

THE BEST PAPER FOR BOYS!

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LIBRARY

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ARRIVING FOR GRUNDY'S GREAT SALE!

(An Incident from the Grand Long Complete School Story Inside.)

EDITORIAL.

My Dear Chums,—

My new programme of stories will be voted better than ever, I feel sure. Mr. Martin Clifford is never stronger than when he runs up the curtain on some incident dealing with the home life of one of the better known characters. Of course, school tales must be about the school, but the fellow who has trouble at home cannot help it if that trouble influences his career at the school.

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GRUNDY and the GRAMMAR SCHOOL

A Grand, Long Complete School Story of the Chums of St. Jim's and Gordon Gay & Co., of Rylcombe Grammar School, telling of their Great Fight for Supremacy.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 1.

Up to Grundy.

"IT'S up to me!"

Grundy of the Shell had been silent for a full minute. Wilkins and Gunn, naturally, had rather wondered what was the matter.

Tea was going on in Study No. 3 in the Shell in the School House at St. Jim's.

It was a lavish tea. Grundy had received a remittance that day from his celebrated Uncle Grundy. On such occasions Grundy's study-mates came in for a full share of the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. There was nothing mean about George Alfred Grundy. He had his faults—indeed, they were too numerous to mention—but it was not to be denied that Grundy was an excellent fellow to chum with—at tea-time!

As Grundy was standing a handsome spread, Wilkins and Gunn were prepared to stand Grundy's conversation. They would even have tried to keep grave faces if Grundy had talked football.

Grundy prided himself upon being one of the "strong silent" characters. The chief characteristic of the strong, silent character, is the enormous amount of talk he can get through. So it was with Grundy! But, amazing to relate, Grundy had been silent for a whole minute—a record for a strong, silent character!

He broke the unaccustomed stillness at last, with a remark that was rapped out like a pistol-shot.

It came so suddenly that it startled Wilkins and Gunn. Gunn nearly dropped his teacup; Wilkins, whose rather capacious mouth was full of creamy meringue, swallowed too suddenly, and began to cough.

"Up to me!" repeated Grundy. He stared across the well-spread tea-table at his study-mates. "I've thought it out!"

The mystery was revealed at last—the cause of Grundy's mysterious silence! He had been thinking! Naturally, Wilkins and Gunn had not suspected that!

"Groogh!" gasped Wilkins, busy with the meringue that had gone the wrong way.

"Eh?" said Grundy.

"Gerrooogh!"

"What the thump are you making that thumping row for, George Wilkins, when a fellow's talking?"

"Ooooh! Ow! Wooooff!" said Wilkins.

"Shut up, old chap! It's up to me!" said Grundy.

"Perhaps I should say it's up to us! You fellows are going to help me."

"Help you to anything you like, old bun!" said Gunn. "Dash it all, you're standing the spread! What can I help you to? Jam-tarts?"

"Look here, Gunn—"

"Try these ham patties," said Gunn. "They're topping. I've had seven!"

"You silly chump—"

"What?"

"I'm not talking about grub!" said Grundy disdainfully. "I was remarking it is up to me. Tom Merry is no good!"

"Eh? What? Yes! No!" said Gunn, hoping that some portion, at least, of that variegated reply would fill the bill. He had not the remotest idea of what Grundy was driving at. Besides, he wasn't interested. His interest was fixed upon ham patty number eight.

"Don't babble, Gunn!"

"Hem!"

"Tom Merry is simply no good. Manners and Lowther are a pair of chumps," said Grundy. "The Terrible Three, indeed!" Grundy snorted. "Terrible asses, if you like. They can't keep our end up against the Grammar School. What do you think, Gunn?"

"I think I'll try the cream puffs, after all!"

"You silly owl! What do you think of Tom Merry as a leader against Rylcombe Grammar School?" hooted Grundy.

"Splendid!"

"What?"

"I—I mean—rotten!" gasped Gunn.

"That's the word—rotten!" said Grundy. "Absolutely N. G. Then there's Study No. 6. Blake is an ass!"

"Certainly!" said Gunn.

"Herries is a chump!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Digby is a noodle."

"Hear, hear!"

"D'Arcy is a blithering idiot."

"Right on the wicket!"

"I'm glad you agree with me," said Grundy, relaxing the frown on his brow a little. "In some things, Gunny, you're not such a fool as you look!"

"Oh!" gasped Gunn.

This was his reward for his hearty agreement with Grundy. Perhaps it was the reward he deserved.

"Yet that lot," said Grundy, "set up as leaders of the School House. If there's any dispute about leadership, it's between Tom Merry & Co., and Study No. 6—between a lot of asses, and a lot of duffers. They're all simply no good, just as you say, Gunny."

"I don't say so," answered Gunn, rather tartly.

"What?"

"You say so!" said Gunn, apparently tired of agreeing with Grundy's drastic opinions. "I don't! Tom Merry's all right!"

"If you're going to argue, Gunn, we'd better push the table back, and get a clear space!" said Grundy.

"Don't rag, old chaps!" said Wilkins pacifically. "You're right, Grundy—right on the wicket! Shut up, Gunny! Grundy's standing this spread. Let Grundy run on!"

"I'm not running on, Wilkins!" roared Grundy. "I'm talking hoss-sense!"

"Well, go on talking hoss-sense, while I go on with the meringues," said Wilkins affably.

Grundy snorted.

Wilkins and Gunn were his faithful followers. But somehow Grundy felt that even his faithful followers were incapable of the hearty, loyal support that so great a leader deserved and needed. Often and often he had to threaten them with punching. Often and often they would have backed out of the great Grundy's stunts but for the prospect of trouble in the study afterwards.

But though the whole School House slacked round him, Grundy was determined to keep his own study up to the mark. Efficiency was his motto; Grundy was "nuts" on efficiency. Efficiency appeared to consist in agreeing with everything Grundy said.

"You're pretty near as slack as the rest!" growled Grundy. "You'd be quite, if I didn't keep you up to it. But I was

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saying, it's up to us. Tom Merry's N. G. Study No. 6 is played out. Figgins & Co., over in the New House, are back numbers. If I don't take the matter in hand, and give the Grammarians the kybosh, who's going to do it?"

Grundy paused, but not, like Brutus, for a reply. Grundy was prepared to do all the talking that was necessary, and some over.

"Nobody!" continued Grundy. "St. Jim is practically going to the dogs. Gordon Gay & Co. chip up, and spoof us, and have the laugh up against us. I'm fed up with it! It's up to me, and I'm going to take the matter in hand. You fellows are going to back me up!"

"Are we?" murmured Gunn.

"What did you say, Gunn?"

"Hem! Nothing!"

"Well, don't! Now, my methods are simple," said Grundy. "I'm not going to fool about the bizney. My idea is to begin by giving Gordon Gay a jolly good hiding. Mind, I don't dislike the chap—in fact, I rather like him personally. But he's got to be put in his place. Thrashing a chap puts him in his place—what?"

Again Grundy paused, and again it was not for a reply Grundy was in no need of replies.

"I've mentioned to you fellows, I believe, how it was I came to leave Redclyffe School—" resumed Grundy.

Wilkins and Gunn groaned involuntarily. They had heard all about why Grundy had left Redclyffe—having "whopped" a prefect of the Redclyffe Sixth. Grundy had great faith in "whopping." But the authorities at Redclyffe, evidently, had not seen eye to eye with Grundy on the subject of whopping. Redclyffe had dispensed with his fascinating company. That was how the great George Alfred had come to bestow the boon and blessing of his noble self upon St. Jim's. Often and often Wilkins and Gunn had regretted that whopping at Redclyffe.

"I whopped a prefect there," said Grundy, just as if his study-mates had never heard the story before. "He cheeked me, and I whopped him. I never stand any rot. I've several times thought of whopping Kildare of the Sixth here."

"Oh!" gasped Wilkins.

"I've thought of it," said Grundy darkly. "I may do it some day, if Kildare doesn't mind his p's and q's. Never mind that now. As I was saying, I left Redclyffe for whopping a prefect. It did him good; I'm sure of that. Nothing like whopping a fellow to put him in his place. Well, I'm going to whop Gordon Gay—see?"

"But suppose—" said Gunn.

"Suppose what?"

"Suppose he whops you?"

"If you're going to talk like an idiot, William Gunn, wait till I've finished, and I'll leave you the study to babble in."

"Oh!" said Gunn.

"That being settled," said Grundy. "It's for us to settle the details. I'm not going to whop Gay in the lane, or the village street. No hole-and-corner bizney for me. I'm going over to the Grammar School, and Tom Merry & Co. are coming as witnesses—"

"Are they?"

"They are! I've settled that. There'll be a St. Jim's crowd and a Grammar crowd, to see fair play. And when Gay is thoroughly whopped, matters will be on rather a better footing—what?"

Grundy rose from the tea-table.

"To-morrow's Wednesday," he said. "I've fixed it for to-morrow afternoon, being a half-holiday. You fellows will be careful not to have any other engagements."

"I—I was going to footer practice."

"Don't talk rot, Wilkins!"

"I—I was going to the pictures."

"Don't be an ass, Gunn!"

"Look here, Grundy—"

"That's settled. Now I'll go and let Tom Merry know what I've decided."

And, having crushed opposition in his own study, George Alfred Grundy walked out into the Shell passage, and headed for Study No. 10. Wilkins and Gunn looked at one another.

"Well!" said Wilkins.

"Well!" said Gunn.

And they devoted themselves to the spread. Words were inadequate to express what they thought of Grundy.

CHAPTER 7.

Grundy Asks For It.

TOM MERRY & CO. did not look pleased when Grundy of the Shell walked into Study No. 10. The war between St. Jim's and Rylcombe Grammar School was going strong, and the Grammarians had had the best of the recent exchanges. But Tom was not thinking of Gordon Gay & Co. at that moment. He was thinking of the THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 731.

House match that was coming off on the morrow, and his impression was that Grundy had dropped in to ask for a place in the School House junior team. And Tom was tired of saying no to Grundy.

Manners and Lowther smiled. They liked to hear Grundy talking football. What Grundy did not know about that great game would have filled the "Encyclopedia Britannica" to overflowing. Grundy could be entertaining at times, though quite unconsciously.

Tom Merry held up his hand as Grundy loomed in.

"Nothing doing!" he said.

"I've looked in to tell you—"

"Don't!"

"Do!" said Lowther. "Let him talk, Tom. I've missed my 'Chuckles' this week, and Grundy will fill a long-felt want."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Shut up, Lowther!" said Grundy. "You shut up, too, Manners. And you needn't talk, Tom Merry! Just listen to me."

"Listen to the words of wisdom," said Monty Lowther. "The great chief has spoken! Wah!"

"To-morrow afternoon," said Grundy, "I want you, Tom Merry—"

"I knew it was coming," said Tom.

"Listen to me—"

"Nothing doing, Grundy! To-morrow afternoon you'd better run away and play marbles with the Third Form kids. That's your game."

"Listen to me!" roared Grundy. "To-morrow afternoon—"

"Oh, I know what you want!" said the captain of the Shell. "I've heard it all before. Don't sing it over again to me."

"I want you to—"

"Can't be did."

"To come over to the Grammar School—"

"Eh?"

"What?" said Manners and Lowther.

"Aren't you asking for a place in the footer team, as usual?" demanded Tom Merry, in surprise.

"Football! No, I'm not talking about football."

"Then you can blow out of the study," said Lowther. "You're not funny on any other subject."

"Shut up! I've decided to take this affair of the Grammar School in hand, Tom Merry. I'm beginning by whopping Gordon Gay. Sort of first lesson to them, you know. I want you, as junior captain, to come over, with about thirty fellows as witnesses. It's going to be a public affair."

"You want us to see you licked?" asked Manners.

"Licked! I've told you I'm going to lick Gordon Gay."

"Gay might have something different to tell us," said Tom Merry, laughing.

"Don't be an ass! It's settled that you'll all turn up?"

"Not quite. We're playing football to-morrow."

"Never mind that."

"Never mind a House match?" ejaculated the captain of the Shell.

"That's not important," said Grundy. "With me playing it would be worth while, perhaps. But important matters can't be set aside for your fumbling about with a ball and calling it a game."

"Oh, my hat!"

"The fact is, I shall require your presence," said Grundy. "This whopping of Gordon Gay is to be official, in a way. No hole-and-corner business. Say three o'clock."

"Say any o'clock you like," said Tom. "But we're not coming."

"Now, look here, Merry—"

"Give your chin a rest for a minute, Grundy; it must need a rest by this time, after the years it's been in constant action," said Tom. "You're not going to whop Gordon Gay."

"Who says I'm not?" roared Grundy.

"I do! In the first place, you couldn't—"

"You silly owl!"

"In the second place, you shouldn't. We have rags with the Grammarians, but we're supposed to keep our temper on both sides. If we scrap with them, it's not exactly fighting—there's nothing to fight about. If you can squeeze out a rag on the Grammar School, go ahead, and welcome. But fighting is barred. It will only cause ill-feeling, and we don't want that."

"I'm not asking you to do the fighting," said Grundy sarcastically. "I'm not a House of Commons patriot, blowing off steam, and leaving the fighting to other chaps. I'm prepared to do it myself."

"But it isn't to be done."

"Rats!"

"Look here—"

"For goodness' sake, don't argue!" said Grundy impatiently. "I get enough arguing in my own study. It's

extraordinary that fellows haven't the sense to do as I tell 'em, without a lot of argument. There's nothing to cackle at, Monty Lowther! Now, Merry, I don't think much of you as captain of the Shell—"

"Thanks—"
"But you are captain, so I want you to bring a crowd along to-morrow afternoon, and watch the proceedings, and see fair play," said Grundy. "Is it settled? Now, don't talk about House matches any more. I've had enough of that—too much, in fact."

Tom Merry did not talk any more about House matches, or anything else. It was obvious that words were wasted on Grundy. He pointed to the door with a silent forefinger.

Manners and Lowther followed his example. Three steady forefingers pointed to the door in a dead silence.

Grundy seemed puzzled. He stared at the Terrible Three, and then blinked round at the door, as if under the impression that the trio were pointing out some remarkable object to his notice. But there was nothing there but the door.

"What are you up to?" demanded Grundy.

No reply.

"Can't you answer?"

Silence.

"What are you pointing at the door for, like three born idiots?" exclaimed Grundy, his wrath rising.

"Outside!" explained Tom Merry, breaking the silence at last, and vouchsafing Grundy one word.

"Don't be an ass! It's not settled—"

"Outside!"

"Travel!" said Manners.

"Buzz!" said Monty Lowther.

"Look here, you silly chumps!" roared Grundy. "If you yap at me like that, I'll jolly well wade in and mop up the study. I could do it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't cackle at me, or I'll jolly well—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Terrible Three.

That did it! George Alfred Grundy made a rush. Grundy never counted odds; it might have been better for Grundy if he sometimes had. Certainly on this occasion it would have been better.

For the Terrible Three of the Shell jumped up as if moved by the same spring, and Grundy's rush landed him fairly in their arms.

Their arms closed round Grundy, and he was swept off the floor, with his senses whirling as well as his bulky body. Up went his feet—good-sized feet, in good-sized boots; but up they went in spite of their avoirdupois, and Grundy's head came downwards.

Tap! A fendish yell rang through Study No. 10, as 'Grundy's cranium tapped on the carpet—with a rather hefty tap.

"Now come along, old bean," said Lowther.

"Yaroooooh! Lemme down—pumme right—stopit! Yoooooooooooop!"

"Walk this way!" said Monty Lowther cheerfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry had one of Grundy's legs. Lowther had the other. Manners had the back of his jacket in a bunch. Up-ended, Grundy progressed across the study towards the door. He had to go; and as he could not walk with his head, he walked as well as he could on his hands. His large hands flapped desperately on the carpet, to keep his hapless cranium from scraping on the floor.

And the howls and hoots and gurgles that emanated from Grundy were simply terrific.

Up-ended, he walked on his hands out into the passage. His wild howlings brought a crowd of fellows out of their studies, and there were yells of laughter along the Shell passage. Wilkins and Gunn, peering out of Study No. 3, fairly chortled. They did not rush to the rescue of their great leader, as perhaps they ought to have done. They just chortled. To judge by appearances, Wilkins and Gunn enjoyed the spectacle of the up-ended hero.

"Will you leggo?" shrieked Grundy. "I'll smash you! I'll spifficate you! I'll—groogh! Ow, my napper! I'll—yaroooooooh!"

Right along the Shell passage went Grundy, upside-down, thrashing the linoleum with his hands. Probably he would have gone down the staircase in the same fashion; but just then Kildare of the Sixth came up the stairs.

"What the thump—" ejaculated Kildare.

Crash! Crash!

Grundy's boots landed on the floor as the Terrible Three suddenly released him, and scudded back to their study. Grundy sprawled at the feet of the astonished captain of St. Jim's.

"Grundy!" exclaimed Kildare. "What—"

George Alfred sat up, spluttering.

"I'll pulverise 'em! I'll smash 'em! I'll—"

"You young ass!" said Kildare, and he walked on, smiling. Grundy glared after him. He was very near, at that moment, to repeating his celebrated Redclyffe exploit. Fortunately he restrained himself—more fortunately for himself than for Kildare, perhaps.

He staggered breathlessly to his feet. He made a stride along towards Study No. 10, but paused. It was borne in even upon Grundy's brain that a second entrance into Study No. 10 would be followed by a second exit in the same manner. And with his big light at the Grammar School coming off on the morrow, he reflected that it would not be judicious to spend his evening thrashing the Terrible Three. So he left them unthrashed, and after recovering his breath, and adjusting his collar and tie, he proceeded to Study No. 6 in the Fourth to try his luck there.

CHAPTER 3.

No Backers!

"G WUNDAY, bat Jove!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Blake & Co. chuckled as George Alfred came in.

From the doorway of Study No. 6 they had seen Grundy's striking progress along the passage. They seemed to be amused; and they expressed their amusement in a chuckle, undeterred by the dark frown on Grundy's brow.

"Well, what are you cackling at?" snorted Grundy.

"The funniest ass at St. Jim's," said Blake blandly.

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "You are weally a vewy funnay ass, Gwunday."



Tom Merry had one of Grundy's legs, Lowther had the other. Manners had the back of his jacket in a bunch. Grundy was forced out of the study into the corridor. His large hands flapped desperately on the carpet, to keep his hapless cranium from scraping on the floor. The howls and hoots and gurgles that emanated from Grundy were simply terrific!

"I don't want to mop up this study—" said Grundy.
 "Try it on, old top!" said Herries. "You'll take another walk on your head if you do."

"What ho!" said Robert Arthur Digby, with emphasis. Grundy controlled his wrath with difficulty. He saw at a glance that he was going to encounter opposition in the Fourth, just the same as in the Shell. It really was extraordinary how much opposition George Alfred Grundy contrived to encounter.

"I want you fellows to support me to-morrow—" he began, as calmly as he could.

"Somebody going to turn you upside-down again?" asked Dig.

"No!" roared Grundy.

"Then what do you want to be supported for?"

"You silly chump—"

"That is not vewy polite, Gwunday," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy reprovingly. "You weally ought not to walk into a fellow's study and call him a sillay chump, even if the wemark is well-founded—"

"Why, you crass dummy—" began Digby indignantly.

"Weally, Dig—"

"Will you let me explain?" bawled Grundy. "I'm going to give the Grammar School the kybosh."

"Not in your lifetime," said Blake. "But you can run on."

"Yaas, wathah!"

Study No. 6 listened patiently while Grundy expounded his brilliant brain-wave. If Grundy expected a burst of enthusiasm, he was disappointed. Blake yawned, Herries looked bored, Dig whistled, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gave the Shell fellow a look of strong disapproval.

"See?" said Grundy. "Thrashing him, you know—"

"Weally, Gwunday—"

"Fathead!" said Blake. "Don't play the goat! Gay isn't a bad sort. We're going to make him sing small; but there's nothing to fight about. You haven't any sense, Grundy."

"What!"

"Born idiot I think," said Herries reflectively. "What beats me is, why they sent Grundy to St. Jim's, when there's vacancies at Colney Hatch!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Anyhow, we're playing footer to-morrow," said Blake. "But we wouldn't come over to Rylcombe to see you play the ox, Grundy; and if we jolly well catch you going over to pick a quarrel with Gordon Gay, we'll jolly well kybosh you!"

"Yaas, I should considah it my dutay to give you a feafuhl thwashin', Gwunday."

Grundy pushed back his cuffs. Blake & Co. grinned, quite prepared to give Grundy a walk on his head. But the great Grundy changed his mind, just in time. He strode out of the study, and closed the door with a bang, leaving Study No. 6 chuckling.

Grundy did not try his luck in any more of the School House studies. He had a feeling that he would not obtain support there. He shook the dust of the School House from his feet, as it were, and strode away across the dusky quad to the New House.

Figgins & Co., of the New House, were his last resource. He was determined in any case to carry out his great scheme; but he wanted an audience. If his own House declined to back him up, it was their fault if he had to fall back on the New House, Grundy reflected bitterly. So he called on Figgins & Co.

Tom Merry & Co., taking a stroll in the dusky quadrangle, beheld the great Grundy stride away to the rival House, and disappear therein. They waited rather curiously to see what would happen. Grundy's lofty manners and customs were really not likely to enlist the sympathies of the New House. It was only too probable that Grundy had gone to look for more trouble; or, at least, that he would find it, whether he was looking for it or not.

Tom Merry & Co.'s expectation was fulfilled. Evidently Grundy had not been tactful in dealing with Figgins & Co. For suddenly, down the steps of the New House, came a hurried, fleeing figure, and for a moment half a dozen boots were visible in the doorway.

It was Grundy of the Shell!

He rolled down the steps, sat in the quadrangle, and blinked. Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn looked out of the New House, grinning, with half a dozen grinning juniors behind them.

"Come and have some more, Grundy!" roared Figgins.

"Ow! Oh! Ooooooh!" spluttered Grundy.

Tom Merry kindly picked the great man up and helped him away. Grundy seemed damaged. He gasped and spluttered as he went.

"Found some more trouble?" asked Tom sympathetically.

"I was a fool to go to the New House," said Grundy.

"They're bigger slackers and rotters than you fellows, and

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that's saying a lot. Just waited for an excuse to jump on me! I was explaining as politely as anything—I simply called Figgins a silly fool for interrupting me, and told Wynn he was a fat Welsh rabbit—and then—Ow! Oh, dear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cackle!" said Grundy bitterly.

"Thanks! We will!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy snorted scornfully, and stalked away to the School House. Wilkins and Gunn were beginning prep when he stalked into No. 3 in the Shell. They went on with prep regardless. Grundy was Grundy, but Mr. Linton was Mr. Linton; they had to face their Form-master in the morning.

George Alfred stood with his hands in his pockets, surveying them with a bitter smile—such a smile as he might have worn had he observed Nero doing his violin solo while Rome was burning.

"Go it!" he said at last.

"We're going it," said Gunn, without looking up. "Shove over that Latin dic, Wilkins."

"Don't stop for me," said Grundy.

"Right-ho! We won't, old scout!"

"Talk about Julius Cæsar fiddling while Troy was burning!" said Grundy, with deep satire.

"Well, I shouldn't be likely to talk about that," said Gunn. "I should make it Nero and Rome."

"Prep's awfully important, of course," said Grundy, still satirical. "Old Linton must have his construe first-rate in the morning. It doesn't matter about the school going to the dogs—not at all."

"Is it?" asked Wilkins. "Well, let it rip, old chap. If it's booked for the how-wows, we can't save it."

"Some fellow's pals back them up," said Grundy.

"I dare say those fellows are a bit polite to their pals," remarked Wilkins reflectively.

"I've been kicked out of the New House."

"Good!"

"What?" roared Grundy.

"I—I mean, sorry!"

"Those cads and rotters—"

"Which?"

"Tom Merry and Blake and Figgins and the rest—those cads and rotters won't back me up. But I'm not standing any rot. I'm going over to the Grammar School to-morrow, if only to show that lot that I can do just as I think fit. You fellows will come with me. After all, a chap can depend on Gordon Gay for fair play. You fellows will be my seconds. You will be able to report about Gay's whopping—after you've seen it done. Be ready at three to-morrow afternoon."

"You're starting at three?" asked Wilkins.

"Three precisely."

"Good!"

Wilkins and Gunn made a mental note of the time, in order to remember to be somewhere out of Grundy's sight at three o'clock on Wednesday. They had not the remotest intention of venturing into the Grammarian lion's den with Grundy. George Alfred might dare to be a Daniel if he liked; Wilkins and Gunn preferred a less strenuous life.

Fortunately Grundy was not a thought-reader, or there would have been severe trouble in Study No. 3 in the Shell. As it was, Grundy condescended at last to devote a little of his valuable time to prep. He did not devote enough of it to satisfy his Form-master the next morning, and Grundy was severely lectured in the Form-room by Mr. Linton; but Grundy was used to that. At Redclyffe he had been misunderstood and unprized, and it was just the same at St. Jim's. Grundy had really given up expecting ever to be appraised at his true value. His consolation was that history was full of such cases. From time immemorial, the truly great had been disregarded and rejected by the common ruck. Grundy felt that it was nothing new, though at times it was rather exasperating.

CHAPTER 4.

A Visitor for Gordon Gay.

GORDON GAY sauntered across the quad at Rylcombe Grammar School, with Wootton major on one side of him and Wootton minor on the other. There was a cheery smile on Gordon Gay's face. He seemed to find the universe a pleasant place that afternoon.

The Grammarian trio were chatting on a quite interesting subject—their recent spoof on St. Jim's. They still drew entertainment from the episode of the "Prince of Rylcombe." Carboy of the Fourth came scudding towards them from the gates.

"St. Jim's cad!" called out Carboy.

Gordon Gay & Co. were alert at once.

"Not coming here?" asked Gay.

"Yes; nearly at the gates, on his own"

"Who is it? Tom Merry?"

"No. That fathead Grundy."
"Message, perhaps," said Gay.
"Don't scalp him till he's had a chance.
Let him trot in."

The burly figure of George Alfred Grundy, of the St. Jim's Shell, loomed up in the gateway. As it was a half-holiday at the Grammar School as well as at St. Jim's, there were a good many Grammarians about, and fifty pairs of eyes at least were turned on Grundy.

The Shell fellow walked in unheeding. There was no doubt that Grundy had plenty of bulldog pluck. Also, he exemplified the ancient proverb that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. He stared round, spotted Gordon Gay, and came over towards him.

Grundy had succeeded in walking into the lion's den easily enough. It remained to be seen whether he would have the good fortune of the celebrated Daniel now he was in.

"Good-afternoon, old bean!" said Gordon Gay politely.

"Oh, good-afternoon!" said Grundy. "I've come over to thrash you, Gay."

"Eh?"

"Thrash you."

"My hat!"

"I'll explain how the matter stands," said Grundy, while Gay stared at him blankly. "You've got too much cheek! I'm going to put you in your place! No ill feeling, you know, but my idea is that you fellows have got your ears up too much, and I'm going to make you put them down. That's why I'm going to whop you."

"Oh! That's why, is it?" gasped Gay.

"Just that. I told Tom Merry and the rest to come over as witnesses, but they haven't come."

"They dared to disobey your orders?" exclaimed Gay, in a tone of great astonishment.

"Yes, the slacking rotters, they did. Wilkins and Gunn were the only ones that agreed to come, and somehow or other they seem to have disappeared this afternoon. Couldn't find them anywhere. But it really doesn't matter. I'm going to whop you all the same."

"I'm not to have a say in the matter?" asked Gay.

"No. I've decided."

Gay smiled. The throng of Grammarians surrounding Grundy chuckled. Lane of the Fourth reached out and knocked Grundy's cap off, and Grundy made a dive for it. As he stooped, someone else butted him, and he went over on his hands and knees, with a roar.

Grundy jumped up and glared round. A circle of smiling faces met his furious eyes.

"Who knocked my cap off?" he roared.

"Little me," said Lane.

"Who shoved me over?"

"Guilty, my lord!" said Frank Monk.

"I'll thrash you both after I've thrashed Gay—" began Grundy. He did not finish, because Carboy hooked his leg from behind, and he sat down suddenly with a bump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Fair play!" roared Grundy, as he scrambled up. "Look here, Gay, I came over to fight you—"

"Mercy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm jolly well going to do it, too!"

Gordon Gay backed away, with an expression of dire terror on his face. Grundy followed him up triumphantly.

"Pluck up your courage!" said Grundy scornfully. "What's a licking?"

Gay backed farther away. As Grundy followed fast, the Grammar School junior captain fairly took to his heels and bolted. Grundy stood and stared after him blankly.

"Come back, you funk!" he roared.

Gordon Gay ran as if for his life. But Grundy was not to be escaped so simply as all that. He broke into a sprint in pursuit. After Grundy, the whole crowd of Grammarians trotted, chortling.

It was quite a long run. Gay allowed Grundy to come almost within reach, but as Grundy's hand was outstretched to seize him, he darted off again. Round the gym they went, and then round the laboratory, Grundy panting on the track, and the Grammarians shouting with laughter as they



"Good-afternoon," said Gordon Gay politely, as Grundy came up to him.
"Good-afternoon, old bean!" said Grundy. "I've come over to thrash you, Gay. You've got too much cheek, and I'm going to put you in your place. My idea is that you fellows have got your ears up too much, and I'm going to make you put them down."

followed. Then Gay made a break for the gates, and scudded out, with Grundy valorously sprinting on his track.

"Stop, you rotten funk!" yelled Grundy.

But Gay dashed on desperately.

Down the lane he went, with Grundy in hot pursuit, and the Grammarians whooping after Grundy.

It was nearly a quarter of a mile from the Grammar School gates, that Gay suddenly halted. Grundy was close behind now, and so suddenly did Gay halt, that Grundy crashed into him, and sat down in the muddy lane. Gay stood like a rock.

"Oooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay turned round, and smiled down at the St. Jim's champion. All his terrors seemed to have left him now.

"Taking a rest, old bean?" he asked amiably. "Sit as long as you like! No charge for free seats in our lane."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy scrambled up.

"You sneaking funk!" he howled. "Yah! You won't get out of it by running away, I can tell you!"

"I've done running, dear boy," said Gordon Gay. "You see, the Head was looking out of his window, and Mr. Adams was ambling round, and we couldn't handle you with those reverend, grave, and respected signors looking on. That's why I trotted you out here."

"Oh!" gasped Grundy. "You—you weren't finking?"

"Not exactly," grinned Gay. "I believe I could manage somehow to screw up enough courage to stand up to you, Grundy. At any rate, if it was only your fists I had to face—"

"Do you think I should use my feet?" howled Grundy.

"Oh, no! Not at all!"

"Then what else have you got to face but my fists, you fathead?"

"Your features, old bean! They're more awful than your fists."

"Why, you—you cheeky rotter—" spluttered Grundy, while the Grammarians howled with laughter.

"Now the innocent youth has kindly placed himself in our hands, out of sight of giddy masters and prefects," said Gay. "What shall we do with him? What price tying up one of his legs and letting him hop home?"

"Good!" said Wootten major.

"Ready, Grundy?"
 "I came over here to fight you, Gay!" bellowed Grundy.
 "You're a rotten coward if you don't put up your hands!"
 "Shush!" said Gay.
 "Yah! Coward!"
 "If you use naughty words, Grundy, I shall really have to handle you. But I don't want to make your features look funnier than they are. They're as near the limit now as features ought to be."

Grundy's reply was a furious rush. He rushed right at Gordon Gay, with his fists thrashing out.

To his surprise, however, his fists were knocked into the air, and he came on Gay, chest to chest, with a heavy collision. Then two arms that seemed like bands of steel closed round him, and he was held.

"Dear old man!" said Gay affectionately. "I didn't know you were as fond of me as this, Grundy! Have you discovered in me a long-lost brother?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Grundy struggled furiously. His ribs felt as if they were cracking under the vice-like grip of the Australian junior's arms. Grundy had never been in a grip like that before. It reminded him of things he had read about grizzly bears.

"Leggo!" he gasped. "You—Ow! I'm chook-chook-chook-choking! Leggo! I'm suff-suff-suffocating! Yoo-cooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay let go suddenly. Grundy sat down, and there was a splash of mud where he sat.

He sat and gasped for some moments, while the Grammarians roared. Then he jumped up, panting. Gordon Gay was laughing too much to be on his guard for a moment. Grundy jumped at him and smote.

"Ow!" gasped Gay.

"That's the coward's blow!" shouted Grundy. "Now put up your hands if you're not a funk!"

"If you really won't be satisfied with anything else—" said Gay.

"Funk!"

Gordon Gay sighed gently.

"Then we'll step into the wood!" he said. "Gentlemen, come along and see your unfortunate schoolfellow reduced to a state of wreckage by this ferocious fire-eater from St. Jim's."

The Grammarians chuckled as they followed their leader and Grundy into the wood, in search of a quiet spot, where the fight, so determinedly desired by Grundy, could come off uninterrupted. Judging by their chuckles, they did not expect to see Gordon Gay "whopped" by the great Grundy.

CHAPTER 5.

The Return of the Champion.

"**W**EMARKABLE!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy made that remark when the House match ended on Little Side at St. Jim's. The swell of the Fourth seemed perplexed.

"What's remarkable, old nut?" asked Figgins. George Figgins was in high feather. The New House had won by two goals to one, and so Figgins & Co. had cause for satisfaction.

"You have won the game, Figgay," explained Arthur Augustus. "That is what I regard as remarkable."

"Why, you ass—"

"Nothing remarkable in it, Gussy!" said Kerr blandly. "You see, we had the assistance of a very active forward—outside-right—"

"Your outside-wight was not specially good, Kerr."

"I was alluding to the School House outside-right!" explained Kerr.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! I was outside-wight, Kerr—"

"Exactly! Thanks for the win!"

Figgins & Co. walked off, chuckling, leaving Arthur Augustus in profound meditation on Kerr's remark. It was about a minute before the Scottish junior's playful meaning fully dawned upon the noble brain of Arthur Augustus.

"Bai Jove!" he ejaculated. "That cheeky ass was pullin' my leg!"

"Go hon!" murmured Tom Merry.

"Did you work that out in your head, Gussy?" asked Monty Lowther admiringly. "Shows what a brain can do at high pressure."

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"They oughtn't to have had that second goal," said Herries. "Matter of fact, Gussy was rather playing the giddy ox—"

"Weally, Hewwies, I was thinkin' that we had wathah a wotten defence in goal—"

Herries had kept goal for the School House. He gave

Arthur Augustus a glare that his bulldog, Towser, might have envied.

"You frabjous ass!" he ejaculated.

"It is wathah wotten to call a fellow names, Hewwies, for pointin' out an obvious fact," said Arthur Augustus gently. "There is no doubt wathavah that you let the ball through. You burbling jabberwock—"

"Order!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "We can't beat the New House every time. Next House match we'll wipe them off the face of the earth!"

"Yaaa, if Hewwies is a little more careful in goal—"

"If that dummy doesn't play the ox in the front line—"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Fathead!"

"I wufuse to make any wejoindah to oppwobvious wemarks of that description, Hewwies," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "I do not mean to ewitewise your goalkeepin'. I merely wished to wemark that you kept goal like a stuffed dummy— I wish you would not dwag me away, Blake, when I am givin' Hewwies tips about goalkeepin'—"

But Jack Blake did drag the swell of St. Jim's away. It was high time to cease that discussion as to why the New House had won the House match.

Tom Merry & Co. walked off to the School House. En route they met Wilkins and Gunn, of the Shell. Wilkins and Gunn looked rather worried.

"Seen anything of Grundy?" asked Wilkins.

"Grundy! Forgot that there was such a person in the solar system!" said Tom, with a smile. "Is he missing?"

"Well, the last we heard of him, he was going to start for the Grammar School at three," said Wilkins. "He'd fixed it for us to go with him. So at half-past two we started for Wayland to see the pictures."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Terrible Three.

"I suppose that born idiot wandered over to the Grammar School on his lonely own?" said Gunn. "It's time he was back, if they've left anything of him to come back!"

"Probably they haven't," said Monty Lowther. "It must have been simply pic to the Grammarians if Grundy dropped in on a half-holiday. Poor old Grundy! You fellows might go over and pick up the pieces—if any!"

"He's not a bad sort of chap in his own way!" said Wilkins, apparently a little remorseful at his desertion of the great Grundy. "Of course, he's a silly owl—"

"A born idiot!" said Gunn.

"And an exasperating chump!" said Wilkins.

"Overwhelming sort of fatheaded brute!" concurred Gunn.

"But in his own way?" said Wilkins.

"Yes, in his own way!" said Gunn.

"Of course, we're not going over to the Grammar School to be ragged!" said Wilkins.

"No jolly fear!" said Gunn emphatically.

"But I wish Grundy would come in! Still, I suppose we may as well go in to tea. Won't do him any good to wait tea!"

"None at all!" said Gunn.

So Wilkins and Gunn went in to tea. Their anxiety for the great Grundy did not, fortunately, impair their appetites.

The Terrible Three also went in to tea; football in the keen air had made them hungry. Over tea they discussed the possible fate of George Alfred. It was pretty certain that something had happened to the heroic youth who had taken the feud of the rival schools upon his own shoulders. Monty Lowther remarked that it would be a comfort to Grundy's people that funerals were getting less expensive.

After tea Grundy divided interest with the House match as a topic. It was close on lock-up, and the daring adventurer had not returned. A crowd of fellows in the Shell passage were discussing Grundy, and wondering how much was left of him, when there was a heavy and dragging footstep on the stair, and Trimble yelled:

"Here comes Grundy!"

There was a rush to the landing to look at the returning hero.

It was Grundy—but rather a different Grundy! He had left St. Jim's in high feather! He did not look in high feather now. One of his eyes was closed. His nose, which was not small naturally, was enlarged—it looked several sizes too large for Grundy! He had a muddy, rumpled, dishevelled look all over, and breathed hard and spasmodically. He blinked at the staring juniors with one eye, which persisted in winking in a really extraordinary manner.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sympathetically. "Poor old Gwunday's had an accident! Have you been wun ovah by a motah-cah, Gwunday?"

"Ow! No!"

"Got under a threshing machine?" asked Cardew, of the Fourth.

"Groogh! No!"

"Whopped Gordon Gay?" asked Tom Merry, with a smile.

"Ha, ha!" roared Blake. "He looks as if he has!"

Grundy steadied himself with a grasp on the banisters, and blinked painfully at the grinning crowd.

"I did my best!" he gasped. "I—I made him fight! He didn't want to, but I made him! We had twelve rounds, without gloves. The funny thing is, that he had hardly a mark on him when we'd finished!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You got all the marks," said Monty Lowther. "It's only fair—you never get any in exams! You ought to get 'em sometimes!"

"I've no doubt," continued Grundy, "that the Grammar cads will say he licked me!"

"Extremely pwoob, I think!" grinned Arthur Augustus.

"Hasn't he?" asked Manners.

"Oh, no! Not at all! Nothing of the kind!" said Grundy, struggling for breath. "I'm not the kind of fellow to take a licking! I should have finished him in another round—I feel sure of that! But I was counted out!"

"Is that all?" asked Blake, with deep sarcasm.

"That's all!" said Grundy. "Practically, I'd licked the fellow! I don't expect the Grammarians to own up to it, but the fact remains that he was practically licked! One more round would have done it! The fact that I couldn't—I mean I didn't—get up till three minutes after I was counted out doesn't amount to much! I don't believe in rounds, if you come to that! It's a pity I didn't finish him off, because the Grammarians will be certain to make out that he licked me. It's unfortunate!"

"Very!" chuckled Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"However, it was as good as a victory!" said Grundy. "Oh, you're there, Wilkins! Lend me a hand, will you?"

Wilkins helped the great Grundy along the passage to his study. It was evident that George Alfred was at his last gasp.

There was a loud chortle in the Shell passage. The fact that Grundy hadn't been able to get up for three minutes after being counted out in the twelfth round was a trifle light as air to Grundy, but the other fellows seemed to regard it as rather a conclusive incident.

For a good half-hour, in Study No. 3, Wilkins and Gunn were busy ministering unto their defeated chief. During that time Grundy explained at great length how it was that he hadn't been licked, and that Gordon Gay had been practically whopped—not finished off, it was true, but to all intents and purposes whopped. And Wilkins and Gunn exhibited true friendship in heroically subduing their smiles.

CHAPTER 6.

Still Going Strong.

TOM MERRY & Co. smiled when they saw Grundy in the Form-room the following day.

He was not looking his best.

Although, according to Grundy, Gay, of the Grammar School, had been practically licked, Gay had certainly done severe damage before this practical defeat came about. Grundy looked as if he had been more than "practically" licked.

Mr. Linton did not fail to note Grundy's darkened eye and swollen nose, and the other adornments he had brought home with him. Mr. Linton talked to Grundy on the subject for a full five minutes. He told him that he was the most quarrelsome boy in the school—that he was continually fighting—and that he was a disgrace to the Shell; and wound up by giving him three hundred lines, and an order to stay in on the Saturday half-holiday to write them.

Which was nice for Grundy!

Tom Merry had intended to give Grundy something in the nature of a "whopping" himself, as a reward for hunting trouble at the Grammar School, and turning a friendly rivalry into a quarrel. But it was obvious that Grundy had had enough!

With what Gordon Gay had given him, and what Mr. Linton added thereto, Grundy had a full allowance, and the captain of the Shell mercifully let the matter drop.

It might have been supposed that after the outcome of his self-imposed task Grundy would have "sung small" a little, even a very little. But no one who really knew Grundy would have supposed that.

Grundy was licked, but he was still Grundy.

For two or three days, indeed, he had damages to repair and injuries to nurse, and a little less was heard of him than was customary. But Grundy was irrepresible.

His study-mates learned that Grundy still regarded it as his special duty to kybosh the Grammar School—especially Gordon Gay. Failure did not deter him. Indeed, he did not admit failure.

He worked through his lines on Saturday afternoon dismally, feeling bitterly that this was the reward a fellow got for standing up for his school. With an ache in his eye, and a pain in his nose, and three hundred lines to write, Grundy did not enjoy his Saturday afternoon.

But early in the following week Grundy was looking quite chippy again. His eye was no longer black—it was an artistic shade in purple mixed with green. It gave Grundy's face a rather peculiar look, and it added an extra edge on to his temper; and in these days Wilkins and Gunn found him rather a trial in the study. When Grundy returned to the subject of kyboshing Gordon Gay & Co., Wilkins and Gunn betrayed signs of rebellion.

"I've been unable to do anything for nearly a week!" Grundy remarked at tea-time in Study No. 3. "What's happened? Nothing's done! The Grammarians are still crowing! What's Tom Merry done? Nothing! Nothing ever will be done unless I do it! You see that?"

"Don't you think you've done enough?" yawned Wilkins.

"Well, I've licked Gordon Gay—"

"You've whatted?"

"Licked Gordon Gay. But that's not enough—the way it turned out. It was not the sweeping business I planned."

"It wasn't," agreed Gunn. "The sweeping seems to have been done by the other sweep. I met Monkey of the Grammar School yesterday, and he asked me if you were dead."

"The cheeky rotter!"

"I told him," continued Gunn cheerily, "that you weren't licked, and that you had practically licked Gay."

"What did he say to that?"

"He couldn't say anything," answered Gunn. "He was laughing too much."

"Laughing!" ejaculated Grundy.

"Yes, laughing like anything. It seems that the Grammarians were rather anxious about you. They wondered whether you had really been able to crawl home after Gay had finished with you!"

Grundy almost choked. This—in his own study! No wonder St. Jim's generally looked on Grundy with a humorous eye, when views like this were taken by his own pals!

"Better chuck it, Grundy," said Wilkins, with a shake of the head. "You see, fellows only cackle when a chap who's licked makes out that he wasn't licked."

"Makes out!" stuttered Grundy.

"Yes, that's how the fellows look at it. It will be a standing joke at the Grammar School, too."

Grundy breathed hard.

"I had a fairly tough job with Gay," he said. "But it



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wouldn't be a tough job to bang your heads together. Mind your eye!"

"Better mind yours," yawned Wilkins. "It's a regular hute! The fact is, Grundy, you've bitten off more than you can chew. Chuck it!"

"That's it—chuck it!" said Gunn. "Tom Merry's junior captain; and, as a matter of fact, he could whop Gay, if he was ass enough to want to. You see, you don't keep to the rules of the game, Grundy. You're too jolly obstreperous. Leave it to Tom Merry."

"That's your advice, is it?" asked Grundy bitterly.

"That's it."

"You can keep it. I'm taking up this matter, as the only efficient fellow at St. Jim's. I'm not thinking of thrashing Gay again. I've practically done that. If the Grammarians don't own up to it, that's not my fault. But I'm going to keep on the job until I've made the Grammar School sing small. I've made a good beginning—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And I'm going on! Sooner or later, perhaps, the fellows will realise that they ought to come to this study for junior captain."

"You flatter me!" said Wilkins.

"You! You silly ass—"

"Oh, you mean Gunn?" asked Wilkins innocently.

"I mean myself!" roared Grundy. "After my next success, I dare say the fellows will see reason, and turn that duffer Merry out of the job. The question is, what steps are we going to take? You fellows are backing me up, I suppose?"

"What's the good?" asked Wilkins. "You'll only make a muck of it again, whatever you try on."

"That's so," concurred Gunn. "Better leave alone a job that's over your weight, Grundy."

It was rebellion in Study No. 3 at last. Grundy looked at his study-mates with a look that ought to have withered them. But it didn't. Wilkins and Gunn seemed impervious to withering looks. And Grundy was not feeling so combative as usual, owing to the lingering effects of his terrific scrap with Gordon Gay. He decided that it was not worth while to mop up the study with Wilkins and Gunn. Instead of that, he decided to treat them with scorn—which they bore with equanimity.

Grundy had much to bear in these days. Not only the desertion of his faithful followers, but chipping on the subject of the "practical" defeat of Gordon Gay. St. Jim's chortled over that as much as the Grammarians did, which was very irritating to Grundy.

In spite of Grundy's belief—which he held sincerely enough—everybody persisted in believing that it was Grundy who had been licked in that historic encounter. Even the fags of the Third got hold of the story, and chipped Grundy. Wally of the Third came up to him in the quad one day, and, with a supposed serious countenance, asked him whether he thought that the Kaiser had "practically" won the war. And Wally was at a safe distance before Grundy quite understood what he was driving at. For, mighty as Grundy's brain was, it was not to be denied that it worked rather slowly. And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, with an amiable smile, told Grundy that he had an idea he could "practically" beat Carpenter. Monty Lowther told him that he could practically knock out Beckett—only practically, of course.

Grundy grew quite tired of hearing that word.

But Grundy was a stickler. By the following Wednesday, though his eye was still what Monty Lowther described as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, Grundy was ready for more trouble, and he walked down to Rylcombe looking for Grammarians.

Apparently he found them.

For when he came back to St. Jim's his hair was done up in a beautiful knot with tar.

It transpired that Grundy had essayed to dip Wootton major's head in a tar-pot, left about by road-menders. What had happened to Wootton major's head was not known; but it was obvious what had happened to Grundy's.

Grundy was busy for a whole evening, with hot water and soap and scrubbing-brushes and combs and hair-brushes, and a red and furious face.

And when, in Study No. 3, later on, Wilkins asked him whether he had "practically" tarred Wootton major's napper, Grundy was too enraged to reply in words; he seized a cricket-stump, and drove Wilkins and Gunn headlong from the study.

CHAPTER 7.

Something Like a Stunt.

"BAI JOVE! It's Gay!"

"Hallo, Gustavus, old top!" said Gordon Gay affably.

Arthur Augustus eyed him. He was passing Mr. Tiper's, the printer's, in Rylcombe, when Gordon Gay came THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 731.

out of that rather dusky and dusty establishment. Wootton major and minor were with Gay, and all three of them carried large bundles.

"How's Grundy?" asked Wootton major.

Arthur Augustus smiled.

"Wampagin," he answered. "His eye is still wathah intewestin' to look at—a vewy remarkable colour scheme. And I do not think all the tar is out of his hair. But he is still goin' stwong, and you fellows had better look out."

"Some fellows don't know when they're beaten," said Gordon Gay reflectively. "We're not done with Grundy yet."

"Not quite!" grinned Wootton minor.

"Pass on, Gussy, in peace!" chuckled Gay. "No bloaters for you to-day. We won't even knock your hat off. We're sticking to Grundy for the present."

"I should wufese to let you knock my hat off, Gay," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "Oh! Bai Jove!"

Gussy's handsome toppler flew across the street, and Gussy made a rush after it.

Gordon Gay & Co. walked away smiling, with their bundles. It was after school on Friday, and the Grammarians had made their plans for the half-holiday next day.

"Lucky it was only Gussy saw us bringing these bundles out of the printer's," remarked Gay. "Tom Merry or Blake or Figgins might have smelt a rat; not dear old Gussy!"

"Not Gussy!" chuckled Wootton major.

"We'll wait till he's cleared off before we begin, though."

"Yes, rather!"

Arthur Augustus, having fielded his toppler and brushed it clean, looked round for the Grammarians; but those cheery youths had vanished. The swell of St. Jim's had to postpone vengeance—which was, perhaps, rather lucky for him; for, great fighting-man as Gussy was when his noble blood was roused, he certainly could not have tackled the three with much prospect of victory.

Arthur Augustus' thoughts were centred on his toppler, and on the indignity offered to it, as he walked home to St. Jim's, and he did not give a thought to the Grammarians' mysterious bundles.

In a quiet corner of the village street Gordon Gay & Co. opened their bundles. They were joined by Monk and Lane and Carboy, and several more members of the Grammar School Fourth. Evidently there was something "on."

Mr. Tiper, the Rylcombe printer, had a standing advertisement in the "Rylcombe Gazette," to the effect that tradesmen who wanted to advertise could not do better than apply to him for his cheap, well-printed handbills. Possibly it was that advertisement that had put this new "stunt" into the active brain of Gordon Gay.

The three bundles contained stacks of Mr. Tiper's cheap, well-printed handbills—which were at least cheap, if not specially well printed. The contents of those handbills had probably caused Mr. Tiper surprise, though it was, of course, no business of his; his business was to print what his customers ordered. Gay, as the bundles were unpacked, held up a specimen bill for his comrades to look at, and there was a chorus of chuckles among the Grammarians. It was really a striking handbill.

"GRUNDY'S GREAT SALE!"

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

EX-GOVERNMENT SURPLUS STOCK!

GOING AT KNOCK-OUT PRICES!

Saucepans, Kettles, Telephones, Army Huts, Blankets, Crockery, Purple and Fine Linen, Tools and Tables, Chairs and Hammocks, etc., etc., etc.

AT YOUR OWN PRICE!

NO OFFER REFUSED!

SALE! SALE! SALE! SALE! SALE!

For One Day Only! Do not Lose this Great Chance!

GIVE-AWAY PRICES! Splendid Blankets at a Shilling! Kettles at a Penny! Bedsteads at Two-and-Six!

ONE DAY ONLY!

Sale will be held in Quadrangle, St. James' School, at three o'clock To-morrow—Saturday! One Day Only!

Auctioneer: G. A. GRUNDY!

GRUNDY'S GREAT SALE! ROLL UP!

COME IN YOUR THOUSANDS AND ASK FOR GRUNDY'S GOODS!"

"I rather think that will make a bit of a sensation!" Gordon Gay remarked complacently.

"It will—rather!" chuckled Frank Monk. "I would like to see Grundy's face when the crowd arrives for the goods!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There'll be a row about this!" murmured Carboy.

Gordon Gay smiled.

"What is life, but one row after another?" he said philosophically. "What's the odds so long as you're 'appy?"

"Poor old Grundy!"

"He's asked for it," said Gay. "If a chap throws down the merry gauntlet he can't complain if it's picked up. Now, we've got to get this lot distributed before dark. Rylcombe first, and mind you don't miss a house. Then we take the rest round on our bikes. Everybody ought to have a chance in this great sale."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Grammarians were soon busy.

Distributing handbills was a new task to them, but it was not a difficult business. They divided the stacks of handbills, and proceeded to "do" Rylcombe and the neighbourhood with great thoroughness.

Active as they were, they were not finished by dark; and they were late for lock-up that evening at the Grammar School, for which they duly received a hundred lines each from Mr. Adams, the master of the Fourth.

But the cheery Grammarians did not mind that.

They were thinking of Grundy's Great Sale at St. Jim's the following day, and that evening there was an incessant explosion of chuckles and chortles along the Fourth Form passage at the Grammar School.

CHAPTER 8.

A Surprise for St. Jim's.

TOM MERRY raised his eyebrows.

He was sauntering in the quad with Manners and Lowther after dinner on Saturday when a rather striking figure came in at the gates. It was that of a gentleman with a rather beaky nose, and three silk hats, one above another, on his head—the sign of the "old clo" merchant. Taggles, the porter, looked out of his lodge like a lion from his lair. He was shocked; and the Terrible Three were surprised. They could not imagine what the much-hatted gentleman wanted at St. Jim's.

"Hallo, there!" howled Taggles.

"Outside, please!"

The hatted gentleman looked at him.

"Am I the first?" he asked.

"You're the first old clo' man that's had the cheek to trot in at these 'ere gates, if that's what you mean!" said Taggles. "If you've got any business 'ere, go round to the back—and sharp. You can't come in by these 'ere gates, an' you know it!"

The visitor shook his head.

"I've come for the sale!" he explained.

"The what?"

"Mr. Grundy's sale."

Taggles blinked at him.

"Drunk?" he asked.

"Where's the goods?" demanded the merchant. "I'd like to see 'em afore I buy anything."

"Wot goods?" howled Taggles.

"The ex-Government surplus stock, of course."

"The man's mad!" murmured Taggles, while the Terrible Three stared blankly. "'Ere, you get outside! Why, there's another!"

A man with a sack over his shoulder came in. He greeted the first arrival with a nod and a grin.

"You 'ere first, 'Arry!"

"You're soon arter me, William!" grinned Harry.

"'Ere, old covey," called out William to the dazed porter, "where's the goods?"

"Goods!" babbled Taggles.

"Yes. Sale's in the quadrangle, I understand. Is that there the quadrangle?"

Tom Merry & Co. looked at one another.

"What on earth is all this?" murmured Manners. "Have those chaps got out of a lunatic asylum?"

"Sale? In the quad?" said Tom Merry dazedly. "They must be mad!"

"Must be some mistake," said Lowther. "Hallo, here come some more."

Two ancient ladies in coloured shawls trotted in, and looked about them inquiringly. They exchanged friendly greetings with Harry and William; and one of them called out to Tom Merry:

"'Ere, little boy!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Tom. "Yes, ma'am?"

"Where's the goods? I want to see the bedstead special."

"Crockery for me, Amelia," said another.

"Bedsteads, crockery!" said Tom Merry. "I—I really don't understand, madam."

"Bai Jove! What's goin' on, you fellows?" asked Arthur Augustus, coming up in astonishment.

"Blessed if I know! These people seem to think there's a sale on at St. Jim's to-day."

"'Gwest Scott!"

Taggles came wrathfully out of his lodge. Five or six more people came staring in at the gates.

"This 'ere the place?" called out one.

"This 'ere is it, Sammy!" said Harry. "But the goods ain't on view yet, and that ole codger don't seem to understand."

Taggles gesticulated wildly.

"Houtside!" he roared.

"Wot yer giving us?" demanded Harry. "Are you Mr. Grundy?"

"Eh! What? No. Houtside, I tell you."

"Well, where's Mr. Grundy?" demanded Harry. "We've come to the sale. Don't shove, old 'un!"

"Who are you a-shoving of?" roared William warmly.

"The old bloke's drunk," said Amelia. "'Ere, you go into your little 'ouse and sleep it off, old covey!"

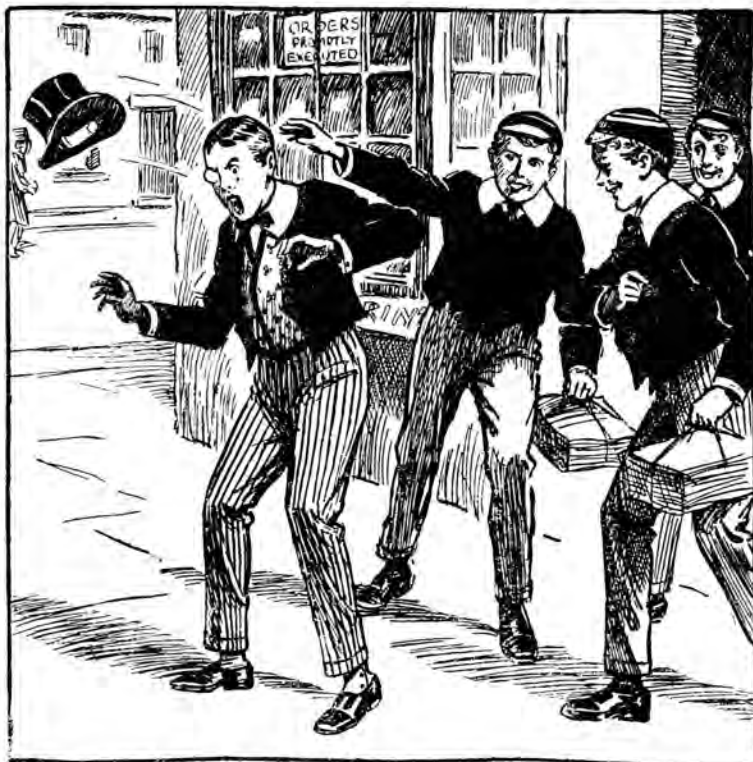
"My eye!" gasped Taggles.

"Clear the way there!" called out a rough voice, as a gentleman in a spotted neckerchief wheeled in a large barrow. Harry & Co. cleared aside, but Taggles was too dazed to move. The barrow smote Taggles on his ancient knees, and he sat down, with a yelp.

"Can't get out of the way, wot?" snapped the owner of the barrow.

"Oh, my eye!"

A crowd of St. Jim's fellows were gathering now. Kildare of the Sixth came hurrying down to the gates. By this time there was quite a swarm of newcomers.



"Pass on, Gussy, in peace!" said Gay. "We won't even knock your hat off." "I refuse to let you knock my hat off, Gay," said Arthur Augustus with dignity. "Oh! Bai Jove!" Gussy's handsome topper flew across the street, and Gussy made a rush after it. Gordon Gay & Co. walked away smiling.

The first flight were evidently merchants in old clothes and bones and bottles; but they were followed by ruddy-faced country people, and villagers from Rylcombe; and all sorts and conditions of people from Wayland and Woodend and other quarters. All along the road from St. Jim's to Rylcombe pedestrians were to be seen—and they were all heading for St. Jim's.

Some of them carried sacks, some bags, and several wheeled barrows. They crowded in at the gates in numbers far too great for anyone to deal with. Kildare of the Sixth had not much more chance than Taggles. He tried to stem the tide, but he tried in vain.

"Stop!" he shouted. "What the thump are you crowding in here for? The public are not admitted here!"

"Not to the sale?" exclaimed Harry.

"Sale! What do you mean?"

"I mean wot I say!"

"Where's the goods, young man?"

"Close on three now—we ought to see the goods afore the sale begins. Where is them goods?"

"I want to 'ave a look at the bedsteads! Tell me this, young man, are they in good condition?"

"I—I—I—" spluttered Kildare.

"'Ave they got spring mattresses?"

"I—I—I—"

"Laths, more like it, considering the price, Amelia."

"Can't you answer a civil question, young man?"

"Where's Mr. Grundy?"

"Will you stop?" shouted Kildare, wondering whether he was in the middle of an extraordinary dream. "You can't come in here! There's no sale here—What on earth makes you think there's a sale in this school? Nothing of the kind!"

"Gammon!"

"Rot! Bosh!"

"You Mr. Grundy?" roared Harry.

"No—no—but—"

"Well, let's see Mr. Grundy!"

Another swarm came pushing in at the gates. Kildare was shouldered back by the crowd. He stared at the group of juniors.

"Is Grundy there? Is this some silly trick of Grundy's? They keep on mentioning him! Find Grundy and bring him here, Merry! He may be able to explain—"

"Right-ho, Kildare!"

Tom Merry cut off. He found Grundy in his study, engaged in a warm argument with Wilkins and Gunn. Grundy, it appeared, had some first-class stunt in mind, up against the Grammar School, in which he required the aid of his followers—aid which Wilkins and Gunn appeared unwilling to give. The warm discussion was interrupted by Tom Merry.

"You're wanted, Grundy!" he shouted into the study.

"Oh, rot! Get out!"

"Kildare—"

"Bother Kildare!"

"You silly ass!" roared the captain of the Shell. "There's about a hundred people shoving in at the gates, and they're all asking for you!"

Grundy jumped.

"Hallo! Is this one of your wheezes, Grundy?" asked Wilkins.

"What rot! I don't know anything about it!" said Grundy. "I've never asked anybody to come here. Still, I'll come down!"

And Grundy came.

CHAPTER 9. Sold!

THE crowd was thick now. The gateway swarmed with people all talking at once—and parties of them were penetrating all over the quadrangle. They came in good faith, looking for bargains in ex-Government surplus stock; and they were surprised and annoyed to find that the goods were not on view, and that there was no sign of a sale or a salesman. The villagers and the country-folk were orderly—but annoyed and determined. The old-clothes merchants and ragmen from Wayland market town were not very orderly, and very much annoyed, and noisy and impatient. Harry & Co. had intended to be first in the field, and snap up great bargains to be sold again at a huge profit. Now the general public was on the scene, which was rather exasperating to the keen merchants. And still there was no sign of Grundy's Great Sale!

Mr. Railton had come out of the School House, perplexed and worried. His remonstrances were utterly unheeded. Harry demanded if he was Mr. Grundy—and when Mr. Railton denied the soft impeachment, Harry & Co. declined to have anything to do with him. They wanted Grundy, and Grundy's Great Sale, and declined to be satisfied with anything else.

Grundy came out with Tom Merry, and found himself in the midst of an amazed crowd of St. Jim's fellows.

"Heah's Gwunday!" called out Arthur Augustus. "Gwunday, you awful ass, what sillay twick have you been playin'?"

"Here's the born idiot!" said Levison of the Fourth.

"Grundy, you duffer—"

"Grundy, you ass—"

"Grundy, you chump—"

"Grundy!" thundered Mr. Railton, and the juniors left it to the Housemaster. "Boy! What does this mean?"

Grundy blinked at the swarming crowd of bargain-hunters and wondered whether he was on his head or his heels.

"Mum-mum-mean, air!" he stammered.

"Yes! Answer me!"

"I—I—I don't know anything about it, sir!"

"These people persist that a sale is to be held here by a Mr. Grundy. You are the only Grundy in the school!"

"My hat! I don't understand—"

"What have you been doing?"

"N-n-nothing, sir!" gasped Grundy.

"Cannot you explain?" exclaimed the Housemaster.

"Of course I can't, sir!" stuttered Grundy. "I—I don't know anything about it at all!"

"Bless my soul!"

"Where's Mr. Grundy?" roared Harry wrathfully.

"Where is that blooming hoxshoneer? Where's them goods? It's 'arf-past three, and the sale was to begin at three, accordin' to the 'andbills'!"

"Trot out them goods!"

"Is this 'ere sale a swindle?" roared William. "That's what I want to know, you in the old woman's gownd. Is this 'ere sale a blooming catch?"

"Good heavens!" gasped Mr. Railton. "I—I—I—really—do you mean to say that a sale was announced here by handbills?"

"Course it was!"

"There is some mistake—the wrong address—"

"Look 'ere!" shouted Harry, fishing a crumpled and fish-stained handbill out of his somewhat odorous attire. "Look at it for yourself, old covey!"

Mr. Railton looked at the handbill, and read it, and almost fell down with astonishment and dismay!

There it was in black and white!

A dozen more handbills were flourished under the Housemaster's nose. Handbills were thrown at him.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus dazedly. "There it is in p'int, deah boys! Gwundy must be mad!"

"Mad as a hatter!" said Monty Lowther.

"Grundy's Great Sale!" Mr. Railton read out dizzily. "Grundy, you reckless and absurd boy, what have you done! Was this this—this your idea of a practical joke, you unfortunate boy?"

Grundy fairly staggered.

(Continued on page 13.)

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THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 731

The ST JIM'S NEWS

Edited By TOM MERRY.

Manners and Glyn Go Flying.

PHOTOGRAPHING ST. JIM'S FROM THE AIR.

By HARRY MANNERS.

TOM MERRY tells me that the plan of St. Jim's which appeared in the Christmas number of the "Gem" has aroused a great deal of interest among readers, and, therefore, he thinks that many of them would like to read an account of how it came to be published.

With this idea in view, he has, therefore, asked me to write this article, in which I shall explain how the photograph, from which the sketch was made, was obtained.

As all readers of the "Gem" are probably aware, I am a very keen amateur photographer, and I have a large collection of photographs of St. Jim's—pictures of the fellows, and groups and views of football matches and cricket matches, and various sporting and festive scenes. Some of the art plates on the back covers of the "Gem," as well as many of the pictures that illustrate the stories are designed and drawn by clever artists from photographs supplied by me.

A month or so ago I received from my eldest brother, who was in the Air Force during the war, and is now a flight-commander at an air station on the coast, some views of the camp that had been taken from an aeroplane.

I was showing these round the Common-room, and happened to remark that I wished that I could take a similar photograph of the school, when Bernard Glyn came in and overheard the words.

He at once offered to give me the opportunity, if I cared to avail myself of it; and everybody there began to be most enthusiastic about it, especially Tom Merry, who had in hand for the "News" an article by Glyn that would just fit in with such a picture.

Glyn then explained that his father, who, as you know, resides at Glyn House, which is only a short distance away from St. Jim's, has a small aeroplane on the premises in which he sometimes flies over to France on business, and that Mr. Glyn's permission to use it for the purpose of obtaining an air-view of St. Jim's could easily be obtained.

I accepted Glyn's offer at once, although later on I must confess that I began to feel a bit nervous about the stunt, never having been up in the air before. Yet on the next Wednesday, when all the arrangements had been made and Glyn called at my study, I was quite prepared to go through with it.

I had not bothered about dressing specially, as Glyn told me that he would provide me with the necessary flying-kit, and so we went out to where the car was waiting in the lane to take us over to Glyn House.

When we arrived there we went straight to the hangar in which the aeroplane is kept, and while we buckled ourselves into two leather suits and fur-lined helmets, Glyn explained that I should have to use my own camera, after all, as the special one that is fixed under the fuselage of an aeroplane in order to take aerial photographs was

out of order, and, in any case, would have needed a lot of adjustment in order to fix it into position. Glyn said that he would "bank," thereby tilting the aeroplane, immediately above St. Jim's, and so enable me to lean over and get a clear view. Of course, I was to be strapped in, so there'd be no danger from such a manoeuvre. The next height, working with an ordinary camera, he explained, was about nine hundred to a thousand feet. (I might mention that I discovered later that to speak of being a thousand feet up while you are on the ground does not give you quite the same impression that finding yourself that height in the air does.)

I climbed in, Glyn adjusted the straps, and then he threw open the doors of the hangar, and one of Mr. Glyn's mechanics came up and swung the propeller under his direction.

After two or three attempts the engine burst out with a roar, and the aeroplane commenced to move forward. I hung on to the framework of the fuselage like grim death as it bounced along, bumping and jerking over the grass; and then suddenly we struck a smooth patch of ground and ran along as gently as could be. A few seconds later I looked over the side, and was staggered to see the top of some trees below me; and then I realised that what I had supposed to be the beginning of a smoother piece of ground was actually the point at which the aeroplane left the earth, and that during the subsequent smoothness of motion we had been flying. Glyn told me afterwards that people going up for the first time can rarely recognise the moment at which they commence to rise into the air.

I did not really feel at all scared, although I once wondered what would happen if anything went wrong, but it was all so strange that I had no time to dwell on such thoughts.

Up we climbed, higher and higher, swinging round in huge spirals, and all the while the area of country visible to us was increasing, so that we saw fields spread out like coloured pocket-handkerchiefs, with woods and farms and the frozen Rhyl glittering in the thin winter sunlight, the roads like pearl grey ribbons; St. Jim's, all grey stone and red brick and blue roofs, with dark green tree-tops and paler green where the playing-fields are.

Rylcombe lay just beyond, with its church and cluster of roofs and the Grammar School.

Suddenly Glyn called me through the head 'phone that I wore, and said that we were over a thousand feet up, and he was going to descend.

Then he switched off the engine, which had been kicking up a terrible din all the while, and the machine tilted so that the scene that I had been watching over the side appeared before me over the front of the engine, and commenced rushing up towards us at a fearful pace.

I must confess that I really did get a bit scared then. After getting used to the noise of the engine, the sudden silence, filled only with the swish of the still rotating propeller, and the hum of the wind through the wire stays, was in itself terrifying. Then we banked steeply, so that it seemed that in spite of the straps I should be spilled out of the cockpit. My camera, which I had fastened to my wrist by a cord, fell forward off my knees, and while I was recovering it we swung on to an even keel, and I looked over to find that we were immediately above St. Jim's.

We were only about five hundred feet up, and the shouts of the crowds of fellows who stood gazing up from the ground were plainly

to be heard until Glyn switched on the engine again. I caught the glitter of Guss's eyeglass, and the folds of the gowns that draped two of the figures—evidently masters, although I could not recognise whom they were until Glyn came even lower and revealed them to be Hailton and Lathlow.

There was a footer match on Big Side, and the teams stopped playing to gaze up at the aeroplane. I saw Kildare pass the ball to Darrel just before the game was held up.

Then we started climbing again until we were at a height at which the focus of my lens covered the whole of the school and grounds, and Glyn warned me to be ready.

I leaned over one side of the fuselage, and the next instant he banked sharply. I took a rapid sight through the wire view-finder I was using as the most suitable type, and released the shutter.

We turned and repeated the manoeuvre some five times, until my film was exhausted, and then, after Glyn had done a little fancy flying for the amusement of the crowd below, we waved them farewell and started for home—or, at least, for Glyn House.

We arrived safely and housed the aeroplane, and after tea I developed the film in the dark-room at Glyn's place.

Four of them were utter failures—right out of focus—but the other two were quite good, and from them the artist has worked up the sketch that you saw in the Christmas number of the old paper.

Later on Glyn may take me up again to get a view of the country surrounding St. Jim's, including Rylcombe and the Grammar School, and showing the precise position of Pepper's Barn, where the St. Jim's Parliament meet.

HARRY MANNERS.

Cardew Writes An Article.

HIS STORY OF BAGGY.

By RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW.

UPON my honour, living up to this sub-editing business is proving to be the very source of a strenuous life!

I understood that my principal job was going to be reading over other people's stuff, and saying, "Quite decent! Shove it into the paper," or "Absolute tripe! Chuck the perpetrator out of the editorial office!"

But it hasn't turned out to be half so much of a bobby's job as that. Not in the least.

In fact, I discover that I'm actually expected to work! It's been a frightful blow to me. I am still reeling under the effects of it.

It appears that when copy is short the editorial staff will have to undertake the task of writing the whole of the paper themselves, if necessary, or making good the shortage. As dear old Gustavus would say, in his inimitable manner, "Gwaat Scott! It has throwed me into quite a fluttin', deah boy!" And, by Jingo, it jolly well has, too!

We have been trying to get St. Jim's boys to write for us by promising what we would do for them if they did; or else, if that

method failed, by promising what we would do to them if they didn't; and yet, in spite of it all, we were still short at the time of going to press.

It became necessary for one of the staff to step into the breach. It was agreed that the staff should toss up for the task of filling the vacant columns, and I breathed a sigh of relief, for I am usually lucky.

To my consternation, however, I lost the toss!

"Somewhere about a thousand words will be ample," said Tom Merry.

That's just like Merry, you know. He speaks of a thousand words in the same casual manner as Racke speaks of a thousand quid.

A thousand words, all to be spun out of my head! Why, the task of counting them, never mind writing them, is an appalling prospect.

Of course, I retired to my own study to tackle the job, and I must say that I got precious little sympathy from either Levison or Olive. I had been hoping that I might be able to persuade one of them to undertake it, but they very definitely convinced me that there was nothing doing in that direction.

In fact, they cleared out of the study and left me to it. So here I am, all alone, wondering whatever I can possibly manufacture in the way of reading-matter that will pass muster with Tom Merry.

Heigh-ho! It's a weary world, my masters!

And I'd half-promised Racke that I'd look in at a little card-party of his some time this evening. At the present moment it doesn't look as if I shall grace the festive occasion with my presence and, what is far more important with Racke & Co., with my money.

However, I dare say that I shall manage to survive it. I lost a merry little tenner there last week, and came away with a frightful headache, induced by the fumes of the cheap brand of cigarettes that the bright and cheerful gang of highway robbers generally affect. I'd sooner not smoke at all than indulge in such rotten whiffs. I

hope they've turned some of the tin of which they relieved me to good account by investing it in something a thought more classy.

Speaking of cigarettes, our old pal Trimble lately developed a taste in that direction, and, incidentally, gave himself one of the frights of his porcine existence.

It appears that the fat grub-scoffer entered my study the other day when there was nobody else about, and spent a few inquisitive moments prying into matters that didn't in the least concern him. There was a box of cigarettes in a drawer, and Baggybus took a sudden fancy to them. Possibly he was misled by the picture of feminine loveliness decked out in Eastern attire that graced the lid, and mistook it for a box of Turkish delight.

Any old how, he carted it off with him, and if he received anything of a surprise when he opened it he made the best of it. That is very characteristic of Baggy—he never wastes anything. I'm certain that if he found himself in possession of any eatable that he didn't particularly care for—supposing that such a thing could exist, which is very doubtful—he'd stuff himself with it, rather than throw it away or allow anybody else to have it.

But the policy went wrong, for once, and let poor old Baggybus down rather badly.

He went off behind the wood-shed to smoke them, and was probably enjoying himself mightily, and thinking what a gay dog he was, when, suddenly, halfway through the first cigarette—

Bang! Fizz-z-z-z! Bang!

The thing went off directly under his nose, and the amazed and startled Baggybus rolled over on his back with a yell.

"Oooow! Yooops! Help! Anarchists! Bombs! Murder! Yoooons!"

The burning end fell into the open box, and the remainder, being also explosive cigarettes, began to take their part in the entertainment.

Fizz-z-z! Bang! Splutter! Bang!

"Yarooob! Murder! Oooow!"

Baggybus scrambled to his feet and waddled off as fast as his podgy little legs would carry him. Halfway to the School House

he met Tom Merry & Co., with Blake, Digby, D'Arcy, Herries, and several more fellows, including Bernard Glyn, who had been attracted to the spot by the sound of Baggy's yells.

Of course, Trimble at once poured forth his tale of woe, mixing less than a quarter of what was true with an amazing amount of what wasn't, as usual. He said that St. Jim's was being attacked by men with bombs, and that he'd only just managed to escape from the clutches of two great bearded ruffians wearing masks.

Naturally, the fellows didn't believe a word of it, and made him accompany them back to the place where he said that he'd been attacked.

Behind the wood-shed they found the box and the remains of the cigarettes, and upon perceiving them Glyn burst into a fit of laughter.

He explained to the others that he'd invented a new kind of explosive cigarette that went off with an awful bang without doing any harm to the smoker. He had made up a number of them, and packed them into a box, faking it so that it looked like one fresh from the manufacturer's, and left it in Racke's study. Glyn recognised the empty box as being the same one.

Racke must have found them, and sold them to me; but Glyn didn't know that, and he, of course, came to the conclusion that Trimble had boned them from Racke's den. Anyway, it was clear that Baggybus had been raiding again, so they gave him a bumping for his cheek.

I have always wondered to what purpose Providence created such a peculiar being as the Baggy bird, but upon reflecting that but for his intervention I should have been the victim of Glyn's jape, I begin to realise that even Baggybus has his uses.

And when I also consider that his adventure has enabled me to fill up the vacant space in the "News," I am feeling almost kindly disposed towards him. I can assure him that he is very welcome to any more explosive cigarettes that he may find in my study.

RALPH RECKNESS CARDEW.

"MY READERS' OWN CORNER."

Half-a-crown is paid for each contribution printed on this page.

If your name is not here this week it may be next.

CAPTAIN WEBB.

Captain Webb, the champion swimmer, was born at Dawley, Shropshire. In January, 1848, he rendered himself famous by his great feat of swimming across the English Channel from Dover to the neighbourhood of Calais. On July 4th, 1883, Captain Webb made an attempt to swim across the rapids between Lakes Erie and Ontario, below the Falls of Niagara, and in endeavouring to accomplish the impossible task he perished.—H. L. Jobson, Moss Hall Farm, Lytham, Lancs.

THE ESSAY.

Johnny's father went into the stable one afternoon, and found his son sitting on the back of a horse, busy writing in a notebook. "Why, what ever are you doing?" asked father. "Oh," replied Johnny, "teacher told me to write an essay on a horse, and I am doing it now!"—William Claxton, 476, Gloucester Street, Christchurch, New Zealand.

APPLE-TREE MONUMENT.

A novel monument has been erected by the farmers of Dundas County, Ontario, to mark the site of a famous apple-tree. The memorial takes the form of a marble pillar. A century ago a settler, named McIntosh when clearing the land for his home found a wild apple-tree which

bore superior fruit. He cultivated it, and called the apple the McIntosh Red, and from it spread the famous fruit of that name. The tree was damaged by fire in 1896, but it carried on for a time, and was 115 years old when the end came.—A. E. Bramwell, 5, Douglas Place, Bordesley Green, Birmingham.

EARNING SIXPENCE.

A school teacher asked her class to bring some small articles, each one to represent a song. The pupil who brought the most puzzling object would get sixpence. The following morning everybody brought something. Freddie turned

up with a lump of coal. This suggested the song, "Don't go down the mine, daddy!" Willie had a cake of soap to indicate "Bubbles." Tommy mystified everyone by producing his father's unemployment card. "What song does this represent, Tommy?" asked the teacher. "Oh, you beautiful dolt!" replied Tommy. He won the sixpence.—F. W. Dade, 33, Denne Parade, Hordsham, Sussex.

EXACTLY.

Gentleman who is going to the station: "Boy, how long will it take me to reach the railway station?" Boy: "Ten minutes' walk, if you run, sir!"—Miss Margaret Lazard, Old Clergy House, Almondsbury, near Huddersfield.

SMART!

The other day two tramps met and compared notes. "Ah," said one, "about fifty years ago I owned a garage in London with twenty-five taxis!" "Liar!" said the other. "Cars weren't invented fifty years ago!"—Henry W. Jacobs, Fernleigh, Goring-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.

TEDDY HERON'S SCHOOLDAYS

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IMPORTANT CHARACTERS IN PROFESSOR GORDON'S STORY.

ROBERT STANTON, a millionaire ranch owner who has been captured by a band of outlaws known as the Black Circle, and is being held for ransom.

DR. RICHARD BRUTELL, a friend of Mr. Stanton's. Brutell is a great scientist, but he is afflicted by a strange malady which at times turns him from a good man into an evil one. He has promised Madeleine, the daughter of Mr. Stanton, that he will not rest until he has obtained the release of her father.

RAM DARRY, the man of mystery, who is leader of a strange Eastern secret society. He is in search of a monster diamond called the Sun of Siva, which has been stolen from the eye of an idol. Madeleine is the possessor of this wonderful gem, but she is unaware of its strange history.

(Now Read On.)

RAM DARRY was quick to act once he had made up his mind. He decided to set out at once for Dr. Brutell's home and make an attempt to see the wonderful jewel known as the Sun of Siva.

Accompanied by a few of his followers, he set out upon his mission in a large high-powered motor-car.

Brutell's house was situated on the outskirts of the city, and it took them some little time to reach it.

When they arrived, Ram Darry left the motor in a dark lane, where it was practically hidden from the gaze of inquisitive people who happened to pass by. Then the leader and his men stealthily made their way towards the house of the scientist.

At the time chosen Dr. Brutell was busily engaged in his laboratory. His thoughts were concentrated upon certain experiments which would soon add another triumph to his long list of inventions and discoveries.

For some time Brutell had been engaged upon some work which, when completed, would be a great benefit to humanity. He was endeavouring to solve the problem of purifying water, and at last he had very nearly succeeded in his desire.

The doctor was so intent upon his work that he was entirely ignorant of the fact that a party of strange-looking men had managed to force their way into his house.

The door of his laboratory had been left open, and Ram Darry, who was already in the corridor which led to it, could see the outline of the eager man bending over his bench, his attention fixed upon a glass test-tube which he held in his hand.

A curious, wicked-looking smile crossed the face of the mystery man from the East.

Ram Darry had not expected to get this clever scientist in his grip so easily. He knew just how to deal with him now that he was so close to his enemy.

Dr. Brutell, as it has already been shown, possessed mesmeric powers, but the fact did not prevent him also being hypnotised if he were taken off his guard.

Ram Darry was a great master of this extraordinary art, and he set to work at once to impose his will upon the unsuspecting doctor. For Brutell had not the slightest idea that he had such undesirable visitors so near to him. He had not a thought at that moment for anything but his work.

RAM DARRY

The Mystery Man

Written by Professor Hector Gordon, Science Master of St. Jim's.

Then all at once he felt a strange mood creeping over him. His head swam, and he passed his hand over it, as though to wipe this uncanny feeling away.

Brutell wondered what could be making him feel drowsy so suddenly.

"Perhaps I have worked too long!" he muttered to himself, as he walked, or, rather, staggered across to the easy-chair in one corner of his laboratory.

It was at that moment as he turned that the doctor caught sight of a grinning face in the doorway. Brutell made an effort to get at it. But he was quite powerless, and his weak action sent Ram Darry into a further roar of laughter.

It was too late—the mystery man's hypnotic influence had complete control over Dr. Brutell, and the next minute the unfortunate scientist collapsed into the chair, and fell into a deep, unnatural sleep.

Ram Darry did not delay long. He knew that Dr. Brutell would be unable to interfere with his actions for some time, and very silently he left the room, and closed the door after him. Then he went in search of further victims.

Ram Darry had good reason to believe that there were very few people in the house at the moment, and it would be fairly easy for him to search the place in order to find the monster diamond which was the object of his visit. It would not be safe for him to begin, however, until he had dealt with every member of the household.

Ram Darry and his men were about to proceed upstairs when the sound of approaching footsteps brought them to an abrupt halt.

The leader at once stepped a few yards along the corridor in order to hide himself from view, and the others made the most of what places of refuge there were.

The corridor was but dimly lit, and it was unlikely that anybody who just passed along the top of it on their way upstairs would notice them.

The footsteps, however, instead of moving away, came nearer and nearer, and for a moment or two Ram Darry was alarmed. Perhaps someone passing by had seen them enter, and had secured arms and assistance!

Well, the mystery man would not give in easily. He also had taken the precaution to bring weapons and ammunition, although he would much rather not have any incident of this nature.

A fight would be most undesirable for him. He believed in a quiet life, if possible, and a disturbance at this juncture would spoil everything.

A second or so later, however, all his fears vanished, and he laughed aloud at his own nervousness. It was a weird, unnatural sort of laugh, and the sound of it quite upset the intruder, who had started to walk along the corridor and was now rapidly approaching Ram Darry.

Then when a strange foreign-looking man stepped out from a doorway, and walked towards her, she gave a piercing scream, and let fall the tray she was carrying.

It fell to the floor with a crash, and there was a sound of smashing crockery. The visitor happened to be Dr. Brutell's housekeeper, who was bringing him some refreshment. Her master often worked for long hours in his laboratory, and completely forgot his meals, and when these incidents occurred the kind-hearted housekeeper would bring something up to him, so that his labours would not be interfered with.

Experience had taught her that it was of no use trying to persuade him to leave his experiments, and if it were not for her thoughtfulness he would go hungry for many hours.

When she caught sight of the leering countenance of Ram Darry, the housekeeper fled with terror along the corridor, and she started to descend the stairs again at two at a time, shrieking as she went.

It seemed to her that the place was haunted. Surely these terrible-looking men could not be friends of her master! And if they were human, and not ghosts, how on earth did they manage to get in the house?

All these thoughts passed through her mind as she ran, terror-stricken, downstairs.

Where was Dr. Brutell? Why did he not come to her aid? And where was Madeleine? She felt that something must have happened to him, or else he would have come to help her before this.

Unfortunately, the butler and the two maidervants were out, so that, with the exception of Madeleine Stanton, who she knew, was upstairs somewhere, she was alone.

The housekeeper, who was by now almost in a state of collapse through fear, turned her head, and, to her horror, she saw that the ghastly-looking stranger was still following her.

What could she do?

She knew now that he was real—there was no doubt at all about that! Then a sudden change came over the poor girl, and she felt herself growing rapidly weaker.

It was just the same extraordinary sensation which had swept over Dr. Brutell a short time previously.

The housekeeper placed her hands over her face in a feeble effort to ward off some influence that she could feel but not see. Then, with a last shrill cry, she toppled over at the bottom of the stairs, and knew no more. The uncanny hypnotic power of Ram Darry had got her completely in its power!

The Eastern mystic who had now caught up with her, lifted the unconscious girl from the floor, and carried her into the drawing-room, where he placed her upon a settee.

With scarcely a look at his second victim the leader left the room. Perhaps there were other people in the house, he thought. Well, if there were, he would very soon dispose of them. So far things had gone very well for him.

Silently the relentless Ram Darry made his way upstairs, and as quietly he turned the handle of the first door he came to.

He opened it, and, with his men standing behind him to render assistance if necessary, he peered within.

Seated upon a chair was a pretty, slender girl. Her eyes were closed in sleep, and the book she had been reading had fallen to the floor.

Ram Darry entered the room, and walked quietly towards Madeleine Stanton.

His movements were so silent that Madeleine was not aroused from the doze into which she had fallen. The mystery-man made signals to those of his assistants who crowded around the door, and they stood in readiness to lend their aid to the leader.

Ram Darry had now reached the chair in which the unsuspecting girl was sitting. There was a happy smile upon her countenance, and little did she think that danger lurked so near to her. As Ram Darry raised his arm she stirred slightly, and then, becoming suddenly aware of the fact that she was no longer alone in the room, she opened her eyes.

For a moment poor Madeleine thought that she must have awakened from some horrible dream, as she gazed in amazement at the strange figure which stood before her. He took a step still nearer to her, and the peril which confronted her became apparent at once.

She stood up, and screamed as loudly as possible, but there were no friends now who could hear and come to her assistance. Her pitiful cries for mercy fell upon deaf ears. But the noise alarmed Ram Darry. He did not want to have his plans spoilt now, and he intended to silence the girl at once.

He took a long silk scarf from his pocket and tied this around Madeleine's mouth.

(To be continued next week.)
THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 731.

THE VALLEY OF SURPRISE

At Grips with the Mangas.

"I T'S now or never," said Tony decisively. "Either we get out of here within the next few days, or we may have to stay for the rest of our lives!"

"Yes," agreed Hobby, "you're right. I should like to see more of the place, and get some specimens; but it can't be helped."

It was the morning after their return from the Stone House. The two white lads were seated on a platform overlooking the lake. Billy had gone off to inspect some snares he had set.

"Yes, it's now or never," repeated Tony. "If we linger longer, the cartridges will go one by one; for we'll be compelled to use them to save ourselves from beasts or Mangas. Without them we should starve outside, long before we could hit the back trail. Now, how are we going to get up that lava slope? Cutting steps in it would take months!"

"The catapult," replied Hobby. "I thought it all out last night. I'm certain it can throw an arrow to the top. Now, I'll make an arrow with a sort of grapnel at the head. The flukes of the grapnel will lie flat against the shaft while it is in flight. A light, but strong line will be made fast to the shaft in such a way that the flukes will expand when the line is pulled. They will catch on the rocks at the mouth of the gorge. Then I will go up, because I'm the lightest. I will haul up a stronger rope, and you and Billy will follow."

"That sounds practical," said Tony. "The one difficulty is getting the catapult to the foot of the slope. That will be dangerous!"

"Yes; but if all the men of the village take a hand, as they will if we ask them, it won't take long. I don't think any tiger would attack the whole gang, and the big beasts will be asleep if we choose the time about noon. Anyhow, that's the only thing I can think of."

"Very well! We'll set about it at once," agreed Tony; and went in search of Billy, while Hobby set about the construction of his arrow-grapnel.

For several days after that they were exceedingly busy. Men and women alike worked on the preparation of the thin line and the thicker rope which was needful. Hobby made several arrows, overhauled the catapult, and, having replaced the rope springs with leather thongs, found that its range was vastly increased. He made several trial shots, and was satisfied that it would easily throw its arrows more than the required distance.

Meanwhile, Billy was busy preparing food rations, though, unfortunately, they could not carry much. They had no salt, and in that climate even dried flesh would not keep more than a few days. However, Billy smoked fish industriously, in the hope that it would be preserved long enough to serve their needs.

At last all was ready. They were resolved to make a start on the following day; but, first, Tony, with his friends and Lalo, made a trip to the edge of the forest, nearest the gap from which ran the lava slope.

The distance was not very great, and the afternoon sun showed every detail of the rocks and the smooth, glacier-like slope of polished black lava very plainly.

"We'll do it, never fear!" said Hobby cheerfully. "You can see that there are lots of big, jagged bits of rock in the mouth of the gorge. My grapnel will find plenty to hang on to, and I'll go up like a lamp-lighter."

"You'll have to. Billy and I will have a nice time, waiting and watching for a tiger or a stegosaur to leave in sight. But look along the cliff there, to the left of the slope! I fancy I see something moving."

Lalo spoke.

"Him say dat Mangas are dere," explained Billy. "Dere's a path all along dat way!"

"Then I hope they won't turn up to-morrow," said Tony.

"Dem?" snorted Billy contemptuously.

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 731

"Dey scoot directly dey see us! Us don't need to care for dem!"

The moving specks had disappeared, and since there was nothing more to be done, the party returned to take part in the solemn farewell feast. It was quite a pathetic gathering. Possibly the Ariki no longer believed that the strangers were gods, but anyhow, they were sincerely attached to them, and were loud in their entreaties to them to return again.

"Tell them that we will try to come. And if we do, we will bring them many fine things," said Tony. "But the way is long and hard, and they must not be disappointed if they see us no more. And now—Hobby, turn out your pockets!"

Hobby disgorged his amazing pile of oddments, to which Tony and Billy added the few articles they could spare. Then began an all-round presentation of gifts. Everyone got something. Lalo received Hobby's knife—a sort of pocket tool-kit; for it had a bradawl and saw, a pair of pliers, a file, and a small hammerhead, in addition to four blades. Even the smallest child had a button, or a leaf from Hobby's catalogue of scientific instruments. This ceremony over, everyone got to bed.

The dawn of the great day saw the whole population awake and busy. The warriors armed themselves even before breakfast. Soon the scouts reported all clear, and the party descended to the ground, and, lifting the catapult, set off at a trot. Above, the women and children waved their farewells.

Soon the party had reached the edge of the forest. The scouts ahead saw nothing more alarming than a stray hyena, and he was quickly sent off with an arrow feathered in his ribs. Straight across the open they dashed towards the lava slope.

Hobby and Tony ran ahead to select the best spot for the cumbersome machine. It was set down, the bowstring drawn back till it caught the trigger, the arrow-grapnel put in place, the long line carefully coiled down so that it would run without fouling.

Hobby heaved the catapult to and fro, squinting along the rude sights which he had fitted, wetted a finger and held it up. There was never a breath of wind.

"Couldn't be better!" he said, and pulled the trigger-string.

There was a double thrum, a whir, and the arrow departed, sailing up and up in a long curve, with the light line snaking behind it, straight into the mouth of the gorge, where it slanted down and dropped out of sight.

A long sigh of relief escaped the watching Ariki, but Hobby's face was wrinkled with anxiety. He had achieved the first part of his undertaking. But would the grapnel find something heavy enough to hold it against his weight? He laid hold of the line and drew it steadily towards him. It came readily, checked, came again as he laid his weight upon it, then held. His plan had succeeded!

"Got it!" he cried joyfully. "Now I'll start! Good-bye, Lalo! If I can I'll come again!" And, gripping the chief's hand, he wrung it and started to climb.

One of the scouts who had been scanning the valley grunted and pointed. Far away, but coming slowly towards them, was a big reptile. As yet it did not suspect the presence of men in its domain, and there was still plenty of time for the Ariki to reach the shelter of the branches.

"You must go back!" said Tony. He shook Lalo's hand. Billy did the like. Slowly and reluctantly the chief turned away after his men. He began to run, paused once to wave a hand, then hurried on to overtake his warriors. Soon they were lost in the shadow of the forest. The brontosaur had not seen them. He was still nosing about a covert a long way off.

Meantime, Hobby was climbing valiantly. His task was anything but easy. The tilted lava was smooth, giving little hold to the feet; the line was thin, and cut into his hands, hardened though they were. If he could, he would have paused for breath. But he dared not halt lest he slip back; and besides, every moment lost meant a moment of peril for his comrades. He could not look back to see how they were faring. He set his teeth and climbed on.

Tony turned away from watching the bronto.

"I don't think that fellow will worry us if Hobby is reasonably smart—" he was beginning, when Billy lifted a hand.

"Look dere, Marse Tony! Up dere!"

There was no need for more words. Down a steep path leading from a high ledge came a band of Mangas, headed by Maxia. Probably that astute gentleman had divined that this was his last chance of revenging himself on the strangers who had caused his outlawry; and surely he was very desperate, since he exposed himself to the risk of sudden death at their hands. Evidently, too, he had spirited up the Mangas, for they came on helter-skelter, as though they had never faced firearms before.

Tony ground his teeth. At this last moment would they be compelled to expend some of their precious ammunition on these savages? The thought made him furious. Two spare arrows for the catapult lay at his feet. Could they use them?

The Mangas were still some way off. There was time—if Billy and he could turn the unwieldy weapon. He sprang at one end of the framework. Billy, comprehending the move, leapt to the other. Together they tugged and strained. Slowly the thing turned. Billy snatched up a pole that had been used to lever it into place and heaved upon it. The catapult turned upon one corner. Another heave, and it bore directly upon the narrow gully down which the enemy must come.

"That's it!" panted Tony. "Now lift this end. Put that stone under it. Now the string!"

They laid hold of the bowstring and hauled. The strong leather springs creaked, the string came back and caught. Tony grabbed an arrow, laid it in the groove—and the Mangas came in sight. They yelled and waved their large sole-shaped weapons of flint, bunching together.

Brum! The bowstring thrummed, the heavy arrow buzzed straight into the group. Two men went down, killed or badly wounded, upsetting several more as they fell. A wild howl of terror rose. Maxia, somewhere in the rear, yelled threats and encouragement.

"Again!" cried Tony. And once more the string was hauled back, the second arrow set in place, and discharged as the Mangas began to move again.

This time the missile was even more disconcerting, for it ranged lower and swept among the legs of the attackers. Down went the foremost like so many skittles before a well-thrown cheese. Those who were not hit rushed back. In an instant the gully was empty of all but the fallen.

"Dat's saved some powder!" chuckled Billy.

But a hail floating from aloft interrupted further speech. Hobby stood at the mouth of the gorge, hauling in the line. As it went aloft they caught broken snatches of gasping song. He was celebrating his success in his usual fashion, though the heavy rope, made fast to the lighter line by which he had climbed, went aloft none the less speedily.

In a minute he waved his hand to show that he had made fast.

"Now for it!" breathed Tony. "Up we go! And here come the Mangas again!"

Surely Maxia must have gained a wonderful ascendancy over the semi-human, furry folk, for otherwise they would never have advanced against the two strangers who had already wrought such havoc among them. Yet, whether by threats or promises, he had spirited them up once more. With desperate howlings they came rushing down the gully, and, spreading out at its mouth, dashed at the couple.

(To be concluded next week)

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"GRUNDY AND THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL."

(Continued from page 14.)

"I—I—I didn't—I wasn't—I never—" he bumbled.
 "Here is your name! You have—" "I haven't!" shrieked Grundy. "I've never seen those handbills before!"
 "Nonsense! You—" "Is that Grundy?" demanded Harry, shoving angrily forward. "Why, he's a blooming kid! He ain't a blooming hoxshoneer!"
 "Me—an auctioneer!" mumbled Grundy. "Oh crumbs! Here, keep off, you ragged robin!"
 Instead of keeping off, Harry clutched Grundy's shoulder with a rather grubby hand.
 "You're Grundy?" he roared.
 "Yes. Leggo!"
 "Then, where's the goods?"
 "Leggo! What goods? Clear off!"
 "Hex-Government surplus stock!" yelled Harry. "Sauce-pans—kettles—telephones. Kettles at a penny, bedsteads at two-and-six—" "It's a swindle!" roared William.
 "We've been done! Brought 'ere for nothin'!"
 "That blooming kid can't be Mr. Grundy!" said Sammy, the gentleman with the barrow. "These 'ere blokes are trying to spoof us! Mr. Grundy must be somewhere about! If he ain't perdoosed, I'm going to smash the winders, I know that!"
 "Where's Mr. Grundy?"
 "Where's them goods?"
 "Why don't you start the sale?"
 "You in the gownd—why don't you begin the sale?"
 "It's a swindle!"
 "Ave his 'at off!"
 "Hooray!"
 "Grundy!" gasped Mr. Railton. "I—I will deal with you later! You—you see what you have done—" "I—I haven't—I wasn't—" babbled Grundy. "I—I didn't—I—I never—" "Start that sale!" roared a hundred voices. A stone flew from somewhere, and a window cracked in the School House. Matters were beginning to look serious.
 Mr. Railton hurried into the house to consult the Head. And there was something like a hush, at last, when Dr. Holmes came out on the steps of the School House, and raised his hand commandingly.

CHAPTER 10. Too Much Grundy.

TOM MERRY & CO. were crowded back against the steps; there were two or three hundred people in the quadrangle by this time. But the reverend Head of St. Jim's impressed them, and even Harry forbore to roar. Dr. Holmes succeeded in making his voice heard.
 "Ladies—gentlemen—I am sorry—" "Where's the sale?"
 "Where's them goods—hex-Government surplus stock?"
 "Pray allow me to speak. There is no sale—" "Yah!"
 "The whole thing is a foolish practical joke—" "Boo!"
 "A stupid boy—an incredibly stupid boy—has played this foolish joke. The handbills are not genuine. There is no sale. I regret deeply that your time has been wasted. The boy in question will be severely punished—most severely! I can promise you that he will not escape the consequences of his crass folly. Gentlemen, this is as distressing to me as to you. I apologise most sincerely for the trouble you have been given by a foolish boy belonging to this school."
 The Head's words had a soothing effect, and his fine old face and eloquent voice made an impression. Even Harry, of the three hats, was favourably impressed, disappointed as he was in his hunt for great bargains in ex-Government surplus stock.
 "You're a gentleman, sir," said Harry. "If it's as you say, it ain't your fault. But that young scallywag—" "He shall be flogged!" said the Head.
 "Serve 'im right!"
 "Ear, ear!"
 The quieter portion of the crowd were already clearing

off. It was Harry & Co. that had made most of the disturbance, in their anger and disappointment; and, fortunately, the Head had succeeded in placating Harry & Co.
 "If that there boy was mine, sir," said Harry, "I'd skin 'im! I'd take the strap to 'im, I would, and fair 'ave his blooming 'ide off!"
 "Oh! Ah! Yes! I shall certainly flog him soundly!" gasped the Head. The scholarly old gentleman was rather taken aback by Harry's peculiar variety of the English language.
 "Well, no good stopping 'ere," said Harry discontentedly. "We've been spoofed! Good-afternoon, sir, and I 'ope you'll look arter your boys a bit more careful."
 "Oh! Ah! Yes! Thank you!"
 Harry came up the steps, with a confidential air, and the Head eyed him.
 Harry was quite friendly now.
 "Seeing as I'm 'ere, sir," he remarked, "p'r'aps we could do a little business together."
 "I—I—I think not. I—" "Any left-off wardrobe, sir?" said Harry encouragingly. "These are rather 'ard times, and every shilling counts. Any discarded coats—" "No, no!"
 "Any old trouses—" "Oh! Ah! No, no!"
 "That there old gownd you're wearing, sir. You want a new one, that's certain. I could go to one-and-thruppence for that gownd—" "Oh! No! Thank you very much!" articulated the Head.
 "But, no—no—" "P'r'aps I could sell you a 'at, sir?" insinuated Harry.
 "Good heavens! I mean, no—no—no! Good-afternoon, sir!" gasped the Head. And he backed into the School House.
 Harry followed the rest of the crowd at last. Taggles saw them off the premises. Harry & Co. exchanged chaff with Taggles as they left. Harry advised him to boil his head, while William suggested frying his face. Taggles' repartee consisting chiefly of loud snorts. But at last they were all gone, and the gates were closed and locked. Taggles did not unlock them when late-comers to the sale happened along. He considered it more judicious to explain matters through the bars.
 St. Jim's breathed more freely when the crowd was gone. Never had such an invasion happened. It was amazing and most disconcerting. And Grundy of the Shell was surrounded by a crowd of fellows who told him what they thought of him. It was in vain that George Alfred Grundy stammered out protests of his complete ignorance of the whole affair. Grundy did not know what to make of it, any more than the rest. But the juniors agreed that it was Grundy!
 "We'd jolly well snatch you bald-headed, you crass ass!" Tom Merry told him. "Only the Head's sure to flog you—" "Yaas, wathah!"
 "More power to his elbow!" said Blake heartily.
 "But I didn't—" yelled Grundy.
 "Rats!"
 "Rot!"
 "Yaas, wathah! Wats!"
 "I wasn't—I didn't—I never—" babbled Grundy incoherently.
 "Wubbish!"
 "You've done it now!" said Wilkins.
 "Jolly well done it!" agreed Gunn. "And I wish you joy of it, Grundy! What made you do it?"
 "I—I—I didn't—" "Sudden madness, or something like that?" asked Wilkins.
 "You silly chump! I didn't—" "Grundy!" It was Mr. Railton's voice. "You are wanted in the Head's study at once! Come with me!"
 And Grundy gasped and went.
 A crowd of fellows gathered at the end of the passage; but they did not hear the sound of the birch. Neither was the powerful voice of George Alfred Grundy raised in anguish. It was ten minutes or so before Grundy came out of the study, and he had not been flogged!
 "You don't mean to say that the Head's let you off?" exclaimed Tom Merry.
 Grundy snorted.
 "The Head's got sense enough to see that I never did it!" he said. "As if I should! Only a silly fool would play a trick like that—" "That's why we think you did it!"
 "Yaas, wathah!"
 "Well, I didn't!" snapped Grundy. "I've told the Head

so! Mr. Railton made a suggestion—rather bright of him! He said the printer's name was on the handbills—old Tiper, of Rylcombe—and he suggested applying to him to ask who gave him the order. The matter's standing over till Monday, when they can see Tiper and ask him."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gave a jump.

"Tiper?" he ejaculated. Back into the noble mind of Gussy came a sudden and startling recollection.

"Yes, Tiper was the printer," said Grundy. "He will know who—"

"Gordon Gay!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

"What?"

"Bai Jove! We ought to have thought of that befoah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus excitedly. "I wemembah now, yestahday afternoon, passin' Tiper's. Gay and Wootton majah and minah came out with vewy big bundles—"

"Oh!" ejaculated Tom Merry.

"I wemembah the wottahs were gwinnin' like anythin'. Of course, it was those wotten handbills in the bundles! It was a Gwammian jape on Gwunday, deah boys!"

"A—a—a Gwammian jape!"

"They said they were goin' for Gwunday, I wemembah—"

"That's it!" roared Grundy. "That's it, of course! I should have thought of that in another minute!"

It needed only the hint. The truth dawned on Tom Merry & Co. at once. Once more they had been spoofed and "done" by the Grammar School. Grundy waved an excited hand.

"Look here!" he roared. "It was the Grammarians! Who'll back me up to go over and mop them up! Follow my lead! What?"

"Follow your lead?" howled Blake. "You've started in to jape the Grammarians, and it's led to this! First you bring home a record licking, then a tarred napper, then a crowd of blighters swearing over St. Jim's in a regular riot! And then you want to go on!"

"You silly ass, Grundy—"

"You crass chump—"

"You frabjous idiot—"

"Gentlemen!" shouted Tom Merry. "I put it to the meeting that there's been too much Grundy!"

"Hear, hear!"

"We've trouble enough to keep our end up against the

Grammar School, without Grundy butting in and making it more trouble—"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Grundy can't touch anything without making matters worse, so Grundy's not to touch!"

"Hear, hear!"

"And as a lesson and a warning, we'll give him a jolly good bumping!"

"Bravo!"

"Collar the silly owl!"

"Look here—," roared Grundy.

But Grundy's energetic protests were unheeded. Grundy's campaign against the Grammar School, which Grundy had undertaken with such a blare of trumpets, so to speak, had been an ignominious failure, and the great Grundy had to pay the penalty of failure. All that Gordon Gay had earned that day at the hands of the St. Jim's fellows was bestowed on Grundy—with some interest. They collared him, and bumped him in the passage; they walked him, up-ended, to the staircase, and they walked him upstairs feet first. Then he was frog-marched along the Shell passage, and finally landed, with a last bump, in his study, where he sprawled, breathless, feeling as if the whole solar system was dissolving into little pieces about him.

He was sitting on the carpet, and gasping, when Wilkins and Gunn came in to tea. They sniled at him.

"I—I say!" spluttered Grundy. "You—you've seen how—how they thank me—ow!—for keeping our end up! Groooogh!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" said Wilkins heartlessly.

"You asked for it," said Gunn. "Now you've got it, I hope you like it!"

Grundy gasped.

"That's the reward I get!" he spluttered. "Ow! I can tell you one thing—Wow-ow! The dashed school can go to the dashed—ow!—dogs—Groooogh! I stand out! I refuse to keep things going any longer! Wow! The fellows can come and beg me on their bended—ow!—knees, but I won't give the Grammar School the kybosh now! I simply won't!"

And Grundy didn't!

THE END.

(Great things happen in next week's yarn. What will be the end of it all? You really must read "St. Jim's to the Rescue!" By Martin Clifford.)



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