

£45 IN CASH PRIZES MUST BE WON! (See page 11 Inside.)

The GEM 1¹/₂^D

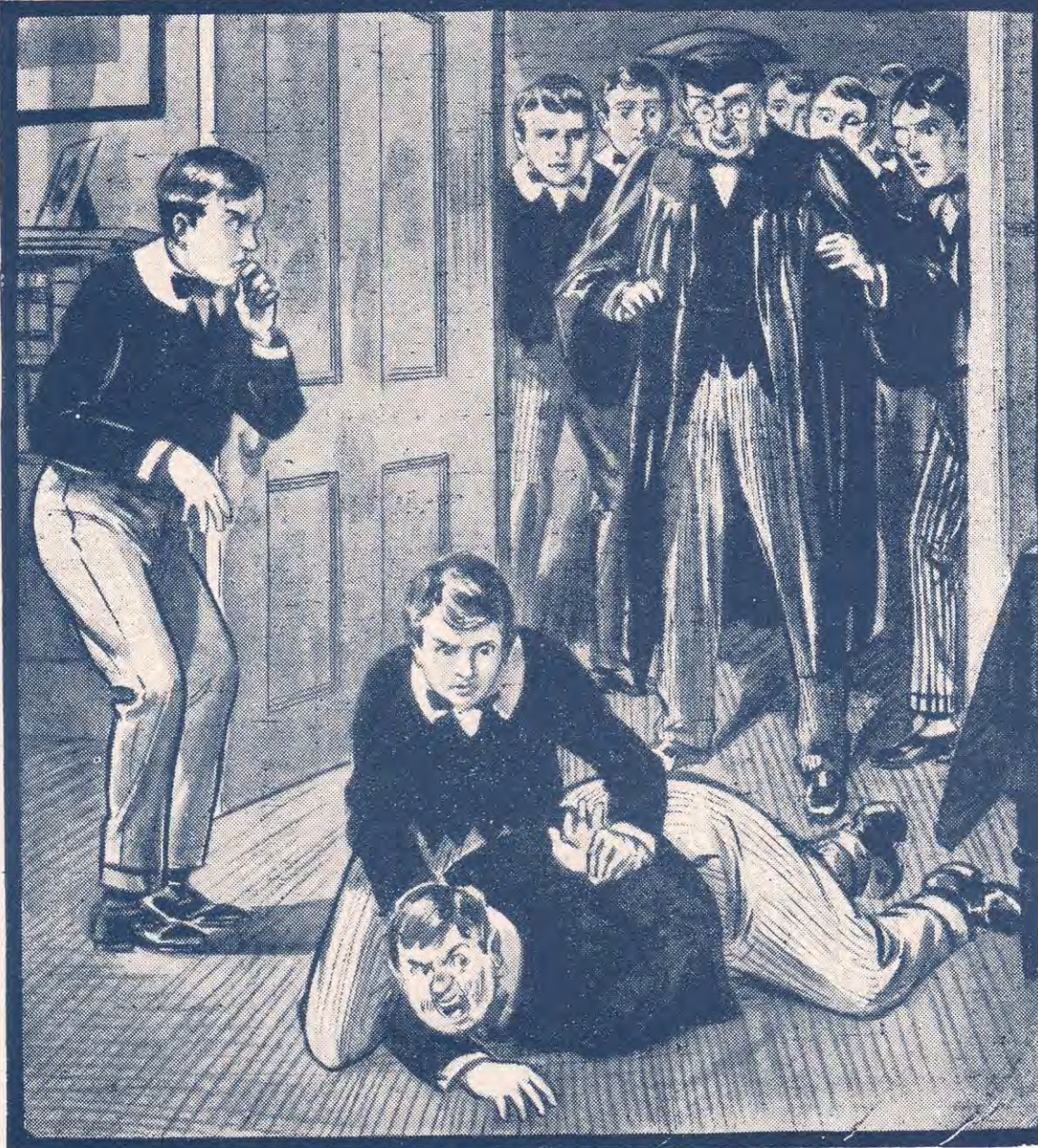
No. 765.
Vol. XXII.

LIBRARY

20 Pages.

Every Wednesday.

October 7th, 1922.



A DISTURBANCE IN STUDY No. 6!

(Mr. Lathom Finds Jack Blake Trying To Knock Some Sense Into Baggy Trimble's Head!)

"My Readers' Own Corner."

Tuck Hampers and Money Prizes Awarded for Interesting Paragraphs.

(If You Do Not Win a Prize This Week You May Next.)

This Wins Our Tuck Hamper!

STRANGE, BUT TRUE!

It was a certain long-distance bicycle test. The winner had just finished his gruelling ride, when an old lady came to him, and complimenting him on his success, said: "But surely, you are fatigued after your long journey?" "I must admit that I am," answered the cyclist; "but not so bad as the bike." "Goodness!" said the lady. "But how does that come about?" The cyclist smiled. "Well, you see," he said, "the bike was 'tired' before I started."—A Tuck Hamper filled with delicious Tuck has been awarded to John Rimmer, 27, Beloe Street, Dingle, Liverpool.

THE RETORT CORTEOUS!

Boarder (warmly): "Oh, I know all the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses twenty years for nothing?" Landlady (frigidly): "I shouldn't be at all surprised."—Half-a-crown has been awarded to H. Cruse, 139, Verney Road, South Bermondsey, S.E. 16.

THE GAS COMPANY!

The chairman of the company was giving a popular address. "Think of the good work the gas company has done," he said. "If I were permitted a pun, I would say, Honour the Light Brigade." Voice of a consumer: "Oh, what a charge they made!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to A. Jack, 42, New Street, Calton, Glasgow.

GIVING THE SHOW AWAY!

Conjuror (to boy from audience, who is supposed to be a complete stranger): "Now, sonny, there is nothing in this hat, is there?" Boy: "No, father."—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Arthur J. Webb, c.o. A. R. Webb, Esq., Exton House, Queen Street, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

BEST BOYS' BOOKS

THE

BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY.

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No. 635.—THE BELL OF SANTADINO. A thrilling yarn of mystery and adventure in Peru. By ERIC W. TOWNSEND.

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A grand long complete yarn of schoolboy fun and adventure. By DUNCAN STORM.

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NO TIME!

He was a keen angler, and he thought he would try his luck in a new neighbourhood, so he tramped for miles until he came to a fair-sized pond. "I'll have a cast here," he said. There were no bites, and after about half an hour the fisherman called to a boy who was passing. "Are there any fish in this pond?" he asked. "I dunno," replied the lad. "They'd be small ones, anyway, for there weren't no pond here before the heavy rain yesterday."—Half-a-crown has been awarded to W. G. Worthington, 43, Newton Drive, Blackpool.

THE MISTAKE!

"Have you taken a ticket for that boy, madam?" asked the inspector. "Certainly not!" was the reply. "And I am not going to do so!" "I haven't time to argue the matter, madam," said the official sharply. "You will have to pay for him, or I shall put him off the car!" "Do as you please!" cried the lady. "I am not going to pay! You won't get anything out of me!" "How old is the boy?" asked the inspector. "I am sure I don't know," said the passenger. "I never set eyes on him before." And the other passengers tittered.—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss Winifred E. Delahaye, 33, Cannonpore Street, Upper Norwood, S.E. 19.

COMPLIMENTARY!

Two men were seated opposite one another in a train, and after a time one of them began to sketch the other. Feeling rather flattered, the man who was being sketched leaned forward, and said: "I suppose, sir, you are an artist?" "Well, not exactly that," was the reply. "I am a designer of door-knockers."—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Frankie Innes, 12, West Park, Harrogate, Yorks.

THEY DIDN'T!

Mrs. Cobb had some shopping to do in London, and there was only one train. The grocer had not called, but she could not wait for him, so she pinned a notice to the door: "Don't leave anything. All out." When she came back tired in the evening, she found the house had been ransacked. The card was still on the door, with these words added: "Many thanks, but we couldn't take the heavy furniture!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Alex McEndoo, Army Ordnance Dept., Island Bridge, Dublin.

MIXED!

A miner's wife had three lodgers, and they caused her no end of worry, so she decided to turn them out. This is what she said: "You three are a nice pair. If you're going to stop here you will have to clear out, for you didn't come home again last night until this morning, and if you don't hurry up and pay what you owe me, it will be more."—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss Violet Parry, 40, Pontygwindy, Caerphilly, Glam, S. Wales.

A PET PIG!

Sailors have a fondness for pets second to none. It does not so much signify as to the kind of pet. One sailor will make a friend of a monkey; another will take a parrot with him on his travels across the seas; cats and dogs also have their turn. But a sailor I know had a pig as his chum. It was a good pig, and most well informed, while it had rare skill as a swimmer, and would splash round in the vasty deep in great style. Its owner got a good deal chaffed, but he did not mind being teased. The pig made friends wherever it went, and proved a real pal.—Half-a-crown has been awarded to B. Wareham, 120, Holdenhurst Road, Bournemouth.

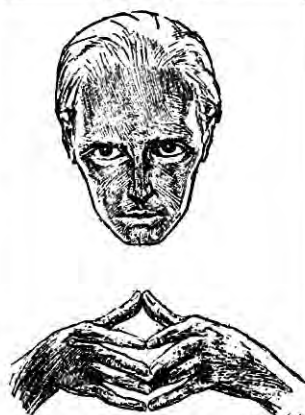
CHEDDAR!

Cheddar is a very small, old world village in the Mendip Hills, Somersetshire. The scenery in this part is the finest in England. The village is world-famous for its cliffs, caves, and cheese; it stands at the entrance to a gorge which extends for about a mile, winding in and out of the cliffs. Its stalagmite and stalactite caves are wonderful, and have been declared finer than the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky.—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Stanley G. Karlson, 319, Green Lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.

TUCK HAMPER COUPON

The GEM LIBRARY.

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



WHO IS RIVINGTON SPEED?

This question will soon be on the lips of millions of people throughout the country. Further information about this amazing and mysterious personality will appear shortly in "ANSWERS." Do not miss it.

TRICKY TRIMBLE!



A Grand Long Complete School Story of the Chums of St. Jim's, telling of the failure of Baggy Trimble's artful dodge to gain the sympathy of his schoolfellows.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 1.
Mysterious.

"WHY not?" Kit Wildrake of the Fourth could not help looking surprised.

He had come along the Fourth Form passage to Study No. 2, and was about to enter, when Baggy Trimble asked that question.

Baggy was not addressing Wildrake; he did not even see him. And the third member of the study, Mellish, was not there.

Baggy Trimble was sitting alone in his glory, as it were, in the study armchair, with his fat little legs resting on another chair, taking his ease. His fat face was thoughtful in expression, and in his podgy paws he held a newspaper, which apparently he had been reading.

And he was addressing empty space when he propounded that question: "Why not?"

Then he chuckled.

Kit Wildrake stared in at the study doorway. Still Baggy, deep in his thoughts, whatever they were, did not see the Canadian junior.

"Why not? Easy as falling off a form! And it would be bound to be a success—the way I should do it! He, he, he!"

Evidently great thoughts were stirring in the fat intellect of Trimble of the Fourth.

"Why not?" asked Trimble, for the third time, apparently addressing the bookcase of Study No. 2.

The bookcase naturally did not answer; but Wildrake did.

"You fat jay!"

Trimble jumped.

He spun round in the armchair with alarm in his fat face, as he realised that his mumblings had been heard.

"Oh! I—I say, Wildrake, I wasn't saying anything!"

Wildrake came into the study.

"Off your rocker?" he inquired.

"N-no."

"Then what are you mumbling about, you fat jay?"

"N-n-nothing."

"What stunt have you got now in that podgy chunk you call a brain?" asked Wildrake, suspiciously. "New dodge for borrowing money from the galoots along the passage?"

"I don't approve of borrowing money," said Trimble, blinking at him.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I—I was just thinking—" explained Trimble.

"What with?"

"Don't you be a cheeky ass, Wildrake. I—I was thinking about—about my lessons."

Kit Wildrake laughed. Even in class Trimble did not think about his lessons, if he could help it. He really was very unlikely to think about them out of class.

Manifestly, the fat junior was afraid that Wildrake might have drawn conclusions from his mumblings, and learned what was passing in his fat brain—which apparently Trimble wanted to keep a dead secret. He was blinking anxiously at the Canadian junior.

"Anything in the newspaper?" asked Wildrake.

Trimble suddenly clutched at the newspaper, folded it, and stuffed it under his jacket.

"Nothing!" he answered promptly.

"What are you hiding it for, then?" asked Wildrake, in increasing astonishment.

"I—I— The fact is, you know—" Baggy stammered. "I haven't been reading about a case just admitted to the Wayland Hospital, Wildrake."

"Haven't you?"

"No! This isn't the Wayland paper at all."

"Not really?" grinned Wildrake.

"Not at all!"

"How odd that it should have 'Wayland Gazette' printed along the top, then!" remarked Wildrake. "You see, fat-head, you've left the top of it sticking out."

"Oh!" gasped Trimble.

He hurriedly stuffed the paper out of sight.

"The—the fact is—" he stuttered.

"Can it!" said Wildrake tersely. "What are you rolling out lies for, Trimble? You've been reading something in the local paper about a case in the Wayland Hospital. No harm in that. Why on earth should you tell lies about it? Especially as I'm not interested."

"Have you got that footah, Wildrake?" inquired Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth.

An eyeglass gleamed in at the doorway of the study.

"Sure!"

Wildrake picked up an old footer from a shelf. He had come in for it for a punt about in the quad, when he had surprised Baggy Trimble in his deep and mysterious meditations.

Trimble was watching him eagerly, evidently anxious for his study-mate to go.

"Any more whoppers to roll out, Baggy?" asked Wildrake, with a laugh.

"I—I—"

"Get them all off your chest," said Wildrake. "You see, I'm going to biff you on the cabeza with this footer for telling lies, so you may as well have your money's-worth."

Trimble jumped away in alarm.

"Jollay good ideah, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy approvingly. "Twimble is a feahful fabwicatah. I weally do not think he has been sufficiently punished for spinnin' wotten yarns about old Levison. Give him one for me, Wildrake!"

"Sure!"

"Yaroooh! Keep off!" roared Baggy Trimble, dodging round the armchair.

Biff!

Kit Wildrake reached across the chair and landed the footer on Baggy's bullet head.

"Bwavo!" chortled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Well hit, sir! Now give the fat boundah anothah for me!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Gerroff!" yelled Trimble.

He fled frantically round the study table with Wildrake in pursuit, the footer raised for another smite.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Arthur Augustus.

The next moment Arthur Augustus ceased to laugh. Trimble made a frantic break for the doorway to flee, and he crashed suddenly and overwhelmingly upon Gussy. The slim swell of St. Jim's was simply nowhere, when it came to stopping a charge with Baggy's weight behind it. He fairly flew across the passage and sat down with a bump and a yell.

"Wow!"

Trimble staggered from the shock for a second, and then he bolted down the passage.

"Come back!" roared Wildrake. "I owe you one more."

"Yah!"

Baggy Trimble vanished.

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"Oh cwumbs!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Oh cwikey! That howwid boundah has faihly flattened me out! I have a pain in my—my waistcoat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Weally, Wildwake, it is not a laughing mattah," gasped Arthur Augustus. "I have been thwown into a feahful buttah. Wow!"

Blake and Herries and Dig came out of Study No. 6. They paused on their way to the stairs to glance at Arthur Augustus.

"What on earth are you sitting down there for, Gussy?" asked Blake. "Taking a rest on the floor?"

"Wow!"
"You'll make your bags dusty," said Herries.

"Weally, Hewwies— Ow!"
Arthur Augustus staggered to his feet.
"That howwid wottah Twimble bowled me ovah!" he gasped. "I am goin' to thwash Twimble!"

"I guess you're coming to punt this ball about," said Wildrake. "Thrash Twimble another time."

"Twimble will keep!" grinned Blake.

"Yaas; but—"

"Come along, old hoss!"

Arthur Augustus adjusted his eyeglass, and looked round for Twimble. But that fat youth was far away by that time, and punishment had to be postponed.

"I will thwash the howwid boundah aftah tea!" said Arthur Augustus. "Undah the eircs. I feel bound to give him a feahful thwashin'. I am comin' deah boys! There is no need to dwag at my arm like that, Blake! Pway let go my collah, Dig! Weally, Hewwies—"

And Arthur Augustus went.

CHAPTER 2.

Trying it On!

BAGGY TRIMBLE had taken refuge in a box-room. In that secluded spot the fat junior sat on a trunk and gasped for breath. Baggy was always short-winded, and his flight had deprived him of what little breath he had.

"Rotters!" gasped Trimble.

But a fat smile irradiated his unprepossessing countenance as he drew the crumpled paper from under his jacket, and blinked at a paragraph in its columns.

That paragraph was an ordinary item of local news; and any St. Jim's fellow would have been surprised at Baggy's deep interest in it. Yet it was clear that Baggy was deeply interested. He had already read it through five or six times, and now he read it again. It ran:

"A man at present unknown has been admitted to the Wayland Cottage Hospital. He was found wandering by the police, and apparently suffering from shock, and appears to have completely lost his memory. He has, so far, been unable even to state his name. Much sympathy is felt for the unfortunate patient. Investigations are being made, and it is hoped that the police will be able to make some discovery and communicate with his friends."

That was all. How it concerned Baggy Trimble would have seemed a deep mystery to any fellow who saw Baggy devouring the paragraph. Certainly, any reader might have felt a kind sympathy for a poor fellow who had received a shock and in consequence lost his memory. But Baggy had never been noted for a sympathetic nature. His own little troubles he felt deeply. But he had always shown a remarkable amount of fortitude in connection with the troubles of others.

"Why not?" murmured Trimble. "Easy enough! I dare say the man's a spoofer, getting board and lodging for nothing. He, he, he! Much sympathy is felt— After all, a chap's bound to be sympathetic in a case like this. They ain't all as sharp as I am, and they wouldn't think their leg was being pulled. Tom Merry, frinstance, would walk a mile out of his way to do anything for a chap in a fix like that."

Trimble grinned complacently.

Evidently that item of local news had brought some wonderful scheme into Trimble's head.

He started a little, as he heard steps on the stairs that led to the box-room.

"Oh dear! Those rotters—"

He had just time to shove the paper out of sight, when the door opened. He was relieved to see that the newcomers were not Wildrake and D'Arcy, as he had feared. Mellish of the Fourth, and Racke and Crooke of the Shell came into the box-room. Baggy did not need telling what they had come for. The black sheep of the School House had a way of sneaking into the box-rooms to smoke cigarettes in surreptitious safety.

The three juniors stared at Trimble.

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"What are you doing here, tubby?" asked Racke. Trimble drew a deep breath.

His wonderful scheme was cut and dried in his fat brain; a scheme that was to elicit much sympathy, as in the case at the hospital; and was to lead to much profit, if Baggy Trimble could work it.

He decided to strike the iron while it was hot, as it were, and try his new and amazing stunt upon Racke & Co.

So, instead of answering Aubrey Racke's question, he gave him a far-away look.

"Where am I?" he asked.

Racke & Co. stared harder.

"Eh! You're in the top box-room," said Crooke. "Don't you know where you are, you fat idiot?"

"Who are you?"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Have I ever seen you before?" asked Trimble.

"Mad!" said Racke.

"Do you chaps know my name?" asked Trimble.

"Know your name?" said Mellish blankly.

"Yes. Do you?"

"What are you getting at, you apology for a silly dummy?"

demanded Racke. "Are you trying to pull our legs?"

"I want you to tell me who you are!" said Trimble.

"Don't you know who I am, fathead?" yelled Racke.

"No!"

"Well, my only hat!"

"You see, I've lost my memory!" explained Trimble.

Racke almost staggered.

"Lost your memory?" he repeated faintly.

"That's it! I don't even remember your name, Racke—"

"Wha-at?"

"Or Crooke's, either," said Trimble fatuously.

"Great Scott!"

"Or Mellish's," said Trimble. "My mind's a perfect blank. So far as I remember, I've never seen you fellows before."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mellish.

"There's nothing to cackle at, Mellish, in a misfortune like this," said Trimble sorrowfully. "I call it heartless. Some fellows would feel much sympathy."

"Is it a new stunt?" asked Racke, in wonder. "Do you think you'll get out of lessons with a yarn like that?"

"Look here, Racke—"

"If you're going to forget fellows' names," said Racke, "you'd better not call them by name while you're doing it."

Trimble started.

"I—I—I didn't—I mean—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mellish. "Try it on the Form-master, Baggy! Why, he'll wallop you!"

Trimble stammered. He realised that he would have to be a little more careful if he was going to gain much sympathy as an unfortunate victim of loss of memory. Racke & Co. were howling with laughter. Baggy's first essay certainly could not be called a success.

"The—the fact is—" stammered Trimble.

"That's enough," grinned Racke. "If you're goin' to try a stunt like that, better play it on Tom Merry, or Figgins, or some other soft ass. We're rather too wide, you know."

"And now get out!" said Crooke.

Trimble moved to the door. Evidently he was not to be asked to share the smokes of the three young rascals. Racke was opening a box of cigarettes on the top of a trunk.

"I—I say, before I—I go, will—will you tell me my name, Racke?" stammered Trimble.

Aubrey Racke looked round at him.

"Still keepin' it up?" he asked.

"Yes—I mean—"

"Well, I won't tell you your name," said Racke. "I fancy you know it as well as you know mine. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll jolly well kick you out of this room, you fat spoofer!"

"Here, I say— Yarooooop!"

Trimble tore open the door to flee. Aubrey Racke rushed after him, and kicked.

Crash!

Baggy Trimble rolled out of the box-room, and rolled on the landing outside, with a terrific roar.

"Got your memory back?" asked Aubrey.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Well, I'll give you another—"

"Yow! Keep off, you beast!"

Baggy Trimble picked himself up and went down the narrow stairs three at a time. Racke chuckled, and turned back into the box-room and closed the door. In a few minutes the cigarettes were going strong, and Racke & Co. were making a solemn and heroic pretence of enjoying them. Meanwhile, Baggy Trimble wandered away rather disconsolately.

He had tried it on Racke & Co., and it had not been a success. But Trimble was a stickler. He was going to be more careful next time—and in his mind's eye Baggy already saw himself an object of general sympathy, excused from



Wildrake, with the football in his hands, advanced upon Trimble. "Yaroooh! Keep off!" roared Baggy, dodging round the arm-chair. Biff! Kit Wildrake reached across the chair and landed the footer on Baggy's bullet head. "Bwavo!" chortled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Well hit, sir! Now give the fat boundah one for me!" (See page 3.)

lessons, and raising little loans from compassionate fellows with tenderer hearts than Racke's. In fact, he had a flattering vision of himself as a pig in clover—and it only remained to be seen whether that vision would be realised.

CHAPTER 3.

The Terrible Three Are Not Taking Any.

TOM MERRY came cheerily into his study in the Shell passage. It was tea-time, and Tom was first in of the Terrible Three. Manners was out somewhere with his camera; Monty Lowther had biked down to Rylcombe to look at the proofs of the "Weekly" at the printer's. Tom had been at football practice, and, being first in the study, he intended getting tea ready for his chums when they returned. He stared a little at the sight of Baggy Trimble seated in his armchair in the study.

"Making yourself at home?" he asked.

"Good-afternoon!" said Trimble, blinking at him.

Tom stared.

"Eh—what?" he ejaculated.

"Good-afternoon! Have I seen you before?" asked Trimble.

"A few hundred times, I suppose," said Tom. "What are you driving at, Trimble?"

"Trimble! Who's Trimble?"

Tom Merry staggered.

"Who's Trimble?" he repeated.

"Yes. Who?"

"Are you potty?" roared Tom Merry. "Mean to say that you've forgotten your own name?"

"Is it my name?"

"Is it?" gasped Tom. "Yes, you funny ass, it is! What's this game?"

Trimble passed a fat hand across a podgy brow.

"I don't seem to remember it, somehow," he said.

"You don't seem to remember your own name?" asked the captain of the Shell, in measured tones.

"It doesn't sound familiar."

"I suppose you're trying to pull my leg," said Tom Merry, after a puzzled pause. "If it's a joke, I don't quite see the point. Anyhow, get out of my study, will you?"

"Is this your study?"

"You know it is, you fathead!"

"I don't!"

"Well, you know it now I've told you," said Tom. "Get out! The fact is, Trimble, I feel inclined to kick you whenever I see you. I don't think you had enough for the trouble you caused Levison with your rotten tricks. So get out while you're safe!"

"Who's Levison?"

"You don't know who Levison of the Fourth is?" yelled Tom Merry.

"Not in the least."

"Chuck it!" said Tom. "It may be a good joke, though I'm blessed if I see it! Travel along. I'm going to fill the kettle now. If you're still here when I come back, you'll get the water! Catch on?"

The Shell fellow picked up the kettle from the fender and left the study. He did not understand Trimble's new stunt in the least, and wasn't interested anyway. He concluded that it was some unfathomable joke, or spoof of some kind, and all he wanted was Trimble's departure.

But Baggy Trimble was still there when the captain of the Shell re-entered after filling the kettle at the tap in the passage. Tom Merry frowned at him.

"Not gone yet?" he asked.

"No. You see—"

"I see! You're going to get wet."

Tom Merry lifted up the kettle and started towards the fat junior. Baggy was out of the armchair with a bound and dodging behind it.

"Hold on, you rotter!" he gasped. "Don't chuck that water over me, you beast! I'll get out if this is your study!"

"Well, get out!"

"Who are you?" demanded Trimble.
 "Eh—what? Who am I?" ejaculated Tom, almost dazedly.
 "Yes. I don't know your name!"
 "You don't know my name!" bawled Tom.
 "No. If I ever knew, I've forgotten! I—I—I seem to have lost my memory somehow," said Trimble pathetically.

His pathos was wasted on the captain of the Shell. Tom Merry was a doubting Thomas just then.

"You'd better find it again, then," he said unsympathetically; "and when you've found it, use it to remember to keep out of my study! Travel!"

"But I say—"

"Bunk!" roared Tom Merry, quite fed up by this time; and he came round the armchair with the kettle in the air. A swish of water from the spout caught Baggy Trimble in his fat neck and he gave a roar.

"Yow-ow! Keep off, Tom Merry, you rotter!"

"Oh, you've remembered my name now, have you?"

"I—I mean—"

"Never mind what you mean—get out!"

Baggy Trimble jumped for the door, just escaping another jet from the spout of the kettle. He realised that that little slip of the tongue had betrayed him; evidently he had to learn to be more careful. A fellow who had lost his memory was supposed to have lost it completely—not in streaks, as it were. This was his second failure.

"Rotter!" he howled, and dodged out of the doorway.

Tom Merry slammed the door after him and proceeded to build a fire and boil the kettle, forgetting the unimportant existence of Baggy Trimble.

In the passage, Trimble wrinkled his fat brows in thought. Later on his sad loss of memory was to be "worked" on the masters; but, naturally, Trimble wanted to test it on the juniors first—it was safer. It was a case of "trying it on the dog," as it were.

Manners came along the passage with his camera slung over his arm, looking very merry and bright. Apparently Manners of the Shell had had a happy afternoon with his camera. Baggy Trimble rolled in his way.

"Excuse me—" he began.

"I'll excuse you if you get out of my way," said Manners. "Otherwise, I'll kick you!"

"Would you mind showing me the way to my study?"

"What?" ejaculated Manners.

"I've lost my memory—"

"Lost your memory, have you?" asked Manners. "Better look for it, then, or put an advertisement in the 'Daily Mail.' What are you trying to pull my leg for, you fat fool?"

"Look here, you know—"

"Scat!"

Manners took Trimble by the collar and spun him against the wall. He walked on cheerfully, leaving Baggy gasping.

"Oh dear!" murmured Trimble, as Harry Manners disappeared into Study No. 10. "Of all the rotters! Lot of sympathy I seem likely to get from those cads. Ow!"

Monty Lowther came in a little later. He came along the passage at a trot, being hungry and in a hurry for tea.

Baggy Trimble caught him by the arm to stop him, so suddenly that Lowther spun right round the fat junior.

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Lowther. "Wharrer you at?"

"I say, I've lost my memory—"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I don't know my way to my own study!" said Trimble pathetically. "Would you mind showing me, though you're a stranger to me?"

"A—a stranger to you?" stuttered Monty.

"Yes. Have I ever seen you before?" asked Trimble innocently. "I can't remember your name, you know."

Monty Lowther looked steadily at the fat junior. Baggy met his gaze with a look of sad and sorrowful pathos. Baggy felt that his misfortune ought to have touched a heart of stone. With his wonderful imaginative powers, he was almost beginning to believe himself that he had really lost his memory.

"Oh! Lost your memory?" gasped Lowther, grasping it at last. "I say, that's pretty bad."

"Awful, isn't it?"

"Fearful!" said Lowther. "You don't know your way to your own study?"

"No; haven't the least idea."

"Like me to guide you?"

"That's it, old fellow."

"Come on, then," said Monty Lowther, and he took Trimble by the arm and led him down the passage.

Baggy Trimble winked into space with the eye that was farthest from Lowther. He had found a believer at last, the plot was working!

Monty Lowther, with quite a sympathetic expression, led Trimble onward. They passed the door of Study No. 2 in the Fourth, which was Trimble's study, and the fat junior involuntarily halted. Lowther pulled at his arm.

"Come on!" he said.

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"Oh, ah, yes!" gasped Trimble.

Certainly a fellow who had lost his memory couldn't insist that No. 2 was his study. Trimble rolled on with his conductor, with a dismayed feeling that the humorist of the Shell was exercising humour at his expense. But it was rather difficult for Trimble to raise objections, in the circumstances, so he rolled on apprehensively.

Monty Lowther led him into the Fifth Form passage.

"I—I say!" murmured Trimble.

"Nearly there!" said Lowther cheerily.

"But—but I say—"

"Here you are!"

A study door stood open, the study of Cutts and St. Leger of the Fifth. Cutts of the Fifth was there, talking to St. Leger. Monty Lowther led Baggy into the study.

"Now you're all right!" he said.

And he walked out rather quickly. The Terrible Three were not on good terms with Cutts of the Fifth.

Cutts and St. Leger stared at Trimble.

"What do you want, you fat jackanapes?" asked Cutts, with the brand of politeness he kept specially for juniors.

"I—I—I—" Trimble stammered. Cutts of the Fifth was a good deal of a bully, and not a safe person to "try" it on. But Trimble resolved to go ahead and do his best. "That chap—"

"What chap? What do you mean?"

"That chap who brought me here. I don't know his name—"

"You don't know Lowther's name?" ejaculated Cutts.

"No. I've lost my memory."

"Great gad!"

"He makes out that this is my study," said Trimble. "Is it?"

St. Leger stared at the fat junior in astonishment. Cutts gave him a look, and then picked up a ruler.

"This study isn't the place for gag jokes," he remarked, and he accompanied the remark with a "lick" from the ruler. Trimble was in the passage with a single bound.

"Yarook! Oh, you rotter!"

Cutts stepped to the door, ruler in hand. Baggy Trimble faded out of the Fifth Form passage.

Monty Lowther met him at the corner with a genial smile.

"Hallo! Not staying in your study?" he asked.

"Yah! It—it wasn't my study, you rotter!"

"How do you know, if you've lost your memory?" asked Monty pleasantly. "But we'll try again. Come on!"

He took Trimble's arm. Baggy jerked it away. He did not want any more guidance; he was afraid that Lowther might have led him to Knox of the Sixth next.

"Go and eat coke!" he snapped.

"Don't want any more help?" asked Lowther blandly.

"Yah! Rotter!"

Baggy Trimble rolled away, and Monty Lowther, with a chuckle, repaired to Study No. 10 in the Shell to tea. Baggy was left disconsolate, beginning to have doubts as to whether his amazing new stunt was going to be a success after all. Certainly the Terrible Three of the Shell were not taking any.

CHAPTER 4.

Useful to Melish.

"BAI Jove! Heah's the wothah!"

Blake & Co. came in to tea, very ruddy and cheery after punting a footer about in the quad.

They found the fat form of Baggy Trimble of the Fourth adorning the doorway in Study No. 6.

"Waitin' for me, you fat boundah?" asked Arthur Augustus. "Thank you vewy much for wemindin' me that I owe you a fearful thwashin'."

Arthur Augustus pushed back his cuffs. Trimble blinked at the swell of St. Jin's sorrowfully.

"Will you chaps help me?" he asked.

"We'll help you out of that doorway, if you don't clear," said Jack Blake. "What are you lolling in our doorway for, you fat image?"

"Is this my study?"

"What?"

"I've had a fearful misfortune," said Trimble. "I had a shock, and I've lost my memory."

"Bai Jove!"

"Well, you haven't lost it in our study," said Blake. "Go and look for it somewhere else."

"Bai Jove! If this is true—"

"Fathead!" said Herries. "Some more of his spoof, that's all."

"Yaas, wathah! I suppose that is the case, Hewwies?"

"Of course it is," grunted Dig. "Get out, Trimble!"

"Is my name Trimble?"

"You know it is, you silly ass!" howled Blake. "Don't try us with a yarn like that."

"I had a shock," said Trimble in a faltering voice. "I seem to remember rushing out of a study and biffing into somebody—"



Racke & Co. entered the box-room, but jumped back in surprise as their eyes fell upon Baggy Trimble. "What are you doing here, tubby?" asked Racke. Baggy gave him a far-away look. "I—I've lost my memory!" he explained. "I don't even remember your name, Racke—" "Wha-a-at?" "Or Crooke's either!" said Trimble fatuously. "My mind's a perfect blank! So far as I can remember, I've never seen you fellows before!" (See page 4.)

"Bai Jove! It was me you biffed into, you fat boundah." "After that it's all a blank!" said Trimble dramatically. "When I opened my eyes all was dark."

"What?" "I haven't come here to tea," said Trimble. "In fact, I've forgotten tea-time. I want somebody to guide me to my study."

Blake and Herries and Dig glared at Trimble in utter unbelief. But Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had a soft heart, and, according to his chums, a soft head. He looked rather serious.

"Bai Jove, if it's twue, it's a feahful thing to happen to any chap," he said. "Pway give him a chance, you fellows. I have several times thought that somethin' would happen to Twimble frowm eatin' so much. There is such a thing as fattay degeneration of the bwain, I believe."

"Ass!" said Blake.

Blake shoved Trimble aside and went into the study. It was tea-time, and Blake had no leisure to waste on Trimble. Tea was a more important consideration than Baggy's misfortunes, real or assumed. But the tender-hearted Gussy lingered.

"Do you feel any pain, Twimble?" he asked.

"Is my name Trimble?" asked Baggy dreamily.

"Yaas, deah boy."

"It seems strange. What is your name?"

"D'Arcy, deah boy. Have you any pain?"

"Only a slight throbbing in the head," said Trimble, "a sort of buzz in the brain, you know."

"Gweat Scott, that's sewious!"

"I can bear it," said Trimble bravely. "I only want to be guided to my study, Smith."

"Smith! What are you callin' me Smith for, you ass?"

"Didn't you say your name was Smith?"

"I said my name was D'Arcy, Twimble."

"Oh, I'm sorry! I'd forgotten already." Trimble pressed his hand to his fat brow. "It's an awful thing to lose one's memory, D'Arcy. You might help me to my study. I may recover later on."

"Bai Jove! I weally twust so, Twimble. Heah, Wildwake,

old fellow"—Wildrake was coming up from the stairs—"take Twimble along with you to your studay, deah boy!" "Eh? What's the matter with him?" asked the Canadian junior in surprise.

"He says he's lost his memoway, deah boy."

"Lost his grandmother!" said Wildrake.

"Bai Jove! If it is genuine, it is a vewy sad case, Wildwake. Pway take him along to the studay."

"Oh, I guess I'll do that!" grinned Wildrake. "Come along, you fat spoofing bounder!"

Arthur Augustus went into Study No. 6 with a very thoughtful expression on his noble face. If Trimble had really suffered such a terrible misfortune as loss of memory, he was certain to find a kind and helping friend in Arthur Augustus. But Gussy—unsuspicious as he was as a rule—could not help having some doubts. Trimble's reputation in the House was the very reverse of that of the late lamented George Washington. Indeed, there were fellows who averred that Trimble could not have told the truth if he had tried—not that he was ever likely to try!

Wildrake, with a grin on his sunburnt face, piloted Trimble along to Study No. 2. The keen Canadian junior was about the last fellow at St. Jim's to be spoofed.

He pushed Trimble into Study No. 2, and followed him in.

"Is this my study?" asked Trimble faintly.

"I guess so. Had your tea?" asked Wildrake.

"I don't remember."

"On, jumping Jehoshaphat!" said Wildrake. "May I advise you to can it, Trimble? It won't work, you know! It won't wash! Try something a bit easier!"

"I'm sorry to see you so unsympathetic towards a fellow in misfortune," said Trimble. "I'll try to bear it."

"Oh, cut it out!"

Wildrake, still unsympathetic, started on tea. Mellish came into the study, looking rather white and sickly after his enjoyable smoke in the box-room. He grinned at Trimble. "Hallo! Found your giddy memory yet?" he asked.

"So you've heard of it?" chuckled Wildrake. "What is the fat idiot spinning this yarn for?"

"Blessed if I know, unless it's to get out of lessons. Anything for tea?" asked Mellish.

"Anything you like to get from the tuckshop, I guess." Mellish grunted.

The Canadian had brought in a parcel from the tuckshop. Baggy Trimble sat down to the table and helped himself from the supplies. Wildrake gave him a look, but said nothing. But when Mellish was following his example, Wildrake called a halt.

"Easy does it," he said. "There isn't enough for three. Chap wants his tea, you know."

"I'm stony!" growled Mellish.

"Go down to Hall, then."

"Blow Hall!" Mellish looked at Trimble, and grinned.

"Sure you've lost your memory, Baggy?"

"Quite sure!" said Trimble.

"Then you can't remember anything that belongs to you."

"Can't remember anything," said Trimble pathetically.

"It's an awful misfortune."

"Must be!" said Mellish, with a nod. "Well, as I'm stony, I'll sell a fives bat to young Tompkins, to raise the wind. I know he wants one, and we don't want fives bats just now."

He picked up a fives bat that belonged to Baggy Trimble, and started for the door.

Trimble jumped up. Apparently his loss of memory did not go quite so far as that.

"Look here! Hold on—"

"What's the matter?" asked Mellish.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wildrake. "His memory's come back!"

Baggy Trimble gasped. He realised that if he was going to be a fellow without a memory the fives bat would have to go. It was a sacrifice, but, after all, Trimble felt that perhaps it was a sprat to catch a whale. If only he could convince fellows of his terrible misfortune, it would be worth more than the price of a fives bat to him.

"Well?" grinned Mellish. "Anything to say?"

"N-no!" gasped Trimble. "Just—just for a minute I—I thought I knew that bat. But it's gone again."

He sat down.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Mellish. "Are you sticking to it?"

Trimble covered his fat face with his hands, and groaned.

"It's a blank—a perfect blank!" he said. "I remember nothing! Oh dear! Is—is—that bat mine, Mellish?"

"Not at all—mine!" grinned Mellish. "You can keep up this stunt as long as you like, Baggy. Useful at tea-time."

And Mellish walked out of the study, grinning. Certainly he had not expected to get off with the bat. He was in luck.

Wildrake looked very hard at Trimble.

"Look here, fatty!" he said abruptly. "Mean to say that you don't remember that that bat was yours?"

"My mind's a blank."

"Mellish is going to sell it to Tompkins, you ass!"

"Who's Mellish?"

"Oh, my Aunt Christina!" ejaculated Wildrake. And he let it go at that.

But his look was very curious. The incident of the bat had rather a staggering effect on him, and he wondered whether, after all, there was something at the bottom of Trimble's astounding statement. Percy Mellish came back into the study with a little parcel, and a grin on his face.

"Tompkins gave me two bob for my bat!" he remarked.

"It was Trimble's bat, you rotter!" said Wildrake.

"Who's Trimble?" asked Baggy, looking up from a plate of ham.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mellish.

Wildrake made no answer. He only looked oddly at the fat junior, and wondered. And he raised no objection when Baggy, in his usual style, annexed the lion's share of the feed, and a little over. Baggy Trimble felt that he was getting on.

CHAPTER 5. No Sympathy.

MANY curious glances were turned upon Baggy Trimble in the Fourth Form dormitory that night. By that time all the Lower School, or nearly all, knew of Baggy's amazing new stunt, or terrible misfortune, whichever it was.

So far, the masters had not heard of it. Baggy, as a sufferer from so dreadful an affliction, ought really to have informed the masters at once, so that medical aid could be called in. Perhaps he had forgotten that there were such persons as masters. Or perhaps he was getting a little more practice before he ventured so far.

Certainly he was keeping it up remarkably well.

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Practice, it is said, makes perfect. At lying, Baggy Trimble had had a tremendous amount of practice, and he was nearly perfect.

So his new departure was not really a great difficulty for him; it was only a new variety of lying and spoof; and Baggy lived, moved, and had his fat being in lying and spoof.

Indeed, after a time, Baggy began to take himself at least half seriously. No one, not even Baggy himself, knew how much he believed of his magnificent yarns concerning Trimble Hall, and the lofty connections of the Trimble family. In moments of enthusiasm, as it were, Baggy really did believe there was such a place as Trimble Hall. And it was the same with his new stunt. Having set up as a fellow who had lost his memory owing to a shock, Baggy looked upon himself as a fellow who had lost his memory owing to a shock—and he was greatly aggrieved and indignant because the other fellows declined to look on him as a fellow who had lost his memory owing to a shock. In his keenness to convince others, Baggy really had no time to reflect that his statements weren't true.

In the dormitory there was a general stare and a general grin. Baggy blinked round him pathetically when he came in.

"Is this the Fourth Form dormitory?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not at all," said Cardew of the Fourth. "Go down the passage and turn to the right."

Trimble appeared not to hear those instructions, which would have landed him in the sleeping quarters of the Third. He rolled in, and blinked up and down the room.

"Which is my bed?" he asked.

"You fat fool!" said Levison, in measured tones. "Chuck it! Do you think anybody here believes you've lost your memory?"

"Too thick!" said Clive, with a laugh. "Try something else, Baggy. Tell us you've lost your brain—if you ever had any. We'll believe that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think this is heartless," said Trimble. "Some fellows labouring under an awful misfortune like this meet with much sympathy."

"Bai Jove! I am suah we should sympathise like anythin', Twimble, if we believed you," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "But weally, you know, it is wathah thick."

"Somebody might point out my bed, at least," said Trimble.

"Here you are!" said Cardew.

He led Baggy Trimble to George Herries' bed. Herries, who was taking his boots off, glared at Trimble. The other Fourth-Formers looked on with interest. If Baggy attempted to take possession of Herries' bed there was trouble to come, that was certain. But if he had lost his memory, certainly he couldn't know that that bed belonged to Herries.

Baggy blinked rather uneasily at George Herries out of the corner of his eye. Herries looked rather dangerous. He did not believe in Baggy's affliction in the very least. But there was no help for it; and Baggy sat on the edge of the bed and unlaced his boots.

"Bai Jove, he thinks it is his bed, deah boys," murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Rats!" said Blake.

"Let's see him turn into it," grinned Dig. "Herries will soon have him out again!"

"Yaas, wathah! But—"

Arthur Augustus shook his noble head doubtfully. He was beginning, at least, to place some faith in Trimble's remarkable claim.

Baggy Trimble went ahead. Apparently under the impression that Herries' bed was his bed, he turned into it. Herries watched him with a glare resembling that of the fabled basilisk. When the fat junior settled down Herries strode towards him.

"So you think that's your bed, do you, you spoofing toad?" he demanded.

"Isn't it?" asked Trimble innocently.

"I'll show you whether it is or not!"

"Yaroooooh!"

Herries proceeded to demonstrate to Trimble in quite a drastic way. He wrenched off the bedclothes, and bestowed a sounding spank upon Baggy's fat person. Baggy rolled off the opposite side of the bed without waiting for another spank.

"Still think it's your bed?" asked Herries pleasantly.

"Yow-ow-woooooop!"

"I'll give you some more if you like, if your memory hasn't come back."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Cave!" murmured Roylance.

Kildare of the Sixth came into the dormitory to see lights out.

"Now then, what's the row?" asked the captain of St.

Jim's. "What are you sprawling on the floor like that for, Trimble?"

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Trimble. "I'm hurt! Wow!" The prefect came over to him. He took hold of one of Baggy's fat ears and jerked him up.

"Turn in!" he said tersely. "He doesn't know which is his bed!" chuckled Cardew. "What!"

"Lost his memory, you know," said Ralph Reckness Cardew pleasantly. "We're all no end sympathetic." Kildare stared.

"Is this a joke?" he asked. "Not at all! Awfully serious! Ask Trimble." "What does this mean, Trimble?" asked the St. Jim's captain, fixing his eyes upon the fat Fourth-Former.

Baggy Trimble breathed rather quickly. With all his "neck," he had shrunk from springing his surprising yarn upon persons in authority. It was his intention to do so, but he was putting it off till he had screwed up his courage to the sticking-point. Now there was no help for it; he had to stick to his story or own up. He put on his most pathetic blink.

"It's true," he said feebly. He almost said, "It's true, Kildare," but fortunately stopped himself in time. "I've lost my memory."

"You young ass!" "I don't know who you are," said Trimble, blinking at him. "Do you belong to the Fourth Form?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Fourth. "Do I belong to the Fourth Form?" gasped the great man of the Sixth. "You cheeky little scoundrel, what do you mean?"

"You see, I don't know you." Kildare looked at him. "You don't know I'm Kildare of the Sixth?" he asked, letting his ash-plant slip from under his arm into his hand.

"Not at all." "You don't know I'm a prefect?" "What is a prefect?" asked Baggy innocently.

"My hat! You don't know what a prefect is, and you don't know that a Sixth Form prefect licks a junior when he's cheeky?" asked Kildare.

"N-n-no!" stammered Trimble. "Then it's time you learned," said the captain of St. Jim's pleasantly. "Hold out your hand, Trimble."

"I—I—I—" "He doesn't know what a hand is," murmured Cardew. "He's forgotten."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I give you one second, Trimble!" rapped out Kildare. Baggy's fat paw came out.

Swish! "Yooooooooop!" "Now turn in, and don't let's have any more of this nonsense," said the prefect.

Baggy squeezed his fat paw under his arm. "I—I don't know which is my bed!" he gasped.

"No! Better guess quickly," said Kildare genially. "I'm going to touch you up with my cane till you turn in! Like that!"

"Yaroooh!" "And that!" "Whooooop!"

Baggy Trimble made a rush for his bed. Apparently he remembered all of a sudden. There was a roar of laughter in the dormitory as Trimble dived into bed.

Kildare tucked his ash-plant under his arm and walked to the door.

"Good-night, kids." "Good-night, Kildare."

The prefect put out the light and closed the door. A chuckle ran from bed to bed along the Fourth Form dormitory.

"I—I say!" gasped Baggy Trimble. "I—I say, who was that chap?"

"What?" roared Blake. "Who was he?" asked Trimble. "Still keeping it up?" shrieked Digby.

"Keeping what up? I've lost my memory, if that's what you mean."

"Bai Jove!" "Then how did you remember which was your bed when Kildare touched you up?" roared Blake.

"I—I didn't!" "What?" "I—I—I— You see, I—I—" Trimble stammered. "It—it—it was the only bed left empty, you see, so—so—so I guessed. Of course, I don't know whether this is my bed or not. I hope you fellows believe me."

"Believe you!" gasped Blake. "Oh, my hat!" "I suppose you can take my word."

"Great Christopher Columbus!" "You see, this is an awful misfortune," said Trimble. "It's

bad enough, even if a fellow meets with much sympathy. It's rather caddish to doubt a fellow's word."

Blake sat up in bed. "It's no good talking to you, Trimble!" "Eh! Who's Trimble?"

"Shut up!" roared Blake. "You've lost your memory; but you'd better find a little bit of it, and remember that if you try any more spoof to-night I shall buzz a boot at you! Remember that!"

"I can't remember anything—" "Whiz! Crash!"

"Yow-ow-ow-woooooop!" "There's another boot to come, if you try it on again!" said Blake in a sulphurous voice.

"Yow-ow-ow!" Trimble did not try it on again. In spite of his complete loss of memory, and his fat mind being a perfect blank, he contrived to remember the other boot, and he was silent.

CHAPTER 6. Luck at Last!

TOM MERRY grinned when he sighted Trimble in the quad the following morning. Manners and Lowther chuckled.

"Found it, Baggy?" called out Monty Lowther. "Eh! Found what?" "The giddy lost memory!"

"Yah!" Trimble rolled away, frowning. He was, as a matter of fact, feeling rather disconsolate that morning. Doubting Thomas, of old, was simply "not in it," compared with the St. Jim's fellows. The amount of incredulity Baggy had met with was staggering.

But having set his hand to the plough, as it were, Trimble would not withdraw it. So far, his new stunt had earned him more kicks than halfpence. But he still hoped that there might be something in it. Surely everybody at St. Jim's was not a doubting Thomas! Why shouldn't they believe him? Trimble asked himself angrily. There was the chap admitted into Wayland Hospital with loss of memory—nobody disbelieved him. Why should they disbelieve Trimble? Baggy felt that it was't fair or reasonable. Hadn't a fellow a right to expect his word to be taken?

When Baggy rolled out after breakfast—he did not forget breakfast—he found a chuckling crowd of juniors gathered under the elms in the quad. A placard was stuck on a tree, and the juniors were reading it with loud laughter.

"Hallo, this concerns you, Trimble!" shouted Durrance. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Trimble rolled up. He blinked at the notice on the tree in great wrath and indignation. It ran, in Monty Lowther's hand:

"NOTICE OF LOST PROPERTY! LOST—A MEMORY!"

A rotten bad one, especially in money matters! ANYONE finding same is requested to return it to the owner, Bagley Trimble, Study No. 2, IVth Form."

"You silly chumps!" gasped Trimble. "This is some of Lowther's silly rot, of course! I call it heartless!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Bai Jove, you know, it's weally too bad, if Twimble has weally lost his memowry, you fellows!"

"If, fathead!" said Herries. "His memowry might have gone, you know. It was wotten bad—Lowthah is wight there! Pewwaps it has got a little worse, and gone entirely, you know."

"That's just it," said Trimble. "It's quite gone. You've hit the right nail on the head, D'Arcy!"

"Bai Jove! You wemembah my name all wight!" "I—I mean—"

"Hallo, there goes the bell!" said Blake. "Come along—not you, Trimble. You've forgotten all about lessons, haven't you?"

"Ye-e-es; quite!" "Good! Then stay in the quad till Lathom comes after you with a cane!"

"Who's Lathom?" "You'll know, if you stay out of class!" grinned Blake. And the chuckling juniors started for the School House.

Baggy Trimble followed on. Whether or not he had forgotten who Mr. Lathom was, he did not mean to cut lessons. The Fourth Form went into their class-room, and Baggy Trimble was following them in, when Kit Wildrake stopped him.

"What are you coming in here for?" he asked. "Eh! Lessons, of course!"

"Is this your Form-room?" grinned Wildrake. "You know it is, you rotter! I—I mean—"

(Continued on page 12.)

The ST JIM'S NEWS

Edited by TOM MERRY.

Monk Nearly Outwits the "Saints."

BUT WILDRAKE STEPS INTO THE BREACH.

By Jack Blake.
(P.-I., "Owl" Patrol.)

MY word, Wildrake is "some" scout! I really believe that if it hadn't been for him we should have lost that field-day with the Grammar School Troop.

Monk was within an ace of getting away with one of our flags, and it was nothing but Wildrake's keenness that prevented him from doing so.

His patrol, the "Elks," are the smartest in the troop. There's no denying that, and Tom Merry made the very best use of them all through the game. Instead of posting them on outpost duty like the rest of us, he gave them roving commissions all over the area we were guarding, and they seemed to be here, there, and everywhere, looking for tracks to see whether any of the Grammarians had succeeded in breaking through. Cardew, who belongs to his patrol—he chipped in with Wildrake as a sort of mark of esteem for the time that the Canadian was the means of rescuing him from that half-breed Indian Johnny—helped them by picking them up on his motor-bike and whirling them from place to place, with the result that they were able to cover the ground rapidly, and turn up unexpectedly in the most amazing manner.

I was guarding a corner of Rylcombe Wood with the rest of my patrol, although the most of my time was occupied in keeping Gussy in order. The ass could detect creeping Grammarians in every slight sound, and his invariable method of proceeding on these occasions was to give a loud yell as an alarm. It was enough to advertise our presence to every Grammarian within a mile, and warn them to keep clear of us, making our outpost of no blessed use whatever!

Of course, these alarms of Gussy's were all false ones, and I was getting pretty weary of telling the ass off about it. Naturally, when someone actually did approach our position, he was right on top of Gussy before the idiot heard him.

Fortunately, it was Wildrake, although it would have been the same had it been a Grammarian, and Gussy would have been out of action—a nice thing for the "Owls" and Study No. 6.

"It's all right! Only little me!" murmured Wildrake. "Hallo, Blake! Just the galoot I want!"

"What's on?" I inquired.

"There's a pesky Grammarian nosing round this reservation," replied Wildrake. "I've just tripped over the print of his moccasin, and I want a bit of help in rounding him up."

"Well, I don't quite know how I stand," I said doubtfully. "I'm on outpost, and none of us are supposed to leave here without orders."

"I guess that's all right," said Wildrake easily. "Tom Merry's given me authority to call on any help I need, and I reckon this is where I want it badly. Leave half your patrol here—they'll be enough to hold the fort, and bring the rest on with me."

"Right you are!" I answered, and giving instructions to Digby, my second, I stepped out after: Wildrake, followed by Herries and Gussy.

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Wildrake's Keenness.

About fifty yards on Wildrake stopped and pointed to the ground.

"There you are!" he said. "See that?"

There was certainly the track of a foot in the rather soft ground before us, but for all I could see, it might easily have been left by one of us. I said as much to Wildrake.

"Oh shucks!" he grunted. "Don't you think I know the hoofbeat of every fellow in the troop, and I guess that wasn't left by one of them. It's a Grammar School trail all right."

The rest of us looked at each other rather dubiously. It seemed incredible that Wildrake really could recognise the footprint of every one of the Scouts, and Gussy voiced what was in the minds of all three.

"Weally, Wildrake," he said, polishing his monocle carefully, "I have no desire to throw any aspersions on you, dear boy, but I can scarcely see how you could possibly be familiar with the footprints of about fifty fellows!"

Wildrake smiled.

"Perhaps it does seem a bit steep to you chaps," he admitted, "but it's really very simple. Most of you always use the same shoes for scouting in—a bit stouter than you wear in the ordinary way—and once I've got the hang of 'em, I just remember. For instance, Herries has two nails missing from his right boot, and Blake's heels are worn down a bit, and he's had quarter rubber-tips put on. You, Gussy, tread a little deeply with your toes. That comes of wearing rather heavier heels than most chaps."

"Bal Jove!"

"Now this footprint leads away from the flags, so it's pretty certain that the fellow, whoever he is, has collared one of them, and is making his getaway."

"He might have been scared or headed off, and turned back to find another way of getting through," I suggested.

"There's no outpost just here," Wildrake pointed out. "And, besides, he's come some

way in this direction. There are no signs of a trail in the opposite direction. Again, look here!"

We had been following the trail while we were talking, and suddenly Wildrake reached out and pulled a thread of coloured bunting from a thorny bush at his elbow. It was of the same blue as that of which our flags were made.

"That settles it!" I agreed.

We hurried on the trail again, and about three hundred yards farther on Wildrake gave a low whistle that was answered from a little distance away, and then Levison came cautiously into view.

"Where's Cardew?" whispered Wildrake.

"In a ditch on the side of the road with his bike," replied Levison.

"Good! Tell him to find the next outpost and have a cordon thrown out between here and the Grammar School Camp. Then he must make for the lane through the wood, and ride up and down, keeping his eyes open for a Grammarian with one of our joy-rags. We're following the trail, and he's bound to cross the road at one point or another."

"Perhaps he's already done so," I said, as Levison saluted and withdrew.

The junior from the Boot Leg Ranch shook his head.

"No time!" he assured me. "That trail's a new one. There was no sign of it when I passed here twenty minutes ago, and he's had to move pretty carefully, and that means slowly."

We heard the engine of Cardew's bike start up as we moved on, and shortly afterwards Wildrake pointed out where the Grammarians had crouched while one of our fellows—Wildrake said it was Figgins—had passed by. Sure enough, Figgins himself challenged us two minutes later, and Wildrake nodded his satisfaction.

"That proves how recent the trail is," he said. "It couldn't have been five minutes since he was here."

Figgins, who was a trifle sick at learning that a raider had slipped through his district, elected to stay with his command, and the four of us carried on.

Then we heard the humming of Cardew's engine, and knew that he was guarding the lane. Our quarry must have heard it, too, before we did, as the trail swung to the left, as though he was seeking to make a detour in the hope of outdanking Cardew's beat. But Wildrake smiled as he turned aside on the new track.

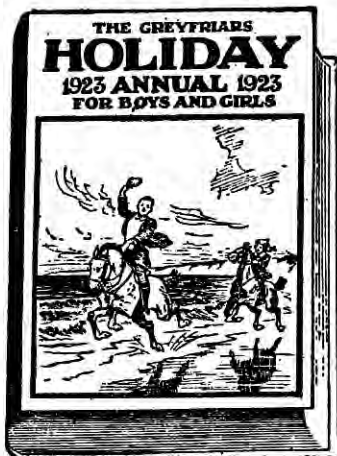
"Guess that'll take him right into the hands of the patrol Cardew has set on the job, if they've got their wits about them," he murmured.

Suddenly a whistle shrilled in the wood before us, and with a cry of "Come on!" Wildrake abandoned the trail, and set off at full speed in that direction. We broke through the bushes to find Monk struggling in the grip of Noble and Dane, while the blue flag lay on the ground beside him.

By the rules of the game Monk had to surrender in the presence of a superior force, and the first thing Wildrake did was to stoop down and examine the soles of his shoes in order to satisfy himself that it was Monk whom we had been trailing. The examination proved satisfactory, and assured us that Monk was the only Grammarian who had succeeded in breaking through the cordon at that section. There is no doubt, however, that but for the alertness of Wildrake, the Grammarians would have scored a point.

Later on Wildrake and the "Elk" patrol were the means of tracking down and capturing four more Grammar School Scouts who had penetrated our lines, and I am certain that but for them Gordon Gay & Co. would have been enabled to claim a victory.

BUY NOW, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



The Finest Six Shillingworth In The World!

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,—

We have heard but little about Tompkins. He is one of the obscure chaps who hardly ever get any limelight. He cut a dashing figure once, thanks to his knowledge, or, rather, the knowledge he fancied he possessed of the French language. There was a riot in the tuckshop as a consequence, I remember.

Well, Tompkins turns up as fresh as paint in next week's GEM story. You will say that "Trouble for Tompkins!" is a fine example of Mr. Martin Clifford's art. Tompkins' father arrives from the back of beyond, and the fellows make fun of the newcomer, for he is a dismal-looking person. D'Arcy plays a notable part in this fine yarn.

"Silhouettes" will soon come to an end, but there is a chance yet. Watch next week's GEM.

Mr. Duncan Storm's serial, "All On

His Own!" is adding to its popularity week by week. The next instalment brings some stirring incidents.

Just remember to tell any friend of yours who has not yet secured a copy of the new volume of the "Holiday Annual," that now is the time. The "Annual" is enjoying a splendid reception, and everybody says the new issue outdoes all predecessors.

For the information of readers overseas, it may be stated that the "Holiday Annual" will be sent to any address in the world, post free for 7s.

Our Companion Paper, the "Magnet," is doing great things with its new feature, the Greyfriars Parliament. I understand that some of the born orators

OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

"THE BOYS' FRIEND"	Every Monday
"THE MAGNET"	Every Monday
"THE POPULAR"	Every Tuesday
"CHUCKLES"	Every Thursday
"THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL"	Published Yearly

of St. Jim's will be "borrowed" on occasion to give extra distinction to the debates. Gussy would be a powerful draw.

Now's the time for any younger chums to see the famous coloured comic, "Chuckles," for that cheery weekly has been enlarged, and offers a record budget of pictures and stories.

I have had a letter from a friend of mine who reads the GEM, who puts forward a rather curious difficulty he is in. He tells me that a chap, who for a couple of years and more has been his particular friend, has, for some reason or another, suddenly turned nasty. What's to be done? Ought this correspondent to give up his chum? Frankly, I think not. Friendship cannot be worth much if it packs its bag and departs the very moment when the humanising influence of comradeship is most wanted. It is clear that, as there is no personal quarrel, something has happened to make the victim of the "sulks" fall out with life. The matter with him is that he is seeing things askew. I should say he will come round, and feel immensely grateful to the friend who put up with such exhibitions of bad temper, and stood true.

YOUR EDITOR.

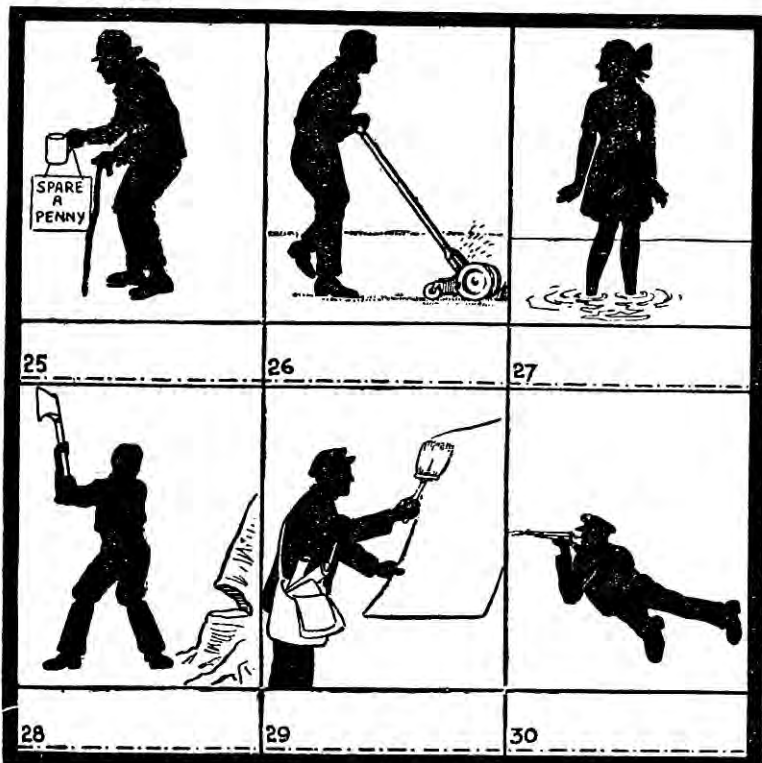
"SILHOUETTES"

A Simple New Competition.

FIRST PRIZE £25,

10 Prizes of £1 each, and 20 Prizes of 10/- each.

FIFTH SET.



WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

Here is a splendid opportunity for you to win one of these generous prizes.

On this page you will find six silhouettes, each showing a person doing something, and what you have to do is to write in the space under the picture the exact action portrayed. All the actions can be described in one or two words, but not more than two words.

When you have solved this week's picture puzzles, keep them by you in some safe place. There will be six sets in all, and when the final set appears you will be told where, and when, to send your efforts.

Back Numbers containing the four preceding sets of pictures in this competition can be obtained from the Amalgamated Press, Back Number Dept., 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

You may send as many complete sets of efforts as you please.

The FIRST PRIZE OF £25 will be awarded to the reader who succeeds in submitting a set of solutions exactly the same as, or nearest to, the set of solutions in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. No competitor will be awarded more than one share of the prizes.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Friend," the "Magnet," and the "Popular," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

It must be distinctly understood that the decision of the Editor is final and binding.

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"TRICKY TRIMBLE!"*(Continued from page 9.)*

"Ha, ha! Do you remember that you're in the Fourth?" howled Blake.

"Oh dear!" murmured Trimble. He realised that there was an enormous number of things for a fellow to forget when he lost his memory. "The—the fact is, I—I don't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear boys—" murmured Mr. Lathom, appearing in the doorway. "Silence, please, in the Form-room!"

The juniors went to their places—all excepting Trimble. Baggy Trimble remained where he was. His podgy heart was beating fast; but he realised that it was now or never. Mr. Lathom was a kind-hearted and unsuspicious gentleman, and Baggy had resolved to put it to the test there and then. If one of the masters believed in him, he felt that it would have an effect on the unbelieving juniors. So far, his amazing yarn had been greeted with ridicule. It remained to be seen what effect it would have on the master of the Fourth. Mr. Lathom was already blinking at him inquiringly over his glasses.

"Why do you not go to your place, Trimble?" he asked.

"If you please, sir, I don't know where my place is."

"What?"

"Is this the Fourth Form room, sir?"

"Eh?"

"Am I in the Fourth, please?"

Mr. Lathom's glasses almost fell off, in his astonishment.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated.

The juniors watched Baggy in breathless excitement. Well as they knew Baggy's unexampled "neck," they had never believed that he would have the effrontery to "work" this stunt on his Form master. They could scarcely believe their ears.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "Eithah Twimble is genuine, deah boys, or he is askin' for feahful trouble!"

"Trimble!" gasped Mr. Lathom.

"Is my name Trimble, sir?" asked Baggy.

"What," Mr. Lathom stammered—"what do you mean by that absurd question, Trimble?"

"I've lost my memory, sir!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

It was out at last! A shiver of apprehension ran through Baggy Trimble's fat frame. He was no hero; yet he had taken a venture that many a plucky fellow might have shrunk from. If Mr. Lathom took the same view as the juniors—

In almost an agony of apprehension Baggy watched him, to see whether his hand strayed to the cane.

Mr. Lathom did not reach for the cane. He stared at Trimble in blank amazement.

"You—you have lost your memory, Trimble!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir."

"Impossible!"

"It's an awful fact, sir!" said Trimble pathetically. "My mind's a perfect blank, sir. I don't even know your name, sir. I had a shock—a terrible shock! That did it, sir!"

"Bless my soul! If your statement is well-founded, Trimble, this must be seen to at once! What kind of shock did you receive?"

"A fellow was hitting me on the head with a football, sir—"

"Oh gum!" murmured Wildrake.

"Escaping from him, sir, I rushed into another fellow, and was hurled to the floor with terrific violence."

"Oh cwumbles!"

"Then I found myself in a box-room, sir," said Baggy. "Some boys were there smoking, and they flung me down the stairs."

Mellish fixed his eyes on Trimble, with a glitter of rage and apprehension in them. "Was the fat villain going to sneak about the smoking?" was Mellish's thought.

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Lathom. "This—this is extraordinary! When did all this happen, Trimble?"

"Yesterday afternoon, sir."

"Did you tell anyone what had resulted—that you had lost your memory?"

"Yes, sir, a lot of fellows. I'm afraid they were rather brutal, sir. One of them flung a boot at me in the dormitory."

"Oh!" gasped Blake.

Mr. Lathom came away from his high desk. He stood before Trimble, and blinked at him keenly. He was an unsuspicious gentleman. But a story of this size required some swallowing, so to speak.

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"You assure me, Trimble, that you have lost your memory?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir! Is my name Trimble?"

"Your name is Trimble!" said Mr. Lathom.

"Thank you, sir! It—it's very awkward for a fellow not to know his own name."

"H'm!" Mr. Lathom looked round at his class. "Can any boy present throw any light on this matter?"

Kit Wildrake rose.

"I guess I'd like to ask Trimble, sir, how he remembers that I biffed him on the head with a footer if he's lost his memory?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Trimble, in dismay.

"Yaas, wathah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"And how does he wemembah wushin' into me in the passage, if he has lost his memory?"

"You should not have struck Trimble with a football, Wildrake, especially on the head. Such actions are dangerous."

"It was only a tap, sir."

"Yaas, wathah."

"However, you seem to remember the circumstance, Trimble," said Mr. Lathom, turning to the sufferer again. "This does not seem consistent with your statement that you have lost your memory."

"How's the spoofer going to get out of that?" murmured Blake.

Trimble, however, rose to the occasion.

"I seem to recall some things and not others, sir," he stammered. "I—I can remember things that happen. I—I can't remember names or—or places or—or lessons, sir."

Mr. Lathom wrinkled his brow.

"It is possible, Trimble, that your statement is correct. Far be it from me to deal harshly with any boy who may be suffering under an affliction. You must be examined by the school doctor, Trimble. Are you prepared to see Dr. Short?"

"I'd be glad to, sir. I—I'm quite alarmed."

"Very well. You may take your place, Trimble, and after lessons I will communicate with the doctor."

"Thank you, sir!"

Trimble made a movement towards the desks, and stopped, remembering that he had forgotten, as it were.

"Where's my place, sir?"

"Your place, Trimble, is at the bottom of the class," said Mr. Lathom dryly. He pointed to an empty desk.

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

Trimble went to his place.

On the strength of his new "stunt," Trimble had "chucked" prep the previous evening, hoping for the best. His hopes turned out to be well-founded. The mere possibility that Trimble was suffering under a serious affliction made the Form master very careful with him.

"You will not take part in the lessons this morning, Trimble," he said. "You may sit and listen."

"Thank you, sir!"

And Trimble, with considerable satisfaction, sat idle while the rest of the Fourth worked. His new stunt was "panning out" at last.

It was something to get out of lessons. But, after a time, Baggy Trimble felt that that was not enough. Having gained so much, he sighed, like Alexander of old, for new worlds to conquer. Lessons in the Fourth Form room were suddenly interrupted by a groan from Trimble.

Mr. Lathom jumped.

"What—why—what—"

"Sorry, sir!" said Trimble. "I—I'm feeling rather faint, sir. M-m-may I go into the open air, sir?"

"You may go, Trimble."

"Thank you, sir!"

Baggy screwed up his fat face into an expression of suffering as he left the Form-room. As soon as the door closed after him he grinned. With great satisfaction he rolled out into the sunny quadrangle, leaving the rest of the Fourth to the morning's grind.

CHAPTER 7.**A Treat for Trimble!**

"WHERE'S that fat spoofer?"

Jack Blake asked the question when the juniors were dismissed. Most of the fellows were anxious to see Trimble.

A fellow who could dodge a morning's lessons by pulling his Form master's leg was naturally an object of interest. Indeed, Mellish had begun to consider whether he hadn't better lose his memory, too! He hated work as much as Baggy Trimble did.

Trimble was not to be seen in the quad or the passages. The juniors proceeded to look for him. Blake, especially, was keen to tell Baggy what he thought of him.

"In his study, perhaps," said Dig.



Blake threw open the door of Study No. 6. The fat form of Baggie Trimble reposed in the armchair. His legs were stretched out, his bullet head leaned back, and his large mouth was wide open. There was a smear of jam on his fat face. He was fast asleep, and continued to snore as the juniors crowded in the doorway. "Sleeping off a feed!" chuckled Monty Lowther. Blake jumped. "My hat!" he exclaimed. "If he's raided our study——" (See this page.)

"Did you leave anything to eat in your study, Wildrake?" asked Blake.

"Ha, ha! Nope."

"Then he won't be there."

"He'll turn up at dinner," said Tom Merry, laughing. "He won't forget dinner-time."

"Weally, you fellows," said Arthur Augustus thoughtfully, "I hope you are not gom' to be wuff with Twimble. Mr. Lathom thinks there may be somethin' in it."

"We're not quite so soft as Lathom, I hope," grunted Herries.

"Weally, Hewwies——"

"I'm going to rout him out!" said Blake. "I'm not going to be rough with the poor fellow, Gussy. Only going to kick him a little."

"Weally, Blake——"

"He's dodged work this morning," said Blake. "Left us to it! He ought to be kicked for that. Let's rout him out." The juniors proceeded to look in the Fourth Form studies. There was the sound of a deep snore from Study No. 6 as they were passing that celebrated apartment. They knew that snore.

"In our study!" roared Herries.

Blake threw open the door of Study No. 6. The fat form of Baggie reposed in the armchair, in what a novelist would call an attitude of unstudied grace. His fat legs were stretched out, his bullet head leaned back, and his large mouth was wide open. There was a smear of jam on the fat face.

He was fast asleep. He continued to snore as the juniors crowded in the doorway.

"Sleeping off a feed!" chuckled Monty Lowther.

Blake jumped.

"My hat! If he's raided our study——" Blake rushed to the study cupboard.

Funds were good in Study No. 6, and there had been a good supply in the study cupboard. But when Blake glared into it he found it in the state of the cupboard which belonged to the celebrated Mrs. Hubbard. It was quite bare!

"The—the—the fat burglar!" gasped Blake. "He's scoffed all the tuck! Three jars of jam——"

"And the pickles!" howled Herries.

"And the cake!" roared Digby.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a howl from the passage. Study No. 6 were excited, but the rest of the juniors seemed to see a comic side to the affair.

Blake grasped the fat junior by the shoulder, and rolled him out of the armchair. Trimble landed on the floor with a bump and a yell.

"Yow-ow! Wharrer marrer! 'Tain't rising-bell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat Hun!" roared Blake. "You've raided the study."

Trimble scrambled up in alarm.

"I—I say, I—I haven't, you know. I—I just dropped in here for a—a nap! I—I felt faint!"

"I'll make you feel fainter!" howled Blake. "Where's your dog-whip, Herries?"

"I—I say, I haven't touched a thing!" yelled Trimble. "Honour bright, you know. I—I thought this was my study! I—I've lost my memory, you know."

"That will do for Lathom," said Blake. "It won't do for Study No. 6."

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yaroooooooh!"

Baggy Trimble made a bound for the door, with the dog-whip curling round his fat legs. But the doorway was crammed with juniors, and there was no escape for Baggy.

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Whack, whack, whack, whack!
 "Yooop! Help! Help! Oh, my hat! Stoppit!" roared Trimble. "I won't do it again! I never did it at all! I—I was hungry, you know! I never touched a thing! Oh crumbs! Yoooop!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"What—what—what—" came a startled voice from the passage.

"Look out! Cave! There's Lathom!" gurgled Manners. The juniors crowded back to make room for the Form master. Blake was too excited to heed. He had Trimble by the back of the collar now, and he was bumping his head on the study carpet. The roars of Baggy Trimble were like unto those of the Bull of Bashan.

"Yoooop! Leggo! Help! Oh, my hat!"

"Blake!" thundered Mr. Lathom.

"Oh!" gasped Blake.

He released the fat junior quite suddenly, and jumped back. Baggy Trimble sat up on the carpet and roared.

"What does this unruly scene mean?" exclaimed Mr. Lathom angrily. "Trimble, I came to look for you—" "Yoooop!"

"Get up from the floor immediately, Trimble!"

"Yaroóóóoh!"

"Blake, this—this—"

"Sorry, sir!" gasped Blake. "But that fat boulder—"

"What—what?"

"He's raided the study," roared Herries. "Scoffed all the tuck! The fat villain!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Lathom. "Trimble, rise to your feet at once, and cease those ridiculous noises, sir!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Baggy Trimble scrambled to his feet.

"Have you taken anything in this study that does not belong to you, Trimble?" demanded Mr. Lathom severely.

"I—I—I don't know, sir!" gasped Trimble.

"You do not know?"

"No, sir. I—I can't remember."

"Bless my soul!"

"I—I came over faint in the quad, sir," said Trimble. "I tried to find my study. I—I don't know which is my study, sir, so I—I come in here to—to rest. What happened next, sir, is a blank!"

"Upon my word, Trimble—"

"A perfect blank, sir!" said Trimble. "My memory's quite gone, sir! I think Blake's brutality, sir, has made it worse. I have a terrible throbbing in my head, and a pain like—like burning needles!"

"Like what?"

"Burning needles, sir—or daggers. More like daggers than needles," said Trimble. "I'm suffering terribly, sir! If this should cause my death, sir, I forgive Blake. I know he can't help being a beast!"

"I—I—" stuttered Blake.

"Blake, you should be more careful!" said Mr. Lathom severely. "I can make allowances for your natural exasperation in the—circumstances, but you should have remembered that Trimble states that he is suffering from a serious affliction. I am surprised at you, Blake! You will take two hundred lines!"

"Oh!" gasped Blake.

"My boys, I request you to be very careful with Trimble until this matter has been thrashed out," said Mr. Lathom. "Any violence may do great harm. I must warn you that if a finger is laid on Trimble again before he has seen a doctor, the delinquent will be reported to the Head for a flogging!"

"Oh! Hem!"

"Trimble, I have mentioned this matter to Mr. Railton, and he desires to see you before a doctor is sent for. You will come to Mr. Railton's study in a quarter of an hour!"

"Who is Mr. Railton, sir?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Have I ever heard the name before, sir?" asked Trimble calmly.

"Bless my soul! Mr. Railton is your Housemaster! Merry, may I request you to bring Trimble to Mr. Railton's study at the time I have mentioned?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Tom Merry.

Mr. Lathom rustled away, and Baggy Trimble was left with the juniors. But he felt quite secure now, and he grinned triumphantly. Nobody wanted to be reported to the Head for a flogging. And Baggy Trimble was safe from the fingers—and the fists—that otherwise certainly would have been laid upon him—hard!

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CHAPTER 8. Quite Nice for Baggy I

"YOU fat rotter!"

"You spoofing walrus!"

"You awful spoofer!"

The passage and the study were crowded, and every fellow present seemed to have something to say to Baggy Trimble. If they could not punch him, they could at least tell him what they thought of him.

Baggy did not seem to mind. Hard words break no bones. And Baggy would have preferred all the hard words in the dictionary to a single punch from Blake's hefty right arm.

"I hope you're ashamed of yourself now, Blake," he said, with dignity. "You other fellows, too. I must say you're a lot of rotters!"

"What?" howled Blake.

"Sneaking rotters!" said Trimble calmly. "I've a jolly good mind to thrash you, Blake! But a weak-kneed waster like you ain't worth thrashing!"

Blake made a jump towards Trimble. Then he remembered, and jumped back. Trimble was safe enough, unless Blake wanted to give the Head the trouble of administering a flogging. Blake didn't!

"You—you—you—" stuttered Blake.

"Shut up!" said Trimble.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Hold your silly tongue!" said Trimble victoriously. "You talk too much, Blake! You're like a sheep's head, you know—all jaw!"

Blake choked.

"Get out of my study, you worm!" he gasped.

"Rats!"

"Bai Jove! Get out, Twimble, you cheekav wottah!"

"Shut up, D'Arcy! I'll stay as long as I choose, and I dare you to put me out!" said Trimble coolly. "Not that you could! I'd thrash the lot of you as soon as look at you! Set of measly funks!"

Study No. 6 looked at Trimble as if transfixed. There was a chuckle in the passage.

"Go it!" chortled Monty Lowther. "Now's your chance, Baggy! You can say what you like! Give us some more eloquence!"

"You go and eat coke, Lowther! You're a rotten cad!"

"What!" yelled Lowther.

"So is Tom Merry—a sneaking worm!" said Trimble. "As for Manners, I'd pull his ears if he were fit for a decent chap to lay hands on. He ain't!"

The Terrible Three blinked at Trimble.

"Well, my hat!" said Tom, with a deep breath. "This is rich! Let the fat idiot alone. We don't want a Head's flogging!"

"Wather not! But, weally—"

"I—I—I'll smash him into little pieces later on!" gasped Blake.

Trimble sniffed contemptuously.

"You!" he sneered. "You couldn't smash a bunny rabbit! You'd run away from a fag in the Third Form, Blake! I've seen you running away from the Grammar School fellows!"

"You haven't!" shrieked Blake.

"Fibber!"

Jack Blake ran right at Trimble. Flogging or no flogging, this was too much for flesh and blood to stand. Fortunately, Dig and Herries grasped him and yanked him back in time.

"Hold on, you ass!" gasped Dig. "Lathom meant business. Can't you see the fat villain is trying to book you for the Head?"

"I—I—I'll—" spluttered Blake.

Baggy Trimble grinned complacently. He had never had such an opportunity of slanging Study No. 6 and the Terrible Three before. It was like the worthy Baggy to use his advantage to the full. He blinked at the staring juniors in the passage.

"Oh, you're there, Levison?" he said.

"You remember my name?" grinned Ernest Levison.

"Like your cheek to be here!" said Trimble, unheeding. "You've made the fellows believe that you never were sacked from your old school. Gammon, my boy! You were kicked out of Greyfriars on your neck, and I know it!"

Levison clenched his hands. Cardew and Clive took him by the arms and walked him away down the passage.

"Trimble will keep!" grinned Cardew. "No floggings for Study No. 9!"

The crowd of juniors broke up, mentally promising Baggy Trimble all kinds of things when it was once more safe to handle him. At present they did not want to hear any more of his eloquence.

"Are you going out of our study?" asked Blake, in a suppressed voice.

"Not unless I choose," said Trimble independently. "And you're too funky to put me out! Yah!"

With great self-control Blake walked past the fat junior, and left the study himself. His chums followed him.

"Yah! Funks!" howled Trimble after them. Blake half-turned, but went on. Baggy Trimble was left in triumphant possession of Study No. 6.

When the quarter of an hour had elapsed, Tom Merry looked in for him. Trimble met his glance with a cheeky leer. "What do you want, you dummy?" he asked.

"Time for you to come to Railton," said Tom, manfully suppressing his feelings.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Well, suit yourself!" said Tom, turning away. "Oh, I'll come!" said Baggy, following him into the passage. "Look here, Merry! You don't believe I've lost my memory—what?"

"No!" snapped the captain of the Shell. "I know you're lying, Trimble, if that's what you mean!"

"That's because you're untruthful yourself," said Trimble calmly. "Fellows like you wouldn't understand a high-principled chap. Now, you're not what I call honourable, Tom Merry."

Tom clenched his hands hard. But he led the way in silence, at a good speed. It was quite unnecessary for Trimble to be guided to the Housemaster's study, and Tom Merry knew it; but he had to do as Mr. Lathom had requested. He was only anxious for his task to be over.

Baggy Trimble quite enjoyed the little walk. He filled in the time by telling the captain of the Shell what he thought of him, and apparently he thought a good deal, and all of it uncomplimentary. Tom was almost at boiling-point by the time they reached Mr. Railton's door.

Tom Merry tapped at the door and opened it.

"Here's Trimble, sir!" he gasped.

"Ah! Come in, Trimble!" said Mr. Railton's deep voice. Baggy rolled into the study, and Tom Merry drew the door shut and retired, and he spured in the air as he went down the passage, wasting upon the desert air what he yearned to bestow upon the fat features of Baggy Trimble of the Fourth.

CHAPTER 9.

ALL U.P!

MR. RAILTON fixed his keen eyes upon Trimble. Baggy felt an inward tremor.

He had been—more or less—successful with Mr. Lathom; but he realised that the Housemaster was a much more severe proposition. With all his amazing impudence, Trimble found it simply impossible to meet the clear, steady eyes of the School House master.

"Mr. Lathom has informed me of a very extraordinary circumstance, Trimble," said the Housemaster.

"Yes, sir!" faltered Baggy.

"You have stated that you have lost your memory, owing to receiving a shock."

"That is so, sir."

"Yet, in spite of this loss of memory, you were able to give Mr. Lathom details of the shock."

"I—I—I—"

"If your statement is correct, Trimble, you will receive every care and sympathy," said Mr. Railton more kindly.

"Yes, sir," mumbled Baggy. "Some—some fellows in this—this awful state, sir, receive much sympathy."

"It is not a trick on your part, Trimble, to impose upon your Form master, and elude lessons?"

"Oh, sir!"

"Before sending for the doctor," said Mr. Railton, "we will go into the matter a little ourselves. I cannot help suspecting, Trimble, that your claim is founded merely upon trickery."

"Oh, sir!"

"But you shall have the benefit of the doubt, Trimble, if there is a doubt. Can you remember my name?"

"No, sir."

"Not if you make an effort, Trimble?"

"Impossible, sir! My mind's a perfect blank."

"You are sure of that, Trimble?"

"Quite, sir!" said Baggy cheerily. "I—I think I may recover later, sir, if I don't have any lessons, and—and have plenty to eat, sir. This awful affliction makes me unusually hungry, sir, somehow. And—and when I even think of lessons, sir, I get fearful pain like burning daggers."

"That is a very serious matter, Trimble, if true. For the last time, you assure me that the case is as you state?"

"Exactly, sir. I—I hope I'm not a fellow whose word could be doubted."

"On the contrary, Trimble, your Form master tells me that you are the most untruthful boy in his Form!"

"That is certainly the case," said Mr. Lathom, with a nod.

"However, if you persist in your statement, Trimble, we must act upon it!" said Mr. Railton grimly. "You appear to have some curious idea that you may be allowed to remain at school spending your time in idleness. That is not the case. I shall send a telegram to your father—"

Trimble jumped.

"Requesting him to come to the school immediately. He will see you in the Head's presence—"

Trimble's jaw dropped.

"And if this unfortunate state of affairs persists, your father will take you home with him—"

"Tut-tut-take me home!" gasped Trimble.

"Certainly! If you have lost your memory, Trimble, your case is a serious one, and requires special care and attention, such as you cannot receive in a crowded school. So you will pack your box—"

"P-p-pack my box!"

"Yes, immediately!"

"Oh, lor'!"

Trimble gazed at the Housemaster blankly. Whatever he had expected to come of his amazing stunt, certainly he had not expected this. He shivered at the bare thought of facing his father with such a yarn. Mr. Trimble was not likely to swallow it. There was a certain strap that hung upon a certain nail in the Trimble residence, and Baggy's thoughts wandered to that strap most painfully.

Mr. Railton's eyes rested upon him grimly.

"You may go, Trimble!" he said.

"I—I—I—"

"Have you anything more to say?"

"Ye-es!" gasped Trimble. "Lots! I—I mean—" He passed a fat paw over his brow dramatically. "It—it's coming back! I—I can remember your name, sir, now!"

It was high time for Baggy to recover, that was clear, if Mr. Trimble was to be called in! But if Baggy hoped that his sudden recovery would pass muster, he was an over-sanguine youth. The expression on Mr. Railton's face was growing simply terrific.

"You—you—you are beginning to remember!" gasped the Housemaster.

"Yes, sir! All is clear now!" exclaimed Baggy dramatically. "You're Mr. Railton, sir. I—I remember now. This—is this Mr. Lathom. I—I remember your name now, sir. I—I've got my memory back, sir!"

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Lathom again. It was all he could say. Baggy Trimble was too much for him.

Mr. Railton rose to his feet. Methodically he selected his stoutest cane.

"Trimble, you untruthful young rascal! Do you suppose for one moment that you can deceive me with these astounding and palpable falsehoods? Hold out your hand!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Swish, swish, swish, swish!

Trimble's wild yell rang far beyond the walls of the Housemaster's study.

Mr. Railton was breathing hard when he laid down the cane.

"Trimble, you have been punished for your attempted deceit—"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-woop!"

"Silence! Mr. Lathom, it appears that Trimble has eluded a morning's lessons by this disgraceful trickery. I may rely upon you to award him such an imposition as will make up for the loss of time!"

"Most certainly, sir!" gasped Mr. Lathom. "Trimble, you will write out a thousand lines of Virgil, and you will be detained for half-holidays until they are written!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"You may go, Trimble!"

"Yow-ow-ow-wow!"

Trimble went.

Quite an army of fellows wanted to see Trimble after his interview with the Housemaster, with thoughts of vengeance. But the fearful yells from the Housemaster's study showed that Trimble had received what he had been asking for, and Tom Merry & Co. generously let him off. They had fully expected that "old Railton" would bowl out the fatuous Baggy, so they were not surprised to hear that Trimble had recovered his memory now. Only too clearly it had been borne in upon Baggy's fat brain that that chicken would not fight.

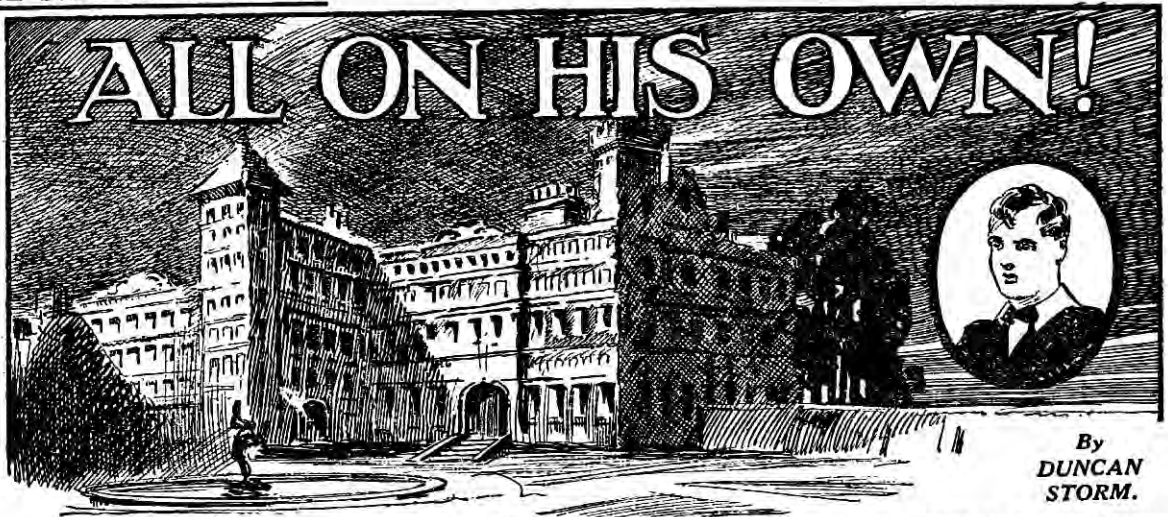
During the next week or two, the most doleful fellow at St. Jim's was Trimble of the Fourth. He had escaped a morning's lessons, and he had a tremendous imposition to write out as a reward which used up three half-holidays. On Baggy's profit-and-loss account there was not much to be put down on the profit side. Baggy realised dismally that the way of the transgressor was hard, and in his woe he received just as little sympathy as of his loss of memory. Tom Merry & Co. kindly refrained from kicking him—which they felt was kindness enough for Tricky Trimble.

THE END.

(There will be another grand, long story of the chums of St. Jim's next week, entitled: "TROUBLE FOR TOMPKINS!" by Martin Clifford. Make sure of reading this splendid story by ordering your GEM early.)

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BE SURE AND READ IT!



By
**DUNCAN
STORM.**

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. He is leaving the cemetery gates, when he butts up against **John Lincoln**, the principal governor of **St. Beowulf's**, who hands him a free pass into the great school.

He finds a friend in **Wobbygong**, a plucky lad from **Australia**, and the master of a pet kangaroo, **Nobby**.

Nobby bolts one night, but the boys give chase and capture him. On their return to **St. Beowulf's** they find that members of a burglarious gang have broken into the school. The ruffians are captured, **Wobby** commandeering their car and hiding it in the **Haunted Barn**.

From a pocket-book he has confiscated, **Wobby** learns of the scoundrels' intentions of smuggling their ill-gotten gains out of the country. He plans to capture the plunder. At the dead of night he and his pals steal out of the school. Boarding the commandeered car, they are soon hot on the trail. They meet further members of the gang, two of whom they capture, and then drive on to **Whitchurch Castle**, where they find some of the stolen plunder hidden in a well. They are shadowed and attacked; but, by the timely arrival of **John Lincoln** and a party of men, their assailants are captured. **Mr. Lincoln** is interested in the lads' exciting adventures, and becomes a member of their party. Promising to send for them later, he takes them back to the school.

The next day, **Mr. Teach**, one of the masters, organises a paper-chase. **Wobby** and his chums are detailed off as the hares. **Wobby's** interests are centred upon **Lady Castlewood's** jewels, so, to suit his purpose, he lays a stiff trail by entering the haunt of a fiery bull to scatter his paper. Plunging through the thick undergrowth, he gets on the trail again, which leads him to a wide expanse of water. It is with this water that **Wobby's** business is concerned.

(Now read on.)

From the Depths.

CLOSE behind **Wobby** came **Nobby** the kangaroo.

Nobby knew well enough what his young master was at, and kept behind him seeming to take the greatest interest in his movements.

There was another presence in those woods which also seemed to take an interest in **Wobby's** doings, for a dirty-faced man who was hiding amongst the bracken crawled forward on his hands and knees and watched the boy as he slipped forward through the firs and bush without making a sound, his queer companion following close behind.

The man let them pass. Then he rose to his feet stealthily, and, dodging from trunk to trunk, moving as quietly as **Wobby**, he shadowed the boys and kangaroo through the thick woods.

"'Ere's a bit o' luck," muttered the man—
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"'Ere's a bit o' luck! That kid's on the track, and 'e knows where the stuff is hid up!"

Nobby held on his way unwitting of that sinister figure which was tracking him.

Nor did he see three other figures rising stealthily from the fern.

It is no part of this story to tell of the ramifications of the affairs of **Frisky**, the head of the British department of that international gang of burglars who had managed the affairs of **Lord Tantivy's** burglary, **Lord Bradbury's** plate, and the jewels of the **Countess of Castlewood**.

Suffice it to say that a little of the information had leaked out of **Frisky's** notebook, so snugly hidden away under **Wobby's** jersey, and that the four men hidden in these thick woods, though they were no part of **Frisky's** gang, were, like the boys, having a treasure hunt for the jewels.

They had heard the boys coming along, and had taken them for keepers. So they had hidden snugly in the fern.

Dangerous enough were these jackals of that caged lion **Frisky**, and the feeling that they were near touching a big thing made them all the more dangerous. **Frisky** was safe out of the way in the county gaol, and they had just enough information to know that somewhere in these woods he had hidden the famous **Castlewood** jewels.

They knew that **Frisky's** arrest had been brought about by the boys of **St. Beowulf's** School when he had been foolish enough to play about with so mean a haul as a few hundred golden coins, which, though valuable enough in themselves, were hardly worth the candle when they went to the melting-pot.

So it was really four very dangerous ruffians who followed the boys up as they joined together at **Wobby's** whistle, and made a straight trail through the woods.

There was plenty of cover for pursuers and pursued, and **Wobby** and the kangaroo moved through the thick copse like shadows.

"What's that?" muttered **Wobby** suddenly.

As he spoke, an old cock pheasant rose from under his feet like a firework, and sailed away through the higher wood, chucking angrily.

"Only a pheasant!" said **Stickjaw**.

"I would have bet that I heard someone foxing us!" said **Wobby**, peering backwards.

But he saw nothing, for the pheasant had given the alarm to the pursuers, and they were all crouching in cover.

Stickjaw and **Jim** laid their trail of paper as they advanced.

"There will be a bit of a row about us going off the path," said **Wobby** comfortably, "but we can explain that away by saying that we thought that we were coming to another house like old **Hardacre's** place!"

And he chuckled as he thought of the reception that the hounds would get from the indignant squire and his flock of angry goats.

In a few minutes the boys saw daylight through the thick trees.

Then a cry of admiration broke from them as they forced their way through the last of the covers, and found themselves on the banks of a great woodland pond or pool, which lay like a mirror, reflecting the sky and a group of fine firs.

The water was crystal clear and of a deep blue in colour, for the **Silent Pool**, as it was called, filled a deep chalk-pit, the white floor of which reflected the light with a blue translucency.

By the side of the pool was moored a rickety old boat, and there was a rustic seat.

"What a nobby place!" exclaimed **Stickjaw**. "Crumbs, **Wobby**! Look at the trout!"

He pointed to the speckled trout which were heading towards the run of a little stream which trickled into the pool from the slopes of the wood above.

"Never you mind about those tiddlers!" said **Wobby**. "We are going to fish for something better than trout. This is the place!"

"What place?" asked **Stickjaw**.

"The place where the jewels of the **Countess of Castlewood** are sunk, my boy!" replied **Wobby**. "Into the boat with you!"

"You are not allowed to use boats in paper-chases," said **Jim**.

"Aren't you?" replied **Wobby**. "You can use any means you like for baffling the hounds. 'Pon my word, **Jim**, you aren't very bright. We've been using bulls, dogs, goats, med squires, and crook suspension-bridges, and now you boggle about using a boat!"

"I should boggle about using that boat," said **Jim**. "Why, she's half full of water as it is. If you put your foot in her it'll go through the bottom."

"It's wonderful how a bit of tar will stick a boat together," replied **Wobby**, stepping gingerly into the boat, and picking up one



of the rotten snails. "Come on, boys; if she sinks, we can all swim. I know that Frisky used the boat when he sunk the stuff. Though he wasn't born to be drowned, what was good enough for him is good enough for us! Come on, gentlemen! Once aboard the lugger, and the stuff is ours. You secure the old man, and I will secure the girl! Ha, ha!"

"What about Nobby?" asked Jim. "There's not room for him in the boat, and if he starts kicking, he'll kick the bottom out of her, sure!"

"The kangaroo will stop on the beach and survey the minesweeping operations," replied Wobby. "If we land on the other side of the pool, he will spot us, and will soon bunk round! All aboard!"

The boys got gingerly into the old boat. It was small and cranky, and very rotten, but there was a jam-jar on the floor, which showed that she was bailed out sometimes.

"Bail up, Jim!" said Wobby, as he pushed off, leaving the kangaroo wistfully regarding them from the shore. "Toodle-oo, Nobby! We are going home to Australia!"

Jim started bailing quickly, for the water started to pour in through the upper strakes of the boat.

"Crums!" cried Wobby. "She leaks like a venetian blind. But if she'll stay afloat a quarter of an hour, she will serve our purpose."

Then, with the eye of a skilled navigator, he saw a way of stopping the leak.

"If we all move farther forward and tip that dull patch out of the water," he said, "we shall get along better, as the charity boy said when he swung behind the Pickford van."

The boys all moved farther forward in the cranky little craft, with the result that the water in the boat rushed forward and made her more cranky than ever.

Jim and Stickjaw squatted down, and held on to the broken gunwale. Jim bailing with his jamport steadily. Wobby's manoeuvre, though dangerous, did the trick. It lifted the ruffled strake above the water-line, and Jim began to gain on the water.

Wobby stood up, balancing himself gingerly as he paddled with the single oar like a gondolier, his keen eyes searching the mirror-like surface of the pool.

It was deep out here. The boys could see an occasional trout flitting through the blue depths. But Wobby was looking for other fish.

He paddled the boat in zigzags across the pond, his eyes always directed on the water about ten feet ahead of the boat.

Suddenly he laid in his scull, and knelt in the bows of the boat, paddling it along with his hands.

Submerged beneath the water about eight inches was a small bunch of straw, such as is used for an eel or pike trimmer.

Wobby reached down his arm and brought this up to the surface. Attached to it was a stout piece of whipcord, which was floating slackly in the water, and this Wobby began to haul into the boat.

"It's only a bit of fishing-line!" said Stickjaw, rather disconsolately.

"Wait till I've got it all in!" said Wobby. "I've got a notion that there's something on this little bit of string!"

Sure enough there was, for he soon brought over the gunwale the end of a stout codline, nearly as thick as a lead pencil, a line which would carry a fair amount of weight.

"This is where we get warm," said Wobby, hauling up the line from the depths.

"It's where we shall get a cooler if you don't watch it," said Stickjaw, clucking apprehensively to the gunwale of the boat as it rocked and lurched under quite a heavy weight.

It was too late to let go the object which he was fishing up from the depths. He knew he was being watched.

Nobby knew that they were being watched also. He had sat up on his thick tail, and started to drum gently on the ground with his hind paws just as a rabbit signals danger.

"What have you got, Wobby?" asked Stickjaw.

"What I was looking for!" replied Wobby calmly. "Here they come, you tugs—Lady Castlemore's jewels!"

As he spoke, he hauled up a disreputable parcel on the end of the line and tipped it into the boat.

It was just a package made up from a rag of waterproof torn from a cyclist's cape, but it was securely laced and lashed with the line, and it was a fair weight.

"That don't look much like jewels!" said Stickjaw, who had expected to see at least a handsome box. "It's a plant. When you open it you'll find it full of old newspapers. Perhaps a tramp has robbed a scarecrow and sunk his clothes in it!"

"We'll soon see about that!" said Wobby, drawing his knife and cutting the lashings of the parcel as it lay in the bottom of the boat. "Get your bags ready, boys! There! What do you think of that?"

Stickjaw gasped as Wobby threw back the shabby covering of waterproof, for there, in their setting of platinum, were great clusters of diamonds, which glinted and sparkled in the daylight as though they were alive.

"Diamonds!" said Stickjaw.

"The real stuff!" said Wobby. "This is her ladyship's tarara, sort of crown that the swell Janes wear when they are presented at court. See! It takes in three pieces. Stow them in your bag, Stickjaw. Don't stop to look at them!"

"Why not?" asked Stickjaw.

"Because there's a tug ashore watching us!" replied Wobby, in low tones. "A nasty-looking tug, who is one of the bad boys of Badville. The rooster is hiding amongst the bushes, but Nobby has piped him and given me the wire. Nobby knows a bad man as quick as if he was a Christian, and he knows that we are amongst the stiffies!"

"What do you mean?" asked Stickjaw.

"Don't look round like that!" replied Wobby. "Just pretend that we are catching tiddlers. There's more than one man ashore on the banks of the pool, and they are not keepers. They would have shouted to us long ago if they had been."

"What about it?" asked Stickjaw, seeking instructions.

"We divide up the stuff!" replied Wobby. "Then we make for the shore and we run for our lives. Those chaps ashore will come after us with red-hot feet. We've had a good breather, and we are dressed for running. They are not."

"Where do we run for?" asked Jim.

"Run for the nearest road," replied Wobby. "Those nibs won't dare to make a hot chase of it along a path where they

might fall into the arms of a policeman. Here's the Castlemore emeralds!"

Uncoiling a bit of rag, Wobby showed his chums a gorgeous necklace of square cut flawless emeralds set in dull gold.

"The countess will be pleased to see those again!" said Wobby appreciatively. "They are the real glassy alley, they are!"

"Those green things!" said Stickjaw rather contemptuously.

"Yes!" replied Wobby. "Those green things, as you call 'em, are worth anything from three to four thousand pounds. I'll take them into my own little haversack. Now, here are some pearls of great price. Take 'em, Jim!"

Wobby handed Jim half a dozen glorious ropes of matched pearls twisted up in a rag.

One by one the contents of the packages were divided, and jewels to the value of fifty thousand pounds were stowed in the sacks.

"Now, boys," whispered Wobby, "these tugs lurking on the shore are going to do their best to run us down. Perhaps they will, and perhaps they won't. But, to make things safe, we'll get hold of Nobby, who is carrying the spare bags, and clap the jewels on him, taking his bags ourselves. Then, if we are run down, those bad men will get nothing but paper from us!"

"Hoy!" yelled a hoarse voice across the pool. "What are you young rascals doing there?"

"Now they are talking!" whispered Wobby. "They are going to throw off the mask!"

He turned to the direction of the voice. A man had stepped out of the cover of the firs and was standing at the edge of the pool, his hands in his pockets.

Wobby did not like men who stood with their hands in the side pockets of their coats. Such a pose suggested a hidden pistol, and there was an unpleasant bulge in the pocket of this man's coat.

"Who are you?" he asked, in the natural cheeky tones of a schoolboy.

"A keeper," replied the man.

There was very little of the look of a keeper about this man. Keepers generally wear gaiters to protect their legs from the bushes. They also wear coats with big pockets that will hold cartridges.

This man wore a dirty-looking cap pulled over his eyes, a dusty jacket much padded in the shoulders, baggy trousers, and boots.

"You a keeper?" asked Wobby innocently.

"Yes," replied the man. "And I want to overhaul you young rips!"

"What do you keep? Silk worms?" continued Wobby from the centre of the pond.

"If you don't come ashore I'll give you silk worms, you saucy young scamp!" replied the man sourly.

"Whatever you keep," replied Wobby. "You don't seem to be able to keep your temper!"

"You come ashore at once!" replied the man. "I want to look in them bags of yours!"



A dirty-faced man, who was hiding amongst the bracken, crawled forward on his hands and knees and watched the paper-chasers as they slipped through the bushes without making a sound.

Intruders.

WOBBOY appeared to be looking down into the water at the package which was coming up through the blue depths.

But, as a matter of fact, his eye had caught the moving of a fir-branch and the flight of a woodpecker ashore.

There was not a breath of wind on the polished surface of the pool to account for the movement of that branch, and there was nothing to account for the sudden scurry of the woodpecker.

Wobby said nothing to his companions as he noted a white, pasty face peering through the branches of the fir about two hundred yards distant.



As Wobby appeared to be looking down into the water at the package he was hauling up through the blue depths he noted a white, pasty face peering through the branches of the fir-tree just ahead of him.

"What do you want to look in them for?" asked Wobby.

"I suspect you've got some o' my partridges in 'em," answered the man.

"Then it's plain you are not a keeper, my good man!" replied Wobby. "Partridges grow in the field, and not in the grove! Besides, if you were a keeper, you would have a gun!"

"How do you know I ain't got a gun?" demanded the man angrily.

"I mean a shot-gun, not a burglar's pepper-box!" replied Wobby pleasantly.

In answer, the man suddenly whipped out of his pocket what Wobby had suspected to be there, a small pistol.

"You come ashore, my bantam," he said, "or I'll shoot!"

Wobby measured the distance.

It was a long shot for a pistol.

"I shouldn't shoot if I were you, Percy," he said affably. "You call yourself a keeper, but I am sure you are not. Neither are your mates, who are hiding in the woods, playing at Robin Hood and his merry men! If you do shoot, you'll stir up a regular hornet's nest of real keepers—then you will have some awkward questions to answer! Why, you tug," added Wobby, with a merry laugh calculated to drive the ruffian to anger, "you must think that we are silly, trying to play off that old game on us! You, a keeper—you gunman! Why, you don't know the diff. between a cock pheasant and a barndoor fowl! And you couldn't hit me if you tried with that murderer's pepper-box! Shoot, my peb, and wake the echoes of the forest, and you'll find yourself up against a dozen keepers before you can say Jack Robinson!"

The man stood there irresolute. For two pins he would have shot at Wobby there and then; but Wobby's remarks on keepers were all too true. This was no place to use a gun.

"All right, young gent," he said smoothly, "I was playing it off on you! I'm really a detective from Scotland Yard, and I'm on the look out for some parties what has pinched Lady Castlewold's jewels. I want to know what you fished up out o' the pool jus' now. You come ashore and hand it over, and nothing more will be said!"

"If you want to know what we've fished up," replied Wobby, "it's bloters! And

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there's something about you, mate, that I don't like! I think it's your face! First you say you are a keeper, and then you say you are a 'tec. Next you'll be telling me that you are a burglar! I might believe that, because you've got the face. And a pretty bad burglar, too!" added Wobby, beginning to paddle the boat to the far side of the pool. "Toodlooo, old robber! We are off."

The man started to run round the pool.

"Stop 'em, 'Arry!" he yelled, as he ran.

The man called Harry broke cover. Whilst the dialogue had been progressing between his confederate and Wobby, he had been stealing round the shores of the pool to cut off the retreat.

As Wobby approached the shore, he burst out of the bushes and was ready to receive them.

Chased!

Wobby knew exactly how to handle the situation. He appeared to be taken quite aback at this sudden appearance, and clumsily tried to back the boat off the shore.

The water was deep just here, and his attempt to back had exactly the effect that he desired.

"No, you don't!" snarled the man; and he jumped into the bows of the cranky, overladen boat.

"Over with her, boys!" cried Wobby, suddenly sitting on the gunwale.

Jim and Stickjaw were swift to follow his example. Whilst the ruffian was still trying to retain his balance, the cranky old boat slowly capsized, throwing all four into the water.

In two seconds the boys struck out from the boat and grabbed the brink of the lake.

They sprang, dripping, from the water as their assailant, spluttering and striking out wildly, made after them.

Wobby thrust out a muddy foot and pushed him in the mouth as he tried to grab the bank.

"Stay where you are, Archibald, whilst we get a start on you gun-merchants!" he said. "Fair doo's is fair doo's!"

He put his fingers in his mouth, and gave a shrill whistle which awoke the echoes of

the woods and reached the ears of the patient kangaroo, which all the time had been sitting on the bank in the little recess amongst the trees where they had left him.

Nobby was off like a shot from a gun, bounding through the bush at tremendous speed as he circled round the pool.

"Come on, boys!" whispered Wobby. "Nobby will find us! We've got to get out of this—quick!"

He broke into the covers, and soon they were running and dodging through the woods, their assailants close behind them.

The boys ran well, but the crashes and the exclamations behind them told them that their pursuers also were making a good passage through the woods. These men were running for a big prize—and fifty thousand pounds' worth of jewels will make most men travel.

There was one, though, who travelled faster than their pursuers. As they raced down the steep slopes of a deep dell in the woods Nobby came sailing over the top of a tall holly-bush and landed close beside Wobby.

Up they went over another ridge, and Wobby, turning, had a glimpse of the so-called keepers.

There was the crack of a pistol, and a bullet flopped into the bark of a tall ash-tree three feet above and to the right of Wobby's head.

Their pursuers were growing reckless, and trying to wing one of them.

Down they went again into an old, grass-grown hollow, studded thick with sloe-bushes, and Wobby, snatching his bag from his shoulders, clapped it over Nobby's head, substituting one of the spare bags for it.

He signed to Jim and Stickjaw to follow his example, and whilst they were still out of the line of sight of their pursuers the change was effected.

On they went, tearing and panting through the bushes, Nobby, disturbed by the report of the pistol, sticking close by them.

Crack! went the ruffian's pistol again, and the bullet whizzed over Stickjaw's head, making him duck as he ran.

"Here's daylight, boys!" cried Jim. "We are at the edge of the woods!"

They leaped over a low hedge of holly and a dry ditch, and found themselves in the open.

Wobby closed alongside his pet kangaroo, and gave a shrill whistle as he smacked Nobby on the back with his open hand.

"Home, Nobby!" he cried.

Nobby knew the signal and the order. The open downs were before him. Far away were the towers of St. Beowulf's School, for Wobby had circled round in his course.

Off went Nobby, bounding over the downs at a tremendous speed. It would have taken a racehorse to catch him, and soon he was a quarter of a mile away, travelling like the wind in a bee-line across country.

There was a crash as the four ruffians burst out of the woods, one of them taking a header into the dry ditch in his eagerness to overtake the rich prize of this strange paper-chase.

Little did these rascals dream that the distant kangaroo, flying through the air in tremendous bounds, was carrying away with him the fifty thousand pounds' worth of jewels belonging to the plundered Countess of Castlewold. They had eyes only for the three boys who were now racing across the open downs, cutting out the pace in a final sprint.

"You can run as fast as you like now, boys!" called Wobby to his chums. "We'll pump these tugs till their eyes are standing out of their heads! Then we will bail up! By that time we ought to be seeing something of the pack!"

The three were pretty well beat now, after their long run; but they whacked up the pace, and ran for all they were worth.

Their pursuers were also nearly pumped. One had lost his hat; another had nearly torn his coat off his back plunging through the sloe-bushes.

Their leader was the strongest runner of the four, and he was pretty poisonous with anger and the greed of plunder. He knew he could not keep going much longer at

this pace, and he cursed the school which kept its boys in such good training.

Bang! His pistol rang out as he stopped and aimed at Wobby.

But a hard run is no preparation for pistol practice.

The bullet slapped into the turf close behind Wobby, who leaped in the air deservingly as he made his final sprint, dropping the bag which he carried.

"Keep it up, boys!" he muttered. "The tug will go for the bag!"

He was right. The man fired no more. He rushed for the coveted bag, stopped, picked it up, and with trembling hands tore at the fastenings.

Then he opened it, to discover that it

contained only a wad of soaked paper confetti.

"They've got the stuff in the other bags!" he snarled. "I'll show them! I'll shoot the lot!"

But Jim and Stickjaw, at Wobby's bidding, had also slipped their bags.

Their four pursuers raced down on these, and the three boys ran farther on, coming to a standstill fifty yards away, to watch the faces of the four rogues as they tore these open.

The bags were buried to the ground when it was found that there was nothing in them but a little soaked paper confetti.

Then the leader advanced on the boys, his face a picture of astonishment and bafflement.

"Hi, you young vagabonds!" he shouted. "What's your game?"

"Paper-chasing!" replied Wobby calmly. "I must say you tugs have got a queer idea of sport, joining in our game when you are not invited, and potting at us as if we were bottles in a shooting-gallery!"

"What have you done with the stuff?" demanded the leader threateningly.

"What stuff?" asked Wobby.

"The fools!" retorted the man. "Come—out with it quick, young feller! We are not the sort to be monkeyed about with! We saw you fish up them shiners from the pool and divvy them up! Who are you and what are you?"

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