

SCHOOL YARNS WITH A PUNCH EVERY WEEK!

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EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The GEM 2^d

LIBRARY



WHAT GUSSY GOT FOR "LOOKING AFTER" A NEW BOY!

(Arthur Augustus D'Arcy bites off more than he can chew when he sets himself the task of "Looking After Angelo!" Read this grand story of St. Jim's—inside.)



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

A KIT WILDRAKE SERIES!

SO many GEM readers have written asking me for a series of Kit Wildrake stories that I have passed on the wheeze to Martin Clifford. Your favourite author is a very obliging chap, take it from me, so you Kit Wildrake "fans" can look forward to one of Martin Clifford's tophole series of stories within the next month or two. Meantime, there are some excellent programmes in store. Personally, I think Martin Clifford is at his best when he's handling a series: The theme develops with each week, and the interest of his readers reaches an extraordinary degree of keenness. That's as it should be—that's the spirit which has made the GEM and Mr. Martin Clifford two household words, so to speak. Look out then for the Kit Wildrake series.

WHY?

A reader from Liverpool sends me a very charming letter and winds up with a conundrum. Here it is: "Why is the First of September like the Boatrice?" Does that get you guessing? It certainly brought a wrinkle or two to my brow, but I think I can give a satisfactory answer if not the right one. How about this: "Because it is an 'Annual' fixture." Not bad, you will admit. Those of you who want a further explanation of my answer will see the merit of the reply if a glance is given to the advertisement beneath this chat. It deals, as you can see, with our two Annuals—"The Greyfriars Holiday Annual," and its young brother "The Hobby Annual." Now, both these excellent Annuals were on sale September 1st. In fact, they will appear in new guise on September 1st of every year. I wonder if my correspondent had this in mind when he gave me that conundrum?

WINNING THE TOSS!

A rather belated cricket query reaches me from a chum in Devonport, but as it is rather interesting, I have no hesitation in devoting a paragraph to it. The query is: "Have county captains any funny little ways of showing what they will do when they have won the toss?" I believe they have. Having searched amongst some cricket records—pinched from the "Magnet's" supplement files—I discover that Carr, for instance, plays an imaginary ball with an imaginary bat, to indicate that his side will bat first. Percy Fender, I believe, puts his hands on his hips and gazes skywards as if seeking inspiration, though he has made up his mind what he will do long ago. Arthur Gilligan, on winning the toss, always concedes with his defeated rival by patting him on the back and saying: "Bad luck, old fellow!" Now you know, my Devonport chum!

NEXT WEDNESDAY'S PROGRAMME:

"THE SCHOOLBOY AIRMAN!"

By Martin Clifford.

This winds up the excellent Angelo Lee series of St. Jim's stories which have proved so popular. You simply must be in at the death, you chaps, not that I am inferring that poor old Angelo meets with a sudden end—far from it. But he gets his wish, after all.

"WHITE EAGLE!"

By Arthur Patterson.

There will be another long instalment of this grand serial, boys, and you'll learn a bit more about young Hunks. He's rather a sport, isn't he?

TUCK!

More delicious Tuck Hampers will be awarded next week for prizewinning jokes. Now you should have a shot at winning one of these delicious Hampers. There's nothing like a good feed, you know. Use the coupon on page 16 of this issue to-day!

THE ST. JIM'S RHYMESTER!

Talking of feeding reminds me that in next week's bumper issue our poet will contribute another jolly little verse which has for its subject: "The Study Feed!" Does this make you hungry for next week's GEM? It ought to! Cheerio, chums,

YOUR EDITOR.



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PULLING THEIR LEGS! Several well-meaning fellows at St. Jim's set out to give Angelo Lee, the new boy, the benefit of their own experiences of school life. But it turns out that Angelo is more than capable of looking after himself.

LOOKING AFTER ANGELO!



CHAPTER 1.

Arthur Augustus Loses His Temper!

GWOUSIN', deah boy?" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of the Fourth, asked that question cheerily, as he came on Lee, the fellow in the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

Lee looked dismal.

He was standing near the steps of the School House, with his hands driven deep into his pockets, and a deep frown on his brow.

Judging by Lee's looks, most of the troubles in the universe had descended upon his youthful shoulders.

So Arthur Augustus kindly stopped to give him a cheering word.

Personally, Arthur Augustus could see nothing to grouse about that afternoon. Quite the reverse, in fact. It was a cold afternoon, but it was fine and sunny; it was a half-holiday at St. Jim's; the Grammar School fellows were coming over to play the junior team, and Arthur Augustus was down to play for School. So, from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's point of view, everything in the universe was exactly as it should be.

Angelo Lee, evidently, did not share that point of view.

He answered D'Arcy's cheery greeting only with a grunt, and continued to stare dully across the quad.

"What's the wow, old bean?" asked Arthur Augustus sympathetically. "You look awfully up against it."

Grunt!

"Knox of the Sixth been goin' for you again?"

"Blow Knox! No."

"Feelin' down because Mr. Lathom was waggin' you in class this mornin'?" inquired Gussy kindly. "But surely you are gettin' used to that, Lee. You have weally asked for it, you know."

"Blow Mr. Lathom!"

Arthur Augustus frowned slightly.

"Weally, Lee," he remonstrated gently, "it is wathah bad form to blow a Form-mastah."

Grunt!

"But what is the mattah?" persisted Arthur Augustus, determined to be kind. Gussy was feeling so merry and bright that afternoon, that he really could not tolerate seeing another fellow deep down in the dumps. "Pway tell me about it, deah boy. If you are in a difficulty, you know, you can wely on a fellow of tact and judgment."

Grunt!

"Can I do anythin' for you, old chap?"

"Yes!" grunted Lee.

"Give it a name, deah boy. What is it?"

"Take your face away."

"Eh?"

"And bury it," added Lee.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy breathed deep and hard. He

A Stirring Long Complete School Story, featuring Tom Merry & Co., and Angelo Lee, the extraordinary new boy of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

By Martin Clifford

had stopped to speak to Lee of the Fourth to cheer him up. For a moment he was sorely tempted to punch Lee's nose instead. Certainly, Angelo Lee's reception of his kind attention could not be called grateful or comforting.

Arthur Augustus controlled that impulse, however, and walked on towards the House with his noble nose in the air. Lee remained where he was, scowling into space.

But Arthur Augustus turned back, and rejoined the new fellow. Lee did not glance at him. It was clear that he did not even desire the noble company of the swell of St. Jim's. Gussy did not heed.

"Lee, deah boy," he said gently.

Grunt!

"Weally, you know, it is wathah wotten mannaahs to gwunt at a chap when he speaks to you, Lee."

Grunt!

"I wegard your mannaahs as howwid. Lee, and in fact, I do not approve of you at all," said Arthur Augustus. "You have been a geneval wowwy evah since you came to St. Jim's, and you have got all the mastahs and pwefects down on you, and you weally deserve it, you know. You have the feahful cheek to want to leave St. Jim's, which is evah so much too good for you. You are weally a discontented sort of beast, Lee."

"Oh, rats!"

"If you say wats to me, Lee—"

"Rats!"

Again Arthur Augustus breathed hard and deep. Again he resisted the powerful impulse to punch Angelo's nose.

"I am beginnin' to think, Lee, that what you want is a feahful thwashin'," he said warmly.

"Fathead!"

"And I have a gweat mind to give you one!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, his noble eye gleaming wrath through his eyeglass.

"Ass!"

Obviously, Angelo was not in a polite or courteous mood. Any other fellow, probably, would have left the discontented youth to himself. But Arthur Augustus had his reasons.

"Your mannaahs, Lee, would disgwace a Pwussian Hun," said the swell of St. Jim's. "But I am wesolved to stand your fwient."

"You needn't!"

"I have undahtaken to look aftah you at school, and see you thwough, you know, as fah as a fellow can."

"Like your cheek!"

"Tom Mewwy and Figgins have made the same pwomise, Lee."

"Like their cheek!"

"Is that what you call gwatitude?" inquired Arthur Augustus, with deep sarcasm.

"Br-r-r-r-r!"

"I do not wegard that as an intelligible wemark, Lee."

"For goodness' sake, D'Arcy, dry up," said Angelo impatiently. "Don't bother, there's a good chap."

"Do you wegard my wemarks as bothewin', Lee?"

"Yes."

"I am sowwy for that, as I am bound to go on with them," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "For you, personally, I do not care a wap—not a single, solitawy wap. But I was wequested to keep an eye on you at school, and I am goin' to do it, see?"

"Give us a rest!"

"My Cousin Ethel made the wequest," continued Arthur

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Augustus. "It appeals that Ethel chums with your sistah at school, and your sistah is wathah-anxious about you heah. So as Ethel has fwiends heah, she asked them to keep an eye on you, and see you thwough. She asked me, and Tom Mewwy, and Figgins of the New House. We're goin' to do it."

Lee grunted again impatiently.

"I don't know your Cousin Ethel, and never knew that my sister had spoken to her about me," he said. "And I don't want any looking after, and I won't have any. Give us a rest."

Lee moved away across the quadrangle, evidently to shake off the kind protector who refused to be denied. But Arthur Augustus, feeling that he had his duty to do, was not to be shaken off. He walked along by Angelo's side, still benevolent.

"You didn't want to come to St. Jim's," he went on. "That is excusable, as you did not know the place. Now you are heah you want to leave; and that is quite inexcusable, Lee, as you must be awah by this time that St. Jim's is the best place goin'."

"Ring off!"

"Now, my advice to you is—"

"I don't want your advice."

"I am goin' to give it to you, all the same," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "My advice to you is to make the best of it. Stop gwousin'. We are playin' the Gwammah School men to-day. Come along to Little Side and watch me shootin' goals, old bean. It will cheeah you up. You are not a bad footballah, and latak on, if you stick to the game, Tom Mewwy may be able to find you a place in the eleven. You may be picked to play for the House. Think of that."

"Rot!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Rot!" snapped Lee.

Arthur Augustus gazed at him. Really, Arthur Augustus did not know what to make of a fellow who looked on the chance of being picked to play football for his House as "rot."

"I'm kept in this afternoon," added Lee savagely. "I've got the second book of *Æneid* to translate as an imposition, and I'm gated every half holiday till it's finished. That's the trouble."

"Yaas, wathah! That is wathah wuff," said Arthur Augustus. "But you made the Head vewy wuffy, you know, and you weally asked for it. But you can come down and see the match all the same; it's all wight so long as you don't go out of gates."

Lee laughed scoldingly.

"Blow the match! I want to go over to Abbotsford to the air camp. My cousin Peter is there this afternoon with his plane. That's what I want. Blow your football matches!"

"Weally, Lee—"

"And I'm jolly well going, too!" added Lee, with a gleam in his eyes. "I'm fed-up! I'm going to cut detention to-day."

"That would be extwemely diswespectful to the Head, Lee."

"Oh, rot!"

"If you chawactewise my wemarks as wot, Lee—" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, his noble temper almost failing him.

"Utter rot!" said Lee. "Piffle!"

"Bai Jove! I—"

"Oh, sheer off!" exclaimed Lee irritably. "Isn't it bad enough without your chin-wag. Let Blake and Herries and Dig have your cackle—they're your friends, and bound to stand it. Give me a rest!"

"You cheekay wottah!" roared Arthur Augustus, quite losing his noble temper now, and utterly forgetting that his original intention had been to cheer up the discontented junior. "I will not give you any more chin-wag, you wank outsidah. I will give you a feahful thwashin'. Put up your hands, you cheekay cad!"

Lee jumped back.

"Look here, you ass—"

He had no time for more. Arthur Augustus was coming on like a whirlwind, and Angelo Lee had to put up his hands. And the next moment there was a terrific scrap in progress.

CHAPTER 2.

Thankful!

TOM MERRY stared.

Tom was strolling in the quad after dinner with Manners and Lowther of the Shell, discussing the forthcoming Grammar School match. The three Shell fellows noticed Lee and Arthur Augustus in the distance.

tance, without giving them any particular attention; but they sat up and took notice, so to speak, as Arthur Augustus hurled himself upon Angelo. Tom stared blankly—and Manners stared—and Monty Lowther grinned.

"Gussy's lost his jolly old temper!" remarked Monty.

"That fellow Lee is enough to make any chap lose his temper," said Manners. "Lots of fellows are fed up with him."

"But Gussy is his giddy protector!" chuckled Lowther.

"Didn't Gussy join up with Tommy and Figgy in promising Cousin Ethel to look after him, and see him through. Is this how Gussy does it?"

Manners laughed.

"This won't do!" said Tom Merry. "This isn't the way for Gussy to keep fit for a football match. Come on, you chaps."

Tom Merry ran towards the combatants. Manners and Lowther followed him, still laughing. From another direction, Blake and Herries and Digby of the Fourth came speeding up. It was but seldom that the good-natured, good-tempered swell of St. Jim's was engaged in a scrap-ping match, and the sight of it surprised his friends.

"Gussy!" shouted Tom. "Chuck it!"

Tom was concerned in the matter, as junior football captain. He did not want one of his forwards knocked out in a scrap just before a match. Neither was it quite the thing for a St. Jim's man to carry a black eye or a swollen nose upon the football-field when meeting a team from another school.

But Arthur Augustus did not heed.

His noble ire was roused, and he was going for Angelo Lee hammer and tongs. Angelo was standing up to it well, and Gussy certainly received as good as he gave. Indeed, it was rather doubtful which of the combatants would receive the "fearful thrashing," if matters went to such a length.

"Stop it, I tell you!" shouted Tom.

And as Gussy still did not heed, Tom grasped him by the shoulders and dragged him backwards by main force; what time Manners and Lowther pinioned Angelo Lee and jerked him away.

Arthur Augustus struggled in the grasp of the captain of the Shell.

"Welease me, you ass!" he shouted.

"Gussy—"

"I am goin' to thwash that cheekay wottah!" roared Arthur Augustus.

"Can it!" said Blake, coming up rather breathlessly with Herries and Dig. "Keep your wool on, Gussy!"

"I wefuse to keep my wool on—I mean—"

"What on earth's the row?" asked Herries.

"That cheekay wottah—"

"That silly ass—" said Lee.

"Oh, you shut up, Lee!" interrupted Blake.

"Let me go, you silly owls!" said Angelo, wriggling in the powerful grasp of Manners and Lowther. "Do you hear, you chumps?"

"Tom Mewwy, I ordah you to welease me!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "I am goin' to finish thwashin' that wottah!"

"My dear man, you couldn't do it in three terms!" said Lee.

"Bai Jove, I—I—I—" Arthur Augustus spluttered with wrath. "Tom Mewwy, if you do not welease me at once I shall hit you."

The captain of the Shell tightened his grip.

"No scrapping now, Gussy," he said cheerily. "Have you forgotten that you're booked for football in an hour's time?"

"Bai Jove! Yaas! But that doesn't mattah! It will take me only a few minutes to thwash that cheekay wottah."

"Do you mean a few years?" inquired Lee.

"Bai Jove, you cheekay outsidah—"

"You've been told to shut up, Lee," said Blake. "Now I tell you again."

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"You talk too much, dear boy," said Lowther. "Jerk him this way, Manners, old man, and tap his head on this tree."

"Good egg!"

Angelo struggled fiercely; but the two Shell fellows jerked him easily enough to the elm. His head was tapped there—hard! In fact, it was banged; and there was a terrific yell from Angelo.

"That enough?" inquired Monty.

"You rotters!" roared Angelo.

"Give him another."

Bang!

"Oh! Ow! Ooooh!"

"That's better," said Blake approvingly. "You mayn't be aware of it, Lee, but new kids are not allowed to be cheeky to their betters."



"You talk too much, dear boy," said Lowther. "Jerk him this way, Manners, old man, and tap his head on this tree." "Good egg!" Angelo struggled fiercely; but the two Shell fellows jerked him easily enough to the elm. His head was tapped there—hard! In fact, it was banged; and there was a terrific yell from Angelo. "Yaroooh!" (See Chapter 2.)

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Now, what's the row about, Gussy?" asked Tom Merry soothingly. "You can't fight Lee now, you know; you won't feel like footer after a scrap with him. And we're relying on you for goals, you know."

The soft answer turneth away wrath. Arthur Augustus ceased to struggle in the junior captain's grasp.

"If you put it like that, Tom Mewwy—"

"I do!" said Tom solemnly.

"Vewy well, deah boy; I will thwash Lee aftah the Gwammah School match," said Arthur Augustus. "Now welease me—you are wumplin' my jacket."

"Will you let me go, you silly idiots?" asked Angelo Lee, addressing Manners and Lowther in concentrated tones.

"Not in the least, dear man," said Lowther urbanely. "You're safer held, I think. What are you rowing with old Gussy for?"

"The silly owl rowed with me," growled Lee.

"The fact is, deah boys, the cheekay wottah got my wag out," confessed Arthur Augustus. "Howevah, you can let him go. I will not thwash him till aftah the Gwammah School match."

"So you're going to thrash him?" grinned Dig.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Is that how Cousin Ethel asked you to take care of him?"

"Oh, bai Jove!"

"It's not a bad idea," said Lowther. "Probably a thrashing will do him good. But is that what Ethel meant?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus crimsoned. In his just wrath, he had quite forgotten that his role was that of a protector to the new junior. It was not improbable that a licking would have done Angelo good. But certainly that was not what Cousin Ethel had contemplated when she had asked the chums of St. Jim's to help Angelo through at his new school.

"Bai Jove! I—I seem wathah to have forgotten myself, you know," said Arthur Augustus. "But weally, that chap is enough to pwovoke a saint. Howevah, I shall certainly

not thwash him, now you have weminded me. In fact, I express my wegwet for havin' pitched into you, Lee."

"It doesn't matter, fathead!"

"In the cirts, Lee, I shall ovahlook your cheekay, wotten conduct, and continue to keep a friently eye on you."

"Better not," said Lee. "You may get my fist in your friently eye, if you bother me any more."

"Weally, you wottah—"

"Cheeky!" said Lowther. "Give him another tap."

Bang!

"Yaroooh!" roared Angelo.

"I feah that he is wathah a thankless beast," said D'Arcy. "But I am bound to wemembah that I pwomised Cousin Ethel to see him through. I shall continue to do so, in spite of his feahful cheek."

"You silly chump—" began Angelo.

Bang!

"Whoop!"

"Will you have another?" inquired Monty Lowther politely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Angelo Lee struggled desperately in the grasp of the two Shell fellows. But Manners and Lowther kept his arms pinioned securely. Angelo was a sturdy youth, but he was helpless in their grip.

"Now," continued Lowther, "I'm afraid Gussy is right in saying that you are rather a thankless beast, Lee. You don't like St. Jim's; you turn up your silly nose at a school that is a million times too good for you; you rag old Gussy when he's looking after you with his best bedside manner."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"But fellows come to St. Jim's to learn manners, among other things," said Monty. "We're the fellows to teach you. Now thank Gussy nicely for taking such a kind and fatherly interest in you."

"You silly chump—"

Bang!

Angelo's head tapped hard on the trunk of the elm again, and Angelo roared.

"Say when," said Monty cheerily.

"You—you—you—" gasped Angelo.

"You haven't thanked Gussy yet."

"Let go!" yelled Angelo.

"Thank Gussy nicely," urged Lowther. "Thank him for his kind and grandfatherly care of you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Otherwise, we shall have to tap you again. Don't mind us—we can keep it up as long as you do."

"With pleasure," grinned Manners.

"I—I—" gasped Angelo.

"Are you going to thank Gussy?"

"No!" yelled Angelo.

Bang!

"Yoooooop!"

"Better cough it up," chuckled Blake. "You'll damage that elm soon. Chaps ain't allowed to damage the trees in the quad."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Waiting for you, Lee," chirruped Monty Lowther. "Give him another to get him going, Manners."

"Hold on!" gasped Lee. "I—I—I thank you, D'Arcy!" There was no help for it. The elm was not, as Blake suggested, showing any signs of damage yet; but Lee's head was beginning to feel very damaged.

"That's better," said Lowther approvingly. "Mention that you're very much obliged for Gussy's fatherly interest in you."

"I—I—" stuttered Angelo, while the juniors roared with laughter, and even Gussy's noble face relaxed into a grin.

"Give him—" began Monty.

"Hold on, D'Arcy! I—I—I'm very much obliged for your—your fatherly interest in me!" gasped Lee.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pway don't mench, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus graciously. "It's all right."

Manners and Lowther released the new junior. Angelo gave them an infuriated glare, not looking in the least thankful.

"You silly dummies!" he bawled.

"Hallo, he wants some more!" exclaimed Lowther.

"Collar him!"

Angelo jumped back and dodged.

"After him!" shouted Blake.

Angelo fled through the elms, leaving Tom Merry & Co. roaring with laughter.

CHAPTER 3. Very Important!

GEORGE FIGGINS, of the New House, was lacing his football boots, when a School House fag looked into his study. The fag was Wally of the Third, the younger brother of the great Arthur Augustus.

"Figgins here?" asked Wally, looking round. "Oh, here you are, kid!"

Figgins gave him a glare.

"Kid" from a Third Form fag to a Fourth-Former was sheer, unadulterated cheek.

"Kick that insect out, you fellows!" said Figgy, addressing Kerr and Fatty Wynn, who were in the study.

"Pleasure," said Kerr.

"Hold on, it's a message!" said D'Arcy minor cheerfully. "None of your New House rags, you lads. Message for you, Figgy."

"Cough it up, then, and clear," said Figgins.

"You're wanted," said Wally of the Third.

Figgins looked anxious. The Grammar School footballers were almost due, and Figgins, of course, was playing for St. Jim's. Figgy did not want to receive any messages just then.

"Not Ratty?" he exclaimed.

"Mr. Ratcliff wouldn't send a School House fag with a message," said Fatty Wynn.

"No, that's so. I say, the Head doesn't want me, surely?" exclaimed Figgins.

"Bigger gun than the Head wants you, old man."

"What?"

So far as the New House trio were aware, there was no bigger gun than the Head of St. Jim's.

"My major!" explained Wally.

"You silly young ass!" ejaculated Figgins, in great relief.

Wally of the Third chuckled.

"Gussy sent me over to tell you," he said. "It's important—at least, Gussy says it is, and he ought to know. Of course, it was like his cheek to ask me to bring a message; but he stood me a cake, so I was on. Man must oblige a fellow who shells out a cake. Gussy wants to speak to you in Study No. 6 in the School House, Figgy."

"Let him want," said Figgins cheerily. "I'm going down to Little Side as soon as I've got my boots on."

"Gussy says it's important."

"That's all right—I don't mind."

"Shall I tell him you're not coming, then?" asked D'Arcy minor. "I don't mind at all, old bean; but he will expect some answer."

"Just that!"

"Queer—Tom Merry said just the same, when I gave him the message," grinned Wally of the Third. "Nobody seems keen on confabbing with old Gussy in his study. He's looking as serious as a boiled owl, though."

"Let him!" said Figgins cheerily. "No time for jaw now. Tell him I'm not coming; and if you wait a few secs., till I've laced my boot, you can tell him also that I kicked you as far as the stairs."

"Bow-wow!"

Wally of the Third departed in haste, evidently not desiring to have that added message to carry to his major.

George Figgins having finished adjusting his boots to his satisfaction, Figgins & Co., went down, and walked out of the New House. The footballers were gathering on Little Side now, and Figgins & Co. were always early on such occasions.

"Hallo, there's that ass Lee!" remarked Fatty Wynn.

"Looks chippy, doesn't he?" said Kerr.

Figgins & Co. glanced at Lee, who was "mooching" about with a glum look on his face. Undoubtedly, Angelo was not in chippy spirits that afternoon. Figgy tapped him cheerily on the arm, and Angelo glanced at him glumly.

"Cheerio!" said Figgins brightly. "Coming along to see the game?"

"Rats! No."

"Still grinding at the *Æneid*?" asked Kerr, with a smile.

"Yes, blow it!"

"How far have you got?"

"About two hundred lines done, so far," grunted Angelo. "I believe there's nearly a thousand in the lot."

"Just over eight hundred," said Kerr. "Heftiest impot I ever heard of. Still, you asked for it."

"Oh, rats!"

"Chuck it while the game is on, and come along and see the football," said Fatty Wynn. "It will buck you up."

"Rot!"

"Eh?"

"Mustn't say rot, when you're talking to members of the cock-house of St. Jim's," said Fatty Wynn. "Bump him!"

"Look here—" howled Lee.

Figgins & Co. playfully collared him, and bumped him in the quad. They left Angelo gasping for breath, as they walked on cheerily to the football ground.

Tom Merry was there, looking very bright and cheery. Most of the members of the junior eleven had gathered there; but Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was conspicuous by his absence. Apparently the swell of St. Jim's was still waiting in his study, for the fellows who were not coming.

"Isn't D'Arcy playing?" asked Figgins.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Tom. "He's in the team. Plenty of time yet—the Grammarians haven't arrived."

"If he's standing out, you might do worse than play another New House man!" suggested Figgins.

Grunt, from Blake of the Fourth.

"Might do worse?" he asked.

"Yes!" said Figgins warmly.

"But not much worse!" said Blake.

"Look here, you School House ass—"

"Order!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "No House rags now. Gussy is playing—he will be on time. He doesn't have to select a necktie or polish a silk hat for a football match."

"Here he comes!" said Talbot of the Shell.

"He's not changed!" exclaimed Figgins. "Now, if he isn't playing, Tommy, you just shove in Owen, of my House."

"What about Herries, of our House?" interjected Blake.

"Nothing about Herries," said Figgins. "You see—"

"Less than nothing about Owen," said Blake. "You see—"

"Herries can keep goal, after a fashion," said Figgins. "He can't do anything else; and Fatty's keeping goal to-day."

ANSWERS

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"Well, Owen can't keep goal!" said Blake. "He can't even keep white mice."
 "You silly School House ass—"
 "You silly New House fathead—"
 "I jolly well think—"
 "My dear man, that's a mistake; you don't! You can't think in the New House," said Blake, shaking his head.
 "Why, you—you—"
 "Order!" bawled Tom Merry. "Stop your ragging, you duffers. The Grammarians will be here in a few minutes. Gussy, you champion ass, why haven't you changed?"
 Arthur Augustus D'Arcy arrived on the spot in his usual

"Jolly mysterious!" said Blake. "Have you lost your latest silk hat?"
 "Certainly not."
 "Somebody trodden on your new necktie?"
 "No, you ass."
 "Then what can the matter be?" asked Blake. "Nothing else that can have happened would be important."
 "Wats!"
 Tom Merry and Figgins, rather mystified, but obliging, stepped aside with Arthur Augustus, to hear his important communication. They were smiling; but Arthur Augustus was very serious.

CAMEOS OF SCHOOL LIFE!

SPEECH DAY!

*This is a day of stirring scenes,
 When sisters, aunts, and cousins,
 In autocars and limousines,
 Plock to St. Jim's in dozens.
 When every greybeard makes a
 speech
 (Wish they could be pre-
 sented!)
 With half a dozen words from
 each
 We should be quite contented!*

*St. Jim's becomes a talking-shop
 On this select occasion;
 The speakers simply will not
 stop—
 They're deaf to all persuasion!
 The worst offender, Colonel
 Power,
 Is an unwearied speaker;
 He jaws for half a dozen hours
 Before his voice gets weaker!*

*The Head, in majesty and state,
 With prizes piled before him,
 Upon the platform has to wait,
 But nothing seems to bore him!
 Then, when the speechifying's
 done,
 He makes the presentations;
 The winners go up, one by one,
 For his congratulations.*

*Dick Julian takes the Founders'
 Prize,
 And well deserves the credit.
 He swotted hard, you realise—
 My goodness, how I'd dread it!
 Both long and late he had to
 toil;
 I marvel how he stuck it.
 They say he burned the midnight
 oil—
 Well, almost by the bucket!*

*Tom Merry also takes a prize,
 A large and ponderous tome,
 Written by someone wondrous
 wise,
 Dealing with "Ancient Rome."
 Tom staggers with his bulky
 book,
 And cheers he gets in plenty;
 But he'd feel happier if he took
 A pirate yarn by Henry!*

*Talbot and Blake and Bernard
 Glyn
 Are all among the winners;
 And there's a book for Fatty
 Wynn—
 "How to Cook First-class
 Dinners!"
 Yes, Speech Day is a cheery day
 For all the sweets and scholars;
 Duffers and dunces, sad to say,
 Find it a day of dolours!*



immaculate attire, and with a pink complexion. He seemed wrathful.

"I sent my minah with a message, tellin' you to come to my study to discuss a vewy important mattah."

"That's all right; I got the message," assented Tom Merry.

"Same here!" said Figgins.

"You did not come to Study No. 6!"

"No; we don't seem to have!" grinned Figgins. "But never mind, Gussy—wag your chin here till the Grammarians come. After that, of course, you will have to stop for ninety minutes. I hope it won't give you a pain."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Figgins—"

"What's the awfully important matter, Gussy?" asked Tom Merry, laughing. "You can tell us here, I suppose."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy frowned at the grinning footballers. Obviously, no one but Gussy supposed that Tom and Figgins had been summoned to Study No. 6 for an awfully important discussion. Nobody knew what the matter was, but nobody supposed that it was important—excepting Gussy.

"Go ahead!" said Figgins encouragingly.

"Pway, step aside with me," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity. "It is a mattah concernin' only us thwee."

"Well, cough it up," said Tom. "The Grammar School men will be here soon, you know."

"Yaas, I know. I suppose you could ask Talbot to captain the side to-day, Tom Mewwy."

Tom stared.

"I could!" he assented.

"That's all wight, then."

"But I'm not going to," added Tom.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"What are you drivin' at, if you are driving at anything in particular?" inquired the captain of the Shell.

"Figgins can be weplaced in the team," said Arthur Augustus. "Hewwies, of my study, would be a good man, I think."

"Think again!" suggested Figgins.

"Weally Figgins—"

"The poor chap is wandering," said Figgins sympathetically. "Better not think of playing him to-day, Tom. Owen, of my House—"

"The fact is, dear boys," said Arthur Augustus, "that it will be necessawy for us thwee to stand out of the football to-day. I am sowwy—but there it is! Can't be helped, you know."

And Tom Merry and Figgins stared blankly at the swell of St. Jim's.

CHAPTER 4.

Only Gussy!

TOM MERRY found his voice first.
 "Stand out of the football!" he repeated.
 "Yaas, wathah."
 "And why, you howling ass?"
 "Catch me standing out of the footer!" said Figgins, staring. "Are you off your rocker?"
 "I twust not, Figgins."
 "Then what do you mean, if you mean anything at all?"
 "Cousin Ethel—"
 Figgins' manner changed at once.
 "Is Ethel coming?" he exclaimed.
 "Not that I am awah of."
 "Oh! Then what—"

"Pway allow me to finish, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus. "You wemembah that Cousin Ethel requested us thwee to look aftah that chap Lee, the new kid in the School House?"

"I know that," grunted Figgins. "We've done all we can. Only ten minutes ago I bumped him for being cheeky."

"Bai Jove!"
 "And you serapped with him yourself, just after dinner, Gussy," said Tom Merry, laughing. "I'm sure that Lee can't complain that he hasn't been attended to to-day."

"The fact is, deah boy, that the fellow is wathah an ungwateful beast," said Arthur Augustus. "He has the cheek to want to leave St. Jim's and go into twainin' as an airman. Of course, it's quite wight and wpopah to want to be an airman. We shall want a lot of airmen in the next war, and I have thought of takin' it up myself, you know, latah on, if I could get a weally definite assuwanee that a chap could handle a plane without wuinin' his clothes. That blinkin' ass, Lee, howevah, wants to be bunked from the school—anythin' to get away. It is vewy wemarkable, but there it is—and as we have pwomised Cousin Ethel to look aftah him, we cannot allow it. Now, Lee has to wemain within gates till he has finished that twemendous impot the Head gave him. But he is goin' to bweak detention this aftahnoon, to go ovah to the air camp at Abbotsford. He admits it."

"He won't be bunked for that," said Figgins. "He will get a flogging, and serve him jolly well right!"

"The Head knows his little game, and won't play up," said Tom Merry. "All Lee will gain by kicking over the traces is a licking. If he asks for it, let him have it."

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Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"But a Head's floggin' is wathah sewious," he said. "And we pwomised Cousin Ethel to look aftah the sillay ass, you know. My ideah is for us thwee to pwevent him from bweakin' detention this aftahnoon, see?"

"My only hat! And give up the football for that?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Fathead!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Ass!" said Figgins.

"I wefuse to be called an ass, Figgins! I considah that I am bound to look aftah Lee, as I have pwomised Cousin Ethel."

"Not to that extent," said Tom, laughing. "Catch me cutting a School match to save a fathead like Lee from a flogging. Not to save his jolly old life!"

"And that's what you had to tell us, was it?" asked Figgins.

"Yaas."

"Well, of all the silly chumps—"

Figgins walked back to the footballers. Evidently Figgins did not intend to give Gussy's suggestion any serious consideration. Certainly, Cousin Ethel had asked him to help Angelo Lee on at his new school; and Figgins was ready to play up manfully. But cutting a School match to save a wilful fellow from a licking was an idea that could only have occurred to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

Arthur Augustus turned his eyeglass upon the retreating form of George Figgins.

"I suppose that means that Figgins wefuses!" he said.

"I suppose it does!" chuckled Tom Merry. "And the same applies to my unworthy self, old bean!"

"In that case," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity, "I shall have to stand out of the football myself, Tom Mewwy, and wely on my own tact and judgment to save that howlin' ass from makin' a fool of himself!"

"Oh, give it a miss, Gussy!" said Tom. "We want you in the front line, you know. If you mean it, I'll give Wildrake a chance. But you're rather an ass, you know, old man!"

"Wats!"

"Well, are you standing out?" asked Tom. "You can, if you like, of course—and there's the Grammarian brake. Yes or no?"

"I feel it my dutay to stand out, Tom Mewwy, on this occasion, unless, of course, you feel that I cannot possibly be spared. If my standin' out means an uttah defeat for St. Jim's, of course—"

"That's all right; it doesn't."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Please yourself, old bean!" said Tom, laughing.

"It is not a question of pleasin' myself, deah boy, but of doin' what I wegard as my dutay," said Arthur Augustus loftily. "In the cires, Tom Mewwy, I shall stand out."

"Done!" said Tom; and he hurried away and called to Wildrake of the Fourth, who promptly changed into footer outfit. The Canadian junior was glad enough of a chance in a School game.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy stood with a very thoughtful expression on his aristocratic face when the footballers lined up for the game. He had made a sacrifice—a very great sacrifice. He was very keen on playing for School that bright afternoon. He was very keen indeed. Also, he nourished a secret conviction that he was much more indispensable in the team than the junior football captain supposed.

But duty was duty, he reflected. Having undertaken the somewhat onerous task of looking after Lee, Arthur Augustus was going to give up his half-holiday to that task. Angelo was already in the black books of all the masters and prefects at St. Jim's; and if, on the top of his other offences, he deliberately left the school after being "gated" by the Head, the consequences were certain to be very serious. Angelo was playing for the sack from St. Jim's; and the Head, being aware of it, it was unlikely that Angelo would be gratified. But a record flogging was likely to be his reward. And indeed it was possible that the headmaster would become "fed" with the troublesome junior, and would turn him out of the school. Having, at Cousin Ethel's request, taken the fellow under his protectin' wing, Arthur Augustus was determined that it should not come to that if he could prevent it.

But he was slow to leave the football ground.

Without his own noble person in the front line, he was doubtful of the chances of Tom Merry's team. He gazed at the game with anxiety after the whistle went.

But his anxious brow cleared at last.

The St. Jim's forwards got away in great style, and the Grammarians failed to hold them. A pass by Wildrake, the new recruit, gave Tom Merry a chance, which he improved at once. In the first ten minutes of the game Tom

found the net, and there was a jubilant roar from the St. Jim's crowd.

"Goal!"

"Bai Jove! That was weally a wippin' goal!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "They are gettin' on all wight."

And the swell of St. Jim's reluctantly quitted the football ground to give a fatherly eye to Lee of the Fourth.

Angelo, just then, should have been in his study, or in the Form-room, grinding at his interminable task of translating the second book of the *Aeneid*. Arthur Augustus considered it more likely that he was making his preparations for breaking school bounds. Wally of the Third was loafing near the House steps, with his chums, Manners minor and Levison minor, and Arthur Augustus called to him.

"Is Lee in the House, do you know, Wally?"

"Who's Lee?" asked Wally cheerily.

"The new kid in the Fourth, deah boy."

"The Fourth?" repeated Wally, with a wink at his comrades. "What's the Fourth?"

"You young ass!"

"Lee's gone out," said Levison minor.

Arthur Augustus jumped.

"Oh, bai Jove!"

It had not occurred to Gussy's powerful brain, while he was discussing Angelo with Tom Merry and Figgins, that Lee might have cleared off in those very moments.

"Gone out?" he repeated.

"He passed us a few minutes ago," said Frank Levison.

"Oh! Only a few minutes! Good!"

Arthur Augustus turned and raced away to the school gates. They stood wide open, as was usual on a half-holiday. Taggles, the porter, was adorning the doorway of his lodge, and D'Arcy called to him breathlessly:

"Has Lee of the Fourth gone out of gates, Taggles?"

"Which he ain't," said Taggles.

"Good! Have you seen him?"

"Which I have," said Taggles stolidly. "And it being 'Ead's horders that Master Lee was gated, I turned him back, and you can tell him from me, Master D'Arcy, that he won't get out of this 'ere gate."

"Which way did he go, Taggles?"

"Not 'aving noticed, can't say," answered Taggles. "But I knows that he didn't go out of gates, and I knows that he ain't a-going to, neither."

Arthur Augustus scudded away again. He headed for a secluded portion of the school wall, screened by thick trees, where a slanting oak made the wall easy for a climber. It was a spot well known to St. Jim's juniors, and if Lee had learned about it, that was the spot where his protector was likely to find him, if Lee was determined to break bounds.

"Bai Jove!"

Gussy's surmise was correct.

He arrived rather breathlessly under the slanting oak, in time to see Angelo Lee just pulling himself from the slanting trunk of the oak to the top of the wall, hidden by the thick branches from all eyes, excepting Gussy's. A moment more, and he would have been gone.

But a moment was enough. It was a time for action, not for words. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy acted promptly.

He made a jump after Lee, and caught him by the ankle.

"Oh!" gasped Angelo.

The sudden drag on his ankle dragged Lee away from his hold on the wall. He came down with a rush.

"Yawwooop!" roared Arthur Augustus, as the falling junior landed on his head.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Gwoooogh!"

And Arthur Augustus was strewn on the ground, with Lee of the Fourth sprawling wildly over him.

CHAPTER 5.

D'Arcy Does His Duty!

ANGLO scrambled up dazedly.

The sudden and unexpected fall had dazed him, and he hardly knew where he was or what had happened.

He staggered against the oak, gasping for breath. Arthur

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Augustus, who had had rather the worst of the tumble, lay on the ground, and gulped and spluttered. Most of the wind had been knocked out of Gussy's noble person by Angelo bumping on him from the wall.

"Oh!" gasped Angelo, as he recognised D'Arcy. "You! You silly owl! What did you yank hold of me for, you blithering, burling cuckoo?"

"Gwoooogh!" spluttered Gussy.

"You silly fathead, playing fag larks on a fellow!" yelled Angelo. "You might have broken my neck!"

"Ow! Wwoogh! Gwoooogh!"

"I've a jolly good mind to kick you, you footling chump!"

"Weally, Lee—" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"Oh, shut up!"

Angelo recovered his breath, and picked up his fallen cap and set it on his head. Then he turned to climb the oak again. He was not aware of Gussy's object in jerking him down; apparently he regarded it simply as a rather unthinking "lark." But Arthur Augustus scrambled up, panting for breath, and proceeded to explain in a series of gasps.

"I was not larkin', Lee, deah boy."

"What do you call it, then?" snapped Angelo. "Gone off your silly rocker all of a sudden?"

"Nothin' of the sort, Lee. I was pweventin' you fwom bweakin' bounds."

"What?" howled Angelo.

"Pweventin' you fwom bweakin' bounds, deah boy."

Angelo was a couple of feet up the slanting oak again. He turned his head to stare blankly at the unhappy Gussy.

"You've got the cheek to interfere with me?" he exclaimed.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"And what business is it of yours?"

"I have already informed you, Lee, that my Cousin Ethel wequested me to keep an eye on you at St. Jim's, and keep you out of twouble as fah as possible."

"You silly, meddling ass!"

"Weally, you cheeky wotah—"

"Mind your own bizney!"

"But this is my bizney," explained Arthur Augustus, patiently. "You see, I have made it my business, at Cousin Ethel's wequest."

"Go and eat coke!"

"Pway get away fwom that twee, Lee," said the swell of the Fourth gently. "You see, if you climb up again, I shall pull you down again, and you will be no farthab—"

"You interfering idiot—"

"Bai Jove! Do you weally wegard me as an interfewin' idiot, Lee?"

"Yes!" roared Angelo.

"I am sowwy for that. It shows that you have wathah a bad mind, I feah," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "It makes no difference to my intentions, of course. I shall not allow you to bweak bounds."

"Oh, shut up, and clear off!"

"Pway come back to the House with me."

"Fathead!"

Angelo climbed up the oak, perhaps not taking Arthur Augustus quite seriously. But he soon had proof that the swell of St. Jim's was in deadly earnest. Arthur Augustus gripped his ankle.

"Let go!" roared Angelo.

"I will let go if you come down, Lee. Not othahwise."

"You footling ass, what business is it of yours?" shrieked Angelo.

"I have already explained that, Lee. I have given up the footh that afternoon specially to keep an eye on you, and pwevent you ffrom playin' the giddy ox, you know."

"Let go my foot!"

"Wats!"

"Mind, I shall kick out, if you don't!" hissed Lee.

"Will you?" grinned Arthur Augustus, grasping Lee's outer ankle with his free hand. "I wathah think you won't, deah boy!"

"You—you—you—" stuttered Lee.

"You are wastin' your bweath, Lee. I am hangin' on till you come down," said D'Arcy calmly. "I have my duty to do, and I have given up the footh to do it, at the risk of baggin' a beatin' ffrom the Grammah School. Aftah that, I am not likely to let you wip. Come down!"

"I won't!" roared Angelo.

"Dear me! What—what is this?" inquired the mild voice of little Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth Form, as he came through the elms, blinking round him over his spectacles. High voices had attracted the attention of the Form-master as he was taking a little stroll under the trees in the quad.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus. Angelo stared down at his Form-master in dismay.

Mr. Lathom blinked at them, benevolently but elidingly.

"Get down at once, Lee," he said.

Angelo gave the swell of St. Jim's a bitter look, and slid down to the ground as his ankles were released. Mr. Lathom shook his head at him.

"You are not allowed to climb the trees in the quadrangle, Lee," he said. "As you are new here, I will excuse you, but you must not let it occur again. At the same time, D'Arcy, it is somewhat dangerous to pull at a person who is climbing a tree."

"Oh! Yaas sir!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

Then, all of a sudden, a suspicion seemed to dawn in Mr. Lathom's unsuspicious mind. He frowned.

"Lee! Is it possible that you were intending to break school bounds?" he exclaimed.

Lee breathed hard.

"It's a half-holiday, sir," he said. "All the other fellows can go out of gates, if they like."

"You are detained within gates by the Head's personal order, Lee," said Mr. Lathom sternly.

Angelo looked dogged.

"I am not surprised at this, after your previous disregard of authority, Lee," said the master of the Fourth. "As you have not succeeded in your design, I shall not punish you for it; but you may thank this boy D'Arcy, that you have not rendered yourself liable to a very severe punishment."

Lee gave Arthur Augustus a look which was far from expressing thanks.

"Now follow me," said Mr. Lathom. "You have a task upon which you should now be busy. Follow me to the Form-room."

The new junior looked rebellious for a moment. But there was no help for it, and with a black brow, he followed the master of the Fourth across the quadrangle to the School House.

Mr. Lathom marched him into the deserted Form-room. His look was not at all benevolent now. Angelo had given him more trouble, in one way and another, than any other fellow in the Form; and Mr. Lathom, personally, would have been quite pleased to gratify his desire to leave St. Jim's. He was quite fed up with this peculiar pupil.

"You will now continue your work of translating the second book of the *Æneid*, Lee," he said coldly. "I shall return here at five o'clock. Unless you have made considerable progress, I shall cane you."

Angelo went doggedly to his desk.

Mr. Lathom quitted the Form-room, and closed the door sharply behind him. He was in a very annoyed frame of mind; and there was no doubt that when he returned to release Angelo from detention, he would bring his cane with him, in case it should be wanted.

Angelo was not thinking of that, however. He was determined to get out of bounds that afternoon, to see his Cousin Peter, the flying man, at the Abbotsford Air Camp. He sat on his desk to wait for Mr. Lathom to get clear—with the full intention of clearing himself, as soon as the way was open.

He allowed five minutes to elapse. By that time, it was fairly certain that the Form-master was no longer in the office.

Angelo crossed to the door, and opened it quietly, and peered into the corridor. No one was in sight. The detained junior stepped out of the room, and trod softly along the corridor. As he neared the corner, there was

a footstep approaching. Angelo halted, his heart beating fast, expecting to see Mr. Lathom coming round the corner.

"Bai Jove! You—"

"Quiet!" hissed Lee.

"You have left the Form-room, Lee."

"Mind your own business, you fool!" said Angelo savagely. "And keep your mouth shut—Lathom may hear—"

"Go back at once."

"What?"

"Go back!" said Arthur Augustus firmly.

Lee looked at him as if he would eat him; and clenched his hands, evidently meditating a rush escape. But he realised that a fight in the Form-room passage was not likely to pass unnoticed; and if Mr. Lathom came back and found him out of the Form-room, his last state would be worse than his first.

With feelings too deep for words, Angelo turned back, and tramped into the Form-room again, and Arthur Augustus followed him in, and shut the door.

CHAPTER 6.

Too Dutiful!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY wore a severe frown. Angelo Lee was looking absolutely infuriated.

D'Arcy was doing his duty—his painful duty. That was how he regarded it. Angelo regarded his intervention as unwarranted meddling. It was a difference in the point of view that really could not be reconciled.

"You—you—you meddling idiot!" gasped Angelo.

"I am shocked at you, Lee!" said Arthur Augustus seriously. "I wegard your conduct as absolutely wepwehensible."

"You footling ass! You interfering idiot! You—you—you—" Words seemed to fail Angelo.

"I shall not take the slightest notice of your oppwobwious expressions, Lee," said Arthur Augustus calmly. "I have chucked the footh to pwevent you ffrom bweakin' detention. You would get a floggin'—"

"That wouldn't hurt you, fathead!"

"You might even be sacked."

"That's what I want, chump!"

"I am quite awah of that, Lee, and I ntahly disappwove," said Arthur Augustus. "I have undahaken to keep an eye on you, and you certainly will not be sacked ffrom the school if I can pwevent it."

"Can't you mind your own business?" hissed Lee.

"But I have already explained that I have made this my business," said Arthur Augustus, in surprise. "Didn't I make that cleah to you?"

Angelo breathed hard.

"I'm going!" he said.

"Not at all, deah boy! I'm heah to see that you don't."

"You'll let me pass—"

"Wats!"

"Otherwise, I shall give you a hiding," roared Angelo. "Got that, you chump? Do you want me to mop up the Form-room with you?"

He advanced on Arthur Augustus with clenched fists, and his eyes gleaming. The swell of the Fourth eyed him calmly.

"Do you weally mean that, Lee?" he inquired.

"Yes, you dummy!"

"You are goin' to fight me if I don't let you dodge out?"

"Yes, idiot!"

"Vewy good," Arthur Augustus calmly removed his eyeglass, and pushed back his spotless cuffs. "I am weady! Come on. I shall be sowwy to thwash you, Lee, as I do not think that Cousin Ethel weally expected me to use such methods in lookin' aftah you. But, if you leave me no alternative, deah boy, I shall give you a feahful thwashin'."

"I mean it," said Lee, between his teeth. "Let me pass, or—"

"Wats!"

No more was said. Angelo came on with a rush. Arthur Augustus met him coolly and scientifically, and there was a wild and whirling scrap in the Form-room—seldom the scene of such an affair.

Arthur Augustus was driven back by Lee's fierce attack, back to the door of the Form-room. But there he rallied, and came on in his turn, and Lee was driven back as far as the forms. Lee redoubled his efforts, and fairly hurled himself at Gussy, with left and right, and the swell of St. Jim's went down with a bump on the floor.

"Oh cwámbis!" gasped D'Arcy, as he rolled.

Angelo glared down at him.

"Had enough?" he panted.

"No feah, you wottah!"

Arthur Augustus was on his feet again, and attacking hotly.



Arthur Augustus D'Arcy made a jump after Leo, and caught him by the ankle. "Oh!" gasped Angelo. The sudden pull on his ankle dragged Leo away from his hold on the wall, and he came down with a rush. "Yawwoop!" roared Arthur Augustus, as the falling junior landed on his head. (See Chapter 4.)

Hammer and tongs they went; both of them wildly excited now, and fighting their hardest. Both of them bore signs of damage—both noses were streaming crimson. Arthur Augustus' noble nose was losing some of its aristocratic contours, and one of his eyes blinked painfully. But Leo was no better off. Scarcely pausing for breath, the two Fourth-Formers hammered one another with terrific vim.

The din was uproarious, though the two excited juniors did not notice it. It rang and echoed along the Form-room corridor.

In the midst of it, the door suddenly opened. Mr. Railton, Housemaster of the School House, looked in, with surprise and great displeasure in his looks.

"D'Arcy! Lee! Cease this at once!" he thundered.

"Oh, bai Jove! Waitton!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

The two juniors dropped their hands, and separated, and stood panting for breath, and staring at the School House master.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. Railton. "How dare you fight in the Form-room? How dare you fight at all? Disgraceful! What are you doing in the Form-room on a half-holiday?"

"I am under detention, sir," said Angelo.

"Quite so! Are you also detained, D'Arcy?"

"Nunno, sir!"

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I—I—I—" stammered Arthur Augustus.

"You have no business here if you are not under detention."

"No, sir; but—but—"

"You are well aware that no boy is allowed to speak to a boy under detention during his task."

"Yaas, sir. But—"

"You have deliberately come into the Form-room, knowing that Lee was detained with a task to perform?"

"Yaas, sir. But—"

"Lee, you will go back to your desk and proceed with your task. D'Arcy, you will go to your study and remain there till teatime, and write out three hundred lines of the *Æneid*."

"Oh, bai Jove!"

"At once!" snapped the Housemaster.

"But, sir, I—I—I—" stammered the hapless Gussy.

"Go!"

Arthur Augustus went. Angelo grinned after him, and mopped his streaming nose. Gussy's intervention was at an end now. The hapless Gussy was himself detained for the afternoon—in his study, which was far away from the Form-room.

The door closed on Lee; Mr. Railton, with a frowning brow, conducted D'Arcy to the Fourth Form passage, and saw him safe into Study No. 6.

"If you leave this study before five o'clock, D'Arcy, you will be punished with the greatest severity," he said.

"Yaas, sir. But—" mumbled Arthur Augustus.

"That will do."

Mr. Railton walked away frowning. From the Housemaster's point of view, Gussy was a very serious delinquent. Obviously, he had followed a detained junior into the detention-room, where he had no business, and fought with him there. Of Gussy's motives the Housemaster had, of course, no idea whatever; and it was impossible for Gussy to explain to him. He could not tell of Lee's intention to break bounds; that would have been "sneaking." Indeed, it was rather doubtful how Mr. Railton would have regarded D'Arcy in his role of self-constituted champion of law and order in the House, had he known the facts.

Quite possibly he might not have approved of a Fourth Form junior taking on himself the duties of masters and prefects. Anyhow, Gussy could not tell him; so that was that!

"Bai Jove!" murmured D'Arcy, as the door of Study No. 6 closed on Mr. Railton. "Bai Jove! This is absolutely wotten!" He blinked at his reflection in the glass, and mopped his streaming nose. "Gweat Scott! I have a prize nose! And—and my eye's turnin' black—oh deah!"

Gussy was paying high for his sense of duty. A swollen nose and a shady eye were added to missing the football match, and detention in his study with three hundred lines to write out. Arthur Augustus almost wondered whether he had overdone duty a little.

But it was too late to think of that.

He dabbed his nose dry and caressed his damaged eye, and wondered what Angelo Lee was doing. He had only too much reason to fear that that wayward youth was still determined upon breaking bounds, and getting out of the precincts of the school that afternoon. In fact, it was fairly certain; and D'Arcy was quite distressed at the thought. He had taken on himself the task of looking after Lee; and how could he let him break bounds and bag either a flogging or the "sack" in consequence. There was his promise to Cousin Ethel; and there was also a certain obstinacy in Gussy himself. After some reflection—and encouraged by the great probability that Mr. Railton had gone down to see the football—Arthur Augustus left Study No. 6 and cautiously descended the stairs.

Trimble of the Fourth was loafing on the middle landing, and D'Arcy called to him cautiously.

"Is Mr. Wailton about, Twimble?"

Trimble blinked at him.

"Railton?" he said.

"Yaas."

"Just coming up the stairs," said Trimble.

"Oh cwumbs!"

Mr. Railton appeared on the middle landing as Arthur Augustus uttered that ejaculation of dismay. He stared at the swell of St. Jim's on the upper flight of stairs.

"D'Arcy!"

"Oh! Yaas, sir!" groaned Arthur Augustus.

"I ordered you to remain in your study."

"Oh deah!"

"You have broken detention, D'Arcy; I catch you in the very act of stealing downstairs," exclaimed the Housemaster, with indignant anger. "This is a serious matter, D'Arcy. Have you no respect whatever for authority?"

"I—I—I—"

"Trimble!" rapped out Mr. Railton.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Baggy.

"Fetch the cane which you will find on the table in my study."

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

Baggy Trimble grinned, and cut away to fetch the cane. Mr. Railton waited in stern silence till he returned with it.

"Hold out your hand, D'Arcy!"

Swish!

"The other hand!"

Swish!

"Now return to your study; and if you should venture to break detention again, D'Arcy, I shall report you to Dr. Holmes for a flogging."

"Oh deah!"

Arthur Augustus limped back dispiritedly to Study No. 6, the frowning glance of the Housemaster following him. Really, it was not Gussy's lucky afternoon. So far from preventing Lee from breaking detention, he had broken detention himself, had been caught in the act, and caned for it! The cup of Gussy's misfortunes was full to overflowing. He limped dismally into Study No. 6, and sat down dismally to lines; and in a dismal mood Blake and Herries and Dig found him when they came in after the football match.

CHAPTER 7.

Bolted!

TOM MERRY came into the changing-room in a cheery mood after the game. St. Jim's had beaten the Grammarians two to one; which was a result quite satisfactory to the home captain and quite merry men. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had not really been missed; the football match had not suffered from Gussy's devotion to other duties. As a matter of fact, Tom had forgotten the existence both of Gussy and of the new junior while the football was going on. He was reminded of them as he changed after the match—Lee's name was on a good many tongues. Baggy Trimble was hanging about the changing-room, chiefly because he had no other business there; and it was Trimble who had brought news.

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"What's that about Lee?" asked Tom Merry, after catching the name of Angelo two or three times.

"Bolted!" said Trimble.

"Oh, I remember he was gated," said Tom. "Mean to say he has cleared out of gates?"

"Cleared right out!" grinned Trimble.

"Gussy stood out of the football to look after him," said Tom, with a laugh. "He doesn't seem to have had much luck."

"So that's why he stood out?" said Blake.

"That's why!"

"The silly ass! But if he was looking after Lee, why did he let the cheeky rotter bolt?"

Trimble chuckled.

"He's been licked and detained in his study," he said. "I saw Railton give him two—regular swipes!"

"Poor old Gussy!" sighed Blake. "Always looking for trouble, and always finding some."

Blake hurried through his changing, and joined Herries and Dig to go up to Study No. 6, rather concerned about his noble chum. Arthur Augustus gave the three juniors a dismal look as they entered No. 6. He was just finishing his lines.

"Well—" began Blake.

"Pway excuse me a few minutes, deah boy—I have only six more of these wotten lines to write."

"So you've been bagging lines?"

"Thwee hundwed."

"And a licking."

"Yaas."

"Jevver see such a silly owl?" asked Blake addressing Herries and Dig.

Herries and Dig agreed that they never had, while Arthur Augustus laboriously indited the last lines of his imposition.

Tom Merry looked into the study, with Manners and Lowther smiling over his shoulders. The Terrible Three seemed rather entertained by the outcome of Gussy's care of the new junior. It seemed that Lee had broken detention, after all, while Gussy had bagged a detention for himself; which, as Monty declared, was really what might have been expected, for there was no doubt that Gussy's powerful intellect moved in mysterious ways.

"Hard luck, old pippin," said Tom. "But you'll be glad to hear that we beat the Grammarians."

Arthur Augustus finished his last line, and laid down the pen.

"I am vewy glad to heah it, deah boy," he said. "A little surprised, pewwaps, but vewy pleased."

"And Lee's bolted, after all, according to Trimble."

"Bai Jove!"

"What's the matter with your nose?" asked Manners.

Arthur Augustus passed a caressing hand over his noble proboscis.

"I have had a punch on it," he answered. "You see, Lee insisted upon bweakin' bounds, so we had a fight in the Form-woom. Wailton butted in at an awkward moment—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Of course, a fellow couldn't explain," said D'Arcy. "I could not vewy well tell Wailton that I was thwashin' Lee to keep him fwom bweakin' detention, could I?"

"Ha, ha! Hardly!"

"So I got detained myself and lined," said D'Arcy. "Feelin' it my duty to keep an eye on Lee, I disregarded detention, and wan wight into Wailton on the staircase—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, you fellows, it is not a laughin' mattah. Wailton accused me of havin' no wespect for authowity, and caned me."

The juniors roared.

As D'Arcy had cut the football match to prevent a Fourth Form fellow from breaking detention, it struck them as rather funny that he should have broken detention himself for the purpose.

"I fail to see any weason for mewwiment," said Arthur Augustus. "The worst of it is, fwom what you tell me, that Lee has cleahed, aftah all—as I feahed that he would when Wailton butted in so tactlessly. I might as well have played football."

"Quite as well," chuckled Blake. "Better, in fact."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wisked a defeat for the school, you know, to save that young wottah fwom makin' a fool of himself."

"Did you?" exclaimed Tom Merry in surprise.

"Yaas, wathah! I was vewy much afwaid that you fellows would not be able to pull it off without me. What are you laughin' at now?"

"We just managed to scrape through," grinned Tom Merry.

"Just!" chuckled Blake.

"Yaas, you seem to have been favahed by fortune," said Arthur Augustus innocently. "I am vewy glad of that."

But if you and Figgins had cut the match as well, Tom Mewwy, Lee could not have bolted. So you see—"

"Dear man!" said Tom, laughing.

The Terrible Three went on to their study, to tea. After tea, they came down to hear whether there was any news of Lee. They were rather curious to know what had happened to the fellow who wanted to be sacked from St. Jim's, and who was certainly going the right way to work to that end.

They found a great many fellows discussing Angelo.

It seemed that Mr. Lathom had gone to the Fourth Form-room to see the detained junior, and found the Form-room empty, and Lee's translation task untouched. Mr. Lathom, greatly incensed, had searched for the rebel of the Fourth at once, only to discover that he was no longer within the precincts of the school. Taggles had seen nothing of him; and it was evident that Angelo had cleared over the school wall in some secluded spot—probably in the very spot where Arthur Augustus had captured him earlier in the afternoon.

Angelo was out of bounds, and he did not appear at evening call-over.

Undoubtedly the matter was serious—for Angelo.

He had been gated by the Head himself—his "bolt" was a direct defiance of the headmaster's authority. His disregard of the Head's direct commands was a much more serious matter. No doubt he had wanted very much to visit the air camp that afternoon; but all the fellows knew that that was not the only reason. He wanted to be sent away from St. Jim's; and the House wondered whether, this time, he would succeed in his object. Floggings had already been awarded Angelo, and obviously they had done him no good.

Mr. Railton took roll-call in Big Hall; and he called Lee's name twice, without receiving any answer. His face was very stern as he marked the junior absent.

"He's done it this time!" said Bates of the Fourth, as the St. Jim's fellows came out of Hall. And most of the juniors agreed.

Bates was Angelo's study-mate in Study No. 3, in the Fourth; but that evening Bates did his prep alone in Study No. 3. Angelo had not returned.

Arthur Augustus' brow was very thoughtful over his prep that evening. In spite of the misadventures of the afternoon, Gussy's sense of duty was still strong upon him. He had failed to save Angelo from bolting; and he was greatly concerned with the probable result.

His friends did not share his concern. Blake thought—and stated—that the sooner Lee was kicked out of St. Jim's the better. Herries and Dig concurred heartily. Arthur Augustus was the only fellow in Study No. 6 who was anxious about the absentee; and he left his prep unfinished to go down and inquire about him. But Lee had not returned. Long ago the school gates had been locked, and the Houses were closed. Some of the fellows were excitedly discussing whether Lee intended to "stick it out" till bedtime. It began to look like it.

"It's feashfully wotten, you fellows," Arthur Augustus confided to the Terrible Three when they came down after prep.

"What is?" inquired Tom Merry.

"About Lee."

"Oh, Lee! Hasn't he come in yet?"

"He has not come in, Tom Mewwy."

"My hat! He's asking for it this time," said Manners.

"Only half an hour to dorm, now."

"I am beginnin' to feah that he has wun away fwm school, Mannahs."

"More power to his elbow if he has," said Manners cordially.

"Weally, Mannahs—"

"I say, perhaps he's killed, you know," chimed in Baggy Trimble cheerfully.

"What!" exclaimed all the juniors at once.

"You see, he was gassing about going over to the air camp, to go up with a cousin of his, who is a flying man," said Baggy. "Lots of accidents happen to aeroplanes. Perhaps he's come down wallop—"

"Bai Jove!"

"And smashed," said Baggy. "Very likely, I think. I say, that would make rather a sensation, wouldn't it?"

"You fat ass!" growled Tom Merry. "No reason to suppose anything of the kind!"

"Well, I think it's jolly likely," said Trimble.

"Oh, dwy up, you fat duffah!" said Arthur Augustus uneasily.

But Trimble's cheery suggestion made an impression, and there was a tinge of anxiety in the discussion of Angelo's absence till bedtime. All the House was discussing Lee—even in the Sixth Form studies that remarkable Fourth-Former came up as a topic. Whether something had happened to him, or whether he was deliberately remaining out of gates in order to exasperate his headmaster, it was

impossible to tell. What was certain was that he had not returned to St. Jim's at bedtime; and the juniors went to their dormitories without news of Angelo of the Fourth.

CHAPTER 8.

Where is Angelo?

TOM MERRY & CO. were down early in the morning; they did not wait for rising-bell. Even Baggy Trimble did not wait for rising-bell, for the first time in history. The big door of the School House stood wide open in the early sunshine, and Mr. Railton stood there, gazing out into the quadrangle with a deep frown on his face, when Tom Merry & Co. came down. The Housemaster gave the juniors a rather surprised look. Taggles was just beginning to clang the rising-bell.

"Good-morning, sir!" said Tom Merry. "Is there any news of Lee of the Fourth, sir?"

Mr. Railton shook his head.

"None!" he answered.

The juniors went out into the quad. They could see easily enough, in Mr. Railton's face, that he was anxious as well as angry. Lee's absence was quite unaccountable to the Housemaster.

Figgins came scudding across the quad as soon as the New House was opened.

"Any news of that blithering ass?" was Figgins's question.

"Railton says no," answered Tom Merry.

"What on earth's become of him, then?"

"Goodness knows."

"He's cut and run," said Monty Lowther. "That must be it. He wanted to go, and he wasn't allowed to go, and he's taken French leave."

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"Looks like it," said Figgins. "But"—he shook his head—"where could he go? If he went home, his father would send him back."

"He may have gone to that cousin of his—the flying man."

"His giddy Cousin Peter," said Manners.

"But his cousin couldn't take him in, if he's run away from school," said Figgins. "His father would jolly soon chip in."

"Well, then, where is he?" said Lowther.

"Keeping out of gates, just to make the Head waxy," said Figgins. "A fellow who stays out of gates all night can count on the sack as an absolute certainty. That's what he wants."

Tom Merry nodded.

"I think it's that," he said. "But it's rather thick, even of that reckless ass, Lee. He must know that he's making people jolly anxious."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"I believe he's game to run away from school, if it would do him any good," said Figgins. "But it wouldn't—he would be sent back. He's sticking it out to worry the Head, and he will turn up here to take the sack. Why, if he doesn't come in soon, the Head will have to inform the police of his disappearance—it's always possible that there's been an accident. If the police are called in, and then Lee walks in undamaged, it's bound to be the long jump for him."

"That's it," agreed Tom Merry.

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What measures the Head was taking, the juniors, of course, did not know. Baggy Trimble, who had been scouting near the Head's study, announced that the Old Man had been busy on the telephone. Morning classes began at St. Jim's without Angelo; his place in the Fourth Form was vacant. Mr. Lathom wore a very grave expression.

At morning break all the fellows were keen to hear if there was any news of Angelo. But there was no news.

"Can't have gone home," said Manners. "He would have been sent back before this, or, at least, his pater would have let the Head know."

"It's too thick," said Blake. "Old Lathom was looking as worried as anything. It's a rotten shame to make people anxious for nothing."

"The fellow's a rotter to do it," said Herries.

"As a mattah of fact, Hewwies, Lee is not a wottah," said Arthur Augustus mildly. "He is a vewy iwittatin' and exaspevativ' ass, but he is quite a good chap in his own way. I am suah he would not cause all this anxiety if he could help it."

"Of course he can help it, if he's staying out of gates just to get himself sacked!" grunted Herries.

"I think there has been an accident, deah boy."

"Bosh!"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Rubbish!" said Digby.

"Weally, Dig—"

"Piffle!" said Monty Lowther. "This is in keeping with all his stunts for getting turned out of the school. It wasn't accident when he biffed a football into Mr. Ratcliff's chivvy. He expected to be sacked for assaulting a Housemaster. This isn't an accident, either. It's just cheek!"

"Just cheek!" agreed Tom Merry.

"I do not think so, deah boys."

"Dear man, you don't think at all."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Just neck, and nothing else," said Manners.

"I am convinced that there has been some accident," said Arthur Augustus firmly. "I know Lee was goin' to the air-camp to see his cousin, who had his plane there. He was goin' up in the plane. Somethin' has happened to him."

"Fathead!" said Blake. "If a St. Jim's chap was hurt at Abbotsford, don't you think they'd tell us about it?"

"Yaas; but he may have gone on a flight, you know, and hit against twouble somewhah else," said Arthur Augustus.

"Mr. Petah Lee would not know, of course, that Lee had bwooken bounds; he would natuwallly expect that the chap was twee to come ovah and see him on a half-holiday, so there was no weason why he should not take him up in the plane. They may have gone a hundwed miles or more, and ewashed somewhah."

"I suppose it's possible," said Tom Merry thoughtfully.

"Yaas, wathah!"

The juniors looked at one another uneasily. According to Lee's own words, he had intended to go over to the air-camp, to ascend with his Cousin Peter. It was probable enough that he had carried out that intention, and gone on a flight, Mr. Lee, of course, intending to bring him back in time to return to school. It was quite on the cards that there had been some air disaster.

Tom Merry drew a deep breath.

"If it's that, it's jolly serious," he said. "But if it isn't that, the fellow must be a rotter to let us think so—absolutely unfeeling."

"A fellow doesn't know how to feel," said Lowther. "If he's been hurt, we want to sympathise; if he hasn't, we want to kick him!"

"I know I'll jolly well kick him when he walks in!" growled Herries.

"He won't walk in, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus.

"I feel suah there has been some feahful accident, and I'm goin' to telephone to the newsagent at Wylcombe to send me the vewy earliest edition of the 'Evening News.' I looked in the papah this mornin', but there was nothin' about any air accident."

Arthur Augustus went back into the School House, to borrow a telephone in the absence of its owner.

Tom Merry knitted his brows.

"I don't think there's anything in it," he said, "but it's possible. They wouldn't know anything about it at Abbotsford; Mr. Lee doesn't belong there. He seems to have landed there to pick up Lee for a flight, not knowing that he was gated at school, of course."

"Lee ought to have told him," grunted Herries.

"Certainly he ought; but it's plain that he meant to break bounds yesterday, all the time. The Head, of course, doesn't know that he went over to the air-camp to see his cousin. I wonder whether we ought to tell him. If there's really been an accident, the Head ought to know all we know about what Lee did yesterday."

"Yes; but if there hasn't?"

"The GEM LIBRARY.—No. 973."

"And there hasn't," said Herries. "I tell you it's just Lee's cheek, and he will walk in presently as bold as brass, to ask for the sack."

The bell rang for third lesson, and the juniors went into class in a very uneasy mood.

As Monty Lowther had remarked, they did not know how to feel on the subject. The whole school was anxious now about the missing junior, and if all that anxiety was for nothing, their keenest desire was to kick Angelo. But if some serious accident had occurred, certainly they wanted to feel only the kindest feelings towards the hapless junior. It really was a painful state of uncertainty.

During third lesson, Tom Merry thought the matter out, and decided that if there was still no news of Angelo after



Arthur Augustus D'Arcy dashed up the Hall, studying the grins of St. Jim's bore a copy of the "Evening News." "Excuse me—I—" "Excuse me—severely!" "It's about L—"

class, he would go to his Housemaster and tell him what he knew of Lee's intentions the previous day. It would set inquiry in the right direction if there had been an accident; while, if there had been no accident, probably it might make matters worse for Angelo when he came back. But Tom decided that that was his own look-out. If the fellow really was causing all this trouble and anxiety intentionally, he certainly did not deserve much consideration from Tom or anyone else.

The Shell were dismissed at last, and Tom left the Form-room with his chums. Kildare of the Sixth was coming along the corridor, and Tom stopped to speak to him.

"Any news of Lee, Kildare?"

The captain of St. Jim's shook his head.

"No news of any accident?" asked Manners.

"No—but I'm afraid it's pretty clear that there has been

some kind of an accident," said Kildare. And he walked on, with a grave face.

"That settles it," said Tom.

"Hallo, what's that row?" exclaimed Manners, as there was a shout from the quadrangle.

The Fourth Form had been dismissed a few minutes before the Shell. There was a roar of voices outside the House. Tom Merry & Co. caught the name of Lee, and hurried to the door. Baggy Trimble burst in with a wildly excited face.

"He's come back!" gasped Baggy.

"Who—Lee?"

"Yes!" spluttered Baggy breathlessly. "Walked in as cool as you please."



Two or three prefects who clutched at him. In his hand the Head, in a formidable voice. "Sir!" repeated the Head. "You shall be flogged for this—flogged" shrieked Arthur Augustus. (See Chapter 11.)

"Great Scott!"

Tom Merry & Co. rushed into the quad. Angelo Lee, in the midst of an excited crowd of the Fourth, who were raining questions upon him, was walking coolly towards the House, with his hands in his pockets, heedless of the excitement.

"Lee!" shouted Tom Merry.

Angelo glanced at him, and nodded.

"Where have you been?"

Angelo smiled.

"Echo answers where!" he said lightly.

Tom Merry's eyes glinted.

"Has there been an accident?" he demanded.

"You're about the twentieth chap to ask me," yawned Angelo. "Do I look like it?"

"No, you don't," said Tom. "But I suppose you know that you've made the whole school anxious."

"Awfully kind of them to worry about me," said Angelo.

"And you could have come back sooner, if you had liked?" asked Tom.

"Why not?" smiled Angelo.

"Bai Jove! I wogard you an uttah wottah, Lee!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus hotly.

"Dear me!" said Angelo.

"The question's settled now," remarked Monty Lowther. "We know now whether to sympathise with Lee or to kick him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaas, wathah! Kick him."

"Go it!"

"Here, I say!" exclaimed Lee. "Chuck it, you know I shall get enough from the Head, without you fellows—yaroooooh!"

"Give him anothah!"

"Whoop!"

"Boys!" Mr. Railton strode out of the House. "Cease this! Lee—you have returned then, Lee?"

"Yes, sir," gasped Angelo.

"I suppose you know, Lee, that you have caused anxiety to your headmaster, and to everyone else!" exclaimed Mr. Railton sternly.

"So sorry, sir!" murmured Angelo.

"I hope you are sorry, Lee, though I doubt it, in view of your persistent impudence and trickery since you have been at this school. Follow me."

"Pleased, sir."

Angelo Lee followed Mr. Railton into the House. It was to the punishment-room that Mr. Railton led him, and there the key was turned on Lee of the Fourth. And the news spread over St. Jim's like wildfire that Angelo had returned, and was locked up in "Nobody's Study" to await the judgment of the Head.

And few doubted what that judgment would be.

CHAPTER 9.

Up for Judgment!

"UTTAH wottah!"

That was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's verdict.

It was generally concurred in.

Angelo's extraordinary schemes for tiring out the headmaster's patience, and getting the "boot" from St. Jim's, had caused a good deal of merriment, among the juniors at least. Many of them sympathised with Lee's ambition to become an airman, and to devote his attention to the invention of gadgets. They even conceded that it was "hard cheese" for Lee to be sent to St. Jim's, when his cousin, the flying man, was the owner of a private aerodrome, where he was willing to take Angelo for air training, and enable him to realise his darling ambition.

Still, there was a limit. Pulling the legs of masters and prefects, punching Knox of the Sixth, even butting a football at the majestic features of a Housemaster—all these stunts could be forgiven, and chuckled over, by the Lower School fellows, if not by the seniors and masters. Nevertheless, there was a limit; and Angelo had reached it and passed it, in his latest outbreak. To stay a whole night out of school, to give a general impression that he had met with some accident, to cause general and genuine anxiety; and then to walk in as coolly as though nothing had happened—that was, the juniors agreed, beyond the limit.

It was a surprise to many fellows, too. In the pursuit of his fixed idea of becoming a flying man, Lee was blind and deaf to other considerations; but he had been supposed to be a good-natured and kind-hearted fellow, not likely to play such a trick as this. His earlier stunts had been cheeky enough, rebellious enough, but there was nothing unfeeling in them. But what he had done now showed a want of feeling that could not fail to turn the general sentiment against him.

Arthur Augustus was fed up. He announced the fact after dinner that day, in unmistakable terms. His view was that Lee was an utter rotter, and that the sooner he was turned out of St. Jim's the better. And other fellows felt more strongly on the subject than Gussy.

"I was weally anxious about the chap, you know," said Arthur Augustus, in deeply aggrieved tones. "Weally wowwied, you know. I know Wilton was awfully wowwied. It was wowwy all wound. And that wank outsidah didn't care a wap, you know, and was laughin' in his sleeve all the time. It's the limit, you men—the vewy outside edge." "It is—it are!" agreed Blake. "No decent chap would have done it."

(Continued on page 17.)

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ONE FOR PAT!

An extremely bald-headed American tourist, while touring in Ireland, met a rustic ambling along a road. Pat possessed a great shock of untidy hair, and the American thought he could take a rise out of him. "Pat," he said, "have you never heard that brains and hair do not go together?" "Sure and Oi have not," replied the Irish lad. "But Oi've often heard it said that an empty barn requires no thatching!"—A Tuck Hamper, filled with delicious Tuck, has been awarded to Anthony Kirk, The Bungalow, Tennyson Avenue, Gedling, Notts.

AT THE CATTLE SHOW!

He was peculiarly obnoxious, and, visiting the local cattle show, he made himself very unpopular among the villagers by his loudly-expressed claims to superior knowledge. He was specially insulting to old Sam. "Pah!" he said sneeringly. "You know nothing about pigs, you don't! Why, my father raised the biggest pig ever reared in these 'ere parts!" "Aye," retorted Sam quietly, "and the noisiest!"—A Tuck Hamper, filled with delicious Tuck, has been awarded to Miss Olive Ryan, 223, Thirlwell Terrace, Carlisle.

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AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT:

A hungry French-Canadian on a visit to England entered a restaurant fairly early one morning. He knew what he wanted, but he had forgotten the English word for it. "Garcon, vat is zat walking in ze yard?" he asked of the waiter. "A rooster," was the reply. "Ah! And vat you call ze rooster's wife?" "The hen, sir." "Bien! And vat you call ze children of ze rooster and his wife?" "Chickens, sir." "And vat you call ze chicken before it ees ze chicken?" "Egg, sir." "Zen bring me two, please!"—A Tuck Hamper, filled with delicious Tuck, has been awarded to A. F. M. Jackson, 7, Coptthorn Road, North End, Portsmouth.

Owing to the interest taken by readers all over the world in this Weekly Joke Competition a Delicious Tuck Hamper will be awarded for EVERY joke published on this page. Cut out the coupon below while you are of the mind to win one of these NOVEL PRIZES.

Editor.

A SERIOUS OVERSIGHT!

Judge (to prisoner): "You are found guilty of way-laying the prosecutor in a lonely street, knocking him down, and robbing him of everything except a valuable gold watch he had with him. What have you to say before sentence is passed upon you?" Prisoner: "Had he a gold watch with him at the time?" Judge: "Certainly." Prisoner: "Then I put in a plea of insanity!"—A Tuck Hamper, filled with delicious Tuck, has been awarded to H. Gregson, 62, Sea View Street, Cleethorpes, Lincs.

THE COMPLETE CONVERSATIONALISTS!

First yokel (to second ditto, carting hay): "Cartin' 'ay?" Second yokel: "Eh?" First yokel: "Cartin' 'ay?" Second yokel: "Aye!"—A Tuck Hamper, filled with delicious Tuck, has been awarded to Reginald Bush, the Forge, Sandon, Chelmsford.

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A PATCH IN TIME!

Mike: "What are you sticking all those patches on your inner tube for?" Pat: "Well, it's like this, if I have a puncture it will be already mended!"—A Tuck Hamper, filled with delicious Tuck, has been awarded to G. Rose, 2, Leathwell Road, Lewisham, S.E.8.

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LOOKING AFTER ANGELO!



(Continued

from

page 15.)

"I'm surprised at it," said Tom Merry. "There was a good deal of excuse for what Lee did before—but there's no excuse for a trick like this. It's too rotten altogether."

"Yaas, wathah! I shall wite to Cousin Ethel and tell her that, in the cires, I am bound to wash my hands of that boundah!" said Arthur Augustus solemnly.

With that determination in his noble mind, D'Arcy went into class that afternoon; and he did not waste any sympathy upon the junior locked up in the punishment-room.

Not that Lee was likely to be in need of sympathy.

It was scarcely possible for the fellow to be allowed to stay at St. Jim's after such an escapade; and although it was very probable that he would receive a flogging, it was fairly certain that his desire to be sacked from the school would be gratified. If so, he had attained his object—at the cost of the general dislike of the other fellows. That, perhaps, did not weigh very much with him.

Nobody was anxious about Lee now—whatever he might receive from the Head was, in the opinion of all the fellows, well-deserved. But interest in him was still keen. The "sack" was an unusual occurrence—and it seemed likely to occur now. Most fellows expected that the school would be assembled in Big Hall after classes, to see—as Monty Lowther expressed it—Lee take the long jump.

While the other fellows were in the Form-room, Angelo spent the hours in the solitude of "Nobody's Study."

In the Sixth Form-room, the seniors noticed that the Head was unusually grave and solemn, and attributed it to Lee. Even while dealing with the Sixth and Sophocles, probably Dr. Holmes was not quite forgetful of the rebel of the Fourth awaiting sentence in the punishment-room. No doubt the Head was considerably exercised in his mind on the subject, and found it difficult to reach a decision.

More than once Angelo had fairly asked for expulsion; and certainly would have received it, but for the known fact that he wanted it. In his case, "bunking" from the school was not a punishment, but a reward; and rebellion was not to be rewarded. Still, it was difficult to see how a fellow who gave himself a "night-out" could remain in the school afterwards—to say nothing of the alarm and anxiety his unexplained absence had caused. The Head reflected long over the matter—and was a little absent-minded in the Sixth Form as a result. He was unwilling to expel Angelo, because that was the young rebel's object; yet he did not quite see any other course open to him. It was not pleasant for a headmaster to feel that he had been practically outwitted and defeated by a cheeky Lower boy; but that was how the matter stood. And it naturally caused an unusual state of wrath in the Head's breast.

As soon as the juniors were out of the Form-rooms that afternoon, Lee was the immediate topic. Some of the fellows wondered whether he was gone already, so sure were they that he was going. Baggy Trimble cut off at once to the punishment-room to find out.

He knocked on the door of "Nobody's Study," and called through the keyhole.

"You there, Lee?"

"Yes," came Angelo's reply.

"Not booted out yet?" chuckled Baggy.

"Not!" assented Angelo.

"You won't have to wait long!" said Baggy genially. "I saw the Head coming away from the Sixth Form, and he looked in no end of a state."

"Dear me!"

"You don't care, what?"

"Not at all."

"I say, most likely you'll get a flogging before you're lunked!" said Trimble, perhaps by way of comfort.

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Yah!"

Baggy Trimble rolled away to acquaint the House of the fact that Angelo was still in the punishment-room, and that he didn't care a "hang."

"He will care when the Beak gets going!" commented Manners.

"Yaas, wathah!"

Fellows hung about the big staircase, waiting and watching for someone to be sent up to fetch Angelo. Now that classes were over, they expected him to be dealt with. But apparently the headmaster was in no hurry; Angelo was not sent for. It was learned that Mr. Railton and Mr. Lathom were both in the Head's study in discussion with Dr. Holmes.

"Makin' up their minds about it," said Cardew of the Fourth, with a grin. "They don't want to sack him because that's just what he wants them to do. But they'll have to! By gad, if they let a chap hang on after he's had a giddy night out, it would be too encouragin' for other fellows—naughty fellows like me, f'rinstance."

"Weally, Cardew—"

"Or Gussy!" said Cardew gravely.

"I wepudiate the insinuation," said Arthur Augustus hotly. "I twust I am nevah likely to act in a wotten and wascally mannah, Cardew."

"What a trusting nature!" said Cardew.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wegard you as a fwivolous ass, Cardew," said Arthur Augustus severely. "Bai Jove! Heah comes Kildare. Are you goin' for Lee, Kildare?"

The captain of St. Jim's did not answer the question; but he passed the juniors and went up the staircase. There was a buzz at once, and word was passed that the delinquent was being fetched from the punishment-room. From far and near fellows flocked to the foot of the staircase—quite a number of New House fellows being there with the School House crowd, Figgins & Co. among them. All eyes were fixed on the stairs; and there was a murmur as Kildare of the Sixth reappeared, leading Lee of the Fourth with a hand on his shoulder.

"Here he comes!" murmured Clive.

"Looks cool, too!" commented Cardew. "He's game."

"Top game!" grunted Fatty Wynn. "I call it cheek!"

Undoubtedly Angelo looked "game." His manner was quite unconcerned; and he gave the crowd of juniors a nod and a grin.

"You're for it, Lee," sneered Racke of the Shell.

"Shut up, Racke!" muttered Tom Merry.

Racke shrugged his shoulders and laughed. He had not forgotten the incident of his expensive silk hat being planted on the top of the school flagstaff by the new junior.

"Well, he's for it, and it serves him right!" he said. "I shall be jolly glad to see the last of him."

Angelo glanced at him cheerily.

"The pleasure will be mutual!" he said, in passing.

"Come on!" said Kildare gruffly.

And the rebel of the Fourth was led away to the Head's study, where three stern-faced masters were sitting in judgment upon him.

CHAPTER 10.

The Chopper Comes Down!

"LEE, sir!" said Kildare.

He pushed the junior into the Head's study, and drew the door shut.

Dr. Holmes fixed his eyes upon Angelo. Mr. Railton and Mr. Lathom looked at him also.

Under those three stern pairs of eyes, most fellows would have felt, and looked, exceedingly ill-at-ease.

But Angelo Lee did not seem perturbed. He stood before the Head, facing him; respectful in manner, but quite cool and composed.

"Lee," said the Head in a deep voice, "you have now been called before me to receive your sentence."

"Yes, sir," said Angelo.

"I will first, however, listen to anything you may have to say in extenuation of your offence," said Dr. Holmes. "Your Housemaster and your Form master will be glad to hear if you have a single word of excuse to utter."

"None, sir!" said Angelo.

Mr. Lathom frowned.

"Boy! Do not be impertinent to your headmaster!" he rapped out.

Angelo coloured faintly.

"I didn't mean to be impertinent, sir! I was answering Dr. Holmes' question."

"You broke detention yesterday afternoon!" said the Head. "You directly disregarded my order to you to remain within gates."

"Yes, sir!"

"Mr. Lathom personally took you to the Form-room and left you there, with orders to proceed with your task. You deliberately disregarded his orders?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You absented yourself from the school and deliberately remained absent a whole night?"

Angelo hesitated.

"I—I've nothing to say, sir," he faltered, at last. "If—if you were anxious on my account, I'm very sorry."

"Your regret comes a little late," said the Head. "Do you suppose that a Lower boy could remain absent from the school for a night without a word of explanation, and not cause the deepest anxiety to those responsible for him?"

"N-no, sir."

"Apart from your rebellious disregard of authority, Lee, you have acted with a want of feeling, a want of consideration for others, that are absolutely shocking."

Lee crimsoned. He opened his lips to speak; but closed them again without uttering a word.

"But I presume that you are well aware of that!" added the Head, with a tone of contempt in his voice that made the junior wince.

"I—I'm sorry you should think so, sir!" said Lee, in a low voice. A good deal of his confidence seemed to have deserted him now.

"I require to know, now, where you have been, and in what place you spent the night," said the Head.

"I—I went to Abbotsford."

"Did you remain there until you came back to school?"

"N-no, sir!"

"Then where did you go?"

No answer.

"I presume that you do not intend to refuse to account for your movements, Lee?" said the Head, in a deep voice.

"I—I've nothing to say, sir."

"You will answer my question."

"I—I—"

"Well?"

"Nothing, sir!" stammered Lee.

There was a deep silence in the Head's study for some moments. Wrath was gathering more darkly on the headmaster's brow. Mr. Lathom's usually benevolent eyes almost glinted at the new junior. Mr. Railton was watching him very attentively and curiously.

"Lee!" The Housemaster spoke. "It is very well known to us that you take a deep interest in matters connected with flying. There is an air camp at Abbotsford. Did you visit the air camp yesterday?"

Angelo started.

"I think my surmise is well-founded, Dr. Holmes," said Mr. Railton. "Lee visited the air camp at Abbotsford. Had you any acquaintances there, Lee?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Angelo.

"Lee could not have passed the night there," said Dr. Holmes. "That would never have been permitted."

"True, sir; but it is possible that he obtained a flight in a machine, and that would account for his prolonged absence."

"Is that the case, Lee?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Angelo.

"You have been up in an aeroplane?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are very well aware that you should have done nothing of the kind without permission?"

No reply.

"Did you land at such a distance that it was impossible to return to the school last night?" pursued Mr. Railton.

Again Angelo started. The Housemaster really seemed able to read his mind like an open book.

"Bless my soul!" said Dr. Holmes. "If that is the case, Mr. Railton, it would be quite simple for Lee to say so."

"No doubt, sir; unless it is Lee's object to make you believe that the matter is worse than it is in reality, owing to his desire to be sent away from the school," said the Housemaster quietly.

Dr. Holmes set his lips. He had not suspected that himself; but now that the Housemaster mentioned it, he could see that it was very probable.

"Lee, I command you to speak frankly," he rapped out. "Was it impossible, after your flight in the aeroplane, for you to return to the school last night?"

"Yes, sir," confessed Angelo.

"You landed at a great distance?" said the Head.

"Yes, sir—a great distance."

"Why did you not say so?"

Angelo was silent.

"Is it, as Mr. Railton has suggested, that you desire me to take as severe a view of the matter as possible, in order to make sure that you will be sent away from the school?"

The Head waited for a reply that did not come.

"Even if you were prevented from returning, Lee, you could have sent a telegram, I suppose?"

"I suppose so, sir."

"You did not do so?"

"No, sir."

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"You preferred to leave me, your headmaster, in a state of alarm and anxiety?"

"I—I did not think of it, sir," stammered Angelo. "I—I was rather busy—I mean—"

"You were too busy to give a thought to your headmaster?" asked Dr. Holmes in a terrifying voice.

"Yes, sir."

Dr. Holmes drew a deep breath.

"Very well! Lee, since you have been at this school, it has been your desire to leave, as you have already confessed to me. I have felt it my duty to keep you here, as it was your father's wish, though you have greatly provoked me. The end is now come. You have been guilty of rebellion, of disrespect, of want of feeling; and to gain your end you have endeavoured to make me think worse of you than even you deserved. For your father's sake, I am sorry to send you away—for your own sake, it is my conviction that you deserve a severer sentence than I can pass on you. You have exhausted my patience, and you will be flogged in public, Lee, in the sight of the whole school, and expelled in disgrace. A master will conduct you to your home this evening, and make the necessary explanations to your father."

"Very well, sir," said Angelo, in a low voice.

Mr. Railton, will you kindly give the order for the school to assemble in Hall at seven o'clock? Mr. Railton, perhaps you will take Lee back to the punishment-room for the present."

A couple of minutes later a crowd of fellows watched Angelo on his way back to the punishment-room. The key turned on him again.

Alone in "Nobody's Study," Angelo stood for some minutes in thought. His face was clouded. He respected the Head of St. Jim's—he liked and respected both his Form master and his Housemaster, little as his conduct would have indicated as much. He was sincerely sorry to have earned their bad opinion; and the contempt in the Head's voice had been painful enough to him. He was not feeling happy.

But the recollection that he had gained his ends was a consolation for all; his face brightened as he thought of that.

He was going!

At long last he had been successful; he was going. The career of which he had dreamed would be open to him at last; instead of the Form-room, the aerodrome; instead of Latin classics with Mr. Lathom, the science of flight with Cousin Peter! Angelo's eyes danced, and he chuckled. Had the Head of St. Jim's been able to see him just then, undoubtedly the old gentleman would have been greatly shocked and angered; for Angelo, the fellow who was to be flogged and sacked, was executing a triumphal dance round the table in the punishment-room in the gayest of spirits!

CHAPTER 11.

At the Last Moment!

"COME on, Gussy!"

"Sowwy—"

"Fathead! It's Big Hall!"

"Yaas, but—"

"All St. Jim's, both Houses, all Forms," said Tom Merry. "Quite a function! I should feel sorry for that ass Lee, only I suppose it's just what he wants."

"Yaas, wathah! In the circus, Tom Mewwy, I decline to feel sowwy for him," said Arthur Augustus severely.

"I am sowwy to say that he is a bad hat. Only yesterday I took the twouble to twash him, you know; and it had no effect upon him wathevah. I considah—"

"Better leave your considerations till after the giddy functions," grinned Blake. "We've got to line up in Hall."

"Come on," said Lowther; and Tom Merry & Co. went in with the Shell. All St. Jim's was converging towards Big Hall.

It was, as Tom said, quite a function. Fellows had been dismissed from St. Jim's before; but an expulsion in public was a very uncommon affair. It was, as Monty Lowther said, the whole giddy business, with bell, book, and candle, and it happened very seldom. No doubt the Head desired to impress upon Lee's mind the fact that it was not so light a matter as he supposed, to be expelled from school.

In the sight of all St. Jim's Angelo was to be flogged; and then expelled—the severest sentence it was in the headmaster's power to pass; and there was no doubt that the affair would be very impressive. Probably Angelo would be consoled for the flogging by the sack that was to follow—a very unusual and peculiar state of affairs, which must have added to the Head's wrath when he thought of it.

"You fellows wun along," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"You see—"

"Come on, fathead!" said Blake.



In the midst of the uproar, the door was suddenly opened. Mr. Railton, Housemaster of the School House, looked in, with surprise and great displeasure in his looks. "D'Arcy! Lee! Cease this at once!" he thundered. "Oh, bai Jove! Wailton!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. (See Chapter 6.)

"You see—"

"Do you want to be late?" exclaimed Herries. "The prefects will be looking out, you ass, on an occasion like this."

"Get a move on, you ass!" said Dig.

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"Sowwy, but I can't come," he said. "You see, deah boys, undah the impression that Lee had met with some fearful accident, I phoned to the newsagent to send me the 'Evening News,' and the lad is to wait at the side gate with it at seven o'clock. I can't vewy well leave him waitin' there."

"Fathead!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Now, then, get into the Hall!" called out Darrell of the Sixth, passing the group of juniors.

"You see, the House will be closed, after Hall, and I could not get out again," said Arthur Augustus. "I cannot leave that lad hangin' about the side-gate all night, you know. But it's all wight—one fellow won't be missed from the Fourth unless they take the woll."

"They will take the roll," said Dig.

"I'm chancin' it, deah boy."

And Arthur Augustus walked away, not in the direction of Big Hall. Blake & Co. went in without their noble chum.

While all the rest of St. Jim's, School House and New House, with prefects, masters, and Housemasters, assembled

in the lofty, stately apartment, under the ancient oak rafters, Arthur Augustus waited at the little side-gate, under dusky trees, for the newsagents' lad from Rylcombe. St. Jim's juniors were not supposed to have evening papers sent to them, of course. But Arthur Augustus, relying on his own tact and judgment, was sometimes a law unto himself. When seven boomed out from the clock-tower, the assembly in Big Hall was complete, excepting for the swell of St. Jim's—and Gussy was leaning over the gate, which he had climbed for the purpose, watching for the newsagent's lad.

That youth came along whistling shrilly, and he tossed up a folded paper to Gussy, who tossed back a shilling.

D'Arcy dropped back from the gate, and put the paper under his arm, and walked back to the School House.

The old, stained windows of Big Hall were bright with lights; evidently the "function" was on now.

But Arthur Augustus did not approach the big, oak doors. The doors were closed, and it was too late for the swell of the Fourth to wedge in, without attracting general attention, at least. He hoped that the roll had not been taken, and that he had not been missed from the Fourth. And as he had nothing to do till his friends came out after the function, Arthur Augustus sat down in Study No. 5, to pass the time in the perusal of the "Evening News."

Meanwhile, Big Hall was crammed with the St. Jim's fellows; all the Forms in their places, and the prefects

walking up and down with their canes to keep silence. Not that silence was kept; the occasion was too exciting for that. Incessant murmurs of voices broke out, as the fellows watched eagerly for the appearance of the Head and the delinquent. Taggles, the porter, was already there; it being the duty of Taggles to "hoist" the victim on the occasion of an official Head's flogging—a more serious and impressive affair than a mere "bending over."

"Silence!" called out Kildare, for the twentieth time; and Mr. Raiton began to take the roll.

Only one fellow was marked absent: D'Arcy of the Fourth.

"Lines for Gussy!" murmured Blake.

"It's worth lines to miss this!" yawned Cardew. "I'm rather sorry I didn't stand out with Gussy."

"Silence!" hooted Knox of the Sixth.

"Here he comes!" murmured Tom Merry, in the ranks of the Shell.

Mr. Latham entered with Angelo.

All eyes were fixed on the condemned junior, as he walked up the crowded Hall by the side of his Form master.

Angelo's face was serious; but he did not look perturbed. Indeed, as he caught Monty Lowther's eye, he winked.

Lowther grinned.

"He's game!" he said.

"Silence!"

There was deep silence, at last, as the Head entered by the upper door. Dr. Holmes was looking very severe and stern. There was a deep drawing-in of breath, in the swarming Hall, as he took the birch from the hand of Taggles. Angelo's face grew graver; the flogging, at least, was a part of the function that was not welcome to him. And the Head's expression indicated that the flogging would not be child's play.

But he stood up steadily before the headmaster, cool and collected, the cynosure of all eyes.

"Lee!" came the Head's deep voice. "Your sentence is already known to you—your offence is known to all the school, now assembled to witness your punishment. You have constantly disregarded the rules of the school, and set at naught the commands of those set in authority over you. Your many offences have now reached their culmination. You will receive twelve strokes from the birch, and you will be expelled in ignominy from a school of which you are not worthy."

There was a pause.

"The old man eloquent!" murmured Cardew of the Fourth.

"Shurrup!" breathed Blake.

The silence was tense. It was broken by the Head.

"Take him up, Taggles."

Lee breathed hard. Taggles, with a faint, crusty grin wrinkling his ancient features, hoisted the rebel of the Fourth; and the birch swished in the air.

Swish!

"Phew!" murmured Lowther.

The Head was laying it on. Through the crowded, silent Hall, the lashes of the birch rang almost like pistol-shots. Obviously, the Head did not think that this was a time for sparing the rod.

Swish after swish, while Lee's face grew set and hard, and he clenched his teeth to keep back a cry.

Undoubtedly, he was "game."

It was not till the eleventh stroke, that a faint sound came from Lee. At the twelfth, he gave a sort of yelp. The infliction was over.

"Set him down, Taggles."

Angelo was set down.

He stood a little unsteadily, his face slightly pale. He was breathing in quick jerks. All the fellows gazed at him, silent and sympathetic now. It had been a very severe castigation, and Lee had borne it gamely.

"And now, Lee—" Dr. Holmes raised his hand, as if to give added effect to the sentence of expulsion that was coming.

There was a sudden interruption.

One wing of the great oaken doors flew open, and a hurried, breathless junior rushed into Big Hall.

There was a buzz of amazed voices.

"What—"

"Who—"

"D'Arcy—"

"Silence!"

Dr. Holmes almost spun round, in his amazement and wrath. For a junior to interrupt the solemn proceedings in Big Hall was absolutely unprecedented; unheard-of; really unnerving. Dr. Holmes could scarcely believe his eyes, as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, breathless, excited, utterly forgetful of the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere, dashed up the Hall, eluding the grasp of two or three prefects who clutched at him. In his hand the swell of St. Jim's bore a copy of the "Evening News."

"D'Arcy!" thundered the Head, in a formidable voice.

"Sir!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Excuse me—I—"

"Excuse you!" repeated the Head wrathfully. "You shall be flogged for this—flogged severely! Remove him, Kildare."

"Pway, look at this sir!" gasped D'Arcy, holding up the newspaper. "I—I—weally, sir—I—"

"Remove him."

"It's about Lee, sir!" shrieked Arthur Augustus, as Kildare's strong grasp closed on his shoulder. "It explains why Lee was away, sir—there was a fearful accident, sir, and Lee saved an airman's life, sir—"

"What?"

"It's in the papah, sir!" panted Arthur Augustus. "I—I felt suah, sir, that you would want to see it, befoah you—"

The Head made him a gesture to be silent, and took the paper from his hand. In the midst of an amazed silence, Dr. Holmes took the paper, and gazed at it—and every eye was fixed on him.

CHAPTER 12.

Not the Sack!

A PIN might have been heard to fall in Big Hall at St. Jim's.

The silence was deep.

Angelo Lee stood like a statue, his eyes on Arthur Augustus. Gussy gave him a reassuring smile, receiving in return the blackest look of which Lee's good-looking face was capable, much to his surprise.

The juniors stared at the Head, and at Arthur Augustus. The Fifth and the Sixth stared. The sensation was enormous. Arthur Augustus had astonished the natives with a vengeance. His sudden and dramatic interruption into the crowded Hall had fairly taken the fellows' breath away.

The Head was reading, and his face was changing as he read. Whatever it was that he was perusing in the evening paper, obviously it produced a great effect upon him. He raised his eyes from the newspaper, for a moment, to glance at Angelo, and then resumed his reading. The silence was so tense as to be positively painful.

Dr. Holmes lowered the paper at last, and spoke.

"D'Arcy, I am glad that you brought this to my notice."

"I wathah considahed, sir—"

"You may take your place with your Form."

"Oh, yaas, sir!"

Arthur Augustus retreated into the ranks of the Fourth. Blake & Co. met him with expressive looks there.

"What the merry thump—" breathed Blake.

"Silence!"

Dr. Holmes was speaking again.

"Lee, why did you not tell me this?"

Angelo did not answer.

The Head gave him one long, keen, searching look. Then he turned his glance upon the sea of excited, expectant faces.

"My boys," said the Head, and his deep voice was heard in every corner of the great Hall, "you are all aware that Lee of the Fourth Form has been guilty of very serious infractions of the laws of this school, for which I have administered a flogging, and for which I was about to expel him. It has now come to my knowledge that during his inexcusable absence he performed an act of great courage and devotion, which reflects great credit upon himself and upon the school to which he belongs—to which he still belongs."



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"I wegard you as a cheekay, ungwaterful ass, Lee," exclaimed Arthur Augustus, indignantly. "The vewy least you can do is to wendah thanks for what I have done for you. I am waitin' for your thanks." "Here they are!" said Lee, and he rushed at the swell of St. Jim's. "Bai Jove! Dwaggimoff! Gwoogh! Oh, cwumbs!" roared Arthur Augustus as the infuriated Lee got his noble head into chancery. (See Chapter 13.)

There was a buzz as the headmaster paused.
"So the sack's off!" murmured Blake.

"Still belongs!" whispered Tom Merry. "That means that it's not the long jump this time. I'm glad!"

"Lee isn't," grinned Lowther. "Look at his face."

"Oh, he's an ass!" said Tom.

"Silence!"

Dr. Holmes resumed.

"I shall read out the report that is given in this newspaper. I am glad that you should all know what your schoolfellow has done."

Every ear was intent now. Dr. Holmes proceeded to read:
"Mr. Peter Lee, the airman whose record as a flying officer in the War is well known, met with a serious accident yesterday evening. Mr. Lee was taking a trial trip in a new aeroplane of his own design, his only companion being a relative, a schoolboy belonging to St. James' School, in Sussex, more familiarly known, we believe, as St. Jim's. But for the presence of this schoolboy, Mr. Lee's accident would undoubtedly have proved fatal. While flying at a great height trouble developed with the propeller, and Mr. Lee gave up his seat to his youthful companion to attend to it, and by an unfortunate accident sprained his arm. The machine dived, but the schoolboy, with wonderful nerve and presence of mind, succeeded in mastering it, and effected a forced landing, after dark, with a skill and steadiness of which many an experienced airman might well be proud. After landing on a lonely common in Berkshire, the boy had to tramp four miles to obtain help for the disabled pilot. We imagine that after such an exploit, young Master Lee will receive something in the nature of from his schoolfellows."

The Head ceased.

Angelo's face was burning.

"You should have told me of this, Lee," said Dr. Holmes quietly. "Do not misunderstand me. Your disobedience and rebelliousness have merited severe punishment, but I cannot overlook the fact that you have displayed a courage and resource that reflect the greatest credit upon you and upon this school. Mr. Lee appears to me to have acted very recklessly in ascending with only a schoolboy as a companion, but it is undoubted that you saved the life of a man who served his country well in the Great War. If this information had reached me earlier, Lee, I should not have administered the flogging. As the matter stands, I shall rescind the remainder of your sentence, and you will not be expelled."

Angelo stood dumb.

"I shall trust," added the Head, "that in pardoning your offence, and permitting you to remain, I shall be repaid by seeing you learn the lesson of obedience and proper regard for authority."

"I—" began Angelo.

The schoolboy-airman was interrupted.

"Thwee cheeahs for Lee!" shouted Arthur Augustus.

"What-ho!"

The cheers rang out, echoing like thunder from the rafters of Big Hall. The Head smiled genially, and made a gesture of dismissal.

The "function" was over, and it had ended in the most unexpected manner. The Head disappeared by the upper door, then a crowd of juniors rushed forward and collared Angelo, and he was borne out shoulder-high.

"Hurrah!"

"Good man!"

"That kid's actually piloted an aeroplane!" exclaimed Blake. "That ass who was called the fool of the school! Bravo, Lee!"

"Bwavo!"

Angelo was speaking, but his voice was lost in a roar of cheers, as Tom Merry & Co. bore him out of Big Hall on their shoulders.

CHAPTER 13. Angelo's Thanks!

JUST like Gussy!" said Blake, an hour later, in the Junior Common-room.

"The wight man in the wight place, what?" smiled Arthur Augustus.

"I mean, butting in too late for the flogging!" chuckled Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Just like Gussy!" said Tom Merry, laughing.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"It saved Lee from the sack, but not from the floggin'," remarked Cardew. "He didn't want the flogging, and he did want the sack! Gussy all over."

"Weally, Cardew—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wats!" said Arthur Augustus warmly. "I wegard it as extwemely fortunate that I spotted that weport in the 'Evening News,' and got it to the Head in time. I pwomised to look aftah Lee at St. Jim's, and I have saved him ffrom gettin' bunked. No fellow could do more."

"Has Lee thanked you yet?" grinned Cardew.

"Not yet, deah boy. I am expectin' him to expvess his thanks, howevah, for savin' him at the last moment in that wathah dwamatic way. Cousin Ethel was quite wight in askin' a fellow of tact and judgment to look aftah Lee. I was quite fed-up with the chap, you know—uttably disgusted, in fact, till I wead that weport in the papah."

"Where's Lee?" asked Blake, looking round.

"Rejoicin' somewhere," chuckled Cardew.

After the ovation he had received from the St. Jim's fellows, Angelo had gone to his study. Whether he was rejoicing over his escape from the "sack" was rather doubtful, considering that he had been asking for it ever since he had come to St. Jim's. The report of Lee's gallant conduct in the hour of danger had quite changed Gussy's feelings towards him, and in his eagerness to save him from his sentence he had rather overlooked the fact that the execution of that sentence was exactly what Angelo wanted.

Indeed, it was clear enough that Angelo had kept his exploit dark, and had deliberately allowed the Head to form the worst possible opinion of his conduct, in order to make the "sack" an absolute certainty.

He had been saved, but it was extremely doubtful whether he was feeling anything like gratitude towards the fellow who had saved him, and incidentally knocked his little scheme on the head.

But for the intervention of Arthur Augustus, the gates of St. Jim's would have been closed behind Angelo Lee by this time, and the old school would have known him no more.

The juniors chuckled, and wondered what Angelo's thoughts on the subject were. But Arthur Augustus, convinced that he had been the right man in the right place at the right moment, would not permit himself to doubt.

"Wubbish!" he said emphatically. "Wats and wubbish! We have had some wathah hard thoughts about Lee, but all is explained now, and he is weinstated in my good opinion."

"Which ought to make any fellow happy," said Monty Lowther gravely.

"Yaas, wathah!" assented Arthur Augustus, unsuspiciously.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I am suah it is a gweat welief to the Head; he would have been vevy sowwy if he had booted out a chap who is weally a cwedit to the school, with all his funny ways," said Arthur Augustus. "And I am suah that Lee, on reflection, will be vevy glad, too. You fellows can gwin as much as you like, but I am expectin' Lee to expvess his heart-felt thanks—"

"Here he comes to do it!" said Cardew.

All eyes turned on the doorway, as Angelo appeared there. A fellow who, in other circumstances, had narrowly escaped the "sack," might have looked very bucked thereby. Angelo was not looking bucked.

He was looking quite the reverse of bucked.

He came grimly into the Common-room, looked round, and came across to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

That cheery youth greeted him with a cheery smile and a nod.

"All sewene now, Lee!" he said.

"You ass!"

"Eh?"

"You idiot!"

"Weally, Lee—"

"You crass chump!" roared Lee. "What did you butt in for?"

"Bai Jove! Are you awah, Lee, that if I had not butted in, as you wathah coarsely expvess it, the Head would nevah have known what a wippin' thing you did in the newoplane!"

"I was keeping all that dark on purpose, fathead!" hooted Lee.

"The Head and ewevybody would have gone on believin' that you had acted in a wotten mannah—"

"I wanted them to, ass!"

"You would have been turned out of the school, Lee!"

"You blithering chump, haven't I been trying to get turned out of the school ever since I came here?" howled Lee.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wegard you as a cheekay, ungwateful ass, Lee!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, indignantly. "The vevy least you can do is to wendah thanks for what I have done for you. I am waitin' for your thanks."

"Here they are!" said Lee, and he rushed at the swell of St. Jim's.

"Yawwooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fwightful wotah!"

Crash! Bump!

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

"Bai Jove! Dwaggimoff! Gwoogh! Oh, cwumbs!" roared Arthur Augustus, as the infuriated Lee got his noble head into chancery.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus hardly knew whether he was on his noble head or his aristocratic heels in the wild and whirling minutes that followed. He found himself at last sitting on the floor of the Common-room, surrounded by fellows yelling with laughter. Lee was gone—having thus energetically expressed his thanks—and Arthur Augustus gasped frantically for breath, and groped wildly for his eyeglass.

"Gwoogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gwoogh! Oogh! Oh! Ow! I wegard that fellow as an uttah wuffian, and I wufuse to have anythin' more to do with him!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "He can be sacked ffrom St. Jim's as soon as he likes, and the soonah the bettah. Ow! Gwoogh! Aftah this, I uttably wufuse to look aftah Lee—gwoogh—any more! Wow! I shall let him—gwoogh-ooogh-wip!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, at least, was finished with looking after Lee!

THE END.

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WHITE EAGLE!

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Told By

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Just In Time!

A BEAR, even a thoroughly angry one, is an extremely cautious animal. Not being ferocious by nature, and seldom eating flesh—though the mildest of bears will never refuse mutton or pork if it can be got without too much risk, especially if it is cooked—it will not, unless wounded, attack a man until it can take him at a disadvantage.

This she-bear, though struck by her prey's amazing indifference, and feeling every minute more certain that her presence was not suspected, could not realise at first the absolute lack of preparedness of a blindly wandering man. But as she drew nearer she grew bolder. At last she made up her mind to charge.

Holt was now doing a steep climb up a slope of slippery grass and loose stones, one of which, and a large one, had dislodged itself, bounded backwards and struck the bear on the nose, annoying her extremely. Tom was tired now, and went slowly, his whole mind engrossed in reaching a large rock at the top of the hill, where he could rest, in the first place, and from which, in the second, he hoped to obtain a view of the country around, for he had become conscious that he had lost himself.

That rock was the spot which the bear wanted for her attack. It was very large and stood among broken ground, and a most convenient line of bushes led to it up the hill, which would conceal her advances and enable her, unseen, to get ahead—and wait. The assault of the stone clinched the bear's resolution. She was very irritable as it was. The smart of this blow settled it, and scarcely troubling to do more than lower her head and keep the bushes between her and her victim, she scuttled swiftly past him and bunched herself on the other side of the rock ready for a charge.

A bear, of course, does not spring like a lion or a leopard. It runs at its enemies on all fours, raising itself on its hind feet at the moment of contact to grip with claws and teeth, and crush with the hug of its powerful arms.

As Tom neared the rock where the bear was waiting, his pace slackened, and he began to look about more watchfully than he had yet done. He had neither seen nor heard of his enemy, but he was oppressed with a growing consciousness that he had

been proceeding away from camp instead of towards it, and that goodness knew how far it was off, or where it was, so that, unless he could make himself heard by the Indians, he would have to spend the night out.

This, in conjunction with the fact that it was just beginning to rain, made him gloomy and nervous all of a sudden. The result was that, just before he reached the rock, he turned round and began to peer about, and without any definite reason, but, following some impulse, he dropped his rifle on the grass and drew his revolver.

He was not just where the bear wanted. She was expecting him to walk past the rock, and she had planned, as he did so, to slip round it and seize him from behind. But he was near enough, and his back was towards her. The moment had come, and she ran at him with a long, hoarse growl.

The sound gave Tom time to turn round, cock his revolver and fire. Then he felt the hot breath of the beast in his face and the rip of her claws in his shoulder. He lost his balance and fell heavily, striking his head against a stone with a rough, jagged edge. This stunned him, and, rolling some yards down the hill, by reason of its steepness and the impetus of his fall, he lay inert and helpless.

But the bear could not follow him at first. The heavy bullet from the revolver had struck her in the lower jaw, smashing it, and the flare of the explosion half blinded her. For a minute she buried her head in her paws, howling with pain and distress, and by the time she had recovered sufficiently to look for her enemy he had disappeared.

But a bear fights to the death. The first shock of the explosion over, she snuffed about, discovered the body lying in the grass, and made ready to tear it to pieces. But before she could reach Tom an agonising pain penetrator one of her hind feet, accompanied by a jerk so sharp and unexpected, that she was brought up short in her stride, and, being on the slope of the hill, turned over on her back like a turtle. Following the pain, she heard a growl nearly as loud, though much shriller than her own, and found that a new enemy had appeared out of the night.

It was a contemptible creature, a wolf or something of the kind; and not even a full-grown one. Bears in those parts take no notice of wolves. All they know are the coyotes of the prairie, which are hardly larger than jackals;

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 373.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE!

TOM HOLT, a sturdy young Britisher of seventeen, lands in New Mexico—at the invitation of some friends of his father's—to start business on the Doggett Ranch.

He finds the place in a deserted and dilapidated condition, and from a letter, left by a former employee, learns that his two friends have died. Tom's in a quandary, for he knows nothing about ranching, but he buckles to and makes the ranch-house ship-shape. In the course of this general clean-up he comes across a dog, with whom he makes friends instantly. Hunks, as he names the dog, proves a real pal.

Shortly after his meeting with Hunks, Tom runs across a wandering tribe of Apache Indians. Their chief is Black Hawk. Unknown to Tom, the chief cherishes the hope of wiping out the "whites" in the country, and to help him to collect the necessary knowledge before a successful raid can be made on the white settlements, he offers to take Tom on the trail and show him how to be a successful rancher.

Unconsciously, Tom jumps at the opportunity. Later, the young Britisher distinguishes himself by "sticking in the saddle" of an untamed mare called Malinka. This so pleases the chief that he makes a present of the mare to his paleface friend. It is intended that the tribe should hit the trail to hunt bear and mountain lion, so Tom equips himself accordingly. Leaving Malinka and Hunks behind, the party set off, with Black Hawk in the lead. Tom shoots a father Bruin, and so keen is he to add to his bag that he stays behind when the rest of the party depart. Meantime, the mother of the bear cubs, enraged at the shooting of her mate, trails the unsuspecting Tom, eager to take her revenge. Hunks, back at the camp, gets anxious at the long absence of his master, and when the party return home without him the intelligent little animal bites hard at his leash until he frees himself; then, with his nose to the ground, he finds the scent of his master and follows hard on the trail.

(Now read on.)

or the timber-wolves in the mountains, which leave them politely alone. But this wolf bit like a badger. The surprise of the bear at being attacked by such a creature was beyond imagination. But it was not greater than her fury.

Hunks' teeth had been inserted in the very tenderest part of the hind leg, just behind the hock. They had nearly met there, but not to remain. Hunks knew no more of bears than this she-bear did of dogs, but he saw that to attempt to hold such a mountain of a creature would be suicidal. So, as soon as she turned upon him, he let go and sprang back out of reach, just escaping by a few inches two slashing blows from her fore-paws. But his purpose was served. The bear's attention was drawn from his master.

Hunks was a pup transformed. All thought of himself had vanished, and he felt no fear of any kind. Had this bear been a mountain-lion it would have been the same. Love had taken possession of him.

But it was something more than love. Young as Hunks was, he was old enough to feel the joy of battle in which his ancestors had died joyfully, again and again, under the horns of the bull. The love for his master having taken away fear, this joy now seized him, body and soul, and he threw himself into this fight for Tom's life with an eager zest and perfect happiness which largely made up for his youth and inexperience. The bear indulged him. She had not forgotten her purpose. The terrible agony of her broken jaw prevented that, but she felt that she must dispatch this wretched little creature first. She thought it would be the easiest thing in the world, and charged upon Hunks with all her force. But it was not so easy as it looked. The pup fled, of course, and, being so clumsy and over-excited as well, he did not run fast, and the bear very nearly caught him. But she did not quite do it.

Two of her claws ripped his leg, tearing away a large piece of skin, but the result was to make the little beast leap aside with an agility his collie father would have approved, and double in his tracks like a rabbit; and before the bear knew what had become of him he had her again by the hind leg in the same place as at first, and this time the pain was excruciating agony. She lunged back swiftly, and had her jaw not been broken would have had him in her teeth. But as it was she only hurt herself horribly in the effort, and before she could grasp him within her claws, he had rolled away and wriggled out of reach.

The escape was so narrow, however, and Hunks' leg was hurting so much, that he took himself off farther than before, and the bear's thoughts turned again to the man.

Tom had returned to consciousness. His head was dull and dizzy, but he realised his position, and the intervention of Hunks. It was very dark, and he was not sure that the little chap was still alive. In any case, here was the bear coming for him again. He must do something for himself. He had lost his revolver; his rifle was above, near the rock. He had only a knife, and he felt too shaky to use it with any effect. The only chance was to retreat till his strength came back. The bear was above him, and there lay his chance. Springing to his feet, with the swiftness of desperation, he went down-hill in long, flying leaps, his intention being to pull up among some rocks and turn to bay there.

But the ground was treacherous and his balance unsteady. He gained for a moment, bears being bad runners down-hill, then caught his foot in a tuft of grass, and went crash on his back, turning a complete somersault. The bear was after him in a trice. Hunks, throwing discretion to the winds, had seized her again, this time in the rump, and was hanging on like grim death; but she carried him on without turning, and it seemed as though nothing could save Tom, when two rifles cracked at the same moment, and she sank on her haunches and fell over—dead!

Skunk!

THE shots were fired by Black Hawk and White Cat. They had come upon the scene when Hunks made his first attack, but had kept still to watch the struggle between dog and bear, knowing that Tom was safe until that was over. This self-control had not been exercised because of any fear of hitting Hunks, but solely out of curiosity to see whether dog-devil or bear would come off best.

As soon as the bear turned they took hold of the situation, and though Indians are not at all first-rate shots, they were near enough to make sure.

But though their bullets did the work, it was Hunks who took the credit for it all. Probably he honestly believed he deserved it. Anyway, when father and son came up and pulled Tom to his feet, they found the pup with his teeth fixed in the bear's throat, shaking as much of her as he

could move with the joyous ferocity of a terrier finishing off a gigantic rat. No one grudged him this satisfaction. When Tom had thanked the men and shaken hands, he caught the pup to him, and the Indians witnessed an exhibition of mutual caresses and endearments which amazed them afresh.

A very proud and perfectly contented pup was Hunks that night when they all got back to camp; and after the wound in his leg had been dressed he nestled down by his master's side and fell asleep, to dream of his battle all over again—but with a bear that this time was the size of an elephant.

It was a very good bag. The skin of the bears was in excellent condition, and their flesh, with that of the cubs, provided nourishment for the party for a long time. Indians love bears' meat, and are adepts at cooking and preserving it. Tom found it tasted quite as nice as beef, though not as tender.

The claws of the she-bear had left their mark in Tom's shoulder, and Hunks was lame, so they both took it easily for a little while; but in a day or two the pup was himself again—and rather more. This encounter with the bear, and the respectful consideration with which he was now treated by everyone, not excepting Tom, who could not forget that he owed his life to the little chap, had a demoralising effect upon Hunks. In plain words, he began to have a swelled head. This is a most dangerous complaint in the wilds, whether for man or beast, and has caused more sudden deaths than all others combined.

A month passed. The heroes of the bear fight soon recovered, and began to get into good, hard condition. They had no particular adventures. Things of that kind don't come for the asking out West, and pleasure and excitement in hunting were not nearly so frequent as hardship and disappointment. Tom stalked prong-horn antelope on the prairie for three whole days, with nothing to eat, and hardly a drink, and hit nothing. The Indians bagged several, but that did not console Tom. And what hard work it was!

They would sight a herd, looking, in the shimmering mirage of the endless stretch of grass, with their delicate limbs and white tails, like a flock of birds. It would seem half a mile away to Tom, but turn out to be at least two miles. He never could get used to the deceptive clearness of the western atmosphere. The creatures had to be surrounded then, and stalked. That meant slow and painful progression for hours and hours, bent nearly double, and all the time you must be ready for a shot, your rifle against your elbow, your finger on the trigger.

If the deer were in a quiet mood, and moved slowly when they smelt the men to windward of them, it became a case of crawling, and what crawling is like over stony ground or prickly cactus, or even ordinary rough prairie grass on a hot day, when your stomach is empty and you are parched with thirst, and the dust is going up your nose, must be experienced to be understood. Let any of you who are Boy Scouts crawl on your bare knees over a cornfield just after the corn is cut, and you will know something about it.

Tom got the best Scout's training in the world by his sufferings. The muscles of his legs became bands of steel, his eyes learned to distinguish objects at a distance which they could not have seen a week or two before. Best of all, he learnt to endure pain and misery and want without complaint of any kind. How could he grouse, when all around him were these patient, indomitable little Red fellows? They were always doing far more than he did—for Black Hawk invariably gave him the easiest job—eating little, resting scarcely at all, and never making any fuss whatever the weather was, or however bad the luck of the chase might be.

But, excellent as this discipline might be for Tom, Hunks did not share it, for no self-respecting prong-horn would have allowed anyone to come within five miles of it if Hunks had been of the party.

If Hunks did not learn the same lessons, however, he learnt others. As soon as he discovered that he was not wanted by his master on the trail, he began expeditions on his own account. First he tried the prairie. This was very exhausting and most unsatisfactory. There were the prairie dogs, for instance. Again and again and again, with most careful patience, Hunks would approach step by step on his belly these queer creatures about the size of a small rabbit, with heads like large rats, which ran about almost under his nose, jerking up their tails with sharp cries, like the squeak of toy dolls, and apparently taking no more notice of him than they did of those funny little owls which perched near them on mounds of sand. They would even turn their back upon him and sit stiffly as sticks when he was within three yards of them.

But no sooner did he take a last leap and snap to catch one in his jaws than all he got for his pains was a handful of sand in his eyes. The prairie-dog had kicked up its heels and disappeared downstairs. He caught one at last lying



Hunks, throwing discretion to the winds, seized the infuriated bear again, this time in the rump. It seemed that nothing could save Tom, for the bear carried Hunks without turning. Then, suddenly, two rifles cracked out at the same moment. (See page 24.)

down, because it was fast asleep, and though he got a sharp bite on his paw he killed it, and made an excellent meal. That was his first lesson. Don't chase anything that knows you are there. Wait and watch until you catch it off guard, and then grab it.

But Hunks' most valuable experience came from a thing which did not run away. We said he had a swelled head, after the bear-fight. That, of course, was a fanciful turn. A week later he got a real one. He met a skunk. It was one day after a futile chase of the prairie-dogs that Hunks beheld a short-legged, sharp-nosed little thing, with long black hair and a white tail, the size of a terrier dog, only much wider. He stalked it with enormous caution lest it should be frightened and run away. All of which, of course, was quite unnecessary. A skunk, being afraid of nothing, never runs away.

This one saw Hunks before he saw it, but went quietly about his business, until at last, from behind a bush, which the pup fondly thought concealed him completely, while all the time he was plainly visible to the skunk, he sprang out like a raging lion. The skunk waited, as the dog rushed at him, twisted his sturdy body into fighting position, turned his head to avoid the gaping jaws which threatened him, and swiftly and firmly fastened his teeth into the upper portion of Hunks' nose.

A skunk is not as powerful as a badger—the head of his tribe, if we except the wolverine—but he has the same tenacity, fearlessness, and grit. Hunks was fairly cornered. His own teeth only caught a bunch of coarse hair; those of his enemy held him helpless. It was an awful experience. His nose bled and bled; the skunk, keeping quite still, chewed and chewed, and he could do nothing whatever.

Most puppies would have been killed, because they would have struggled, and tried in vain to tear themselves away, until they were exhausted by loss of blood, and were at their enemy's mercy. But Hunks was as bitter a fighter as any skunk when he found himself in a fix. He struggled not at all. He just kept still and waited.

This conduct, in the opinion of the skunk, was rotten. Skunks are irritable animals, and find no pleasure in holding something that does not move and yell. So after a minute or two he let go, with an angry shake of the head and a

sneeze, to get a new hold. But he never got that hold. Hunks pivoted round, as bulldogs do in a fight, then struck as collies strike, with a swift wolf-snap, and his teeth got in this time, at the back of the skunk's thick neck.

Let us draw a veil over the rest. The skunk died, but for days Hunks was the sickest and most miserable dog that ever thought himself to be what he was not. He had to be banished from his master's side at night because he smelt so horribly. His nose, the size of a balloon, nearly sent him crazy with pain all day. He could not open his mouth to eat, and scarcely wide enough to drink, and fits of vomiting tortured his little inside until he wanted to lie down and die.

He was convalescent in a week, and well in ten days, except for a scar on his nose; but a great change came over the dog. He had learnt the lesson of his life, and from that day forward ceased to be a puppy.

About the time of Hunks' recovery the party moved away some fifty miles westward. They were now in the heart of the wildest country, and Black Hawk made permanent camp. Each day now the Indians went out singly or in pairs to set traps, or to shoot.

Tom was left largely to his own devices, and devoted himself to teaching Hunks all he could about small game in the day-time, and, with White Cat, following the tracks of bear and puma at night.

They were not at all successful. The beasts were very wary, and so, indeed, were the young hunters, after the experience with the she-bear. They got one bear, but he was only half grown. As for mountain lions, they never saw one. The old hunters told them this was because there was a moon.

There came an evening at last, however, when there was to be no moon. Thunder had been gathering all day, and by sundown a grey haze was settling down upon the country, with a chill in it like the touch of a damp finger. Yet it was very hot. Before darkness fell Black Hawk had all the skins they had collected piled carefully between rocks, where they could neither be blown nor washed away; the camp was pitched under shelter of a great cave on high ground, and the ponies were bunched together and securely picketed.



Tom's rifle cracked out and the puma dropped on its head. Then, still alive, with a writhing half-turn, it lunged round at Hunks, for the pup was burying his teeth into the puma's back! (See page 28.)

Yet, so far, there was not a sign of rain, nor a breath of wind, and the faint murmur of thunder had ceased.

Indians hate thunderstorms. They have not the same terror of lightning that many savage races feel; the modern Indian, indeed, is dropping his superstitions one by one. But nothing will induce an ordinary Apache, when he sees lightning, to wander from camp.

Tom, of course, had no such feeling, and White Cat, who had now become his inseparable companion in an adventure, had learnt to conceal the qualms he still felt on the matter, up to a point.

This evening the boys decided upon a royal lion hunt. The day before they had struck the fresh trail of a puma. They could not follow it far—even Indians cannot, unless the animal is wounded, track to its lair the most cunning and secretive of all creatures of the wild. But the boys had evolved a plan which they kept strictly to themselves. Some of the antelope meat had become slightly tainted. White Cat had buried it, and their idea was to convey it to the neighbourhood of a pool of water to which the track they had seen led, take cover in the vicinity, and wait for the puma to pass.

The idea was Tom's; but White Cat, by guardedly questioning the best hunter of the party, worked out the ways and means. It was going to be pitch-dark till the storm came, and at such time, he found, pumas love to prowl. But when the storm did come there would be long flashes of lightning, by which they would be able to see the beast quite plainly, and so get in their shots. The antelope meat would make splendid bait, for mountain lions are not always clean feeders, and love beyond anything the flesh of the deer.

Of course, there were difficulties. The boys had to start some hours before the storm came, because they must take position before it was absolutely dark, and as pumas hunt on such nights early, the brute might come and devour the bait before they could despatch it. There was also the possibility that the puma would see them first, in which case, if they did not shoot to kill in a very thorough manner there would be no more hunting for either of them. A wounded puma is more to be feared than any bear. In Tom's reckoning, if a cat has nine lives, a puma has at least eighteen, and each of them twice as long.

On the other hand, not even a mountain lion touches a human being unless attacked. Tom blushed now, when he remembered his scare at the creek! And there were two of them, and Hunks as well. For they had decided to take Hunks. He had learnt to be as silent as a fox when game was about. He would be sure to know of the approach of

the puma first; and White Cat, though he would not own it, found the pup very good company upon a hunting expedition.

All these preparations made, the antelope meat wrapped up in an old, grimy sack, and hoisted upon White Cat's shoulder, the boys, with Hunks to heel, melted into the storm, and padded away downhill just as the first boom of thunder broke from the north-west and re-echoed sullenly through the canon.

Lion!

IT was an extremely difficult job to find the mountain lion's pool in the darkness of the approaching storm. Tom would have been hopelessly befogged, but White Cat's Indian instinct for a trail was unerring, and after two falls and barking their shins several times against the stumps of old trees, they got there at last.

Already the animals which hunt by night were at the place before them. A grey shadow moved across their path when they reached the open space at the water's edge—a lynx. A much larger one, a cinnamon bear—twice as big as his black cousin—stood stock still on the other side of the pool, and after observing the party, calmly lowered his head and drank thirstily. He knew, this bear, that they meant him no harm. How? Well, how does a cock-pheasant at home know that he is safe at the end of August, but not on the first of September?

As for Hunks, his conduct was above all praise. That lynx! Oh, for a cat-hunt over the open spaces. The trees here were at least three hundred yards away, and that lynx was strolling lazily along. Perhaps he knew, too.

The spot was an ideal one for the hunters' purpose. The water in the pool never ran dry in the hottest weather. It was within easy reach of the mountains, and was the watering-place of creatures far and near at this time of the year. There would be a difficulty if the bait proved too attractive to smaller game. But this was provided against by the judicious use of Hunks on guard. As soon as the place for the disposal of the meat was decided upon, Hunks, under instructions, planted himself near it; and wolf, wild-cat, fox, or even bear, kept their distance when he stood up and growled.

Hunks was still a clumsy creature, but he had grown enormously the last few weeks. He was in no danger. No dog living will face a puma in cold blood. Tom knew that the moment Hunks smelt lion he would retreat swiftly to the protection of the guns.

The place chosen by the young hunters for their concealment was a group of rocks some twenty paces from the bait, forming a small cave. This would shelter them when

the rain came, and in front were two stumpy cedars which made excellent cover in case the animal should approach the bait from a different route.

The blackness heralding the storm settled about them everywhere. The rumblings which had begun when they left camp were nearer now, and twice the ghostly gleam of far-off lightning flashes gave warning of the coming tempest. Raindrops pattered on the trees above them for a minute, then died away again, and all was very still.

The rustling of thirsty animals making for the water-pool ceased—the surest sign of what was coming; and the boys, huddling themselves in blankets they had brought for the purpose, prepared for the worst.

A few minutes passed. Then they heard the soft patter of feet over the grass, and Tom felt Hunks' cold nose touch his face. White Cat had caught the dog's panting breath, and both boys, as Hunks wedged himself between them, found that he was trembling all over. The lion had come.

They strained their ears and heard a sniff, then the creature's low snarl. Some animal had approached the bait, and was being warned off.

Of a sudden the darkness above their heads parted as if cleft by a giant axe, and a strange white radiance flooded the whole expanse, pool and prairie, mountain-side and gloomy groves of pine and fir trees far away—the first sheet of lightning.

There he was! A great fellow, standing four-square, his small, cat-like head erect, long low back stiff and flat, a great tail drooping on the ground behind; short straight thick legs, one forepaw upon his meat, the claws well buried in it.

This flash of lightning was like nothing Tom had ever seen. It was not, properly speaking, a flash at all, but a steady sheen of electricity as if an enormous searchlight had been turned on from the mountain-top. It lasted several seconds. No thunder followed it. The stillness seemed even greater than before. The boys distinctly heard a leg-bone of the dead antelope crack in the puma's powerful jaws.

"Next time light comes we shoot," White Cat whispered. "Get ready now."

They threw off the blankets, knelt down and brought their rifles to the shoulder, pointing them as nearly as they could, where they could now hear the puma gorging at the meat.

Again the sky was rent by lightning. The rifles crashed together. There was a sharp scream; they saw the puma rear up straight on its hind legs and paw the air. Then darkness came, and with it the thunder.

Crash, crash, crash—to right, to left; behind, in front, above, beneath—for the very earth trembled.

Neither of the boys had heard anything so violent in their lives. Even Tom, though it was nothing to him but an ear-splitting rumpus, felt queer for a minute, and almost forgot the mountain lion in wondering whether the rock above them might not tumble on their heads. But White Cat thought it was the end of the world. He shrieked, cast himself on the ground, and finally embraced Tom's knees and clung to him like a child. He did not cry out again, but as the noise died away he began moaning and whimpering in a breathless sort of way as if he were saying prayers.

The boys, as White Cat slowly recovered from the shock, had to wait for the next flash to discover what had happened. But Hunks did not wait. He knew that the lion had fallen on its side. He heard it growl afterwards in a sharp, snarly way, and he had smelt fresh blood.

This smell drove Hunks wild with excitement, and no sooner did the commotion begin to die down than he left his master's side and began to approach, step by step, the spot where the lion lay. He did this without sound, and for a minute Tom, engaged in calming White Cat, did not know that he had gone. But when White Cat recovered, with an apologetic grunt, the boys made the discovery. It filled Tom with great fear. There was not one chance in a hundred that the puma was dead. Dogs cannot see in the dark nearly as well as members of the cat tribe. Hunks, he thought, would imagine the animal was a kind of bear, and go for it; in which case he was doomed. But there was nothing to be done. When the thunder ceased the rain began. Such rain! It came in sheets, buckets, and cascades. The boys seized their blankets and crouched as closely under the sheltering rocks behind them as they could, while the waters trickled and gurgled over them in floods.

Now the lightning again, but this time a mere ordinary forked flash, which came and went with such rapidity that it was impossible to see anything. Tom thought he caught a glimpse of Hunks moving near the spot where the puma should be, but White Cat was sure it was the puma itself; and, being extremely cross after his fit of nerves, snapped out a gloomy prophecy that if Hunks were there he must be inside the beast.

Tom scoffed at the notion, but he was very uneasy. The rain went on. The lightning when it came was faint, and there was not a sign of any Hunks. A more miserable ending to a lion hunt was never known. Two boys drenched through; their game disappeared—they had managed to discover that fact when the lightning came—and their dog, beloved by them both, destroyed.

This disaster affected them differently. White Cat sat huddled up without movement; stoical, almost apathetic, just waiting for the storm to cease to plod home, glad to remember that when the clouds passed there would be a bright moon and the camp easily found; very sad to feel that Black Devil, as he still called Hunks, was dead, but more than relieved to think that this unexpected meat for the lion had deflected his attention from the place where he must have seen the rifle flashes. Tom, on the other hand, was full of grim excitement, his nerves like a coil of charged electric wire. He believed the pup was dead. If he had been alive he would have come back after exploring the position. But the thought of returning to camp without following up the lion was not in Tom's mind. He was certain the beast was wounded. If, as seemed only too certain, it had killed Hunks, it would move away slowly. In the wet soil it would leave tracks. As soon as the storm was over there would be bright moonlight. He was then going to follow those tracks and kill the puma, not because he cared two straws about its skin, but to revenge Hunks.

Thus the boys waited; both quite still, for Tom, true to his hard training, stood quiet, eyes and ears alert, teeth clenched over lower lip; and in his heart a dull and most miserable pain.

The storm passed. The thunder fell to a distant rumbling; the rain ceased; clouds broke, and stars came out one by one. The moon rose, queen of the night, and all was clear.

"Now," said Tom sharply, "come and see. Is your rifle dry?"

"Under blanket all time," White Cat replied. "But we not need rifles. Lion gone."

He had taken in every detail of the scene before them much more quickly than Tom.

The antelope meat—or part of it—still lay on the ground in pieces. Near it the grass had been torn up by the roots in many places, and the spot was a muddy mess. The lion had vanished. Hunks too. Poor Hunks!

(Continued overleaf.)

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WHITE EAGLE!

(Continued from previous page.)

The boys went to the spot. White Cat cautiously, with finger on the trigger of his gun; Tom boldly, heedless in his grief and anger, his rifle swinging in his hand. The Indian boy muttered his thoughts aloud.

"Our Black Devil a good dog. Licked White Cat's hand to-night. Me believe he no devil now. Just Hunks—poor Hunks!"

"Off! shut up!" cried Tom furiously. "Devil indeed! He was the most loving little chap, the tenderest-hearted—confound it! I am beginning to play the fool. Come, old man. Put your sharp eyes on the trail. There must be one—and if there is—I'm going after that puma."

But the Indian boy cried out.

"What! Mad you are! Lion is a blood-devil and would kill a dozen men. See how he was wounded." He traced the marks in the wet grass. "That his claws. That hole his teeth made. Our shots hit through him bad. Silly Hunks just think him dying, so bite him. Lion now carrying him to lair. You stay. We go to camp. Next day track him, all party with us, and, if he not dead, burn him out. That mighty great fun, Tom."

Tom, however, was not impressed by this suggestion. The idea of deserting his pup while there was the least chance that he might be alive, never entered his head. His eyes had marked the puma's trail, and near it, going in the same direction, he saw another one.

"Wait for me here," he said briefly. "I shall not be long. That fellow was certainly shot badly. Look at the blood."

There was a trail of it in the grass; here a blotch; there a few drops; then another patch, all black, ugly spots in the silvery moonlight.

White Cat said nothing. He thought it was probably Hunks, but he spared Tom that. All he did was to grunt resignedly. He knew his friend by this time. It was not the least use to argue with Tom.

"You will die," he grumbled, as Tom paced off. "Very well. But if that your way—it is mine, too."

Tom turned.

"No, no! He is not your dog."

The Indian boy gave a hiss of contempt. "You are my friend. Go not too quick. Use eyes!" But they did not need their eyes. A shrill tigerish snarl close ahead broke the stillness of the night, followed by a scuffle and the choking cry of a wounded dog.

Tom sprang forward and found the lion behind a bush. Its face was towards him, showing that it was on its way back. Under one of the great paws lay Hunks.

Tom's rifle went to his shoulder like a flash, and he fired. The lion gave a scream of fury, and leaving the pup threw itself towards him. At the same moment, White Cat fired too, but his shot flew wide. Everything now depended upon Tom's coolness. But he was a very different being from the startled boy who had confronted the bear. He saw what had happened. Hunks had followed the wounded lion. The beast had turned to stalk its hunters, and the pup had thrown himself upon it—even as he had attacked the bear—to save his master's life.

Swiftly, but with grim coolness, Tom jerked out the smoking cartridge, and fired again. The puma dropped on its head; then, still alive, with a writhing half-turn, lunged round at Hunks, for the pup, though his hind legs were dragging and one fore paw was broken, had managed to throw himself at the lion again, and bury his teeth in its back.

As the terrible paw was raised the muzzle of Tom's rifle was thrust against the beast's neck—a third bullet crashed through its head and killed it.

Tom stepped coolly over the lion's body, disregarding a warning shriek from White Cat, who put in another shot to make sure, and stooped over the pup. Hunks was still alive, and as Tom took him in his arms, a hot tongue licked his face. Hunks even tried to stand, then crumpled sideways with a pitiful moan. So Tom gathered him all up, scarcely feeling, in his excitement, the dog's great weight, and carried him to an open space of soft grass, under the full light of the moon. But as he laid him down to examine the wounds, the poor head fell back, Hunks' eyes closed, and he lay limp and still.

(Tom's heart almost stopped beating. A horrible fear possessed him that his faithful companion stretched out before him was breathing its last. What could Tom do? See that you read next week's thrilling instalment of this powerful adventure yarn, chums.)

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