, for it was a long run to London. The chums found a carriage to themselves, and secured their seats, and the bag and the hamper were deposited on the racks.

"Good time," said Tom Merry with satisfaction. "Do you know, I half wish those bounders in No. 6 were coming along. Of course, I couldn't ask the doctor."

"It would have been rather thick," agreed Monty Lowther. "The Head couldn't give the whole school a holiday because your uncle pawned his Victoria Cross that time——"

"Eh?" said Tom Merry, looking up.

"My mistake," said Lowther blandly. "Now we're off!"

The engine was puffing. There was a sudden yell on the platform.

"Stand back there!"

"Rats!" came a gasping voice in reply.

Three breathless figures came bolting across the platform to the nearest carriage, which happened to be the one the Terrible Three were sitting in. The door was torn open, and Blake plunged headlong in. He sprawled upon Tom Merry and dragged him to the floor, and after him came Herries, who fell over them. Then D'Arcy jumped into the carriage as the train was starting, and went sprawling over the heap. The guard slammed the door, and the train was off.

"Ow!" gasped Tom Merry. "Get off my neck!"

"Lemme gerrup!" roared Blake.

"Yaas, wathah! I weelly think it is most inconsiderate of you to fall down and cause me to fall upon you," said Arthur Augustus, picking himself up. "I have quite hurt my knee jamming it in the small of your back, Hewries."

Herries, as he had had all the wind knocked out of him, could only gasp in reply.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Lowther, looking out of the window, "my hat! look there!"

The exclamation drew general attention to the platform. The juniors crammed the windows looking out. The train was gathering speed, but as they looked out they caught a last glimpse of the platform of Rylcombe Station and three figures standing on it, staring in dismay after the train.

"Figgins & Co!" shouted Manners.

Tom Merry waved his cap out of the window. The platform vanished from sight, and Figgins & Co. disappeared. The juniors sorted themselves out.

"Well, we're here," said Blake, looking round. "It was a near thing."

"And we're jolly glad to see you," said Tom Merry heartily. "Figgins & Co. had the same idea, but they've slipped up on it. Hullo! what's the matter with Gussy?"

"Where is my hat?"

D'Arcy's top hat had fallen off in his fall, and disappeared from sight. The swell of St. Jim's was looking round for it anxiously.

"Blow your old topper," said Blake. "You——"

"It wasn't an old topper, Blake, it was a new topper, with the latest thing in curly bwins——"

"Well, blow your new topper, then. Why couldn't you come in a cap like the rest of us?"

"Because I'm not a commonplace boundah like the west of you," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "I wegard it as a duty to uphold the dignity and honah of the coll., and on a

twip to town like this it is absolutely essential to wear something decent. Pway give me my toppah. Where has the beastly thing got to?"

"Here it is," said Herries, fishing it out from under a seat. "It's a bit more curly than it was, though."

D'Arcy gave a wail of anguish. The silk hat had been sat on in the confusion, and had rolled under the seat—a mere wreck, bearing a closer resemblance to a concertina than to a hat.

"Oh, my hat! my new toppah!"

"Oh, you can straighten it out," said Blake, "or you can chuck it out of the window and buy a cap in town."

"I wefuse to buy a cap. I wefuse to wear anythin' on this twip but a toppah. As soon as we weach town, dear boys, we must do some shoppin', and I can get a new toppah."

"My dear kid, you shall have half a dozen new toppers if you like," said Tom Merry, "and wear 'em one on top of another, like an old-clothes man."

"I wegard that wemark as fwivolous, Tom Mewwy."

"And I regard you as an ass, Adolphus. But dry up about that hat, and let's open the hamper. I'm getting hungry already."

So the hamper was opened, and the juniors sampled its contents with much satisfaction as the train rushed on through the wintry landscape.

CHAPTER 3.

In Town!

"DEAR me!" said Arthur Augustus in amazement, as the train drew to a stop, "what is that chap sayin', you know?"

"Clmpmjung!" shouted the porter.

Tom Merry rose from his seat.

"Get out here."

"But what station is it, deah boy?"

"Clmpmjung!" yelled the porter.

"He must be talking in Esperanto," said D'Arcy, as he stepped from the carriage, "I say, my good fellow, come here, will you?"

The porter looked at him, and seeing how exceedingly well-dressed the swell of St. Jim's was, scented a tip and came. D'Arcy screwed his glass into his right eye and stared at the man.

"I say, you know, what's the name of this beastly station, you know?"

"Clmpmjung," said the porter promptly.

"Yaas, it's Esperanto right enough," said D'Arcy. "I started learning Esperanto once, you know, and it sounded just like that. Mi eklernis Esperanton laste jaro," he said to the porter, in that most modern of languages, with a beaming smile.

The porter gasped.

"Beg pardon, sir. I don't quite catch on, sir."

"I said I started learning Esperanto last year," said D'Arcy.

The porter looked as if he thought he had to do with a lunatic.

The St. Jim's juniors, crowding out of the carriage, were grinning hugely.

"Yessir," said the porter feebly.

"Do you know any more besides that word?" went on D'Arcy. "Isn't it extremely cuwious, deah boys, that they should shout out the names of the stations in Esperanto?"

"Oh, you owl!" gasped Blake, "that's porter-language he was speaking; it means Clapham Junction! Porters always pronounce Clapham Junction like that."

"My word!" said the swell of St. Jim's, "I see. You surprise me, Blake. Then he was not weelly speakin' Es-pewanto as all?"

"Of course he wasn't, fathead."

"I object to bein' called a fathead."

"Remember the porter, sir," said that individual, touching his cap. He had been asked questions, and though he regarded D'Arcy as a youthful lunatic, he thought he was entitled to a tip for having been put to the trouble of opening his mouth.

"Certainly, my good fellow," said D'Arcy beamingly. "I shall wemembah you with gweat pleasuah. Have you a card with you?"

"Oh, come along," grunted Blake.

The porter stared at D'Arcy.

"Yaas, wathah, I shall certainly wemembah you," said D'Arcy, as the man seemed still to wait, "I nevah forget faces, especially such a cuwious-lookin' face as yours, my dear fellow. Where are we goin' now, Tom Mewwy?"

The porter was turning away with the wrath natural under the circumstances glowering in his face, and was already shouting "Clmpmjung" for the benefit of the other passengers, when Tom Merry, who had been laughing too much to interfere before, tapped him on the shoulder.

"Take this bag and get me a four-wheeler," he said.

The porter touched his cap, his wrath vanishing in an instant.

"Yessir."

And the six juniors followed the porter through the mazes of Clapham Junction.

"Weelly, Tom Mewwy, I should have pweferrerd a hansom——"

"How are you going to get six into a hansom, Gussy?" inquired Blake.

"Ah! I never thought of that."

"We shall have a squeeze in a growler," said Tom Merry.

"We might put Gussy on the roof, of course, with the bag—"

"I utterly refuse to be put on the roof with the bag."

"Ha, ha! Then we'll find room inside somehow. Thanks, my man. Tumble in, chaps. I say, Gussy, that's thoughtless of you."

"What is thoughtless of me, Tom Mewwy?"

"You've forgotten to give the porter a shilling."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Now don't keep him waiting, he's a busy man, and a director of the line may drop down on him at any moment."

D'Arcy gave the porter a shilling, and that individual grinned and touched his cap and retired. The boys crowded into the growler somehow, and the driver, who saw that he would have a good fare, was all smiles.

"Let me see," said Tom Merry, standing by the open door. "We've saved time by a feed in the train, and we can start the sight-seeing at once."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Where shall we go first, kids?"

"I should greatly prefer Buckingham Palace—"

"I daresay you would, but I forgot to wire that we were coming, so they won't expect us there," said Tom Merry gravely.

"Suppose we make it the Tower of London?"

"Yaas, wathah! But that is a fearful long way from here, isn't it?"

"Less than a hundred miles, I believe. I say, cabby, do you think your gallant charger could get as far as the Tower of London with a little shoving?"

The cabman grinned.

"Yessir, that will be a sovereign, please."

"Think that's all right, Gussy?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Get your sovereign ready, then," said Tom Merry coolly.

"Drive on."

"Oh, weally, Tom Mewwy—"

Tom Merry jumped into the cab, and it rolled away. The hero of the Shell was not acting thoughtlessly; he thought it would be a good idea to have a drive through the length of London and look at the great city, and one way was as good as another. The growler rolled off, and the juniors, fresh from the heart of the country, looked with great interest at the changing panorama of the streets.

A light mist hung over London, but as yet the streets were clear. It was a warning of a fog to come, however.

As they drew near the city, the mist was thicker, but it was not yet obstructive to the view. The remains of the provisions from the hamper had been packed into their pockets, and they finished them in the cab.

"Dear me," said Arthur Augustus, "what is that disreputable looking place, Tom Mewwy?"

"Oh, that's Tower Hill," said Tom Mewwy, looking out and finishing a tart. "We're close there now. Hallo, what's the matter with Gussy?"

"Pway diwect the cabby to turn round and go to Bond Street first," said Arthur Augustus.

Tom Merry stared at him.

"Bond Street! That's miles from here. What are you taking about?"

"In the excitement of seein' London I have forgotten a most important mattah."

"Well, what is it?"

"My hat! I cannot go and see the Towah in a crushed hat! I must go to eithah Bond Street or Piccadilly first and purchase a new hat."

"My dear chap, you should have brought a cap. It's too late now. Besides, what's the matter with that hat? It's rather busted, but that only adds to its distinguished appearance. You don't often see a hat like that."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Too late now, Gussy! Shove it on your napper, and be quiet. It will be all right. It won't make you look funnier than you are."

"I object—"

The cab came to a stop, and a loafer threw open the door. The juniors tumbled out, and D'Arcy adjusted his straightened-out hat, and handed the driver a sovereign. The juniors were all in funds, and they had made up their minds to have a really ripping time on their trip to town, and spend all they had. Tom Merry took his bag, and the cab drove away, and the comrades entered the precincts of the Tower.

"This way," said Tom Merry, leading the way into the ticket-office. "You come through here."

"I weally pfer to go this way, Tom Mewwy."

"You can't go without a ticket, fathead."

"Oh, I see! I weally did not think of that."

Tom Merry took tickets for the six—two each for the sights of the Tower—and paid twelve shillings for them. Then the

juniors passed on. Tom Merry glanced at the refreshment-rooms, and thought of Fatty Wynn.

"We should have a halt here if Figgins & Co. were with us," he remarked. "I wonder what they did when they lost the train?"

"They may be coming on by a later one," said Lowther.

"They won't be likely to fall in with us, I expect."

"Oh, those New House bounders don't know how to manage anything," said Blake. "We made up our minds to come, and here we are, you see."

"Yaas, wathah! I say, Tom Mewwy, who and what is that curious looking chap?"

"That's a Beefeater, Gussy."

"Is he, weally? And does he weally live on beef, you know?"

"Ha, ha! I fancy he has something else sometimes—mustard, for instance."

"But I thought Beefeaters dwessed in a pwetty wed costume—"

"So they do on State occasions, Gussy; but common or garden sightseers have to be satisfied with them as they are now."

"That is vewy inconsiderate," said D'Arcy, shaking his head. "I saw a play once, you know, when I was in town with my governah, and the Yeomen of the Guard were in it; and they looked weally whipping, you know. And I was expectin' to see somethin' like it here, you know. Do you think one of these fellows would wun home and change his clothes, so that I could see what he was like, if I were to ask him?"

Blake nearly exploded, but Tom Merry remained quite grave.

"Better ask him and see, Gussy," he said.

"I weally think I will do so, Tom Mewwy, and if he is obligin' enough to change his clothes, you know, Mannahs can take a snap-shot of him, as he has his beastly camewa in his pocket, you know."

"Good idea," said Manners.

Arthur Augustus marched up to the nearest Beefeater. The man stared at him, and at his battered tile. D'Arcy raised the latter gracefully from his head, in his most polite way.

"Pway excuse me," he said, scanning the man's astonished face through his eyeglass, "but you are a Beefeater, are you not?"

The man only stared.

"I was lookin' forward to seein' you in your pwopah costume," explained D'Arcy. "Would it be twoublin' you too much to ask you to wun home and change your things? My friend would like to take a snapshot of you, you know."

"Mad!" said the Beefeater, as if in soliloquy. "Quite mad."

"Weally, my dear fellow, I wegard that remark as wude."

"Get along, there!"

"But I should weally be much obliged if you would wun home and change—"

"Get along there!" roared the Beefeater.

"The man seems to be angry, Tom Mewwy."

"So he does," said Tom Merry, looking astonished. "I'm surprised, Gussy. Ask him again, and kiss him on his baby brow, and that will make it all right."

"I refuse to do any such wiculous thing, Tom Mewwy."

"Then you'd better come along, Adolphus."

The juniors marched on, and Arthur Augustus followed, rather disappointed at the obstinacy of the Beefeater. The party entered at the Byward Tower, Tom Merry leading the way with a decided air, though, like the rest, he was paying his first visit to the ancient fortress.

CHAPTER 4.

In the Tower of London!

"WEALLY, Tom Mewwy, these sentries and Beefeaters seem a pleasant lot of fellows, you know," Arthur Augustus remarked. "Do you notice how they smile at us?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fail to see anythin' to cackle at in my remark, Tom Mewwy."

"You would see it if you could see yourself, Gussy! Your hat is closing up like a concertina again, that's all. Hence these smiles."

"Oh, weally, I did not think of that!"

D'Arcy took his topper off anxiously, and thumped it out straight again. Then the juniors followed Tom Merry's lead to see the Crown jewels.

"How vewy pwetty," said Arthur Augustus, surveying the regalia through his eyeglass. "Weally nobby, in fact."

"Ripping," said Blake, opening his guide-book. "That big crown is the King's crown, and was constructed in 1838."

"Oh, don't!" said Tom Merry imploringly. "Let's look over the place, but don't let us have any facts, please."

"Rot!" said Blake. "What have you come here for if not

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to improve your mind and increase your knowledge? The principal jewels were taken from older crowns——"

"Oh, dwy up, Blake old chap!"

"Among them observe the large ruby given to the Black Prince in Spain, in 1367."

"I wufese to do anything of the kind."

"Henry V. wore it in his helmet at Agincourt——"

"Oh, I'm off!" said Tom Merry.

And he led the way out. Blake followed rather unwillingly. He was bent upon improving the minds of his companions by the easy method of spouting from a guide-book.

"Immediately in front of it is the sapphire purchased by King George IV.," he said, as they left the room. "Seven other sapphires——"

But the juniors had fled.

The next visit was paid to the Armoury, and there the juniors saw a great deal to interest them, especially D'Arcy, who said that the figures in armour reminded him of his "ancestahs" in the hall at Eastwood.

Blake stopped before the equestrian figure of Henry VIII.

"Did any of your aunt's sisters look like that?" he inquired.

"They must have been jolly stout ladies, then."

D'Arcy gave him a withering look.

"I said my ancestahs, Blake."

"Oh, your ancestahs! My mistake. Hallo, here's a jolly-looking Johnny!" said Blake, looking at the equestrian figure in the centre of the room, and opening his guide-book again.

"In the window recess there are shields and horns—no, that's not it! In the centre of the room is an equestrian figure, the man wearing a——"

"Pway dwy up with that dweadful guide-book."

"Fine suit of early sixteenth-century armour, bearing——"

"Don't!"

"The Nuremberg stamp."

"Rats!" said Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah, wats!" said Arthur Augustus, surveying the figure carefully through his eyeglass. "I know more about philately than any of you bounders, and I know that there weren't any Nuremberg stamps in the sixteenth century."

"Ha, ha, ha! It doesn't mean a postage-stamp, fathead!"

"I object to being called a fathead."

"Oh, come along!" said Tom Merry. "Blake's just going to start again."

They went through the Armoury. They left the building by the stair, and came out upon the parade.

"Let me see," said Blake. "This must be Tower Green."

"And there's the site of the scaffold," said Lowther.

"Howwid!" said D'Arcy, screwing his glass into his eye.

"It makes me quite shuddah to look at it, you know, when I think that William the Conquerwah was beheaded there by——"

"Then you can leave off shuddering," said Blake, "for he wasn't. He wasn't behaded at all that I know of."

"Lot of history you ki s learn in the Fourth Form," Manners remarked.

"Oh, I can soon tell you who was beheaded there," said Blake, referring to the guide-book. "On the right of the fireplace is an elaborate piece of sculpture—no, that isn't it! Oh, here we are! The following persons are known to have been executed on this spot: Queen Anne Boleyn——"

"Oh, don't tell us any more, Blake!"

"Margaret Countess of Salisbury——"

"You weally make me shuddah, Blake! What howwid boundahs they must have been in those times to tweat ladies with such extreme wudeness."

"Queen Katherine Howard, fiftieth wife of Henry VIII—I mean, fifth wife——"

"Poor thing," said D'Arcy. "Pway don't go on."

"Jane Viscountess Rochford——"

"Leave off!"

"Lady Jane Grey——"

"Cut it short!"

"Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex——"

The juniors marched off, and Blake snapped his guide-book shut. D'Arcy walked towards the barracks.

"I say, where are you going?" called out Tom Merry.

"I am goin' to look at the soldiers' quartahs, Tom Mewwy."

"You can't, you ass! It's not allowed."

"Nonsense! I am sure the officahs will not object if I ask them politely."

"You utter ass!"

"Pway do not call me an uttah ass," said D'Arcy. "I strongly object to such opprobrious expressions."

And he marched off. A sentry stepped into his way.

"Can't go there, sir."

"I am sowwy," said D'Arcy, with dignity; "but I must insist upon going there. I want to see the gawwison's quartahs."

The sentry grinned.

"It's not allowed."

"Nonsense, my good fellow! Where is your commandin' officah?"

"Eh?"

"I want to see your commandin' officah. When I hand him my card I am sure I shall weceive permish to view the gawwison's quartahs."

"Do you happen to be the Emperor of Germany?" asked the sentry, who had a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"Certainly not," said D'Arcy; "and I weally cannot see the slightest wesemblance myself."

"Or the Tsar of Russia?"

"It is a widiculous question. How could I possibly be the Tsah of Wussia?"

"Or the King of Spain?"

"No, no. You are fivivolous."

"Then I'm afraid I can't let you pass, sir."

"I demand to see your commandin'—— Welease me at once, Tom Mewwy. I insist upon seein' the commandin'——"

Let go my collah, Hewwies. You are wumplin' it. I shall not leave this spot till I have seen the commandin'——"

You are hurtin' my ear, Mannahs. I shall see the commandin'——"

Pway don't dwag me along in that wuff, bwutal way!"

They got the swell of St. Jim's away at last. D'Arcy, extremely indignant, put his hair straight and his collar to rights as they walked on.

"We'll have a look at the wharves," said Tom Merry. "We mustn't forget that we've got to see the whole of London in one day, so we can't afford to waste all the morning on the Tower."

"We haven't seen the dungeons yet, Tom Mewwy."

"You can't see them without a special permit."

"Let's go and get one."

"It can't be done now, fathead. Come along and look at the river. Traitor's Gate is down there somewhere."

"Yaas, wathah. One of my ancestahs was landed at Twaitah's Gate in the reign of King Henwy—I forget which——"

and they cut his head off, you know, on that beastly block we saw in the Armoury. I weally hope it did not hurt him vewy much."

"Let's hope not. Hallo, that's Traitor's Gate."

D'Arcy adjusted his eyeglass and surveyed the famous gate with strong disfavour.

"It's shut up now, Tom Mewwy."

"Of course it is; it's not used."

"But I want to go through it, you know, and see the way the twaitahs used to come in."

"Well, you can't, you see."

"I weally think I must, you know. Where does the governah live? I will go and ask him to have the gate opened——"

"Ha, ha! Go and look for him, then, and we'll wait for you."

"Here, you mustn't go down there!" shouted a Beefeater, as D'Arcy lifted himself over the railings, further along, to go down to the water's edge.

D'Arcy looked at the excited man.

"But I want to," he said, as if that explained everything.

The explanation did not seem to satisfy the sturdy Yeoman.

"Come back, you young rascal!"

"Wats!"

"Come back!"

Arthur Augustus did not answer. A fancy had entered his mind to go down to the water and get into one of the boats, to take a view of the Tower from the river. It was not likely that such a trivial consideration as a regulation would stop him.

The Beefeater, astounded at this defiance of his authority, clambered over the rails in pursuit of the swell of St. Jim's.

Tom Merry hung on to the railings and laughed.

"My hat! that chap will be the death of me!" he exclaimed.

"I really think our day in town wouldn't have been a success without Gussy."

Arthur Augustus reached the water and jumped into a boat.

"Pway take me out into the wivah," he said to the astonished waterman.

"But——"

"Huwwy, my dear fellow, there is an angwy Beefeatah aftah me!" said D'Arcy quickly.

"Come back, you young rip!" yelled the Beefeater, prancing on the bank and brandishing his arms at D'Arcy.



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The waterman shoved off, and the widening water between the boat and the shore prevented further pursuit.

The waterman, grinning, put out his oars. D'Arcy stood up in the boat, adjusted his eyeglass, and took a cool survey of the excited Beefeater.

The latter was still prancing.

"I regard you," said D'Arcy, "as a wude, wuff boundah. I shall certainly weport your wude mannals to your commandin' officah. Pway do not address me in that tone of voice. I regard you as a widdleous person!"

"You young scoundrel—"

"Pway modewate your language, or I shall be under the necessity of comin' back and givin' you a feahful thwashin'—"

D'Arcy broke off suddenly, as the boat gave a lurch on the river, and he sat down without intending to do so.

"Sorry, sir," said the boatman, grinning.

"Yaas, wathah! I weally wish you would be more careful. I am not stwong enough to stend these shoeks, you know," said D'Arcy.

"Where do you want to be landed, sir?"

"Somewhere where that wude person cannot follow me," said D'Arcy, with unusual prudence. "Is that my friend shoutin' to me?"

Tom Merry was bawling across to the boat.

"Yes. He says he'll meet you on the Tower Bridge."

"Vewy well, land me there—or somewhah where I can get there."

And it was done. D'Arcy paid the boatman and rejoined his friends, who had left the Tower precincts and ascended to the bridge.

"What a feahfully nawwow escape!" he exclaimed. "I was quite exhausted by that wun, deah boys!"

"If you get up to any more of your tricks," said Tom Merry, "we shall put a chain on you, and lead you about for the rest of the day."

"I wufuse to have a chain put on me—"

"Oh, dry up, and come along!"

"It is weally time that we went to do a little shoppin'," said D'Arcy, thumping his battered hat into shape again. "Let us get to Bond Stweet."

"Mark Lane Station," said Blake, referring to his guide-book. "A few minutes' walk from the Tower. Easy access to Baker Street on the Metropolitan, and Madame Tussaud's exhibition of waxworks is there."

"Who says waxworks?" asked Tom Merry.

"Waxworks!" said five voices.

So the party walked to Mark Lane station, and entered a Metropolitan electric train for Baker Street, en route for Madame Tussaud's.

CHAPTER 5.

Lost in the Fog.

THE weather had been growing foggier and foggier, and the stations were very misty as the train passed through them. Arthur Augustus was a little anxious about getting out at the right station. Every time the train stopped he screwed his monocle into his eye and stared through the misty glass in search of information on the subject. It was in vain that Tom Merry pointed out that his anxiety was quite unnecessary.

"That chap calls out the name of the station every time, ass!" said Tom Merry. "You've only got to keep your ears open and let your monocle alone, Gussy."

"That's all vewy well, Tom Mewwy; but suppose he should forget, or else call out the wrong name, when we get to Bakah Stweet. We should get cawwied past our destination."

"We could come back again, I suppose," said Lowther.

"Yaas; but we don't want to waste time, you know, deah boy. We've got to see all the sights of London in one day, as well as do a gweat deal of shoppin', and we sha'n't have any time to waste, I assuah you, Lowther."

The train stopped again. D'Arcy brought his eyeglass to bear on the misty glass, and the word "Baker" in large letters caught his eye. He jumped up immediately.

"Come on!" he called out, rushing along the carriage. "I knew that chap would make a mistake soonah or latah. Come on!"

"Come back!" yelled Tom Merry. "This isn't our station."

"Yaas, it is; I told you the person would forget, and he's done it. This is our station. Come on, and hawwy like anythin', or you will be cawwied past the place!"

And D'Arcy tore along the corridor carriage and off the train. "Oh, come on," growled Tom Merry. "This is Farringdon Street, but that howling ass will be lost if we leave him behind."

"Now, then, gentlemen, are you getting off or staying on?"

"Getting off, old kid," said Blake. "We've lost a lunatic."

And the juniors of St. Jim's poured off the train, which buzzed off out of the station, leaving them looking for Arthur Augustus.

"Here you are, deah boys," said D'Arcy cheerfully. "Lucky

I noticed the name of the station, wasn't it? You would have been cawwied on—"

"You ass! This isn't Baker Street; it's Farringdon Street!"

"That's what the conductah chap said, Tom Mewwy, but he was mistaken. I happened to notice the name of the station, you see."

"Ass!" roared Tom Merry. "I tell you this is the wrong station."

"I object to bein' called an ass. Besides, you can see for yourself that I am wight, and this is Baker Stweet. Look there!"

And D'Arcy pointed triumphantly to an illuminated sign on the platform.

"Baker!" read out Tom Merry, "Baker & Co.'s cigarettes! Oh, you—you worm! That isn't the name of the station; that's a cigarette advertisement!"

"Bai Jove!" said D'Arcy, surveying the sign through his eyeglass. "Now that you call my attention to it, Tom Mewwy, I see that you are quite right. You see, the station was so beastly misty, you know, and I only caught the one word 'Bakah,' and there wasn't time to stop and weflect on the mattah. We had to wun like anythin' to get off the twain in time."

"Oh, it's no good talking to him!" said Blake. "We shall have to wait for the next train."

"Not at all," said Arthur Augustus. "If this is Fawwington Stweet, I wemembah hearing that there is a market or a bazaar or somethin' in this district, and we ought to have a look at it as we are on the spot."

"Look here, Gussy, we've no time," said Tom Merry. "We shall have to save time if—"

"If you think you can save time by waitin' for twains, Tom Mewwy, you will compel me to wegard you as an ass. Come on, let's get out."

Arthur Augustus was set upon seeing Farringdon Market, and the others turned it over in their minds and agreed. They left the station, and found the atmosphere outside of a consistency something like that of pea-soup.

"My hat!" said Herries. "This is rather thick."

"Yaas, wathah! And, talking of hats, weminds me that I have to get a new one. Is there a fashionable hattah near here, Tom Mewwy?"

"Ha, ha! I think not. Come this way."

"Wait a minute. You go that way, and I'll go this, and whistle when we find a hattah's shop, and then—"

"Oh, blow your old hat!"

"I wufuse to do anythin' of the kind. I am goin' to find a hattah. Do you think I am going about all day in this battahed tile, Tom Mewwy?"

And D'Arcy marched off indignantly. The others pursued, fearful of losing the swell of St. Jim's in the fog. There was a sudden pouring of people from the station, and they were separated for the moment.

"This way, D'Arcy!" shouted Tom Merry.

There was no reply.

"D'Arcy! Gussy! You'll get lost, you ass! Gussy!"

But only the shouts resounded through the fog. A real, genuine "London particular" was settling down upon the metropolis, and D'Arcy had disappeared into its yellow depths.

"Here, keep together," exclaimed Tom Merry, stopping Blake as he was rushing off in search of D'Arcy. "No good any more of us getting lost."

"No, by Jove!" exclaimed Manners. "If we lose sight of one another we're done for. You can't see a foot before your nose in this fog."

"You can't see a hand before your nose, even," said Lowther.

"Gussy! Gussy!" shouted Tom Merry.

But the voice of Gussy did not answer.

"It's no good," growled Blake. "The fog echoes the sound, so that you don't know the direction it's coming from. We may run into him if we keep on."

They went on steadily through the mist, but there was no sign of Arthur Augustus.

They searched far and wide, and they inquired of passers-by; but in the fog everybody was too busy in picking out his own way to have any eyes for anybody else. No one had noticed D'Arcy.

There was a flare of lights in the fog. The chums emerged into the glare of huge naphtha lamps, lighted to dispel the mid-day gloom. In every weirdly-lighted face they sought for the features of Arthur Augustus, but they found him not.

They gave up the search at last as hopeless.

"He's gone!" said Tom Merry. "Well, we are having a day, and no mistake. I hope he won't come to any harm, that's all. I should feel like punching his head if it weren't that I'm afraid something may have happened to him."

"What the dickens are we to do?" said Blake. "It's no good going to the police. They couldn't find anybody in this fog, and they wouldn't start looking."

"I say, he knows we were going to the waxworks!" exclaimed

Lowther. "If he misses us—I mean when he misses us, don't you think it will strike him to look for us there?"

Tom Merry nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes, I should think so. Even Gussy wouldn't be ass enough to try to find anybody in the market, though he might look there. He's bound to come to the waxworks. Let's get there and see, anyhow."

And the juniors, having decided that it was the best thing to be done, lost no time in getting to Baker Street Station.

CHAPTER 6.

D'Arcy in Danger.

MEANWHILE, what of Arthur Augustus? The swell of St. Jim's did not notice for some minutes that he had lost his companions. He went on in his search for a hatter's shop, thinking that they were following him. The hatter's did not appear to be there, and finally D'Arcy stopped, and realised that he was alone.

"They seem to have lost themselves," said the swell of St. Jim's, adjusting his monocle and peering through the fog. "How extremely careless of Tom Mewwy! I weally ought to have kept a sharp eye on them, pëwvaps. I hope they will come to no harm; but I am weally vewy uneasy."

And Arthur Augustus started looking for Tom Merry & Co. He had forgotten how many streets he had crossed, and how many turnings he had taken, and he could not see a yard ahead of him in the blinding fog. Naturally enough, he wandered he knew not whither, and presently awoke to the fact that he was hopelessly lost.

"Bai Jove!" murmured D'Arcy. "I weally do not know my way. And if I have lost myself what may not have happened to those poor boundahs! I weally wish I had taken bettah care of them."

D'Arcy felt quite remorseful on this point.

"I shall have to apologise most handsomely when I meet them again," he muttered; "but weally I do not see how I shall evah meet them again in this dwealded fog. This must be what they call a beastly London particulah. Gweat Scott! I wondah where the beastly dooce I am, you know?"

D'Arcy stared round him in perplexity growing to dismay. There were few lights glimmering through the fog, and those he could see came from little dingy shops. The pavements were broken and dirty, the people who loomed past him dimly in the mist were ill-dressed, rough, and savage of aspect.

"Where am I? I am afwaid I have got into a vewy unfashionable quartah," the swell of St. Jim's murmured. "I weally wish I could see a policeman and ask him for a diwecion. It is not safe to ask anybody except a policeman in this kind of place, I know."

But there was nothing like a policeman to be seen. A roughly dressed individual loomed through the fog, and D'Arcy stopped him. He raised his battered hat politely. D'Arcy would have been as polite to a tramp as to a marquis.

"I weally beg your pardon, my good fwien," he exclaimed, "but could you tell me where I can find a policeman?"

The youth stared at him without replying.

"I have lost my way," explained D'Arcy, "and I wish to find a constable to diwect me. I want to get to Fawwingdon Sweet Station. If—"

"Good 'evans!"

The ejaculation broke from the youth, accompanied by a breath of reeking spirits that almost sickened D'Arcy. He had to exercise all his politeness not to utter an exclamation of disgust.

"Pewvaps you could get me a hansom or a taxi cab," he said. "I should be vewy pleased to pwsent you with half-a-crown if you did."

"Good 'evans!" ejaculated the man again.

He seemed to be feasting his eyes upon D'Arcy. He came closer through the gloom and revealed a square, unshaven jaw, a pair of deep-set ferrety eyes, a knuckly forehead, and a fur cap. His garb was of the roughest and filthiest condition, and he reeked with stale tobacco and spirits. D'Arcy thought him a very unpleasant character.

His ferrety eyes took in every detail of the junior's elegant attire, and nearly bulged from his head at the sight of the gold watch-chain and the diamond sleeve-links. D'Arcy had his coat open to show his beautiful waistcoat. It must have seemed to the rough that the swell of St. Jim's had been dropped at his feet by a kindly fate as it were to supply him with funds for almost endless dissipation.

"Good 'evans!" he said for a third time.

"I weally do not quite compwehend that remark," said D'Arcy. "If—"

"Here, Bill, Joe, Mick! 'Ere's a toff! Kim on!"

The rough yelled out the words and rushed at D'Arcy at the same moment. The swell of St. Jim's was taken by surprise. But, swell as he might be, D'Arcy had learned activity and acquired strength on the football field and in the gym, and he had heaps of pluck. As the filthy hand of the ruffian gripped his shoulder he realised his danger and hit out.

The clenched fist in the lavender kid glove smote the ruffian between the eyes, and he reeled on the slippery pavement and went down in a heap.

"I am extremely sowwy to stwike you," said D'Arcy, looking down at him. "But weally—bai Jove, I think I had bettah wun for it!"

Three or four dim forms loomed up in the gloom, undoubtedly members of the ruffianly gang called together by the yells of the rough who had found the prey.

D'Arcy might have run for it if he had known where to run, but in the fog he was utterly at a loss. He ran right into a dim form he did not see till too late, and two strong arms closed round him.

"Is this the cuss, Tadger?"

"Hold him!" yelled Tadger, scrambling to his feet. "E's 'im in the heye! 'Old 'im while I cut him inter little bits!"

"Weally, my good fellows—"

"'Old him!"

D'Arcy, with a wrestling trick, laid the man who was holding him on his back on the pavement. Then he ran for his life. He held his hands out before him as he ran, and it was well that he did so, for a minute later he came full tilt against a wall. His hands crashed on the bricks, and he stopped.

The wall barred his progress, and behind him sounded the footsteps and shouts of the roughs. D'Arcy looked round wildly in the distance through the fog was a glare of naphtha lights. The main road was there, but he had no time to reach it. The ruffians were upon him.

"There 'e is!"

"Down the toff!"

D'Arcy put his back to the wall and clenched his fists. His eyeglass had dropped to the end of its cord, and his eyes were flashing.

"Come on then, you scoundrels!" he exclaimed. "Come on, and I will give you a fearful thwashin'! Come on, you wescals!"

The rascals came on. There were three of them who had overtaken him, and they came on together with a savage rush. D'Arcy let out with right and left. Tadger went over like a ninepin, and another rascal rolled across him, to an accompaniment of brutal oaths. The third man gripped D'Arcy and pinne'd him to the wall, and in spite of the lad's struggles, held him there.

"Come on!" he yelled. "I've got him!"

The two rascals who had been floored jumped up. One was snatching off his buckled belt to use as a weapon.

"Wescase me, you wuffian!" panted D'Arcy, as he was ground against the wall. "Wescus!" The familiar cry—familiar enough in rows with the Grammar School or the village lads at Rylocombe—rang half unconsciously from his lips.

"Wescue, St. Jim's!"

There was a shout through the fog.

"Hallo, hallo!"

"Wescue!" yelled D'Arcy. "Help! Wescue, St. Jim's!"

"Righto!" shouted a familiar voice. "Come on, kids! It's Gus—the one and only Gus! Come on! Now, together!"

Three forms loomed up, one long and lean, one medium size, and the other plump—very plump, in fact. D'Arcy gave a shriek of joy.

"Figgins & Co! Bai Jove!"

Figgins & Co. they were. They came down on the roughs as if they were charging up a football field. The fellow who held D'Arcy was gripped with a Rugger tackle round him, and went flying. Tadger and his friend had no sooner got on their feet than they were swept off them again.

"Sock it to 'em!" yelled Figgins.

But the roughs did not wait for it to be "socked" to them. They had had enough of the quality of Figgins & Co. They picked themselves up and ran. Stumbling and cursing, they disappeared into the fog, and Figgins & Co. were left masters of the situation.

CHAPTER 7.

A Trip in a Taxi-Cab.

FIGGINS stared at D'Arcy, and D'Arcy stared at Figgins. Then they shook hands.

"Fancy meeting you!" said Figgins.

"And fancy meetin' you, bai Jove!" said D'Arcy.

"Come along," said Kerr. "Better get out into the light. Those rascals may come back with some more of the same kidney."

"They're coming already!" exclaimed Fatty Wynn. "Come along, kids!"

Figgins passed his arm through D'Arcy's, and the four juniors hurried in the direction of the flaring lights. In a minute or less they were safe out in a lighted road.

"Good!" said Figgins, slackening pace. "Gussy, old kid, this is like a novel. Fancy knocking against you in the fog! How did you get here?"

"Tom Mewwy and the othahs lost their way," explained D'Arcy. "I was lookin' for them, and got into that howwid



"Hallo!" exclaimed Figgins, "Whither bound?" "Oh, just going for a little run up to town, you know," said Tom Merry, carelessly.

place somehow. But how did you come there? I was nevah more surprised in my life."

"Oh, we came up from Rylcombe by the next train after you," grinned Figgins.

"We've been over the Tower," said Kerr.

"And had a feed," added Fatty Wynn.

"Then we came along to have a look at Farringdon Market, and lost our way in the fog," said Figgins. "We were trying to find it, and I had just caught sight of those giddy naphtha lamps at the end of the street, when I heard you yell."

"It was extremely fortunate for me, Figgins, and I am vewy gwateful. But I am vewy anxious about Tom Mewwy."

"Ha, ha, ha! I dare say he is anxious about you, too."

"Oh, that's wot, you know! He knows I can take care of myself. But those youngstahs ought not to be goin' about London alone, you know. I must twy to find them."

"Ever tried looking for a needle in a stack of hay?" asked Kerr.

"I must find them," said D'Arcy emphatically. "I should nevah forgive myself, nevah, if they came to any harm. We were goin' to look at Fawwingdon Market, when I missed them in lookin' round for a hattah's shop."

"Well, you do need a new tile," said Figgins. "Been using that one for a concertina?"

"No, it was sat upon in the twain. After the market we were going to Madame Tussaud's. I think it vewy pwob that Tom Mewwy will be sensible enough to go stwaight there, and I weally think I had bettah huwvy there like anythin' and see."

"Good," said Figgins, "Madame Tussaud's is the next place on our list, and we'll come with you, Adolphus."

"That is vewy kind of you, Figgins."

"Better get a cab," said Kerr. "D'Arcy can pay for it, as he's rolling in wealth. I wonder if we could pick up a taxi."

"Yaas, wathah! There's one alweady."

The familiar brown-bodied vehicle was passing, vacant, at a snail's pace in the fog. D'Arcy hailed it, and it came to a stop.

"Only allowed to carry three passengers, sir," said the driver.

"Then I will sit outside," said D'Arcy.

"Not allowed, sir."

"My dear fellow, pway don't be unweasonable. You surely do not expect me to leave Figgins or Kerr or Fatty Wynn behind, do you?"

The chauffeur grinned.

"Can't be helped, sir."

"I will make Kerr sit on the floor, as he is the smallest——"

"Well, I like that," said Kerr, "I'm an inch better than you, anyway, Gussy."

"Vewy well, I will sit on the floor then," said the swell of St. Jim's, peaceably. "I will keep out of sight of the public, my good man, and I shall not want any change out of half-a-sovewegn for the fare. Nqw, be a good chap."

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver, letting the question drop.

"Madame Tussaud's in Marylebone Woad."

The four juniors piled into the taximeter cab, and closed the door. The taxi pop-popped away, D'Arcy sitting on the floor among the feet of Figgins & Co.

* We'll finish the day in company, eh?

TABLE 1. *Summary of the 1996-1997 season*

"I should have thought that there was a trifle more curl to the bwin—"

"The very latest thing, sir, I assure you."

"Oh, vewy well. A guinea-and-a-half? Vewy good. Change that fivah, please, I am wunnin' out of soveveigns."

"Ha, ha," cackled Figgins. "Is it raining fivers, Gussy?"

"I had a couple, you know," said D'Arcy. "I shall have to be feashfully economical, you know, though, to get all my shoppin' done. I will make you a pwesent of that old hat, my dear fellow. Yaas, I weally think this looks wathah nice," said D'Arcy, surveying himself in the glass. "Quite the thing! I feel bettah now, more like a Chwistian. Come along, dear boys."

They left the hatter's, and dropped into another shop for ties, of which D'Arcy purchased a dozen, as well as a box of collars, and he carried them on a loop on his arm as they went in search of the waistcoat shop.

"Here we are, deah boys," said D'Arcy. "Now, I weally think we shall have to spend a little more time here, as this is a most important mattah."

"Oh, buck up," growled Figgins.

"It is simply imposs to buck up in a mattah like this. I—"

"What can I do for you, sir? Waistcoats—the latest thing? Exactly! Step this way, please! Fancy waistcoats—the latest, mind, and the best."

And D'Arcy was soon being attended to with great civility. Waistcoats were forthcoming in endless numbers and infinite variety. D'Arcy gazed at them ecstasically, and was at a loss. Where all were so desirable, it was difficult to choose.

He asked the advice of his companions, and each recommended a different waistcoat, out of sheer mischief, but even D'Arcy stopped short of purchasing eight.

"Weally, this wed one with blue swipes and gween spots looks awfully nobby!" he exclaimed. "I certainly must have that!"

"But this green one, with pink stars," said Figgins. "You mustn't lose a startler like that, Gussy. You'll simply knock 'em at St. Jim's with that waistcoat."

"Yaas, I think you are quite wight, Figgins. I will have that one, too."

"What about this marvellous thing in red, blue, green, pink, and yellow!" demanded Lowther. "If you miss a striking thing like that, Gussy, you will be a bigger ass than you look!"

"Impossible!" murmured Kerr.

"Yaas, pewwaps I had bettah have that one also," said Arthur Augustus. "I should like them all, weally, but I must not be extwagant. My governah always warns me against bein' extwagant in clothes, you know, and he is quite wight. It's a thing I'd nevah do. I will take only these three."

The waistcoats were wrpped up and paid for. Then arose the question of transport.

"We could send them for you, sir," the shopman suggested.

"Oh, no, I must take them. I want them particularly at once," said D'Arcy. "I think you had bettah cawwy them, as you are the leedah of the party, Tom Mewwy!"

"Rats!" said Tom Merry. "I've left my bag at the station so as not to have to carry it, and I'm not going to start as a luggage-carrier in my old age!"

"Lowthah will cawwy it—"

"Rats!" said Lowther. "Carry it yourself, Gussy!"

"But I am already cawwyin' my collars and ties, Lowthah!"

"Why not put 'em on?" suggested Figgins. "That's the simplest way."

"Yaas, wathah, it is a good ideah, and it is stwange that I nevah thought of it. Pway undo the parcel again, my good person, while I take my coat off. Lend me a hand, Tom Mewwy, pway! Don't jerk me in that wuff mannah!"

Coat and jacket were removed, and then Arthur Augustus donned the new waistcoats, one over another, and the jacket and coat were replaced. The swell of St. Jim's assumed a rather plump appearance, but Figgins pointed out that he was still slimmer than Fatty Wynn, and they all assured him that he looked ripping, so he was satisfied.

"I am afraid I have spent nearly all my cash now, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus, as they quitted the shop. "But that weally doesn't mattah, as you are all in funds! I don't think we ought to leave Bond Street without havin' tea at a tea-shop!"

"Good idea," said Herries, "and I could do with some tea. What with your hats and ties and waistcoats, you've about worn me out!"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Here's a nobby place!" said Tom Merry. "Come in!"

They entered the tea-shop. It was an extensive and brightly-lighted place, with a fashionable crowd in it. Youngsters of the age of the St. Jim's heroes were not common there, but that did not trouble them. D'Arcy affixed his monocle and surveyed the place with the air of a prince, or an ambassador at least, and led the way to an unoccupied table.

"Pway sit down, dear boys! One of these tables isn't weally large enough for nine of us, and we don't want to separeate. Pull anothah up to it, Tom Mewwy! Yaas, waitah, what do you want? Don't be in a huwwy!"

"You must not move the tables," said the waiter, surveying the party of youngsters, who, to tell the truth, were somewhat muddy, with great disfavour.

"Oh, that is mere wot, my deah fellow!" said D'Arcy. "You see, we want to be comfy. That is vewy important. Buzz off and don't wowwy!"

"You must not—"

"Pway don't wepeat your wemarks. They are not at all intwestin'. Push that person out of the way, Figgins, and bwing that table here."

Figgins promptly pushed the person out of the way, with a vigour that was perhaps not wholly called for. The waiter lurched against a table, and knocked it flying, and there was a terrific crash of crockery. D'Arcy adjusted his eyeglass and stared at the wreck.

"Extwemely clumsy!" he said. "If I were the pwoprietah here I should discharge you! That is wight, Figgins. Now, waitah, when you have finished wubbin' your silly bones, will you pway take the ordahs!"

"Get hout!" exclaimed the waiter. "Get hout, or I'll call the proprietor."

"I assuah you I have not the least objection, but we weally came here to have tea, not to make the acquaintance of your estimable pwoprietah, though I have no doubt he is a most excellent person. Pway—"

A fat man in evening dress, with a diamond stud glittering in his shirt, and a waxed moustache, came upon the scene. His little eyes were glittering with rage at the scene in his tea-shop, which had attracted general attention from everybody there.

"Get out, you young rascals!" he hissed. "Leave my shop at once!"

"Certainly not," said Tom Merry sharply. "We came in here for tea, and we're going to have it. Don't be an ass!"

"You—you—I'll call the police!"

"Pway don't be an ass, my deah fellow!" said Arthur Augustus. "I object to bein' addressed in that tone of voice, too. I wegard it as caddish! Pway be calm—"

"You—you—Will you leave my shop?"

"No, wathah not. Pway take my ordahs—"

The proprietor was swelling visibly. D'Arcy's placid calmness seemed to give the finishing touch to his bad temper. He seized the swell of St. Jim's by the collar.

"Welease me!" howled D'Arcy. "You are wumplin' my collah—"

"Arthur!"

A tall, aristocratic-looking man uttered the name in tones of amazement as he came up. There was a lady with him, who also stared at Arthur Augustus in astonishment.

The proprietor released D'Arcy, turning pale.

Arthur Augustus put up his eyeglass and looked at the stranger.

"Bai Jove! My governah!"

CHAPTER 9.

An Unexpected Meeting—A Visit to the Waxworks.

LORD EASTWOOD stared at Arthur Augustus, and Arthur Augustus stared at Lord Eastwood.

Gussy's manners usually had that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, but the unexpected meeting with his "governah" in the tea-shop took the swell of St. Jim's a little aback for once. But he was quick to recover. He raised his new hat.

"So it's you, pater," he said languidly, "and the mater, too! How do you do?"

The proprietor was almost squirming by this time. The discovery that he had nearly ejected the son of a lord from his shop almost made him faint. He would willingly have kissed Gussy's spats if he had been allowed to do so.

"My lord!" he stammered. "A thousand pardons—a thousand pardons, my lord!"

"This is my son," said Lord Eastwood coldly. "What is the trouble about?"

"Nothing—a mistake—an absurd mistake, my lord, due to the inexcusable clumsiness of a waiter, my lord. I beg your pardon, my lord, and your lordship's son's pardon, too. James, how dare you be uncivil to his lordship's son!"

"Well, I'm blowed!" murmured the unfortunate waiter.

"Get away at once, you clumsy rascal! Pray excuse me, my lord! If your lordship's son will deign to take his tea—"

"Yaas, wathah! You are weally a most cuwious person," said D'Arcy, regarding the proprietor through his monocle. "You are weally! I don't mean to look at, though even in that way you are wathah cuwious, but in your mannahs."

That waitah chap is not so much to blame as you are, though; he is certainly an ass!"

"I will discharge him—I—"

"Pway don't do anythin' of the sort. Let him wait on us, and he'll be all wight. You will have tea with us, won't you?" continued D'Arcy, turning to his astonished parents. "Pway allow me to present my friends; I think you have met them all before."

"What—what are you doing in town, Arthur?" asked Lady Eastwood faintly. "Why are you not at school?"

"These boundahs have a holiday," explained D'Arcy, "and I have come to town with them to show them wound and take care of them. Tom Mewwy has been lost once already, and I am jolly glad I came. Pway sit down!" Tom Merry was placing a chair for her ladyship at the table, and she gave him a sweet smile and sat down, and Figgins was similarly polite to Lord Eastwood. "Yaas, now we are quite comfy."

Lord Eastwood laughed.

"Well, I am surprised to see you here," he said, "but I am glad to see you all, my lads, and you must have tea with me—with me, you understand!"

"Yaas, wathah! That is vewy convenient, because we are wunnin' out of money," said Arthur Augustus. "This is weally a most pwovidential meetin', dad."

His lordship laughed again.

Lady Eastwood was very gracious to the boys, and soon put them at their ease. The waiter was all eagerness to oblige. The proprietor would willingly have embraced the boots of every individual member of the company.

The tea was really ripping.

As a peer of the realm was standing treat, the juniors did not spare the good things, and they had a royal feed, which knocked the best of the dormitory feasts at St. Jim's into a cocked hat.

Fatty Wynn especially came out strong, and upheld the credit of the New House in a really praiseworthy way.

"This is a very fortunate meeting," Lord Eastwood remarked.

"Arthur has a genius for getting into trouble, and I am glad you are with him, Merry, to look after him."

Tom smiled assent, but Gussy looked rather indignant.

"You don't quite comprehend, sir," he said. "It is I who came to look aftar Tom Mewwy."

"Yes, yes, no doubt. So you have been lost in the fog?"

"I? Certainly not. Tom Mewwy, Mannahs, Lowthah, Blake, and Hewvies were lost in the fog. I missed my way looking for them."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We have been over the Towah," said Arthur Augustus, "and we are goin' to Madame Tussaud's after tea. I have been doin' some shoppin', mamma. I say, I weally wish you and the pater would come to the waxworks with us—"

"I am afraid we have an engagement," said Lady Eastwood, smiling.

"Yes, rather," said his lordship, looking at his watch, "and we have already overstayed it. The car will be waiting for us. Don't hurry away, my boys, but I must say good-bye."

And Lord Eastwood shook hands manfully with nine juniors in turn, and Lady Eastwood pressed her son's hand, and they parted.

The boys stood up till they were gone, and then sat down to finish their tea. Lord Eastwood saw to the settling, but the waiter hovered about. D'Arcy, when he finally rose from the table, pressed a half-crown into that individual's hand.

"I am sowwy you had such a fall, my good person," he said. "It was because you were such a silly ass, you know. Are you weady, Tom Mewwy?"

"Quite ready."

"Just a minute," said Fatty Wynn. "These cream puffs beat anything we get at the tuck shop, and it would be a sin and a shame to leave any of them, especially as they're paid for. I say, Gussy, I'm glad we met your governor."

"Yaas, wathah! Governahs are weally useful institutions, when it comes to payin' for things."

"Ha, ha! You've brought him up well, I can see!" Monty Lowther remarked. "You didn't neglect him in the early years of his thoughtless youth—"

"Yaas, wathah! Come on, boys, or we shall be late! We've got to catch a twain to-night aftar the waxworks. Hallo, there is that pwopwietah chap! I wondah what he is bowin' and sowapin' in that chieulous mannah for. I wondah it doesn't give him a pain in his little Mawwy, you know. I wathah dislike that person. Come on!"

They left the tea-shop. Dusk was falling in the streets, and the lamps were being lighted. The adventurous day was drawing to a finish, but there was plenty of time to see the waxworks before going home. There was a train from Euston at half-past eight which would serve them, and they had decided to go by it.

"The 'buses are cwammed," D'Arcy remarked, as they walked into Oxford Street. "I think we had bettah have some of these taxies. Thwee of them will hold us quite comfy, and Tom Mewwy can pay for all thwee."

And three taximeters were forthwith found and engaged, and the chums of St. Jim's bundled into them, and once more set out for Baker Street.

Tom Merry had just enough money left to pay the taxymen on their arrival, and Lowther expended his last silver in making up the tips. Cash was getting scarce. Figgins was the most flush now, and he was quite eager to take his turn of paying, though, as he remarked, he couldn't do things quite on the scale D'Arcy did.

"Well, here we are again!" said Lowther, as they ascended the steps leading to the huge Tussaud's building. "If Gussy doesn't bolt again—"

"Mind he doesn't!" exclaimed Blake. "In with him!"

He shoved Arthur Augustus into the revolving door which gives admittance to the building, and then put his foot against the next division of it, so that Gussy was shut in without any means of getting in or out either.

"Are you in yet, Gussy?" he called out.

"No, I am not! The door has ceased to wewolve," said D'Arcy. "There is one division of it in fwont of me, and the othah behind me. Push it wound!"

"Isn't it going now?"

"No, I am shut in! Pway push!"

"Oh, I'm afraid it's no good, Gussy! You're a prisoner. Just wait there quietly till we come out, and I'll see if I can open it from the other side."

All the time Blake had his foot against the door. There was a howl of indignation from the swell of St. Jim's.

"I wufuse to wemain here quietly till you come out. I wufuse—"

An attendant, seeing that something was wrong, came up. Blake removed his foot, and pushed the door quickly round. D'Arcy tumbled through on his hands and knees upon the mat.

"Bai Jove, that is an extremely stwange door!" he exclaimed, then catching sight of Blake's grinning face—"You howwid, wotten boundah, you were holding it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blake, I wegard such a joks as fwivolous and wotten!"

"Come on there!" called out Manners. "You'll get left!"

The juniors had entered by the next door, and were already passing through the turnstiles. Blake and D'Arcy hurried after them, the swell of St. Jim's being no longer nervous about facing the young lady at the picture-postcard counter.

"Stop a minute, deah boys!" exclaimed D'Arcy, politely raising his new topper to the lady there. "I want some picture-postcards. Pway give me a dozen packets!"

"Six shillings, please!"

"Pay for them, Figgins, will you? Yaas, I will have them wapped up. Will you put them in your pocket, Mannahs?"

"Rats! Put them in your own pocket!"

"I can't! Cawwyin' a parcel in the pocket makes the coat dwag, and soon spoils its shape."

"Well, of all the cheek! What price my coat?"

"What twice your coat?" said D'Arcy, misunderstanding, and scrutinising Manners's coat through his eyeglass. "Well, about eighteen and six, I should say, deah boy!"

"Eighteen and six!" yelled Manners. "I'll—"

"Now, then, peace in the family!" said Tom Merry. "You'll have to carry all the things you buy, Gussy, so come along!"

"Then I will leave them. I shan't want those picture-postcards, thank you, miss! I make you a pwesent of them, with my kind wegrads. Come on, deah boys!"

D'Arcy passed the packet back to the amazed girl, and walked on. Figgins, who had just paid six shillings for the cards, followed him with a curious expression on his face. He looked as if he did not know whether to laugh or to kill Arthur Augustus.

"This is a nice woom!" said D'Arcy, as they entered the first hall. "Kings and queens, I see! Vewy nice!"

"The knaves are downstairs," said Lowther, whose propensity for punning broke out at the most unexpected moments, "in the Chamber of Horrors, you know."

"Wotten!" said D'Arcy. "I say, have you got a catalogue, Blake?"

"Certainly, I have!"

"Ah, I was just hopin' you hadn't! You won't wead out anythin' from it, will you? There is one thing I want to see very much, and that is Gwace, the gweat ewicketah. Can you tell me where Gwace the gweat ewicketah is?" asked D'Arcy politely, addressing the policeman standing just inside the hall.

The policeman did not reply.

"Can you tell me where Gwace the ewicketah is?" repeated D'Arcy, raising his voice, under the impression that the constable was deaf.

The policeman stared the swell of St. Jim's straight in the face, but not by the quiver of an eyelid did he give any indication that he had heard the question.

D'Arcy coloured with indignation. The pink of politeness himself, anything like rudeness always made him indignant.

"I had the honah of addressing you, my good man," he said, in slow and measured tones. "I asked you a question."

Still no reply came from the policeman.

"You wude person!" exclaimed D'Arcy exasperated. "I wegard you as a bwute! I will weport you to your beastly inspectah, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The swell of St. Jim's looked in amazed indignation at the juniors, who were screaming with laughter. Tom Merry was rocking to and fro, and Figgins was doubled up. The tears were streaming down the cheeks of Fatty Wynn.

"I fail to see anythin' comical in this man's beastly wude-ness," said D'Arcy huffily. "You will encourage him by this idiotic laughin'!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Punch his head!" gurgled Herries.

"Dot him on the nose!" said Kerr.

"Only mind you don't break him!" said Manners.

Arthur Augustus gave quite a jump as a light dawned upon his mind.

"Bai Jove! I believe the beastly thing's a waxwork!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy adjusted his monocle, and took a steady stare at the policeman. He could see now that it was a wax figure, though so remarkably lifelike that the mistake was excusable.

"Well, upon my word, you know!" said Arthur Augustus. "Vewy cuwious! Vewy cuwious indeed!"

The juniors, still laughing, walked on. They surveyed the kings and queens. Blake opened his catalogue, and started explaining things.

"I wondah who this old gentleman is!" remarked Arthur Augustus, stopping before the effigy of Chaucer. "Quite a nice-lookin' old man!"

"No. 10," read out Blake. "Geoffrey Chaucer, styled the father of English poetry, because he was the first who——"

"Thanks, that's enough! Hallo, who's this?"

"No. 35, William Caxton, born in Kent in 1410, died 1491. He was an English merchant long settled on the Continent, introduced printing into——"

"Wats! Come along, deah boys, or Blake will nevah shut up!"

"Hullo, there's an old gentleman wishes to speak to you, Gussy!" exclaimed Lowther, pointing to the figure of William Cobbett, which, as every visitor to Madame Tussaud's has noticed, is furnished with a mechanical contrivance within and moved its head from side to side, the eyes moving with it. "He's nodding to you."

D'Arcy hurried over to William Cobbett.

"You wish to speak to me, sir?" he asked, respectfully, raising his hat.

The figure turned its head away.

D'Arcy, on seeing William Cobbett's attire, had thought for a moment that he was a waxwork, but on seeing the head move he gave up the idea. He had never heard of a mechanical waxwork before.

"You nodded to me, sir, I think?"

William Cobbett turned his head again, and stared straight at Augustus. Then his glance passed on beyond him. D'Arcy was puzzled.

"What a singular old gentleman!" he murmured. "I suppose he is deaf. I say, sir, I think you nodded to me."

The head swung round again, in the most natural way in the world, and the moving eyes looked right at D'Arcy. How long D'Arcy would have gone on will never be settled, for just then Blake came up with his catalogue and spoiled the fun.

"William Cobbett, M.P., politician, journalist, farmer, and Member of Parliament. Cobbett was born at Farnham, in Surrey, in 1762. My only hat! It's alive!"

Blake nearly dropped the guide-book in his astonishment.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Lowther.

"Well, it's a jolly good waxwork!" exclaimed Blake, recovering from his astonishment. "I must say it gave me a jump!"

D'Arcy gave Lowther a glance of wrathful indignation.

"So you were wottin'. I wegard you as an ass."

And he walked on.

It was impossible to take Arthur Augustus in again. He came at last to the group of cricketers, and all the juniors looked with great interest at the figure of the great W. G., the grand old man of cricket.

"And now for the Chamber of Horrors!" said Figgins. "Mind your eye, Gussy!"

"Pway, don't be so fwivolous, Figgins!"

They passed the turnstiles into the adjoining apartments, Kerr paying down four and six for the nine of them. Figgins had reached the state of being stony broke.

"This is the giddy Napoleon room," said Tom Merry, "and here's Nap!"

"No. 272," said Blake, "Napoleon the Great, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, in the uniform of a Chasseur of the Guards."

"Nuff!" said Tom Merry. "Trot along!"

They looked round the Napoleon room, and then sought the staircase to the Chamber of Horrors. They descended, prepared for horror.

"Coiner's den," read out Blake. "Then the six stages of wrong—rats! Here's No. 293—Charles Peace, murderer and burglar. That's better!"

"Charles Peace!" said Arthur Augustus. "Where?"

"Can't you see him?" exclaimed Lowther, pointing to an old gentleman who was quietly looking through his catalogue.

"Is that weally Charles Peace? He looks vewy old!"

"Charles Peace, in his disguise as 'Mr. Thompson,' read out Blake, unheeding.

"Oh, I see! He is in disguise as an old gentleman!" said D'Arcy, walking up to the unconscious visitor to the Chamber of Horrors, and surveying him through his monocle. "Bai Jove! How exactly like life!"

Monty Lowther stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth to keep back a yell of laughter. Tom Merry sat down on a seat and wept. Blake seemed to have a pain. Fatty Wynn simply gurgled. Arthur Augustus continued to stare at the old gentleman.

"Wonderful!" he went on. "Bai Jove! deah boys, it is movin' too, just like the one upstairs. I distinctly saw the eyebrows move that time."

The old gentleman, becoming aware of D'Arcy's scrutiny, raised his eyes from the book, and stared at the swell of St. Jim's.

Arthur Augustus gasped with sheer amazement.

"Bai Jove! I've never seen anythin' like it!" he exclaimed, in great admiration. "It moves its eyes just like life! Much bettah than the othah figure! But, of course, you could easily tell it wasn't alive, if it came to that. That wed tint on the nose is a little overdone, and the whiskahs look vewy shaggy, like a scraggy old goat's whiskahs."

"Boy!" roared the old gentleman.

D'Arcy nearly jumped out of his boots.

"Bai Jove! it talks too!" he gasped.

"Boy, how dare you?"

"Marvellous! I should weally think it was alive, Lowthah, if I thought such a funny-lookin' old eodger could be alive at all. I should weally! Charles Peace must have been a feahful scoundrel, if he weally looked like that!"

The old gentleman, looking like a thundercloud in the face, reached out and seized the swell of St. Jim's by the ear.

"You impertinent young rascal!" he roared.

D'Arcy gave a yell.

"Why, it is alive!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I beg your pardon, my dear sir! Pway welease my ear! I took you for a waxwork! Pway don't be so wuff! I nevah thought a livin' bein' could have a face like that, you know, weally! Ow, ow, ow! If you do not immediately welease my ear, I shall stwike you!"

The old gentleman released D'Arcy's ear at last, and the swell of St. Jim's staggered away, clasping his hand to it.

"Lowthah, did you know that that cuwious-lookin' old person was alive all the time?" he demanded indignantly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then I shall thwash you—I shall give you a feahful thwashin'!" D'Arcy pushed back his cuffs.

"Steady on!" exclaimed Tom Merry, grasping him by the shoulder. "You can't row in here, you know. Leave it till you get back to St. Jim's."

"I am sowwy, but I am compelled to thwash Lowthah, for causin' me to be wude to an old gentleman who is probably an estimable person in spite of his cuwious face."

"You can't-fight here, ass!"

"I object to bein' called an ass. I shall thwash Lowthah!"

"You're frightening the ladies!" exclaimed Blake, severely.

"I'm surprised at you, Gussy. Look at that poor old soul there."

D'Arcy swung round instantly, and raised his hat to the poor old soul in question.

"I weally beg your pardon, madame," he said. "I weally forgot for the moment that —Blake, you wottah, it is a waxwork figah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I object to these fwivolous——"

"Come along, Gussy," said Tom Merry, taking his arm.

"We sha'n't have time to see the whole thing if we don't buck up."

"Yaas, you are wight. Let's buck up, deah boys."

And the round of the waxworks was completed, and then they left the famous building, and found themselves in the Marylebone Road again. Tom Merry looked at his watch.

"Just easy time to get to Euston and catch the train," he said. "I think we've had a very decent day out, kids, and crammed a lot into it."

ANSWERS

NEXT
THURSDAY:

"FIGGINS & CO'S FAILURE."

A Splendid Tale of
Tom Merry's Schooldays.

"Yaas wathah."

"We've had a good time, and we're all broke," continued Tom Merry, "except for that sovereign Gussy put aside for our return fares to Rylcombe. We'll take a 'bus to Euston. Here's one; jump on!"

And the juniors swarmed upon a 'bus, and whirled away through the dim evening and the glimmering lights of the great city.

CHAPTER 10.

Almost Stranded—Back to St. Jim's.

TOM MERRY & CO. swarmed off the omnibus, and looked about them in the misty evening. The fog was settling down more thickly on the great city. There was a glare of lights through the yellow haze, and the horses were going at a walk.

"This way," said Tom Merry, leading off.

"Don't hurwy, Tom Mewwy. It would nevah do for you to get lost again, you know; we should lose the twain home while we were huntin' for you."

"We shall lose it any way if we don't buck up," said Tom.

"Hand over that sov., and I'll take the tickets."

D'Arcy felt in his waistcoat pockets.

"Bai Jove!"

"Well, why don't you hand it over?"

"I—I'm afraid I've lost it, or else had my pocket picked."

My word, I am sowwy. I weally must have had my pocket picked!"

"Oh, you ass!" howled Blake. "You—you—oh, there ain't a word!"

"Don't be wude, Blake. How can I help it if a wascally person picks my beastly pocket. I put the sovewegn in my waistcoat pocket to make suah of it, and now it is gone. It is vewy unfortunate, but it's no good bein' wude about it."

"You're quite sure it's gone?" asked Tom Merry, as calmly as he could.

"Yaas, wathah!" said D'Arcy excitedly. "I've felt in every beastly pocket, and it's gone. I am sowwy. I suppose we are stranded."

"Let's see how much we can raise," said Tom Merry, looking round. "I'm down to coppers. Fivence, that's my little lot. Here, chuck it into my cap."

The juniors poured their remaining stock of wealth into their leader's cap. Then Tom Merry counted up. Whether Arthur Augustus had had any of his pockets picked could not be told, for he was too careless with his money to know, but the total from all amounted to only twelve shillings and sixpence, and the tickets to Rylcombe cost nineteen and six for the nine.

"Seven bob more wanted," said Tom Merry. "Rotten! We're stranded, unless we can raise the wind." He looked at his watch. "Train goes in a quarter of an hour. Come along."

He turned back to the street.

"What's the wheeze?" asked Figgins, following him.

"I'm going to see if I can find my uncle and raise a loan."

"Your uncle, Tom Mewwy! Why, your uncle is in India!"

"Ass! I mean my avuncular relative whose coat-of-arms is the three brass balls—in short, a pawnbroker, fathead!"

"Oh, I compwehend. Shall I pawn my watch? It cost twenty-five guineas, you know, on my birthday, and we weally ought to be able to waise quite a lot of money on it."

"Oh, no; mine will do. It cost thirty bob," grinned Tom Merry.

"But we shall get enough to make up the sum we want—if we can find a shop. I'll ask a policeman."

A stalwart six-foot guardian of the peace looked down with a kindly eye on the juniors as they approached him.

"If you please, constable," said Tom Merry, "can you tell me where there is a pawnshop?"

The policeman stared.

"A-a-a what?" he inquired.

"A pawnbroker's," said Tom Merry. "We've lost our cash, and can't get home. I want to pawn my watch for seven bob."

The policeman smiled.

"I'm afraid it's no good to-night, my lad," he said. "The pawnbrokers are all closed."

The juniors looked dismayed. Their last hope was knocked on the head. They were stranded, with no possibility of getting back to St. Jim's—stranded in London!

"My word!" said Tom Merry. "It's all up, then, I suppose. Oh, Gussy, Gussy, why were you ever born?"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"I think he ought to have a study licking," said Figgins.

"Suppose we roll him in the gutter? It's nice and muddy."

"You—you wuffian! I wufuse to be wrolled in the guttah! Constable, I have had my pocket picked. I have been wobbed!"

The constable looked at him.

"I had a sovewegn in my waistcoat pocket—"

"Which waistcoat?" grinned the policeman, looking at D'Arcy's open coat. "You seem to have a lot of 'em!"

"Which waistcoat?" repeated D'Arcy. "Oh, bai Jove, I had forgotten! Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at now, image!" demanded Tom Merry.

"Ha, ha, ha! Why, don't you wemembah that I put on the new waistcoats I bought ovah my own ones? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, what about it?"

"You see, my money was in my own waistcoat pocket, and I have been feelin' in the pockets of the outside waistcoat for it all the time. Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you utter ass! You cheerful Innatic!"

"Ha, ha, ha! It is weally vewy funny!"

"Yes, you are too funny to live," said Blake; but he was too relieved to be angry. "See if the cash is safe, do."

D'Arcy unbuttoned his waistcoats one after another, much to the amusement of the policeman. His own garment was revealed at last, and there, sure enough, he found the last sovereign in the pocket. He held up the coin between his finger and thumb.

"Look! Got it! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good!" said Tom Merry. "You ought to be suffocated, Gussy; but we'll forgive you as you've found the sovereign."

"Yaas, wathah. Here is half-a-sovereign, too, in another pocket. I was not bwoked aftah all. I shall be obliged, constable, if you will accept this half-sovewegn, as you have saved us fwom bein' stranded."

And D'Arcy pressed the golden coin into the policeman's hand. Then the juniors hurried into the station. Just as they were entering D'Arcy stopped, struck by a sudden thought.

"Hallo! What is it now?" asked Tom Merry.

"We haven't been to the Zoo."

"Well, we couldn't go everywhere, I suppose," said Figgins.

"No, wathah not; but I particularly wanted to go to the Zoo."

"Got any relations there?" asked Monty Lowther.

"That remark is both frivolous and wude, Lowthah. I am sowwy I cannot come home by this twain, deah boys. I must weally go to the Zoo—"

"Collar him!" roared Tom Merry.

D'Arcy was turning towards the station entrance again. Blake, Figgins, and Kerr promptly collared him and ran him in. Tom Merry took the tickets and followed. D'Arcy was run upon the platform, and the train being in, he was bundled into a carriage.

"I wufuse to go home!" he bawled. "I distinctly wufuse to go in this train!"

"Sit on him!" said Tom Merry.

"My hat! Ow! You are sitting on my hat, Hewwies!"

"So I am," said Herries, getting up in a leisurely way. "You are going back as you came, Gussy, with a battered tile."

"You howwid wuff boundah—my new hat—"

The engine snorted and screamed, the train jerked and started, and moved out of the station. The juniors glued their faces to the misty window for a last glimpse at London, and the last they saw of the great city was a foggy platform with yellow lights glimmering from it. Then the train rushed on through the black night.

Wayland! Change for Rylcombe!"

"Change here!" bawled Tom Merry, in Gussy's ear, meaning him up from his dose with a start. "Do you want to go on? Buck up!"

The juniors changed trains. Most of them were very sleepy now. The run in the local to Rylcombe was a short one. D'Arcy and Fatty Wynn were fast asleep when they arrived, and they had to be woken up and bundled into the station hack.

"Only three," murmured D'Arcy drowsily. "I must not be extwawagant in dwess—my gowdah sets his face against it, deah boys—only three!"

"He's dreamin' of fancy waistcoats," grinned Blake. "Shove him in!"

"Gently does it," said Tom Merry, laughing.

D'Arcy was put in the hack. The juniors had enjoyed their day out, but they were glad enough when the hack stopped at the gates of St. Jim's, and the driver rang up Taggles.

Taggles glared at them, but they did not mind him.

"The horders is for you to go straight in to the 'Ead," he said. "He's a-waitin' for you, and hain't you in for a high old time, not half!"

"Then we'll go to the 'Ead," said Figgins.

Tom Merry paid the driver and the hack rolled off. Taggles shut the gates and locked them again, and the nine juniors made their way to the Principal's house, and were at once admitted to the Doctor's study. Mr. Railton, the master of the School-house was with him and so was Mr. Ratcliff, the New House master.

"Ah, you have returned at last!" said Dr. Holmes, looking severely at the delinquents as they stood in a row, cap in hand, and looking very penitent. "What have you to say for yourselves?"

"We've had a nice day, sir, thank you," ventured Tom Merry.

The Head concealed a smile, and Mr. Railton turned his face away.

"Honour bright, sir," said nine voices in unison.

"Very well, then, you will take a hundred lines each, which you will show to your house-masters to-morrow. I think that will meet the case, gentlemen. You may go, boys. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir, and thank you very much."

And the juniors, extremely well satisfied to have got off so cheaply, left the study. There was a general good-night in the passage, and then they went to their respective houses. There they tumbled into bed, and, tired out by their day's adventures, slept like tops till the rising-bell went in the morning.

And the next day the juniors of St. Jim's were listening with bated breath to the recital of the adventures of Tom Merry & Co. in town.

THE END.

Another long, complete tale dealing with Tom Merry's Schooldays next Thursday, entitled, "Figgins & Co's. Failure." Please do not fail to order "THE GEM" LIBRARY in advance. Price One Half-penny.

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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.

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 on 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 nigger, 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. He is taken as a fag by Graft, a bully.

One evening Cyril, Venus, and Billy Barnes lay in wait on the stairs with the intention of lassoing Graft. Unknowingly the chums haul up Herr Ludvig.

and Cyril is obliged to explain matters. Herr Ludvig sends him for Graft.

"The Herr desires to see you. Step this way, if you please!" said Cyril, entering the bully's study.
(Now go on with the story.)

(Now go on with the story.)

Graft's Thrashing.

"You had better be careful, you little rat," snarled Graft. "I shall go or not, just as I choose."

"Quite so, my dear fellow. Did I not say 'if you please?' But you have got this to consider. Poor Venus and Billy are waiting for their flogging, and I would not be a bit surprised if I came in for it as well. It was a most severe castigation. Follow me. Consider that you are a little sheep, and that I am your shepherd. You know, in the East the shepherds always walk in front of their sheep—at least, if you did not know it, you will know it now. I haven't time to instruct you further, because this is

Herr Ludvig's study. Allow me to introduce Graft to your notice, sir. I cannot recommend him, because he is what the vulgar would call a rotter; but that being his nature, the poor brute can't help it, and——"

"'Tat vill dol!" cried Herr Ludvig, in a very stern voice. "Now, Graft, you sent me vord tat you vere too ill to go round te dormitory to-night, and asked me to do so. You sent tis message by your friend Snigg. I have been questioning Snigg, and I find tat he knew a trick vas to be played by tese tree boys, who I must say are te most troublesome and unruly in te college. Very vell! Tis leada me to te conclusion tat you, knowing te trick vas to be played, vished it to be played on me so tat te culprits might get into more trouble tan if it vas played on you, vich vas their intention."

"I did not know that I was supposed to protect the masters in this college, sir."

"Certainly not. Tey protect themselves; but your duties do not lie in letting a master fall into a trap set for yourself. I suppose you wished to have some sort of revenge on me, tough I am unavare of anything I have done to you beyond telling you how stupid you are at learning te German language, and tat is obvious to all mitout my telling it. Now, for vat tese boys have done you must know as well as I tat tey would be expelled, vich means disgrace for life, und it vas not a good ting for you to do to try to get tem expelled."

"You can put it that way, if you like, sir!" growled Graft. "I don't care. I can defend myself if you choose to bring the matter before the Head."

"Vich means to say you would deny it?"

"Oh dear no! Whatever the young scoundrels did to you has nothing to do with me. I only care to answer for my own faults."

"In tat you are wise, because you have so many. Now, would it interest you to know how a master of tis college has been treated, and how grossly he has been insulted? I see you smile, so I shall take it tat you would be interested to know how all tat happened. It is certain to my mind tat you know vat was intended for you, and you managed matters so tat it fell to my share, te boys mistaking me for you. Your plot has succeeded, but I ask you if tat is te

NEXT THURSDAY:

"FIGGINS & CO.'S FAILURE."

A Splendid Tale of
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(Continued).



TEMPEST HEADLAND

The Only New and Original School Tale.
By S. CLARKE HOOK.

vay to treat a master who has always made every allowance for your want of intellect?"

"Thank you for nothing! I don't care what happened," snarled Graft. "I didn't do it, so there's an end of the matter so far as I am concerned!"

"Well, I must say to trick was about as stupid as it could be; all the same, I have to conviction that it was not intention of these lads to play it on a master, and that it was your intention that they should play it on me. You wanted vengeance on me, and vengeance on tom. You have both!"

"Well, I'm not grumbling!" retorted Graft insolently.

"No, my lad, you are not grumbling, nor do I see any reason why you should do so, because to trick you played on me was successful. I will show you what happened. I was slung up with a cord—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Und ten dey flogged me, like so—und so—und so; und tey kept on like tis."

"Woohoo! Wowrow!" yelled Graft, as Herr Ludvig illustrated his meaning with his cane.

"Give him socks, sir!" bawled Billy Barnes, locking the door and shoving the key in his pocket.

Graft rushed round the room, howling at the top of his voice, and for such a remarkably stout man, Herr Ludvig was extremely active. He had a lot of strength, too, as Graft noticed to his cost.

The bully howled out threats, but they had no effect on the justly angry master, who followed him up and got in a stinging cut every time the occasion served. The occasion arose far too often for Graft's liking, and at last he howled for mercy, while tears streamed down his cheeks, and it was only then that Herr Ludvig desisted.

"You have learnt a lesson as to how you caused me to be struck," panted the German master. "I hope you will profit by such lesson."

"Shall I lend you Billy's handkerchief, my dear Graft?" inquired Cyril.

"No, I'm hanged if you shall!" growled Billy. "Use your own, or rub his face on the carpet. He's not going to snuffle in my handkerchief if I know it!"

"Well, perhaps the dear fellow will stop crying presently. Oh, I say, Graft! Do stop that snuffing; it makes me ill. Your face looks all bloated and red. Herr Ludvig was only showing you how— Er, yes, quite so; perhaps we will not advert to that little incident."

"Are you sorry for what you have done, my lad?" demanded Herr Ludvig.

"You can bet he is, sir," growled Billy. "You have only got to look at his face, and you will see the sorrow depicted on his countenance. It looks like an underdone duff pudding that has been basted with hot dripping."

"I will report this shameful treatment to the Head!" declared Graft.

"You have no right to strike a monitor, Herr Ludvig, nor shall you strike me with impunity!"

"Funny name to call a cane, too," observed Billy. "I think it must be the Greek for it, or else the German. I know they are both crackjaw languages, and if I had my way I would make every Greek and German learn the English language. It ought to be compulsory all over the world, and the miserable foreigners ought to have to learn English. I'd like to teach the Germans, and wouldn't I flog them, too!"

"Oh, do be quiet, you silly owl!" groaned Cyril. "Here we have got to take our turn, and you go talking like that!"

"Oh, I forgot you were a German, sir!" growled Billy; while Cyril shook his fist at him to try to silence him, well knowing that if he said anything he would put his foot in it. "I think the Germans are awfully nice fellows, sir! There's an old brum—an elderly German who comes round with a band at our place, and the master gives him a penny every time he comes, whether he wants it or not. I like him. I think Germans are downright nice; besides, when you come to think of it, sir, the poor brutes can't help their nationality, and it wasn't their fault that they were forced to learn their horrible language. That old German I was telling you about came round once when my mother was out, so I served him up a plateful of cabbage that had gone rotten in the pig-tub, and while he was yaffling it up I made a penny red hot, and chucked it out of window. You would have laughed if you had seen him pick it up. Then—"

"Here, you shut up!" cried Cyril.

"But I want to tell him—"

"You have told him quite enough, you owl!"

"I dunno 'bout dis," groaned Venus, "but I wish I had taken my little lot before Billy had told quite so much!"

"Prut! Do you tink I listen to tat lad's vords? I don't believe he says it out of impudence even!"

"Impudence, sir? Why, I'm praising the Germans! I believe they're the finest sausage-makers on the face of the earth. I've heard my father say that we send all our diseased horses for them to eat; and when you come to think of it, it's very charitable, 'cos I don't suppose we charge such a mighty lot for them!"

"Sir," exclaimed Cyril, "Billy hasn't got the common sense of a boiled oyster! He is almost as great an idiot as Graft! But, look here, sir; we didn't really mean to—er—flog you; it was all a mistake. As I said, we mistook you for Graft, but we will catch him yet. Now, sir, if it is all the same to you, we hope you will just whack us, and let the matter rest."

"Ach! I shall let te matter rest mitout te caning," declared Herr Ludvig. "Ven I strike a boy, it is to do him good. Now te ting vas an accident so far as I am concerned. You did not mean to insult me, so tere te matter ends. But, see here, should you have any more tricks to play, I shall trouble you to make sure tat you have got te right party."

"You mean to say that you are not going to flog the little brutes after the manner in which they lashed you?" demanded Graft.

"Boy, you have heard vat I have said!" cried Herr Ludvig, in a very stern voice. "You have been punished. I shall punish no more. Go!"

"I shall go straight to the doctor."

"Foolish lad!" exclaimed Herr Ludvig. "Do you take me to be so stupid as you are yourself? Do you suppose tat I believe for von moment tat you vould go te doctor? Und do you suppose tat I care if you should? Do you suppose tat te doctor vould not say tat you richly deserved your punishment? Prut! Tat gentleman is a man of justice, und vat his masters do in justice he vill uphold. Go, my lads; und you begone, Graft, und take care concerning your future behaviour, for I tell you det your past behaviour has not pleased me. Boys may get up to tricks; young men should be more guarded. But tricks ve may look over; villainy never. I have vatched you; be careful. Now go."

Graft obeyed. Though, needless to say, he did not report the matter to the doctor, he made up his mind to have his vengeance on the chums. There was a considerable amount of excitement in Tempest Headland College about this time, and it was caused by the knowledge that a new master was coming. (Another long instalment of this splendid school story in next Thursday's number. Please order your GEM in advance.)



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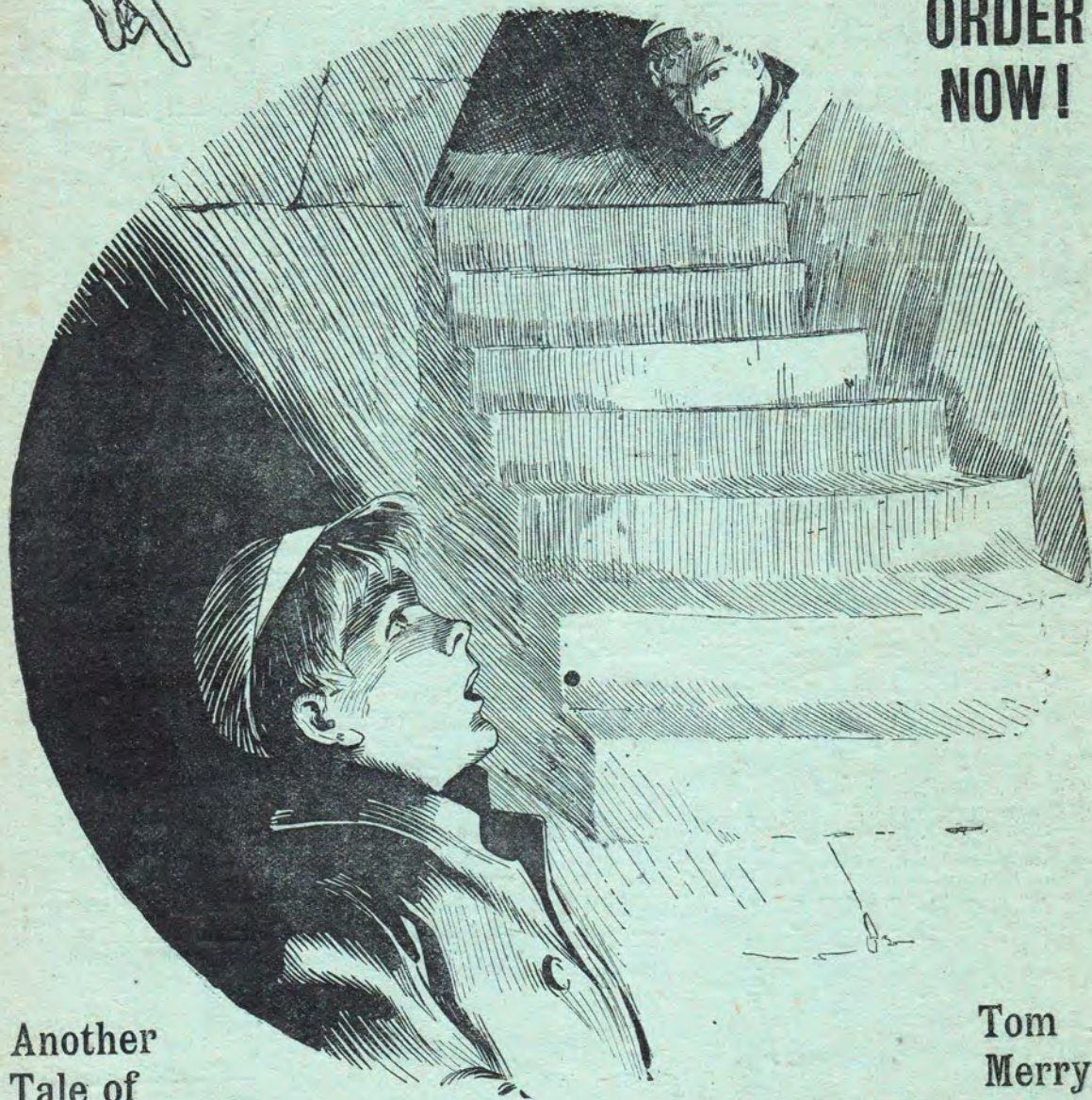
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