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"GLYN, THE GOLDBAKER!" MAGNIFICENT YARN OF TOM MERRY & CO. BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The GEM 2^D



A FORGIBLE INTERRUPTION FOR THE ST. JIM'S INVENTOR!

Bernard Glyn is too deep in his experiment to heed the commands of Mr. Railton. (An anxious moment from "GLYN, THE GOLDBAKER!" the grand school yarn contained in this issue.)



Address all letters: The Editor, The "Gem" Library, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Write me you can get an answer in return.

MY DEAR GEMS—You will be extra pleased with next week's programme. It is full of plums. Of course, we have a rattling instalment of Andrew Gray's grand serial, "Rivals of the Racecourse," with its wondrously vivid pictures of life in a racing stable and on the turf, where there are so many ups and downs. Mat Martingale, the plucky young hero, meets with a host of exciting adventures, and a fair measure of bad fortune; but this has only one effect—namely, to call the best out of him. Adversity has its multifarious disadvantages, but it helps to make men, and that's what it is up in this tip-top serial of the great sport.

"UP AGAINST RATTY!"

By Martin Clifford.

This yarn is a corker. No other word meets the peculiar circumstances of the case. As we all know, Mr. Ratcliff is the possessor of a richly fascinating character. He is no bad-tempered but the whole thing gets screamingly funny except for a handful of unucky fellows who come into the Ratcliff sphere of influence, as the politicians put it. Then Ratcliff is a Tartar, in other words, a bully, and he plays up to his true character next week.

ASKING FOR IT!

In next week's prime story of St. Jim's, Mr. Ratcliff asks for trouble, and gets what he is long asking for with a vengeance. The bother mostly arose from the weird penchant of Ratty's to gate delinquents, or those who were at fault in his august eyes. But the work can turn. Tyranny lasts a season, then come giddy ructions. In next Wednesday's hilarious yarn there is a kick in every line, and you will be warmly interested in the activities of Bernard Glyn, who has a bright little notion for chastening the despotic master. It is his affair, though not for Ratty, and it rings true. In fact, it is a real up-to-date bell stratagem, as you might say. Don't miss the "Gem" next week, or you will be lamenting the loss of the heartiest laugh of the season.

THE "ST. JIM'S NEWS."

Of course, the Supplement is devoted to the Cup Final. The issue is a coup of the first water. Tom Merry, like all good journalists, is after a scoop, and he has netted one. There is much fresh and lively stuff in the coming supplement, and there will be some very pretty compliments flying round about the smartness of St. Jim's staff. The "St. Jim's News" has gained more richly deserved popularity these last few weeks than ever.

"THE PROFESSOR'S SECRET!"

By Martin Walker.

One big factor in the ever-continuing success of the "Gem" is the spice of novelty served up each week. Our next issue is outstanding for several reasons, one being the appearance of the first of a wonderful series of dramatic detective stories dealing with a mysterious master-criminal, known to his intimates as Dr. Ziglio. Ziglio is a man of commanding personality, and once met he is never forgotten. You will be gripped by the narrative of this worker in the dark, and the insidious, snakelike attributes of the crime purveyor, while the attempt to run the rogue to earth on the part of Jennifer Pettigrew When makes captivating reading.

PIQUANT POINTS!

Just a word here about sundry other matters concerned with the splendid programme the "Gem" is giving every week would not come amiss. As ever, the Tuck Hamper feature maintains its unrivalled position. There is no other offer to come near it. Send in your brightest yarns, addressing them to the Editor, the "Gem," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

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"RIVALS OF THE RACECOURSE!"

Our serial knocks spots off all other racing stories. It is the real goods, written by a man who understands the subject from A to Z. Just oblige me by mentioning the grit and power of this story to any chum who has not as yet joined the ring of "Gem" supporters.

There is one more point to which I should like to refer—namely, the treat in store for my friends in connection with the St. Jim's series. I was told the other day that the "Gem" stood alone in the splendid way it maintained its humour, week in, week out, with no falling off. It is natural enough. The "Gem" is not the sort of paper to fall in this respect, or any other, and the coming holiday stories of Tom Merry & Co. will be as sparkling and as genuinely funny as anything ever printed.

A WIRELESS NUMBER!

A special request for a Wireless Number of the "St. Jim's News" reaches me from Lanes. I am making a note of the suggestion. Bernard Glyn might work off a start here. My correspondent in the North says that to his mind Reginald Talbot is the popular character, and though he has appeared lately in a series of vivid yarns, the reader in question is always eager to hear more of this character. "During the period of my readership," the writer goes on to say, "I have noticed that while other papers seem to fade away, the 'Gem' always supplies the goods, and its stories get better every publication. I certainly think the yarn about Tompkins and Mulvaney nimbly a stunner." Many thanks! I hope this correspondent will remember his promise about sundry further suggestions.

HINTS FROM AUSTRALIA!

A vividly interesting letter reaches me from a "Gem" reader at Broken Hill, Australia. The writer says the yarns are top-pup; but he wants more, please, about Talbot and Frank Levison. "I attach a list," he adds, "of stories I want; but don't forget that the stories appearing now are legimate, and easily eclipse all others." Here with the list: A Sporting Carnival, Adventures in a Foreign Land, A Mystery or Ghost Story, Stories about Swimming, also featuring Tom Merry, Marie Rivers, and both the D'Arcys.

YOUR EDITOR.



You can start this grand new story in this week's POPULAR! It tells of the amazing adventures of a youngster under Lord Nelson's command—of wonderful romance, gripping sea-battles, shipwrecks and treasure trove. Every line will thrill you. There are four other complete school tales as well in this week's issue of

THE POPULAR
THE FAMOUS SCHOOL STORY PAPER
Every Tuesday of all Newsagents.

"MY READERS' OWN CORNER!"

OUR TUCK HAMPER IS PRIME!

Remember, boys and girls, we award a delicious Tuck Hamper for the best story submitted in each week—also half-a-crown is paid for each other contribution accepted. Cut out the coupon on this page, and send it, together with your love, to me.

THIS WINS OUR TUCK HAMPER!

"FOUL!"

It was a bloodcurdling tragedy to which the visiting football team had been invited by the management of the local theatre. The final scene was the execution of the villain. He was standing at the foot of the gallows in the prison yard. Suddenly a chicken, which had been employed in a former act, escaped, and rushed noisily across the stage and took refuge under the gallows. The audience laughed. The company on the stage stood wondering how to turn the situation, when one of the footballers shouted out: "Blow your whistle, guv'nor. It's a foul in the penalty area!"—A Tuck Hamper filled with delicious tuck has been awarded to Harry Wilson, 24, Mans Avenue, Baldock, Herts.

TOO DEAR!

The bluff countryman was on a shopping expedition. Passing a hatter's window reminded him that his own head-gear was rather shabby, so he entered the shop and asked the price of a grey velvet that took his fancy. "Fifty shillings, sir," said the assistant. "But where are the holes?" the countryman asked. "The assistant appeared bewildered for a moment, but managed to ask: "What holes?" "Why, the holes for the ears of the ass that would pay fifty bob for a hat like that!" replied the other, as he made his way for the door. Half-a-crown has been awarded to Miss Jeanne Drover, Mill Hill, Coves, Isle of Wight.

PAYING FOR EXPERIENCE!

A certain negro obtained a job in a timber-yard, and the foreman put him in charge of the circular saw. In order to see what would happen, the negro put his finger on the saw, and, of course, it was cut off. Later on the foreman came up to the negro and asked him how he did it. "Well, sah," said the negro, "I jus' put my finger on the saw like this, and— Oh, gosh, dere's de udder fighg gone now!"—Half-a-crown has been awarded to Charles Harvey, Evans, 15, Manley Road, Wrexham, North Wales.

All attempts in this Competition should be addressed to: The GEM, "My Readers' Own Corner," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

TUCK HAMPER COUPON.

THE GEM LIBRARY.

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

A striking story in which Bernard Glyn, the St. Jim's inventor, has cause to regret the meddling fingers of Baggie Trimble, of the Fourth!

GLYN, THE GOLDMAKER!



A Magnificent New Long Complete
School Story of Tom Merry & Co., at
St. Jim's.

By
Famous MARTIN CLIFFORD

CHAPTER I.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice!

"MILLIONS of pounds!"
Tom Merry gave quite a jump.
Tom had stopped at the door of Study No. 11 in the Shell, in the School House at St. Jim's, and was about to turn the handle. It was Bernard Glyn's study, and the voice Tom Merry heard was the voice of Bernard Glyn. Glyn of the Shell was, apparently, talking to himself.

"Millions, or rather billions—billions of pounds!"
"My only hat!" murmured Tom Merry.
"Billions!" went on the musing tones of Bernard Glyn. "Trillions would be just as easy, or quadrillions and quintillions! In fact, there's no limit!"

Tom Merry opened the door of Study No. 11. He was feeling quite concerned.
Glyn of the Shell was an amazingly clever youth—in the science class he was easily first. His inventive turn of mind was known to all the St. Jim's fellows, especially to his study-mates, Dane and Noble. Many a time and oft had they found the study door locked against them, while Glyn was deep in some mysterious experiment. Many a time, even when Glyn graciously allowed them to enter their own quarters, had they been driven forth by the fearful smells of his chemicals.

Tom Merry looked round hastily for Glyn as he opened the door. Glyn had a way of talking to himself when great thoughts were stirring in his inventive brain. But on this occasion it really seemed to the captain of the Shell that Bernard Glyn was wandering in his mind. His astounding words certainly seemed to indicate as much.

Glyn was seated at the study table.
There was a dreamy look on his face. He held a stump of pencil in his hand, and there was a sheet of blank paper before him covered with figures. Apparently he had been deep in calculations when he had left off to muse aloud.

"Glyn, old man!" said Tom, quite gently.
He had come to the study to "round up" Glyn of the Shell for games practice. It was a compulsory day, and Glyn had to turn up. But apart from that, open-air exercise was a good and necessary thing for him, as he was rather given to spending too much time indoors in abstruse scientific pursuits.

Glyn glanced at Tom. He nodded with a pleasant smile. He did not seem annoyed at the interruption.
"Hallo, Merry! Trot in, old man! I'll tell you about it, if you like."

"What's the matter?" asked Tom.
"Eh? Nothing's the matter!"
"You don't feel ill?" asked Tom anxiously.
"What rot! Fit as a fiddle!"
Tom looked at him very doubtfully.

"How would you like to be a millionaire, old fellow?" asked Glyn.

"Oh dear!"
"Or a billionaire?" asked Glyn.
"Glyn, old man—"
"Or a trillionaire?" said Glyn. "I don't think there's ever been a trillionaire so far. Fancy St. Jim's producing the first trillionaire ever known! Rather a catch for the old school, what?"
"Is that a joke?" asked the puzzled captain of the Shell.

"Certainly not! Quite serious."

"Haden't you better see a doctor?"

"A doctor!" Glyn stared at him, and then laughed. "You silly ass! Do you think I have gone off my rocker?"

"Well, it sounds like it," said Tom.

"Mind, I don't answer for it so far," said Glyn. "I've worked it out, and it seems a practical certainty. But until I've done some further experiments I can't be sure. But I've every hope of success."

"Oh!" said Tom, relieved. "It's another of your rotten inventions, is it?"

"My what?" roared Glyn.

"I mean your jolly clever inventions," said Tom, laughing. "Any old thing! Blessed if I didn't think for a minute that you were bawling in the crumpey."

"You silly owl!"

"All serene. Come on!"

"Can't come now," said Glyn, bending his head over his paper again. "I'm deep in it. Might lose the thread of the thing if I left it now. Shut the door after you."

"Games practice," said Tom.

"Bother games practice!"

"I've called for you—"

"Call again next week. Buzz off!"

"But it's compulsory to-day," explained Tom Merry patiently.

"Rats!"

"Come on, old man!"

Glyn looked up from his paper with a glare.

"Do you think I'm throwing over the greatest invention of modern times to come out and play with a ball?" he shouted. "Have a little sense!"

"That's what I want you to have," said the captain of the Shell mildly. "You don't want to frown in the study all the afternoon, like Trimble or Racke?"

"I'm not frowning, you ass! I'm thinking out the greatest thing that ever was dreamed of. Why, if I make a success of this it will be a national service!"

"Oh! There's an 'if,'" said Tom.

"Well, there's a slight uncertainty till I get to the actual experiments," said Glyn. "I worked out a flying-ship once, and it went perfectly till I made the model, and then, somehow, it wouldn't rise from the ground!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was the same with the indelible ink that I invented," went on Glyn. "It was perfect in every detail, except that it wasn't indelible!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Then you remember my hair restorer?" said Glyn. "It was the best thing of the kind ever worked out in theory, but it wouldn't make hair grow, unfortunately."

"A mere trifle," remarked Tom.

"So, you see, I shan't say much about this until I've actually made the experiment and proved it. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. When I've actually produced a nugget of gold, howsoever small—"

"Gold!" stuttered Tom Merry.

"Gold!" assented Glyn. "You've heard of those ancient johnnies who used to go after the philosopher's stone? They never got it."

"Hardly!"

"Ever since history began men have been searching after the transmutation of metals—"

"Glyn, old man—"

"And I've got it!" said Glyn calmly. "That is, I think I've got it. Of course, the experiment will prove it definitely one way or the other. On paper it works out all right. I'm pretty certain the experiment will be a success. Think of the result. It's staggering. For instance, I shall hand over to the Government enough gold to pay the debt to America in a lump sum!"

"Phew!"

"I shall solve the housing problem by having a couple of million houses built as a gift to the nation!"

"Great Scott!"

"I shall give a million pounds each to all my pals in this school—you among the others, old chap!"

"Thanks!"

"Not at all, old fellow—you'll be welcome. I'll make it a billion if you like," said Glyn generously. "I sha'n't be particular about a few billions or trillions of pounds if this invention turns out to be a success. Of course, there's still a slight doubt."

"I should say there was," agreed Tom Merry. "More than a slight one, perhaps."

"No; only slight. Fancy producing real gold in unlimited quantities—gold as real as the sovereigns that Racke keeps in his purse to swank with."

"Fancy!" assented Tom. "Nothing but fancy, in fact."

"Look here, you unbelieving ass—"

"Come on, Glyn! I'm waiting for you."

Glyn gave him a stare.

"Do you think I'm leaving a problem like this to come and swoot on the playing-fields?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. That's exactly what I think. Come on."

"Bosh! Run away and play!"

"Are you coming, old chap?"

"No!" roared Glyn.

"Your mistake—you are!"

And Tom Merry, who was far keener on games than on the transmutation of metals, even with billions of pounds in prospect, gasped the back of Glyn's chair and tilted it, and Bernard Glyn was strewn on the study carpet, with a bump and a roar.

CHAPTER 2.

Rounding up the Slackers!

TOM! It was Monty Lowther's voice along the Shell passage. "Are you ever coming, you ass?"

"We're waiting!" bawled Manners.

"Come and lend me a hand!" called back Tom.

Manners and Lowther came up the passage, just as Bernard Glyn jumped up and charged at the captain of the Shell like a bull.

"Hallo! Collar him!" exclaimed Lowther.

The Terrible Three grasped Glyn at once. In three pairs of sturdy hands the inventive genius of St. Jim's struggled desperately, but struggled in vain.

"Will you leggo?" he roared.

"Not this afternoon," smiled Lowther. "You lazy slacker, are you going to make us carry you down to the field?"

"I'm not going."

"You're coming, at any rate."

"March!" said Tom Merry, laughing.

Monty Lowther took Glyn's ankles as if his legs were the tails of a cart, and marched out of the study. Tom Merry and Manners followed, supporting the wriggling Shell fellow by the neck and shoulders, with an additional grasp on his ears for security. Bernard Glyn went down the passage, roaring, and his voice was like that of the celebrated Bull of Bashan.

"We've got to rout out Racke," said Tom Merry. "Stop at Study No. 7, you fellows."

At Study No. 7 in the Shell, which belonged to Racke and Crooke, Glyn and his carriers stopped, and Monty Lowther kicked the door open.

Aubrey Racke, the slacker of the Shell, was there. Racke was dressed to go out, and he was looking over his purse—an occupation in which Racke often found much pleasure and entertainment. It was a handsome little Russia-leather purse, with a place for banknotes, and a place for currency notes, and little slots where sovereigns were placed. There were six of these little slots, and in each one was a golden sovereign. Racke never spent those sovereigns, but he liked the look of them in his purse; he liked to take out the purse and let the glitter of them be seen by other fellows. The son and heir of Sir Jonas Racke, the eminent war-profiteer, lived and moved and had his being in an atmosphere of money.

He stared angrily at the Terrible Three as his door was banged open.

"Hallo! Counting up the guilty gold?" asked Monty Lowther genially.

"Mind your own business!" snapped Racke.

"Come on, Racke!" said Tom Merry. "Games practice, you know."

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"Hang games practice! I'm goin' out."

"Will you fellows leggo?" roared Bernard Glyn.

"Not at all, old chap! Come on, Racke! We're taking you down to the changing-room."

"Go and eat coke!"

"Glyn, old man, we've got to deal with Racke. Will you go and change peaceably?"

"No, I won't."

"Bump him!"

"Yarooooooh!"

"Will you go now, Glyn old dear?"

"Oh, you rotters! The greatest invention of modern times—"

Bump!

"Oh, my hat! Ow! Stop it! I'll go!" yelled Glyn.

"Honest Injun?"

"Yes, you silly owl!"

"Good enough!" said Tom Merry cheerily.

And Bernard Glyn was set on his feet, and after shaking his fist at the Terrible Three, he went down to the changing-room.

"Now then, Racke—"

"Look here," said Aubrey Racke, between his teeth, "I'm not comin'. I've got an appointment out of gates. See!"

"I see," assented Tom Merry. "Are you ready?"

"Get out!" roared Racke.

He dodged round the table as the Terrible Three advanced into the study. But he dodged in vain. In a few seconds he was in the grasp of the three juniors and up-ended. His head was gently tapped on the table.

Tap, tap!

"Ow!" yelled Racke.

"Come along, dear boy," said Monty Lowther soothingly.

"A little run will be ever so much better for you than smoking cigarettes and playing banker at the Green Man."

"You meddlin' rotter—"

"This way!"

Aubrey Racke, with his arms and legs wildly waving in the air, was borne out of the study. He went down the stairs yelling. In the lower passages, however, he ceased to yell.

He did not want a Sixth Form prefect to take a hand in the proceedings. The Terrible Three, smiling cheerily, carried Racke into the changing-room, and dumped him down.

"Now get on with it, old top!" said Tom Merry.

"You rotter!" hissed Racke. "I—I—"

"Put his head under the tap!"

"Hold on, you cads!" yelled Racke. "I'm goin' to change."

"Buck up, then."

Aubrey Racke changed at great speed. The Terrible Three did not wait patiently; they were wanted on Little side. Racke, in imminent peril of having his head put under a tap, changed at a speed that almost made his head swim.

Then Tom Merry took one of his arms, and Monty Lowther took the other, and they walked him out.

Racke walked between them with a face like a demon. But he did not attempt any further resistance.

As Racke was walked out Tom Merry caught sight of a fat figure along the passage and shouted:

"Trimble!"

Baggy Trimble of the Fourth promptly vanished round a corner. Baggy was one of the slackers who had to be "rounded up" for games practice; and evidently he did not intend to be rounded up this afternoon if he could help it.

"Collar him, Manners!" said Tom Merry.

And Manners scudded down the passage after the elusive Baggy.

"Bai Jove! I am glad to see you turnin' up, Wacke," remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth, as Tom Merry and Lowther arrived on Little Side with the black sheep of the Shell. "Feelin' keen, what?"

"Go and eat coke!" snarled Aubrey.

"Weally, Wacke—"

"Look here, Tom Merry," said Bernard Glyn, "I really want to get off this time."

"I trust you are not slackin', Glyn," said Arthur Augustus severely.

"Fatehead! Look here, Tom—"

"You can speak to Kildare, if you like," said Tom. "You know I've got to see that the fellows are all here, Glyn, at junior captain."

"I know!" grunted Glyn. "But—"

"Well, there's Kildare."

Kildare of the Sixth was in charge of junior games practice that afternoon. Kildare was a conscientious fellow, and he did his duty conscientiously—too conscientiously for some of the slack members of the lower Forms.

Glyn was not a slacker, by any means; but his great idea was first in his thoughts. He eyed Kildare doubtfully for a few moments, and then came up to him.

"I say, Kildare, I want to get off this afternoon—"

"What's the trouble?" asked Kildare, looking at him.

"Nothing! But—"



"I want that formula!" said Glyn. "Look here, you silly chumps, if you sit there stuffing, I'll jolly well up-end the table over you!" "Shush!" said Kangaroo soothingly. "I mean it!" roared Glyn, and he grasped the end of the table. (See page 7.)

"Not ill?"

"Oh, no! But—"

"Then drop it, and join the others!"

"I'm rather busy on an invention—"

"You young ass—"

"It's rather important, Kildare—"

"No doubt!" assented Kildare. "Not so important as

keeping yourself fit, though! Shut up!"

And Bernard Glyn gave it up. He was booked for games

practice, and he made the best of it. Racke also was booked

for it, and though he did not make the best of it, he had

to go through with it. Magners came down to the field with-

out Trimble, however. That fat youth had succeeded in

dodging away—careless of lines or a licking to follow, so long

as he escaped exerting his podgy self on the playing-fields.

CHAPTER 3.

Bagged by Baggy!

"ROTTERS!" murmured Baggy Trimble.

Trimble of the Fourth was annoyed and indignant.

He did not want to turn out that afternoon; it

was cold, and it was windy. Baggy would have preferred to

"frowst" over a study fire, and get himself into a state of

fat and unhealthy slowness and lazy comfort.

But there was no fat and lazy comfort for Baggy. He

had dodged Manners of the Shell successfully, and games

practice was going on without him. But he could not

venture to return to his own study and build up a big fire

to "frowst" over—he might have been routed out at any

moment by an over-dutiful prefect. It was some time before

he ventured down from the box-room where he had taken

refuge, and when he came down to the Fourth Form passage

he looked this way and that way, like Moses of old, in a

state of fat and fussy apprehension. And a footstep on the

stairs sent him scuttling away to the Shell passage.

There he looked from the end window in the corridor,

which gave a partial view of the playing-fields. Plenty of

fellows were in sight there—among them Aubrey Racke of

the Shell, and even at the distance Baggy could see that

Racke's look was scowling and savage, and he grinned.

Crooke of the Shell, who was Racke's study-mate, was also

there—another unwilling slacker who had been rounded up.

Baggy Trimble blinked from the window for a few minutes

thoughtfully, and then rolled along the Shell passage to Study No. 7. As Racke and Crooke were both out of the house, Study No. 7 was sure to be vacant, and it was a safe refuge for the dodger of games. Moreover, Racke generally had good supplies in his study cupboard, and if he had happened to forget to lock it there would be refreshment there for a hungry Baggy while he was in hiding. He had to keep out of sight till games practice was over, and a few cakes and doughnuts would have helped him to pass the time quite pleasantly.

Baggy rolled into Study No. 7, and closed the door. "Cad!" he murmured the next moment, as he discovered that the cupboard door was locked. "Cad! Suspicious rotter! Just as if he supposed somebody would raid his dashed cake while he's out! I dare say it's stale, too!"

Even Baggy Trimble did not think of burgling the cupboard lock. There was a fire in the grate, and Trimble banked it up with Racke's coal, and sat down in Racke's luxurious armchair. Even if there was no tuck to be had, a nap in an armchair was very comfortable before a blazing fire, while the other fellows were out in the wind.

Baggy leaped back comfortably in the chair, and placed his feet on another, to take it easy.

In a few minutes more Baggy would have been asleep. But something that caught his eyes caused him to sit up suddenly and take notice.

It was a gleam of gold on the carpet.

"My hat!" ejaculated Baggy. "A quid!"

He jumped up, and picked up the sovereign from the floor. Evidently it was one of Racke's sovereigns; one of the half-dozen golden coins that Aubrey kept in his nobby little purse, partly from swank, partly from a miserly love of money. Baggy Trimble held up the sovereign, and eyed it lovingly. It was but seldom that Baggy possessed a whole pound-note; and there was something in the look and the feel of a solid gold "quid" that was very pleasant to Baggy.

"That ass Racke must have been counting his money when those chaps rooted him out!" reflected Trimble. "He's always counting up his money; he's got lots of it, the beastly parvenu! The silly ass, to drop a quid on the floor! He ought to stand me at least half-a-crown for finding this and returning it to him."

That was Baggy's first thought. It is said that second

thoughts are best; but in Baggy's case second thoughts were decidedly worse. A cunning gleam came into his little round eyes.

"After all, is it Racke's?" he murmured, as if arguing with himself. "Somebody else may have dropped it here! Just like Racke to claim it, whether it's his or not. Some fellows are unscrupulous. Racke hasn't much sense of honour."

Trimble shook his head seriously.

"If it's Racke's, he'll miss it and inquire after it!" Baggy's fat reflections ran on. "Then a fellow can offer to look for it, and find it. Racke ought to offer a reward of at least half-a-crown. He can't expect to chuck his quids about, and give fellows the trouble of finding them for nothing."

Baggy Trimble slipped the sovereign into his waistcoat pocket.

Baggy had rather Bohemian ideas in money matters; but he was not quite a Trotsky, and he did not think of keeping the sovereign for himself. Even Baggy had his limits. He knew perfectly well that the sovereign was Aubrey Racke's, and that Racke must have dropped it when the Terrible Three handed him in his study. Baggy's idea, so far, was to keep the sovereign till it was inquired after, and then to "find" it for a reward. It was quite possible, however, that if the sovereign remained in Baggy's possession for a few days, he would begin to regard it as his, and that, in the long run, it would go the way all Baggy's pocket-money went.

Trimble returned to the armchair; but it occurred to him that it would be wiser not to risk being seen about Racke's quarters. When he "found" the sovereign—for a consideration—he would not want to admit where he had found it.

"Better cut!" reflected Baggy.

And he crossed to the door and opened it, intending to put a good distance between Racke's study and his fat self in the shortest possible space of time.

But Baggy's luck was out.

Just as he opened the door Crooke of the Shell came up the passage, limping. He met Baggy face to face in the doorway.

"Oh dear!" ejaculated Trimble.

George Gerald Crooke scowled at him.

"What are you doing in my study, you fat rotter? If you've been raiding the tuck, I'll scalp you!"

"I—I haven't—" stammered Baggy. "The cupboard's locked! I—I mean, I wouldn't! Look here, why ain't you at games practice, Crooke? You're slacking!"

"I've got a knock on my knee, and Kildare let me off!" growled Crooke. "But you're not let off, you fat rotter! I hope you'll get a prefect's flogging! Just you wait while I look at the cupboard."

Crooke pushed Baggy back into the study, while he ascertained that the cupboard had not been raided.

"It's locked, I tell you!" said Trimble. "Not that I'd touch anything. I—I came here to sit by the fire—I mean, I came in to make up a good fire for you when you came in, old chap!"

"Got out!" growled Crooke.

"Yah!"

Baggy Trimble got out.

Crooke slammed the door after him.

"Rotter!" yelled Baggy through the keyhole. Then he scudded off, in case Crooke should come out.

When Tom Merry & Co. came in, ruddy and cheerful, from the playing-fields, a sound of deep snoring greeted the Terrible Three at the door of Study No. 10.

"The missing oyster!" said Monty Lowther, pointing to the armchair.

Baggy Trimble was there, sleeping the sleep of the just, in Tom Merry's armchair.

Snorerrrrrrrr!

Baggy Trimble was suddenly awakened. Monty Lowther took the armchair by the back and tilted it over, and Baggy was landed on the heartflung with a heavy concussion.

"Whoooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah, rotters!" gasped Trimble. "Ow!"

"You've got to report to Kildare for cutting practice, Trimble," said Tom Merry. "It will be six. Better go and get it over."

"Yah!"

Baggy Trimble rolled dismally out of Study No. 10. After the feast came the reckoning. Having cut games, Baggy now had the happy prospect of "bending over" to take "six." But he was not in a hurry. There was still hope that the captain of St. Jim's might forget him. Baggy Trimble rolled away—but not in the direction of Kildare's study.

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CHAPTER 4.

Tribulations of an Inventor!

BERNARD GLYN came into Study No. 11 in the Shell with a red and wrathful face. His study-mate, Dane and Noble, were already at tea. They looked at him inquiringly.

"What's the jolly old trouble, kid?" asked Harry Noble, otherwise known as Kangaroo.

"That ass Railton!"

"Our Housemaster?" said Dane, in surprise. "What has Railton done? What's the matter with Railton?"

"He's a silly owl!"

"Did you tell him so?" grinned Kangaroo.

Glyn gave a snort.

"Of all the burbling jabberwocks, Railton takes the cake," he said. "Of all the frabjous bandersnatches—"

"But what has he done?"

"The silly ass! How is a fellow to experiment over a study fire?" demanded Glyn. "How can you get a dashed crucible on a dashed grate like that? I've got important experiments on hand, and I've told Railton so, and he's refused to let me have electricity laid on in the study!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cackling ass—"

"But we've got electric light, old man," said the Australian junior. "You've got ragged enough already for bagging the electricity from the lighting-point. What more do you want?"

"I want power, of course. Old Selby's got a power point in his study for an electric radiator. I want one here, I offered to put it in myself, at my own expense, and—"

"And set the School House on fire?" asked Kangaroo.

"Fathead! Railton actually told me that my invention was all nonsense, and that he wouldn't think of anything of the kind. But I must have an electric heater. How's a chap to melt metals over a study fire?"

"Can't you work in the lab?"

"With a lot of silly owls buzzing round!" growled Glyn. "Great ideas have to be worked out in solitude."

"But that wouldn't apply to your ideas, would it?"

"Ass! With an electric heating point in the study I should be fixed all right for my experiments. I could do the whole thing myself. It's a bit of a worry having a crass ass like Railton for Housemaster. It means no end of dodging to use Selby's study while he's out."

"You first-class chump," said Kangaroo. "If you begin mucking about in old Selby's study you'll land yourself with a flogging."

"I've got my work to do!" said Glyn doggedly. "I can't chuck up the greatest stunt of modern times because of a silly old fussy Third Form master. I shall have to wangle him out of his study on a half-holiday somehow. Still, I can get on with it here. You fellows clear out, will you?"

"We're having tea."

"For goodness' sake don't argue!" exclaimed Glyn, in great exasperation. "First one set of asses come in and yank a fellow off to silly games practice, and then another set of silly asses sit down to tea in a fellow's study! Go and tea with Tom Merry."

"He hasn't asked us."

"What does that matter? Ask him."

Kangaroo and Dane chuckled, and did not rise from the table. They were very patient and forbearing with their scientific study-mate, as a rule, but there was a limit. They were hungry, and they wanted their tea, and they did not intend to leave the meal unfinished.

"Just get out," said Glyn. "I'm not bothering about tea. I've lost enough time this afternoon. You fellows seen a paper I left on the table when those dummies yanked me off?"

"What sort of paper?" asked Kangaroo.

"A sheet of inpot paper. I'd written out my formula on it."

"Oh! A lot of figures?"

"Yes, ass."

"Looked to me like algebra—"

"That's what it was, ass! Where is it?"

"Sorry, old man," said Kangaroo good-humouredly. "I thought it was just one of your exercises, and no good."

"Never mind what you thought! Where is it?"

"I used it to light the fire!"

Bernard Glyn jumped.

"You used my formula to light the fire!" he roared.

"Yes, old man. Does it matter?"

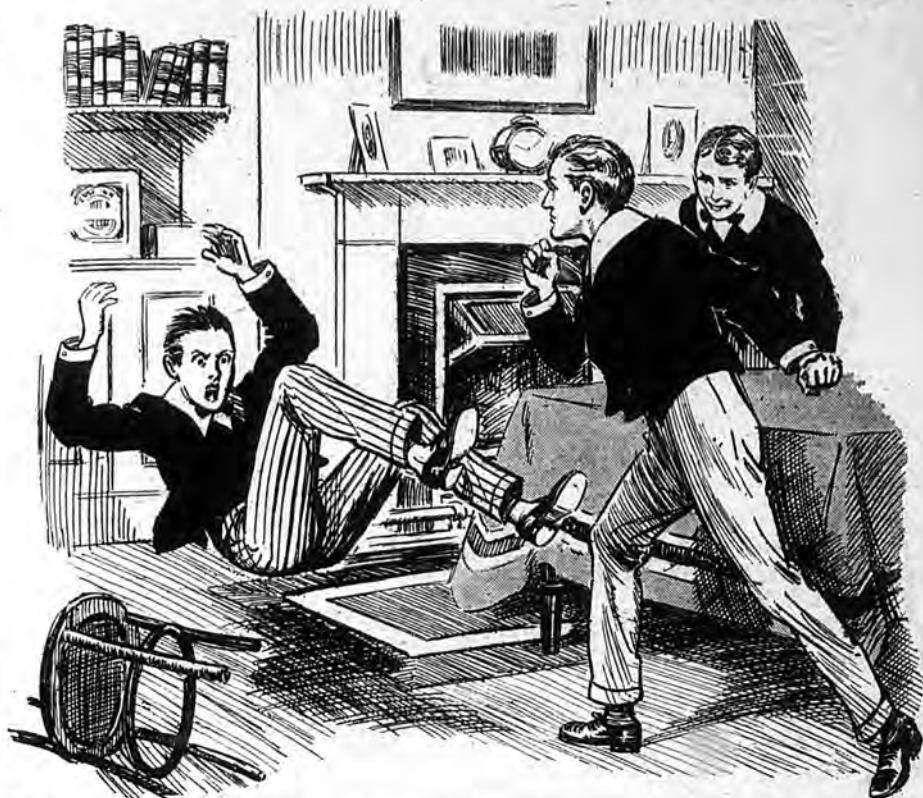
"D-d-d-does it matter?" shrieked Glyn. "You ass! You dummy! You—you frabjous cuckoo!"

"Go it!" said Kangaroo encouragingly.

"It was my formula—the formula of my latest and greatest discovery!" yelled Glyn. "All the proportions of metals needed for the transmutation."

"The—the which?"

"You—you crass chump! The transmutation of metals!"



"You cheeky rotter!" exclaimed Glyn. "Do you think I would touch your sneaking quids?" "Well, I've lost one!" said Racke. "And all this talk about your making gold looks to me suspicious. Oh—ow—yoop—yow!" Crash! Aubrey Racke went spinning across his study, Glyn's angry fist having landed on his nose. (See page 9.)

roared Glyn. "That's what I've discovered—at least, I think I have!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "That paper was worth millions of pounds—not to say billions!"

"My only hat!" said Kangaroo. "This is the most expensive tea we've ever had, Dane, old man. Fancy a study tea running into billions of pounds."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dane. "Even Racke's spreads never come to a figure like that, though he's rolling in oof," said Kangaroo. "We must tell the fellows this! I shall swank about it. It's not every fellow at St. Jim's who spends billions of pounds on a study tea."

"If you can't be serious—" yelled Glyn. "My dear man, it's a bit too hard to be serious when you talk about billions of pounds," grinned Kangaroo. "You should really be a bit more modest and stick to paltry millions."

"I shall have to work it all out again! Get out of the study, for goodness' sake! I want to be quiet." "Can't you work out your giddy formula while we're having tea?"

"Of course I can't! Buzz off!" "You've just seen Railton?"

"Yes. What about that?" "Did you buy this study from him?" asked Kangaroo. "If not, I've a sort of impression that it's my study, too."

"Oh, don't jaw! Just get out!" "Pass the jam, Dane, old man."

"Look here—" roared Glyn. "You're interrupting tea, old scout. And the grub will all be gone soon if you don't join in."

"Blow the grub! I've no time for tea. I've got to get that formula worked out again before I forget the details! The slightest error would spoil the whole thing!"

"And cost you billions of pounds! Ha, ha, ha!" "You can cackle if you like—but get out! Look here, if you sit there stuffing, like Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, I'll jolly well up-end the table over you!"

"Shush!" said Kangaroo soothingly. "I mean it!" roared Glyn, and he grasped the end of the table.

When Bernard Glyn was keen on the track of one of his great ideas he was blind and deaf to all other considerations. Kangaroo jumped up.

"Collar him, Dane!" "You bet!" grinned Dane.

Glyn was collared just in time. In the grasp of his study-mates he was whirled through the doorway, and plumped down in the passage. Then Dane and Kangaroo went back into Study No. 11, and the door was closed and locked.

Glyn jumped up, raging. He banged furiously on the door.

"You silly chumps! You've locked this door!" he howled. "That's so, old top!"

"Let me in, you cuckoos!" "We're having tea!" chuckled Dane.

"How am I to work out my formula, you fathead?" "Is that a conundrum?" asked Kangaroo.

"You—you—yoo—" Glyn spluttered with wrath, and hammered on the door. "Will you let me in, you chumps?"

"Not this evening, dear boy!" "I'll scalp you!"

"Go home!" "Bang, bang, bang!"

Chuckles from within the study answered the banging on the door.

Kangaroo and Dane of the Shell proceeded with their tea regardless.

Tom Merry looked out of Study No. 10. THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 845.

"What's that thundering row?" he roared.

"Oh, don't bother!" snapped Glyn.

Bang, bang, bang!

"Are you going to chuck it?" yelled Talbot, from Study No. 9 in the Shell.

"No, I'm not! Shut up!"

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

The infuriated face of George Alfred Grundy of the Shell looked out of Study No. 3.

"Will you stop that thumping row?" he bawled.

"Rats!" Bang, bang, bang! "Rot!"

"Collar him!"

"Bump him!"

There was a rush of the Shell fellows along the passage. Whatsoever might be the disputes between Glyn and his study-mates, the Shell neither knew nor cared; but they knew that they didn't want that terrific din in their passage.

Glyn was collared on all sides, bumped and rolled, and then bumped again, hard! He was striven breathless on the floor when the wrathful Shell fellows had done with him.

"Now," said Tom Merry, "you kick up any more shindy, you ass, and we'll jolly well lock you in a box-room!"

"You-ow-ow!"

"Do you hear, fathead?"

"Wow-wow!"

Bernard Glyn was left yowing and wowing. When he had finished his vocal exercises he picked himself up and limped away—and banged no more at the door of Study No. 11, where Kangaroo and Dane finished their tea in peace.

CHAPTER 5. No Takers!

"D'ARCY, old man!"
"Yaas, Glyn, deah boy!"
"I want you to help me!"
"Yaas, wathah!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth quite beamed upon Bernard Glyn. It was the following day, and classes were over, much to the relief of Glyn of the Shell. When Glyn was on the inventive tack he regarded lessons as a sheer waste of time; indeed, he had gone to the length of asking Mr. Linton, his Form master, to excuse him from classes. Mr. Linton's reply had been an extremely emphatic negative. However, class was over now, and the inventive genius of St. Jim's was free to follow up the wonderful discovery that was to make his name resound to the ends of the earth, and pile him with untold wealth—perhaps! What Paracelsus and Roger Bacon and the old-time alchemists had striven in vain to find Glyn had found—or hoped he had. Glyn was always of a very sanguine temperament. Anyhow, it was worth while trying the experiment, which might result in a fortune of millions and billions and trillions of pounds.

D'Arcy of the Fourth was more than willing to help. He had heard of Glyn's latest, as the juniors had already named it, with many chuckles. Naturally, he did not believe in it in the least. His opinion decidedly was that Bernard Glyn was an ass. Nevertheless, he was willing to help in the experimenting. If there was anything at all in the wheeze, Gussy's unusual brain-powers were just what was wanted. Arthur Augustus felt that that was so. He knew as much

about scientific matters as he knew about the geography of Sirius, but that did not deter Arthur Augustus.

"You'll help!" exclaimed Glyn.

"My deah chap, I am quite at your service," said Arthur Augustus cheerily.

"Of course, it is all wot—"

"Eh?"

"All uttah wubbish, you know—"

"You silly ass!"

"Weally, Glyn, I am only pointin' out the facts! But I am pweared to help you, all the same. I had bettah change into some old clobber, I suppose?"

"No need to change your clobber to walk down to the post-office!"

"Bai Jove! I ain't goin' to the post-office, Glyn!"

"You said you'd help!" snapped Glyn.

"Yaas; in your experimentin'—"

"You funny ass, do you think I'd trust you within a yard of me when I'm experimentin'?"

"Weally, Glyn—"

"I've got to use Mr. Selby's power plug in his study," explained Glyn. "He uses it for a radiator, you know. I've got a wire and a plug that will fit, and I'm going to experiment in his study."

"Gweat Scott! Has Mr. Selby given you leave, Glyn?"

"Of course not, ass!" said Glyn irritably. "As if he would—a crusty blighter like Selby! He's got to get out!"

"But Mr. Selby will not get out of his own quarters at your request, Glyn, surely!"

"Fathead!"

"Weally, deah boy—"

"That's why I want you to go to the post-office. You'll get on to Selby on the telephone, and tell him some yarn to make him come out. See? Tell him his uncle's died and left him a fortune, or his best girl has been run over, or something—anything that will make him clear out."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jammed his celebrated monocle into his eye, and gazed at Bernard Glyn fixedly.

"You swiftwaght ass!" he exclaimed. "Do you think I am goin' to pull a Form master's leg, and tell him whoppahs into the bargain? I wergard you as a burblin' idiot, Glyn!"

"Look here, D'Arcy—"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy turned his noble back on the genius of the Shell, and walked away. Taking a hand in scientific investigation was one thing; pulling the respected leg of a Form master was quite another—especially of such a bad-tempered Form master as Mr. Selby of the Third.

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Glyn stared wrathfully after Arthur Augustus. He had hoped much from Gussy's obliging simplicity. Kangaroo and Dingo had already turned down his request, with loud laughter. So had Blake and Herries and Digby, and the Terrible Three, and Talbot of the Shell, and several other fellows whom Glyn had asked. Nobody seemed keen on pulling so dangerous a leg as that of the Third Form master. "Well, my hat!" ejaculated Glyn. "Somebody's got to do it, bother them. I wonder if I could ask Racke. He's not obliging, but he likes annoying people, and it would annoy Selby, that's certain! I'll try him!"

And Glyn proceeded to Study No. 7 in the Shell, where he found Aubrey Racke and Gerald Crooke.

"It's gone!" Racke was saying as Glyn came along. "I know there were six, and there's only five now."

"You've spent one," suggested Crooke.

"I never spent the quids. I've lots of currency notes. I've had those quids in my purse for a whole term, and never touched them," growled Racke. "I don't see how I could have dropped one—they're safe enough in the purse. Looks to me as if it's been bagged."

"Oh, that's rot!" said Crooke.

"Oh, is it?" snapped Racke. "I've got an idea about it, and—"

"Oh, here's Glyn! I want to speak to you, Glyn."

"Good!" said Bernard Glyn, coming into the study. "I want to ask you a favour, Racke. Will you—"

"Hold on a minute," interrupted Racke unpleasantly. "I hear you're experimenting in metals, Glyn—some silly fool wheeze of making gold, or something of the sort!"

"I'm experimenting in metals, and I fancy I've hit on the secret of transmutation, if that's what you mean?"

"Oh, hosh!" said Racke. "Footlin' hosh! I've missed a sovereign, and I want to know where it is!"

"What the thump should I know about your silly sovereign?"

"Well, if you've got any gold melted in those silly pots and pans of yours I know where it came from," said Racke.

"You never made any, that's a cert. If you've bagged my sovereign to experiment with—"

Glyn flushed crimson. As a scientific investigator he was sometimes a little reckless of other fellows' property. But assuredly he would never have dreamed of bagging a farthing belonging to another fellow for an experiment.

"You cheeky rotter!" he exclaimed. "Do you think I would touch your sneaking quids?"

"Well, it's gone," said Racke. "And all this talk about making gold looks to me suspicious. Oh! Ow-yoop! Yow!"

Crash!

Aubrey Racke went spinning across his study. Glyn's angry fist having landed on his nose. He came down with a heavy concussion on his expensive carpet.

"Now get up and have another!" shouted Glyn.

"Ow, ow! You rotter! Ow!"

Bernard Glyn gave the cad of the Shell a glare of contempt, and stalked out of the study without having asked the favour he had come to ask. Racke did not rise till he was gone. Then he scrambled up, scowling, and dabbed his nose furiously with his handkerchief.

"Oh, the rotter! The cad! The beast! Ow!" gasped Racke.

Crooke grinned.

"Well, it was a bit thick," he said. "You practically asked the chap whether he was a thief. Fellows don't like questions like that. It's all rot. Glyn wouldn't touch your money."

"You think a good bit too much about money, Racke."

"Oh, shut up!" snarled Racke.

Crooke strolled out of the study, leaving Aubrey Racke dabbling at his damaged nose, while time Bernard Glyn was still seeking some obliging fellow to perform the telephone trick on Mr. Selby. He found one at last, in Baggy Trimble of the Fourth. Two half-crowns changed hands, and Baggy, thus bribed and corrupted, rolled away to Rylcombe to telephone from the post-office to the master of the Third.

CHAPTER 6.

Rough on Mr. Selby!

BUZZZZZZZZ! The telephone bell rang in Mr. Selby's study.

Mr. Selby was taking a little rest by his fire. That somewhat troublesome Form, the Third, was off his hands for the day—until evening prep. When Mr. Selby left them the Third rejoiced. As Wally of the Third often remarked, a fellow felt no end bucked to see the back of Selby. It did not occur to Wally & Co. that the Third Form master felt equally "bucked" to have done with his Form for a time.

Mr. Selby was enjoying a hard-earned rest when the raucous tone of the telephone bell jarred on all his nerves.

Mr. Selby started up and muttered a word. Probably it was "Dash!" He grabbed up the receiver and fairly hooted into the instrument.

"What? Hallo! What? Who is it?"

"Is that Mr. Selby, at St. Jim's?"

"Mr. Selby speaking," snapped the master of the Third.

"Mr. Selby, master of the Third Form?"

"Yes, yes! Kindly tell me at once what is wanted."

"Have you heard of the accident?"

"Eh! What accident?"

"I am sorry to alarm you, Mr. Selby, but D'Arcy minor—I think he is in your Form—"

"Yes, yes!"

"Will you come to the Cottage Hospital at Wayland at once? There is still time."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Selby, aghast.

D'Arcy minor—otherwise Wally of the Third—was not a favourite with the Third Form master. Far from that.

Wally of the Third had a full share of the numerous lickings that were administered in the Form-room. He had perhaps more than his share. But the news of a terrible accident to D'Arcy minor gave Mr. Selby a real shock. He did not like the boy; he disliked him, and that added a twinge of remorse to the natural shock he felt at such news.

"Shall I tell him you are coming?" went on the voice.

"He seems anxious to see you."

"I will come this instant!"

"Very good!"

Mr. Selby hung up the receiver. He almost ran from his study, quite forgetting his well-earned rest. And in his haste he almost ran into Bernard Glyn of the Shell, who, for reasons best known to himself, was lurking in the passage near Mr. Selby's door.

"Ah, Glyn!" exclaimed Mr. Selby hurriedly. "I cannot stop a moment. Kindly give Mr. Railton a message from me."

"Certainly, sir!"

"I have received a telephone call from the Cottage Hospital at Wayland."

"Oh, my hat! I—I mean—"

D'Arcy minor had received a serious injury in an accident. Kindly tell Mr. Railton so as to explain his absence."

Mr. Selby hurried on. He grabbed hat and coat, and almost sprinted out of the School House.

Glyn stood rooted to the floor in dismay.

He had left it to Trimble to pull Mr. Selby's leg over the phone, but it had never occurred to him that Baggy would dream of such a trick as this.

"The dummy!" breathed Glyn. "The utter idiot! The fat rotter! The lying sneak! I—I—I'll burst him for this."

For a second or two Glyn even forgot his invention, and the stern necessity of using Mr. Selby's study. He turned to follow the Form master to undeceive him. But Mr. Selby was already out of sight.

Glyn paused and hesitated, and it is well said that he who hesitates is lost.

Mr. Selby was gone, and, after all, he would learn the truth when he arrived at the Cottage Hospital—he would be relieved from his fears. And Mr. Selby was so crusty a tartar that Glyn did not suppose that he felt the news very deeply. And the experiment had to be tried, and the electric heating-point was now at Glyn's service. In readiness, the schoolboy inventor had all his paraphernalia packed in a bag close at hand. He dismissed Mr. Selby from his mind and carried the bag into the study.

Mr. Selby was safe for two hours at least, Glyn considered. Freed from anxiety on that score, the schoolboy inventor set to work.

He had an electric ring attached to a wire ready, and he jammed the plug into the fixture in the wainscot, to which Mr. Selby was wont to attach his radiator. He turned on the switch, and the ring was soon glowing with red-hot heat.

Then pots and pans, crucibles and test-tubes, all sorts and conditions of things were sorted out of the bag upon Mr. Selby's table. Deep in scientific investigation, Bernard Glyn was forgetful of the time and space. With his eyes glued upon his wonderful formula, he made up the component parts of his amazing mixture that was—at least, he hoped so—to demonstrate the possibility of the transmuting of metals. Molten metal glowed and glimmered in the iron jar set on the electric burner.

Glyn's face was pale and tense with the keenness of his interest. He did not hear a hurried step in the passage—probably he would not have heard a thunderclap just then.

The door of the study was hurled open, and even then the schoolboy inventor did not look up.

CHAPTER 7.

An Untimely Interruption!

D'ARCY minor!"

Mr. Selby stuttered the name.

He stopped dead, blinking over his glasses at Wally of the Third. And Walter Adolphus D'Arcy, the young brother of the great Arthur Augustus, blinked at Mr. Selby, and his companions—Reggie Maunier,

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and Frank Levison—eyed the Form master uneasily. Often and often the three lags were in their Form master's black books, sometimes deservedly, sometimes not. Their impression, as Mr. Selby stopped and stared at them, was that they were "for it" once more.

"D'Arcy minor!"

"Yes, sir," said Wally.

"You—you are not—" Mr. Selby spluttered. Only a hundred yards from the gates of the school he had come upon the three lags in Rylcombe Lane. Evidently D'Arcy minor was not in the Cottage Hospital, at Wayland.

"Is—is anything the matter, sir?" asked Wally of the Third, quite astonished by Mr. Selby's strange glare.

"I—I have been told on the telephone that you had met with an accident, D'Arcy minor."

"Well, I haven't, sir."

Mr. Selby frowned blackly.

"Someone has tricked me!" he exclaimed. "Did you have a hand in this disgraceful trick, D'Arcy minor?"

Wally of the Third jumped.

"Oh, no, sir! I—I never knew anybody had telephoned to you, sir."

Mr. Selby glared at him. Somebody had pulled his leg in a heartless and unfeeling manner. But Mr. Selby realised that the lag could hardly have had anything to do with it. If he had assisted in tricking the Form master to go over to Wayland for nothing, he would hardly have been in sight of Mr. Selby as soon as that gentleman came out of gates.

Mr. Selby turned back, and as soon as his back was safely turned Wally & Co. grinned at one another.

"Somebody's been ruffling the old bird!" remarked Reggie Manners. "But he can't put it on us this time."

"It was a rotten trick, whoever played it!" said Levison minor. "Selby looked quite upset."

"You never knew," said Wally sagely. "Even old Selby may have some feelings of sorts under his crust. You never can tell."

Whatever concern Mr. Selby had felt was now changed into a deep and bitter anger as he hurried back to the school. Mr. Selby often was angry without cause. But on the present occasion he undoubtedly had good cause to be angry. Somebody had played a heartless trick, and Mr. Selby very justly intended to know who that somebody was.

He stepped into Mr. Railton's study, rather surprising the Housemaster by his flushed and angry face.

"Mr. Railton, I have been cruelly and grossly deceived," said Mr. Selby. "You received my message by Glyn of the Shell. It turns out to have been a trick."

"I have received no message by Glyn of the Shell, Mr. Selby," answered the Housemaster, in surprise.

"Is it possible that he failed to deliver it—in a matter so serious?" Mr. Selby compressed his lips. "I see it now. He was a party to the trick. I found him outside my study. I see it now. He had been listening for the telephone-bell."

"If you will kindly explain, Mr. Selby—" suggested Mr. Railton.

Mr. Selby explained volubly.

"This is serious," said the Housemaster, frowning. "We will look into this together, Mr. Selby. I will send for Glyn."

"I have very little doubt that I was tricked into leaving my study, so that some disrespectful practical joke might be played there!" snapped the Third Form master. "I imagine that Glyn will be found there, or, at least, his handiwork."

"Then we will first proceed to your study, Mr. Selby."

The two masters proceeded to Mr. Selby's study, and the Third Form master hurled the door open. He hoped to catch the japer in the act, and in that he was successful, though Bernard Glyn was not japing, as it happened.

"Bless my soul!" murmured Mr. Railton, while the Third Form master stared blankly at the scientific genius of the Shell.

Glyn did not look up.

He was hanging over his little cauldron, which was sizzling away over the electric burner.

Glyn was deaf and blind to his surroundings just then.

Mr. Selby found his voice.

"Glyn!" he thundered.

Then Bernard Glyn gave a jump and looked round. He was startled, but he was too deep in his experiment to realise the seriousness of the situation.

He waved his hand to Mr. Selby.

"Don't come in!" he said hastily.

"What-a-at!"

"You're interrupting me."

"Interrupting you!" repeated Mr. Selby, like a man in a dream.

"Glyn!" thundered Mr. Railton.

"Don't speak!"

"Did—did—did you tell me not to speak, Glyn?" stuttered the Housemaster.

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"Yes. Go away!"

"The boy is mad!" exclaimed Mr. Selby.

"Quiet!" snapped Glyn.

He stirred the molten metal in the cauldron with a steel rod. His face was alight with excitement now.

"Glyn!" exclaimed Mr. Railton.

"Quiet, I tell you!"

"Are you aware that you are speaking to your Housemaster, Glyn?" thundered Mr. Railton.

"Will you be quiet!" yelled Glyn. "I've just got it going splendidly. Now I've got to draw it off. Go away!"

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Railton was not likely to go away, even at the command of an enthusiastic inventor, whose experiments he was interrupting. He strode over to Bernard Glyn and gripped him by the collar.

"Leggo, you ass!" roared Glyn.

"Upon my word, I believe the boy is out of his senses!" exclaimed Mr. Railton.

"Leggo, I tell you! You're spoiling the whole thing!" shrieked Glyn. "Can't you have a little sense?"

Shake, shake, shake!

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Listen to me, sir!" gasped Glyn, wriggling in the Housemaster's hefty grip. "It's an experiment—"

"Nonsense!"

"I believe it's a success. Only let me finish, sir!" pleaded Glyn.

"You have played a wicked and unfeeling trick on Mr. Selby!"

"Blow Mr. Selby!"

"What-a-at!"

"What the thump does Selby matter when I've got this experiment going? Bother him!"

"The boy is mad!" said Mr. Selby.

"Go away, and let me alone!" roared Glyn.

"Mr. Selby," said the Housemaster, "I shall take Glyn at once to the Head. Will you come with me?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Come, Glyn!"

"I can!" roared Glyn. "Can't you see I'm busy? Can't you see the experiment is just at the crisis? Let me draw of the metal before you butt in, for goodness' sake!"

"Come!" said Mr. Railton, and with a swing of his powerful arm he hooked Bernard Glyn out of the study.

Mr. Selby followed.

Glyn, protesting loudly, was marched away to the Head's study with Mr. Railton's iron grip on his collar. His expostulations were useless. Mr. Railton did not even answer him or listen to him. For once, the School House master was really angry, almost as angry as Mr. Selby, and there was no doubt that the hapless inventor was, for it. Even an enthusiastic inventor could not be allowed to talk to Housemasters and Form masters as Glyn had talked; and Mr. Railton rightly felt that this was a matter for the headmaster to deal with.

In Mr. Selby's study the molten metal sizzled on unheeded, what time Bernard Glyn was marched into the dread presence of the Head—to explain his extraordinary conduct, if he could.

CHAPTER 8.

Called to Account!

BAGGY TRIMBLE rolled in at the school gates with a fat smile and a smear of jam on his face.

Baggy was feeling satisfied.

He had carried out Glyn's instructions, not wisely but too well.

Having telephoned, he had rolled away to Mrs. Murphy's tuckshop in the village High Street, and there expended Glyn's two half-crowns on refreshments, liquid and solid. Soberly had Baggy been tempted to expend Aubrey Racke's sovereign after them. That sovereign still reposed in his waistcoat pocket.

But Baggy resisted the temptation.

Sovereigns were so scarce that Mrs. Murphy was sure to remember taking one from a customer; and the awkward fact would come out if Racke made wide inquiry after his missing "quid." And Racke was not the fellow to put up with such a loss quietly. He had plenty of money, but he did not like losing any; it was certain that the loss of his sovereign would be made known over the whole House as soon as he missed it.

Baggy felt that it would not do; and, besides, Baggy Trimble had a conscience, of sorts. He really did not want to steal Racke's sovereign—though he badly wanted to spend it.

Between conscientious scruples, and fear of the results, Baggy contrived to keep the coin in his pocket; besides, five shillings' worth of tuck took the keen edge off even Baggy's unearthy appetite. He felt a glow of conscious virtue as he



"You have no wight to search Twimble!" said Arthur Augustus. "You must ask Tom Merry, as Juniah captain, or else take him to a pwofect. I shall not allow you to search him. Welsease him at once—" "If you silly ass—; "Bai Jove! I insist upon you welseasin' Twimble!" Arthur Augustus grasped Racke by the collar, and fairly yanked him away from the fat junior. (See page 12.)

rolled back to the school with Racke's sovereign still unchanged in his pocket.

Anyhow, there was at least half-a-crown to come, he considered, as a reward for finding it. And he was ready to offer his services as a seeker and finder as soon as Aubrey Racke proclaimed his loss.

"Hallo, there's the fat toad!"

Monty Lowther made that observation as he spotted the fat Fourth-Former in the quad. The Terrible Three came quickly up to Baggy, who eyed them warily.

"It wasn't me!" he said promptly.

"What?" exclaimed Tom.

"If you think I've been telephoning to old Selby, you're mistaken," said Baggy.

"You fat duffer!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "Never mind what you've done to Mr. Selby, if you've done anything. Racke says—"

"Oh, Racke!" said Trimble. "What about Racke?"

"He's lost a sovereign."

"Has he?" said Baggy airily. "Well, the best thing he can do is to offer a reward for it."

"A reward?" ejaculated Tom.

"Yes; people often find lost things if they offer a reward. I'm willing to help look for it."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I fancy you wouldn't have to look very far, you fat rascal!" said Manners dryly.

"Look here, you know—"

"Listen to me, Trimble," said Tom Merry quietly. "Racke has told me about it, and if the sovereign doesn't turn up at once I must report the matter to the Housemaster. I know you're a fat fool, and may have picked it up and put it in your pocket—I can't think you're a thief, but you're fool enough for anything!"

"I wasn't—I mean, I didn't—"

"Racke thinks he dropped the sovereign in his study yesterday when we handled him there, and yanked him out to games practice," said Tom. "I think it's very likely myself, as I remember he had his purse in his hand at the time. He didn't go back to his study for an hour at least. Did you go there?"

"Certainly not. I was at games practice, you know."

"You weren't, you young rotter! You dodged games, and Kildare licked you last evening for it," said Lowther.

"I—I mean, I—I went for a walk."

"We found you in our study when we came in," said Manners.

"You didn't—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, that was after I came back from my walk."

"Crooke remembers seeing you in his study when he came in—he got a knock and Kildare let him off. He says you were in the study when he got in."

"You fellows know that Crooke is a fibber."

"Yes, that's so," agreed Tom. "But I don't see why he should tell any lies on this subject. He says he thought you were after the grub—he didn't know anything about Racke having dropped a sovereign then."

"I wasn't! Besides, the cupboard was locked."

"Then you did go to Study No. 7?"

"Not at all—never went near the place."

"You fat dummy!" roared Tom. "How do you know the cupboard was locked if you never went near it?"

"Oh! I—I mean—I guessed, you know!" stammered Trimble. "That cad Racke would lock his cupboard, you know—just as if he couldn't trust a fellow to leave his tuck alone."

"George Washington was a fool to this chap," said Monty Lowther. "Have you got the quid about you, Trimble?"

"Certainly not. I hope you don't think I would touch Racke's quid. My belief is that Crooke bagged it."

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"Or else Racke never lost one. He's as big a fibber as Crooke."

"Look here, Trimble—"

"Or one of you fellows may have had it," argued Trimble.

"One of us!" roared the Terrible Three in chorus.

"Well, see how it looks!" said Baggy. "Racke had his quids in his paw, and you fellows rushed him and collared



Tap! Trimble had only a moment left. He made the best use of it. The hiding-place he required for the sovereign was ready to his hand. He dropped it into the little iron vessel just as the study door opened. Tom Merry & Co. looked into the study, and Trimble faced them with a surprised look on his fat face. (See page 12.)

"Hallo! What do you fellows want?" he asked.

"We want you!" said Tom.

"I want my sovereign!" growled Racke.

Trimble blinked at him.

"What sovereign?" he asked casually.

"The one you bagged in my study yesterday, you fat rotter!"

"You accuse me of taking a sovereign from your study?" asked Baggy Trimble loftily.

"Yes, I do!" growled Racke.

"Very well! You can come to Mr. Railton's study and repeat your words before the Housemaster!" said Baggy. "I'm accused—all right! I'll make you prove it to the Housemaster!"

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy from the doorway. "I wegard that as vevy wight and pwopah of Twimble!"

The Shell fellows eyed Trimble. Aubrey Racke was feeling rather uneasy and taken aback.

"You've got it about you, you fat rotter!" he snapped.

"Mr. Railton may order me to be searched," said Trimble, still loftily. "He's got the right as Housemaster. I wouldn't allow a cad like you to search me, Racke! You're capable of shovin' it into my pocket and saying you found it there!"

"What!" howled Racke.

"Draw it mild, you fat duffer!" said Tom Merry.

"Well, you know he put cigarettes into Levison's desk once, to be found there by a prefect," said Trimble.

"That's true," said Manners, with a very suspicious look at Racke. "I remember. Look here, Racke, have you really lost a sovereign at all?"

"Yes, I have; and that fat villain's got it!" said Racke savagely. "If he hasn't got it about him now, he chucked it away somewhere while we were running him down. Why did he run away if he hadn't got it on him?"

"Well, if it's about the corridors somewhere, it will be found," said Tom Merry. "After all, why did you bolt like that, Trimble?"

"Yaas, wathah! Answah that, Twimble!"

"I'm helping Glyn in some experiments," said Baggy calmly. "I got Selby out of the study so that he could work here, and now I'm looking after his things for him."

"Is Glyn doing his silly stunts in a Form master's study?" exclaimed Tom Merry. "My hat! Selby will scalp him!"

"Selby's safe at Wayland!" grinned Trimble. "I saw to that. I've pulled his leg, you know!"

"Well, what about it, Racke?" demanded Tom Merry. "The sooner we got out of here the better. Do you want to take Trimble to Mr. Railton for an inquiry?"

(Continued on page 14.)

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EDITORIAL!

By Tom Merry.

EASTER holidays! There is magic in those two words. They have a charm of their own. For the Easter holidays come at one of the most ripping times of the year—in spring-time, the only pretty ring-time, when birds do sing, hey-ding-a-ding-ding, as Shakespeare remarks; though I wasn't aware that birds made a noise like a bicycle bell in action!

It happens to be Breaking-up Day at St. Jim's, and there is a terrific commotion going on. I have closed my study window, but I can't shut out the pandemonium that prevails in the quad. Most of the fellows have packed their trunks and suit-cases, and have engaged cars and cabs and carts—according to their means—to convey them to the station. The high-and-mighty prefects take their departure in luxurious cars. The "middle classes" have to be content with old-fashioned cabs, which crawl along at a snail's pace. And those who happen to be nearly "broke" at the end of the term have to resort to humble carts, drawn by ancient and rheumatically steeds. Baggy Trimble, who is in his usual "stony" state, is seriously thinking of borrowing the gardener's wheelbarrow, to push his luggage down to the station!

It is a noisy scene of hustle and bustle. Reminds you of Waterloo Station on the eve of a Bank Holiday.

"Mind your backs, please!" "Make way, there!" and similar warnings, mingle with shouts of "Au revoir, you fellows!" "Rope you have a good time!" "Don't eat too many Easter-eggs, Trimble!"

It is a happy, good-humoured holiday crowd that I gaze upon from my study window. Kildare of the Sixth has just gone off, and they have given him a tremendous cheer—a tribute to his wonderful popularity. There is another mighty cheer as Mr. Railton—surely the finest Housemaster any school ever had—goes striding down to the gates, his luggage having been sent on in advance.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy is there—a human island of a sea of portmanteaux and packing-cases. For Gussey is taking his entire wardrobe with him to Eastwood Lodge. Goodness knows how he will get all his luggage down to the station. He will probably have to hire a pantechnicon!

Given good weather, this Easter holiday should prove one of the grandest on record. The St. Jim's fellows will enjoy themselves in a hundred ways, and come back for the new term like giants refreshed. And I sincerely hope that all my readers, wherever they go and whatever they do, will have the

(Continued at foot of next column.)

SPECIAL EASTER NUMBER!

A-CYCLING WE WILL GO!

By Dick Redfern.

THE holidays, the jolly days,
Are here again at last!
The weary days, the dreary days,
Are shadows of the past.
So pack your traps, consult your maps,
And gaily shout "Heigh-ho!"
Then come with me, my comrades three,
A-cycling we will go!

Of gloomy Greek let no man speak;

That topic's strictly banned,
As side by side we swiftly ride
Throughout the smiling land.
The scent of spring is in the air,
Our cheeks with rapture glow;
With merry song we speed along—
A-cycling we will go!

Worries and cares and dark despair's

Are now as light as bubbles!
The open road removes the load
Of trifling schoolboy troubles.
A happy band of brothers we,
With smiles for friend or foe;
Our hearts are light, our faces bright—
A-cycling we will go!

Sons of St. Jim's, with sturdy limbs,

We make the pedals fly!
Rush through the air without a care,
Though stormclouds strew the sky.
What if the rain comes pelting down?
What if the wild winds blow?
Comrades of mine, through storm and shine,
A-cycling we will go!

The holidays, the jolly days,

Have filled our hearts with glee!
O'er dale and hill we'll pedal still
Until we reach the sea.
The wondrous sea, the thrund'rous sea,
Where Drakes and Nelsons grow;
Gaily we'll ride, this Eastertide—
A-cycling we will go!

(Continued from column 1.)

happiest and healthiest holiday they could possibly wish for!

I must now "pack up"—in more senses than one.

Tom Merry

MY EASTER PROGRAMME!

By the Clerk of the Weather.

I AM a very unpopular person, I know—even more unpopular than Mr. Ratcliff, and that is saying a good deal.

You see, I have charge of the weather; and when I turn on the rain-tap, and make it pelt down for days on end, people call me the most horrid names. But when I am in a kinder mood, and switch on the sunshine at the main, so to speak, they all vote me a jolly good fellow.

Everybody wants to know what I intend to serve up at Easter, in the way of weather. Several St. Jim's fellows have written to me on the matter. Baggy Trimble writes as follows:

"Dear Clerk of the Weather, I am about to depart on my Easter holidays, and I want you to oblige me with some really ripping weather. Trimble Hall, which has been the seat of the Trimble family for generations, is a charming old place when the sun is shining. I love to walk in the historic grounds, and watch the fountain playing, and hear the larks singing, and all that sort of thing. But when it rains, and a fellow can't venture out of doors without getting ankle-deep in mud, it's the absolute giddy limit! I don't mind soop for dinner, but I strongly object to the sort of soop you send down. Try and behave yourself this Easter, there's a good chap!"

Sorry, Master Trimble; but I cannot guarantee you a fine holiday. You are no friend of mine, and if I can arrange for you to get caught in a drenching downpour, while you are having an outdoor picnic on Bank Holiday, I shall certainly do so. A shower-bath will do you no harm.

Cardew of the Fourth writes to me in a very different strain:

"I am going to spend my holiday at a place where I shall be expected to play football every day. I don't want to play football. It's much too strenuous and exhausting. I shall be quite happy to recline indoors on the sofa, reading the latest detective stories. So if you can serve up a raging blizzard, and a fearful fog, with thunderstorm thrown in, I shall have a good excuse for not going out of doors."

Allow me to inform you, Master Cardew, that I do not approve of indoors. So I shall arrange for a special spell of sunshine in your part of the world, and you will have no excuse for not playing football!

Other letters have reached me from various fellows—most of them begging me to serve up plenty of sunshine. "Give us a jolly good heat-wave!" writes George Alfred Grundy. Well, I might oblige, and I might not. At present, my Easter intentions are known only to myself.



BEWARE OF HEALTH RESORTS!

By Monty Lowther

But there was a rude shock in store for me—a series of rude shocks, in fact. After a long and weary train journey, I heard the porters shouting "Sunnybeach!" And I promptly collected my baggage and hopped out of the carriage. I walked out of Sunnybeach Station into a blinding snowstorm. It happened to be the month of May, and one doesn't expect snowstorms in May—least of all at health resorts. But Sunnybeach was locked in the grip of the biggest snowstorm that ever happened. There was no sign of the sun; there was no sign of the beach. All I saw was slippery pavements and rows of dismal-looking houses.

Bitterly I recalled the words of the advertisement which had brought me to Sunnybeach. "Our charming town by the sea is bathed in perennial sunshine." What a whopper!

However, I consoled myself with the reflection that the weather was too bad to last, and I began to look round for lodgings. There was plenty of accommodation to be had—but the prices! My only aunt! They must have thought I was made of golden guineas!

I tramped the town in search of a place that was within my means. I found one at last, and a very dreary-looking hole it was. But the terms were reasonable, so I booked a room, and then sallied forth to find the pier, so that I might witness the "grand concert."

After blundering about through the snow for half an hour or more I

succeeded in finding the beach—a wilderness of sharp stones and rough pebbles. I then looked around for the pier; but I saw it not.

"That's funny!" I muttered. "The pier ought to be brilliantly illuminated with a row of dazzling lights. But there's hardly a light to be seen anywhere!"

Presently I espied an old boatman, and politely asked him to direct me to the pier.

"Pier?" he echoed. "There ain't no pier. It was blown away last week, when we 'ad that turble gale."

"Oh, my hat!" I gasped. "And what's happened to the concert-party?"

"Gorn back to Lunnion," said the boatman.

I tramped back to my lodgings, feeling far from cheerful. After a frugal supper which would have made Baggy Trimble weep, I went to bed. There was really nothing else to do.

It snowed hard all night, and it snowed hard all the next day. Hardly any of the inhabitants ventured out of doors, and the town was as dead and desolate as Troy after the siege. I caught a beastly chill, and sat sneezing and wheezing by the fire all day. But there was still a faint hope in my breast that the following day would be fine.

But when I looked from my bedroom window next morning, and saw the sleet falling in sheets, I could stand it no longer. My one desire was to get away from Sunnybeach as quickly as possible. I had gone there for health and happiness; but if I had stayed much longer I should have become a chronic invalid! When I got back to St. Jim's the sun was shining gloriously, and the birds were twittering in the trees, and all was merry and bright.

My experiences had taught me a lesson. No more so-called "health resorts" for me!

ments, and a happy holiday will be the natural sequel.

MONTY LOWTHER:

Happiness on holiday is mainly a matter of £ s. d., in my humble opinion. If some Good Samaritan were to give me a thousand pounds, and say, "Now, my dear boy, run away and enjoy yourself," I should take him at his word, and have a rattling good time. But if the exchequer only amounts to fourpence-halfpenny, how on earth can a fellow contrive to have a happy holiday? It's all very well for the wisecracks to tell us that money won't buy happiness. Let them provide the money, and I'll cheerfully make the experiment!

EPHRAIM TAGGLES (our aged and venerable porter):

"Which I 'ave been asked to supply a few 'ints for 'appy 'olidays. It can't be done—as the cook said when she peeped at the joint in the oven. Wot do I know about 'olidays, 'appy or otherwise? Nothink! I never gets no 'olidays. All the year round I works like a nigger, an' I can't go rushin' off to the seaside just when the spirit moves me. Moreover, nobody never says to me, 'Take 'is roll of banknotes, Taggles, an' go off an' enjoy 'yourself. Go an' spend a month on the Riviera, an' see if you can break the bank at Monte Carlo.' Nobody never comes to sage of this sort. I 'as to remain at my me with a cheerin' an' comfortin' mappet, an' never finds time to take forty winks. A porter's lot is not a 'nappy one!"

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HINTS FOR HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Contributed by various people—wise and otherwise.

BAGGY TRIMBLE:

I have often thought of writing a book entitled "How To Be Happy On Holiday." But perraps I should get nobody to publish it; bekause most people seemed to like to be thurroughly miserable when on holiday. They spend all their munny on concerts, and peeto troops, and trips in sharrabongs; and then they find they haven't enuff oosh to buy their food. No wonder they are miserable! The ideal holiday consists of one square meal after another. "Stuff, stuff, stuff, and be contented!" is the motto of the happy holiday-maker. Personally, I should have no objection to spending the Easter vacation in a fashionable restaurant. When I got tired of eating and drinking, I should vary it by drinking and eating!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY:

"If you want a weally happy holiday, dear boys, the first essential is to be stylishly dressed. If you move in the best circles, like I do, a smart appearance is not only desirable, but necessary. You should nevah appear

in a ball-wom with baggy trowsaushs, or with a collah which you have been weavin' weaguilarly for a month! People will regard you with scorn an' despision, an' say, 'Who is this ill-bwed loafah? He is dressed like a beastly twamp, bai Jove! Turn him out!' But if you are smartly an' elegantly dressed you will create a good impression. All the young ladies will glance at your attwaotive figgah, an' say, 'What a handsome fellow! I will ask him if he will do me the honnah of dancin' with me.' So pay due attention to your clobber, dear boys, an' a happy holiday will be yours!"

REGINALD TALBOT:

The happiness of a holiday largely depends on the company you are in. If a party of pals, tried and true, go away together, they are bound to be happy—even if it snows pink ink, as the saying goes! Personally, I would rather spend a holiday in the slums of London, with real pals, than in a gilded palace with fellows I didn't care for. Always be very careful in your choice of companions before embarking on a holiday. Exclude "wet blankets" from your holiday party. Their depressing influence will spoil the whole show. Choose fellows with cheerful tempera-



"I'm ready!" said Trimble.

Racke grunted savagely.

"What's the good? He wouldn't be willing if he hadn't got rid of the sovereign already. I know he had it." "You can't know that," said Tom. "It looks as if he did—but you might have lost it anywhere. Anyhow, you've no right to accuse Trimble without any evidence."

"Wathah not."

"Let Racke repeat his words, and I'll go to Mr. Railton myself and complain!" said Trimble victoriously.

Racke gave him a savage look and strode out of the study. The rest of the juniors followed. Baggy Trimble was left alone—victorious! He winked into space and gave a fat chuckle, and then rolled out of Mr. Selby's study. As he went down the corridor he observed Racke and Crooke searching the floor, evidently in quest of the missing sovereign. Trimble chuckled again as he rolled past them on his way. Racke was not likely to find the missing sovereign now—in the shape of a sovereign it had ceased to exist.

CHAPTER 10. High Hopes!

"GLYN!"

Dr. Holmes' voice was deep and stern.

Bernard Glyn stood before his headmaster with downcast face.

Mr. Railton and Mr. Selby had explained the matter—the former briefly and quietly, the latter loudly and volubly. Dr. Holmes' kind old face had grown grim as he listened, and grimmer and grimmer.

And Glyn's face was troubled now. Having had time to calm himself and collect his thoughts Glyn realised that he was in a very serious scrape. It was quite on the cards that he would be expelled from St. Jim's—and that was a serious matter; the "long jump" was not to be contemplated with equanimity.

"Glyn!" Dr. Holmes fixed his severe glance on the Shell fellow. "I am surprised—shocked! Have you any explanation to offer for your extraordinary conduct?"

"I am sorry I cheeked Mr. Railton, sir," said Glyn penitently. "I—I wasn't thinking when I spoke, sir. I—I was deep in my job, sir. Of course, I know I shouldn't have cheeked my Housemaster."

The Head coughed.

"You caused a false telephone message to be given to Mr. Selby—a heartless fraud, Glyn."

"I never meant that, sir," said Glyn eagerly. "I—I got a phone to tell him, to get him away from the study. I thought he would pull Mr. Selby's leg somehow; I never dreamed he would spin him such a yarn as he did. I'd never have thought of such a thing!"

Mr. Selby sniffed.

"I believe you so far, Glyn," said the Head, without heeding Mr. Selby. "But am I to understand that you deliberately caused Mr. Selby to be tricked into going out, in order that you might carry on experiments in his study?"

"I had to, sir!" mumbled Glyn. "I—I wanted the electric burner to melt the metals on. I simply couldn't do it in the study, sir, on the fire, and a fellow has no chance in the lab. I—I asked Mr. Railton to let me fix up electric heating in my own study, sir, but he refused. Mr. Railton will remember."

"Bless my soul!" said the Head. "Naturally Mr. Railton refused so very extraordinary a request. That is no excuse, Glyn."

"I should say not!" snapped Mr. Selby.

"But it's a very important experiment, sir," said Glyn. "If you knew how very important it was, sir—"

"Nonsense, Glyn! I am aware that you hold a high place in the science class, and that you have shown great cleverness. But no schoolboy's experiment can be of very great importance."

"It's the greatest thing of modern times, sir."

"Glyn!"

"It means millions of pounds, sir—"

"Nonsense!"

"I mean billions, sir—"

"Glyn!"

"In fact, trillions," said Glyn. "I shall be the first millionaire ever known when I have finished this stunt, sir!"

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"A—a—a trillionaire!" said Mr. Railton faintly.

"Yes, sir. St. Jim's will produce the first trillionaire on record," said Bernard Glyn proudly. "I've discovered the transmutation of metals, sir—at least I think I have."

"You—you utterly absurd boy!" exclaimed the Head, his face breaking into a smile, in spite of his anger. "Really, it is difficult to deal with you seriously, Glyn. However, if you apologise to Mr. Railton and Mr. Selby for your impertinence—"

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

"Then I shall request your Form master to administer a severe caning for the trick you have played on Mr. Selby. You will go at once and remove all your rubbish from Mr. Selby's study—"

"Mayn't I finish the experiment, sir?"

"You may do exactly as I tell you, Glyn, or you will be flogged instead of caned!" exclaimed the Head.

"Oh! Very well, sir."

Bernard Glyn left the Head's study. He ran back to Mr. Selby's room—passing without noticing Racke and Crooke groping along the corridor. He found his simmering pot on the electric burner just as he had left it. He stirred it with the steel rod, little dreaming that he was stirring up in it the remains of Racke's lost sovereign.

Then—already forgetful of the Head's order—he drew off the molten metal into another vessel, and turned out the electric burner. By that time Mr. Selby had arrived in the study.

"You are not gone yet, Glyn!" said the Third Form master acidly.

"Just going, sir."

Mr. Selby called from the door.

"Racke! Crooke! Kindly help Glyn to carry this rubbish away!"

Racke and Crooke unwillingly complied. Bernard Glyn's weird belongings were carried out of Mr. Selby's study, and the Third Form master snorted and slammed his door.

Racke and Crooke dumped down their load in the Shell passage and walked away. Kangaroo and Dane came to help Glyn carry the things into Study No. 11. Bernard Glyn hardly heeded anything but the little vessel in which the metal was cooling. If his "formula" was correct, the metal that was now solidifying in that vessel contained a considerable proportion of genuine gold. Glyn was sanguine—yet he hardly dared to believe in success—the results were so very amazing. The discovery of the secret of the transmutation of metals certainly meant that the happy discoverer would become a trillionaire—or a quintillionaire, for that matter—his wealth would be beyond the dreams of avarice.

"What have you got there?" asked Kangaroo.

"Gold, I think."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We shall see," said Glyn as calmly as he could. "If there's gold in that lump, I've found the secret. And I think there is—I'm practically certain that my formula contained the secret."

"If there's gold in it, you must have put it there," said Dane.

"I put no gold in it—not an atom."

"Then there's none there!"

"We shall see."

Glyn plunged the vessel into a can of water to hasten the cooling. His eyes were dancing with excitement. Kangaroo and Dane were grinning. Glyn looked at his watch.

"There's time to cut over to Wayland on the jigger before lock-up," he said. "I'm not going to trust myself to analyse this—I'm going to get it done by old MacCrombie, the mining engineer. He's helped me before in my experiments. It will make him jump if he finds gold in it—ever so little! I've used nine metals in this combination—not one of them gold. If he finds it—"

"If!" chuckled Kangaroo.

"I'll give you chaps a billion pounds each when I get my gold factory fairly going," said Glyn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cheese it!"

Kangaroo and Dane stared after Bernard Glyn, when he started for Wayland on his bicycle. Then they went round the studies spreading the news. There were howls of laughter in the studies of the Shell and the Fourth. Glyn's mysterious stunts in the inventive line had often caused mirth in the School House, but his discovery of a process of making gold made the juniors fairly yell. Quite a hilarious House awaited the return of Bernard Glyn.

CHAPTER 11. Gold!

"HERE he is!"

"Rolling in it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bernard Glyn of the Shell walked into the junior Common-room in the School House like a fellow walking on air. His look was absolutely exalted.

A fellow who had discovered the philosopher's stone, sought in vain through the long ages of history, had a right to feel rather "bucked." And Glyn certainly looked bucked.

"Bai Jove! Glyn weally looks as if he's got it, you know," chuckled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Glyn looked round.

"I've got it!" he said. "Anybody here like a million pounds or so? You've only to ask."

"I could do with a billion," remarked Cardew of the Fourth. "Put me down for a billion, old bean."

"I don't mind," said Glyn calmly. "Look at that!" He laid a tiny lump of yellow metal on the table. It glimmered in the light—and the juniors surrounded it curiously.

"That looks like gold," said Tom Merry.

"It is gold."

"Where did you get it, then?" asked Talbot of the Shell.

"Made it."

"Draw it mild, old chap," murmured Kangaroo.

Glyn shrugged his shoulders.

"That lump of gold—nearly a sovereign's worth—was made by me this afternoon by the transmuting of metals," he said calmly.

"I carried out the experiment, and it was a success. MacCrombie, the mining engineer at Wayland, analysed it for me, and extracted the gold from the alloy. That is what he extracted."

The juniors stared at Glyn blankly.

"Mean to say that he got that from your mixture?" demanded Kangaroo.

"Yes."

"And it's genuine gold?"

"Yes."

"And you never put any gold into the stuff?"

"Not a fraction."

"Glyn, old man—"

"I suppose you fellows can take my word," said Glyn. "I give you my word of honour that I never put any gold into the mixture; it was a combination of other metals. And that little nugget has been extracted from the lump."

"Phew!"

"The cost of producing it—on a large scale—would be about ninnepence to the sovereign's worth of gold," said Glyn.

"You can figure it out for yourself what that means. I'm going to take this home to-morrow, and ask my father to let me leave school and take a factory in charge. In a few weeks I shall be the richest man in the world. I know it's wonderful—but there you are."

The tiny nugget passed from hand to hand. Every fellow stared at it and examined it. The news spread through the School House, and Fifth and Sixth Form fellows came to the junior common-room to look at Glyn's gold. Even Kildare, the captain of the school, came, and he seemed perplexed. He could see that Glyn was stating the exact truth as to his experiment, and he could see the nugget. The excitement grew, and belief gradually spread. Baggy Trimble, all the while, seemed to be hugging some secret joke to himself; but nobody took any heed of so unimportant a person as Baggy Trimble.

That evening there was only one topic in the School House, and Bernard Glyn was the cynosure of all eyes.

Tom Merry & Co. really did not know what to think. It seemed to be true—there was the nugget! Only they knew that it couldn't be!

Later that evening Bernard Glyn was called into his Form master's study to take his caning. He hardly felt it, though it was severe. But as he left the study, rubbing his hands, he determined to leave Mr. Linton off his list of millionaires. He went to bed that night to dream golden dreams.

CHAPTER 12.

A Rude Awakening!

AFTER lessons the following morning Racke of the Shell came up to Bernard Glyn in the quadrangle with a very unpleasant expression on his face. Racke of the Shell had been doing some thinking.

"You've got that nugget?" he asked.

Glyn nodded.

"Yes; I'm taking it home to show my father," he answered.

"You needn't trouble," said Racke. "Hand it over."

"Why the thump should I hand it over to you?" demanded Glyn, starting.

"Because it's mine," said Racke unpleasantly.

"Off your rocker?" inquired Glyn.

"Bai Jove! How can it be yours, Wacko?" demanded Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Racke laughed disagreeably.

"I've thought it out," he said. "I know what Trimble did with my sovereign now."

"Oh!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Crooke.

"What's that?" exclaimed Tom Merry. "What do you mean, Racke?"

"I told you Trimble had my quid on him when he dodged

us yesterday and got into Mr. Selby's study," said Racke, with a grin. "I thought he had chuckled it away in the passages, and hunted for it; but it wasn't there. He got rid of it in Selby's study—"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Of course, he dropped it into Glyn's silly pot," said Racke.

"That's how he got clear of it. I want that bit of gold, Glyn. It's mine."

"Oh ewumbs!" ejaculated D'Arcy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Trimble!" shouted Tom Merry.

Blake of the Fourth rounded up Baggy Trimble and marched him up to the spot.

"I didn't!" howled Trimble.

"You didn't what?"

"Anything!" gasped Trimble.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Glyn's face was a study. His golden dreams were fading away—cold, grim reality was taking their place!

He gave Trimble quite a ferocious look.

"Trimble! You fat scoundrel—"

"Look here, you know—"

"Did you go to Mr. Selby's study yesterday while—while I was with the Head—"

"No—I mean—yes—that is—"

"We followed him there," said Tom Merry. "Racke thought he had the missing sovereign in his pocket. But Trimble offered to go to the Housemaster—"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"After he'd dropped the quid into Glyn's boiling pot to get rid of it," sneered Racke. "I knew he'd got rid of it somehow."

Glyn breathed hard. Kangaroo pressed his chum's arm sympathetically.

"Never mind, old fellow," he murmured. "It—it really was too silly good to be true, you know."

Glyn did not heed him.

"Trimble, you villain—"

"Look here, draw it mild," said Trimble warmly. "I never had the sovereign. Racke would have had it back all right if he'd offered a reward. Pretty mean of Racke, I think, not to offer so much as half-a-crown for finding a sovereign. I'd have found it for him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You had it in your pocket!" roared Racke.

"It's pretty clear now," said Tom Merry. "Trimble had the sovereign on him, and he dropped it into Glyn's giddy mixture—"

"Bai Jove! It is clean enough now! Poor old Glyn!"

Racke chuckled.

"No wonder a quid's worth of gold was found in Glyn's mixture, after Trimble had dropped my sovereign into it," he said. "Would you mind handing it over, Glyn?"

Bernard Glyn drew a deep, deep breath. Without a word he took the nugget from his pocket, and handed it to Racke.

"Thanks," yawned Racke. And he walked away chuckling, with Crooke.

"Trimble—"

"I—I never pinched it," gasped Trimble in alarm. "I—I swear—"

"You fat rascal, you ought to be taken to the Head—"

"I never did!" howled Trimble. "I—I may have picked it up! I—I was going to find it for Racke—you fellows know I wouldn't have kept it. Only that beast Racke accused me of stealing it—just like that cad!—so I—I thought I'd better chuck it away. It was all Racke's fault. Glyn's rubbish happened to be handy, so—so I—"

"Leave him to me!" said Bernard Glyn.

"Yaroooooh!"

Glyn's golden dreams were gone. It was now clear that St. Jim's never would produce a trillionaire in the person of Glyn of the Shell. Glyn had only one solace left—to take it out of Baggy Trimble; which he proceeded to do with great energy.

Baggy Trimble had often been licked—though not so often as he had deserved. But this licking was a record. Indeed, it really looked as if there would be very little left of Baggy—only Glyn's chums seized him and fairly dragged him away.

Bernard Glyn did not pursue the secret of the transmutation of metals any further. The merriment of the whole House made him tired of the subject. He took up wireless instead—which was certainly a more promising occupation. And in his keenness on wireless the St. Jim's inventor soon forgot the disappointment of his hopeful dream of becoming a trillionaire.

THE END.

(Look out for a screamingly funny story of Tom Merry & Co. in next week's GEM, entitled: "UP AGAINST RATTY!" by Martin Clifford. You can only make sure of reading this magnificent yarn by ordering your copy well in advance.)

who was able to get hold of stories which his brethren, with all their sight, could not do.

But there was a long way to go yet. The following morning Don arrived outside Jim's home, and together the two had went down to the water-lade.

Don was obviously very nervous of what he was doing, though he did his best to conceal the fact from Jim.

They were, however, not disturbed, and they entered the evil-looking house, and descended into the cellar without anything happening.

"Here we are," whispered Don. "We are in the room now!"

Jim nodded.

"I know. There is the door." He pointed quite correctly. "Here is the table."

He felt it. "Yes, I know it all, now, Don. Where are you going to hide me?"

Don glanced about the room.

"This is the best place, I think, Jim."

He took his friend by the hand and led him to the far end of the room. There was a small cupboard, on the ground there.

"What is it?"

"A sort of cupboard," said Don quietly.

"There is a gas-meter in it; nothing else!"

"Is that a gas-meter?"

"Gas-meter! Does it turn the light in the room off, Don?"

Don started.

"Think so."

"Find out, Don."

The little fellow gave him a quick look of inquiry, but did what he said. The cellar was lighted by a swinging gas-lamp over the large table, at which Don had been the one sitting, and in a moment or two Don had discovered that by merely turning a handle in the meter it turned off the gas altogether.

"Good!" said Jim. "That is the business."

All right, Don. You get on with your work, and I—I will hide there when you are finished."

Don's job merely consisted of tidying the place up, and as it had been scarcely used at all for several days, this was not much for him to do this morning.

He swept the floor, however, placed the chairs in order around the table, and then turned to Jim.

"I'm finished, Jim," he said, "but I do hate to leave you alone down here."

Jim laughed.

"My dear chap," he said, "when you come down to tidy up to-morrow morning could I tell me fast asleep in the corner, with the best story in my head I've ever had. Put me in the place now."

Don took him by the hand.

"You'll get jolly stiff, Jim," he said.

"Perhaps I will, but never mind. As long as Jim went down, his hands and knees as he was directed by Don. A moment or so later he was in the small cupboard, and safely hidden from anyone coming into the room. Don had arranged a contrivance with a piece of cord, so that he could keep the door closed.

"All right?" asked Don.

"Fine!"

"Then good luck to you, Jim, and be careful!"

"Sure!"

So Jim's long wait began. He had prepared himself for everything, as far as he could tell.

He had had some food, a gun, which he had asked himself whether he could possibly use, and pencil and paper. Indeed, it was rather pathetic that he had brought with him everything that he would have needed, had he been here with the full use of his eyesight.

After a while he suddenly realised that the one thing he had not at all prepared himself for was the time.

He began to ask himself the time, to wonder how long he had still to wait. Of course, there was a chance that this evening there would be no meeting of the mysterious gang of Chinamen that were terrifying the good town of Wenchester; but he would have liked to have known how long he would have to wait.

Still, there was no help for it.

He must have fallen asleep.

Suddenly he awoke up with a start. He heard the sound of voices, and a moment later he heard a man speaking in English, and, with the quickened intelligence which had come to him since he had lost his sight, he recognised it as the voice of the big white man he had seen at the moment his sight had deserted him.

The words came to him quite distinctly.

"Now, are you all ready? He'll be here any moment now, and we don't want any mistakes. Inspector Campin is going to see who is boss of this shooting match."

Jim drew a deep breath. What was happening? Inspector Campin was, of course, a name he knew very well. He was a famous Scotland Yard detective, but the lad had had no idea that he had been put upon this job.

A few minutes passed, then suddenly there was the sound of a shot, a scuffle, oaths, and then a raucous laugh from the white man.

"Good-evening, Mr. Campin!" he said.

"Pity you came alone! Thought you had us!"

"Ah, it's you, Joe Dyke, is it? I thought as much! I knew you were up to your games again, and I thought you were at the bottom of all this trouble here. Well, what's the game?"

Jim could, of course, see nothing. Had he not been blind he could have seen nothing; but he could hear perfectly, and he was hearing enough to make his hair stand on end. Joe Dyke! The name was one to conjure with, indeed—a prince of villains.

He gave a gasp of surprise at the thought of every sort, a man upon whom the police had never succeeded in placing their hands, a man who had, nevertheless, with an almost insolent indifference to his own safety, left traces wherever he was likely to be found.

Jim heard him laugh.

"The him up, boys!"

There was a sound of further scuffling while the great sc struggled; but at last it was over, and there was silence again.

"Well, Campin, and so we have to settle several old debts!" said Dyke.

"I don't know that you owe me anything, Dyke!" said the 'tee' stoutly.

"You've caused me more trouble than any man living, and you have sent several of my best friends to prison for a considerable number of years. In the circumstances, I don't see why I should mind matters. Campin, you came down here tonight of your own accord—"

"To break up this fellow gang!"

Dyke gave an angry frown.

"They are all my men, Campin, and you ought to have some sense enough to have left alone, or to have come with a good deal of assistance. As it is, you have come alone, and alone you won't die!"

Jim caught his breath.

"Stand him up against the wall, boys!"

There followed the sound of struggling, and at last silence. Jim's heart was beating like fury by now. He must do something.

He only he could see to use the gun which he held in his hand.

His hand touched the handle on the gas-meter, and at the same moment he heard Dyke saying:

"Spit out your prayers, Campin," he said.

"I give you sixty seconds, then this gun is going off. Now, one—two—three—four—"

Jim let him get to forty, and, then, with celerity, he shot off the light, at the same moment jumping from his cupboard with a furious yell.

As he did so he let off his gun, aiming at the ceiling as far as he could judge; then he rushed in the direction of the detective.

The confusion in the room was terrible. Shots sounded out, men struggled, Dyke yelled orders, and already Chinamen were bolting for dear life.

Jim's hand was on his gun.

"It's no good, Dyke," he said, assuming as manly a voice as he could, "you—you are covered! Throw up your hands!"

"Got likely!" yelled Dyke.

He fire into the darkness, and was gone. Jim felt the shot pass his cheek.

Then something told him that he and Campin were alone. He stood silent, breathing hard. Then he moved forward, and a moment later he had touched Campin by the arm.

"That you, Mr. Campin?"

"Yes, it's me, all right!" murmured the detective. "But who in the name of fury are you?"

"I'm Jim; but you wouldn't know me. Can you walk?"

"Yes, I can walk, and that's all!"

"Then come along!"

"We had better get, Mr. Campin!"

"I can't see, though, boy—"

"That doesn't worry me!" said Jim.

He took the detective by the arm, and moved out of the cellar. He found his way without the least difficulty. They were in

the street in a few moments, and then Campin turned to the lad.

"You've saved my life, boy," he said.

"You had better come along with me to the police-station. Why—why, what is the matter? Why do you hold on to me like that?"

Jim gave him a sad smile.

"Well, Mr. Campin," he said, "you see, I am blind!"

Macdonald, the news editor of the "Citizen," in his shirt-sleeves, weary and disgusted, had just expressed the opinion that it was no good at all to hope to bring on a paper on the morrow. There was nothing to go into it.

"I've got a lot of half-wits for one day, who spoil more stories in one day than I need to fill the paper for a week!"

He looked up.

"Why, hello, Jim! What do you want at this hour of day?"

"I've got a story, sir!"

"-Rit!"

"A story about the Chinks. I can't see to write it, but if you don't mind I'll go down and tell it to you. I think it is a fairly good yarn."

The news editor stared and sat down, giving the lad a chair at his side.

Then Jim began to tell his story, and little by little Mac's eyes opened wider and wider, until at last he put out a hand, and, resting it on Jim's shoulder, said:

"Jim, you are engaged on the spot. This is a scoop, and we will be the only paper in England with it to-morrow morning. You are a good lad, and we'll find a decent job for you here in the town."

"Thank you, Mr. Macdonald!"

CHAPTER 4.

Dyke's Last Blow!

MACDONALD was as good as his word, and he had every reason to be, for the story which he wrote, after having got all the facts from Jim, made great sensation, and the "Citizen" was certainly the only paper to have anything in it.

The whole of England took it up, and there was soon a terrific outcry against Dyke and the Chinamen. People declared that the country should be rid of such pests.

And it was perhaps a couple of weeks after Jim had achieved this signal success, when he was coming out of the office one evening, that he felt himself touched on the arm.

"Why, Don, I wondered what had become of you!" Jim put out a hand, and gripped that of his faithful little friend. "What has happened to you?"

Don reached up quickly.

"Jim, I dare not stay. I think they suspect me already, and I'm clearing out to-night. I've got a job at sea, and I'm off to-night; but look out for me there—"

As he got no farther, there was a sudden shout, and the sound of a shot. The lad at Jim's side sank down on to his knees with a moan, and before Jim could do a single thing a man had leaped from a car, which dashed along the side of the pavement, and had snatched him up bodily into the first vehicle.

"Got him!" muttered a voice; and one among Jim recognised it as belonging to Dyke.

He did his best to fight, but there seemed to him to be at least half a dozen people in the back of the car, and the harder he fought the more they treated him, so that in a little he gave in, was bound hand and foot, and gagged.

They drove for a long way out into the country, as far as Jim could tell, and then stopped.

He was kicked from the car. His heart told him that they were at the side of the river which ran into Wenchester.

"Come along!" snarled Dyke. "We are going to turn you, young man!"

He was going to interfere with our little business!"

Jim was taken into a deserted warehouse. Of course, he could see nothing, but he was dragged along with many a cruel kick and blow, until at last he was standing against a wall, as far as he could judge, with Dyke and his men in front of him.

(Continued on page 23.)

START READING THIS GREAT RACING YARN NOW!



Rivals of the Racecourse!

BY
**ANDREW
GRAY.**

The Most Thrilling
Tale of the Turf
Ever Told!

To the Rescue!

CRACK! Bang! Crack!
The fifteen-foot thong of plaited rawhide lickered and curled and snapped, now here, now there, as any tempting target exposed itself.

"Say!" cried the American, punctuating every other word almost with a mighty bang and a cut of the lash that made his targets howl. "Say, now—crack!" "strangers!" Crack! "Just tell me—bang!" "what all this"—bang!—"variation bunny-hug is about, will you?" Crack! "Ef it's just a"—bang!—"friendly sort of a"—crack!—"fight," he continued, giving the bookmaker's pug this time a lick round the legs that tied him into a squirming, shrieking knot—"ef it's just an ornery sort of a rag-time snapping soiree even"—crack!—"it seems to me you've got too many on the pab! Eh, Mister Jellyface!" he demanded of the fat, blubbery man, cutting the crown of his bowler clean off the loom with one deft flick of his terrible whip.

That finished the mob, and drove them limping away. Besides, the ground was shaking to the third of galloping hoofs. Horse police were racing to the scene of the riot.

Unfortunately, Mat's American friend, not recognising those in the scurry as guardians of the peace, saluted the foremost officer with a beautifully-timed flick on his horse's nose.

The result was electrical, for the brute promptly reared on its hind legs, sending its rider tobogganing down over its tail, to smite the earth with a dull, hollow thud.

Meantime, the American realised what he had done. Jumping to where Mat stood watching in amazement, he caught his hand.

"So-tong, younker!" he said, for there was every reason for his clearing out before the other police arrived.

He came to a gasping halt, for he had recognized now to whose rescue he had come. It was Mat, who only a few minutes before had led him to believe that the Stunt was a sure winner that he would have backed himself to his last cent.

"No, don't go before I can explain!" cried the youngster.

But the policeman who had been tumbled down out of the saddle was already on his feet, breathing vengeance,

The other mounted constables were also thundering up. So, with just a grip of Mat's hand, the stranger tore himself free, forcing his way with masterful strides amongst the crowd.

Fortunately, the fallen policeman had only the haziest notion what had happened to him. His sergeant, moreover, had already set eyes on old Tom rising stiffly from the ground.

"Why, blest if that isn't Mr. Martingale, surely!" demanded the officer of Mat, astonished at seeing such a well-known character at this end of the course. "Yes; and I'm his son!" panted the youngster, still out of breath.

"Oh, are you?" was the dry reply. "Well, then, you'd better just give the tip to your gov'nor that the stewards have sent for him over the running of that horse of his—the Stunt."

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE!

LORD RIPLADE, late owner of the estates of Furdedown and the famous racehorse, Whiplash, the most-talked-of two-year-old of his day.

TOM MARTINGALE, his lordship's "trusted trainer and esteemed friend," and "gun'ner" of the renowned Furdedown training stables, in whose charge are sixty thoroughbreds, famous among them being the Stunt and Whiplash.

MAT MARTINGALE, his sixteen-year-old son, a true and trustworthy apprentice.

SCARFE, another apprentice, but an unscrupulous rascal.

SIR ROGER RACKSTONE, a mean and despicable scoundrel, and owner of the Stunt, a most unreliable racer.

The late Lord Ripplade had so willed that, should his property be unclaimed by his missing heir within one year of his death, the Whiplash colt was to become the property of Tom Martingale, providing the trainer was still at Furdedown. Failing this, it would go to Sir Roger Rackstone.

Realising the situation, Sir Roger Rackstone sets a plot in motion to get Tom Martingale hounded out of Furdedown.

The rascally apprentice, Scarfe, is instrumental in doping his horse, the Stunt, favourite in the big race at Sandown Park. The horse runs hopelessly last, and there is an immediate hue and cry for the trainer. Tom Martingale is unable to answer for the horse's utter failure, and, at a word of encouragement, the racecourse roughs advance threateningly upon him.

Young Tom is at his father's side in a moment, but the two are soon overwhelmed, and would have suffered a rough handling had not, just at that moment, a stranger in a cowboy hat appeared upon the scene, slashing about with a big stock-whip and scattering the roughs in all directions.

(Now read on.)

The Stewards' Meeting!

IT was a strange procession to the stewards' room under the grandstand. Here, almost before the Stunt had crawled past the post, the officials of the meeting came flocking, fuming with rage.

Such a flagrant case could not be overlooked. They must have trainer and jockey up before them at once—yes, and owner, too.

Sir Roger Rackstone, though, was already awaiting them, white with passion himself, as it looked.

Young Mat was still at his father's side. It did him good to notice how the old chap took a fresh grip of himself as he neared the stewards' room.

He passed in, and Mat followed in after him, bold as a lion. He had seen Sir Roger Rackstone there, taking a seat coolly beside the stewards, so he did not see why he should be kept out of it.

"Who is this youth?" demanded the chief steward, glaring at Mat just then. "And what is he doing here?"

"He's my son, sir," spoke up old Tom Martingale.

"Then turn him out!" was the prompt retort. "We don't want to examine him—not yet, at any rate."

"But if you wouldn't mind, sir—" old Tom began to plead.

The chairman, however, cut him short. "Out Mat must go at once," he said.

"Then I refuse!" was the youngster's flat answer, as he faced them with flashing eyes.

There was an astonished silence for a moment, and then someone laughed.

It was the gentleman who had expressed disbelief that a man like Tom Martingale could be guilty of this charge against him.

"That's one up against you, Beverly!" he twitted the chairman.

The latter glowered at Mat, as if still giving him a chance. But the youngster stuck to his guns.

"I'm Tom Martingale's son, as he says," he said stoutly; "and there's someone here who's going to tell a pack of lies against him—I know there is!"

He turned to Sir Roger, seated there with a sardonic smile on his hard, dark features.

"Oh, yes, you may laugh, sir!" Mat taunted him. "But, remember, I was

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present when you came bullying dad yesterday afternoon, and so was Scarfe there."

"Bullying your father!" exclaimed Sir Roger, jumping up. "What the dickens do you mean by that, you young viper?"

Mat hardly knew himself, as a matter of fact. He had made his shot at a venture, and it got home.

Some of the stewards suggested that he should be allowed to remain, and the chairman at last gave way.

"Call Sir Roger Backstone!" he commanded abruptly, and the baronet flounced on to his feet.

"You are the owner of the horse, the Stunt, that ran in the Coronet Stakes just now and finished last?" was the first query and Sir Roger bowed assent.

The chief steward reminded him of his win at Newbury, less than three weeks ago, against a much weaker field, and asked him to account for his horse's astounding failure to-day.

"Newbury was not my win, but the stable's, rather," answered Sir Roger, with sarcastic emphasis. "I had not a penny on the horse on that occasion. In the Stunt's first race at Kempton Park I backed it for two thousand altogether. Martingale, my trainer, assured me that it could not possibly lose."

"And that's a lie!" cut in old Tom satagely, only to be saluted by commands of "Order!" and "Silence!"

Sir Roger merely smiled. He proceeded to tell how, in the Stunt's second appearance at Newbury, he had resolved to "give him a miss." He did, with the result that the brute rolled home an easy winner.

"And you won nothing on the race?" demanded the chief. "You can prove that!"

"Absolutely! I had not asked a cent."

"And to-day?"

"After seeing Martingale yesterday, and receiving his assurance that the horse was in the pink of condition—as he certainly looked to be—I wagered, and lost another two thousand pounds."

"Very well," said the chief. "You said just now, though, that once you confronted Martingale to his face—"

"I would accuse him of tampering with the horse himself," struck in Sir Roger, finishing the sentence for him.

"And so I do!" he cried savagely. "I say that, to spite me, possibly, or to put money into his pocket, he drugged my horse deliberately in the early hours of this morning! And, as Scarfe, his apprentice, will tell you," he went on incisively, "he left his own master-key of the stable in the door behind him as a proof that he had been there to do it!"

Mat was simply thunderstruck. This was the first he had heard of the finding of the private key. His dad had not mentioned it, nor had Scarfe. Then, why?

It could only be a malicious fabrication on Sir Roger's part, and Mat bounded to his feet to hurl back the lie in his teeth.

"You cruel hound!" he cried, forgetting himself altogether in his rage. "Scarfe never told you anything of the sort, I'll swear! It's just a blackguard scheme of yours to ruin the dad. You swore to do it, for I heard you! But you shan't tell lies like this while I can stop you. Take that, you dirty villain!"

He landed out at their persecutor, and caught him in the chest. It was not as hard a punch as he could have wished, but the table was just behind Sir Roger, and backwards he went floundering across it.

The chief steward, who just failed to dodge an ebony cascade of ink descending over his immaculate trousers, jumped to his feet in a fury.

"Turn that young scoundrel out!" he roared to an attendant in the room; and the official, who was already skrimishing up to the delinquent, promptly grabbed Mat by the neck.

In vain the youngster lashed out, calling on Scarfe to rescue him, like a pal; but he had to go, and his exit was like a tornado.

The crowd, still hanging about outside, cheered derisively as he came waltzing out in the grip of the burly commissioner.

Warned Off!

DOWN the steps the pair came struggling, the commissioner twisting his diminutive quarry round preparatory to giving him a parting kick.

Out his foot shot with force sufficient to lift Mat flying over the grand-stand, one would have thought.

But already an iron hand had whisked Mat out of his clutch. The result was that the attendant booted nothing but thin, impalpable air, kicking so hard and so high that he kicked himself clean off his balance, and sat down with a thud on the doorstep.

This sent the crowd into such convulsions of laughter that when they looked for the boy again he had vanished.

Yes Mat was not far away. It was their mysterious friend in the coney hat and blue suit who had again come to his rescue in timely fashion.

Whether he was still carrying his terrible stockpile Mat could not see; but, if so, he must have hidden it somewhere down his back.

"Well, youngster," he said, as he twisted Mat round a corner of the grand-stand out of view, "been inside there—oh! The stewards sent for your old man, I hear, about the running of that horse of his—the Stunt. How's he getting on?"

Mat eyed the sturdy figure with a glare before replying. This young man was as blunt with his questions as he was sharp with his whip. After all, who was he?

"Oh, all right; don't get riled," said the stranger, reading the thoughts in Mat's mind. "It's your his, I know, not mine. Only I thought perhaps I could be of help. Anyhow—"

So, without pausing to reflect that he had never seen his new friend before until that afternoon, Mat sailed in promptly with the whole story as he had laid it yesterday from his dad.

Speaking his thoughts aloud seemed to help him to arrange them more clearly.

"And it's because Sir Roger will go Lord Ripplade's colt if dad is forced to give up Fuzedown that he is bringing this dirty, doping charge against him to-day!" he finished, with eyes ablaze at such treachery. "Once my pal's warned off the Turf, how can he help himself! His clients must leave him, and he will be ruined as a blow."

"Um!" said the stranger, tapping his clean-shaven chin. "Waal, that sounds mighty bad for your poppah, certainly. I don't know yet how we can save him."

"You can't—at least, I'm afraid not," answered Mat, wild with grief. "Sir Roger has worked it all too cleverly. And the cur has got a spy in our camp as well. That young beast Scarfe's going to back him up in his lie—I know he is! I always mistrusted him. I can see it all now!"

The incident of the dropped glove had come flashing back to him. Besides, Sir Roger's mention of the apprentice as a witness on his side was unmistakable. What would he not have given to be back there at the stewards' meeting, hearing what lies the young hypocrite was helping to pile up against his poor dad!

"And you say all this is simply Sir Roger's little dodge for getting Lord Ripplade's colt into his own hands when the year is up!" said his new friend mildly.

"Absolutely! It's his whole game."

"Waal, then," was the drawing reply, "it seems to me the best way to stop"



As the attendant's foot shot out an iron hand whisked Mat out of the way, with the result that the attendant lost his balance and landed on the doorstep with a thud.

his wheel for him would be to find the new Lord Ripdale and trot him along quick."

"Find him!" cried Mat bitterly. "Why, they've ransacked all North and South America for him, and can't get even that he is alive."

"Is that so? Well, but have they used me?" was the quiet response.

"You!" gasped Mat. "You don't mean to say—"

Before he could add another word, however, another fierce outburst of growling and hooting came echoing from the farther side of the grandstand.

Mat knew only too well what it meant. It was off like a rocket. The meeting of the stewards was over, and his dad was running out.

Yes, there he was in the doorway now, facing the mob, not valiantly, but like a beaten, broken man.

"Dad!" cried Mat, in dismay at the sight of the haggard face. "What's happened? Oh, tell me what they've done!"

But the old man's heart was too full to answer. He rested a trembling hand on his son's shoulder, and went down to meet the crowd.

"Booh! Yah!" rose the yell as the throng surged round him. A dozen constables leapt in to form an escort. "Go down the Stunt—eh? Out the old fraud! What 'ave they done to 'im?"

A second figure just then appeared on the top step to survey the scene with unalloyed triumph.

"Hurrah!" cheered some of the mob, recognising him. "Here's Sir Roger Rarkstone himself, who got done down, too! 'E'll tell us all about it. 'Ow much 'ave they given 'im, sir? 'Wot's he sentenced to?"

And Sir Roger, with a laugh and a wave of his glove, answered them:

"Warned off!"

Mat's Rescuer!

"YAH! Booh! Down the old swindler! Duck him in the horse-trough. Give 'im Stunt!" bellowed the boogymen, striking at the luckless trainer over the constables' shoulders.

Whether the police would ever have been able to get old Tom back to shelter it is difficult to say.

But just in the thick of it Mat heard a sound which sent him leaping.

Crack! Bang! Crack!

It was the stranger with the stock-whip, surely! He was bearing down to their aid once more, like the true sport he had shown himself to be.

"Yah-hip! Whoop-o!" he was yelling, his voice being accompanied by a succession of pistol-like reports and a jingling of harness and jangling of bells.

Mat could not for the life of him think what this vehicle was he was driving full tilt through the mob like a fire-engine.

Then, with everybody scattering for their lives, he suddenly found six prancing mules and a smart coach almost on top of him.

And there, aloft on the box was his pal in the cowboy hat, handling the ribbons like an artist.

No wonder the crowd rolled back gasping. For not only were the mules striped black-and-white like zebras, but the whole coach was slathered with glaring advertisements of "Kitchy Koo Hair Restorer," a new remedy for turning grey hairs black.

The striped mules were to be taken evidently as specimens of the efficacy of

the quick remedy, and possibly the two nigger footmen also, who sat perched on the seat behind.

At any rate, it was a most gaudy turnout, and, so far as Mat and his dad were concerned, arrived just in the nick of time. The plunging mules scattered both police and crowd like chaff.

Hauling his refractory team back on their haunches, Mat's new friend halted the coach in masterly style.

"Hallo, younker!" he sung out cheerily. "Got them galloons on to you again, I see. You'd better let me give you and your poppah a lift, I reckon. Come on!"

"Mat was nothing loth. "Yes; come on, dad!" he said, gripping his father's arm, "Up you get!"



As the runaway coach took the bend, the affable wheel-caps fouled a gate post. There was a crash, a smash, a ripping of harness, and a splintering of wood.

The old trainer, however, was for staying and seeing it through. His blood had been roused by the scrap. But Mat was determined.

He was sick with the sight of the place and the people. Moreover, he could see Sir Roger, with his silk topper crushed down on his ears, gesticulating away to a stout police-inspector, and evidently demanding his instant arrest.

"You don't want to have me run in, do you?" was Mat's forceful way of bringing his parent to his senses. "Because, if you do, you're going the right way about it, jabbering like this. Look! They're making for me now!"

Old Tom objected no longer, but made a jump for the wheel-cap, and clambered up on the coach. Mat was just a stride too late. For the commissionaire, who had been sneaking up unnoticed, suddenly made a plunge at his quarry.

He seized Mat by one heel, while old Tom as promptly laid on to his head. It was a regular tug-of-war, with half a dozen constables forcing their way through to the commissionaire's aid.

"Pull, dad!" urged Mat, quite scared. The stranger on the box, though, was quite equal to the occasion. Leaning over, he whirled his terrible whip through the air, and brought the lash clean across the shoulders of Mat's captor.

With a howl of anguish the fellow curled up like a worm on a hook. The policeman, rushing up behind, tripped on his nose, and, meantime, Mat was dragged up to the box-seat.

The coach had already started. The six-mule team sprang forward, urged on by explosive cracks of the stock-whip, and off they went at full gallop down the carriage-road and out of the racecourse gates.

But though the mule team had undoubtedly bolted, their intrepid driver seemed not to mind that in the least. He gave them their heads, and coolly began to tell his new friends the history of his queer coach and six.

"You see, I oughtn't to be down along these parts at all by rights!" he drawled, crossing his legs easily. "This yar's a sort of a kind of an advertisement turnout, and I'm hired to tool it round the London suburbs with these heck niggers behind distributin' handbills to an admiring multitudes!"

Mat took a backward glance at the ebony-featured footmen, to see how they were enjoying it. Never had he seen two more pathetic-looking objects in his life. There they clung, with eyes rolling and red lips gaping, quite sure evidently that their last hour had come.

"But, somehow," drawled their friend in the cowboy hat, "I heard 'bout these yar races at Sandown, and thought I'd come and see."

"Well, you've given your Kitchy Koo firm an advertisement which they couldn't have got if they'd offered a thousand pounds," laughed Mat, whose buoyant, boyish spirits were soon beginning to pluck up again. "Still, we can't
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let you lose your job driving us any farther."

The American, however, would not hear of setting them down yet. His train had steamed now into a swinging trot, bowling the coach along in rare style.

"I come over with these mules from Buene Ayres. Worked my passage as rattleman on a cattle-boat," he told them with engaging frankness. "Then Kitchy Koo bought 'em, and asked me whether I would drive 'em around town this way for five dollars a week. And I said 'Yep!' I'd only the dollars I'd saved on the passage, you see."

"And you lost those all on the Stunt, through that wretched remark of mine," Mat reminded him, with burning cheeks.

But the American only laughed kindly.

"Waal, waal, younker," he said, "what's a few dollars, eh, when a feller's young? Don't you get worrying your head 'bout that."

But Mat did, nevertheless. He had never felt meaner in his life. Their own crop of troubles came crowding back to him, though, and he was just about to ask his dad what had happened exactly at the stewards' inquiry, when a bellow from the coloured footmen behind announced that they really were being pursued in earnest.

The Smash!

A BIG car, at any rate, was coming tearing along behind them, whirling up clouds of dust. Mat and his father eyed it anxiously. They could see no signs of uniformed police in it, though; only the driver and a gentleman seated behind.

"Why, bless my eyes, it's Lord Dungarrin, that was at the stewards' meeting!" exclaimed old Tom, to whom evidently the name carried no fear. "Don't you remember, Mat?" he said. "The one who stuck up for you being allowed to remain. He, for one, doesn't believe these lies against me, I'll swear!"

By this time the car had come within hail, and, sure enough, his lordship waved his hand.

"I only wanted to let you see, Martin, that we had not all lost faith in an old friend," he sang out. "It'll take

more than I've heard yet to make me believe you're all the villain Racketone paints you."

"Thank 'ee, my lord! Thank 'ee for that!" answered old Tom brokenly.

"Oh, don't say it in that tone!" said Lord Dungarrin rallying. "Buck up, and remember that the case has got to go before the Jockey Club yet. You'll have plenty of time between this and then to get up your evidence. But farewell for the present," he said at parting. "You've got a rum-looking team there, I see, and my car will be bolting them if I don't look out."

Lord Dungarrin's eyes had travelled curiously to the queer figure on the box. Mat's new-found friend had pulled up his refractory team at the first hail. But the mules were still lunging and prancing, and it needed all his skill to keep them from dashing off again.

The American sat quite oblivious of his lordship's presence, apparently. All his attention was concentrated on his task, his hands outstretched, gripping the reins.

But, though the broad-flapped hat hid his face, Lord Dungarrin seemed to recognise something about him to make him start.

His eyes were fixed on the sinewy wrists thrust out from their sleeves. What there could be about them to so attract his attention Mat could not think.

Then suddenly the wind blew the flap of the sombrero aside, and now the eyes of the peer and the driver met. Each gave an involuntary start.

But before Lord Dungarrin could open his lips to speak the mules had put an end to whatever mystery there was about the meeting.

Off they went, squealing and kicking in a fresh stampede. The stranger seemed momentarily to have lost his grip of the reins, and when he had gathered them again it was too late.

A long descent lay before them, with a sharp hairpin turn at the bottom of the hill. Mat and his dad saw that a carcase was inevitable, and got ready to jump.

As for the two nigger footmen, they clutched one another round the neck and blubbered with terror. Even their intrepid driver had changed colour.

Down the hill they thundered, brakes squeaking, mules squealing, harness-bells jangling in one frenzied chorus.

"Will she weather it, d'you think?" shouted old Tom, pale as a sheet.

Mat was hanging on tooth and nail.

"Waal, can't say 'rasky,'" was the cool, calculating reply. "But if I was you two, now, I'd catch them niggers, and fall on 'em for mattresses, if we do tip up. It's just a notion like."

He had no time to say more, for the runaway coach was already flying the bend. A prodigious sideslip carried it clean across to the opposite bank. Even then a less top-heavy vehicle might have clawed through in safety.

But the Fuzzedown luck seemed regularly out that day. The offside wheel-caps fouled a gatepost. There was a crash, a smash, a ripping of harness, and splintering of wood.

All that Mat remembered was finding himself upside-down, embracing one of the nigger footmen in mid-air. Head-over-heels they went, to smite the soft green turf at last with a leaden thud.

Simultaneously, a third heavy body landed almost on top of them, and a double crash came from the direction of the hedge. After that nothing but a wild clatter of hoofs from the road fed into the distance.

Mat knew that he had no bones broken, and tried to scramble to his feet to go to the others' assistance. But there was his nigger still clinging to him, eyes shut and huge mouth open, belloving with fear.

"Gracious, massa, save me! I've falling! Boo-hoo!" he yelled.

Nor could Mat extricate himself from the black fool's clutches, kick and punch out as he would. At last, grabbing up a large handful of mud, he clapped it into the cavernous jaws.

The effect was perfect. Mat twisted himself free, and, with a last punch at the nigger's anatomy, ran to where his dad had pitched. The poor old chap had never stirred.

"My stars, don't say he's killed! Dad," cried the youngster piteously, raising the grey head on his knees, "speak to me!"

The American had also limped up by this time. He wrenched open the trainer's collar, and laid his hand over his heart.

"No, younker," he said softly; "he's still alive, though he's had a mighty bad toss, that's plain. But we must get him to a doctor's quick; and here's that light-toned friend of yours to give him a lift."



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