

"THE OUTSIDER'S BETRAYAL!"

A Grand Tale of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's.

The GEM **1** ^{1D} ₂

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"RENTON OF THE ROVERS!"
A Grand Football Tale.

A LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY.

"SLAVE ISLAND!"
A Thrilling Adventure Story.



LUMLEY TO THE RESCUE!

As the Outsider turned the corner of the woods he saw the Head's daughter struggling in the grasp of the rascally fodgee.

A Dramatic Episode from the School Story inside.

MY READERS' OWN CORNER.

NOTE.—Half-a-crown will be awarded to the sender of every par. published on this page.

LOSING HIS HEAD.

A politician was speaking at a rather noisy meeting. There were angry interruptions from a small section, and then missiles began to fly. A big lump of wood was hurled at the speaker; but, fortunately, the aim was bad, and it fell harmlessly on the platform. The speaker picked it up and showed it to the audience. "Good heavens!" he cried. "One of our opponents has lost his head!"—J. W. Norris, 116, Chaplin Road, Willesden Green, N.W. 2.

A GOOD OLD STORY.

"Guard," said Jones, "I want to get out at Carlisle. Will you see that I do? I am a very sound sleeper, and I may use forcible language when I am disturbed. Take no notice—use force, if necessary. Can I rely on you?" "Ay, sir, you can!" said the guard. Jones woke up at Glasgow. He found the guard. After ten minutes he paused for breath. "You sweet bonnie, sir," said the guard; "but you're nocht to the man we turned out at Carlisle."—Miss E. Don, 95, Princes Street, Edinburgh.

BUFFALO BILL.

William Frederick Cody, better known as Buffalo Bill, was born in Scott County, Iowa, in 1845. He joined the Army Express Riders when quite young, one of the duties of this famous corps being to carry mails from the town of St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California.—Thomas Sanders, 361, Heather Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

TALKIN TARN.

Talkin Tarn is a small lake in Cumberland, and many curious stories are told about it. A church has been discovered a great depth down below the surface of the water. The depth of the tarn is not known. Most curious of all, the lake has an outlet, but no known inlet, and therefore water is always going out, while none appears to come in. The place is a very popular boating resort.—Vernon Jervis, 179, Warwick Road, Carlisle.

WATCHES.

Watches were first made at Nurnberg, Germany, about 1477. Henry the Eighth and the Emperor Charles the Fifth had watches; some of the early ones were oval in shape and small in size, others were as large as plates, and all were imperfect in keeping time. Before the invention of watches time was measured in different ways. In King Alfred's day it was said to have been measured by means of candles, which were divided into a number of equal parts. There is a line in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" referring to watches: "I frown the while, and, perchance, wind up my watch." Watches were probably quite common then.—C. Whittaker, Chaplain's House, Banstead Downs, Sutton, Surrey.

A BAD MEMORY.

The couple had many children, and the father was very absent-minded. One day the whole family went for a picnic up the river. Suddenly a small boy ran up and called out, "Papa, papa, Archibald has fallen into the water!" "Archibald, Archibald?" repeated the father. Then, turning to his wife, "My dear, have we an Archibald?"—R. Plant, 75, Back Piccadilly (Paton Street end), Manchester.

A HOPELESS CASE.

Teacher (bent on thorough examination): "Where was Louis XVI. while the Convention was held?" Scholar: "Versailles!" "Where is Versailles?" "Near Paris." "Where is Paris?" "In France." "Where is France?" "In Europe." "Where is Europe?" Scholar (desperately): "If you don't know that, I am afraid it is a hopeless case."—L. King, 50, Breeze Lane, Walton, Liverpool.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Dickens had a rough time in his early days, for his father was living in the debtors' prison, and the young Charles Dickens stuck labels on blacking-bottles in order to help pay his father's debts. One day the lad was taken ill, and a chum saw him home. Dickens did not want this. He hoped to shake off his over-kind friend, but it was no use, and Dickens feared his companion would discover the truth about the prison where the family were lodging. So, in desperation, he ran up the steps of a large house, saying, "This is where I leave you." The other boy was surprised, but he believed Dickens lived there, and made off. Dickens knocked at the door. "Does Mr. Jones live here?" he asked. Mr. Jones did not, so Dickens ran down into the street, and trudged back to the prison, his secret kept.—G. G. Ramsay, 109, Villas Road, Plumstead, S.E. 18.

THE WAGER.

Two Americans, much given to betting, were visiting a factory of explosives, when an accident happened. They were blown sky high, but their ruling passion was still strong. As they travelled up to cloudland together, one of them said, "I say, Silas, I bet you a dollar I go higher than you!"—James P. Barrett, 21, St. John's Road, Cathcart, Glasgow.

PRACTICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

It was at a village concert, and Miss Brown had been reciting "The Village Blacksmith." "Ancore! Ancore!" shouted the audience. On coming to the passage which led to the stage, the fair reciter was accosted by a big, burly man. "I am the man," he said, "that you have been talking about. You might let them know in your next verse that I have bicycles for hire."—A. Hansell, 93, Sandilands Road, Fulham, S.W. 16.

YOUR EDITOR'S CHAT.

Address: Editor, The GEM, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

FOR NEXT WEDNESDAY.

A fine array of features is on the programme for Wednesday next, and the issue of the GEM due to appear on that day will be of an attractive nature.

The first of the features will be a splendid, long, complete story of Tom Merry & Co., the chums of St. Jim's, under the title of

"LOWTHER ON THE WARPATH." By Martin Clifford.

In the style that has made the author so popular, it tells of the unlooked-for consequence which arises when Tom Merry, the editor of "Tom Merry's Weekly," announces his intention of stopping the comic column, much to Lowther's disgust.

Incidentally, the humorist of the Shell stumbles on a plot organised by Blake & Co. to jape the Terrible Three. Although he is at loggerheads with his two chums, Monty is too much of a sportsman to allow the rivals of the Fourth to "put it across" them, so when an opportunity arises he makes the best of it.

The next instalment of

"RENTON OF THE ROVERS!" By Paul Masters,

will be full of stirring incidents from the footer-field. Success has come to the Rovers, owing to Jimmy Renton's brilliant displays on the field, and there is one narrow gulf between them and the height of their ambition.

And also a further and final instalment of

"SLAVE ISLAND!" By Matthew Ironside,

which deals with Hans Meppel's last fight and the disappearance of Slave Island and all its inhabitants. Be sure you do not miss this grand serial.

Without the slightest hesitation, I can say that our number for next Wednesday will be a real bumper one, and I am sure you will enjoy reading it as much as I have enjoyed preparing it for you. So "get going" and give your order to your newsagent to-day, and thus be sure of securing next week's issue!

"THE METEOR."

Mr. F. G. Livingstone writes to me to say that he and Mr. John H. McGraw are starting a magazine which will be something very special indeed. All interested in amateur magazines should write to Mr. Lidstone, at 1, Park House, Chaucer Road, Herne Hill, S.E. 24. All letters will be promptly answered. Agents are wanted for "The Meteor," and, with the facts before me, I feel pretty confident that the new twelve-page publication will supply a record.

All contributions to this feature should be sent to: The Editor, The "Gem" Library, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and marked: "Readers' Own Corner."

Your Editor

RENTON OF THE ROVERS!



A Magnificent Football Serial. By PAUL MASTERS.

Synopsis of First Chapters.

JIMMY RENTON, a footballer with a future, seeks an engagement as a professional in one of the big League teams. Assisting him in his quest is his chum,

BILLY DESMOND, a gay, good-hearted young fellow of about Jimmy's own age, who is shortly to become a reporter on the staff of the "Daily Sportsman."

Jimmy and Billy have their headquarters at an old-fashioned inn situated in the King's Forest. They are instrumental in rescuing Madge Trevor, the charming daughter of one of the directors of Belmont Rovers Football Club, from the hands of gipsies. This leads, of course, to an introduction to Madge's father, who offers to give Jimmy Renton a trial with the Rovers. Jimmy makes a very favourable impression, and he is selected to play in the next League match, to the exclusion of

LUKE RAYNER an outsider, whom Jimmy has already met. The two juniors set off for Belmont in the side-car, but are waylaid in the King's Forest, and made prisoners in a lonely house. Finally, they escape, and make for Mr. Trevor's house, only to find that Belmont have been beaten. Renton has great hopes of the Rovers being successful in their first Cup match.

"Hope we get drawn at home," he says. (Now go on with the story.)

The Downfall of the Rayners!

"**N**OBODY would be more delighted than I if that came about," Mr. Trevor said. "But we must not build our hopes too high. Personally, I shall be more than satisfied if the Rovers survive a couple of rounds."

The two chums spent a very jolly evening with Mr. Trevor and his daughter. Mr. Trevor tried to press the two chums to spend the night at his house. But they had to be getting back to their headquarters in the King's Forest, so they reluctantly declined their host's kind offer.

"We shall want you next Saturday, Renton," said the director, as he shook hands. "Promise me you won't go getting kidnapped again during the week."

"I'll do my best to steer clear of trouble, sir," said Jimmy. "And, what's more, I shall keep my eye on the Rayners. They're not to be trusted one inch."

Mr. Trevor nodded.

"I, too, will keep my eyes open," he said. "Good-night, my boys!"

"Good-night, sir!"

And Jimmy Renton and his chum quitted Mr. Trevor's house, feeling very much brighter in spirits than when they had entered it.

Three mornings later, Jimmy Renton

was taking his ease in the parlour of the inn, when Billy Desmond burst in like a cyclone.

"I've got it!" he panted breathlessly. "I've got the draw for the first round of the English Cup!"

Jimmy Renton bounded to his feet. "Who are we drawn against?" he asked.

"Granchester United."

"Hurrah!"

"Great news, isn't it?" said Billy Desmond. "Granchester United will be a tremendous attraction. People will roll up in their thousands, and the club's coffers will fairly overflow. From about five o'clock in the morning, enthusiasts will be lining up outside the ground."

"Ripping! Have you got your motor-bike back from where it was left the other day?"

"Yes."

"Then while you're repairing it I'll take a six-mile walk through the forest."

Shortly afterwards Jimmy Renton set out on his tramp.

When he returned, at midday, his chum was startled by his appearance. For Jimmy's clothes were muddy, and his face bore the marks of recent combat. Altogether, he looked a complete wreck.

"What's happened, dear boy?" inquired Billy Desmond, in alarm.

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Jimmy dropped into a chair, utterly exhausted.

"I was tramping along a lonely lane," he explained, "when a man sprang out at me from the woods and attacked me. The rotter wore a mask over the upper part of his face. Judging by his height and build, though, I should say it was Rayburn. I had to scoot, for I didn't want to be smashed about badly."

Billy Desmond looked grave.

"Look here, Jimmy," he said, at length, "you mustn't budge from this place during the next twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, I'll send a wire to Brian Yorke."

"Who is Brian Yorke?"

"One of the greatest 'tacs of modern times, dear boy. I know him well, and he'll simply jump at the case. And if the Rayners are at the bottom of this shady business, as we believe them to be, why, Brian Yorke will bring them to book in next to no time!"

"You seem to put a lot of faith in him."

"I do! He's one of the smartest fellows in the profession. I'll send him a wire right away, and, meanwhile, you're not to budge from this place. That's an order, mind, and if you disobey it I'll have you shot at dawn! Sha'n't be long!"

And Billy Desmond hurried away on his mission.

Late in the afternoon Brian Yorke arrived at the inn.

Jimmy Renton could not fail to be struck by the man's personality and shrewdness. He listened intently to all that the two chums had to tell him, and then he asked many searching questions. He appeared to be quite satisfied, in his own mind, that the Rayners had been responsible for the kidnapping of Jimmy and Billy, and that Rayburn and Rizzi had been bribed by them to undertake the task. He also felt assured that it was Rayburn who had attacked Jimmy Renton that morning in the lonely forest lane.

"Pity you didn't send for me before," he remarked. "You've allowed several days to elapse since the kidnapping. But I fancy that Rayburn and Rizzi are not far away, and I shall do my best to locate them. I shall get busy first thing in the morning, and there ought to be developments by the evening."

"You'll remain here as our guest until you've seen this job through?" said Jimmy Renton.

"Delighted!"

Brian Yorke spent the night at the inn. And next morning, long before Jimmy Renton and Billy Desmond were awake, the detective was up and doing. The landlord prepared him an early breakfast, after which he set out on his quest.

The detective did not return to the inn that day. Neither did he put in an appearance the following day.

Jimmy Renton grew restless and impatient.

"I'm afraid your pal won't be able to help us much, Billy," he said, as they sat before a blazing log-fire in the evening.

"Give him time, dear boy."

Even as Billy spoke there was a knock on the door of the inn parlour.

"Come in!" called the two chums together.

It was Brian Yorke who entered. The detective looked tired, but quite cheerful.

"Any news?" asked Jimmy Renton eagerly.

"Yes."

Billy Desmond shot his chum an expressive glance, which seemed, to say, "Told you so!"

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"Tell us all about it, Mr. Yorke!" urged Jimmy Renton.

"I'll have some grub first, if you don't mind. I'm famished!"

The landlord was summoned, and he promptly prepared an appetising meal, to which the detective did full justice.

Then, leaning back in his chair and lighting a cigarette, he said calmly:

"I made four arrests to-day."

"My hat!" gasped Billy Desmond. "You don't believe in doing things by halves. Who are the victims?"

"Rayburn and Rizzi and the two Rayners."

"The Rayners arrested!" exclaimed Jimmy Renton. "Then you found out that they were responsible for kidnapping us?"

"Yes."

"How did you manage it?" asked Billy Desmond excitedly. "We're hungry for details!"

"It was simple enough," said the detective. "I went to the lonely house—the one in which you were imprisoned—and I got in through a window at the back. The place appeared to be empty, but whilst I was exploring it I heard footsteps on the stairs. I was in the drawing-room at the time, and I promptly dodged behind the screen. Presently three men entered the room. They were Rayburn, Rizzi, and the old man Rayner. And they were quarrelling. It appears that Rayner had promised the other two a hundred pounds each for kidnapping you the other day. But he refused to pay, on the grounds that they had allowed you to escape."

"I took no action at the time. I remained hidden behind the screen, and overheard the whole of their conversation. It was Rayner's idea that you, Renton, should be prevented from playing in the cup-tie on Saturday. Rayburn said that he had already made one attempt to capture you, and he was not prepared to make any further attempts until Rayner had handed him his hundred pounds. For a long time Rayner refused to do so, but eventually gave way. And Rayburn promised to make a further effort to get hold of you. Of course, he had no opportunity of fulfilling his promise."

"Did you jump out from behind the screen and arrest them?" asked Billy Desmond.

"No, I bided my time. I followed the three men from the house, and shadowed them all the way to Belmont. There I had them placed under arrest, together with young Rayner, who was an accessory before the fact."

"Good work!" said Jimmy Renton heartily.

"I don't think the Rayners will worry you again," said Brian Yorke. "They'll be committed to the Assizes, and they'll get their just deserts. The law takes a serious view of kidnapping."

Next morning Jimmy Renton and Billy Desmond were required to give formal evidence against the prisoners, who, as Brian Yorke had predicted, were committed to the Assizes, bail being refused.

Of course, the name of Luke Rayner was struck off the books of the Belmont Rovers Club, whilst Rayner senior ceased to be a director.

The whole town was agog with excitement as the great day drew near. The reserved seats in the stand were snapped up with avidity, and there was every indication of a record attendance. Indeed, it seemed as if several thousands of football enthusiasts would be turned away owing to lack of accommodation.

When the day of the match dawned, it found Jimmy Renton eager and hopeful.

He had chatted with Kennedy, the Rovers' skipper, and with several of the other players, and he had found them all cheerfully confident.

Everybody in the town was wearing either a red or a blue rosette. Red was the Rovers' colour, and it predominated largely, although a good many blue rosettes were in evidence, several hundreds of Granchester supporters having arrived in the town.

All through the morning a lengthy queue lined up outside the gates of the ground, and from midday onwards the turnstiles were clicking merrily.

The match was due to start at two o'clock. For half an hour prior to that time the town band obliged with selections.

And presently the blare of the cornets was drowned by a great shout as the Granchester team sprinted on to the field.

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Granchester!"

"Play up, the b-boys!"

But those shouts were as nothing by comparison with the roar that went up as the Rovers took the field. It was a truly terrific roar, like the booming of thunder.

The Rovers had ever been a popular team, and their popularity had not diminished because of their crushing reverse of the previous Saturday.

As Jimmy Renton ran on to the field with his colleagues he saw a handkerchief fluttering from the front row of the stand. And he knew that the owner of that handkerchief was Madge Trevor, and that she looked to him to play the game of his life.

"She sha'n't be disappointed," he told himself.

And then the whistle sounded, and the teams lined up.

Pulled Out of the Fire!

GRANCHESTER UNITED started at a fierce pace. Their blue-jerseyed forwards swooped down upon the Rovers' goal, and a scorching shot was sent in, which Richmond, the goalie, just managed to save by throwing himself full length.

There was a storm of handclapping, and a mighty shout of:

"We'll save, sir!"

Richmond had no time to drink in the applause of the crowd. He was severely tested during the first ten minutes, and shots were rained in upon him from all angles.

Belton and Burnside, the Rovers' backs, played heroically. But the Granchester forwards were nippy and thrustful, and it seemed inevitable that they would score.

Seated on the balcony in front of the dressing-room were Madge Trevor, her father, and Billy Desmond. And they were watching the game with anxious eyes.

"The Rovers seem to be overwhelmed," remarked Mr. Trevor. "I doubt if Richmond will be able to hold the fort successfully much longer."

Even as he spoke, the Granchester centre-forward sent the leather crashing into the net.

It was a fast, unstoppable shot, and the Granchester supporters became nearly delirious with delight.

"Goal!"

The successful marksman was surrounded by his fellow-players, who looked as if they would tear him limb from limb in their excitement.

There is nothing like an early goal to inspire a team; and for the next twenty minutes or so the Granchester men played sparkling football. Their forwards were lacking in science, but they

had a very good conception of where the goal was situated. They swung the ball about from wing to wing, playing the long-passing game, which gave the Rovers' defenders a good deal of running about.

Nothing had been seen, so far, of the Rovers' forwards.

As the players came off at half-time, a great gloom hung over the Rovers' supporters.

It looked as if the fiasco of the previous week, when the Rovers had been heavily defeated on their own ground, would be repeated.

Even Billy Desmond, who was usually brimming over with cheerfulness, was moody and subdued.

"Two goals behind!" he said. "Afraid the Rovers will never be able to make up the leeway."

"They'll have the wind in the second half," said Madge Trevor.

"They'll need it."

When the two teams returned to the field, the Granchester partisans set up a rousing cheer.

But the supporters of the home side were silent and subdued. It seemed to be the prevailing opinion that the Rovers were already a beaten side.

The football was of a typical Cup-tie order after the resumption.

There were few fouls, but there was plenty of heavy shoulder charging, and the Rovers, being the lighter team, were frequently in the wars. But they were playing much better football now, and their forwards were often dangerous.

Now that he had plenty of work to do, Jimmy Renton was enjoying himself immensely. His reputation was quite unknown to the Granchester men, who gave him far too much scope.

Welsh, the centre-forward, and Kennedy, the inside-left, were marked men; but Jimmy Renton was repeatedly given a clear field.

When the second half was but ten minutes old, Jimmy put in a brilliant run. He "drew" the opposing defence, and then, just as everybody thought he would be robbed of the ball, he deftly touched it to Kennedy.

The latter took a first-time shot, which beat the Granchester goalie all ends up.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

"That's the stuff!"

The Rovers' supporters were roared out of their lethargy at last. They had been given something to enthuse over, and they cheered whole-heartedly, while hats and caps were flourished in the air. Rattles, tin-whistles, and mouth-organs were also in evidence.

"That puts a different complexion on things," said Billy Desmond. "Jimmy Renton's got going at last! Did you see how he drew the defence before passing to Kennedy? It was great work!"

"Splendid!" said Madge Trevor. And her eyes were dancing with delight.

As for Mr. Trevor, he had allowed his cigar to go out in his excitement, and he seemed in no hurry to relight it. His attention was focussed upon the game.

Of course, the Granchester men played up stubbornly after this, and their forwards bombarded the home goal. But they found Richmond very safe.

Richmond was a local youth, and this was his first Cup-tie. At the beginning of the game he had suffered from a form of stage-fright; but all that was gone now. He was as cool as a cucumber, and whenever he fielded the ball, he refused to be hustled off it by the Granchester forwards.

Once it seemed certain that he would be beaten, for Burnside, the left back, handled in the penalty area.

The Granchester man who was en-

trusted with the kick, ballooned the ball over the bar, and the Rovers and their supporters breathed freely again.

After this tense moment the Rovers did a spell of attacking.

Jimmy Renton fired in a great shot from an awkward angle. But the ball struck one of the uprights, and rebounded into play.

Then Welsh, the centre-forward, found himself with only the goalie to beat. But he hesitated, and the custodian, diving swiftly, took the ball from his very toes.

But the Rovers were not to be denied. They came on again and again.

During a fierce melee in front of the Granchester goal, Jimmy Renton's legs were swept from under him by one of the opposing backs; and the crowd clamoured loudly for a penalty. But the referee had not seen the incident, and play continued.

In the first half, the Rovers' forwards had been a listless, lifeless combination. Now they were full of energy and vigour. When they attacked, it was in no half-hearted manner. If they could not win the game, they told themselves, they could, at least, save it.

A draw would mean a replay at Granchester, and the Rovers would stand a very poor chance of success away from their native heath. But it would be far better to force a replay than to be beaten outright at the first time of asking.

"Our fellows are playing up like Trojans!" said Madge Trevor delightedly. "Oh, I do hope they score another goal!"

"Another couple," corrected Billy Desmond. "I want to see 'em win, and they'll do it, too, if only they can keep this up. Just look at that!"

Kennedy had taken the ball in his stride, and had sent it whizzing in. But his sharpshooting proved of no avail, for the Granchester goalie leapt in the air, and tipped the ball over the bar.

After this, the ball travelled from end to end of the field in a most exciting manner, and the spectators were on tip-toe with expectation.

But, although each goal was visited in turn, the shots were either fisted out by the respective goalies or charged down by the backs.

Mr. Trevor looked anxiously at his watch.

"Ten minutes to go!" he remarked.

"Only ten minutes?" said Madge, in dismay. "Oh, they'll never do it!"

"Never's a long day," said Billy Desmond, whose optimism had returned to him in full flush. "Just keep your eye on Jimmy! He means to score!"

Jimmy Renton was playing right on the top of his form. The Granchester defenders were tired and leg-weary. Both were old stagers, and one of them was completely bald. Of course, they had been invaluable to their side, for the experience of veteran players counts for a great deal in Cup-ties. But the fact remained that they were feeling the strain, whilst Jimmy Renton and his fellow-forwards were as lively as ever, and gave them no peace.

The ten minutes that remained for play dwindled down to five.

Five minutes to go! And Granchester United leading by two goals to one!

Surely, in the whole history of Cup-ties, never had there been such a thrilling climax to a match as on this occasion.

For in the course of those five minutes no less than four goals were scored.

Welsh, of the Rovers, snapped up a pass from Jimmy Renton, and banged the ball into the net.

But before the excitement had died away, Granchester went ahead again,

their centre-forward scoring after a fine solo effort.

"It's all up!" groaned Billy Desmond, rising to his feet. "They've won on the post!"

"Look!" cried Madge Trevor, jumping up also.

The ball had been kicked off from the centre of the field, and Kennedy, the Rovers' skipper, was well away. He threaded his way through a group of defenders, and wound up with a rasping shot, which had the Granchester goalie beaten all ends up.

Scarcely realising what he was doing, Billy Desmond seized both of Madge Trevor's hands, and danced them up and down.

"They've made a draw of it, after all!" he chortled. "Hurrah!"

"It—it's wonderful!" said Madge, her eyes shining. "They've saved the game practically in the last minute! But—but why doesn't the referee sound his whistle?"

"There's still a minute and a half to go," said Mr. Trevor. And his voice was husky with excitement.

The ball was kicked off again, and the Granchester forwards went away in great style. But Burnside relieved the situation with a mighty kick, which carried the ball right out to the Rovers' left wing.

Jimmy Renton trapped the leather, and sped away like a hare.

One of the veteran backs stood waiting for him, but he steered the ball between the man's legs and then dodged round him, and shot hard and true for goal.

The Granchester goalie fisted out the ball, but Jimmy Renton rushed up, got his head to it, and jerked it into the net.

Then the Rovers' supporters seemed suddenly to go mad.

Handkerchiefs and articles of headgear were hurled into the air, their owners indifferent as to whether they recovered them or not.

Cheer upon cheer rang out from thousands of throats. The rattles and the tin-whistles and mouth-organs combined discordantly.

Remarkable scenes were witnessed on every side.

Jimmy Renton was raised above the heads of the noisy throng, and carried in triumph to the dressing-room. And a similar fate befell every member of the victorious Rovers' team.

But it was Jimmy who was made the most fuss of; it was Jimmy's name that was in everybody's mouth.

"I'm still live," said Jimmy Renton, half an hour later, "but only just. Our supporters fairly went mad, and I was jolly nearly mobbed. I can sympathise with the merchant who said, 'Save me from my friends!'"

"You played splendidly, my boy!" said Mr. Trevor. "Indeed, it is difficult to find words which adequately express one's admiration for your display!"

"You were irresistible!" said Madge warmly.

"The sporting Press will be full of you on Monday morning, dear boy," added Billy Desmond. "If you go on at this rate, it's a cert that the English Cup will come to Belmont!"

Jimmy laughed.

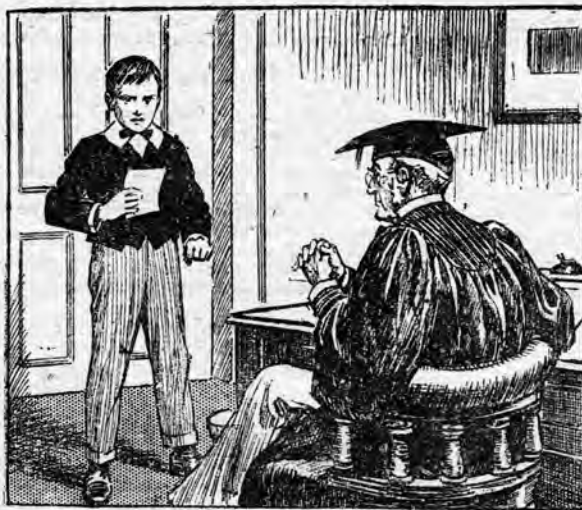
"Flattery, thy name is Desmond," he said. "Wonder who we shall be drawn against in the second round?"

"We shall know on Monday," said Mr. Trevor. "Meanwhile, I must insist upon you two boys spending the week-end with us."

"Yes, rather!" said Madge.

(To be concluded next week.)

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The Outsider took the letter from the Head and read it in amazement and dismay!

THE OUTSIDER'S BETRAYAL!

A SPLENDID LONG, COMPLETE
TALE OF TOM MERRY & CO.
AND JERROLD LUMLEY-LUMLEY,
OF ST. JIM'S SCHOOL.

By
Martin Clifford.

CHAPTER 1. Breaking Bounds!

"YOU fellows asleep?"

Jack Blake of the Fourth sat up in bed, and asked that question in a low voice.

He listened tensely. Through the darkness and silence of the dormitory there came the sound of a door closing, and of retreating footfalls outside.

Then absolute silence reigned in the dormitory.

"My hat!" muttered Blake. "Then I was not mistaken. Somebody's left the dormitory. Mellish or Scrope, perhaps. I'll see."

Jack Blake stepped quickly out of bed and lit a candle. In the fitful light thus produced, he scanned the beds ranged on either side of the dormitory.

All the juniors were asleep. Only sounds of steady slumber and a deep-bass snore from Baggy Trimble disturbed the serenity of the night.

Blake looked round again keenly, and as his gaze lighted on Lumley-Lumley's bed he gave a start of surprise.

"My hat! Then it's the Outsider!"

He walked over to the bed, which, at first sight, appeared to be occupied. But when Blake dragged off the top blankets, a bolster and a pillow were divulged.

"My giddy aunt!" gasped Blake, letting go the bedclothes. "What a deep trick! So Lumley-Lumley is the chap who has skipped out of the dormitory!"

Blake's face became grim. He dressed quickly, and, taking his boots in his hand, stole silently from the Fourth Form dormitory.

Proceeding cautiously, he made for the box-room, which was the way Lumley-Lumley would probably go out. As he approached the door he could hear the muffled sound of the window being raised. The box-room was empty, and the window wide open, when he entered.

Blake slipped through the window, upon an outhouse roof, and dropped to the ground.

It was dark and lonely in the Close, and the lights from the windows of the rooms that were yet lighted gleamed like stars through the darkness.

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Blake's heart beat fast with excitement as he saw the figure of his Form-fellow flitting across the Close, towards the old elms in the quadrangle.

Then, as he looked round, Blake gave another start of surprise, for a window in the school building not far away had opened, and somebody was clambering through.

"Knox!" muttered Blake. "Oh, my hat! If Knox catches Lumley-Lumley there'll be no end of a shindy! It's a mystery to me why Lumley-Lumley is breaking bounds, but I'm going to stop him, and bring him back before Knox catches him. Oh crumbs! He's seen me!"

Blake referred to Knox.

Gerald Knox, the rascally prefect of the Sixth, was in the habit of stealing out of St. Jim's at night for the purpose of visiting the Green Man public-house at Rylcombe.

Presumably, Knox had chosen this night for another nocturnal venture out of bounds. And Jerrold Lumley-Lumley of the Fourth was out of his dormitory, and ran great risk of being discovered.

Knox had certainly discovered Blake, and was making his way towards him.

Jack Blake saw Knox move in his direction, and he scudded swiftly away towards the elms, where Lumley-Lumley was lurking.

Knox broke into a run, and Blake could hear his footsteps thudding hollowly through the still night air.

Setting his teeth, Blake dodged among the trees, and almost collided with the figure of a junior, who was standing in the shadows.

"Steady, Blake!" growled Lumley-Lumley, grasping Blake's arm. "What the dickens are you out of bed for? Spying on me—eh?"

"Yes, if you like!" replied Blake grimly. "I heard you sneak out of the dormitory, Lumley, and followed you down. Knox is after us, so you'd better look slippery, and come back to the dorm with me."

"Rats!" muttered Lumley-Lumley, under his breath. "Dash Knox! I'm going out!"

Blake looked hard at his Form-fellow. In the past, Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had been known at St. Jim's as the Outsider. He had been prominent as a

rotter and a cad of the first water; worse even than Crooke or Gore. But Lumley-Lumley had long ago ceased to be a black sheep, and severed his connection with the rotters' brigade at St. Jim's. He had now managed to live down his notoriety, and was on quite friendly terms with Tom Merry & Co., who had been glad to see the Outsider reform.

Blake could not help wondering for what purpose Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was breaking bounds.

"Lumley, you mad fool!" he exclaimed. "You'll be caught—Hark! Here comes Knox! Aren't you coming back to the dorm, you chump?"

Lumley-Lumley shook his head.

"No; I guess I'm going to break bounds for the first time for terms!" he said. "Cut off, Blake, and get back to bed before Knox spots you. I—Yarooooogh! What the dickens—Hands off, you mad idiot!"

"Shurrup!" hissed Blake, dragging at the Outsider's arm. "I'm captain of the Form, and I'm not allowing any of the fellows in the Fourth to break bounds after lights-out; and certainly not you, Lumley-Lumley! I thought you'd chucked playing the giddy goat for good!"

"Let me go!" panted Lumley-Lumley, struggling desperately. "Mind your own business, Blake! If you don't—"

"You've got to come back!" snorted Blake. "Kim on, you obstinate fat-head—Yah! Ow! Yooop!"

Blake uttered these wild yells as Lumley-Lumley's fists smote him forcibly on the nose and on the chest and on the shoulder.

Blake staggered back, and next moment the Outsider had dashed away, and disappeared in the darkness.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

Scarcely had the Outsider's footsteps receded in the distance, when Blake heard Knox approaching. The prefect was following the direction from whence those three loud yells had come.

"Oh, jiminy!" gasped Blake. "That's done it! I—"

"Blake!"

Gerald Knox burst through the trees, and, grasping the Fourth-Former by the arm, swung him round.

CHAPTER 2.

A Score to Knox.

"L EGGO!" panted Blake, wriggling in the prefect's grasp.
"Caught at last, you little sweep!" gloated Knox triumphantly. "So you have taken to breaking bounds—eh, Blake?"
"I wasn't breaking bounds!" exclaimed Blake furiously. "Hands off, Knox!"

"What are you doing out of your dormitory this time o' night?"

Blake set his teeth, but gave no reply. He was angry with the Outsider, but would not think of sneaking on him.

"Ah, you have nothing to say for yourself!" chuckled Knox, quite gleefully. "I'll take you up to Mr. Railton, you little rotter. You'll get a licking then, take my word for it!"

Jack Blake breathed hard through his nose as Knox hustled him forward. He would dearly have loved to punch Knox's nose, but Knox was a prefect, and privileged not to have his nose punched by juniors.

Knox led Blake towards the School House across the darkened Close, and they entered by means of the box-room window.

Blake did not attempt to break away, for he knew that escape was futile. He gritted his teeth, and resolved to grin and bear his misfortune, mentally promising Jerrold Lumley-Lumley a hot time when he came in.

They halted at the door of Mr. Railton's study. A beam of light proceeding from beneath the door indicated that the Housemaster was still up.

"Come in!" called Mr. Railton, in response to Knox's tap.

Mr. Railton jumped to his feet in astonishment as Knox entered, hauling Blake after him.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Housemaster. "Knox—Blake! What does this nocturnal intrusion mean?"

"I have just caught Blake out of his dormitory, evidently intending breaking bounds, sir," replied Knox complacently. "I happened to be lying in bed awake, when I heard a noise in the quadrangle, and, going down to investigate, I discovered Blake about to leave the school premises. I took charge of him at once, and brought him up to you."

"Quite right, Knox!" said Mr. Railton, looking grimly at Blake. "I am shocked and surprised to hear of this, Blake. It does not seem possible that you, the captain of the Fourth Form, and a lad whom I have always regarded as bearing an irreproachable character, should be guilty of such a serious offence against the school rules as breaking bounds after lights out. What explanation have you to give of your conduct?"

"None, sir," replied Blake quietly. "I did not intend to break bounds, sir—that's all I can say!"

"Whatever your intentions were, Blake, you had no business out of your dormitory at this time of night!" said Mr. Railton sternly. "I shall have to cane you, Blake, for your breach of discipline. Hold out your hand!"

Swish!

"Now the other!"

Thwack!

Blake bore his caning with heroic fortitude, but ground his teeth with rage when he saw Gerald Knox grinning at him, evidently enjoying this midnight episode.

"You may return to your dormitory now, Blake," said Mr. Railton, laying down the cane. "Do not let me hear of this happening again! Knox, you may go!"

"Thank you, sir! Good-night!"

Knox went, grinning triumphantly. Blake followed, but he took no notice of

the rascally prefect. He was wondering what he would do when Lumley-Lumley returned.

CHAPTER 3.

Blackmail!

MEANWHILE, Jerrold Lumley-Lumley, having escaped from Blake's detaining clutches, had climbed over the school wall, and made his way down Rylcombe Lane, in the direction of the village.

The night seemed darker still in the quiet country lane, and a stiff wind was blowing. The Outsider of St. Jim's tramped on, with his head bent down to the wind, his hands thrust deep into his trousers-pockets.

"Say, Master Lumley!"

A coarse, gruff voice came suddenly out of the darkness of the gaunt trees at the side of the lane.

The St. Jim's junior stopped with a start. Dimly, like a black shadow, the figure of a short, thick-set man loomed up out of the gloom and bore down upon him.

"Evenin', Master Lumley!" said the mysterious man, with a hoarse chuckle.

"So we meet again, arter all this long time, sir!"

"Godger!" exclaimed Jerrold Lumley-Lumley, staring at the man closely. "Joe Godger—you!"

Joseph Godger, one time hanger-on at the Green Man public-house, an out-and-out rascal and ex-gaol-bird, gave vent to a coarse chuckle, and blew forth a cloud of pungent tobacco-smoke from his stumpy clay pipe.

"Yus, Master Lumley, I'm the cove wot wrote and asked you to meet me to-night in the Rylcombe Lane," he said. "I thought I'd fetch you outer your bed. It's a long time since we last met, ain't it, sir? I 'ear from Joliffe and the others at the Green Man that you've reformed, and given the old set the go-by. Is that right, Master Lumley?"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley nodded grimly.

"Yes, it is quite correct," he said, in a low voice. "I had enough of the old life—the life of gambling, and smoking, and—and drinking. It's not the life for a schoolboy, and I've learned a lesson. I used to think it a rattling good sport to break bounds from St. Jim's every night, mix up with the Green Man gang, and gamble away pounds of my pocket-money. I knew Joliffe and the others—you among them—used to rook me, but I didn't care. I liked the life, and was proud of being a gay dog and a goer. But, later on, I discovered that there was something better and nobler in life than that. My ways of living weren't up to the high standard set at St. Jim's. Decent fellows shunned me, and called me the Outsider, and I guess I deserved it. But I've given up all that now. I'm through with playing the goat, Godger. I've found out that it's a mug's game, and I'm not going back!"

Joe Godger burst into a mocking laugh that grated on the schoolboy's ears.

"Haw, haw, haw! So you've turned into a good little boy—eh?" he sneered.

"Don't hand me that stuff, Master Lumley, I ask you. You alius was a little devil, an' I guess you are all that now. It's no use a-hidin' of it, Master Lumley. Why go agin Nature? It ain't natural for you to be righteous, Master Lumley!"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley set his teeth hard, but made no rejoinder.

It had been a hard struggle for him to sever himself from his old evil connections and habits—harder than any fellow at St. Jim's had ever guessed. Though he had had several opportunities, and Joliffe & Co. of the Green Man were always ready to open their arms to him, the Outsider had stuck grimly to his

higher resolutions, and kept straight, despite the temptations that beset his path.

Lumley-Lumley bitterly reflected that reformation was not easy. It was far easier to go wrong than to renounce the path of wickedness.

The Outsider's reform, indeed, had been due as much to moral convictions as to the realisation—arrived at after long and sober study—that crooks generally come to grief in the end.

Joe Godger was looking narrowly at the St. Jim's junior, evidently divining his thoughts.

"Them were the times, in the good old days, weren't they, Master Lumley?" he gloated. "You was a young plover then—my word you was! Fond of a flutter on the 'osses, or a gamble with the cards and—"

"Hold your row, you fool!" exclaimed Lumley-Lumley. "What the dickens do you want to see me for at this time o' night? I suppose you've just come out of prison?"

"Yus; you've guessed it fust time!" replied Joe Godger, grinning evilly. "And I 'ave come back to settle up a few old scores wiv you, Master Lumley. When I was put into the stone jug, I 'eld a number of I O U's of yours. Now, don't look so startled, Master Lumley! I don't suppose you remember 'em. I stuck to them papers, and now, 'ere I am agin, like a bad penny, and I'm wery 'ard up. Master Lumley, sir, I shall be obliged if you will kindly square up."

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was looking agast at Joe Godger.

"You—you cad!" he burst out passionately. "I do remember the debts, but I paid you—every one—the night I had a row with Joliffe. If you still hold any original I O U's of mine, you tricked me when you were paid, and destroyed faked ones, instead of the real papers."

"Haw, haw, haw!" chuckled Joe Godger. "That may be, Master Lumley—that may be. But you've got no proof, my bonny boy!"

Lumley-Lumley clenched his fists hard. "I'm down on me luck," said the stumpy rascal, complacently puffing at his clay-pipe. "I call upon you, as an old pal, Master Lumley, to 'elp me—"

"I'm no pal of yours, and never was!" retorted the Outsider bitterly. "You were one of the shady gang at the Green Man, and I lost money to you, gambling. I know. But what I owed you I paid in full—that I swear!"

"Cut that out!" snapped Godger bad-temperedly. "Look 'ere, Master Lumley, let's come to an understandin'. You've reformed, and the people at your school think you are a good little boy. I'm still wot I was, and don't see 'ow it would pay to turn over a new leaf. I'm broke to the wide, Master Lumley, and, you know, a cove like me gets desprit in that serious state of affairs. Now, I've got them papers, which represents debts amountin' to nearly twenty quid. I don't want to be 'ard on an old pal—especially now 'e's goin' straight—so I'll tell you wot Master Lumley. Gimme a few quid to go on wiv. That will save me the unpleasant dooty of applyin' to your 'eadmaster for payment."

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley regarded his companion in horror.

"You—you rascal!" he panted. "You are going to blackmail me!"

"Put it 'ow you like," replied Godger flippantly. "It amounts to the same thing, Master Lumley. It's a straight proposition, sir. Either you stumps up a few quid on the nail, or I applies to your 'eadmaster for payment!"

"You cad! I don't owe you any money!"

"Haw, haw, haw! Tell that to Dr. 'Olmes—Yah! Ow! Yaroooooh!"

Biff!

Lumley-Lumley's left shot out, and crashed upon Joe Godger's chin. There was a loud crack, and a roar of agony, and the stumpy rascal went over like a ninepin. He collapsed upon the grassy bank at the side of the lane, moaning, and uttering a string of lurid epithets.

"Take that as my answer, you rotter!" panted the Outsider, his eyes gleaming with a dangerous light. "I can't afford to give you any money, for I'm hard up myself. My pater has been losing money in business, and is cutting down my pocket-money until things straighten up. But, even though I was rolling in cash, you villain, I wouldn't pay you a farthing. If you dare show your face at St. Jim's I'll have you arrested for blackmail. I'm done with you, and all rotters like you!"

"You little 'ound—"

"I'm not a weak fool, like Racke or Mollich!" said Lumley-Lumley bitterly. "I've got nerve to stand anything. I defy you to show those papers at St. Jim's, Godger! You'd find yourself back in chokey in no time!"

Lumley-Lumley did not wait to listen to the whinings of Joe Godger. He turned on his heel, and strode back in the direction of St. Jim's, his fists clenched hard, and his chest heaving with passion.

The old recklessness was returning. He could feel the smouldering fires of daredevilry, which he had caused to lie dormant so long, burst into flame again.

Back in the gloom, Joe Godger had struggled to his feet, and was hurling anathema and blood-curdling threats after the Outsider. But the St. Jim's junior did not heed him. He walked quickly back along the desolate lane to St. Jim's.

And soon the coarse voice of Joseph Godger was swallowed up in the blackness of the night.

CHAPTER 4.

The Fight in the Dormitory!

"SO you've come back, you rotter!" Jack Blake greeted Lumley-Lumley with those words, bitterly spoken, as the Outsider crept quietly in at the door of the Fourth Form dormitory.

A candle was burning on Blake's locker, and the captain of the Fourth himself was sitting up in bed, regarding Lumley-Lumley grimly in the flickering light.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was taken aback at first, but quickly recovered his composure.

"Yes, here I am, Blake," he said quietly. "Why aren't you asleep?"

"I've been waiting up for you, Lumley-Lumley," replied Jack Blake, eyeing the Outsider grimly. "It is my duty, as captain of the Fourth, to know why you broke bounds to-night!"

The Outsider laughed.

"As captain of the Fourth, Blake, I should think you'd have sense enough to mind your own bizney!" he retorted. "I guess it's no business of yours where I go at night, so long as I don't disturb your beauty sleep!"

Jack Blake snorted. His hands and heart were still sore from the caning he had not long ago received from Mr. Railton. He was not in the mood for friendly argument just then.

"Look here, Lumley! I'm jolly well going to get to the bottom of this!" he said. "It's terms since you last broke bounds, Lumley-Lumley, and you've been quite decent since you chucked playing the goat. Are you returning to your old rotten ways?"

Lumley-Lumley set his teeth hard at these words from Blake. Again he felt his old recklessness and temper returning.

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The Outsider of old was beginning to show itself again in his nature. The smouldering fires needed but a spark to set them into vivid flame.

"Mind your own business," said Lumley-Lumley sullenly. "It's nothing to do with you, Blake. Go to sleep and forget all about it!"

"It is my business, you cad!" exclaimed Blake. "I want to know why you sneaked out of the school to-night, and left me to face Knox. Hang it all, Lumley, if you've been out on decent business, you could tell me, and allay all suspicions!"

"But suppose I don't choose to tell you?" asked the Outsider quite coolly.

Blake hesitated, and looked hard at his Form-fellow.

"I—I can't help thinking you're going back to your old life, Lumley-Lumley," he said. "I thought you'd chucked playing the rotter. I hope I'm not mistaken."

A wave of hot temper surged over the Outsider, and his temper gained the mastery over him.

"Hang you, Blake, mind your own business!" he exclaimed, flinging off his coat. "Don't jaw to me! Are you my keeper?"

"I'm captain of this Form, and I'm going to make sure that none of the chaps act the rotter!" flashed Blake, now justly indignant. "If you can't tell me why you broke bounds to-night, Lumley-Lumley, I shall think you've been up to something shady. And, mind you, if you've been pub-haunting at the Green Man—Yaroooooh!" Thud!

A pillow, propelled from Lumley-Lumley's hand, struck Blake full in the face, and his sentence broke off with a smothered yell. The force of the impact bowled him completely over, and he landed on his back on his bed, with the pillow on top of him.

"Now hold your tongue, you interfering idiot!" said Lumley-Lumley savagely. "Let that remind you that I'm master of my own affairs, and I warn you to keep off the grass!"

"Groooh!" gurgled Blake, springing from the bed and bearing down on Lumley-Lumley with fists clenched. "Why, you rotter, I—I'll slaughter you for that! I'll teach you to buzz a pillow at me! Take that—and that—and that!"

Biff! Thud! Crash!

"Yoooooh! Yah! Ow!" roared Lumley-Lumley, as Blake made that determined onslaught upon him. "Hands off, you cad! I—Yow-ow-ow!"

Bang! Thud! Biff!

Both juniors, now thoroughly out of temper with each other, proceeded to fight grimly together. They rained blows at each other with their fists regardless of the commotion they were causing in the dormitory.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!

"Gweat Scott!" It was the voice of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the swell of the Fourth, who had been awakened, and was now sitting up in bed. "Blake, deah boy! Bai Jove! Whatevah is the maffah?"

Whack! Biff! Wallop!

The two were fighting hammer and tongs, and now the whole dormitory was awakened. Startled, sleepy eyes blinked upon the two combatants in the dim light of candles.

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed George Herries, jumping up out of bed. "Blake and Lumley-Lumley, you mad fatheads! Chuck it! You'll have the masters or the prefects up in a minute!"

"What on earth are you scrapping for, anyway?" demanded Robert Arthur Digby.

"I'll pulverise him!" hooted Blake. "I'll teach him to chuck a pillow at me,

after I've been kept up all night! Yoooooh!"

"Bai Jove!"

The Fourth-Formers looked on in breathless wonderment. Usually, Blake and Lumley-Lumley were on the best of terms—in fact, since the Outsider's reform, he and Blake had been quite chummy.

"You frabjous chumps!" cried Cardew. "Cheese it, can't you? You'll wake the whole giddy school with that row!"

"Blake, deah boy—"

"He, he, he!" cackled Baggy Trimble, in transports of delight. "Mop him up, Lumley-Lumley! He, he, he!"

"Boys!"

The voice of Mr. Railton, the House-master, broke upon their ears, and the effect was electrical.

Blake and Lumley-Lumley dropped their fists, and all gazed spellbound towards the door, where the House-master, an imposing figure in cap and gown, stood with a lighted candle.

"Blake—Lumley-Lumley!" cried Mr. Railton, in horror. "What is the meaning of this disgraceful scene?"

I—I—stammered Blake, in great confusion.

The Outsider laughed coolly.

"We were just having a friendly scrap, sir," he said easily. "Blake seemed rather put out because I threw a pillow at him. I'm afraid it was my fault, sir."

Mr. Railton looked searchingly at Lumley-Lumley, and when he perceived that the junior was fully dressed, except for his cap and coat, he uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Good heavens! Have you been out of bounds to-night, Lumley-Lumley?"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Blake. "That's done it!"

He was beginning to feel sorry now that he had fought with Lumley-Lumley instead of leaving the reckoning until the morning.

The other Fourth-Formers were thunderstruck.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley seemed at a loss for a moment, but he quickly recovered his self-possession.

"Yes, sir, I have been out," he said quite calmly.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the House-master. "Then there have been two of you out to-night. I have already caned Blake for the same offence—"

"Bai Jove!"

"What!" exclaimed Lumley-Lumley, his expression of cool defiance and indifference changing. "Blake, do you mean to say you were caught, and licked and—"

Blake grunted an affirmative reply.

"Good gracious! This is an unprecedented affair!" exclaimed Mr. Railton. "It seems that you two boys were in a conspiracy together to break bounds to-night. Knox happened to discover Blake, but you, Lumley-Lumley, managed to evade—"

"There was no conspiracy between us at all, sir," interrupted the Outsider quietly. "I intended breaking bounds on my own, and Blake was following me to try and stop me. I didn't know he had been caught and licked. I'm sorry, Blake!"

Mr. Railton was looking first at Lumley-Lumley, then at Blake.

"So you were about to prevent this lad breaking bounds when Knox discovered you in the quadrangle, Blake?" he said more kindly. "Your action was very commendable, and I appreciate your code of honour in not telling me when I asked for an explanation. Boys, return to your beds at once! The Head will see you in the morning, Lumley-Lumley."



An unkempt, disreputable-looking man was approaching the school gates, when Tom Merry & Co. stopped him. "Afternoon, young gents!" said the tramp. "Do you happen to know whether Master Lumley-Lumley is about?" The Terrible Three gasped. "You want Lumley-Lumley!" exclaimed Tom Merry. (See page 10.)

When the boys were in bed, Mr. Railton plunged the dormitory into darkness, and swept from the room.

A few minutes later there was a stir from Lumley-Lumley's bed.

"I say, Blake!"

A grunt from Blake.

"I'm sorry, old chap, about your licking! I didn't know—"

"Oh, get to sleep, and don't jaw!" growled Blake.

"Weally, Blake," came the voice of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy through the gloom, in tones of mild reproach, "I considah that an apology fwom one gentleman to anothah—"

"Oh, bosh!" growled Blake. "Pretty fine sort of gentleman—breaking bounds after lights-out!"

"Ahem!" coughed the noble Gussy. "Lumley-Lumley, deah boy, I am afraid that, undah the cires, an explanation fwom you is necessary—"

"Yaw-aw-aw!" came from Lumley-Lumley's bed.

"Lumlay, deah boy—"

Snore!

"Bai Jove, the fwabjous ass has gone to sleep, deah boys—"

"Shurrup!" hissed Blake sulphurously. "We don't want a jawbone solo from you, Gussy!"

"Weally, Blake, I considah—"

"If you don't ring off and go to sleep, Gussy, you shrieking idiot, I'll buzz a boot at you!"

"Oh cwumbs!"

That was the last utterance heard from the noble swell of St. Jim's that night. He lay down and went to sleep, and soon peace and quiet reigned in the Fourth Form dormitory.

CHAPTER 5.

Lumley-Lumley's Punishment.

"**W**HAT the merry dickens—" "Have you been scrap-ping with a steam-roller, Blake?"

"Your boko looks too big for your chivvey, old chap!"

These were the remarks made by the Terrible Three, as they met Jack Blake. D'Arcy, Herries, and Digby on the stairs next morning.

Blake went red, and involuntarily rubbed his nose. That organ was certainly assuming rather prodigious proportions.

"Never you mind my nose!" he growled. "I had a scrap-up with Lumley-Lumley in the dorm last night—that's all!"

"Whew!"

"What the merry thunder for?" demanded Tom Merry, in wonder. "I thought you and Lumley were on the best of terms."

Jack Blake gave vent to an emphatic snort.

"The burbling fathead broke bounds last night," he said. "I heard him

sneaking from the dorm, and followed him out into the quad. Knox was there, too, and spotted me. Lumley-Lumley bunked when I tried to stop him, and then Knox nabbed me. He hauled me before Railton, who was staying up late, and I got a licking."

"My giddy aunt!"

Tom Merry, Manners and Lowther were astounded.

"But Lumley-Lumley stopped playing the giddy goat terms ago," said the captain of the Shell, in bewilderment. "You don't mean to say he is going back to his old rotten ways, Blake?"

"It looks to me very much like it!" growled Blake. "He won't say where he went to, and the whole business looks jolly fishy to me!"

Tom Merry frowned.

He used to come down heavily on the Outsider when he was a member of the rotters' brigade at St. Jim's. Since Lumley-Lumley's reform, Tom had found him quite a different sort of fellow to the old, reckless scapegoat the Outsider had once been. Lumley-Lumley's reform had pleased Tom Merry, and he had come to like him considerably.

It was really grave news to Tom to hear that Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had broken bounds that night.

"He's the talk of the whole Form," said Herries, whose rugged face was

downcast. "I'm blessed if I can understand it at all!"

"Lumley's in for a licking from the Head this morning," remarked Digby. "I hope he's got an explanation to make."

"Yaas, wathah!" chimed in Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I am weally gwavely concerned ovah Lumlay, deah boys! I think I shall have to see him, and offah him a few words of advice. As a fellah of tact and judgment—"

"Keep off the grass, Gussy, there's a good ass!" said Tom Merry quietly. "I'm dashed if I'll believe that the Outsider is backsliding. I'll go along and see him. Are you chaps coming?"

The chums of the School House made their way down to the Fourth Form passage. As they approached the door of Study No. 1, which was the Outsider's apartment, they heard a loud voice, raised in tones of lamentation, proceeding from within.

"Yaroooooh! Leggo, Lumley, you rotter! I didn't mean— Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!" "My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "That sounds like Mellish howling. Lumley-Lumley is giving him a licking!"

Jack Blake kicked open the door of Study No. 1 without ceremony, and the School House juniors crowded inside.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was seated on a chair, holding Percy Mellish, the cad of the Fourth, upside-down across his knee. He was belabouring Mellish very thoroughly with a cricket-stump, and Mellish's yells fairly made the study windows rattle.

"Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!" "Hold on, Lumley-Lumley!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "What the merry dickens are you whopping Mellish for?"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley paused in the operation of thwacking Mellish with the cricket-stump, but held his hapless victim in a grip of iron.

"Ho had the cheek to come in here and ask me for a cigarette!" he said tensely. "As if I carry cigarettes about with me! I suppose the little worm thought that because I broke bounds last night I must be developing into a gay dog and a smoky rotter again. I'm just giving him an object-lesson not to be cheeky, and take too much for granted!"

"Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stoppit! Yah! Ow!" shrieked Mellish, wriggling and squirming in the Outsider's grip. "Rescue, Tom Merry— Yoooooop!"

"Here, steady on, Lumley!" said Tom Merry, laughing and catching the Outsider by the arm. "'Nuff's as good as a feast, you know. Let the little cad go!"

Lumley-Lumley administered a few extra whacks with the cricket-stump, then he flung it away, and hauled Mellish to his feet.

"Let that toad alone," said Jack Blake abruptly, and trying hard to forget his swollen nasal organ. "Look here, Lumley, we've come—"

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, regarding Lumley-Lumley through his monocle. "Lumlay, deah boy, we've come—"

"Ring off, Gussy!" said Tom Merry. "Lumley, old chap, we've come—"

"Oh, for goodness' sake go away again, then, if you've come to jaw me!" said the Outsider, in a tired voice. "I've had enough preaching this morning. I've got no explanation to offer you chaps regarding my breaking bounds last night, but take my word that I was up to nothing shady. Now then."

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Mellish, you snivelling little rat, get out!"

"Yew-ow!" moaned Percy Mellish, tenderly rubbing that portion of his anatomy which had received the full force of Lumley-Lumley's cricket-stump. "I'll pay you out, you rotter! I'll tell Railton— Here, wharrer you at— Yaroooooh!"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley grasped Mellish by the coat-collar, and whirled him towards the study-door.

"Ow! Leggo, you cad! Yarooooop!" wailed Mellish, struggling feebly. "Rescue, Tom Merry— Yah!"

Crash! Straight as a die, Mellish went sailing through the doorway, and he landed, with a fiendish yell, and a resounding bump, in the passage, directly at the feet of Mr. Railton.

CHAPTER 6.

Lumley-Lumley is Silent!

"MY goodness!" exclaimed the Housemaster, peering down in horror and amazement at Mellish. "Mellish! Get up, boy! How dare you romp out of this study so precipitately! No wonder you have fallen—"

"You-ow!" moaned Mellish, rising painfully to his feet. "I've been kicked out, sir! Lumley-Lumley chucked me out—"

"Boy, kindly modify your language!" rapped Mr. Railton sternly. "Do I understand that Lumley-Lumley has committed an unprovoked assault upon you, Mellish?"

"Yow! Yes, sir!" moaned Mellish. "I came to ask him for— for something, and then he went for me with a cricket-stump! Ow-ow-ow!"

"Mellish, cease those ridiculous noises! Lumley-Lumley, come with me to Dr. Holmes. Boys, kindly disperse!"

Tom Merry & Co. gave Jerrold Lumley-Lumley rueful looks as he followed Mr. Railton down the passage. But the Outsider only shrugged his shoulders with a careless men, and walked along with his hands in his pockets.

"Poor old Lumley!" said Monty Lowther, with a serious shake of the head. "The fat's in the fire, and no mistake. I don't believe he's a rotter again, although he broke bounds last night. But I'm bothered if I know why he keeps mum over it. He's going to get it where the chicken gets the chopper—in the neck!"

The others nodded glumly, and proceeded on their way downstairs.

Meanwhile, Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was facing Dr. Holmes in the headmaster's study.

The venerable Head of St. Jim's peered up at the Outsider over the rims of his spectacles.

"Well, Lumley-Lumley," he said, in a low, grave voice, "it has been reported to me that you broke bounds after lights-out last night. Can you deny the accusation?"

"No, sir," replied Lumley-Lumley, in a well-modulated voice.

"You are aware that you committed a very serious breach of the school rules and that your offence warrants most severe punishment?"

The Outsider nodded.

"What explanation have you to make concerning your conduct?"

"None, sir," replied Lumley-Lumley, without turning a hair.

Dr. Holmes and Mr. Railton exchanged grim glances.

"Lumley-Lumley," exclaimed the Head, "do you refuse to inform me why you broke bounds last night?"

"I'm sorry, sir," said the Outsider,

looking steadily at the Head; "I cannot tell you why I went out last night."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head, his usually kind old face becoming grim and set.

There was an ominous silence for some minutes, during which Dr. Holmes and Mr. Railton exchanged serious looks. Jerrold Lumley-Lumley stood facing them, his face a trifle pallid, but otherwise calm and collected.

He dare not tell the Head of his meeting with Joe Godger, the disreputable leafer and gaolbird. The bare fact that he had had dealings with such a character was sufficient to disgrace him in the eyes of the Head.

"Lumley-Lumley," said the Head at length, very quietly, "do you understand the position you are placing yourself in by refusing to give me an explanation of your conduct, which, upon the face of it, appears disgraceful?"

"Ye-es, sir," replied the Outsider. "I'm sorry, but you would not understand."

"Very well, Lumley-Lumley," said Dr. Holmes, and thunderclouds settled on his brow. "As you refuse to tell me why you left the precincts of this school last night, your offence is made more serious. Mr. Railton, are there any other complaints concerning this boy's conduct?"

"No, sir, except that I caught him bullying Mellish just now," replied the Housemaster. "For a long time past Lumley-Lumley has borne a most exemplary character, and I have regarded him as quite a satisfactory junior. It came as a shock and a surprise to me to discover last night that he had broken bounds."

Dr. Holmes arose, and took up a stout ashpunt that stood at the side of his desk.

"Hold out your hand, Lumley-Lumley!" he said. "I have no alternative but to punish you severely."

Lumley-Lumley held out his hand. That was the commencement of a severe thrashing. The cane rose and fell six times, each cut laid on with all the force that Dr. Holmes could muster.

The Outsider was tough as nails, and he bore the castigation without moving a muscle.

"You may go, Lumley-Lumley!" said the Head, laying down the cane at last.

"If there is a recurrence of your conduct I shall not hesitate to deal more stringently with you!"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley went, with head erect, and his smarting hands clenched tightly.

Many sympathetic fellows asked him how many he had received, but he turned a deaf ear to their inquiries.

The Outsider went straight to his study, and locked himself in until the bell rang for lessons.

CHAPTER 7.

Not a Cordial Reception!

"HALLO! Who's this merchant?" "Monty Lowther uttered these words in great astonishment."

The Terrible Three were standing at the gates of St. Jim's after lessons that day, waiting for the postman.

An unkempt, disreputable-looking man, of small, stumpy stature, was approaching the school gates, walking with an unmistakable and very unsteady waddle.

Tom Merry, Manners, and Monty Lowther eyed him disapprovingly as he came up.

"Afternoon, young gents!" said Joe Godger affably, touching his shabby bowler-hat. "Do you 'appen to know whether Masfer Lumley-Lumley is about?"



Suddenly Miss Cecile Holmes switched on the light, and Lumley-Lumley found himself face to face with the Head, who was standing in the doorway. (See page 16.)

The Terrible Three gasped.

"You—you want Lumley-Lumley!" exclaimed Tom Merry, quite faintly.

Joe Godger chuckled, and blew out a cloud of tobacco smoke, which made the juniors cough.

"Yus; I'm an old pal of 'is, you know," said the coarse rascal. "Shall I go inter the school and ask for 'im, or will you young gents kindly fetch 'im 'ere? It's all the same to me, you know, so long as I see 'im."

Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther gazed at Godger in amazement, taking stock of his unkempt, dirty appearance.

"Mum-my hat!" gasped Tom Merry.

"Well, carry me home to die, somebody!" gurgled Monty Lowther.

"My only sainted Aunt Tabitha!" muttered Manners.

Mr. Joseph Godger emitted a deep chuckle.

"Rum sort o' cove to look at, ain't I?" he said blandly. "Oh, well, I'm one of Master Lumley-Lumley's pals, and that orter be good enough. If one of you young gents won't fetch 'im 'ere to see me I'll go inside."

"Oh, will you?" said Tom Merry grimly. "I've an idea that you won't, my man! I don't know what on earth you want with Lumley-Lumley, but you are jolly well not coming into school! Clear off, you rascal, before we chuck you out!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared Joe Godger, in a manner that made it evident that he was rather worse for drink.

"Why, the rotter's half-squiffy!" exclaimed Manners. "Turn him away from here, Tommy, before he's spotted by any of the masters or prefects! It would make it jolly awkward for Lumley-Lumley if this rascal were found here!"

Tom Merry set his teeth, and looked grimly at Godger.

"Look here, you rascal, just clear off from the school!" he said. "You can't see Lumley-Lumley—"

"Then I'll see the 'eadmaster!" snarled Godger, his cool, affable manner changing to one of wrath and truculence. "I've got something interesting to tell 'im about Master Lumley-Lumley. Joe Godger ain't the sort o' chap to let an old pal go back on 'im, and wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Get out, you rotter!" exclaimed Tom Merry, dashing forward. "We mustn't let that squiffy rotter get into the school. Chuck him out!"

"Ere, 'ands huff!" roared Joe Godger, as the Terrible Three grasped him, and whirled him round forcibly. "You young sweeps—"

"Rush him out into the lane, and duck him in the ditch!" gasped Tom Merry. "Back up, boys!"

"Yaroooooh! Leggo!" howled Joe Godger, as the Terrible Three swept him out of the gates and into Rylcombe Lane.

"I'll set the law on yer! Yow-ow!" Tom Merry & Co. did not stand upon ceremony. They whirled Godger over to the bank at the side of the lane, where a deep and particularly murky ditch ran.

Unheeding the rascal's yells and frantic struggles, the Shell fellows raised him on high, and then pitched him headfirst into the ditch.

Splash!

"Yerrrugh! Ooooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry & Co., as the form of Joe Godger disappeared below the murky surface of the ditch.

A minute later the head of that unfortunate individual appeared, dripping wet, and adorned most liberally with slime and weeds. He gouged mud out of his eyes and mouth and ears, and emitted a gurgling gasp that was truly weird and wonderful to listen to.

"Hoooooh! You little whelps! Gerrugh! Gug! Gug!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Joe Godger made a desperate effort to scramble out of the ditch again, but Monty Lowther reached out his leg, placed it upon Godger's ample waistcoat, and deftly sent him wallowing back into the muddy waters.

"Yerrrugh!"

"If you show your ugly chivvy near our school again," said Tom Merry darkly, as Joe Godger's head once more appeared, "you'll get worse than that. We'll have you run in for trespassing!"

Mr. Godger's response was emphatic and lurid in the extreme. His flow of epithets was comprehensive, and their variety was astonishing. Indeed, the St. Jim's juniors fairly blushed.

"Here, that's enough, you cad!" exclaimed Jack Blake. "Let's duck him again, chaps!"

But Joe Godger did not wait to be ducked a third time. With a bellow like that of a bull, and with a desperate scramble, he was out of the ditch and climbing up the opposite bank.

He reached the top and glared at the Terrible Three, who were laughing heartily at the queer spectacle he presented, with weeds hanging from his hair and ears and shoulders, plastered with mud from head to foot, and dripping wet.

"You young rascals!" hooted the outraged Joseph. "I'll 'ave the perlice on yer track! I'll make yer smart for this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Monty Lowther picked up a large turf from the bank, and poised it thoughtfully in his hand. Joe Godger saw this, and he staggered hastily away.

Tom Merry & Co. sent up a shout of laughter as the wet, muddy, bedraggled ruffian squelched away over the field, breathing threats of fire and slaughter.

"Well, old sons, that's settled with that seedy merchant!" said Tom Merry, with a chuckle, as they retraced their footsteps back to St. Jim's. "I don't fancy he'll come back in a hurry. He knows what to expect if he does!"

"What-ho!"

"I wonder what the merry dickens he wanted with Lumley-Lumley?" said Manners, wrinkling his brows thoughtfully. "That chap said he was a pal of the Outsider's. Of course, I don't believe a word he said, but Lumley used to mix up with rascals of that kidney. Perhaps he was the chap Lumley-Lumley went out to see last night."

Tom Merry frowned portentously.

"He's a shady rotter, and Lumley-Lumley ought not to be having anything to do with him," he said. "Hallo, here's Lumley! I say, Lumley!"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley emerged from beneath the old elms, and stopped as Tom Merry called him. The Terrible Three bore down on him.

"A seedy, squiffy rascal, calling himself Godger or Bodger, has been here to see you, Lumley," said Tom Merry abruptly. "We bundled him out of the gates, and chucked him into the ditch. He's gone now, for good, I hope!"

"Oh, thank goodness!" breathed the Outsider fervently.

Tom Merry's brow was clouded and grim.

"Look here, Lumley-Lumley, I don't understand all this!" he said. "What the dickens has that squiffy rotter to do with you?"

"Nothing at all!" replied Lumley-Lumley. "He's a chap I used to know in the old days, you understand? He's come back, and wants to renew an old acquaintance. He doesn't like it because I don't seem so keen."

"Oh!" said Tom Merry more kindly. "I think I see how the land lies now, Lumley-Lumley. You went out to meet him last night?"

"Yes; I did," replied the Outsider, with a shrug. "I thought I'd see what he wanted, and then stall him off. But he wants some stalling off. I guess!"

"Cheer up, Lumley!" said Tom Merry heartily, clapping the Fourth-Former on the shoulder. "We'll stall him off, if he comes posing round here again. Rely on us to give him a further dose of the medicine he received just now!"

"Thanks awfully, you fellows!" said the Outsider, with a grateful look at the Terrible Three. "You can tell Jack Blake if you like—about Godger—but don't let it go any farther, will you?"

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It would mean the sack for me, if the Head got to know of—of my past life!"

"Right-ho, old chap!" said Tom Merry. "It's jolly hard for you to keep straight, I know, but stick it, Lumley—stick it! And we'll be as mum as oysters!"

With a parting word of thanks, Jerrold Lumley-Lumley strode off, leaving the Terrible Three looking curiously after him.

"Poor old Lumley!" said Monty Lowther, shaking his head. "It's a job to live down the past, and the poor blighter's up against it properly. But he'll keep straight, Tommy, I think!"

"I hope so!" said Tom Merry quietly. And the Terrible Three went over to meet the postman, who had just made his appearance.

CHAPTER 8. A Good Turn!

AFTER tea that day, Jerrold Lumley-Lumley put on his cap and went downstairs.

Joe Godger's state that afternoon had made him uneasy and depressed. Dark forebodings had entered his breast, and he wondered whether the stumpy rascal would reveal everything to Dr. Holmes, in revenge for the rough handling he had received.

Once more the Outsider felt that old feeling of recklessness, that temptation to return to the old life of wickedness and gaiety which, compared with the life of decency, was so easy.

He passed into the school quadrangle, wrapt in brooding thought.

Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn, the heroes of the New House, were standing outside the tuckshop when the Outsider came along. They looked curiously at the School House junior.

"You're looking pretty blue, Lumley-Lumley," said George Figgins. "I hear you've been breaking bounds lately—what!"

"Find out!" snapped Lumley-Lumley. George Figgins bristled with anger.

"Why, the cheeky School House worm!" he exclaimed hotly. "Let's bump him, you fellows!"

Figgins strode forward, but Kerr laid a detaining hand on his chum's arm.

"Not so fast, Figgy!" said the Scottish junior quietly. "Lumley-Lumley is worried, can't you see? Let the poor beggar alone!"

Figgins' heart smote him at once.

"I—I'm sorry, Lumley-Lumley!" he said awkwardly. "What's the trouble?"

"Oh, nothing!" said the Outsider, with affected carelessness. "I'm a bit worried over my pocket-money—that's all. My pater hasn't been so liberal with the tin lately, you know."

"If you want some tin, Lumley-Lumley—" said big-hearted Figgins, placing a willing hand in his pocket.

"No, thanks!" said the Outsider, rather huskily. "I'm going to have a walk round and think things out a bit. Thanks all the same, Figgins!"

The chums of the New House stared curiously at the Outsider as he strode away and passed through the gates of St. Jim's.

A multitude of torturing thoughts oppressed Lumley-Lumley as he walked down the Rylcombe Lane.

If Joe Godger showed the papers he held to Dr. Holmes, Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was ruined. He would be instantly expelled from St. Jim's, with a stain upon his name that could never be washed out.

His father, he knew, would have nothing to do with him. He would be turned adrift into the world, to fight for himself, without money and without reference.

The Outsider took the footpath through the Rylcombe Woods. He wanted to be alone to think things out. He wanted to devise a scheme of getting those damning papers back from Joe Godger.

With hands thrust deep into his trousers-pockets, and his head bent low, he walked on, deep in thought.

All was still and silent in the wood, except for the rustling of the trees as the wind sighed through their branches.

Suddenly the Outsider's attention was arrested by a shrill scream, coming from behind a clump of trees on his right.

"Help! Help!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lumley-Lumley. "That's a woman's voice!"

"Help! Oh, help!"

Lumley-Lumley did not hesitate. He dashed through the undergrowth towards the spot from whence the cries proceeded.

The scene which confronted him caused him to fall back for a moment in astonishment.

A pretty, winsome girl of about his own age, whom Lumley-Lumley recognised as Miss Cecilie Holmes, the Head's daughter, was struggling in the grasp of a short, stumpy ruffian.

"Godger!" ejaculated Lumley-Lumley. "Oh, you rascal!"

Then, not wasting further time in words, he sprang forward, and hurled himself upon Godger.

The unkempt rascal released Miss Cecilie and turned, with a savage snarl, upon the schoolboy.

Locked in each other's embrace, the two rolled upon the grass, fighting furiously.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley, though a boy, was sturdy and fit, and soon gained the mastery over the drink-sodden, short-winded rascal. He got Godger's head into chancery, and commenced to punish him thoroughly.

"Yarooooogh!" howled Godger, struggling desperately. "You little devil, I'll do for yer! Leggo! Yah! Ow-ow-ow!"

Miss Cecilie stood back and watched the conflict with wide-open, terrified eyes.

Godger fought with the strength of a madman, goaded to fury by the heavy blows that were raining upon him, and at last he managed to free himself from Lumley-Lumley's clutches. Godger sprang to his feet, and, with a dismal howl, he made off as fast as his stumpy legs would carry him.

When he was a safe distance away

from Lumley-Lumley he paused, turned round, and shook his fist.

"I'll remember this, Master Lumley-Lumley!" he snarled viciously. "You'll be sorry for laying 'ands on me! I'll ruin yer!"

And, as Lumley-Lumley sprang towards him again, Mr. Joseph Godger dived into the thicknesses of the wood and disappeared.

"Don't—don't go after him!" exclaimed Miss Cecilie, laying a small, white hand on the Outsider's. "He has stolen nothing, although he would certainly have robbed me had you not so bravely driven him off. Oh, I am ever so grateful to you, but I don't wish him to be locked up!"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley stared at the Head's daughter in amazement.

"But—but—"

"Daddy doesn't know I came out," said Miss Cecilie, blushing crimson. "And, please, Master Lumley-Lumley, he mustn't know! It's a secret! Will you promise not to say anything about this to my father, or—anybody?"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley smiled ruefully.

"Very well, Miss Cecilie," he said. "I'll respect your wishes, of course. I'm very glad I happened to come along in time to prevent that rascal robbing you. You are going straight back to St. Jim's now?"

"Yes," replied Miss Cecilie, smiling sweetly upon the Outsider. "I know I am doing something terrible, having a secret, but daddy really must not know about this. Oh, I cannot thank you sufficiently for coming to my assistance!"

"Oh, that's quite all right, Miss Cecilie!" said Lumley-Lumley, smiling. "You may rely on me not to say a word."

"Thanks! You're a sport!" And Miss Cecilie held out her hand to the Outsider.

Lumley-Lumley took the small, white hand in his, and held it for a moment. Then Miss Cecilie, with a radiant smile, was gone.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley stood for some seconds looking after her, deep in reflection. Then, as it was time he returned to St. Jim's for prep, he also retraced his footsteps.

He was thinking of pretty Miss Cecilie, and of the warmth in his heart her smile had caused. He was glad he had been there in time to save her from Joe Godger. Ah, what unpleasant thoughts arose from that name!

The Outsider thought of Godger, and the threats he had uttered, and his brow clouded.

"I'm in for it!" he muttered grimly to himself. "The rascal won't think twice about telling the Head now. Oh, my hat! I'm paying the price of folly, and no mistake!"

CHAPTER 9.

The Blow Falls.

"THE Head wants to see you, Master Lumley-Lumley."

Toby, the school page, delivered that message to Jerrold Lumley-Lumley as he was sitting alone in Study No. 1 next morning.

The Outsider's face went pale for a brief second; then he controlled himself.

"Thanks, Toby!" he said, in a subdued voice. "I'm coming!"

Toby looked curiously and commiseratingly at the Fourth-Former, and withdrew.

Lumley-Lumley clenched his teeth hard as he made his way towards the dread apartment. He knew that the blow had fallen. Joe Godger had taken his revenge, and Dr. Holmes probably knew all. He realised that he had to face the

music now, and he determined to face it with a stiff upper lip.

He could not see how he could save himself from expulsion now, unless a miracle happened. And the Outsider bitterly reflected that the age of miracles—for him—was past.

"Come in!" said the Head's grave voice, in response to his tap on the door.

Jerrold Lumley stood before the headmaster of St. Jim's, his face pale but impassive. Dr. Holmes was seated in an armchair at his table. He seemed to have aged since the Outsider last saw him.

"Lumley-Lumley," said the Head, and it was apparent that he was suffering under the stress of great emotion. "I received a communication this morning from an individual who signs himself Joseph Godger. He makes accusations against you of the gravest nature, and encloses certain documents which he alleges were given to him by you."

Lumley-Lumley made no reply.

Dr. Holmes peered up at the junior, and then handed him a letter.

The Outsider glanced at the missive. It was written in a straggly, illiterate hand, upon dirty and greasy paper. He recognised at once the calligraphy of Joe Godger. The words were badly written and ill-spelt, but their meaning was tragically clear.

Joe Godger, in this letter to Dr. Holmes, laid bare everything. How Lumley-Lumley used to break bounds from St. Jim's regularly, and attend smoking and card parties at the Green Man public-house late at night; of his associations with men of evil repute; and last, but most poignant of all, of the Outsider's gambling debts. It was a letter that spelt tragedy for Jerrold Lumley-Lumley. His heart sank as he read it, and his eyes became steely grey.

"Have you read that letter, Lumley-Lumley?" asked the Head gravely.

"Yes, sir," replied the Fourth-Former, handing it back.

"Do you recognise these?" And Dr. Holmes handed him the I.O.U.'s which Joe Godger had kept so long.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley glanced at them, and smiled bitterly as he returned them.

"I remember them, sir," he said. "They are I.O.U.'s I gave Godger a long time ago, and I paid them, too. The rascal kept them, though, so that he could blackmail me later, as he has been doing these last two days."

"So what this letter says is true?"

"I guess I can't deny it, sir."

"Good heavens!"

Dr. Holmes sank back into his chair, overcome with dismay. The venerable old gentleman had been hit very hard upon first reading that letter, but he had hoped that it might not be true. The honour and prestige of St. Jim's was very dear to Dr. Holmes, who had governed the old school, and kept its name unblemished, for many, many years. This letter, and Lumley-Lumley's confession, made it evident that a boy of St. Jim's had disgraced himself and his school. This awful accusation against Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was true.

Some moments elapsed before the Head spoke. When he did speak, his voice was tremulous with emotion.

"Lumley-Lumley, I—I am shocked—astounded!" he said. "It seems scarcely credible that a boy belonging to this school—and especially a junior lad—could be guilty of such disgraceful conduct!"

A faint, soulless smile twitched at the corners of the Outsider's lips.

"It was a long time ago, sir," he said, somewhat wearily. "I suppose it means

nothing to you that I gave up the old life terms ago, and that I've been keeping straight ever since?"

Dr. Holmes rose to his feet, and passed a hand across his forehead. Then he controlled his feelings, and a hard look came into his eyes. His face, as he looked at Lumley-Lumley, was stern and severe.

"Lumley-Lumley," he said, "whether the affairs referred to in this letter happened recently or not can make no difference to my decision. Such conduct, which I can only describe as blackguardism, is utterly unworthy of a St. Jim's boy, and it would be ever on my conscience if I allowed you to remain at this school. It is not sufficient to say that you have altered. I do not think it possible that a boy addicted to such vices as you confess to could permanently alter in so short a period. You understand, of course, Lumley-Lumley, that I cannot allow a young blackguard such as you to remain at St. Jim's!"

"A blackguard?" exclaimed the Outsider harshly, and with glittering eyes.

"That is the only name befitting your conduct. A boy who has been in the habit of frequenting low public-houses, and gambling with disreputable men, must be described as a young blackguard!"

The Outsider's eyes narrowed, and he met Dr. Holmes' cold, hard gaze without flinching.

He felt that it would be no use trying to explain any more. The odds were so much against him. What proof had he that he had permanently altered—that he was not a black sheep now? On second thought, he could not blame the Head. Dr. Holmes was probably right. Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had more than once suspected himself of still being a rotter at heart, although he had been living decently. It seemed now that it was not worth while being decent. If he had not forsaken the old life perhaps this might not have happened.

"Under the circumstances, Lumley-Lumley, it must be my painful duty to expel you from St. Jim's!" The Head's cold voice broke in upon his reflections. "You will pack your luggage, and leave by the first train to-morrow morning. I will telegraph your father, and explain the matter to him, so that he will expect you home."

The Outsider laughed bitterly.

"Thank you very much, sir!" he said, with a touch of irony that was, perhaps, lost on the Head. "My father, no doubt, will be glad to see me when I get home. I have no money, so shall have to ask you to advance my railway fare."

"Very well, Lumley-Lumley," said Dr. Holmes. "I will give you that now, to—ahem!—to avoid the ordeal of another interview with you."

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket, and went over to the little steel safe that was built into the wall of the study. He twisted the knob backwards and forward, according to the formula of the safe-lock. All the time Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was watching him intently, his eyes and ears on the alert. The Head's manipulation of the tumblers of the safe-lock rather fascinated him, and he smiled grimly to himself as he realised that he knew the process off by heart. He repeated the formula over to himself as the Head inserted a key into the lock and swung open the safe door.

Dr. Holmes extracted from a cubicle a thick wad of Treasury notes. The Outsider's eyes narrowed again as he saw them—and another wad of Treasury notes in another cubicle below.

Dr. Holmes extracted a pound note

from the first wad, replaced it in the safe, and relocked it. He happened to turn round quickly, and saw Lumley-Lumley intently watching him.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley smiled blandly as the Head gave him the pound note.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "That will, I think, be sufficient for my fare home. Need I attend lessons to-day, sir?"

"No!" said the Head tersely. "You may go, Lumley-Lumley."

Lumley-Lumley turned and walked towards the door.

He could not define his sensations, but at no time since his reformation had he felt so completely at ease, or more confidently reckless, as he did now.

As he grasped the handle of the door and opened it, his glance wandered towards the safe, and he remembered that it contained a large sum of money, sufficient to tide him over in the struggle for existence until he could obtain work he was about to embark upon. He did not for a moment contemplate going home to his father.

A low, dry chuckle passed through his lips as he left the Head's study. The safe suggested possibilities to the Outsider. He had been condemned as a blackguard—well, perhaps he would prove it.

So engrossed was he with his own thoughts that he did not notice, as he walked out of the Head's study, a pretty girl detach herself from behind the curtains by the window, and, crossing over to where Dr. Holmes sat huddled in the armchair, place an arm lovingly round his neck.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley also did not know that Dr. Holmes had divined the meaning of his significant look at the safe, and more than suspected the thoughts that were passing through the expelled schoolboy's mind.

CHAPTER 10.

The Outsider's Recklessness.

"WELL ask Lumley!"
Tom Merry made that announcement in Study No. 10 in the Shell passage that afternoon.

Lessons were over for the day, and it was now tea-time. Study No. 10, the headquarters of the Terrible Three, presented quite a festive appearance. The table was laid with all manner of luscious edibles, the kettle was singing merrily on the hob, and the inspiring smell of sizzling sausages mingled with the delightful aroma of bacon and toast and chip potatoes.

The Terrible Three were in funds, and were standing treat to their chums on a lavish scale. As Monty Lowther had remarked, it was the first real "beano" they had had in the end study for weeks, and now they meant to do things in style.

Talbot and Levison and Clifton Dane were there, also Jack Blake, D'Arcy, Herries, and Digby.

"We'll ask Lumley!" said Tom Merry cheerfully. "The poor beggar seems rather down in the dumps to-day, and a good feed will cheer him up!"

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy enthusiastically. "Youah suggestion meets with my complete approval, Tom Mewwy. Poor Lumley has been woodooing all day long. He didn't even turn up for lessons. I'm afriad theah's something w'ong with the poor chap, deah boys. I feel weally distwessed to see Lumlay-Lumlay lookin' so melancholy, and I'm goin' to help cheer him up. Let's wun along to his studay now, deah boys, and invite him to tea."

"Come on, Blake!" said Tom Merry. "You others have everything spick-and-

span by the time we bring old Lumley back."

"All serene, Tommy!"

Tom Merry, Blake, and D'Arcy made their way along the Fourth-Form passage, and tapped at the door of Study No. 1.

"Hallo!" came the Outsider's voice. "Who's that?"

"Only little us!" said Tom Merry brightly, opening the door, and walking in, followed by Blake and D'Arcy.

"We've come to ask you to—Mum-my hat! Groooogh! Are you smoking, Lumley? Ah-ti-shoo!"

"Ah-ti-shoo!" sneezed Blake, as a volume of tobacco-smoke assailed his nostrils.

"Atcheo! Choo! Choo!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, dragging into evidence a spotless cambric handkerchief, and applying it to his nose.

The study was filled with tobacco-smoke. It hung, like a blue pall, in the atmosphere, causing the juniors to cough and sneeze violently.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley himself was lounging in the armchair, calmly smoking a cigarette. A litter of burnt matches and cigarette-ends lay in the grate. The Outsider smiled cynically as he perceived the amazement of Tom Merry, Blake, and D'Arcy.

"Don't you like tobacco-smoke?" he inquired pleasantly. "These are jolly nice fags, I can tell you. They cost me two bob a box!"

"Atchoo!"

"Groooogh!"

"You blithering ass, Lumley!"

The Outsider of St. Jim's chuckled.

"When you've finished making those interesting noises, perhaps you'll kindly shut the door," he drawled. "You see, I should hate to have the passage filled with tobacco-smoke. Not that I care much, of course!"

Tom Merry closed the door, and blinked at the Outsider through the haze of smoke.

"You prize idiot, Lumley!" he exclaimed. "Why the thump have you taken to smoking again?"

"Oh, I like it," replied Lumley-Lumley calmly. "I'm drifting on the downward path again, you see, Tom Merry. I've been a Good Little Georgie for some time, but I've just discovered that it's not my nature to be good. So I'm just followin' my natural instincts, and have developed into a merry blade and a goer again!"

Tom Merry & Co. looked in amazement at the Fourth-Former. They were quite in ignorance of his expulsion from St. Jim's.

"Bai Jove!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, in horror. "You howwid boundah, Lumlay-Lumlay! Undah the circs, I wefuse to back Tom Mewwy up in askin' you to tea. I wegahd you as a degenerate wotthah, bai Jove!"

"Thanks!" said Lumley-Lumley carelessly. "Have a fag, Gussy?"

"Gweat Scott!" gasped the astounded Gussy. "I wefuse to have a fag! I—I mean—"

"Put that fag out, Lum'ey!" said Tom Merry sternly. "You must have gone off your rocker! Chuck that smoke away!"

"Rats!" replied Jerrold Lumley-Lumley calmly.

"What?"

"Rats, and many of 'em!" said the Outsider, puffing prodigiously at his cigarette. "These are the first fags I've had for a long time, and I'm enjoying myself. Go and eat coke, you chaps, and don't butt in!"

"Bump the maniac!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Here, wharrer you doing, you shrieking idiots? I—Leggo! Yah!" roared Lumley-Lumley, as Tom Merry & Co. grasped him, and whirled him off his chair. "Hands off! Yarooogh! Ow!"

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yoooop! I'll slaughter you! Yowp!"

Bump, bump!

The Outsider nearly swallowed his cigarette, but Tom Merry rescued it and stamped upon it.

The chums of the School House did not allow Lumley-Lumley to go free until they themselves were quite exhausted.

By that time the Outsider's coat was split, his collar disrupted, several of his waistcoat-buttons were missing, and his hair was so dishevelled that he looked like a goliwog.

"Groooogh! You rotters!" he panted. "Can't you mind your own business? If I like to smoke cigarettes—"

"Smoking is barred at this school, Lumley!" interrupted Tom Merry sharply. "You know that as well as I do, you blithering chump! I'm blessed if I know what's come over you these last two days. You seem to be the same sort of rotter that you used to be!"

"So I am!" snarled Lumley-Lumley furiously. "It's no use trying to be decent, once you've been a rotter, and I've given up trying. Once a rotter, always a rotter! And I'm reckless now! I don't care!"

"Look here, you mad chump—"

"Buzz off and leave me alone! You'll understand to-morrow!" said the Outsider bitterly.

"To-morrow!" echoed Tom Merry, mystified. "Why to-morrow?"

"Oh, never mind! Here's Kildare!"

Eric Kildare, the stalwart captain of St. Jim's, stepped into the study and sniffed.

"Who's been smoking in here?"

"I have!" said Lumley-Lumley defiantly. "These interfering jackasses have just bumped me for it!"

"Oh, so that was the row I heard!" said Kildare, looking grimly at the Outsider. "You little rascal, Lumley-Lumley, hand over your cigarettes!"

"I guess I'm going to stick to them!" said Lumley-Lumley coolly.

"You will do as you're told, my lad!" said Kildare, in a cold, hard voice.

"Come with me to my study, and I'll see whether you will then defy me!"

Kildare grasped the Outsider by the coat-collar, and swung him round. Lumley-Lumley struggled gamely, but, strong as he was, he was no match for the muscular school captain. Kildare yanked him away down the passage, curtly telling Tom Merry to open the study window.

Tom Merry did so, and then the three Shell fellows left Study No. 1.

"Bai Jove, I am in quite a fluttah, deah boys!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, in deep distress. "What evah is w'ong with Lumlay-Lumlay?"

"He's gone potty!" growled Blake. "We'll be late for tea, you two, so for goodness' sake get a move on!"

The three chums returned to Study No. 10, there to acquaint the others with the startling news.

When Lumley-Lumley emerged from Kildare's study ten minutes later, his lips were twitching in a peculiar grin.

"My first few steps on the road of wickedness have brought me no luck!" he mused ironically, as he strode away. "I shall get properly hardened by to-night, I expect. That's the last licking I shall have at St. Jim's, anyway!"

CHAPTER 11. In the Night.

BOOM!

The last stroke of eleven tolled forth from the school clock-tower, and St. Jim's was enveloped in the dark mantle of night.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley arose from his bed; slipped on a few clothes, and crept from the dormitory, making sure first that nobody was awake to follow him.

Proceeding warily, he made his way along to the Head's study. The school corridors were silent and deserted at that late hour. The rest of St. Jim's was sleeping the sleep of the just.

Arriving outside the door of Dr. Holmes' study, the Outsider paused, standing in a listening attitude, in order to satisfy himself that nobody but himself was astir.

With infinite caution he opened the door and slipped within, closing it again silently behind him. He took an electric pocket torch from his pocket, and switched it on. A bright pencil of light penetrated the gloom in the Head's study. All was quiet and silent as the grave. The Outsider's coast was clear.

He chuckled as he reached the safe. To open it would give him no trouble, for in the old days he had picked up many useful hints from his lawless associates at the Green Man.

He knew, moreover, how to work the tumblers of the safe-lock.

Two days ago Jerrold Lumley-Lumley would not have thought it possible that he would stoop so low as to rob the Head. But his peremptory expulsion from St. Jim's had altered matters. He dare not go home to his father, and all his worldly wealth consisted of something just over a pound.

The Outsider chuckled cynically—it was a harsh chuckle for a boy. The Head had condemned him as a blackguard. Well, the Head would have the satisfaction of knowing that he was right—in the morning. Lumley-Lumley grinned at the sensation that would be aroused at St. Jim's when it became known that, under sentence of expulsion, he had absconded during the night with the negotiable contents of the Head's safe.

"Poetic justice!" he muttered softly, as he focussed the light upon the safe door. "That's just the name for it. The Head was right—I'm still a blackguard. I've never cracked a crib before, but there's heaps of excitement in it, by gum! I guess this beats the Good Little Georgie stunt to a frazzle!"

He placed his torchlight on the floor, with the light directed upon the safe door, and then commenced to turn the knob.

Lumley-Lumley felt a queer tingling in his veins as he worked, and his pulses throbbed exultantly. He was reckless now, and did not care. Dr. Holmes' hard justice had wrought a drastic change in the Outsider's soul.

Having worked the tumblers, he proceeded to negotiate the lock itself with stout steel wire.

"Good!" he muttered, with a triumphant smile, as the door of the safe swung open at last. "Now to replete my exchequer, and—Great Scott!"

The smile on his face faded as if by magic, and he gave vent to a muttered exclamation of amazement.

The money was not in the safe. The cubicles in which the notes reposed were empty. There was nothing of value to the Outsider left.

Lumley-Lumley stared, tight-lipped and perplexed, into the safe, and then he shook his head.

"Dished, diddled, and done!" he muttered. "I reckon the Head must have suspected my designs, and put the cash

into a place of safety, unless somebody else has been here first. By Jove—a clue!"

He picked up a small, white handkerchief from the floor in front of the safe. Curiously enough, he had not noticed it before. He peered at the flimsy article intently, and discovered a monogram worked in pink silk in a corner of the handkerchief.

"C. H.!" he muttered. "Cecilie Holmes!"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley stared blankly at the handkerchief, which emitted a soft, pleasing scent.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" he muttered swiftly. "Surely Miss Cecilie wouldn't rob the pater! My hat, though, it might be possible! She's got a secret. She's up to something fishy behind her father's back. Oh, crumbs, this is a giddy go, and no mistake! And now I guess I'm discovered!"

Lumley-Lumley uttered this last remark as a footfall became audible outside the door. He started back, and switched off his light, just as the handle of the door turned softly.

With fast-beating heart the expelled junior hid behind a screen near by, and waited.

The door swung open silently, and a stealthy figure entered.

Lumley-Lumley waited, with bated breath, until the intruder came close to him.

Then suddenly he switched on his torchlight, and stepped quickly from his place of concealment.

"Oh!" A startled cry, uttered in a girlish voice, arose, and, in the bright beam of his torchlight, Lumley-Lumley saw his companion in the study.

His brow became grim, and a hard smile flickered at the corners of his mouth.

It was Miss Cecilie, the Head's daughter!

CHAPTER 12.

The Surprise of his Life!

"GOOD-EVENING, Miss Cecilie," said Jerrold Lumley-Lumley calmly. "How funny that we should meet again so soon, and under such mysterious circumstances!"

Cecilie Holmes did not reply, but the Outsider could hear her breathing tensely. He regarded her curiously.

"What—what are you doing here?" she faltered, at length.

Lumley-Lumley grinned. "What are you doing here, may I ask, Miss Cecilie?" he inquired.

"I—I—" "You forestalled me, Miss Cecilie," said Lumley-Lumley pleasantly. "Anyway, I'm glad you got it!"

"You—you are glad I got what?" "The money—in your pater's safe." She gave him a startled glance.

"You know?" she gasped. Jerrold Lumley-Lumley chuckled softly.

"Yes, I can pretty well guess," he said. "I'm sorry, Miss Cecilie! I don't mean to be cruel or spiteful. But when I discovered that you had burgled the old chap's safe—"

"You will please speak respectfully of my father," reproved Miss Cecilie, frowning.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cecilie!" said Lumley-Lumley, flushing. "Well, as I was saying, when I discovered that you had been at the safe, I couldn't help remembering what you told me yesterday—that you have a secret you don't wish your pater to know."

"How do you know I—I stole money

from my father's safe? The fact that I have a secret is no proof."

"No, but I guess this is!" chuckled the Outsider, and he held up the handkerchief before her. "You must have dropped it when you were cracking the crib, Miss Cecilie. Perhaps," he added shrewdly, "this is what you have come back for?"

Miss Cecilie stared at the handkerchief, and then looked searchingly at Lumley-Lumley.

"I suppose," she said, so calmly that the Outsider was surprised, "I suppose you came here with the intention of robbing my father's safe?"

"I guess I'll make no bones over it," replied Lumley-Lumley dryly. "Your pater has treated me rottenly, you know. This morning he expelled me from St. Jim's because once upon a time I was a rotter. He quite disregarded the fact that for terms past I have been going straight. I thought I wouldn't wait until to-morrow for the humiliation of leaving, like a dog with its tail between its legs, and so hit on the idea of making a dramatic exit from St. Jim's. I also determined to give your father the satisfaction of knowing that he was right when he called me a blackguard to-day. I guess that word, cut in me, Miss Cecilie, and I haven't been able to forget it. I intended leaving St. Jim's, to shift for myself and earn my living—anywhere and anyhow. A dog without a character must take the back turnings and live in the gutters. That was my idea of burgling the safe—I wanted some money to start off with, for I'm pretty hard up. I'm afraid it's no use a fellow trying to be decent. I have been living decently for some time, and liked it better than the old life, and fully intended keeping straight until one of the old gang turned up and split to your pater."

Miss Cecilie nodded. She had been listening intently to all the Outsider said.

"Yes," she said. "He was the man you saved me from in the woods yesterday?"

Lumley-Lumley nodded. "And in revenge for that he told my father about your past!"

"I reckon he would have done that anyway, Miss Cecilie," observed Lumley-Lumley dryly. "He wanted to blackmail me, but I didn't cotton on."

Miss Cecilie regarded the expelled junior intently.

"Well," she murmured, "just what are you thinking about doing now?"

"Several things." The Outsider's face hardened a little. "I'm a rotter now, Miss Cecilie—at least, I'm determined to be a rotter! I don't blame your father, although he expelled me without giving me a chance. He'll think worse of me in the morning, I guess, when he finds his safe burgled and me gone. Let me give you a tip, Miss Cecilie, not to leave any more clues lying around. I've got this handkerchief, which would, of course, clear me of suspicion. Your father wouldn't dream that his own daughter had robbed him, would he?"

"Are you going to give me that handkerchief back?" she whispered.

Lumley-Lumley's eyes narrowed a little.

"I'm still a rotter, you know, Miss Cecilie," he remarked bitterly. "If I acted up to my determination to be a blackguard, I'd stick to this clue and blackmail you."

Miss Cecilie, with a quick movement, drew a bundle of rustling notes from her pocket and extended them towards Lumley-Lumley.

"Will these do?" she faltered.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley gave a hard, dry chuckle, and took the money from her. He glanced casually at it.

"Much obliged, Miss Cecilie! I've managed to convince you that I'm still a rotter! On second thoughts, though, I reckon I don't want the money. Take it back!"

And, hastily, as though the notes were burning his fingers, the Outsider thrust them back into her hand.

Miss Cecilie took a step back, regarding him in amazement.

"Why?" she asked breathlessly.

"Because I made a mistake—because I've been deluding myself, and you, Miss Cecilie, and my old chums, that I was a rotter—that's why," said the Outsider, and his voice throbbed queerly. "I was hoping that you'd offer me the money, because I wanted a chance to refuse it. I just wanted to prove to myself that I—I can be decent."

"Master Lumley-Lumley—"

"Keep the money, Miss Cecilie, for I dare say you must need it pretty badly. I guess you can take your handkerchief, too. I'll not say a word. Let your father still think me a rotter. He cannot think worse of me than he already does. If he mentions my name, Miss Cecilie, please put a good word in for me, and ask him not to tell the other—my old chums. That's the hardest part of all—leaving them, to think me a blackguard. Your father was mistaken, Miss Cecilie, when he called me a blackguard, although I don't suppose he'll ever find out his mistake."

"Yes, he will!" exclaimed Miss Cecilie, in a jubilant voice. "I win, daddy!" she cried, and switched on the electric-light.

Blinking in the dazzling light, Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was amazed to see the figure of Doctor Holmes stride into the room from an adjacent doorway.

CHAPTER 13.

All Serene!

DOCTOR HOLMES' voice was husky as he laid a hand upon Lumley-Lumley's shoulder and spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I was mistaken," he said kindly. "And I must thank Cecilie for proving that I was wrong. Lumley-Lumley, my poor lad, you have been severely tried and have showed yourself to be a chivalrous and brave gentleman!"

Lumley-Lumley, for the moment, was dazed. He looked bewilderedly from the Head to Miss Cecilie, and then again at the Head.

"I have been concealed in the next room, and have heard everything," said Doctor Holmes. "Cecilie and I were waiting for you to come along, and—ahem!—execute your vengeance!"

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley passed a hand bewilderedly across his brow. Through the midst of his confusion, it dawned upon him that the Head and Miss Cecilie had tricked him.

"So—so it was a put-up job!" he gasped at last. "Miss Cecilie, you did not rob the safe—you were acting all the time?"

Miss Cecilie gave a ripple of laughter, and Doctor Holmes' kind old face broke into a smile.

"Yes, Lumley-Lumley," he said, "it was Cecilie who arranged everything. After I had expelled you, she told me how you bravely rescued her yesterday from the very man who was already your enemy. It was a brave and unselfish action, my boy, and I admire you for it. I quite realise that it was as a direct consequence of your attack upon him that Godger wrote to me as he did. Cecilie's secret was not so very terrible, after all. She had been over to Rylcombe to help organise a dance and a concert in aid of the local hospital. The

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explanation of her secrecy was that she wished it to be a surprise to me. But, when she knew that you had been expelled, she explained everything to me, and pleaded that you might be given a chance to show your real nature. Cecilie had seen you looking at my safe, and so had I, and we both guessed that you intended robbing the safe, and leaving St. Jim's to-night. Cecilie suggested this—ahem!—this trap for you, Lumley-Lumley, which, I am pleased to say, has been successful. I am now convinced, my boy, that there is more good in you than bad. We have all had in us—we are all apt to stumble. You, Lumley-Lumley, stumbled some time ago, when you led the wicked life that Godger disclosed to me. You recovered, and remained honest and upright until you stumbled again—yesterday. It was I, perhaps, who, acting on an exalted sense of duty, caused you to stumble by expelling you. I have heard your own opinions concerning the step I took, and I do not resent them, my boy. Cecilie undertook to convince me of my mistake, and I am more than indebted to her for preventing an injustice being done to an honest lad. Give me your hand, Lumley-Lumley, and allow me to say how sorry I am for my harsh treatment of you yesterday."

The Outsider shook hands with Doctor Holmes, whose eyes were moist with tears.

"Thank you, sir!" muttered Lumley-Lumley brokenly. "And—and thank you so much, Miss Cecilie! I don't deserve—"

"You deserve a chance to continue the honest life you have been leading since your reformation, Lumley-Lumley," said Doctor Holmes, in a soft voice. "Let us forget the past, Lumley-Lumley, and look to the future. Persevere with fulfilling your good resolutions, and you will enjoy everything that is best in life. You will take your place with the Fourth Form to-morrow without a stain or a blemish on your character. You have been tested to-night, my dear boy, and your will-power and sense of what is right and noble has conquered the evil. I am confident that you will ever continue to do so, and am proud to recognise you as a boy of St. Jim's!"

Miss Cecilie's bright eyes were shining radiantly. She stepped forward and extended her hand towards Lumley-Lumley.

The Outsider flushed crimson, and took the small hand in his. A lump arose in his throat as he felt the warm pressure of the girl's hand.

"I am glad—glad that I won," she whispered softly. "Master Lumley-Lumley, my reward is ten pounds towards my dance and concert at Rylcombe next week. Will you come?"

"Yes, thank you, Miss Cecilie, I'll come!" muttered the Outsider huskily.

"Return to your bed, my lad," said Dr. Holmes kindly. "It is nearly midnight. Good-night, Lumley-Lumley!"

"Good-night, sir! Good-night, Miss Cecilie!"

And the Outsider went from the Head's study, overwhelmed with thankfulness, and walking as though he were treading on air.

CHAPTER 14.

At His Own Request!

TOM MERRY, Manners, and Lowther were seated in Study No. 10, after lessons next day, when a tap sounded at their door.

"Come in!" sang out Tom Merry.

The door opened, and Jerrold Lumley-Lumley walked in.

Tom Merry & Co. looked askance at him.

"Excuse me, you fellows," said the Outsider, flushing red. "I've come to ask if you'll do me a favour."

"What is it?" asked Tom Merry gruffly.

"Give me a jolly hard bumping!"

"Eh?"

"I mean it," he said. "I acted the giddy goat yesterday. I was mad, I suppose, because Godger split to the Head—"

"Did he? The rotter!"

"Yes; but it's all right now," said Lumley-Lumley. "I've explained to the Head, and he believes in me. I want you fellows to believe in me, too. I've kept straight for some time, and I mean to always keep straight. And, just to prove how sorry I am for going crooked again yesterday, I want you chaps to give me a bumping. Will you?"

"What—ho!" said Monty Lowther, jumping to his feet.

"Certainly!" grinned Tom Merry, also rising.

"Anything to oblige a chap!" observed Manners.

The Outsider suffered himself to be grasped in the grip of the Terrible Three, who proceeded to bump him well and truly.

Bump, bump, bump!

"Yaroooooh!" gasped the Outsider, as his person smote the floor with a series of loud concussions. "That's it, you chaps! Yow-ow!"

Bump, bump, bump!

The door opened, to admit Jack Blake, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Herries, and Digby of the Fourth. They gazed at the scene in the end study in considerable astonishment.

"What the thump are you bumping Lumley-Lumley for, Tommy?" demanded Blake.

"Yow! I guess I asked them to do it!" gasped Lumley-Lumley, struggling to his feet and giving his Form-fellows a twisted grin. "You see, I'm sorry for being a burbling ass yesterday, and I wanted to do a sort of penance—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry & Co.

"Gwast Scott!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, regarding Lumley-Lumley intently through his monocle. "This is weally most gwatifying, Lumlay, deah boy! Do you weally mean it?"

"Honest Injun!" replied Jerrold Lumley-Lumley. "I'm finished with playing the goat. The Head knows all about my past now, and he's satisfied that I'm straight. I don't care a hang about Godger, for he can't touch me now he's done his worst. I was a mug for getting discouraged yesterday, but I've had my bumping. You chaps can boil me in oil next time you catch me smoking!"

"Bravo, Lumley!"

"That's woppin', deah boy!"

"We came to ask you chaps to tea in our den," said Blake. "Lumley-Lumley, old son, you'll come, too?"

"Thanks, Blake!" said the Outsider. "I'll come with pleasure!"

And, in the best of spirits, and with Jerrold Lumley-Lumley in their midst, feeling radiantly happy, the chums of the School House bided themselves unto Study No. 6 in the Fourth Form passage, where they partook of a gorgeous spread generously provided by the noble Gussy, who had received a fiver from his pater that afternoon.

THE END.

(Another grand long story next week, entitled: "LOWTHER ON THE WAR-PATH!" By Martin Clifford. Order EARLY.)

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JASPER STANDISH plans to have his revenge on his enemy, RICHARD HARMER, by kidnapping his son DICK and transporting him to SLAVE ISLAND. He makes a bargain with the owner, HANS MEPPPEL, to this effect, and the Dutchman succeeds in carrying off Dick Harmer to the strange island, where he is made a slave. Here Dick meets Elaine, a charming little slave.

When Standish returns home, he discovers that this girl is none other than his long-lost daughter, who had been missing for many years.

CAPTAIN DIRK KENTISH, R.N.R., a retired sea captain, is employed by Dick's father to search for him. The captain visits Chinatown to recruit a crew to sail with him on his strange quest. He meets some old friends.

Here he is instrumental in rescuing a Dutch acquaintance of Mepppel's, Peter van Lardent, whom he finds in the former's opium-den.

Dick and Elaine see their opportunity of escaping by stowing away in one of Mepppel's steamers which is about to leave. Their escape being discovered, they take to the water, but are picked out by searchlights from the island. Hans Mepppel sets out in a small boat and recaptures them. Meanwhile, Captain Kentish nears the island, and, climbing over the rocks, he sees Elaine bound to a blindfolded horse, which is making a mad dash for the brink of the rocks. A bullet leaves his rifle only just in time to drop the horse and save Elaine from certain death.

He is seen by one of Mepppel's overseers, who, drawing his bow, fires an arrow, which pierces the captain's leg, and sends him rolling down the slope towards his enemies.

(Now read on.)

Jacko to the Rescue!

GAME to the last, the skipper tried to make a fight of it, as he found himself lying at last upon his back in the centre of the rugged path with fallen overseers all round him.

But those who had managed to avoid being sent down, and who had now fallen upon him, were in full possession of their strength, whilst Kentish was badly wounded.

His bunched fist got home on the jaw of a bearded German and hurled him backwards; but others pressed forward, and knelt upon and struck at him until the plucky skipper's head whirled.

Whilst some remained kneeling upon him, others dashed off down the path as

fast as they could and brought back cords.

The skipper's hands were forced behind his back and bound; and, just as he was being marched away towards the prison, Dick Harmer glimpsed Elaine's unknown rescuer being led down the path in the midst of his savagely-jeering foes.

The skipper carried his head high, in spite of the fact that his face was scratched and bleeding, and one of his eyes showing a tendency to close. His expedition had not started very successfully, but he was far from giving way to despair.

Knowing O'Hara and his crew as he did, Captain Kentish felt that they would never forsake him, and, when he failed to return from the summit of the rocks, they would find a means of coming in search of him.

The only fact that disconcerted him was the vast numbers of overseers he passed as he was led through the plantations to the clearing by the sphinx-like rocks.

He had counted at least one hundred and fifty, and felt fairly certain that there must be a good many more who had not come within his sight.

Their numbers were formidable. He had not reckoned Slave Island to be run on a magnitude such as this, and, if it came to having to pit themselves against the whole forces of the island, his crew would be outnumbered by something like ten to fifteen to one.

Well, his men would fight for him to the last gasp—until the last of them had gone under. He knew that, and set his teeth and prepared to face whatever lay in store for him.

Had he but known, a friend was even now on the way to discover where he had gone—was starting to climb the giant rocks that shut out the view of Slave Island from the sea.

Jacko, his pet monkey, had followed him on deck when he had left his cabin with the intention of being rowed out to the rocks.

It will be recalled that it had not then been light, and the monkey had not been seen, though it had been squatting quite near upon the steamer's rails when Captain Kentish was having his boat lowered.

As the sailors and the skipper entered the little craft, the monkey took a flying leap after them and landed safely behind his master as he sat in the boat's stern.

Jacko was a sagacious customer, and probably he had an idea that the skipper had not wanted to take him on this

expedition to the rocks. He kept very quiet, at all events, and, in the gloom, remained unnoticed.

No sooner had the skipper commenced to climb the rocks, however, than Jacko had leapt after him.

Landing at a particularly perpendicular spot, it was a considerable time before the monkey could find a means of climbing after its master. But his wonderful intelligence and agility enabled him to do so at last, and he was now almost at the summit of the towering black mass.

Captain Kentish was forced against a tree at the fringe of the clearing, and, in spite of his squirming and kicking out at his captors, he was bound to it.

The ranks of the white-clothed overseers parted, and Hans Mepppel came swaggering up to the Britisher.

"So, mein freindt," he sneered, his evil eyes glaring into those of the skipper, "you haf been a leedle too clever, ain't id, eh? Vell, vell, id iss fortunate for us! I vill question mit you."

The skipper shrugged and waited.

"How do you come here?" Mepppel demanded.

"I reckon that's obvious—I didn't fly," Captain Kentish retorted.

"Jah! Id vass in a ship. Dot, as you say, obvious iss," the Dutchman agreed. "But, vhy you climb der rocks?"

"To see over the other side. What the thunder do you think?" snapped the skipper aggressively. "And, look here, you be-whiskered, murderous son of a darned bad sea-cook, have a care how you deal with me! I am a Britisher, and there's other Britishers who will make things hum if I am harmed! Got that?"

Hans Mepppel's face flushed with anger.

"Dog! Pig!" he shouted, striking the helpless skipper in the face. "You dare talk to me like dot! I, here, am all-powerful!"

"Now," the skipper admitted coolly. "You won't be for long!"

"You haf a ship on der ot'er side of der rocks—jah?"

"That's obvious, too."

"Und vhy you pring id here, hein?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean t'iss," Mepppel snarled, trying to keep an uneasy look out of his eyes, but failing. "Vass it py chance dot you sailed your vessel here, or did you come in search of mein island?"

The skipper looked fearlessly back into his eyes and smiled grimly. He could see that the man was in very real fear that the whereabouts of his so long

known retreat was in danger of being disclosed to the world, and Captain Kentish had no intention of satisfying him by answering his questions in this respect.

"Speak!" Hans Meppel thundered, shaking his huge fist in the captain's bearded face.

"I'll speak—yes," the Britisher retorted, "to tell you to go to Jericho! You'll not be told by me whether I came here by chance or by design!"

"Will I nod? Ve shall see!" the Dutchman snarled, an ugly expression crossing his face. "Led us see what a leedle persuasion vill do, and't id?"

He clapped his hands, and almost instantly two huge negro slaves came through the ranks of the watching overseers, bearing a glowing brazier. Thrust between the bars and into the heart of the glowing fire within was a short bar of iron.

Hans Meppel wound a handkerchief about it and drew it out, disclosing the fact that it was white hot. With his mouth twisting into an unpleasant and evil leer, he raised it and held it so near to the captain's cheek that its heat scorched his flesh.

"Now, vill you tell me what I vant to know?" he asked, with a savage laugh.

"No!" Captain Kentish assured him steadily.

With a cry of rage the Dutchman thrust the white-hot bar at the skipper's cheek, and it was only by swiftly jerking his head on one side that Captain Kentish avoided being burned to the bone and branded for life.

The Dutchman made to thrust again at him with the glowing bar; but before he could do so, curious and totally unexpected aid appeared for the skipper.

There was a wild chattering and a screech of rage, and from the branches of the tree to which Captain Kentish was bound dropped a dark grey shape—Jacko.

The monkey's instinct had enabled it to follow in the tracks of its master and come up with him, and it must have been watching what was happening from the tree.

Cleanly upon Hans Meppel's broad shoulder the little animal dropped, and, evidently seething with rage at the treatment of its master, it promptly clawed the Dutchman down both cheeks.

Bellowing with wrath and pain, Hans Meppel dropped the bar of iron and went reeling back. But the monkey clung to him with the tenacity of a leech, clawing and biting like a loosed imp of fury.

Bombarded from the Sea!

SCREAMING with agony, Hans Meppel tripped and went down in a huddled heap, the small, but now thoroughly aroused and vicious monkey clinging to his head and continuing to rend his face with both teeth and nails.

The attack of the plucky little animal had been so sudden and totally unexpected that the overseers, who had been grouped about the helpless Captain Kentish to watch his torture, had as yet moved neither hand nor foot to help their leader.

When, however, they heard the Dutchman's cries of pain, and saw him writhing on the ground, trying to secure a hold upon the monkey to drag it off, and succeeding only in getting his fingers snapped, they moved forward in a body.

But Jacko was no fool.

In a flash he left his victim, and, with

a spring, was upon the shoulder of one of the would-be rescuers. Then, before the man realised what was happening, another agile leap had carried the monkey to one of the lower branches of the tree, whence he had dropped some minute before.

Chattering excitedly, he leapt higher and disappeared amongst the foliage, and there was no sign of him when Hans Meppel presently staggered to his feet.

The huge Dutchman was a sight to behold.

His face was covered in bites and scratches, and streaming with blood. Fortunately for him, his eyes had escaped the busily working nails and teeth of the skipper's little champion, but one of his ears was bitten through, and had been partially torn from his head.

He danced in his pain and rage, and used extremely bad Dutch. Watching him, Captain Kentish could not suppress a smile, though he was well aware that it might cost him more than dear.

"Ach, himmel! Where iss t'at teufel of a mongkhey?" Hans Meppel shouted, almost incoherent in his passion. "Donner und blitzen! Find id—find id, you pigs—you fools! I vill haf id tortured to death, ain't id! Ach, blitzen! Where iss id, I say?"

"It's in the tree, I guess," said one of the overseers, an American. "You'll never catch it in a month of Sundays!"

"Vill I nod? Himmel! Put ve shall see! I vill haf der tree cut down—burnt down—any'ting put vot I vill catch t'at fiend of an animal!"

He caught sight of the smile that was still quivering about the skipper's lips.

Uttering a howl of fury, he picked up the bar of iron and thrust it between the grille of the brazier.

"So," he gritted furiously, "so, mein freund, you find it funny, eh? In von minute you on der o'ter side of your face vill laugh!"

Quickly the bar of iron grew red-hot, and Hans Meppel drew it from the glowing heart of the brazier with a guttural exclamation of triumph.

Blood was running into his eyes from his wounds, but so great was his wrath that he scarcely noticed it, though it half-blinded him. He was bent upon taking a vicious revenge upon his bound and helpless captive, and, with the red-hot bar held in his hand, moved towards him. Again, however, it was not to be.

There had been many antagonists of the British skipper's who, in the past, had declared he had a charmed life, and possessed an amazing luck that never left him; and this, indeed, seemed to be borne out to-day.

As Meppel reached him and raised the red-hot iron to sear his face, there came a reverberating boom from the direction of the sea—a deep, rumbling report like a clap of thunder, which seemed to cause the ground to quake.

It was followed by sounds as of mighty masses of rock falling, and Hans Meppel stood stock-still, his heavy face blanching under the blood that was upon it.

"Himmel! Vot vass id?" he gasped, swinging round and facing his overseers, who, one and all, looked as scared as himself.

Boom!

Before any of them could recover from their awe and surprise and answer, the terrifying roar was repeated, echoing and re-echoing from one side of the island to the other. And once more there came the thud and crash of falling rocks.

"Caramba!" cried an overseer, whose swarthy skin and raven black hair left

little doubt as to his being a Spaniard. "All is lost! Senor, you must realize what it means!"

"Ach, id can't mean t'at—"

"It does," the Spaniard cut in, guessing what he was about to say. "The existence—the whereabouts of Slave Island is public property at last, and we are being bombarded by some naval vessel from the sea!"

Found by Wireless!

CHAOS!

The one word describes adequately the conditions that reigned within the next few moments upon Slave Island.

Panic-stricken, mad with fear lest the next shell should be aimed through the rocks, which must now be at least partially demolished, and burst in their midst, the overseers scurried for cover.

Hans Meppel went with them, forgetting the vengeance he had meant to take upon Captain Kentish for laughing at his plight.

The Dutchman's heavy face was grey with fear. His knees quaked as he ran, and his eyes dilated wildly. He feared to hear the roar of a shell at any moment at his back, and was stricken with an awful terror.

Years ago he had been accustomed to wonder at times if the day might not come when his illicit slave colony would be found, and he himself punished; but, with the passing of time and no sign reaching him that its existence was even suspected, he had come to believe that exposure and retribution were impossible. Thus it was an even worse shock to him now that it seemed likely they had come at last.

Slaves came rushing from the plantations to join madly in the overseers' stampede; and through the ranks of the latter ran the news that none at first could believe—news that rescue from their living death was at hand.

When the slaves heard fresh explosions from the sea, and some of their number came from that direction, declaring that a great hole gaped in the rocks, however, they could no longer doubt, and into the brains of many rushed the desire to rebel and take vengeance on the inhuman masters who had forced them to toil and suffer through the long years.

A giant negro noticed Captain Kentish, as the latter stood tied to the tree, and, approaching, began to tug at the knots of his bonds to free him.

Jacko abruptly dropped from amongst the foliage to the ground, and would have sprang at the nigger and attacked him, as he had done with Hans Meppel, but a word from the skipper arrested the little animal's intended leap, and he waited, watching the black fumbling with the cords and blinking his eyes.

"Thanks!" Captain Kentish rapped, as he threw off the last of his bonds and stepped away from the tree-trunk. "Say, Sambo, you know a boy here named Dick Harner?"

The negro grinned, showing his perfect white teeth.

He shook his woolly head.

"No, massa—not 'less him de English boy who saved de young missy from being killed in de arena. Dey try kill de young missy agin dis mornin'. She de young gal you stopped from being frown ober de rocks wid de hoss, sah!"

Boom!

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