

REAL ACTION PHOTOGRAPH OF TOM HAMILTON FREE IN THIS ISSUE !

The GEM 1^D₂

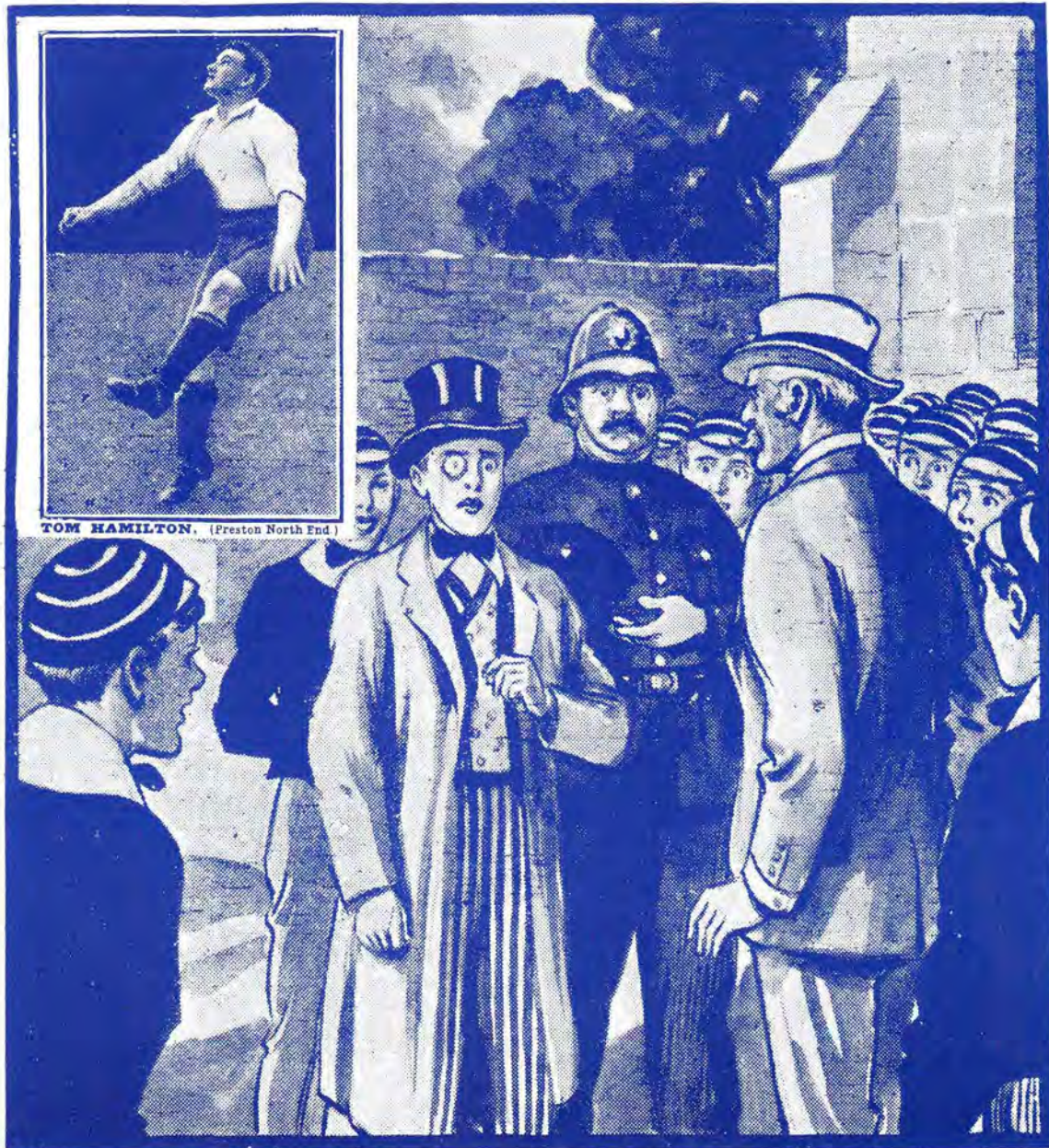
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LIBRARY

20 Pages.

Every Wednesday.

July 1st, 1922.



TOM HAMILTON. (Preston North End)

IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW!
(A Surprising Incident in the Splendid Long Complete School Story Inside.)

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A GREAT PLAYER. TOM HAMILTON (Preston North End F.C.)

THE subject of our action photograph this week is a player who has been very much in the public eye during the last two or three seasons on account of one thing or another. His name is Thomas Hamilton, and he plays at right full-back for Preston North End, the team which got to the Cup Final last season, only to be beaten by a doubtful penalty goal. In the incident which led up to that penalty goal in the Final Tie, Hamilton was one of the central figures, for he it was who was said by the referee to have fouled Smith, the Huddersfield outside-left, inside the penalty area.

Most of the spectators at the Final Tie considered that even if the offence was committed it was outside the line, and that Huddersfield should not have been awarded a penalty-kick, which enabled them to win the Cup. Anyway, whatever the rights and the wrongs of that particular decision, there can be no getting away from the fact that Hamilton had played a great game in the Final for the Lancastrians. His volleying, always a big feature of his play since he came to England, was well-nigh perfect in the Final Tie, and time after time he exorcised his side from difficult situations by his clever anticipation, and his ability to kick a good length from all sorts of angles.

Another of the things which has brought Hamilton into prominence in recent times is the fact that when he was transferred he had the distinction of being the highest-priced footballer who had ever changed his club. The actual figure which Preston North End paid to Kilmarnock to obtain the services of this steady full-back has not been divulged, but it was certainly not less than £4,500, while the figure most generally believed to have been paid was £4,750.

The question of whether any one player could ever be worth the expenditure of such a fortune is one which is often debated in football circles, but whatever the answer to the question, we should certainly be right in saying that nearly as much has been paid for men who had nothing like the ability of Hamilton. In many ways he is a typical Scot, which means that he is not of the hustling, bustling variety of full-backs. Indeed, he appears to be slow, as do most players who have learned the game in Scotland; but, on the other hand, he has the happy knack of making his head save his feet, or, to put the matter in another way, he has that footballing instinct which prompts him to be in the right place at the right time to intercept a pass, and to upset the schemes of his opponents.

Tom Hamilton was born at New Cumnock, and after gaining a local reputation as a solid defender with a junior club named Crouberry, he was picked up by Kilmarnock. In all, Hamilton spent seven seasons with them, and once played a big part in helping his side to win the Scottish Cup. In the season of 1920 he was officially recognised as one of the best full-backs in Scotland, when he was chosen to play for the Scottish League against the Irish League. Meantime, his ability had attracted several big clubs in England, and two other Lancashire clubs—Everton and Bolton Wanderers—offered a big price for him before Preston North End came along with a record cheque. This was in the course of the 1920-21 season, and since then Hamilton has done extremely well for the Prestonians. He is built on ideal lines for the duties which fall to his lot, being 5 ft. 10 ins. in height, and weighing 12 st. 10 lbs. An excellent defender who is quite up to international standard.

Look out for the TWO Splendid
Real Photos of Popular Foot-
ballers which will be presented
FREE with next week's "GEM."

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"MY READERS' OWN CORNER!"

Tuck Hampers and Money Prizes Awarded for Interesting Paragraphs.
(If your name is not here this week it may be next.)

This Wins Our Tuck Hamper. FRODIGIOUS.

The old sailor had been very silent all the evening while his friends spun yarns, but at last he began. "I was once in a dreadful storm," he said, "and all the provisions were washed overboard. I was very ill, and ate nothing for four days. At the end of that time I began to feel hungry, and the steward gave me beef, chicken, port wine, and eggs." "But you said all the provisions were washed overboard," cried one of the party. "Where did the beef come from?" "From the bullocks (bulwarks)," said the sailor. "And the chicken?" "From the hatch." "And the port wine?" "From the portholes, of course." "Well, how about the eggs?" "Did I say eggs?" murmured the sailor. "Ah, that was a bit of a difficulty, but our skipper was equal to it. He simply ordered the ship to lay to (two)." —A Tuck Hamper filled with delicious Tuck has been awarded to N. Swallow, Northern Conservative and Unionist Club, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

LIFE ON A DAIRY FARM.

It is a strenuous life on a dairy farm in New South Wales. It is, in many ways, much the same as in the Old

Country, but the work is on a larger scale. The cows are driven into the bails for milking. The bails are wooden railings set far-enough apart for the cow to come in, but not wide enough to allow her to turn round. The milk is sent to the separator, and a wheel is turned. The skim milk comes out of a tap one side, the cream the other side. The cream is sent off to the factory in ten, twelve, or fourteen-gallon bottle-cans. The pigs get the skim milk. Half-a-crown awarded to N. Harvey, Fore Street, Canterbury, N.S.W., Australia.

NOT PERMANENT.

Lord Lee tells an amusing story concerning an old man who had worked on a farm since he was twelve. When he was eighty-three his young master suggested that he should retire from active service. The ancient one stared in surprise, then he got angry. "Well," he quavered, "I've been working on the farm seventy-one years now. I worked for your grandfather, for your father, and now I'm working for you, and you want to sack me. If I'd known it wasn't going to be a regular job I wouldn't have taken it on." —Half-a-crown awarded to Fred Humphreys, 3B, Woolwich Street, West Leederville, Western Australia.

TUCK HAMPER COUPON

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No attempt will be considered unless accompanied by one of these Coupons.

EDITORIAL CHAT.

The Editor would like to hear from his reader chums. Address all letters to Editor, "The Gem Library," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

My Dear Chums,—

You will find two portraits of first-rate footballers in next week's GEM. This fine series of photos is scoring all along the line, and each week brings me fresh tributes to the excellence of the feature, and the all-round popularity of the GEM. Look out for the likenesses of Charles Flood (Bolton Wanderers F.C.), and James Torrance (Fulham F.C.), worthy representatives of Lancs and London Town.

I may as well mention here that the "Magnet" next week will contain a capital action photo of David Jack (Bolton), while the "Boys' Friend" adds Arthur Wynn to its gallery of boxers.

The St. Jim's long complete yarn next week is called "Top of the River," and will be found one of those really seasonable stories which Mr. Martin Clifford knows so well how to handle. He has in this forthcoming tale the real atmosphere of the English summer, exactly as we like to think of it, the time when the

call of the river is sounding for so many, and regatta fixtures are to the fore.

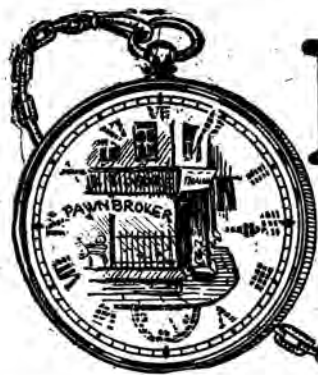
You are sure to like this story with its graphic boat-race incidents, and its real grip, for it is not all easy-going. Sometimes rather strange things happen in connection with river sports, and you will find something pretty unusual and startling as the yarn proceeds. Dramatic developments and a bunch of surprises are quite in the author's line, and Mr. Martin Clifford can shake hands with himself on the style in which the interest is sustained, right up to the final drop of the curtain.

There is no need for me to say much about the great Duncan Storm serial, "All On His Own." This is not because there is nothing to say—don't think of it—but simply for the reason that the great romance of real life is swinging along in such splendid fashion, and can be left to speak for itself.

Future arrangements include some grand open-air stories. Our summer programme will go one better even than last year, when the leading lights of St. Jim's took the road with a patent cooking stove, and a wise donkey—four legs the animal had, so there is no need to think I am trying to be personal.

My cordial thanks are due to the numerous correspondents who have written to me from all over the world about the GEM. Recent stories have struck a higher note than ever. That's what all my friends say.

YOUR EDITOR.



RAISING the WIND!

A Grand, Long Complete School Story of the Chums of St. Jim's, telling how Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, in trying to Raise Funds, finds himself in a somewhat awkward predicament.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 1.

No Luck for Lowther!

"I'VE got it!"

Monty Lowther fairly burst into Study No. 10 in the Shell, with excitement in his face, and gasped out the words.

There were six juniors in the study; and they all stared at Lowther. They had been looking very thoughtful, not to say glum; but as Monty made his breathless announcement their faces brightened up wonderfully.

"You've got it?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Yes!"

"Thank goodness!" said Manners, in tones of deep relief.

"Bai Jove, that's wippin' news!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Then it will be all wight?"

"Right as rain!" said Monty Lowther cheerily.

Blake and Herries and Dig exchanged glances of satisfaction.

The news really was exhilarating.

For quite a long time—it seemed like ages to them—the Terrible Three and Blake & Co. had been in the sad and forlorn state slangily described as "stony."

Study No. 10 in the Shell, and Study No. 6 in the Fourth had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf.

The last copper was gone—and the allowances were mortgaged ahead. One or two remittances that had dropped in had been used to settle up small debts. But the big debt remained—the sum of six pounds, which weighed upon the minds and the spirits of the stony seven.

How the wind was to be raised to square that account was still a deep mystery to Tom Merry & Co., although they had tried many ways and means—from gardening to French translations.

Six of the stony juniors had been holding a consultation on the subject in Tom Merry's study. Their consultations were frequent; indeed, the stony juniors held almost as many conferences as if they had been great statesmen with nothing to do but to exercise their chins.

And then came Monty Lowther, bursting into the study with the news that he had "got it."

No wonder the conference brightened up.

"I weally think this meetin' ought to pass a vote of thanks to Lowthah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "It will be no end of a welief to get cleah of that howwid debt."

"Hear, hear!" said Dig.

"And we'll jolly well let it be a warning to us," said Tom Merry. "No more debts for me, after this."

"No fear!" said Blake emphatically.

"Wathah not!" said Arthur Augustus. "I am glad to see that you youngstahs are takin' this lesson to heart—"

"Bow-wow! Lowther, old man," said Tom Merry, "you're a jewel. I was beginning to think that we'd never raise that awful six quid."

"But how have you done it, Lowther?" asked Blake.

"Have you had a terrific remittance?"

"Remittance?" said Lowther. "Oh, no!"

"Then how—"

"How did you get it?" asked Herries.

"I was trotting around under the elms, thinking it over, and all of a sudden it came to me!" said Lowther jubilantly.

"Wh-a-t?"

"Bai Jove!"

"Are you off your rocker?" roared Blake. "I suppose it couldn't come to you of its own accord, could it?"

"Eh! Of course!" said Monty Lowther, with a stare.

"Naturally!"

"It—it came to you of its own accord?" babbled Blake.

"Of course! Suddenly flashed into my mind."

"Flashed into your mind!" shrieked Tom Merry. "How the merry thump could six pounds flash into your mind?"

"He's potty!" said Herries. "Simply potty! I've seen signs of this in Lowther before. The way he makes puns—"

"Six pounds!" said Lowther blankly. "What do you mean? I didn't say I had six pounds, did I?"

The glum expression returned to half a dozen faces. Evidently there had been a misapprehension.

"You burbling ass!" said Blake. "You said you'd got it!"

"Yaas, wathah, Lowthah! You distinctly said you had got it!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus warmly.

"Oh, I meant the idea!"

"The what?"

"The idea—how to raise the wind, you know," said Lowther. "I haven't got the money—I've got the idea."

"Fathead!"

Six voices pronounced that word in tones of utter disgust. The hopes of the stony juniors had been raised, only to be dashed to the ground again. Monty Lowther appeared to think that his idea was practically as good as the money; but it was obvious that the six fellows in the study did not agree with him, not the least little bit.

"Bai Jove! I weally think Lowthah ought to be scawged!" said Arthur Augustus. "He made us think he had the tin, and it turns out to be only one of his wotter wheezes."

"Collar the silly owl!" growled Herries.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Lowther. "You haven't heard the wheeze yet. It's a stunt that will see us through."

"Wats!"

"Rubbish!"

"We don't want to hear it," said Blake morosely. "We know your Shell wheezes. Poof!"

"Look hear, you cheeky Fourth Form ass!"

"Wag him, deah boys!"

"Hold on," said Tom Merry. "Give the silly chump a chance. If his idea's any good, we'll try it. If it isn't, we'll bump him!"

"Yaas, that's faih!"

"It's the stunt of the season," Monty Lowther impressively. "I wonder I never thought of it before. It came into my head all of a sudden while I was thinking the thing out. We've tried several schemes for raising the wind, but they've come to nothing. Now, this idea is the real article—the real gilt-edged thing. You fellows know how I play the banjo?"

"The—the banjo?"

"Yes! You know how I play it."

"Like a nigger playing a tom-tom," said Blake. "We know!"

"You silly ass!" roared Lowther. "You know I play it awfully well. And you know how I can make up?"

"Make up?"

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"Yes—you've seen me play nigger parts."

"But what the thump has that got to do with it?" demanded Manners.

"Lots! That's the idea! Nigger minstrel, you know—song and dance, and pass round the hat!" said Lowther. "Catch on?"

The assembled juniors simply blinked at Monty Lowther. They could scarcely believe that he was serious.

"Nigger minstrel!" said Blake faintly. "Pass round the hat! Great Christopher Columbus!"

"Bai Jove! I weally feah that Lowthah's bwain is givin' way."

"Well," said Tom Merry, "of all the potty rubbish—"

"Give a chap a chance," said Lowther hotly. "Made up as a nigger minstrel, I'm going to give a performance in the quad—"

"In the quad!" shrieked the juniors.

"That's it! Of course, the fellows won't know it's little me. I shall dawn on them suddenly, you know, made up as Uncle Bones, with banjo complete. I've got the things in the property-box. I shall rig up in the wood-shed after lessons. I give a song and dance in the quad—the fellows crowd round—tumultuous applause—coppers and tanners and bobs rain into the hat—and—there you are!"

Jack Blake rose to his feet. His expression was grim. He looked round at the conference.

"Lowther made us believe he'd got the quids!" he said. "It turns out to be a stunt—the kind of stunt they'd think of in Colney Hatch on their very bad days. Lowther's asked for it."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Collar him!"

"But listen—" yelled Lowther, in great wrath and indignation.

But the juniors refused to listen. Apparently they considered that they had heard enough. They collared the unhappy propounder of ripping wheezes, jerked him off his feet, and bumped him on the study carpet. The dust rose from the carpet, and a wild yell from Monty Lowther.

"Yoop! You silly asses—"

"Give him another!"

Bump!

"Yow-ow! I'll—I'll— You silly chumps, it's the catch of the season. I'm going ahead, anyhow, and you'll see— Yaroooooh!"

Bump!

Monty Lowther landed on the carpet for the third time, and then he was left. The meeting broke up, and the hapless Monty was left feeling as if he had broken up, too.

CHAPTER 2.

Going It!

TOM MERRY and Manners grinned a little when they met their chum in class that afternoon.

Monty Lowther frowned at them.

He was still very much ruffled by the unflattering reception his amazing wheeze had met with. But that unflattering reception had not made any difference to his resolve. He was going ahead just the same, after lessons that day—he was determined on that. If his comrades in misfortune did not choose to back him up, he would "go it" alone.

In the interval between the bumping in the study and afternoon class in the Shell room, Lowther had been busy.

There were signs on his fingers of how he had sorted out his greasemarks and lampblack, and even as he entered the Form-room—in the awe-inspiring presence of Mr. Linton himself—Monty Lowther was humming a coon song that he had been running over to refresh his memory.

When Monty Lowther was "on a stunt," he was often forgetful of time and space and other considerations. He was very unwilling to come into class at all that afternoon; he would have preferred preparing in the study for his great enterprise. Naturally—at least, Lowther would have called it naturally—he could not put this important business out of his head for the sake of such minor considerations as geography and English grammar! What did geography and English grammar matter to a fellow who had the stunt of the term in his active brain, and who was going to save six stony comrades from stoniness in spite of themselves?

Nevertheless, Mr. Linton—quite unaware that more important matters were on hand—persisted in geography and English grammar, in the obstinate and regardless manner common to Form-masters.

When Monty Lowther, absent-minded as was natural in the circumstances, told Mr. Linton that America was discovered by Uncle Bones, Mr. Linton stared—and the master of the Shell was still more astonished to hear that Sir Francis Drake was celebrated for playing the banjo.

There was a sound of swishing in the Form-room next;

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and Monty Lowther, as he rubbed his palms, was brought back to common earth again, as it were, and tried to give up his thoughts to geography.

In English grammar Mr. Linton had another surprise.

The juniors were directed to write each a sentence of his own composition or from memory, and parse it, the papers being handed in to Mr. Linton afterwards. While they were so engaged, the master of the Shell took a well-earned respite, nodding at his desk in the drowsy summer's afternoon. But he woke up as sharp as a needle when the papers were handed in, and he stared as he looked at Lowther's. Monty had chosen the beautiful sentence:

"Honey, little Honey, you're my Honey-honey-hoo!

When I strum upon de banjo I'm a-strummy-umming you!"

"Honey: Proper noun, voc. case, fem. gen., sing. num.

"Little: Adj. of quantity.

"Honey: Prop. noun, voc. case, fem. gen., sing."

Mr. Linton did not trouble to finish reading the parsing exercise. He called Monty Lowther up to his desk.

"Do you call that a sentence suitable for a grammatical exercise, Lowther?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Monty.

"Our opinions differ on that point," said Mr. Linton coldly. "It is not a sentence at all, Lowther, but a fragment of imbecility."

"Oh!" said Lowther.

"I fear, Lowther, that you are not thinking of your lessons this afternoon."

"Oh, sir!"

"You will write down another exercise for parsing from my dictation."

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"Take this sentence: it is from Fielding, and it will be useful to you, Lowther, to study this master of prose; it will help to correct your taste, which I fear is bad. 'An author ought to consider himself, not as a gentleman who gives a private or eleemosynary treat, but rather as one who keeps a public ordinary, at which all persons are welcome for their money.'"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Lowther involuntarily.

"Eh? What did you say, Lowther?"

"N-n-nothing, sir."

"Have you written down that sentence, Lowther?"

"Ye-es, sir."

"Very good. You will stay in after lessons, and parse it, and bring me the result to my study before tea-time."

"Oh!"

"You may go to your place, Lowther."

Monty Lowther went to his place, a sadder if not a wiser Shell fellow. For the remainder of the afternoon he tried to keep his thoughts fixed on the pearls of wisdom that fell from Mr. Linton, and to drive away all consideration of his new stunt, and his banjo, and Honey-honey-hoo!

When the class was dismissed, Monty Lowther had to remain in the Form-room to parse that sentence from the master of prose, given him by his kind Form-master to improve his taste.

Tom Merry and Manners gave him sympathetic glances as they went out, which was all they could do for him.

They went down to the cricket-ground to put in some practice before tea, expecting Monty Lowther to join them there when his detention task was done.

But Monty Lowther did not appear.

Kildare of the Sixth was putting in some of his valuable time coaching the juniors, so Tom Merry and Manners did not go in search of their chum. They were leaving the cricket more than an hour later, when Baggy Trimble of the Fourth met them, full of excited news.

"Come on, you fellows!" bawled Trimble.

"What's up?"

"He, he, he! There's a nigger minstrel in the quad!" chorled Trimble. "You can hear his giddy old banjo from here! Taggles can't have seen him come in, or he'd have chucked him out. He, he, he!"

Tom Merry jumped.

"A nigger minstrel—"

"In the quad!" yelled Manners.

"Giving a song and dance!" chuckled Trimble. "I say, they'll chuck him out on his neck. Awful cheek, you know—"

Tom and Manners exchanged a glance of dismay, and then they rushed on. Monty Lowther, evidently, was "at it."

He was carrying out his great stunt. Undoubtedly he had "made up" in the wood-shed, as he had planned, as soon as his detention was over—and his chums, occupied at cricket, had been unable to restrain his enthusiasm. The sound of a banjo and a voice greeted the juniors as they ran up, mingled with roars of laughter from a crowd gathering in the quad.



The crowd was thickening round the performer, and Tom Merry & Co. had to shove a way forward. Pong, pong! tang, tang! went Monty Lowther's banjo. On the ground was a large silk hat, ready for contributions. What looked like a Christy minstrel was strumming on the banjo and singing melodiously. (See this page.)

"Bai Jove, you fellahs!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "It's—"

"Shurrup!" whispered Tom hurriedly.

"Weally, Tom Mewy—"

"Don't give it away, ass!" muttered Manners.

"I was not goin' to give it away, Mannahs. But weally—"

Blake and Herries and Dig came up, grinning. They could guess who the nigger minstrel was.

But outside the half-dozen juniors, nobody guessed. Certainly, Monty Lowther's nearest relation would not have recognised him just then. The crowd was already thick round the performer, and Tom Merry & Co. had to shove a way forward.

Pong, pong! Tang, tang! went the banjo.

On the ground stood a large silk hat, ready for contributions. What looked like a Christy minstrel was strumming on the banjo and singing melodiously.

The chums of the School House blinked at him. Was it Monty Lowther, after all?

The minstrel had a face as black as the ace of spades; his mouth was widened with chalk until it seemed to extend almost from ear to ear; his head was covered with black fuzzy hair. His trousers were striped with red on white; his cutaway coat was sky-blue. His tie was large and flowing, and rivalled in colour the well-known coat of Joseph. If it was Lowther of the Shell, he was marvellously got up.

He was singing, more or less melodiously, the following refrain, to the accompaniment of the banjo:

"Honey, little honey, you're my honey-honey-hoo!

When I strum upon de banjo I'm a-strummy-umming you!

Oh, my hunky little honey,

Though my features may be funny,

I've a great big heart, my honey, and it beats for you-oo-oo!"

"Ha ha, ha!"

"Go it, Uncle Bones," sang out Kangaroo of the Shell.

"Bai Jove! The awful ass!"

The minstrel proceeded to his dance, which he performed with some grace. Tom Merry stared towards the facade

of the School House, expecting every moment to see a master issue forth to inquire into this extraordinary scene in the quadrangle. The minstrel accompanied his dance with castanets, and the juniors cheered him. It was the first time they had seen such a show in the sacred precincts of the school quadrangle.

"Bai Jove! Now he's goin' wound with the hat!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "And heah comes Wailton."

Mr. Railton issued from the School House as the minstrel ceased his dance, picked up the big silk hat, and walked round the circle holding it out. Quite a shower of coppers fell into the hat, with some sixpences and a shilling or two.

"Better cut off, uncle," whispered Talbot of the Shell, as he dropped a shilling. "There's a beak coming along."

"And here comes Taggles!" grinned Gore.

Taggles, the porter, was coming up from the gates, with a stick in his hand, greatly scandalised. Uncle Bones blinked round as Mr. Railton made his way through the throng.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the Housemaster sternly.

"Good-afternoon, sah!" said the minstrel. "You like to see me gib song and dance, massa?"

Tom Merry almost held his breath.

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Mr. Railton sternly. "You should not have come in here. Itinerant entertainers are not allowed to enter the school grounds. Taggles, you should not have admitted this man."

"I never did!" exclaimed Taggles hotly. "He never come in at the gates, sir! Must 'ave legged it over the wall, sir."

"That is very odd," said Mr. Railton. "However, see him off the premises at once, Taggles."

"You leave 'im to me, sir!" said Taggles, and he dropped a heavy hand on the minstrel's shoulder. "Now then, you vagabone, you come alonger me!"

"I'se coming when I'se finished takin' de collection, boss," objected the minstrel.

"You're coming now!" grunted Taggles, and he tightened his grip and marched the coloured gentleman away to the gates. And half St. Jim's followed them in a grinning crowd.

CHAPTER 3.

Not So Black as Painted!

"H OUTSIDE!"

Taggles, the porter, gave the black gentleman a twist in the gateway, and sent him into the road spinning like a top.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Uncle Bones.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now you clear off!" said Taggles, pointing an admonitory forefinger at the minstrel. "Your 'ook it! You 'ear me?"

The minstrel heard, but, like the dying gladiator of old, he heeded not.

Having reached the middle of the road, opposite the wide gateway, he stopped and put his hat on the ground, and began to strum the banjo again. Taggles stared at him in great wrath.

"Are you a-goin'?" he roared.

Ping! ping! pang! pang! went the banjo.

"You rapsallion, 'ook it!" shouted Taggles.

Pong! pong! pong!

"Let him alone!" chuckled Cardew of the Fourth. "The road's free to him, Taggles!"

"Hear, hear!" chortled Figgins of the New House. "Go it, Uncle Bones!"

"On the ball!" roared Grundy of the Shell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There, in full view of the scandalised and outraged Taggles, the black gentleman proceeded to do another dance, in sheer defiance. The gateway swarmed with cheering juniors.

Taggles brandished his stick at the coloured gentleman.

"Will you 'ook it?" he roared.

"Go it!" yelled Figgins.

"Play up, darkey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Railton had gone back to the School House. Taggles was left alone to deal with the strolling performer whose absurd performance was detracting from the scholastic dignity of the ancient foundation of St. Jim's. Taggles brandished his stick in vain.

"He's doin' no harm, old bean," said Cardew. "In fact, he's amusin' us! It's no end amusin' to think that the fellow thinks anybody could want to see a show like that! I'm goin' to give him a half-crown for his nerve!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go away!" roared Taggles.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Knox of the Sixth came hurrying down to the gates. The juniors made room for the Sixth Form prefect to pass.

"Taggles, what the thump do you mean by allowing a rowdy scene like this at the gates!" exclaimed Knox. "Mr. Railton's sent me—"

"He won't go!" gasped Taggles. "I've 'owled at 'im till I'm 'oarse, and he won't go!"

"I'll jolly soon shift him!"

Knox strode out of the gates. He was head and shoulders taller than the minstrel, and it looked like an easy task for him.

"Hook it, uncle!" shouted Dick Julian.

But Uncle Bones had no time to hook it. Knox fairly rushed him down, and seized him by the collar.

"Now, you rascal!" exclaimed the bully of the Sixth.

"Ow! Leggo!"

"Bai Jove! I wondah Knox doesn't wecognise Lowthah's voice, you know," murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Let him alone, Knox!" shouted Tom Merry. "He can give a show in the road if he likes."

"I'll show him if he can!" grinned Knox, all his bullying instincts roused by the fact that the coloured gentleman was evidently not a match for him physically in any way.

And Knox proceeded to shake the unfortunate minstrel till his teeth rattled as loudly as his castanets had done.

"Leggo, rotter—yow-ow—let go, I tell you! I'll hack your shins!" yelled the minstrel.

"By gad! I—I know that voice!" stuttered Knox.

"Why—what—what—Great pip!"

Knox gave a yell of astonishment as the fuzzy wig came off in the tussle, disclosing what was evidently a boy's head, with dark brown hair. The minstrel tore himself away—so forcibly that his coat split down the back, the collar remaining in Knox's grip. And through the gash in the back of the coat, an Eton jacket could be seen.

"My hat!" shouted Figgins. "It's a kid—it's a schoolboy, got up! Who on earth is it?"

"A Grammarian on the jape!" said Levison.

"I know his voice!" said Clive. "I think it's—"

"Lowther!" roared Knox.

"Oh, you rotter!" gasped Lowther.

Knox clutched at him again. He was grinning now. The bully of the Sixth was always glad of a chance to be down on the Terrible Three.

"You won't hook it now!" grinned Knox. "You'll come in with me, my pippin! Precious games for a St. Jim's fellow!"

"Bai Jove! All the fat's in the fish now, deah boys!"

"Looks like it!" grunted Tom Merry.

In Knox's muscular grip, Monty Lowther was marched in at the gates. Taggles almost fell down with astonishment, as he peered into his blackened face and made out Lowther's features.

"Master Lowther!" he stuttered. "Nice goings hon! My word! Ain't you jolly well ashamed of yourself, Master Lowther, got up like this 'ere?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped Monty.

"Come on!" growled Knox, jerking at the junior's shoulder.

"I'll take you to Mr. Railton—just as you are."

"Look here, Knox—"

"This way!" said Knox, in great enjoyment. "We'll see what your Housemaster thinks of this, you rowdy young blackguard!"

"Lowther on the pierrot stunt!" chortled Crooke of the Shell. "Give him a penny, Racke! Here's a ha'penny for you, Lowther!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spare a copper for a St. Jim's chap down on his luck!" howled Baggy Trimble. "Give him a penny, somebody! He, he, he!"

Monty Lowther's face was crimson under his dark complexion—though the crimson could not be seen. Tom and Manners gazed at him almost speechlessly. Monty's hare-brained scheme of "raising the wind" for the stony seven did not look like being a success, financial or otherwise. The "stoiness" of the seven was already a standing joke in the Lower School; and Monty's amazing stunt was likely to give it a new advertisement. The whole crowd of juniors yelled with laughter as they followed Knox and his prisoner towards the School House.

Three or four mischievous fellows tossed coppers into the big silk hat which Lowther still held in his hand. He held his wig in the other hand—it was the property of the School House Dramatic Society, and was too valuable to be lost. The aspect of the blackened junior, with a hat in one hand and a fuzzy wig in the other, and Knox's grip on his shoulder, was striking enough, and it made the St. Jim's fellows howl.

"Look here, Knox!" gasped Lowther, as they reached the School House steps. "There's no need to take me in like this—"

"Just where you're mistaken!" chuckled Knox. "You're coming in just exactly like that!"

"You rotter—"

"Knox—" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Shut up! Get out of the way!"

"Bai Jove! Heah's Linton!"

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Arthur Augustus advanced upon the red-faced gentleman who was supporting a post outside the public-house. "Can you direct me to a pawnshop's?" he asked. "Yes," answered the man. "Up this 'ere street, and first to the left. You'll see the three pipes. Shop at the corner—in at one door and out at the other!" (See page 14.)

Mr. Linton appeared in the doorway. The master of the Shell stared at Knox, and then at the minstrel.

"Knox! For what reason are you bringing this—this disreputable character into the house?" he exclaimed.

"It's Lowther, sir!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Lowther of your Form, sir!" said Knox. "He's been playing the banjo and begging—"

"I've not been begging!" yelled Monty Lowther furiously. "I've been passing round the hat for a song and dance, and earning the money!"

Mr. Linton fairly gasped.

"Lowther! You—you foolish, disreputable, extraordinary young rascal! How dare you?"

"I'm taking him to the Housemaster, sir," said Knox.

"Quite right. I will accompany you," said Mr. Linton.

Knox marched his prisoner on to the School House master's study, and Mr. Linton brought up the rear, with a brow of thunder. It was clear that the master of the Shell did not approve of this method of raising the wind by an impecunious junior. A chuckling crowd was left in the corridor—but Tom Merry and Manners did not chuckle. They were filled with too much alarm for their enterprising chum.

"The uthah ass!" said Arthur Augustus. "Cawwyin' on, you know, affah I told him the ideah was no good! But it is partly your fault, Blake."

"What?" ejaculated Blake. "How's that, fathead?"

"Yaas, wathah! I was willin' to waise to wind by poppin' my tickah, you know, and if you had not waised objections to—"

"Fathead!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Hark!" chortled Trimble.

From Mr. Raitlon's study came the sound of a swishing cane, and it was accompanied by a loud howl.

CHAPTER 4.

Not a Success!

MR. RAILTON looked astonished when his study was invaded by Knox of the Sixth, a nigger minstrel, and the master of the Shell. He was still more astonished when he learned the identity of the nigger minstrel. He gazed at Monty's blackened face as if he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Lowther!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible?"

Uncle Bones stood before his Housemaster, the picture of dismay. This was not how he had planned his wonderful wheeze to turn out. The amateur minstrel had intended to gather a harvest of coin of the realm for his entertainment, and to retire with the same to a secluded spot—where Uncle Bones would disappear and Lowther of the Shell take his place once more. But the programme had gone awry. Mr. Raitlon's wrathful and astounded stare made the unhappy minstrel quake.

"Yes, it is Lowther!" gasped Mr. Linton. "Lowther, of my Form, Mr. Raitlon. It is incredible—unheard-of! But it is true!"

"Lowther, what does this mean?"

"M-m-m-mean, sir?" stammered Lowther.

"Why are you disguised in this extraordinary manner, with your face blackened?"

"I—I—I'm a m-m-minstrel, sir!" groaned Lowther.

"A what?"

"A nigger minstrel, sir!" groaned Lowther.

"There is no harm in such an entertainment being given in a proper place, at a proper time, Lowther. But you have appeared in the open quadrangle in this absurd guise—"

"He was collecting money, sir," said Knox.

"Is it possible, Lowther," exclaimed Mr. Linton, "that

you have played this astounding prank from so sordid a motive as that of pecuniary gain?"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Lowther involuntarily.

Mr. Linton's way of putting it was most unpleasant.

"Where is the money?" snapped Mr. Railton.

"In—in—in the hat, sir! I was passing round the—the hat! Nigger minstrels always pass round the hat, sir!" said Lowther feebly.

"Turn it out upon the table."

Click, clink, clink!

Mr. Railton counted the money. There was quite a stack of coppers, and a good many sixpences, and some shillings.

"Dear me! A total of nineteen shillings and sixpence!" said Mr. Railton. "Mr. Linton, will you take charge of this sum, and place it in the poor-box in the hall?"

"Certainly!" said Mr. Linton.

Lowther suppressed a groan. Nineteen-and-six was not the sum he had hoped to raise—and that he might have raised if he had been left alone. But it would have helped the stony seven. Now it was destined to help the poor—certainly a very worthy object, but scarcely comforting to Monty in the circumstances.

"How to deal with this reckless, absurd, extraordinary boy, I hardly know," said Mr. Railton. "I trust that his foolish prank is chiefly due to want of reflection. But you will agree with me, Mr. Linton, that a somewhat exemplary punishment is called for."

"Most decidedly!" said the master of the Shell, with emphasis.

"If—if you please, sir—" stuttered Lowther.

"What have you to say, Lowther?"

"There—there was no harm done, sir!" groaned Lowther. "Nigger minstrel business is a quite respectable way of earning money—"

"I think that will do, Lowther. Mr. Linton, as this absurd boy is in your Form, I will leave him in your hands. There is a cane on my desk. Will you hand the cane to Mr. Linton, Knox?"

Knox performed that service for Mr. Linton with alacrity and pleasure. The master of the Shell took a business-like grip on the cane. His expression showed that he was not going to risk spoiling Monty Lowther by sparing the rod.

"Hold out your hand, Lowther!"

Swish!

"Wow!"

"Silence, boy! The other hand!"

Swish! Mr. Linton put his beef into it.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Lowther! How dare you utter such objectionable ejaculations in your Housemaster's study!" exclaimed Mr. Linton angrily. "Hold out your hand again!"

Swish!

"Woocooop!"

"I think that will be adequate, Mr. Railton." The Housemaster nodded assent. "Lowther, you may go! If you should ever play such a prank again—"

Mr. Linton paused, and left the rest to Monty Lowther's imagination.

The hapless minstrel, almost limped out of the study, hat and wig in hand, his banjo under his arm, and trying to rub his hands in spite of those paraphernalia. A loud chortle greeted him as he emerged into the corridor.

"Here he comes!" roared Gore. "When did you wash last, Lowther?"

"He, he, he! They don't wash in No. 10!" chortled Trimble. "What a face! What a neck!"

Tom Merry relieved his chum of hat and wig and banjo, and drew him away in time to prevent him from committing assault and battery upon the howling juniors. Study No. 6 followed them upstairs to the Shell passage. They were grinning—they could not help that. Tom and Manners tried hard not to smile.

Monty Lowther glared at them.

"I did my best!" he growled.

"What a best!" murmured Blake.

"I raised nineteen and six, anyhow!" hooted Lowther.

"Bai Jove! Where is it, deah boy?"

"Railton's bagged it for the school poor-box."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co.

"Is that a laughing matter?" yelled Lowther angrily.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Funniest thing I've ever struck!" grinned Blake. "This is going to help us out—I don't think! Don't you fellows fancy it's about time you gave up thinking of wheezes? Leave it to Study No. 6."

"Oh, go and eat coke," growled Lowther.

"Go and get a wash!" suggested Herries. "You want it! The fellows are saying that that's your natural complexion, because you never use any soap!"

"You silly ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

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"Oh, get out!" roared Lowther, and he seized the banjo and made a rush at Study No. 6.

Blake & Co. fled, chortling. Lowther gave Tom and Manners a morose stare, and seemed disposed to give them the benefit of the banjo.

"Awfully funny, isn't it?" he snorted.

"Well, now you mention it, it is rather!" assented Manners, with a grin.

"You silly owl!"

"Better go and change, old man," murmured Tom Merry. "Get that jolly old complexion off—"

"Fathead!"

Monty Lowther tramped away to a bath-room, not in a good temper. And Tom Merry and Manners smiled—audibly—when he was gone.

CHAPTER 5. A Crisis!

"G WEAT Scott!"

"Fiver!" asked three voices, in eager unison.

"No!"

"Oh, rotten!"

It was a few days after Monty Lowther's heroic—but unsuccessful—attempt to raise the wind. The stony seven were as stony as ever; and Lowther, fertile as he generally was in wheezes, had not propounded any new scheme so far. He appeared a little fed up since the ghastly failure of the minstrel stunt, and, as Jack Blake put it, "since then he had used no other."

On this especial day there was a half-holiday, and the mid-day post had brought a letter for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. There was a crest on the envelope, which indicated that it was a letter from home; and Blake and Herries and Digby had gathered eagerly round their noble chum as he opened the letter. For sometimes there was a crisp five-pound note in Lord Eastwood's letters to his second son; and such a remittance, in present circumstances, would have been a terrific windfall.

But in this imperfect universe it is uncommon for things to arrive just when they are wanted. There was no bank-note in the letter; there was not even a currency note; but there was evidently news, of a much less gratifying nature.

"Oh, come on!" said Blake resignedly. "If there isn't a remittance, no need to read the letter now."

"A chap's pater ought to dub up if he sends a chap a letter," said Digby argumentatively. "I'm really surprised at your pater, Gussy."

"This lettah is wathah important, howevah," said Arthur Augustus. "It nevah wains but it pours, you know. Misfortunes nevah come singly, bai Jove!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Herries.

"The patah is comin' down to St. Jim's to see me."

"No harm in that," said Blake. "Nothing to pull a long face about. He's bound to spend some time with the Head, and he will have a train to catch. Probably won't worry you for more than half an hour."

"Weally, Blake!"

"Perhaps only a quarter of an hour," said Dig encouragingly.

"I twust," said Arthur Augustus, in his most stately way, "that I shall nevah look upon a visit from my fathah as a wowwy. You youngstahs are wathah thoughtless."

"Can it!" said Blake.

"But the howwid fact is, deah boys, that Lord Eastwood is comin' down this aftahnoon."

"Oh!"

"He mentions that he's goin' to take the opportunity of havin' a good talk with me."

"Ah!"

"Particularly on account of what he is pleased to wefer to as my extravagance."

"Hem!"

"He is wathah surprised at my askin' him to send me a fivah—"

"What rot!"

"When he sent me one only a fortnight ago."

"The one you wasted paying your tailor!" said Herries.

"He thinks it a good ideah to have a little talk with me, and for that reason, he suggests havin' tea in the study with me."

"My hat!"

"And he will a-wive heah at four o'clock—"

"Dear man!"

"And aftah payin' his wespects to the Head, he will come to tea in Studay No. 6."

"I wish now," said Blake reflectively, "that I hadn't chucked away that last sardine. It was getting old. It didn't look nice. But we ought to have something to offer to a belted earl when he comes to tea."

"Weally, you ass!"

"I suppose he won't be thoughtful enough to bring a hamper with him?" suggested Dig.

"It is certainly not probable, Dig, that Lord Eastwood will think of bringin' a nampah in the twain with him."
 "And that's one of our hereditary legislators!" said Blake. "Fancy a chap making laws for a nation and not having foresight enough to bring a hamper when he comes to tea in a junior study!"

"I trust you are not alludin' to my patah as a 'chap,' Blake?"

"Bloke, then!" said Blake.

"I strongly object to my patah bein' chawactewised as a bloke."

"Oh, make it cove, then!" said Blake. "Fancy the old cove—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I regard your wemacks as unseemly, Blake!" said the swell of St. Jim's severely. "Pway wing off! The question is what is goin' to be done? Studay No. 6 is bound to be hospitable. Besides, atfah givin' me a feahful wiggan' the patah genevally shells out. If we get through the tea all wight, and the deah old patah keeps in a good tempah, it is extremely pweb that the result will welieve us of all our financial difficulties. That is what Shakespeare would chawactewise as a 'consummation devoutly to be wished.'"

"Hear, hear!" said Gussy's chums heartily.

"But we have got to play up, somehow," said Arthur Augustus, "and the howwid mystewy is, how are we goin' to stand a weally wippin' tea when we are broke to the weavy wide?"

Blake rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"I give that one up!" he said. "Ask us an easier one."

"Couldn't we take tea in Hall?" said Herries.

"Wathah not! Besides, I should not like him wiggan' me

"If you'd backed me up in my nigger-minstrel stunt," began Lowther, "it might have turned out better—"

"My dear man, your wheezes never could turn out anything but rank failures!" said Blake kindly. "It was quite benevolent of you to raise nineteen-and-six for the deserving poor; but it didn't help us much. Feel inclined to sell your camera on this special occasion, Manners?"

"No!" answered Manners, with Spartan brevity.

"I'll tell you what—" said Tom Merry thoughtfully.

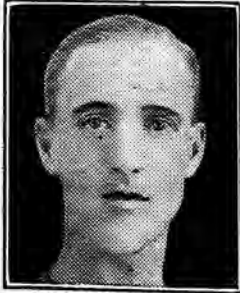
"Go ahead!"

"If you succeed in getting a good tea in the study, we'll come!" said the captain of the Shell. "That's all I can suggest."

"Fathead!"

Evidently there was nothing doing; and six members of the stony septette realised that it was very probable that Lord Eastwood's tea in Study No. 6 would be a frugal meal—very frugal. But the seventh and greatest member was thinking the matter out deeply; and his resolution was fixed to raise the necessary cash by pledging his gold watch to a gentleman whose business it was to give loans on such articles.

The matter required thinking out; Gussy was blissfully ignorant of the usual procedure in such matters. He had a vague idea of a gentleman who was familiarly called "Uncle," and whose sign was three golden balls over his shop-front, and who had something that was called a "spout," into which articles were put; but Gussy's knowledge of these things was naturally limited. However, he was going ahead—perhaps on the principle that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. And as he pondered over this abstruse subject, it suddenly



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before all the fellahs. There is only one resource," said Arthur Augustus, "I shall have to pop the tickah."

"Fathead!"

"Weally, you duffahs—"

"If I catch you near a pawnbroker's," said Blake impressively, "I'll give you the licking of your life!"

"Wats!"

"That's barred!" said Digby decidedly. "There would be a row if you were seen going into a pawnshop, you fathead!"

"I shall have to be vewy careful not to be seen, Dig."

"Very likely they wouldn't lend money on a gold watch to a schoolboy!" said Herries. "I believe pawnbrokers are not supposed to deal with minors. Might think you'd pinched it, too."

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Don't talk rot, Gussy, old chap," said Blake. "We'll think of some way before tea-time. As a last resource, we might raid some grub in the New House."

"I feah, Blake, that there is nothin' for it but poppin' the tickah!" said Arthur Augustus, shaking his head.

"You won't be allowed, old bean!" grinned Blake. "If you haven't sense enough to keep out of trouble, your old pals will manage it for you. I dare say something will turn up by tea-time."

"Wats!"

"Look here, Gussy—"

"Wubbish!"

And Arthur Augustus walked away, in deep thought—evidently thinking out ways and means of "popping" his celebrated gold "tucker." Blake looked for the Terrible Three in the quadrangle.

"Anything turned up?" he asked, when he found them.

Three heads were shaken.

"Lowther had any more brain-waves?" inquired Blake sarcastically.

"Go and eat coke!" grunted Monty.

"Well, Gussy's pater is coming to tea," said Blake. "Just like a thoughtless old nobleman to drop in a time of famine. You fellows got any suggestions to make?"

flashed into Gussy's mind that he could get advice on the subject.

"Cutts of the Fifth!" he ejaculated. "Bai Jove! I'll ask him!"

It was rumoured, in whispers, in the lower school, that the sportsman of the Fifth sometimes found himself in difficulties for cash, owing to "dead certs" running away with his pocket-money. On one occasion Cutts had been minus his watch for two or three weeks, and it was supposed to be in the watchmaker's hands for repair—as probably it was. But somebody had started a rumour that Cutts had pawned his watch to raise the wind to settle some betting debt. Any reference to that story had a most irritating effect upon Cutts of the Fifth. But trifles like that could not be considered at a pressing time like the present, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy started in search of Gerald Cutts, with the intention of getting first-hand information on the subject of popping a "tucker."

CHAPTER 6.

No Help from Cutts!

GERALD CUTTS sat in an armchair in his study, with his hands in his pockets, and one elegant leg crossed over the other—with due regard to the crease in his well-cut trousers. St. Leger lounged in the window; and Gilmore had a seat on the corner of the table. The three sporting seniors were discussing what was to be done with the afternoon. Gerald Cutts' lofty taste led him in the direction of the billiards-room at the Green Man; Gilmore rather agreed, but "jibbed" at the risk; while St. Leger yawned, and left the decision to his comrades, only hoping that he would not be called upon to exert himself.

The conclave was interrupted by a tap at the door, and it opened to reveal the aristocratic face and glimmering eyeglass of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth.

(Continued on page 12.)

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The ST JIM'S NEWS

Edited By TOM MERRY.

My Heroism.

EXCITING RESCUE SCENE.

By Bagley Trimble.

(This article is from the pen—if he uses a pen; his "writing" suggests that he prefers a broomstick—of Trimble. If Tom Merry passes it for publication, I cannot prevent your reading it. The utmost I can do for your welfare is to warn you as to the perpetrator.—R. R. Cardew.)

WHEN I leave St. Jim's I'm going on the films. I'm cut out for a film hero, and I expect that when I am at liberty all the big producers will fight for my services. Of course, I shall stick out for a good salary to commence with, say, about £5,000 a week. I'm not going to work for nothing.

I could have had a job with a film company last summer. I haven't mentioned it before, because Tom Merry and that crowd are so blessed jealous that they wouldn't believe me—or else they'd pretend that they didn't. Besides, I did some jolly brave things, and I'm naturally so modest that I don't like to talk about such matters.

It was during the summer vacation, and I was staying down at Weymouth in a very swaggy hotel. I always stay at very swaggy places when I am on holiday, hotels where they charge about twenty pounds a day, with meals extra.

Well, one day I was out taking the air, and suddenly I came across a film crowd in awful difficulties.

There was a girl on a rock about a quarter of a mile out to sea, and the tide was coming in, so that the waves were dashing over it. She was yelling for help, and the hero was supposed to swim out and rescue her. But he'd had an accident—knocked his head when he dived, or something—and so he couldn't swim. He was lying senseless on the beach when I came up, and the girl was in deadly peril, as there was nobody else among the company brave enough to go to her rescue. I strode up in my usual masterful manner and took charge of the situation. There were some more pretty girls there, on the sands, and, in spite of their anxiety, they couldn't help staring at me in admiration, and whispering among themselves about the handsome stranger.

I am quite used to that sort of thing, however, and I took no notice of them whatever. (How did you know they were there and what they were doing, then?—R. R. C.)

The girl who was in peril occupied my attention. Calling to her to despair not, I stepped to the edge of the cliff without hesitation, and plunged over, diving about two hundred and fifty feet into the raging waters beneath. (Well, if that didn't awaken you, you must have been jolly fast asleep. And I thought you said you were on the sands. How have you suddenly arrived at the top of a high cliff?—R. R. C.)

Then, with powerful strokes, I set out for the rock. It was but the work of a few minutes to gain it, and I climbed up and assured the actress that she was safe. Even in that moment of peril I saw her glance resting admiringly upon my handsome face and manly frame. But there was no time to waste if she was to be rescued. (I suppose you were afraid of waking up before you could do it?—R. R. C.) Grasping her

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under one arm, I was about to step into the sea, when suddenly a tug came at my ankle, and then another at my arm. I looked down, to perceive that I was attacked by an octopus. The girl screamed in terror, and some more tentacles came up and gripped us both.

The Duel.

Seizing a large axe (Steady, old bean! Where did the axe come from? But, on second thoughts, having passed so much, it seems foolish to beggle at an axe. We'll take it for granted.—R. R. C.) I chopped savagely at the arms of the octopus, and severed them one by one.

"My gallant preserver!" murmured the girl, as the fish, or reptile, or whatever an octopus is, fell back into the sea snarling with disappointment.

Then, plunging into the waves, I set out for the shore, carrying the actress.

But half-way there the girl screamed again, and I turned to see two sharks swimming towards us.

Having left the axe on the rock, I was defenceless, but a clever chap like me is not at a loss for long. I swiftly unpinned the hat from the head of the girl, and withdrew the hat-pin. Armed with this I waited the rush of the sharks. The first to reach us was just about to turn over and make a grab when I plunged the hat-pin into its eye, killing it instantly. The other was more wary, and came up on the side where the girl was. But with a magnificent swimmer such as I am, such tactics are useless, and I turned, more swiftly than the shark itself, and stabbed it.

It was stunned by the blow, and before it could recover I was off for the shore, bearing the girl with me in a fainting condition.



Seizing a large axe, Baggy chopped savagely at the arms of the octopus.

The waves were dashing mountains high, but I am too powerful a swimmer to be easily overcome. When I reached the shallow water crowds came out to meet me, cheering so loudly that lumps of the cliff came tumbling down, and they assisted us to the safety of the sands.

The director came up and wrung my hand. Then they all crowded round me and offered me the hero's part. They said I was just the fellow they were looking for, and that Douglas Fairbanks was a back-number compared with me. One of the girls said that I reminded her of Henry Edwards—or else Charlie Chaplin, I forget which—and they all agreed that I should be the handsomest hero on the films. But I knew that St. Jim's couldn't get along without me, so I had to refuse the offers. Anyway, they had taken a film of my heroic deed, and they went and told the mayor of the town all about me. In the evening there was a great meeting in the town hall, and the military and police were all there.

There were speeches and a banquet, and I was presented with the freedom of the city and a gold watch, and all the gun-boats were illuminated in my honour, and there was a procession, with bands.

All the actresses wanted to marry me when I grow up, but I had to tell them they would have to stand their chance along with the others, as there is certain to be a lot of competition, and I don't want to make cousin Ethel and Phyllis Macdonald and the other girls jealous or break their hearts.

But it will be a long time before the people of Weymouth forget the gallantry of the handsome and distinguished stranger.

(Strange to say, I well remember Baggibus having this particular adventure. But it was not during the summer vac., as he states. It was only last week, and I recollect the bump with which he hit the floor when he fell out of bed at the conclusion of it. The noise awakened the whole dormitory. I suppose that if Baggibus will insist upon reading sensational fiction and indulging his disgusting appetite immediately before going up to the dormitory, he must expect this kind of nocturnal vision.—R. R. C.)

Scouts' Week - End Camp.

Visited by Dr. Holmes.

THE Scout Troop held a most successful week-end camp on the banks of the Rhy, last week.

The spot selected was about a mile and a half away from the school, and was in a clearing between the river and Rylcombe Wood, where a stretch of greensward provided an excellent camping-ground, with an abundance of wood for the camp-fires.

Assistant Scoutmaster Kildare was in charge of the camp, which was visited by Dr. Holmes as well as Mr. Raiton, the Scoutmaster of the troop, who was, unfortunately, unable to stay in camp with the boys.

There were some nine patrols present, each camping on its own piece of ground, with its own camp-fire, and being responsible through the patrol-leader for the cleanliness and orderliness of the tent and surrounding ground.

Wildrake was invaluable. As he did not confine his attentions to his own patrol, who, indeed, are becoming so well trained that they can carry on even without their leader in the most efficient manner, he was able to go round the camp showing the other

patrols how to dig a trench round their tent in order to carry off the rain, to slacken the guy-ropes at night, to make a fire for cooking purposes, to set up a camp loom, by which



Grundy almost strangled Wilkins by pulling lustily on the tent rope.

they could weave comfortable beds of bracken, and so on. It is safe to say that there was not a patrol that did not benefit by his help and advice, with the possible exception of the Bulls. This patrol rejoices in the possession of Grundy as a patrol leader, and the great George Alfred does not take kindly to advice, unless he is giving it himself.

He undertook the supervision of his patrol in the erection of the tent, giving a hand in his usual blundering fashion at critical moments, with the result that he almost strangled Wilkins by pulling lustily at a rope, the other end of which was round the throat of the unfortunate Wilkins, who was muffled up among the canvas. When he was rescued he made a furious attack upon his leader, causing Grundy to subside violently upon the haversacks containing the food supplies brought by the patrol, which naturally did not increase his popularity.

After peace had been patched up the tent was erected, according to Grundy's notion of how it should be done, with the result that it collapsed in the middle of the night, and nearly smothered its occupants. The only consoling feature of the affair, from the point of view of the Bull Patrol, was that Grundy himself got a crack on the head with the pole.

After the erection of the tent Grundy sauntered about the camp, getting in everybody's way, and showing people how things should be done. He went over to the ground occupied by the Elks, and criticised the manner in which they had erected their tent.

As Wildrake had just expressed his approval of the work, this did not worry the Elks overmuch; but when he set to work to pull their camp open to pieces in order to show them how it should be built, offering to instruct Wildrake, among the rest, in the art of camp cookery, they decided that the matter had progressed beyond a joke.

They accordingly lifted him up and frog-marched him back to his patrol, who did not appear overjoyed at the reunion.

The weather remained fine all through the week-end, a fact that proved very satisfactory to all concerned.

On the Sunday morning the troop paraded to St. Jim's for service. After service the boys returned to camp for dinner, which had been prepared during their absence, under the supervision of Scout Wynn.

In the afternoon the camp was visited by the Grammar School Troop, under the command of Troop-Leader Gordon Gay, and the Grammarians were invited, and stopped, to tea.

Camp was struck about nine o'clock on Sunday evening, as it had been decided that it would entail too much confusion if the task was left until Monday morning. The troop therefore returned to the school just after ten o'clock.

There is every prospect that a similar camp will be held in the near future, and all the members of the troop are enthusiastically anticipating the possibility.

The most humorous episode of the camp concerns D'Arcy, and Figgins, who is intimately concerned in it, has been requested to write an account of the incident for publication in the "News."

Gussy Breaks Out Again.

HIS VISIT TO WAYLAND.

(Staff Contribution.)

IT is reported that the Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy has resumed his attentions to Miss Bunn, the lady at the tea-shop in Wayland. The rather susceptible heart of Gussy was set a-fluttering by this charming young lady some time ago, and he has upon several occasions made a howling ass of himself—even more so than usual, we mean to say—by his attentions to her.

The remainder of the occupants of Study No. 6 succeeded in curing him of his folly by drastic methods of their own, and for a long time Gussy has evinced no signs of this particular form of lunacy.

Blake & Co. were incautious enough to take tea in the establishment last week, however, when paying a visit to the picture theatre at Wayland, and this fresh outbreak of Gussy's is evidently due to this. He has sent to town for a consignment of neckties of the most bewildering design, and has invested in a new kind of trouser-press that puts a crease into bags so that you could cut cake with them, and during the last day or two he

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has rushed off directly upon the close of afternoon classes to array himself in the finest of purple and fine linen, and proceed to Wayland for his tea.

All his spare time is spent in the writing of poetry—at least he probably supposes it to be poetry—and putting the most dazzling of glosses on his best topper.

There seems to be every danger that he will over-eat himself in his efforts to make his stay in the tea-rooms as protracted as possible, and it is rumoured that he has even gone to the length of taking Baggy Trimble with him in order to accomplish this purpose. Certainly he can rely upon Baggy to provide an excuse for an almost indefinite sojourn in any kind of establishment in which eating is encouraged and the claims of the inner man provided for.

Upon our representative calling upon the famous apartment in the Fourth Form corridor this evening, he discovered that Gussy was absent upon his usual excursion, but from the manner in which Blake was splicing a fives bat, and testing the result of his work, we are decidedly of the opinion that the Gay Lothario of the study will shortly receive some degree of discouragement from his leader.

There is an air of desolation about Study No. 6 these days. With the defection of Gussy at tea-time, and the consequent loss of his contributions to the finances of the Co., tea-time is not what it was wont to be, and the presence upon the table of two weary-looking sardines, a part-worn loaf, and a thimbleful of butter, seems to suggest that the trio who were regarding this unappetising feast have the best of reasons for desiring to lead their study-mate out of the rose-strewn paths of romantic dalliance.

Junior Dramatic Society.

GRUNDY LEAVES HURRIEDLY.

A GENERAL meeting of the St. Jim's Junior Amateur Dramatic Society was held last Friday evening, when the chair was occupied by the president, Tom Merry.

Also present were Blake, Kerr, Figgins, Wynn, D'Arcy, Lowther, Herries, Manners, Digby, Roylance, Julian, Cardew, Grundy, Wilkins, Talbot, Redfern, Gunn, Pratt, Levison, Clive, Wildrake, and Noble.

The first business of the meeting was the consideration of the balance-sheet, presented by the treasurer, Geo. Figgins, by which it was established that the society had a balance in hand of £2 4s. 7d.

It was decided to present a play some time during the next six weeks, in aid of the Wayland Hospital, and members were asked to suggest plays for selection.

Ralph Reckness Cardew urged them to work up a dramatised version of one of O. Henry's stories, while Lowther was equally insistent in putting forward the claims of a farcical comedy.

Figgins was very keen upon a Wild West play, of the most dramatic type, with cow-boys and the fiercest of Indians.

The suggestion of Grundy took the form of a play that he proposed to write himself, but he was at once clearly given to understand that there was not the slightest chance that his suggestion would be carried out, while he was warned that if he pressed the matter unduly, there was every prospect that he would be—on his neck.

Grundy, however, was so violent at his suggestion being rejected, that the operation had to be performed, and he landed in the corridor outside, and was not allowed to re-enter.

It was finally decided that the society should present Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," and Kerr was asked to assist by taking charge of the production. This he readily agreed to do, and the sub-committee were then instructed to hold a special meeting with a view to casting the play and apportioning the parts to the players, on the understanding that the lead be delegated to Kerr by virtue of his outstanding ability and superior knowledge and experience of theatrical matters.

It might be mentioned that at the time of Grundy's ejection it was discovered that Trimble, who had been unable to gain admittance to the meeting, was listening at the door, but a well-directed boot soon dissuaded him from his investigations.

The proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman for his kindness in officiating.



Baggy accompanied D'Arcy to the tea-shop, and thus lengthened his stay there.

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Raising the Wind.

(Continued from page 9.)

Cutts started at the visitor, not politely. Fourth-Formers were not on visiting terms in Cutts' study.

"Pway excuse me, Cutts—" began Arthur Augustus.

"Don't bother!" said Cutts briefly. "Cut!"

"Weally, Cutts—"

"Shut the door after you, kid," said Gilmore.

"I have come heah to speak to Cutts," said Arthur Augustus. "It is wathah important. I want some advice."

"Advice?" ejaculated Cutts.

"Yaas."

"My only aupt!"

Gilmore chuckled.

"New role for you, Cutts?" he remarked. "Are you taking up being kind uncle to Fourth Form fags?"

"Blessed if I know what the little idiot is driving at!" said the dandy of the Fifth. "Get on with it, D'Arcy, and tell me what on earth you mean!"

"How do you go to a pawnbwokah, Cutts?"

"Wha-a-t?"

"How do you go to a pawnbwokah?"

Cutts fairly blinked at the swell of the Fourth. The question took him utterly by surprise.

"A—a—a pawnbroker!" he babbled.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"You young idiot!" roared Cutts. "What do I know about pawnbrokers?"

"I was undah the impwession, Cutts, that you knew all about it," said Arthur Augustus, in surprise. "You wemembah some weeks ago—about the time of the foundah's exam, you know, when you went in and lost, and old Dawwell lost the pwize, too, and Macgwegor of the Sixth bagged it—you wemembah about that time you were hard up—"

"What?"

"The fellahs all thought you were hard up, and it was said that you had popped your tickah—"

"Popped my ticker!" said Cutts dazedly.

"Yaas, to settle up some debt or somethin'," said Arthur Augustus innocently. "The fellahs weckoned that you had been losin' money on a horse—"

"A—a—a horse?"

"Yaas—a vewy wepwehensible pwoceedin', Cutts. How-ovah, I did not come heah to give you a mowal lecture, so I will say nothin' more about that. What I want to know is the pwojah pwoceedin's in dealin' with a popbwokah—I mean with a pawnbwokah. As you know all about it, fwom

your own expewience, I thought you might be kind enough to tell me, you know."

Cutts' face was a study.

Gilmore and St. Leger exchanged a wink and a grin. They rather enjoyed Gussy's cheerful innocence, and still more the expression of growing fury in the face of Gerald Cutts.

"You—you—you've come to me—" articulated Cutts.

"Yaas, I want to know pweecisely how to pop a tickah," said Arthur Augustus. "Fellow told me once that you put it up a spout, but that seems to me a vewy singulah pwoceedin', and I feah that pewwaps he was pullin' my leg. Would you mind tellin' me, Cutts, pweecisely what you did when you popped your tickah?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gilmore.

"T-tell you what I did when I—I—I popped my ticker!" gasped Gerald Cutts. "You cheeky young scoundrel—"

"Bai Jove!"

Cutts jumped out of the armchair.

The swell of the Fourth realised that somehow he had annoyed Cutts, and he backed to the door in some alarm.

But he was not given time to escape. Cutts had him by the collar almost before he knew what was happening.

"Bai Jove! Welease me, Cutts, you wottah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus indignantly. "Welease me at once, you wuffian! I— Yawwooh!"

Cutts swung the junior round in the doorway.

Then his right foot flew.

Crash!

Assisted by that powerful drive from Cutts' boot, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy travelled into the passage like an express train.

He staggered along for quite a distance, and then dropped on his hands and knees with a yell.

Slam!

Cutts' door closed. Arthur Augustus rolled over and sat up and groped wildly for his eyeglass and roared.

"Yow-ow-ow! Wow! Woop!"

"Hallo what's the row?" Lefevre of the Fifth came along the passage. He stooped and jerked Gussy up by the collar.

"What's the trouble, young 'un?"

"Groogh! That wuffian Cutts has kicked me!" roared Arthur Augustus. "I am goin' to give Cutts a feafuhl thwashin'! Kicked me, you know, just because I asked him about poppin' his tickah, you know! Gwooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lefevre.

"Pway let go my collah, Lefevre! I am goin' to thwash Cutts—"

"Not to-day!" grinned the captain of the Fifth, and he jerked Gussy along by the collar to the end of the passage.

"Cutts is too hefty for a little kid to thrash, dear boy."

"If you wegard me as a little kid, Lefevre, I can only say that you are an ass!"

"Better go!" grinned Lefevre. "Go while the going's good, you know."

"I wefuse to go till I have thwashed Cutts!" roared Arthur Augustus, in great wrath.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lefevre kindly escorted the swell of St. Jim's to the Fourth Form passage, where Blake hurried up at the sight of his noble chum in the grasp of the captain of the Fifth.

"What's the row?" asked Blake.

"Take him away and chain him up!" chuckled Lefevre, and he pitched the swell of the Fourth into Blake's arms and walked away, laughing.

"What on earth—" ejaculated Blake.

"Let me go, Blake! I am goin' to thwash Cutts—"

Blake took a strong grip on Gussy's arm.

"Oh, is that the game?" he asked cheerily. "Then you're coming away, old top! Cutts is too hefty a proposition."

"I am goin' to give him a feafuhl thwashin' for kickin' me!" howled Arthur Augustus.

"What on earth did he kick you for?"

"Sheesh bad tempah, you know, I had simply asked him about the time when he popped his tickah, and, for some weason, he flew into a feafuhl tempah and wushed at me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Blake.

"Weally, Blake—"

"Here, Dig, lend a hand!" shouted Blake. "Herries, come and help save old Gussy from committing suicide! He wants to thrash Cutts of the Fifth."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Herries and Dig ran up, and, among his three chums, Arthur Augustus was walked away to Study No. 6—his wrath unabated.

"He's been asking Cutts about how you pop a watch!" said Blake, almost sobbing. "He can't guess why Cutts was ratty!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I addressed him with perfect politeness!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "He tweated me in return with uttah diswpect. I am goin' to give the cad a feafuhl thwashin'."

Blake winked at his comrades. It was a moment for tact.

"Gussy, old man, your pater's coming this afternoon."

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A heavy hand suddenly fell on the shoulder of the swell of St. Jim's. "So this is the bird!" said the sergeant. "That's him!" chuckled the man behind the counter. "False moustache and all! Smart-looking kid to come here pawning watches, eh?" "Gweat Scott!" gasped D'Arcy. "What is the matfah?" (See page 14.)

Cutts would be bound to put up a fight. Do you want your pater to see you with a black eye?"

Arthur Augustus started.

"Bai Jove! I nevah thought of that!" he ejaculated.

"Think of it now!" said Blake solemnly.

Arthur Augustus drew a deep breath.

"Pewwaps you are wight, Blake. I will thwash Cutts anothah time."

"Do!" said Blake, with great gravity.

"I will, deah boy."

And Arthur Augustus, postponing vengeance upon Cutts of the Fifth, gave his whole attention to resetting his collar and tie, which had been considerably disturbed. Blake & Co. left him at it, and retreated from Study No. 6, generously repressing their chuckles till they were out of hearing of their noble chum.

CHAPTER 7.

"Popping the Ticker!"

TOM MERRY & CO. were not, during the next hour or two, thinking of their noble and distinguished comrade, the Honourable Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

There was a cricket match going on on Big Side, and Kildare was batting against the New House. Kildare was always worth watching at the wickets, and the juniors gathered to watch him. The great question of raising the wind was left over for the present. In point of fact, there was "nothing doing," and Tom Merry remarked that it was no good worrying about a state of affairs that could not be helped; and his chums agreed with him. So they watched the senior House match, and in their deep interest in the same they forgot all about Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and his wonderful scheme for easing the financial stringency.

Meanwhile, the swell of the Fourth was not losing time. House matches did not appeal to him, in present circumstances.

His noble pater was coming at four o'clock, and there was to be tea in Study No. 6. To own up to the noble earl that he was stony—that there was even nothing for tea—was really impossible. Such a statement would give Lord Eastwood additional grounds for his intended lecture on economy and extravagance. Besides, Gussy wanted to "do" his noble pater well—he wanted the visit to be a success. It was

perfectly easy—so long as the ticker was adequately popped! Upon that course Arthur Augustus was inexorably resolved, but he would have been glad of some expert advice as to how it was done. Having drawn Cutts of the Fifth blank, as it were, Gussy made up his mind to go ahead regardless. It seemed useless to seek information in other quarters. So far as he knew, Gerald Cutts was the only St. Jim's fellow who had ever raised the wind in that peculiar manner, and Cutts was bent on selfishly keeping his knowledge to himself. After all, it could not be a very difficult matter, Gussy considered. You walked into the pawnbroker's, handed over your watch, stated that you wanted twenty pounds lent on it, and the pawnbroker did the rest. So far as Gussy could see, that was all there was about it.

But it was needful to take care. For most certainly the Head and the Housemaster would have been severely down upon any fellow known to have visited a pawnbroker's in quest of funds. Quite rightly so, Gussy admitted—his own case being a special one, and not coming under ordinary rules!

Then there was the horrid possibility that a pawnbroker might not lend to a schoolboy—might not even do business with minors at all. Arthur Augustus believed that he looked fairly grown-up for his age—he was conscious that he had a stately and impressive manner—but, looking into the glass, he could not consider that he looked twenty-one. This was another difficulty to be overcome.

But troubles were only made to be met and conquered. Arthur Augustus' powerful brain did not fail him.

While the rest of the Co. were watching the cricket on Big Side, Arthur Augustus dropped into Study No. 10 in the Shell, where the property-box of the Junior Dramatic Society was kept. From that box Gussy abstracted an artificial moustache—a rather large and bushy moustache of a ginger colour. With that handsome adornment on his upper lip, Gussy considered that not only would he pass for over age, but his identity as a St. Jim's fellow would be sufficiently disguised. It would make him safe all round.

With the false moustache in his pocket and a raincoat on his arm Arthur Augustus walked out of the School House and headed for Rylcombe. He had looked out the trains in the time-table. There was no pawnbroker in Rylcombe; and Wayland was too near the school for safety. Gussy had

decided on Abbotsford, where he would be unknown. He caught the local train to Abbotsford with ease, and sat down in a state of complete satisfaction with himself and his little scheme.

If his chums missed him, and looked for him now, it would be too late. D'Arcy was quite pleased at having escaped without any trouble or argument. Not that he would have allowed trouble or argument to influence him. He prided himself upon possessing the firmness of a rock when once his noble mind was made up.

He alighted from the train at Abbotsford and looked at his watch. He had half an hour to find a pawnbroker and carry through the transaction before the train left for Rylcombe, which would land him at St. Jim's again in ample time to receive his distinguished visitor at four o'clock. Half an hour, surely, was enough time in which to negotiate a loan upon a gold watch!

The swell of St. Jim's strolled elegantly along the ancient High Street of Abbotsford, looking for three golden balls, the sign of the professional gentleman with whom he desired to deal.

He did not find any such sign in the High Street, though he walked from one end to the other and back again. In case of doubt, it is a good rule to ask a policeman; and Arthur Augustus remembered that rule. He came up to a policeman at the corner of a street, and raised his hat politely, and requested information.

"Pway excuse me—" he began.

"Eh?"

"Can you diwect me to a pawnbwokah's?"

"What?"

"A pawnbwokah's!"

The constable looked at the elegant, well-dressed youth, and frowned.

"Don't you come it with me!" he snapped. And he walked away with a majestic tread.

Arthur Augustus gazed after him with surprise. The officer apparently believed that Arthur Augustus had been seeking to pull his official leg.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus.

He wandered on, looking for another source of information. Popping a ticker seemed a more difficult task than might have been supposed.

A red-faced gentleman, with a straw in his mouth, was supporting a post outside a public-house a little farther on, spitting across the pavement at regular intervals. Somewhat gingerly D'Arcy approached him for information. The red-faced gentleman was more accommodating than the officer had been.

"Up this 'ere street, and first to the left," he said. "You'll see the three pips—"

"The—the what?"

"Three brass balls," said the red-faced gentleman. "Shop at the corner. In at one door and out at the other—wot! Ha, ha! Mind you don't lose the ticket, Charley!"

"Thank you vewy much!" faltered Arthur Augustus. And he started up the side street. "Bai Jove! I wondah why that chap called me Charley? He is a vewy obligin' man, but I wish he would not breathe wum ovah a chap."

A few minutes more, and Arthur Augustus was at the corner shop, which had an entrance on two streets, perhaps for the convenience of customers who did not wish to be observed paying their visits to the establishment. A stout gentleman, with a little bundle in his hand, was strolling past the door, with an air of exaggerated carelessness. As he passed it he made a sudden dive and vanished. A swing door closed behind him, and he was swallowed up.

As Arthur Augustus lingered and hesitated at the corner, he saw the stout gentleman emerge from the other door and hurry away; this time without his bundle.

"This is the place, I pvesume," murmured Arthur Augustus. "It does not seem to take vewy long. Now for it!"

He stepped into the doorway, felt in his pocket for the ginger moustache, and, after a cautious glance to and fro, fixed it on.

He blinked at his reflection in the shop window, and smiled. Certainly that bushy, ginger moustache made a startling change in his appearance.

Emboldened by the idea that he was no longer recognisable as a St. Jim's fellow, Arthur Augustus pushed open the swing door and entered the stuffy little shop.

In spite of himself, the colour deepened in his cheeks as he came up to a counter where a young man with a well-developed nose and a shiny complexion was examining the interior of a watch. It was a hot afternoon, and doubly hot in the stuffy little shop, and the shiny young man was in his shirtsleeves, the cuffs of which looked somewhat grubby. He looked up at D'Arcy with glistening black eyes, and started a little. Perhaps the ginger moustache had its

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effect upon him. Certainly it stood out from Gussy's smooth, boyish countenance as boldly and startlingly as a full-grown beard could have done, and equally certain it did not look in the least as if it belonged to the countenance.

"Good-aftahnoon!" said Arthur Augustus.

"Afternoon!"

The shiny young man's eyes returned to the watch he was examining.

"I am sowry to intewwupt you," said Arthur Augustus mildly, "but I wish to pop a tickah."

"Eh?"

"Pway, where is the spout?"

"What?"

"The spout."

The shiny young man gazed at Arthur Augustus. Then he pointed to the door.

"Stow it!" he said. "No time for larks!"

"My deah sir, I am not larkin'. I have come heah to pop a tickah, and I should be vewy much obliged if you would tell me where the spout is. I undahstand that it has to be put up a spout."

"Come orf!" said the shiny young man. "If you want to put a watch in 'and it over. Time's money!"

Arthur Augustus detached his beautiful gold watch from the chain, and silently passed it over to the shiny young man. That gentleman stared at it, opened it, and stared inside it, and then stared at Gussy, with a very peculiar expression on his 'ace. It was a handsome and valuable watch, worth more than twenty-five guineas, which, added to the glaring false moustache, perhaps naturally made the shiny young man suspicious.

"Ow much do you want on this?" he asked guardedly.

"Ten pounds, please."

"I shall 'ave to show it to the guv'nor."

"Vewy good; but pway lose no time, as I have to return by twain to—where I came fwom, and I have only a few minutes left."

Without replying, the shiny young man disappeared through a doorway at the back. Arthur Augustus heard the sound of a telephone receiver jerked off the hooks, and there was a murmur of a voice. The shiny young man, apparently, was telephoning to his governor.

It was some minutes before he came back into the shop, and he came back without the watch.

"Well?" said Arthur Augustus.

"'Ave to wait a few minutes for the guv'nor," said the shiny young man affably. "Sit down, please."

"I am in wathah a huwry."

"No doubt—no doubt!" grinned the shiny young man. "You would be! But 'old on a few ticks."

Arthur Augustus sat down. He was feeling worried now. Only a few minutes remained to catch the train back to Rylcombe. He was doubtful if it could be done. The next train was in half an hour, which would make him late for his pater. It was a great worry. But, after all, it was useless to go without the loan he had come for. His uneasiness did not escape the notice of the shiny young man, who seemed to be entertained by it. The shop door opened, and there was a heavy tread. Arthur Augustus did not glance round. He supposed that it was another customer who had entered. There was an oily chuckle from the shiny young man.

"Good-afternoon, sergeant! There he is, and 'ere's the watch!"

CHAPTER 8.

Awful for Arthur Augustus!

A HEAVY hand fell upon the shoulder of the swell of St. Jim's. He gave a convulsive jump.

A portly police-sergeant towered over him.

"So this is the bird?" said the sergeant.

"That's him!" chuckled the shiny young man. "False moustache and all! Swell mob, I reckon. Smart-looking kid for a game like this, sergeant. Know him?"

"Can't place him for the minute," said the sergeant, staring into Arthur Augustus' bewildered face. "One of the pickpockets that come down for the races, I should say."

Arthur Augustus wondered whether he was dreaming.

"Taking him to the station?" asked the shiny young man.

"What-ho!" answered the sergeant. "You come alonger me, young feller!"

He jerked Arthur Augustus off the chair.

"Gweat Scott!" gasped the swell of St. Jim's. "Wha-a-at is the mattah? Pway remove your hand from my shouldah, sir!"

"So that you can do a guy!" chuckled the shiny young man. "Ha, ha! That's good!"

"I wealdy do not undahstand you!" said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "If you are not goin' to make a loan on

my watch, pway weturn the watch to me. I shall have to find anothah pawnbwokah's."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the shiny young man.

The burly sergeant grinned.

"Cut it out, and come along!" he said.

"I fail to undahstand. Where do you wish me to come?" inquired the amazed swell of St. Jim's.

"Eh? To the station, of course!"

"I was about to weturn to the station," said Arthur Augustus. "But, as I weally do not know you, I see no weason why I should go to the station in your company."

"A cool 'and!" said the shiny young man. "Never 'eard of the stone jug afore, 'ave you?"

"I have seen a good many stone jugs—at least, earthenware," answered Arthur Augustus. "I do not quite follow what—"

"He, he, he!" chortled the shiny young man, evidently very much entertained.

"Look 'ere, you come along to the police-station, and not so much gas!" said the sergeant.

Arthur Augustus gave a jump as if the sergeant had applied an electric wire to him.

"The police-station!" he stuttered.

"Kim on!"

"Gweat Scott!" Again D'Arcy of the Fourth wondered whether this was some amazing and fearful dream. "Why do you want me to go to the police-station? Pway explain yourself, my good man!"

"On 'spicion of stealing that there watch!" growled the sergeant.

"Bai Jove! How could a fellah steal his own watch?"

"P'raps it's your own!" sneered the sergeant. "P'raps not! P'raps that isn't a false moustache sticking on your dial."

Gussy's hand went to his ginger moustache, which he had quite forgotten. His face was crimson.

He realised at last that his attempted disguise, and his obvious uneasiness of manner, had impressed the shiny young man with the belief that he was a youthful pickpocket trying to pawn a stolen watch. He realised that the shiny young man had kept him waiting while he telephoned to the police-station for the sergeant. Poor Arthur Augustus' head fairly swam.

"Pway wait a moment!" he gasped, as soon as he could find his voice. "I assuah you, officah, that it is my watch! I was goin' to pop my tickah because I wanted to waise the wind, you know."

"P'raps!" said the sergeant.

"I assuah you— Pway, do I look like a wobbah?" exclaimed the swell of St. Jim's indignantly. "I assuah you, sergeant, that you are makin' a vewy sewious mistake."

"Does it well, don't he?" grinned the shiny young man.

But the distress and amazement in Gussy's face had an effect on the police-sergeant. He did not want to make a mistake, and he decided to question this surprising youth before he marched him off to the station.

"Name?" he jerked out.

"My name is D'Arcy."

"Make it Plantagenet!" implored the shiny young man, with a chortle of great enjoyment. "Do make it Plantagenet!"

"Where do you live?"

D'Arcy hesitated.

"I wathah object to statin' that," he said. "You see, I should get into a vow with my headmastah if it were known that I was poppin' a tickah!"

"Where do you live?" snapped the sergeant.

"Is it weally necessary for me to acquaint you with my place of wesidence?"

"You'd better!" said the sergeant grimly.

"St. Jim's!" said Arthur Augustus reluctantly. "The school, you know, near Wylcombe."

The sergeant eyed him very keenly. The shiny young man, whose knowledge of the world seemed confined chiefly to the seamy side, obviously did not believe a single word of D'Arcy's statements. But the sergeant was a keener man. His grim expression relaxed.

"Why were you wearing a false moustache?" he demanded.

"I—I did not want to be wecognised goin' into a pop— pawnbwokah's," faltered Arthur Augustus.

"You young idiot!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Gummon!" remarked the shiny young man. "A clear case, I think. Artful—very artful!"

"I wefuse to be chavactewised as artful!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus indignantly. "And I ordah you to weturn my watch to me at once! Undah the cires, I shall not pop it at all."

"I rather think you won't!" said the sergeant grimly. "Now, young man, it's possible you're telling me the truth, and that you're nothing but a silly young idiot, after all. But it's suspicious, very suspicious. You say you're a school-boy of St. Jim's. Well, in that case, your headmaster will bear you out. As I'm just going off duty I'll take you to the school, and we'll see. I can't let you go unless you prove what you say, and for the present I'll take charge of the watch."

D'Arcy gave a gasp.

"My headmastah will be awf'ly waxy!" he stuttered.

"Weally, I would wathah weturn to St. Jim's alone."

"Do you prefer the police-station?"

"Gweat Scott! No."

"Then you had better come with me," said the sergeant.

"If you're speaking the truth I don't want to be hard on you. It's thick, but it may be the truth. I'll give you a chance."

"Thank you vewy much!" said Arthur Augustus faintly.

"I—I—I shall be vewy, vewy pleased if you will come to the school with me. Oh gad!"

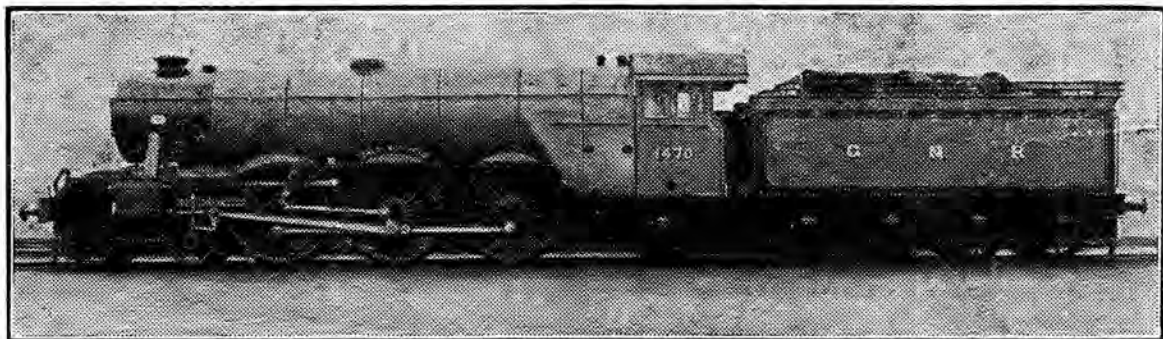
"Come on, then!"

The sergeant nodded to the shiny young man, who shrugged his shoulders and winked his twinkling black eye. Arthur Augustus left the pawnbroker's in the burly officer's company, and walked down the street with him. His face was crimson as many curious glances turned on the pair. The watch, still unpopped, reposed in the sergeant's pocket. But Arthur Augustus was not thinking of "popping" now. Wild horses would not have dragged him into a pawnbroker's again. His ginger moustache was in his pocket now; he was only too glad to get it there. At the railway-station it seemed to Arthur Augustus that all Abbotsford was out that afternoon, and all staring at him. He almost wept with relief when he was seated in a carriage with the sergeant opposite. Even there two or three passengers kept glancing at him and his burly guardian.

At Rylcombe the old porter fairly blinked at the sight of Arthur Augustus in company with a police-sergeant. In the old High Street there were curious stares on all sides. From the very bottom of his heart Arthur Augustus wished that he had never thought of popping his ticker. But who could

(Continued on page 19.)

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THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

JIM READY, a sturdy lad of fourteen, having seen his last friend laid to rest, is left all alone in the great world of chance. He is leaving the cemetery gates, when he butts up against

A KINDLY STRANGER (John Lincoln), the principal governor of the great school of St. Beowulf's, who had been watching him at the funeral.

The two walk along the road together, and Jim tells his new-found friend that he intends starting work at the brickfields in Dennington. The stranger smiles, and tells Jim it is education he needs first. He then withdraws a piece of parchment from his pocket, and, after signing it, hands it to Jim. It is a free pass into the great school. Jim is to take his chance as a Lincoln scholar at St. Beowulf's.

Jim gets a warm reception from the bullies of the school, but the decent fellows welcome him, drinking to his health that night in Hall. After this ceremony Professor Faux de Blanqueres, the French master, enters, and presents his model fly-machine.

Jim finds a friend in Wobbygong, a plucky lad from Australia, and the master of a pet kangaroo, Nobby. Wobby is giving a lantern show, when Nobby makes a bolt out of the window. The boys give chase. Jumping over a hedge, they come across an ancient old rustic whom Nobby had passed in his flight.

"O've seed the ghost o' Spring-Heel Jack!" he cried, trembling violently.

(Now read on.)

Rough on Robert.

"A GHOST, man!" exclaimed Wobby. "Why, you are silly! You are bughouse! You are off your crumpe! There are no such things as ghosts nowadays!"

"Don't you try to larn me nothink, young feller!" said the old rustic irritably. "I tell 'ee I've seed a ghost, an' it's the ghost o' that Spring-Heel Jack that used ter use these parts when my father 'e was a bwoy!"

"What was it like?" asked Wobby. "He come a-sailin' over the top of the headre yonder!" said the old man, pointing to the hedge with a trembling stick. "I seed 'im plain against the moon. Jumped twenty feet, 'e did, and 'e didn't make no sound when 'e came down—just as if 'e was on springs! 'E didn't say nothin' to me, neither. An' I didn't say nothin' to 'im! It was the ghost o' Spring-Heel Jack, sure enow." I mind I used to 'ear about 'im when I was a bwoy. Constable Brown, 'e put treacle down to catch 'im; but 'e didn't. No!"

"Which way did he go, Methuzelah?" asked Wobby.

"Down the lane!" replied the old gentleman. "I seed 'im go ditherin' away till 'e got caught up in a misty wreath! It's the ghost o' Spring-Heel Jack, all right!"

"Come on, lads!" said Wobby. The boys raced down the lane. It was a sunk lane between high banks and hedges. "Hear that old jossar talking about Spring-Heel Jack!" said Wobby, chuckling. "I've

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heard father talk about Spring-Heel Jack. It's like fairy tales. That old hayseed ought to have known Ned Kelly, the bushranger, and Captain Starlight! They were lads, if you like—the real pebs off the beach!"

The lane led them downhill towards the little village that lay under the shadow of St. Beowulf's. It was called Guestling Thorn. The people down in Guestling Thorn went to bed at nine. It was now nearly eleven.

But now a police-whistle was blowing in the village, and lights were showing in the windows of the thatched houses.

"Crums!" said Wobby. "Nobby is stirring up the town! They've seen him, the rascal!"

They raced down the hill into the hollow. An agitated man in a shirt and trousers had rushed out into the road, crying:

"What is it? What is it?"

A fat copper, with his truncheon drawn, was staring through a misty orchard.

"What is it!" he echoed. "That's just what I want to know! I 'eard something flopping down the lane. I'd got the wire, too, from 'eadquarters to keep my eye open, 'cause there's been some queer parties about these parts. I saw it come down the lane, me standing, as it might be, 'ere, and it came leaping in the air like a ghost!"

"Hi, stop!" I calls," continued the policeman. "And I draws my truncheon; but, would you believe it, it comes along at thirty mile an hour, jumps right over my 'ead in a twenty-foot jump, and the next thing I saw was it a disappearin' just over the wall by old Musty's pigsties. I 'eard the pigs squealin', and it was gone!"

The policeman was so full up with his story that he did not notice the boys.

When he finished his narration he turned. "Allo, young gents!" he cried. "What are you doing out this time o' night from St. Beowulf's?"

"Why, Robert," said Wobby frankly, "we are hunting that same ghost!"

"What is it?" asked the policeman eagerly.

"Why, it's only a kangaroo!" said Wobby. "There, I thought it was one o' them birds!" said the policeman. "Come from Horstralia, don't they?"

"Yes. I'm a bird from Horstralia, too!" replied Wobby affably.

"I got a cousin out there. He makes good money," said the policeman. "Perhaps you'll 'ave met my cousin out there, young gentlemen. His name is Robert Rogers, and my name is Roger Roberts. Queer, ain't it?"

"Australia's a big place," said Wobby cautiously. "So's England—when a kangaroo is loose in it!"

The policeman took his notebook from his pocket, and at once became professional.

"I must trouble you for your name, young gent," he said. "I know your address. I want an exac' description o' that there bird, too!"

"It isn't a bird!" replied Wobby sharply. "You are thinking of an emu. A kangaroo is a bounding animal, with a head like a donkey and an engaging smile. In the spring it climbs up trees, and barks. In the summer its coat comes off, and it grows whiskers on its chest. In the autumn it rolls itself into a ball, and pretends that it is playing soccer with itself. As for my name, it is Dong Fairbanks, and I am the Movie King, so we'd better be moving on to catch o'd Nobby. Put up your notebook, Roger, dear boy, and don't be silly! It's no good you trying to come the copper over an Australian!"

P.-c Roberts put up his notebook, and stared at Wobby.

"There's a portrait of the King, Roger," said Wobby, slipping a half-crown into the policeman's hand. "It's done in silver. So now don't make a song about the kangaroo, or you'll get us all swished! Come along and help to catch it!"

P.-c Roberts grinned.

"You are a cool hand!" he said. "I am," said Wobby. "I've only got a suit of pyjamas on under this coat and trousers, and the night is parky. Let us be moving!"

They climbed over a low red-brick wall, and made their way through a misty orchard. From the meadow beyond came a low bellow, like a foghorn, and in the misty moonlight they got a glimpse of the runaway.

He was hopping about in the middle of the meadow. And in the moonlight mist, close by him, showed the shadowy figure of a large bull, which was stamping the ground and lowering its head as it made slowly for this strange intruder into its field.

"Don't you go into that there field, young gents," said P.-c. Roberts, stopping at the low wall of the orchard. "That's Musty's old bull, and he's not in a very good temper. That's why Musty's turned him out to-night, to cool!"

"Bullock him cross!" said Lal Singh. "Moo!" roared Musty's bull, lifting its

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nead. Then down it went again, and he made a quick rush at Nobby. Nobby rose in the air, the sheet which cloaked him flying out behind. He seemed to flit over the bull's back, but, as he passed, his hind-legs hit out with lightning rapidity.

Smack, smack!

The sound of the blows rang out through the still night.

"Bravo, Nobby!" cried Wobby, as the kangaroo landed behind the astonished bull, which wheeled round and stood facing his enemy again.

Nobby squatted down, resting on his tail, and eying his enemy calmly. Wobby drew his heavy wooden boomerang from under his arm.

"What are you going to do with that, young gentleman?" asked P.-c. Roberts, greatly interested.

"I'm going to stoush the beef!" replied Wobby. "It's a boomerang. But first I'll give it a fligit to get my hand in."

He stepped back a few paces, and, with a swift run, hurled the boomerang into the air. It flew round in a wide circle, looking like some night bird hawking in the moonlight. Then it flitted back into Wobby's hand, landing there with a loud smack.

"I'd like to see you do that again, young gentleman!" said P.-c. Roberts.

Wobby took another run, and sent the boomerang hurtling in a magnificent fligit. This time its return was not quite so accurate.

"Look out, copper!" cried Wobby. Before P.-c. Roberts could look out, the boomerang returned at tremendous speed, whistling through the air like a bullet. With a tremendous smack it landed on the constable's helmet, felling P.-c. Roberts to the ground.

P.-c. Roberts laid full length on the ground, motionless.

A Stern Chase.

"W E'VE killed the copper!" groaned Wobby, as P.-c. Roberts lay still, his helmet smashed by the returned boomerang.

But, greatly to the relief of everyone, P.-c. Roberts, dazed and squinting, sat up, took off his crushed helmet, and rubbed his head.

"Does that there boomerang always come back like that, young sir?" he asked.

"You shouldn't have put your head in the way, old clobber!" replied Wobby.

Meanwhile, Musty's bull was bellowing like a foghorn as it chased Nobby, the kangaroo, round the meadow.

Nobby was thoroughly enjoying himself. Nobby knew all about bulls. He had been brought up amongst the stockyards of the back-blocks, where the steers were a deal more active and dangerous than this fat old grass-fed bull of Musty's. He made a weird figure as he skipped round the meadow in long, easy bounds, the white sheet flying away behind him in the dim moonlight. He would occasionally allow Musty's bull to close on him, then, with a long, flying leap, he would land far ahead of the angry animal; or he would turn, and, facing the bull, would wait till it charged. Then he would float up into the air over the animal's back in a manoeuvre which is known to the Spanish bull-fighters as the jump of death.

The policeman punched his helmet into shape as he watched this strange scene. He was not anxious for the kangaroo, but he was anxious for Musty's bull.

"If you don't call that there kangaroo o' yours off the bull, young gent's," he said anxiously, "I wouldn't answer for it but that the bull will drop down dead. 'E ain't used to chasin' about like this!"

"I'll stoush the beef!" said Wobby, picking up his boomerang.

Wheet!

Away it flew through the air in its strange, batlike fligit, to land with a loud smack in the bull's ribs, making it stagger and cough.

There was an expression of ludicrous astonishment on the animal's face as it looked round to see who had kicked it in the ribs. Then it dropped its tail, and went cantering away to the far end of the meadow.

"Coast is clear! Now we'll nail Nobby!" said Wobby. And, jumping over the low wall of the orchard, he gave chase to the kangaroo.

"Come here, Nobby!" he called.

Nobby hiked. Then he sat up on his tail and drummed his boxing-gloved feet on the ground.

Wobby picked up his boomerang. He

thought he had got his pet, but Nobby was excited by liberty, and by his gambols with the bull. As Wobby stepped up to him to get hold of the dog collar about his neck, he kicked out briskly, landing his master a punch that doubled him up.

"Ouch! You dirty tug!" grunted Wobby, as he sat on the ground breathless. "That's a nice trick to play on your poor old master!"

The kangaroo then turned. Away he flew across the meadow and over the hedge. Musty's bull, beginning to take an interest in Wobby, caused that youth to recover quickly, and run for the shelter of the wall, with the bull close at his heels.

"Off we go again, boys!" he gasped, as Musty's bull came to a stop, bellowing angrily. "If we don't catch old Nobby, he'll be all over the county in no time!"

The boys raced round the village after the runaway. They saw him head away up the road, and then take to the fields, making for the distant woods.

The policeman ran with them for a little way, but he was soon winded.

"He's off now!" said Wobby, with a groan. "We'll never get him without horses."

"Me savvy catchee 'orse!" said Lung.

"Where?" demanded Wobby.

"Lound o' Beefee Callots," said Lung, pointing to a large range of buildings at the side of the road ahead of them.

This was the Round of Beef and Carrots, the rambling old posting-inn, which was the headquarters of the West Wessex fox-hounds. Here were stabled a dozen hunters belonging to the military members of the hunt who belonged to the Barchester garrison, and also the horses on which the scholars of St. Beowulf's were put through the riding-school. For it was one of the rules laid down by John Lincoln that every boy in the school should learn to ride hard and to shoot straight. Most of the Colonials, and Wobby foremost amongst them, had no need of this instruction. Wobby had learned to ride as soon as he had learned to walk.

"Whose horses are they?" he asked.

"No askee. Catchee horse!" replied Lung. Lung knew his way about those buildings. He raced his chums round to the stable at the back of the buildings, reached up for a hidden key, and unlocked the door.

There was a dim light burning in the stables, for one of the horses, Captain Dashway's Aeroplane, was a horse which would never sleep without a night light. There stood Aeroplane, turning his coffin-shaped head to stare at the boys, as though wondering what he was being disturbed for at this time of night.

He was a great raking, bony, ragged-hipped chestnut but plainly, to Wobby's practised eye, a horse of great power, speed, and substance, who in Australia would have made a first-class kangaroo hunter.

"Bags I old coffin nob!" said Wobby, reaching down saddle and bridle from the racks, and hastily making Aeroplane's toilet.

Lal Singh took a little, jumped-up, thick-set, mealy-legged sunken-eyed bay, with a short tail and a full, coarse mane, who had the name Beetzebub painted on a board over its stall.

Lal showed himself a real Rajput horseman in the way that he saddled and bridled his steed, for he had time to spare to help Jim and Lung with their mounts, the first a tall grey mare called Gladeye Gladys, the second a fine-drawn chestnut with a mighty chest, rightly called Non-Stop, for it was always first in the field and last out of it.

The boys shortened the stirrup leathers, and led their horses quietly out of the stable into the meadow behind. They made no noise, and not a person in the sleeping inn

dreamed that four of the choicest horses had been taken from the stable.

They mounted, and gave the lead to Wobby as the most experienced hunter.

Wobby made no bones about it. As soon as they were clear of the inn, he gave Aeroplane a cut with his whip, and put him at the hedge. He sailed over it like a flier, Lal Singh and Lung following behind. Both these lads were good riders.

Jim was not quite so certain of himself. He had learned riding in a rough and ready fashion, first by catching the barebacked donkeys on the common, then by tackling the gipsies' horses who were turned out to graze.

Jim, in picking Gladeye Gladys, had made a lucky find. She was a born hunter, easy pacing and easy jumping, and belonged to a fat major who needed taking care of, and she took care of Jim in his first jump.

He was wise enough to sit tight, and to give the mare her head. Away she flew, landing quietly in the field beyond, with Jim still on her back, and rather astonished to find himself there. Then away they went over a twenty-acre plough, the four horses travelling like the wind, notwithstanding the nature of the ground beneath their feet.

Slap at the far edge rode Wobby, who appeared to have no more regard for his neck than a cat with nine lives to spare.

Over flew Aeroplane like a bird, his three companions following him into a wide pasture.

Wobby gave a yell.

"I spy!" he shouted. His sharp eyes had caught the flicker of the white sheet on the upland against the dark clumps of the gorse about half a mile away. "Yoicks forrard!"

The horses were excited by the hunting cries. They drove forward in a bunch, Jim sticking like grim death to Gladeye Gladys, and mighty glad to find that he could ride better than he thought for.

Nobby seemed to be waiting. They had a glimpse of him as they pounded along, sitting up in his white sheet, with his ears cocked, and his short forepaws, with their great knobby boxing-gloves drooping, listening for them.

"Hi, Nobby!" shouted Wobby. "Come here, you rascal!"

The kangaroo had tasted liberty. He had had enough of living in a canvas sack, and he meant to have his night out now he'd got the chance.

Away he went, leaping over the gorse clumps of Bangington Gorse in huge bounds, apparently using his huge tail as a spring.

"Kangaroo him jump too much!" gasped Lung.

"Come along, chaps!" called Wobby. "There's nothing to do but to run him down."

The ground soon began to slope away down hill towards Tantiy Woods.

A fox, startled from his lair, scuttled out of the gorse. Then the old foxhunters fairly

There was a yell of fear as Nobby bounced down the chalk face of the quarry, and went slap through the fire of the gipsy encampment, upsetting the pot of stew.





The water was over the knees of the weary horses as they plunged and stumbled along. Nobby, the kangaroo, appeared quite exhausted as he lay still across the saddle-bow in front of Wobby. (A stirring incident in next week's splendid instalment.)

flew over the ground, travelling like race-horses.

It was kangaroo first, fox second, and the four boys a close third.

A hedge rose before them. They saw Nobby fly over the top of it, whilst the fox shot through it. It was a tall, ugly hedge, that looked as high as a house in the moonlight, but Wobby rode at it without hesitation, Aeroplane bursting through it with a crackling of flying sticks.

One—two—three—the others were after him.

The fox made a sudden turn, realising that there were no hounds in this strange night hunt. Nobby kept straight on over three wide fallows, heading uphill towards Tantivy Woods, the preserves of John Lincoln's neighbor, Viscount Tantivy, of Tantivy Castle.

The boys knew nothing of Viscount Tantivy. Neither did they know anything of his well-stocked preserves.

A gang of poachers, who were hidden in those thick woods, though, were soon to know about it. These, armed with air-guns, were looking for the roosting pheasants in the bare trees, when, suddenly, one of them gave a yell of fear and astonishment as a white figure flitted past them down the drive, travelling in tremendous bounds.

"Dash my buttons!" he cried. "'Tis the old Tantivy ghost abroad! It's Lady Jemima's ghost, and there's goin' to be a death in the family!"

"Hold your row!" gasped Black Mug Jim, the head of the gang. "Hold your row, Joe Splitters, or there'll be a death in your family."

Then came a pounding of horses through the drive, and the astonished poachers saw four boys racing like the wind on four fast-travelling steeds.

Poaching was over for the night; pheasants were calling and rocketing amongst the trees, and the alarm was spreading through the woods. The poachers packed up, stowed their guns in their pockets, and marched straight into the arms of the head keeper and his men, who had been aroused by the hubbub in that corner of the woods.

The boys and their chase were far away now. For three miles Nobby raced on within sight of the horses, through long groves of rhododendrons and thick cover. Then he leaped over a high brick wall and made for Marberry Down.

The boys found a gate, and raced after him. Here was the open down, and they could smell the sea across the great rolling

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hills. Uphill they raced, Nobby keeping about four hundred yards ahead of them.

They seemed to be getting up on the roof of the world now. Over the downs they could catch the red-and-white flash of the Marberry Head Lighthouse.

"We'll get him, boys!" shouted Wobby. "Now's our chance to beat it whilst the going is good. He's bound to get tired soon with those gloves on his feet."

"How can catchee?" demanded Lung.

"Why, we chase him up till he's tired. Then we ride round him in a ring. He sits down on his tail—it makes him dizzy!" exclaimed Wobby. "Then I get a line round his neck, and we bring him home. Come up, you coffin-headed omnibus!"

This last remark was addressed to Aeroplane, who was getting blown by the steady rise of the downs.

A low wall seemed to rise in front of them. Then there was a tremendous hullabaloo, for the wicked Nobby had leaped over the hurdles enclosing a large fold down a hurdle as he

of sheep, knocking passed out again.

"That's done it!" groaned Wobby, as there was a rush of sheep out of the fold, and a bleating and baaing as they scattered in all directions. "If anyone pipes us now we are safe for a swishing! One good thing, we are well away from the school. We've done seven miles already. Old Nobby can't last for ever."

They had yet to learn what a stayer was Nobby, the kangaroo. Rejoicing in his liberty and the open downs, he put on speed, sailing away in grand style, keeping Marberry Head Lighthouse well on his left.

A Dipping for Wobby.

THEY had come right over one great swelling of the chalk hills. Now they were going downhill again, heading for Towsecombe Chine.

The horses seemed to have got their second wind now, and travelled fast. Jim felt the night wind singing past his ears. He had not thoughts of getting swished. All he knew was the glory of this splendid night ride and the joy that he could stick to a good horse with the best of them.

Wobby was putting Aeroplane along now, and the gallant old horse, lengthening his stride as they raced downhill, was a good fifty yards ahead of his fellows.

Suddenly the kangaroo seemed to disappear into the earth.

Wobby threw up his hand with a yell, and reined back Aeroplane on to his haunches.

"Look out!" he yelled. "Quarry!"

The boys just had time to swing their horses and rein them in, when they found themselves at the very verge of Smuggler's Leap, the old, disused chalk quarry, where it was said Black Ben the Smuggler had jumped to death with a coastguard officer.

It was said in those parts that Black Ben's ghost still haunted the quarry. At any rate, there was a yell of fear and a scattering of ashes down below as Nobby, who had bounced down the chalk face of the quarry in some way only known to himself, had gone slap through the fire of a gipsy encampment, overturning the pot and the stew of poached hare.

The gipsies yelled "Ghosts!" and darted into their caravans and tents like shot rabbits. Their ponies stamped and their dogs barked furiously as the boys, unseen by them, went sliding down a steep bank which led into Towsecombe Chine.

The first one to arrive in the bottom of the chine was Wobby.

Brave old Aeroplane came sliding down the slippery slope with his forelegs outspread, and, coming to a standstill at the brink of the stream, he gently tipped Wobby over his head into the rapidly running shallow water.

Wobby managed to keep hold of his reins. "Wow!" he gasped. "Ouch! This is the real ley!"

"Hurt, Wobby?" asked Jim anxiously, as Gladeye Gladys, as safe as a toboggan, carried him sliding to the foot of the slope, and came to a stand at the water's edge, looking at Wobby standing in the dark stream.

"Not a bit," gasped Wobby, trying to get his breath. "But I feel as if I've had a bucket of ice-cream rubbed all over my stomach!"

He climbed into the saddle again. Lal Singh and Lung had reached the bed of the little valley fifty yards below them, and they had seen Nobby, flitting down the stream along the banks.

"He's making for Smuggler's Gap and the beach," said Wobby. "If he gets to the sea we've got him. He won't take a bath on a night like this. He's not such a fool!"

They pounded down the chine. It was slippery clay on the path that ran by the stream, and many an experienced horseman might have taken a nasty toss at the speed they travelled. But there is a Providence which looks after schoolboys on borrowed horses, and soon they were passing the few cottages of Smuggler's Gap. Then the foot-path in the chine disappeared, and there was only the shallow, fast-running river.

"Into the water, boys!" cried Wobby, turning Aeroplane into the gravelly bed of the stream.

Aeroplane did not like the water much. It gave him cold feet. He danced and sidled, lifting his feet high.

"Come on, you coot!" exclaimed Wobby. "You've only got it on your feet. I've had it on my stomach. Come on, and keep warm!"

A cut with the whip persuaded Aeroplane to continue the wild chase.

One fool makes many amongst horses as well as boys. Where Aeroplane would lead, the rest of the horses would follow. Away they went, splashing down the bed of the rippling stream, getting a sight of the run-away kangaroo now and then through the trees. The water grew deep, and Aeroplane gave a squelch and a grunt as he slipped down a small waterfall.

"Crumbs, chaps," cried Wobby. "we've struck a water-chute! The brook runs downhill here!"

Down went Aeroplane again, sliding and slithering over the edge of another miniature waterfall.

Up above were the coastguard cottages of Smuggler's Gap. But no one heard the horses in the bubbling and swirl of the brook as it seemed to hasten its course to meet the sea.

Here in the course of countless centuries the little stream had cut its valley through the high cliffs.

Soon Aeroplane staggered out of the water and shook himself. He had found the tail of the old smugglers' path that ran by the side of the stream. The other horses followed him.

Nobby was hopping along at reduced speed three hundred yards ahead of them, making through the Gap for the beach.

"Now we've got him!" cried his master triumphantly. "He's up against the sea. And he can't swim over to France!"

But as the horses galloped out of the little valley on to the beach, they found a wide space of sands before them. The tide was down, and Nobby, taking a fresh lease of life, had turned, and was making along the beach towards Marberry Head.

"It's the sea air that's bucking him up!" said the indefatigable Wobby. "We'll run him down on the sands."

(Make sure you read next week's splendid long instalment of this grand serial.)

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"RAISING THE WIND."

(Continued from page 15.)

have foreseen this awful outcome of so apparently simple a proceeding?

But the worst was yet to come.

CHAPTER 9.**A Surprise for his Lordship!**

"SEEN Gussy?" Blake jerked at Tom Merry's arm as the captain of the Shell stood on Big Side, watching the cricket. "No." Tom turned his head. "Isn't he here?" "The ass seems to have gone out," said Blake, with a worried look. "And his father's come." "Gone out!" said Manners. "He knew his pater was coming."

Monty Lowther gave a sudden chuckle.

"Has he gone to pop the ticker?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," grunted Blake. "I forgot about him, watching the blessed cricket! We've looked all over the school for him, and he's not to be found. And Lord Eastwood spoke to me before he went in to see the Head; told me to tell Gussy he would come up to the study at half-past four."

"Jolly nearly that now!" said Tom.

"And I can't find him anywhere?" growled Blake. "He must have gone out. I wish I'd put him on a chain, blow him!"

The Terrible Three left Big Side with Blake. The great question of funds was still unsettled—tea in the study for his lordship was as deep a problem as ever. But at least Arthur Augustus ought to have been on the spot to greet his noble pater. As he was absent, it was up to D'Arcy's chums to play

up and entertain Lord Eastwood till his hopeful son turned up again.

"He can't be long," said Tom thoughtfully. "He knew his father would be here at four. I suppose he's gone off somewhere and lost a train. He can't have forgotten. Seen anything of him, you fellows?" he added, as Herries and Digby came up in the quad.

"Not a trace of him," said Herries. "Must have gone out of gates while we were watching Kildare."

"Here's the old gent!" murmured Digby.

Lord Eastwood's tall and spare figure appeared in the doorway of the School House. There was a slight frown on his lordship's brow. He had been up to Study No. 6, and, instead of finding there a dutiful and affectionate son, he had found that celebrated apartment vacant. He had come down again, puzzled and a little annoyed. He came out into the quad to meet Tom Merry & Co.

"Where is Arthur?" he asked.

"We—we're just looking for him, sir!" stammered Tom Merry.

"It is very extraordinary! He cannot have gone out, I presume?"

"I—I—I—"

There was a howl in the distance—the howl of Baggy Trimble.

"Oh, my eye! Gussy and a copper! He, he, he!"

Tom Merry & Co. spun round like humming-tops. Trimble's howl was followed by a buzz of voices that grew into a roar. Fellows on all sides were rushing towards the gates.

Tom Merry wondered whether it was a mirage, as he caught sight of Arthur Augustus, with a burly police-sergeant by his side, just within the gates. Taggles had come out of his lodge in amazement, and already thirty or forty fellows had gathered round. There was a sharp exclamation from Lord Eastwood. He had seen his son.

"Upon my word! That is Arthur!" he ejaculated. "What—what ever has happened?"

(Continued on the next page.)

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"RAISING THE WIND."

(Continued from page 19.)

He strode away towards the gates; and Tom Merry & Co., after exchanging a look of utter, dismal dismay, followed him at a run. What had happened they could not even surmise; but they knew that the unhappy Gussy, somehow or other, had "done it" now!

"Arthur!"
"Oh cwamba! It's the patah!" groaned Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

The hapless swell of St. Jim's had hoped that Taggles would identify him to the satisfaction of the sergeant before his father could learn of the awful disaster. But that hope was ill-founded. The tall, spare form of Lord Eastwood towered over the crowd of juniors, who respectfully made way for the peer of the realm.

The sergeant saluted Lord Eastwood respectfully. It was borne in upon his mind now that Arthur Augustus was, in point of fact, the owner of the watch he had attempted to "pop," and was nothing worse than, as he would have said, "a young idiot!"

"What does this mean, Arthur?" asked Lord Eastwood in a deep voice. "Why are you here with this officer?"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Arthur Augustus.

"What has happened, officer?"

"You know this young person, sir?" asked the sergeant.

"He is my son. I am Lord Eastwood," said the old gentleman, with dignity.

"Excuse me, sir—the circumstances were suspicious. This young gentleman was found attempting to pawn a valuable watch—"

"P-p-pawn!" faltered his lordship.

"Yes, sir. And as he was disguised with a false moustache, and—"

"What?"

"And seemed very uneasy. The pawnbroker's young man thought it was fishy and telephoned for me," explained the sergeant. "You see, we get a lot of pickpockets come down to Abbotsford for the races, sir."

"P-p-pickpockets!" said his lordship dazedly.

"As he stated that he belonged to this school, I brought him here, sir, instead of taking him to the police-station. Never give the public trouble if we can help it, sir."

Lord Eastwood looked at the honest sergeant and looked at his hopeful son. Arthur Augustus fervently wished that the earth would open and swallow him up. But the earth didn't, and Gussy had to endure that basilisk gaze from his astonished and scandalised parent.

"If you answer for him, sir, and answer for this here watch being his property—" said the sergeant, taking the famous gold ticker from his pocket.

"Certainly!" gasped his lordship. "I gave my son that watch myself on a birthday."

"Very good, sir!"

The sergeant handed the watch to Arthur Augustus. Then he saluted Lord Eastwood again and turned away.

Lord Eastwood made a sign to Arthur Augustus to go in, and the swell of the Fourth limped away with his friends, looking and feeling in the deepest depths of woe and dismay. Lord Eastwood lingered a few moments to speak to the sergeant again in the gateway, and the Abbotsford officer slipped something into his pocket when he finally departed. Then the peer followed his hopeful son across the quad. The crowd of St. Jim's fellows strove hard not to chortle until Gussy's noble parent disappeared into the School House.

Arthur Augustus went up to Study No. 6. His chums went with him—they did not look forward with enjoyment to the coming interview with Gussy's pater—but they felt that they were bound to stand by a comrade in misfortune. So the whole of the stony seven were in the study when Lord Eastwood arrived.

Silence as of the tomb fell upon Study No. 6 as he entered. His face was grim and stern; the juniors hardly dared to look at him. Arthur Augustus was quite limp.

"So," said Lord Eastwood, after a painful silence, which seemed to the juniors to last about a century—"so, on the occasion of my visit to the school, Arthur, I find you attempting to pawn a watch—"

"I—I—I—"

"And being brought back to the school in custody of a police-officer—"

"Oh deah!"

"Have you any explanation to offer?"

"I—I—I tried to pop the tickah—"

"To—to what?"

"To—to pawn the watch, to—to waise the wind—I mean, to waise some money, for—for tea!" babbled Arthur Augustus.

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"The—the fact is, we—we—we are stoney—"

"You are what?"

"Bwoked!"

"What?"

"I—I mean hard up—"

There was another painful silence. Then Lord Eastwood made Tom Merry & Co. a sign to leave the study. Six dismal juniors fled out, leaving the hapless Gussy alone with his justly-incensed parent. They did not envy Arthur Augustus just then.

They remained in a deeply-troubled group at the end of the passage in dismal silence. What was going to happen they could not tell. Whether his lordship would request the Head to administer a flogging, whether he would take Gussy away from St. Jim's, whether he would administer severe chastisement with his own noble hands, they simply could not guess.

They wondered what was passing in Study No. 6, and they felt deeply for Arthur Augustus. It was nearly half an hour before the study door opened, and Lord Eastwood emerged.

He passed the group of juniors, and went down the staircase, evidently departing. There had been no tea in the study, after all. The juniors waited till, from the corridor window, they saw Lord Eastwood's tall form crossing the quad towards the gates. Then they hurried along to Study No. 6, eager to hear the worst.

Arthur Augustus looked at them, and nodded. He did not seem so downcast as they had expected.

"Well?" said six voices, at once.

"It was awful, deah boys!"

"What's happened?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"I have had a fearful lecture!" said Arthur Augustus. "I must say the patah was quite in the wight—I can see that, you know. As a wule, I am not wholly satisfied with the way the patah looks at things, but on the pwesent occasion I must admit that he was wight. His first ideah was to wequest the Head to give me a tewwible floggin'—"

"Oh!"

"Then he seemed to think that I had bettah be taken away from the school, where I seem to have wathah weckless and thoughtless friends—"

"Oh! Oh!"

"Then he gave me a weally impewial jaw. And then," said Arthur Augustus, "I explained the whole mattah."

"Why didn't you explain first, fathead?"

"Weally, deah boy—"

"And then—"

"Then he made me pwomise not to go to a pop-bwokah's again; and I told him that steam cwanes and twaction engines would noval dwag me within sight of a pawn-bwokah's, if I could help it! So he gave me a little more jaw, and wang off."

"And that's all?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Thank goodness!" said Tom Merry. "You've got off cheap!"

"Yaas. I am only sowwy that, time bein' gone in jawin', the deah old patah was unable to stay to tea," said Arthur Augustus. "He twusts that this will be a lesson to me—as if I needed a lesson, you know! But, now I think of it, I do weally twust that it will be a lesson to you fellahs!"

"Why, you cheeky ass—"

"By the way," added Arthur Augustus innocently, "I forgot to mention one thing—the patah handed me six pounds, to square up the money we owe, so that we shall not be in debt."

"Great pip!"

"Forgot to mention that!" roared Blake. "Oh, you dummy!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"All clear now!" said Dig.

"Yaas, wathah! And he gave me a pound ovah, so we shall be able to have tea in the studay, deah boys—"

"Hurrah!"

Lord Eastwood's visit to St. Jim's had been a success, after all!

Tom Merry & Co. cleared off their burden of debt within the next five minutes, and within the next ten they were sitting down to a gorgeous spread in Study No. 6. It was like the return of the fat years after the lean years; and never was tea in the study so thoroughly enjoyed as it was by the seven chums of St. Jim's—no longer the stony seven, since his lordship's visit had resulted in "Raising the Wind."

THE END.

(There will be another grand long story of the chums of St. Jim's next week entitled "TOP OF THE RIVER." Make sure you order your copy EARLY.)