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THE UNINVITED "GUEST!"

(A thrilling incident from this week's extra-long
school story of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's.)

A ROLLYING LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE—

"My Lord"



Baggy Trimble has made himself celebrated for many things at St. Jim's. Trimble, the eavesdropper; the grub-raider; the lazy, fat slacker—they're all well known. But Trimble as a lord, a blue-blooded earl, shows the fat and fatuous Baggy in an entirely new role—and one over which you'll roar!

CHAPTER 1

The Schoolboy Earl!

"A BLESSED lord?"
 "A giddy belted earl?"
 "In the Fourth? Rats!"
 "Gammon!"

Baggy Trimble of the Fourth at St. Jim's snorted indignantly.

The crowd of fellows gathered round the fat Fourth-Former in the Common-room grinned, but they did not believe what Baggy had to say. Hence Baggy's angry snort.

"I tell you it's true!" hooted Baggy Trimble.

"Tell it to the Marines, instead!" suggested Kangaroo of the Shell cheerfully. "Maybe they'd believe you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But it's the truth!" shrieked Baggy, waving his arms wildly in the air in his efforts to make his listeners believe him. "His name's Lord Entworth, and he arrives at St. Jim's on Tuesday, and he's coming into my study—Study No. 2 in the Fourth—"

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"Gammon!" commented Racke, the black sheep of the Shell.

"Did Railton say why he was sticking the blessed lord into your study, Baggy?" inquired Wilkins of the Shell gravely, winking at the others.

Baggy coughed.

"Ahem! No, not exactly. But I suppose he thought I was about the most suitable chap in the Form to share a study with a titled chap, so—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you cackling rotters!" snorted Baggy Trimble. "I really think everyone must admit that I'm about the most fit chap in the Fourth to be pally with a lord. My own blood is pretty blue, you know. The Trimble's have lived at Trimble Towers for centuries—"

"I hope they've always paid the rent," put in Gunn.

"Oh, really, Gunn! They don't have to pay rent; Trimble Hall is the family property—"

"I thought you said Trimble Towers?" grinned Kerruish.

"I—I meant Trimble Hall!" said Baggy hastily.

The door of the Common-room opened, and Blake & Co.

—FEATURING TOM MERRY & CO. AND TRIMBLE OF ST. JIM'S!

Trimble!

BY MARTIN
CLIFFORD



of the Fourth entered. Seeing the crowd gathered round Baggy, they crossed towards it. William Cuthbert Gunn turned to Blake with a grin.

"Heard Baggy's latest?" asked Gunn. "He says that there's a giddy earl coming to St. Jim's."

Blake grinned.

"Oh!" he answered. "What's his name, Baggy?"

"Entworth," said Baggy pompously. "Lord Entworth. He's coming into my study—"

"Hard luck!" interrupted Robert Arthur Digby.

"I don't regard it as hard luck," said Baggy in surprise. "In fact, I rather like the idea, as a matter of fact. I hope I'm not a snob; but, of course, I'm used to mixing in high circles, and so it will feel rather natural to me to have Lord Entworth in my study—"

"I didn't mean that," explained Digby. "I meant it was hard luck on Entworth, being in your study."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Digby—"

"There isn't going to be any blessed Lord Entworth in the fat rotter's study!" growled Crooke. "It's some more of Baggy's whoppers!"

"It's not!" hooted Baggy.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy adjusted his celebrated eyeglass. "Of course, you fellows," he remarked, "though it is probably just a silly stow of Twimble's, it might be true. Aftah all, if Lord Entworth has inhwited the title at an early age, he would have to go to school just the same. He is as likely to come to St. Jim's as anywhere, I twust. You know, there is that chap Lord Maulevewah at Gweyfwiah's—"

"That's so," agreed Blake thoughtfully. "There's Lord

Mauleverer at Greyfriars. Why not Lord Entworth at St. Jim's? It may be true what Baggy says."

"But I've said it is true, haven't I?" roared Baggy.

"That's what makes me doubtful," replied Blake, with a shake of the head.

Baggy glared at him wrathfully; and the other fellows chuckled. As Blake had implied, Baggy's reputation for truth-telling was a very poor one indeed.

"I tell you—" began Trimble.

He broke off as the door opened again. This time it was Tom Merry, the captain of the Shell, who entered the Common-room, accompanied by his two chums, Manners and Monty Lowther.

"Heard the news, you chaps?" drawled Cardew of the Fourth. "Trimble says a blue-blooded duke—"

"Lord, you ass!" growled Baggy.

"Sorry, Baggy, dear man!" nodded Cardew.

"I mean, as Baggy says, a blue-blooded prince—"

"A lord!" hooted the fat Fourth-Former.

"My mistake! As you say, a blue-blooded king—"

"Lord, you dummy!" roared Trimble.

Tom Merry laughed.

"What's all this about, you asses?" he inquired.

"Baggy tells us a blessed belted earl is coming to the school," explained Herries. "A chap called Lord Entworth. Baggy says he's going into his study."

"Think there's anything in it?" asked Digby.

Tom Merry nodded.

"It's true," he said. "Mr. Railton mentioned it to me just now. This fellow Entworth arrives here on Tuesday."

There was a breathless hush in the Common-room, during which Baggy Trimble swelled visibly.

"There you are!" sniffed Baggy loftily. "What did I tell you? My pal Lord Entworth—"

"Your pal?" exclaimed Tom. "How long have you known him?"

"Ahem! I don't exactly know him yet," explained Baggy. "But, of course, he and I are going to be great pals. Railton, of course, put him in my study so that Lord Entworth would have the chance of palting with me. I suppose Railton knew that I'm accustomed to mixing in high circles."

"You fat ass!" exclaimed Tom, with a laugh.

"Oh, really, Tom Merry! I hope I'm not a snob, but—"

"My hat!" breathed Monty Lowther.

"I hope I'm not a snob," went on Trimble loftily. "But, of course, I shall have to be very careful whom I allow Lord Entworth to mix with. Some of you chaps aren't quite good enough to be pals with a chap like Entworth, as I hope you realise. There's Herries, for instance—"

"What?" roared Herries.

"And Talbot—"

"My hat!" gasped Talbot.

"Manners, I hope you won't come grovelling round my study a lot in future," continued Baggy Trimble severely, "trying to cadge invitations to tea with his lordship."

"Why, you—you—" stuttered Manners.

"Or you, Lowther," said Baggy, shaking a warning finger at Monty Lowther, who stared at him dazedly. "No toadying to my pal Lord Entworth, you know. He won't want to be annoyed by you always hanging round him, hoping for a friendly word."

"M-m-my giddy aunt!" gasped Monty Lowther.

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"The same applies to you, Blake," went on Baggy Trimble grandly, "and the rest. No chaps will be permitted to visit my pal, his lordship, without special permission from me. I'm going to see from the start that my old chum, Lord Entworth, isn't bothered by you fellows always hanging round and toadying up to him. You, Gussy—your pater's a blessed lord himself—you can drop in when you want to. So can you, Cardew; you're pretty well connected, too. But you other chaps must remember your place—"

"Our p-p-p-p-place?" stuttered Blake.
 "Yes," sniffed Baggy. "On the first day I'll probably arrange a little tea-party to celebrate his lordship's arrival—"

"Who's going to pay for it," asked Clive, "his giddy lordship?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Oh, really, Clive! I'm thinking of asking Kildare to tea to meet his lordship, and perhaps Darrell of the Sixth, too."

"You—you—you—" Tom Merry stared at Baggy blankly, and strove for words. "I can just imagine Kildare, the captain of the blessed school, teeing with a kid in the Fourth because he's got a giddy title!"

"Why not?" exclaimed Baggy. "Dash it all, Lord Entworth's a blue-blooded peer—"

"You silly fat snob!" growled Blake. "For two pins I'd give you the licking of your life for suggesting that any of us will want to toady up to Entworth!"

The expression on Blake's face made Baggy back away hastily.

"Oh, really, Blake! No need to be jealous because Lord Entworth has been put in my study, you know! You can hardly expect that Railton would have put his lordship in your study. A chap like Entworth will have to be careful whom he mixes with, you know!"

"You cheeky fat jabberwock!" roared Blake, thoroughly exasperated.

He made a rush at Baggy, and the other fellows, equally exasperated, lent willing hands. Baggy was whirled into the air.

"Help!" howled Baggy frantically. "Ow! Yaroooooop!"

Baggy's tight trousers smote the hard, unsympathetic floor with a concussion that shook the room.

Bump, bump, bump!
 "Ow! Yow-ow-ow! Ooooh! Yaroooooop!"

"There!" gasped Blake at last. "That'll teach you not to talk like a fat snob—if you can help doing it, which I doubt."

Baggy was released, and he scuttled for the door with more haste than dignity. In the doorway he turned.

"Yah! Beasts! You're a common lot! None of you shall be introduced to my pal Lord Entworth, so there! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stand clear, while I shoot for goal!" grinned Monty Lowther, and he took a run at Baggy.

The fat Fourth-Former turned to escape, but he turned just as Lowther's boot shot out.

"Yaroooooop!"

Baggy flew out of the Common-room like an arrow from a bow, and Monty Lowther slammed the door after him. In the passage, Trimble scrambled up, dusty and dishevelled and red with wrath.

"Beasts!" he muttered, as he rolled away down the passage. "Rotten, jealous beasts! None of 'em are fit to know his lordship—only me!"

In the Hall, Baggy ran almost into the very arms of Philip Lefevre, the captain of the Fifth. Lefevre halted in surprise as Baggy waddled up to him.

"I say, Lefevre—"

"Well?" snapped Lefevre.

"A new chap's coming into my study on Tuesday," explained Baggy, with a smirk—"a chap named—ahem!—Lord Entworth. I thought perhaps you'd like to come to tea to meet him, on Tuesday."

Lefevre stared.
 "What?" he ejaculated.

Baggy blinked up at the captain of the Fifth with smug self-satisfaction. He took Lefevre's amazement to be an expression of his dazed delight at the terrific honour that was being offered him.

"Yes, I'd like you to come to tea to meet his lordship," went on Baggy. "I like you, Lefevre—"

"Y-you l-l-like me?"

"Yes. I've always said you're not half a bad chap," nodded Baggy Trimble patronisingly. "I'm only too pleased to do you this good turn, old chap. Tea will be at five o'clock, so if you'll drop in about then— Ow! Oh! Grrroooooop!"

Baggy ended his speech with a terrific yell. Lefevre's hand had shot out and caught Baggy a box on the ear that sent the fat Fourth-Former flying against the wall.

"You cheeky little rotter!" growled Lefevre angrily.
 "How dare you?"

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And the captain of the Fifth strode away, leaving Baggy Trimble in a heap on the linoleum, utterly bewildered.

"Oh lor!" groaned Baggy. "Fancy! Lefevre's jealous, too! Because his lordship is in the Fourth and not in the Fifth!"

He scrambled up and rolled upstairs towards the Fourth Form passage, rubbing his tingling ear.

"Beast!" muttered Baggy. "I jolly well shan't ask Lefevre to tea to meet Lord Entworth now!"

Which thought was some consolation to Baggy Trimble.

CHAPTER 2.

To Meet His Lordship!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Clear out, Trimble!" snapped Monty Lowther.

"Oh, really, Lowther! I say, Tom Merry—"

"Scat!" roared Tom Merry.

"Oh, really, Manners! I say, you chaps, I only want to borrow—"

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be," quoted Tom Merry, with a grin. "Nothing doing, Baggy! Run away and play!"

Baggy Trimble blinked into Study No. 10 of the Shell passage, with an indignant look on his fat face. It was after classes on the following Tuesday—the day of the arrival at St. Jim's of Lord Entworth, the schoolboy peer. Lord Entworth had not yet arrived, but he would soon be arriving, hence Baggy Trimble's visit to Study No. 10.

"I want to borrow a hat!" howled Trimble.

"Oh!" ejaculated Tom.

"No hats to-day," chuckled Monty Lowther. "Go and try Gussy; he's got lots."

"I've asked him," sniffed Baggy. "The mean rotter refuses to lend me one!"

"Go hon!" grinned Lowther.

"Ask the Head to lend you his," suggested Manners gravely.

"Ass!" snorted Trimble. "Look here, it's frightfully important! I'm off to the station to meet Lord Entworth, and when I'm in the company of a member of the peerage I always like to be decently turned out," went on Baggy impressively. "Of course, I scarcely expect to find a really decent topper in a common sort of study like this, but I dare say one of yours would be good enough."

"Wear a cap, you idiot!" suggested Tom, and returned to the task with which he had been busy when Trimble had put his head in at the door—the setting out of cups and saucers for tea.

"Oh, really, Merry! I couldn't possibly be seen in the company of a lord without a topper!"

There was a step in the passage. Racke and Crooke, the two black sheep of Study No. 7 of the Shell, halted outside the door.

"Oh, here you are, Trimble!" exclaimed Racke impatiently. "Buck up!"

Both Racke and Crooke were looking very elegant indeed. Glossy toppers surmounted their heads, white spats graced their ankles, and each had a silver-headed stick under his arm. Their ties were very flowery, their waistcoats of the most fashionable hue possible. And both were evidently very conscious of their sartorial perfections.

"Oh, my giddy aunt!" gasped Lowther.

"Racke, you look wonderful!" grinned Manners.

"A thing of beauty and a joy for ever, in fact," chuckled Tom Merry.

"Cut out rotting!" growled Racke, but he smirked, well pleased.

"Off to meet his lordship?" inquired Tom Merry gravely. "As it happens, we are," sniffed Crooke loftily.

"Yes, hurry up, Trimble, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Racke. "We've got to be at the station by four-thirty, or we may miss—ahem!—Lord Entworth. Buck up!"

"I want to borrow a topper," grunted Trimble. "It would scarcely be the thing, I fancy, to meet his lordship without a topper."

"Perish the thought!" said Monty Lowther gravely. "Entworth might faint with horror if you went in anything so common as a cap."

"You'd be letting St. Jim's down," agreed Manners very solemnly. "Of course, it's rather letting St. Jim's down, anyhow, when you come to think of it—I mean, by letting yourselves be the first specimens from the school that he'll see. But—"

"Oh, rats!" growled Racke. "Come on, Trimble!"

As a rule, Racke & Co. were the last persons to be found in Trimble's company. But they felt that, since Lord Entworth was coming into the fat Fourth-Former's study, it might be useful to be on friendly terms with Baggy, for a while, at any rate—until they had used him to curry favour with his aristocratic study-mate.



As the footman opened the door of the car, Baggy Trimble stepped forward and raised his topper gracefully. "Welcome, Lord Entworth, to St. Jim's!" he said grandly. Grunts and gasps came from within the car as the schoolboy earl stirred and sat up. (See Chapter 2.)

For Racke & Co. did not share the general view regarding the schoolboy earl, who was due at St. Jim's that day. The general view was that Entworth would probably be a decent fellow, and if he was, the other chaps would naturally be friendly towards him. But no one was going to seek his friendship merely because of his title—Entworth would have to prove his worth before he was sought as a friend.

That was what most of the juniors felt. But Racke & Co. felt more as Trimble did—that since Entworth had a title, whatever kind of fellow he proved to be they wanted to be friendly with him. The thought of being able to slip into their letters home a few casual references to "my chum, Lord Entworth," filled the black sheep with delight.

Hence the gorgeous appearance of Racke & Co. that afternoon. They wanted to impress Lord Entworth from the first that they were fellows whom he could well afford to know.

"Hang it, lend me a topper, Tom Merry!" pleaded Baggy.

"Rats! I wouldn't trust my topper with you! You'd be sure to bring it back looking like a concertina!" grinned Tom.

"And so say all of us!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "You're jealous because you're not asked to tea to meet Lord Entworth!" hooted Baggy. "Yah!"

And he slammed the door. He saw that it was useless to hope to borrow a topper in Study No. 10.

"The silly asses!" exclaimed Tom, with a laugh. "If Entworth's a decent sort, he'll soon see through Racke & Co.'s friendly advances!"

"You know, I think we ought to roll along to the station and meet the chap ourselves," remarked Manners thoughtfully. "It's only fair to the school to let a new chap see that Racke and his pals and Trimble, aren't representative specimens of St. Jim's fellows. Besides, it will be interesting to see what sort of a customer he is."

"That's not a bad idea," nodded Monty Lowther, and Tom Merry gave a murmur of agreement.

"Yes; why not do the friendly thing, and meet Entworth?" agreed Tom. "After all, it isn't fair to be unfriendly to the poor chap before we know anything about him, just because he's got a title, any more than it would be decent to want to be friendly for the same reason."

"Trimble and the rest will think we are toadying, but that don't matter, of course," grinned Monty Lowther.

"They can think what they like," said Tom, with a shrug. "Let's get Blake & Co. to stroll along to the station with us."

"Good wheeze!"

Accordingly, when the Terrible Three strolled down the steps into the quad a few minutes later, it was in company with Jack Blake, Robert Arthur Digby, George Herries, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

They turned in the direction of the gates. A little distance in front of them a group consisting of Trimble, Racke, Crooke, Mellish, Clampe of the New House, and one or two other of their cronies could be seen approaching the gates—all dressed very elegantly in topers and spats. Even Trimble now had a glossy topper tilted rakishly over his fat face—a topper evidently borrowed—o: "begged"—for the great occasion, since it was far too small for him.

"What a collection!" murmured Manners, in disgust.

"Amazing what a title will do!" chuckled Digby. "Catch Racke & Co. going to meet a new kid under ordinary circumstances!"

But neither of the two little parties of juniors was destined to reach Rylcombe Railway Station that afternoon to meet Lord Entworth. As Monty Lowther remarked later, Mahomet did not have to go to the mountain; the mountain came to Mahomet!

As Trimble, Mellish, Racke & Co. were drawing near the school gates, a big, chocolate-coloured limousine came rolling smoothly into the quad, driven by a liveried chauffeur,

with a footman seated at the chauffeur's side. As it passed them, Mellish gripped Racke's arm excitedly.

"It's him!" he gasped, with more excitement than grammar.

"Lord Entworth?" muttered Racke eagerly.

"Yes. That crest on the door of the car—it's his, I know. I looked it out in the library—"

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Clampe. "His lordship must have changed his mind about coming by train."

And the silk-hatted brigade turned swiftly and hurried towards the big car.

The footman had jumped down and opened the door. But as yet no one had appeared from within.

"Keep back, you chaps!" muttered Baggy Trimble, with a wave of his podgy hand. "Leave this to me!"

And, with his little nose in the air, Baggy Trimble stepped forward, and raised his topper gracefully.

"Lord Entworth?" said Baggy almost purringly. "Welcome, Lord Entworth, to St. Jim's!"

There was no answer. No one stepped out of the car. Instead, a snore vibrated from the dark interior—a loud, echoing snore, just the kind of snore that Baggy Trimble himself was in the habit of inflicting upon his Form-fellows in the Fourth Form dormitory.

His lordship, clearly, was sleeping.

The footman leaned into the car, and shook the sleeping figure within gently by the shoulder.

"Ow!" said a voice from within the limousine. "Ooooo! Grooooooh! What the dickens did you want to wake me for, Thompson?"

It was a squeaky, plaintive voice. The chauffeur made some reply, and there were further grunts and gasps from within the car as Lord Entworth evidently stirred and sat up.

Again Baggy Trimble doffed his borrowed topper.

"Welcome, Lord Entworth! Welcome to St. Jim's!" exclaimed Baggy Trimble grandly.

Tom Merry & Co., together with Study No. 6, were crossing the quad towards the car, and there were broad grins on their faces. Other fellows were moving in that direction, too, for the sight of Baggy Trimble "doing the honours," and the group of silk-hatted black sheep behind him, was one not to be missed.

The sound of a prodigious yawn issued from the interior of the limousine.

And then there was a gasp from the onlookers as Lord Entworth appeared and stepped out into the quad.

CHAPTER 3.

Trimble's Double!

BLINKING sleepily, the schoolboy earl appeared in view at last from the deep, dark interior of the luxurious, chocolate-coloured car.

"Ye gods!" muttered Monty Lowther.

"My hat!" breathed Blake.

"Bai Jove!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

For the figure that had stepped from the car into the old quad of St. Jim's was a round, podgy, barrel-like figure so exactly like that of Baggy Trimble that the two might have been twins.

The resemblance was truly extraordinary. Both had round, flabby figures and round, flabby faces. Both were the same height to an inch. They were as alike as two peas, but for one important factor. Their hair was not of the same colour, otherwise Baggy Trimble and Lord Entworth might each have imagined himself to be looking into a mirror instead of at another fellow.

Baggy's untidy mop of hair was dark. Lord Entworth's hair, though equally untidy and dusty, was of a very vivid carotey red.

There was another difference, too, at that moment. Usually Trimble was the untidiest, most slovenly fellow regarding his clothes; but just now, in his borrowed plumes, he was looking quite smart for once. Lord Entworth, on the other hand, was dusty and dishevelled-looking from his recent nap. His collar was crumpled, his hair was untidy, and altogether his clothing was in the state that Baggy Trimble's was usually in.

"Just like Trimble, but for the colour of his hair!" breathed Manners wonderingly. "Just a fat, untidy porpoise like Trimble! My giddy aunt! They might be twins!"

"They say everyone has a double somewhere," muttered Tom Merry, in amazement. "Well, Trimble has certainly found his!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Herries. "To think Racke & Co. dressed themselves up to meet that slovenly-looking blighter!"

It may have been a disappointment to Trimble and Racke and their friends to discover that Lord Entworth was not

the immaculate dandy they had somehow expected. They had all pictured Lord Entworth as a second edition of the Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy—only more so, so to speak!

But if it was a disappointment to them to find out their mistake, they did not worry very much about it. Even though he was not exactly aristocratic in appearance, the new fellow was still Lord Entworth—that was the important thing!

The titled new boy stood by the door of his car and blinked sleepily at Trimble.

"Welcome to St. Jim's!" exclaimed Baggy again, with a flourish of his topper.

The new boy put up a fat hand to hide a yawn.

"Oh, rather!" he murmured. "So this is St. Jim's, is it?" He stared round at the grey old buildings without much interest. "I say, where's the tuckshop?"

Lord Entworth's question put Baggy at his ease at once. He recognised instantly that the new boy was a fellow being, at any rate.

And if Lord Entworth had had the whole muster of St. Jim's to put that question to, he could not have made a better choice than Baggy Trimble! Of all the St. Jim's chaps, Baggy was better qualified than anyone else, perhaps, to tell a fellow the way to the tuckshop.

"If your lordship will come this way—"

"Rather!" breathed his lordship. "I'm frightfully peckish."

"My name's Trimble, by the way. This is Racke, and this is Mellish. Chowle, Crooke, Clampe—"

"Bother them! Where's the tuckshop?" exclaimed Lord Entworth plaintively. "I'm starving!"

"This way, your lordship!" exclaimed Baggy pompously. "Make way, there, you kids!" he added severely to a group of grinning Third-Formers.

And Baggy Trimble, fairly swelling with pride, strutted off towards the tuckshop with Lord Entworth at his side, followed by Racke & Co.

As he passed Tom Merry & Co., Trimble glanced at them and tilted his fat little nose loftily. Tom chuckled.

The two fat figures rolled on towards Dame Taggles' little establishment looking as alike as two peas, but for the flaming colour of the new boy's hair—he was without a hat. They disappeared inside the tuckshop, followed closely by Racke & Co. and a swarm of other juniors who wanted to join in the feed if there was going to be a free one.

It was soon evident that there was.

Wedge up against the counter, on a high stool, with Baggy at his side, Lord Entworth plunged a fat hand into his pocket and pulled out a wad of notes that caused Baggy Trimble's eyes fairly to bulge from their sockets.

Never in his life before could Baggy ever remember ever having seen so much money in a fellow's hand.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was usually very "flush," and so was Cardew. Racke's father made his hopeful son a very generous allowance. But neither Gussy, nor Cardew, nor Racke had ever held such a fistful of wealth as Lord Entworth had now produced.

Found notes, five-pound notes, and ten-pound notes were all mixed indiscriminately. Baggy goggled at the wad, and felt quite faint with the shock.

"M-m-m-my hat!" breathed Baggy.

Lord Entworth selected a fiver, and planked it down under Dame Taggles' beaming eyes.

"Tell me when that's gone, please," murmured Lord Entworth, his eyes roaming greedily round the tuckshop, feasting eagerly on all the good things displayed. He waved a fat hand. "Pile in, all you fellows! I forget your names, but pile in!"

"My only Aunt Sempronia!" muttered Monty Lowther, in the doorway. "He's not stingy with his cash, anyway!"

Without waiting to be pressed, the fellows piled in.

They got busy with a will, helping themselves to anything they fancied, and Dame Taggles had a difficult task to keep account of the amount consumed. But after a while she announced that the fiver had been expended, whereupon Lord Entworth planked down a tenner and asked her politely not to bother him.

"My only Sunday chapeau!" gasped Kerruish. "This is something out of the ordinary in new kids!"

From far and near juniors of both Houses converged upon the tuckshop, once the great news of the terrific free feed had spread. Before long Patty Wynn of the New House was wedged up against the counter, doing justice to the good things provided by the lavish hand of Lord Entworth, the schoolboy earl. The sight of David Llewellyn Wynn, Baggy Trimble, and Lord Entworth all sitting side by side against the counter and eating like elephants, as Monty Lowther put it, was a sight for the gods. Not that many of the other chaps had time enough to watch them at it—they were too busy doing their best themselves!

But at last only the three champion eaters were left—

Fatty Wynn, Baggy, and Lord Entworth. The other fellows had done their best, but they could not compete against that trio.

"Ten to one on Baggy!" chuckled Talbot of the Shell. "Rats!" chuckled Jack Blake. "Ten to one on Entworth!"

"Fatty will beat 'em both!" grinned Figgins of the New House loyally.

In silence the three fat boys continued eating. They were still going strong, though eating a trifle less swiftly than at first. In grinning silence, broken only by whispers, the crowd watched them.

"New House is licked!" grinned Tom Merry to Figgins, as Fatty Wynn, with a satisfied sigh, at last gave up when half-way through a doughnut.

But Baggy Trimble and Lord Entworth were still gorging. It was beginning to look as if they would never stop.

The excitement was breathless now as to which would outlast the other. But Lord Entworth was an unknown quantity, and the fellows knew Baggy's powers in the eating line, and the general opinion, therefore, was that Baggy would last out the longer.

But it was a mistaken forecast. Even Baggy gave in at last, his face bright and shiny, his breath slow and heavy. He pushed away a half-finished glass of ginger-pop and a plate with a couple of meringues still untouched upon it. Then he turned and stared at Lord Entworth with admiring amazement.

Lord Entworth was still going strong!

"The new chap wins!" roared Levison.

"Never known Baggy licked before!" gasped Manners.

Quite heedless of the excitement he had caused, the school-boy earl kept on steadily, putting away cream-buns, biscuits, and eclairs at a truly amazing speed, considering the amount of food he had already disposed of.

There was a step in the doorway, and a tall figure looked into the tuckshop. It was Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Kildare, at sight of the fat figure on the stool by the counter. "Are you Entworth?"

Baggy Trimble smirked.

"Yes, Kildare!" grinned Baggy. "This is Lord Entworth—"

"Not Lord Entworth—plain Entworth here!" snapped Kildare. "Titles aren't recognised at St. Jim's, you young ass."

The captain tapped the still-eating earl on the shoulder. Entworth glanced round, his mouth full of sultana cake.

"I've been looking for you, kid," said Kildare. "Your Housemaster wants to see you. Come along."

"Can't!" gasped Lord Entworth breathlessly. "I'm just having a snack—"

"He calls it a snack!" muttered Manners, with a chuckle.

"I tell you your Housemaster wants you!" snapped Kildare.

"Can't come," said Lord Entworth decidedly. "I say, have a doughnut?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the watching fellows. Even Kildare smiled, despite his annoyance.

"Thanks, no. I tell you, you must come. This way, kid."

He jerked the fat figure of Lord Entworth off the stool, and Lord Entworth yelped.

"Come along!" commanded Kildare.

"Leggo, you rotter!" panted Lord Entworth indignantly.

"I'm captain of the school, Entworth," explained Kildare quietly. "You'd better remember that."

"I don't care who you are!" howled Lord Entworth.

"Leggo, hang you!"

Kildare frowned and strode from the tuckshop. And since his hand was grasping Lord Entworth's plump shoulder, Lord Entworth accompanied his shoulder! He resisted and struggled, but in vain. With his fat little legs going like clockwork, he sped along breathlessly towards the School House.

"I say," exclaimed Baggy Trimble excitedly. "I don't think Kildare ought to act like that to his lordship! It's rotten! I mean, it's not right! It's—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Clive. "You see, Baggy, Kildare doesn't respect a title quite so much as you do!"

Still resisting, but powerless in the captain's powerful grasp, Trimble's titled double vanished into the School House, and a chorus of chuckles followed him from the crowd around the tuckshop.

CHAPTER 4.

An Amazing Agreement!

"IT'S a rotten hole!"

It was Lord Entworth of the Fourth Form who made that remark. And it was about St. Jim's that he made it.

"Blow St. Jim's!" added his lordship, warmly.

It was exactly a week after his arrival at the school. Entworth was lying back in the cosiest chair in Study No. 2

of the Fourth Form passage—the study that he shared with Baggy Trimble, Percy Mellish, the sneak of the Fourth, and Kit Wildrake, the boy from British Columbia.

At the moment, however, Lord Entworth was alone in the study. And from the look upon his fat face he was deep in thought.

From his remarks it was clear that his thoughts were not flattering to St. Jim's.

"Hang St. Jim's!" grunted Lord Entworth. "And blow the masters, and dash the prefects, and bless footer, and blow work, and—and—"

He broke off, for the simple reason that he could think of nothing else to blow at that moment.

"Rotten hole!" finished Lord Entworth, with a fat scowl.

There were plenty of reasons for the fact that he disapproved so strongly of St. Jim's. First of all, after an easy time with a tutor who had not troubled much about his lessons, Lord Entworth found the Fourth Form work very unpleasant indeed. He was lazy by nature, and he had had a good deal of trouble with Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, already. Though Mr. Lathom had been fairly lenient with Entworth, since he was a new boy, there was a limit to Mr. Lathom's patience, and Lord Entworth had stopped right past that limit! During the last few days, therefore, lines had fallen on his lordship's head thicker than leaves in Vallombrosa.

But Form work was not the only thing at St. Jim's to which Lord Entworth strongly objected.

Lord Entworth had no liking at all for football, and had, therefore, fallen foul of Tom Merry, who, as games captain of the junior school, had made it his job to see that the new boy obeyed the school rules with regard to games, and appeared on compulsory days in footer kit, at any rate, even if he didn't play much football afterwards! Lord Entworth had complained bitterly, but Tom Merry had been firm. The new boy, whose idea of enjoying a half-holiday was to sit in the tuckshop and gorge, had not minced his words to Tom Merry about the whole matter, with the result that the captain of the Shell had found it necessary to give the new boy a gentle box on the ear. Another grievance for his lordship!

Lord Entworth had fallen foul of the prefects, too. He had "checked" Kildare to such an extent that Kildare had been compelled to give the new fellow a taste of the asphalt. A few days later Kildare had again administered the asphalt—with a good deal more force than on the first occasion. Though Entworth had richly deserved his licking on each occasion, it had not made him view St. Jim's through very rosy glasses.

"Rotten hole!" repeated Lord Entworth disgustingly, glaring at the carpet. "Beastly hole! Putrid hole. Horrible hole!"

The door opened, and Trimble rolled into the study.

"Hallo!" grinned Trimble.

Lord Entworth did not answer. He was glaring broodingly at the carpet.

"Nothing wrong, old chap?" inquired Trimble, who never missed a chance of addressing his titled studymate as "old chap."

"Yes," growled Entworth. "Everything's wrong!"

"What's the trouble, old chap?" asked Trimble, with much sympathy.

Had it been Mellish or Wildrake who was worried Trimble would have been the last person on earth to inquire the reason. Trimble was not a fellow who cared about other people's troubles. But Lord Entworth was different—quite different. Trimble was prepared to listen to his lordship's troubles till all was blue, if necessary.

"I've a good mind to ask my guardian to take me away from St. Jim's!" growled Lord Entworth. "Beastly hole!"

Baggy looked rather taken aback.

"Oh, I say, old chap, don't leave, you know!" he exclaimed. "After all, it may be a rotten hole, but you'll get used to it. Look at me! I'm a cut above the usual run of chaps, but I've made myself at home, all the same. After all, you will always have me for your pal, old chap. Think of that!"

Thinking of that did not, however, appear to lighten the gloom of Lord Entworth.

"By the way, old chap, what about tea?" murmured Baggy.

His lordship's face brightened.

"Will you have it here or in the tuckshop?"

"Here."

"Right you are, old chap! I'll lay in a spread. I—er—I don't happen to have much cash on me, old chap. But if—"

"Here you are."

Lord Entworth handed Baggy a couple of pound notes, and Baggy's eyes gleamed. He scuttled from the study, and returned in a few minutes with nearly a dozen paper bags in his arms, stuffed with all manner of good things.

Lord Entworth's gloomy, fat face lit up considerably at sight of them.

"By the way, old chap," smirked Baggy, as he began to put out the tea-things, Lord Entworth still remaining in his chair, "Racke and Crooke wanted to come in to tea, I think. What about it, old chap?"

Lord Entworth frowned.

The society of the two black sheep of the Shell, who had done nothing but toady for his favours since his arrival at the school, had no attraction for him.

"Rats!" he snapped.

"Oh, right you are, old chap!" nodded Baggy hastily. "Keep 'em in their place! That's right!"

Mellish arrived in the study a minute later, and grinned cheerfully when he saw the quantities of good things that had been laid out for tea. Kit Wildrake did not appear; he was having tea with Clifton Dane that afternoon.

Tea began, and there was no conversation in Study No. 2 for a long, long while. But at last Mellish went, and even the two fat champions began to flag in their efforts. When at last the dozen paper bags had been completely emptied, Baggy Trimble and Lord Entworth leant back in their chairs and gazed at one another glassily across the table.

"Quite a nice little tea, old chap!" said Trimble, breathing with difficulty.

And then suddenly Lord Entworth brought a fat fist crashing down on to the table. Baggy jumped.

"My hat, I've got it!" exclaimed his lordship.

"Got what?" inquired Baggy, eyeing a solitary remaining doughnut doubtfully, wondering whether he could not manage it, after all.

"How to get out of this rotten hole!" breathed Entworth excitedly.

Baggy Trimble, with the memory of several such teas as the one he had just enjoyed, and with hopes of many more to follow, shook his head decidedly.

"You don't want to go, old chap! After all—"

"That's where you are jolly well wrong, then!" sniffed Lord Entworth. "I tell you, I do want to go—and quick! And I've got a scheme, too, Trimble. You can take my place here—"

"What!" gasped Baggy.

"You can take my place! You're just like me to look at—a fine figure of a chap like me, Trimble—and—"

"Y-yes. But—"

"All you will have to do is to dye your hair my colour. We'll go into Wayland and get the dye just the right shade. Then, you see, you can stay on here in my name, and I'll clear off to London and have a fine time all on my own."

"But what about me?" howled Baggy.

"You'll be all right," went on Lord Entworth eagerly. "All you have to do is to send yourself a telegram calling you home. The Head would never suspect it to be a fake."

"But why can't you do that—send yourself a telegram?" asked Trimble doubtfully.

"Because my guardian's abroad, and the Head knows it, you ass!"

"Oh!" murmured Baggy Trimble.

A sudden new light had come into his eyes. They were gleaming oddly.

"Will you do it, Trimble?" asked Lord Entworth eagerly.

"What about cash?" asked Trimble.

"I'll supply you with cash."

"How much?" asked Trimble eagerly.

"As much as you like. I've got a banking account in Wayland, and I'll leave you some signed cheques that you can fill in yourself to any amount."

"My hat!"

Baggy drew a deep breath.

A golden vision had swum before his eyes. Unlimited cash at his disposal—money to burn! He would be the richest fellow at St. Jim's, and he would have a title! It wouldn't be his own, but he would be having the use of it. He would be Lord Entworth—for a while, at any rate—and with more money than he could possibly know what to do with!

His eyes gleamed as he pictured the other juniors—some of them, at least—addressing him respectfully as Lord Entworth, toadying round him. The fact that only such fellows as Racke and Crooke and their friends would toady to him because of his borrowed title and his wealth did not matter to Baggy. He would be "somebody" at St. Jim's!

And the feeds—

Baggy's eyes fairly shone.

"Well?" asked Lord Entworth.

Baggy Trimble grinned and nodded. He reached out a fat hand, and Lord Entworth's equally fat hand clasped it. "Done!" chortled Baggy. "It's a go!"

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CHAPTER 5.

In Borrowed Plumes!

IN a private room of the chief hotel in Wayland Baggy Trimble looked at himself in the glass and grinned a plump and satisfied grin. He had dispatched a wire to Dr. Holmes, and in consequence had been granted leave of absence from St. Jim's.

"All right—eh?" he murmured.

"Fine!" chuckled Lord Entworth.

The face that stared back at Baggy out of the mirror was his own face, but it was not his own hair—not in colour, at any rate. A flaming red hue it was now, thanks to the dye with which he had just been busy—the exact hue of Lord Entworth's carrotty locks.

With his hair dyed, the amazing resemblance between Baggy and the new boy was accentuated to a remarkable degree.

"You'll have to wait a bit for the dye to dry, of course," said Lord Entworth. He glanced at his watch. "My train goes in a few minutes. I must hop it. You've got everything?"

"Rather!"

"Don't forget the details I told you, about my guardian and all that, in case the Head or old Railton asks you anything."

"No fear! I'll remember!"

"Well, I'll get along! I've paid for the use of this room already. Cheerio, Trimble! I'll write to you some time, when I want to come back."

"No hurry!" grinned Trimble. "No need to come back before the end of the blessed term, anyway!"

Grinning, the plump conspirators shook hands. Baggy might have been shaking hands with his own reflection in the mirror, so amazingly alike were the two fat figures. Lord Entworth picked up his suit-case, nodded a final farewell, and left the room.

"I'm going to have a great time in London! Thank goodness I'm clear of St. Jim's!" thought Lord Entworth, as he closed the door.

"I'm going to have a great time at St. Jim's now! Thank goodness he wanted to get clear of the school!" were Baggy's thoughts, as the door closed.

So far, at any rate, both of them were well satisfied with their extraordinary bargain.

When, half an hour later, Baggy Trimble rolled down the steps of the hotel into Wayland High Street, there was still a plump grin on his round face. Lord Entworth! He was Lord Entworth now! It was gorgeous!

Instinctively he turned to walk towards the station. Then he remembered the wad of notes in his pocket, and with a chuckle he turned in the other direction, towards a large garage that announced by a large placard:

"CARS FOR HIRE!"

Five minutes later the sham Lord Entworth was rolling luxuriously towards St. Jim's in the most expensive limousine he had been able to hire, with a uniformed chauffeur in the driving-seat.

Baggy leaned back, fat and happy, on the soft cushions and folded his podgy hands over his rounded waistcoat. He drew a deep breath. On the seat beside him was a bag of meringues, and he dipped a hand into the bag and crammed a meringue into his capacious mouth.

"My hat!" breathed Baggy. "Lord Entworth—me! Oh, this is life!"

Blake, Herries, Digby, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, all four clad in footer kit under their coats, were strolling towards the School House from the direction of the playing-fields, when the big hired car bearing the bogus Lord Entworth sailed majestically into the quad.

"Hallo, hallo! Who's this?" murmured Jack Blake.

"One of the school governors, perhaps, come to visit the Head," hazarded Digby.

The car halted near them, the chauffeur leapt smartly from his seat, and the fat figure of Baggy Trimble—alias Lord Entworth—stepped from the car into the quad, with his little button nose tip-tilted with pride.

"My hat!" muttered Herries. "This new chap certainly knows how to do things in style!"

Baggy Trimble plunged a hand into his pocket, and turned to the chauffeur.

"How much, my man?" he inquired loudly.

"Sixteen shillings, sir."

"Take two quid!" said Trimble grandly, pressing a couple of notes into the man's hand.

"My hat!" muttered Herries. "Entworth knows how to splash his cash about!"

"He's a peculiar ass," murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy; "but quite a decent fellow, I undahstand, in his way. He had a wow with Tom Mewwy over the footah, and



Wedged up against the counter, on a high stool, Lord Entworth plunged a fat hand into his pocket and pulled out a wad of notes that caused Baggie Trimble's eyes fairly to bulge from their sockets. "Pile in, all you fellows!" said his lordship, his eyes roaming round the tuckshop. (See Chapter 3.)

he is feahfully lazy in Form; but he is genewous, I believe, and his faults are weally because he is new to school life, I expect. What about doin' the fwiendly thing, and askin' him to tea?"

Just at that moment, however, Racke and Crooke descended the School House steps and hurried across the quad.

"Ah, here you are, Entworth!" said Aubrey Racke genially, as they came up. "Been looking for you!"

Trimble smirked. It was splendid, he thought, to be sought after like this!

"Yaas?" inquired Baggy, with aristocratic dignity.

"Just wondered if you would like to join our little party in my study," grinned Racke ingratiatingly.

Trimble brightened.

He knew what that meant—cards and cigarettes. When Racke, the dingy black-sheep of the Shell, held a party, it was nearly always in order to indulge in some such stupid blackguardism. Trimble had always been attracted by that kind of shady behaviour, but previously he had never had the money with which to join in the games of the shady members of the School House. Now he had!

"Rather, Racke!" he exclaimed eagerly. "I'll come along!"

"Good!"

And the bogus Lord Entworth rolled away between the two black sheep, leaving Blake & Co. to glance at one another significantly.

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Blake. "Entworth seems to have enough friends without needing an invite to tea with us."

CHAPTER 6.

Running Wild!

"OH lor'!" Baggy Trimble looked at his cards, and that exclamation escaped him.

In Study No. 7 of the Shell the air was heavy with cigarette smoke. Most of the fellows there were coughing at frequent intervals—one or two, in fact, looked quite yellow, though they still pretended to enjoy the cigarettes that Racke kept passing round. One of the yellowest was "Lord Entworth."

Trimble had stacks of money to play with, and it did not

really matter very much how much he lost. But he had wanted to win, all the same. But the cards had been against him. He had lost steadily.

Racke threw down his cards with a chuckle.

"My win!" he murmured.

"Oh dear!" groaned Trimble. He pushed across a ten-shilling note towards Racke, which the cad of the Shell pocketed greedily. "I—I don't seem able to win, somehow."

"Your luck's been rotten, I know," nodded Racke, with apparent sympathy. "Never mind, Lord Entworth; it's bound to change."

"Have another cigarette, Lord Entworth?" said Crooke, passing the cigarettes towards Baggy.

"N-unno, thanks!" gasped Baggy feebly. "I—I don't feel very well."

His face was growing yellower every moment. Racke eyed him with concern.

"Funny!" exclaimed Mellish. "It can't be the smokes, of course?"

"Of course not!" snapped Trimble. Then he gulped. "I—I think I'll open the window a bit."

"Allow me, Lord Entworth!" exclaimed Mellish; and he hastily opened the window for Trimble.

Baggy tottered to the window and put his head out. He drew deep gasps of the fresh evening air, and began to feel a little better.

"I—I think I'll go and have a snack," murmured Baggy. "It will put me right, I fancy. I have rather a delicate constitution, and need constant nourishment. We aristocrats are so finely bred, you know—like racehorses."

"Of course," nodded Clampe gravely, though he had to suppress a hasty smile, for Baggy Trimble's figure was scarcely reminiscent of a racehorse.

"Let me assist your lordship to the tuckshop," exclaimed Mellish.

"Thanks!" murmured Baggy faintly. "I think that if I have a fellow on either side supporting me, I shall be able to get to the tuckshop. Of course, a fellow in my position is not very used to walking."

"Rather not!" agreed Chowle, of the New House.

Accordingly, with Mellish supporting him on one side, and Crooke on the other, Lord Entworth set out on his lordly way to the tuckshop, followed by the rest of the black sheep. On the stairs they met Tom Merry and Talbot of the Shell.

"Hallo! Hallo!" exclaimed Tom Merry, grinning. "Why the giddy procession? I say, not ill, Entworth?" he added, with sudden concern, seeing that Lord Entworth was being supported between two solicitous friends.

"Just a passing faintness, I fancy," murmured Baggy. "The penalty of high breeding, you know, is a delicate constitution. At home I always have a couple of footmen to support me when necessary."

"My hat!" muttered Talbot.

"Make way for his lordship," said Chowle severely; and the little party passed on down the stairs, leaving Tom Merry and Talbot staring after them.

"Well, I'm blessed!" ejaculated Tom Merry. "Did you hear the way Entworth talked? I knew he was a slacker, but I didn't know he was a fat swanker, too."

In the tuckshop Baggy suddenly found his strength again. His aristocratic faintness seemed to vanish with curious abruptness, and he fairly skipped on to a stool by the counter, while the others gathered round. Baggy drew a wad of notes from his pocket. He still had heaps of money left, despite all that he had lost at cards to the black sheep. With a lordly air the bogus Lord Entworth slapped a fiver on to the counter.

"Now, Mrs. Taggles, ginger-pop all round, please. And I think we'll start off with meringues. And a couple of plates of chocolate biscuits, please, Mrs. Taggles. And a dozen doughnuts, and that big sultana cake there, and three dozen tarts—twopenny ones. That's just for a start. I'll think about the rest."

"Very good!" beamed Dame Taggles.

Racke & Co. beamed, too. There was no doubt that Baggy Trimble was popular at last, although it was scarcely due to his own charm of character, but to someone else's money and someone else's title. However, Baggy did not care.

For some minutes there was no sound to be heard in the little tuckshop, other than the sound of champing jaws. At last Lord Entworth glanced up with a sudden gleam of excitement in his eyes.

"I'll tell you what, you chaps!"

"Yes, Lord Entworth?" murmured Racke.

"I often wake up hungry in the night, you know," went on his lordship.

"You do?" gasped Mellish.

How anyone could awake hungry in the night after such a feed as that which Baggy was now disposing of was really rather a problem.

"Yaas," nodded Baggy. "I do. At home, of course, at Entworth House, I have a footman sitting up by my bed all night to lay out a spread and brew tea or cocoa if I wake up and want it. I miss that here. But there's no reason why we shouldn't have a midnight supper, all the same."

"Rather not!" chorused his listeners, with great enthusiasm.

"In the box-room—eh?" chuckled Baggy.

"How did you know about the box-room?" inquired Racke.

"Oh—er—I suppose there is bound to be a box-room somewhere, you know," said Baggy hastily. "I don't know where it is, of course. You'll have to show it me. Suppose we take all the grub up there this evening? Then at midnight we'll go there and have a real big blow-out."

"Good egg!" grinned Mellish. "Fine idea, your lordship!"

"Lord Entworth is certainly the chap for ideas," nodded Racke.

"You've got brains, you know—that's what it is, Lord Entworth," chimed in Crooke.

"Yaas. I fancy I have," agreed his lordship loftily.

CHAPTER 7.

A Midnight Raid!

BOOM! Midnight was striking from the old tower at St. Jim's.

Baggy Trimble sat up in bed cautiously. In the Fourth Form dormitory the silence was broken only by the chorus of snores that rose and fell regularly. Baggy grinned, and put a fat leg out of the bed-clothes—a fat leg clad in a gorgeous purple silk, for Baggy was, of course, sleeping now in Lord Entworth's bed, and wearing his lordship's gorgeous pyjamas.

"That you, your lordship?" came a whisper out of the gloom, in Mellish's voice.

"Yaas," whispered Trimble, slipping on a wonderful silken dressing-gown of yellow and green stripes.

"This way, your lordship," murmured Mellish; and Baggy followed Mellish towards the door.

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They left the dormitory sleeping soundly, and stole towards the stairs that led up to the box-room in which the nocturnal supper was to take place.

Racke, Crooke, and Scrope of the Shell were already in the box-room when the two Fourth-Formers arrived. They all greeted Lord Entworth deferentially, with a mixture of friendliness and respect that made Baggy fairly swell with pride.

The window had been heavily curtained so that no light should escape, and a dozen candles were lit and set round the room on the boxes and trunks which were piled round the walls. A sheet had been spread on the floor for a cloth, and now Lord Entworth's guests began to take out the many delicacies that had been hidden in the empty trunks and set out the feast.

"Not so much noise with those plates, Mellish, you ass!" whispered Racke. "Don't want to wake up the prefects and bring them up here."

"My word, that looks a prime rabbit-pie!" chuckled Baggy, surveying a magnificent pie that Scrope was setting in the centre of the feast. "One of Mrs. Taggles' best, I'll bet!"

"These jam-tarts are jolly good to look at, too, your lordship," smirked Mellish, passing them up to Lord Entworth for his inspection.

Baggy reached out a fat hand and took one.

"I'll taste 'em," he said. "Mmmmm! They're prime!"

Baggy was not helping in the work of laying out the repast. A pillow had been brought from one of the dormitories specially for him, and a box had been placed at the head of the table, so to speak, with the cushion on it; and "Lord Entworth" was now enthroned there proudly, like a fat Eastern monarch watching his slaves prepare a banquet in his honour!

At last the feast was ready. Plates and knives and forks had been laid out; and, with a large carving-knife and fork, Lord Entworth began to carve a huge helping for himself from the big rabbit-pie.

"There won't be much left for us!" muttered Mellish a trifle disconsolately, as he watched his lordship lift his tremendous helping on to his plate.

"Pass the pickles, Mellish!" commanded Trimble.

"Certainly, your lordship!" said Mellish hastily, and obeyed.

Baggy Trimble helped himself lavishly to pickles; then he waved his fork.

"Help yourselves, you chaps," he remarked kindly. "But leave some of that rabbit-pie; I may want another helping."

"My hat!" breathed Crooke.

"What's that, Crooke?" inquired Baggy.

"No-nothing, your lordship!"

Baggy turned his attention to his slice of rabbit-pie; and his faithful followers were soon busy helping themselves to the various good things.

But before even the bogus Lord Entworth could take a bite of the heaped plateful of pie that was making his mouth fairly water there was a startling interruption.

The door of the box-room swung open, though no one had heard a sound of feet outside. Baggy, with a fork raised to his lips—a fork on which was peered a large lump of rabbit—gazed in bewildered horror at the apparition that had appeared in the doorway.

"Ow!" he gasped, his hair fairly standing on end. "Oh lor! A g-g-ghost!"

All the midnight feasters were staring in almost equal alarm at the doorway. Mellish was fairly quaking with fear. For a tall, sheeted figure in white stood swaying in the dark doorway—an eerie, ghostly figure that moaned horribly as it tossed its arms in the candle-light.

"Yaroooooh!" wailed Baggy Trimble, and flung his fat arms round Racke's neck. "Hellup! A g-g-g-ghost!"

"Help!" moaned Mellish, trying to hide behind Crooke. But the ghostly apparition, caring nothing for the panic it was causing, came slowly into the box-room.

"Ow!" gasped Baggy. "I—I—I—" He rolled hastily behind Scrope. "G-give it s-s-something and tell it to go away! Ask it to have a t-t-tart, or a d-d-doughnut!" he added wildly, the perspiration fairly streaming from him.

"Ghost be hanged!" snarled Racke, and jumped to his feet. He snatched the sheet from the mysterious figure, and a grinning face was revealed—the face of Figgins of the New House!

"My hat!" exclaimed Scrope. "Figgins!"

"Yes, little me!" chuckled Figgins. Suddenly he turned to the doorway and called out softly. Instantly there was a rush of padding feet.

Seven or eight figures in trousers and shirts, and without shoes on their feet, came padding into the box-room—New House fellows all of them.

The midnight supper-party rose to its feet in alarm.

"Look out!" gasped Racke. "New House cads!"

"Pile in, New House!" chuckled Figgy. And the next moment the School House feasters and the New House raiders were engaged in a wild struggle.

It was an unequal contest. Though the School House chaps almost equalled the New House in numbers, such fellows as Trimble, Mellish, and Scrope were no match for Figgins and his men. Kerr was there, and Redfern, Lawrence, and Owen, Pratt and Digges, as well as the famous goalkeeper of the New House, David Llewellyn Wynn.

How the New House fellows had come to hear of the midnight banquet, none of the School House fellows knew. But it was probable that Chowle and Clampe, annoyed that they themselves, as New House chaps, had been out of the feast which had been planned in their presence that afternoon, had spread the story of Lord Entworth's intentions. And, evidently, Figgins and his merry men had taken the big risk of leaving their own dormitory in the New House that night, and breaking into the School House, in order to raid the famous feed.

"Down with the School House!" chortled Fatty Wynn breathlessly, as he dragged the hapless Mellish to the floor and sat on him.

"Goooooof!" gasped Mellish, utterly winded by Fatty's weight. "Gerroff! Y-you're suffocating me! Owff!"

But Fatty Wynn did not get off. With a grin on his fat face, he sat where he was and watched his chums overcome the somewhat feeble resistance of the "blades" of the School House.

A length of cord was produced, and the School House feasters were tied in a wriggling mass, back to back, by their arms.

"You cads!" hissed Racke.

"Beasts!" spluttered Lord Entworth wildly. "Yah! Beasts!"

"How dare you treat his lordship like this?" panted Crooke.

"You School House chaps talk too much, you know!" grinned Figgins, and jammed a handkerchief into Crooke's mouth and fastened it there. The other New House fellows followed suit with the rest. In a minute all five School House fellows were effectively gagged, and gurgling helplessly.

"Now, Lord Entworth," said Lawrence solemnly, bowing low before Baggy Trimble, who glared at him speechlessly from behind his gag, "I should just like to say how much we New House chaps appreciate your kindness in providing this ripping spread for us. Your lordship, please accept our very best thanks!"

"Hear, hear!" chuckled Fatty Wynn.

"Carried nem con!" grinned Dick Redfern.

"Now, pile in, you chaps!" exclaimed Figgins cheerily. "My word, this is a jolly fine spread! Awfully kind of you, Lord Entworth!"

With purple faces, Racke & Co. watched the New House band seat themselves on the floor around the magnificent feast which they themselves had expected to enjoy.

"That's a prime rabbit-pie!" exclaimed Fatty Wynn, with a gurgle of satisfaction.

And Fatty Wynn promptly collared the untasted plateful that the bogus Lord Entworth had appropriated for himself. Baggy Trimble watched his helping of pie vanishing into Fatty Wynn's capacious mouth with feelings too deep for words—even had he been in a position to speak his mind.

"Pass the pickles, Fatty!" chuckled Dick Redfern.

David Llewellyn Wynn passed the pickles.

"After you with those sardines, Lawrence!" sang out Fatty.

"Try these chicken patties, Owen," suggested Kerr. "They're spiffing!"

Swiftly the feed began to disappear before the jovial onslaught of the New House fellows. The black sheep of the School House could only watch, simmering with fury.

To Baggy Trimble it was sheer torture to see that feed vanishing before his eyes without being able to touch a morsel. Though Baggy had many a time and oft raided other people's tuck, now that his own feed was being so cheerily raided by the merry men of the New House he did not appreciate the joke at all.

But at last even Fatty Wynn's appetite began to flag, most of the other New House men already having finished, after they had eaten all they could. Finally, Fatty Wynn, despite the urgings of his friends, had to shake his head.

"No more, you chaps, thanks!"

"Oh, come on!" grinned Figgins. "Never say die! Try another doughnut!"

"Nothing else, you chaps!" gasped Fatty Wynn. "I'm done!"

Accordingly, the New House fellows rose to their feet. Figgins pulled out a pocket-knife and crossed towards the hapless School House fellows.

"Thanks ever so much for the feed," said Figgy gravely.

"It was ripping! I'm sorry you chaps didn't feel like joining us. I suppose you'd eaten all you wanted to before we arrived?"

The School House chaps, with their mouths watering and hungry aches within, glared at the humorous Figgy. If looks could have killed, the cheery New House leader would have dropped dead there and then.

"Tell us when you're having another feed, of course," added Figgins brightly. "We'd just love to come!"

He stooped and slashed through the cords that bound them. But the School House fellows, after sitting in that cramped position for so long, had not the strength to show any fight. They struggled painfully to their feet, removing the gags from their mouths, as the New House men, chuckling, crowded silently from the box-room and vanished.

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Baggy Trimble.

"The rotters!" muttered Mellish miserably. "All that rabbit-pie gone!"

"Lord Entworth" cast a despairing look round the box-room.

"All the chicken and ham and eggs and sardines gone, too!" he groaned. "And I'm starving!"

The would-be feasters stood staring forlornly at the remains of the feast that they had hoped to enjoy, but had not even tasted! All that was left was a slice of cake, two doughnuts, a pat of butter, and an éclair.

Baggy Trimble groaned again in sheer bitterness of spirit. He was beginning to find that even an earl cannot always have things all his own way!

CHAPTER 8.

The Grammar School Match!

"WEADY, deah boy!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy made that remark, in Study No. 6.

It was the following Saturday afternoon, and the swell of St. Jim's was preparing to stroll down to Little (Continued on next page.)



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Side to watch the match against Gordon Gay & Co., of Rylcombe Grammar School.

Arthur Augustus was usually in Tom Merry's team, but he had damaged his knee slightly in a practice game, and so had been compelled to stand down. Herries was playing, as was Jack Blake, and those two had already left the study in order to go and change. Now Arthur Augustus, after a final glance at himself in the glass, was preparing to follow, with Dig, in order to watch the game.

"Weady, deah boy?"

"All serene," nodded Dig, and the two left the study.

It was as they were crossing the quad that a noisy crowd some little distance ahead of them caught their attention.

"Bai Jove! Whatevah is happenin'!" began the swell of St. Jim's.

"What the thump!" exclaimed Digby. "I say, what on earth's that big box thing bobbing about among the crowd there?"

The pair, very mystified, hurried towards the crowd. As they came up to it, Kit Wildrake, who shared Study No. 2 in the Fourth with Lord Entworth and Mellish, crossed to them, grinning.

"Seen Entworth's latest?" he chuckled.

And Digby and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, peering over the heads of the crowd, saw it!

An ancient sedan-chair, which Digby at once recognised as the one which Mr. Wigge, the theatrical costumier, at Wayland, hired out for theatricals, was being borne across the quad towards the playing-fields. It was the roof of this which Digby had seen swaying about over the heads of the crowd.

Between the shafts, carrying it, were Racke and Crooke. And inside, with a fat smirk on his face, was Baggy Trimble—alias Lord Entworth!

"Bai Jove!"

"My giddy aunt!" breathed Dig.

Cheered on by the grinning juniors who were accompanying the sedan-chair in mock procession, Lord Entworth progressed on towards the playing-fields in state.

He caught sight of Arthur Augustus, and nodded affably.

"What's the mewwy ideah, Entworth?" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"I can't stand too much walking, you see," said Baggy loftily. "A fellow of my position isn't used to it."

"Oh, bai Jove!"

"Hurry up there, you two fellows," commanded Baggy majestically, and Racke and Crooke, crimson to the roots of their hair, quickened their step a trifle in obedience to their master's command.

"Entworth's paying them a quid a week each to fag for him," explained Wildrake to Digby and Arthur Augustus, in a grinning undertone. "They're both hard up, but I'm blessed if I'd do it, even for a quid a week, however hard up I was!"

"I'd say not!" growled Digby disgustedly.

As the crowd neared Little Side, it was seen that the footballers were already on the field, punting a couple of balls about in readiness for the start of the match. But at sight of the sedan-chair in its triumphal progress, both the St. Jim's team and Gordon Gay & Co. stopped punting the balls and stood and stared in wonderment.

With a smirk of satisfaction on his face, Baggy Trimble looked out of the sedan-chair as he was borne along the edge of the field towards the spot he had indicated.

"My hat!" gasped Tom Merry. "It's Entworth!"

"How the dickens has he persuaded Racke and Crooke to carry the blessed chair for him?" ejaculated Monty Lowther.

"Paying 'em, I suppose," suggested Manners.

Still very red in the face, knowing that they were the centre of all eyes, the two black sheep of the Shell trudged on, and set down the sedan-chair near the touch-line.

"Come back to fetch me after the match," commanded Lord Entworth loftily, dismissing them with a wave of his podgy hand.

"Very good, my lord!" murmured Crooke, and turned to go.

"Half a jiff, you!" exclaimed the bogus earl. "Here's a quid—run along to the tuckshop and fetch me a dozen jam-tarts—twopenny ones, of course. And a bag of biscuits. Keep the change!"

"Very good, my lord!" grinned Crooke, and hurried off.

"Whew!" gasped Wilkins, of the Shell. "Keep the change! That'll be about seventeen bob! I say, it's not such a bad job, fagging for Entworth, after all!"

The sound of the referee's whistle announced the commencement of the game.

Soon after it had started—Gordon Gay & Co. kicking off—Crooke returned to his employer with the tarts and biscuits, and "Lord Entworth" began to munch. Before half-time, however, he had sent Racke for more tarts. Soon after the opening of the second half he despatched Crooke for some doughnuts.

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It was a fast, exciting game, and most of the onlookers were thrilled at every moment of it. Gordon Gay had brought a very strong team to St. Jim's that day. In fact, it was the Grammarians who opened the scoring, Frank Monk beating Fatty Wynn in goal with a flashing shot that crashed into the net during the first ten minutes of the game. Talbot equalised soon afterwards, putting the ball between the posts from a pass by Tom Merry. Shortly before half-time, however, Wootton major got his head to the leather from a corner and gave the Grammarians the lead again, and the score was still two-one in favour of Gordon Gay & Co. when the teams trooped off the field.

But despite the splendid quality of the football, Lord Entworth, in his sedan-chair, did not seem very interested in it, although he had taken the trouble to grace Little Side with his presence.

As a matter of fact, Baggy Trimble had merely come down to the ground that afternoon in order to "swank" with his sedan-chair and his fags. Now that he was down there he began to wish that the match would finish and be done with.

Soon after the second half had opened, after a terrific mid-field tussle, Blake got away with the ball, passed it across to Clive, and the whole St. Jim's forward line sped up the field towards the Grammarians' goal. There was a yell from the watching fellows round the touchline.

Clive was tackled, and slipped the ball back to Blake. Blake dribbled neatly round the half-back who leapt at him, and flashed the ball to Tom Merry, at centre-forward.

The captain of the Shell raced on with the ball dancing at his toes. One of the Grammar School backs tried to get the ball from him, but Tom Merry tricked him cleverly and sped on his way.

"Shoot!" yelled Digby, on the touchline.

The captain of the Shell steadied himself and shot. It was a splendid goal kick, hard and high for the top corner of the net. The Grammarian in goal made a desperate leap, but though his outstretched fingers touched the leather, he could not stop it, and the next moment it was spinning in the back of the net.

"Goal!" howled the St. Jim's supporters. "Well shot, Tom Merry!"

St. Jim's had equalised!

"My hat, wasn't that a ripping goal?" exclaimed Roylance, who was standing near the sedan-chair. He was fairly dancing with excitement. "We'll beat the Grammar School yet! Don't you think so, Entworth?" he added cheerily, glancing in at the window of the sedan-chair.

A loud, reverberating snore was the only answer.

The goal which had sent the rest of the juniors wild with excitement had not been seen at all by the bogus earl! Lord Entworth was fast asleep!

"Fat slacker!" growled Roylance disgustedly, and turned away.

And when, five minutes before the end of the match, Figgins scored the third goal for St. Jim's, so snatching a hard-won victory, Lord Entworth was still in the arms of Morpheus. He woke up, however, at the sound of the tremendous cheering, and rubbed his eyes.

"What's all the yelling about, you chaps?" inquired the fat figure in the sedan-chair, blinking owlishly.

"We're a goal ahead, and only a couple of minutes to play!" explained Wilkins.

"Oh!" growled Baggy Trimble. "What a lot of noise about nothing! It woke me up! Blow the footer!"

Which showed conclusively that Baggy Trimble, despite his new-found wealth and lofty social position, had not changed beneath the surface in the slightest degree!

CHAPTER 9.

Lord Entworth's Visitor!

"EXCUSE me, sir—"

Tom Merry had been just about to enter the School House when a sudden voice addressed him. He glanced round, and saw a man standing at the foot of the steps—a man with small, dark side-whiskers, dressed neatly in black.

It was the following Monday evening.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Do you want me?"

"I want to see Lord Entworth, sir," answered the man civilly. "I wonder if I might trouble you to direct me to his lordship?"

Tom Merry eyed the man curiously. The stranger seemed very respectable—a typical type of manservant, Tom judged him to be from his appearance. But it was not often that grown men visited the boys at St. Jim's, so the captain of the Shell hesitated a moment.

"I'll see if he is in," said Tom Merry. "Wait in the Hall here, will you? What name shall I give?"

"Jenkyn, sir."

"Right you are."

Hat in hand, the man entered the Hall, and Tom turned and went upstairs to the Fourth Form passage. He tapped on the door of Study No. 2. Wildrake's voice answered him. Tom opened the door and stepped into the study.

Then Tom Merry gave a gasp.

He had not been to Study No. 2 of the Fourth for a long while, and he always remembered it as rather a bare apartment.

But now a great change had come over it!

Tom Merry had heard that during the last few days Lord Entworth had been purchasing furniture in Wayland, but he had not thought much about it. He had certainly never expected to see such a change in Study No. 2.

The floor was covered with rich Eastern rugs, in which one's feet sank soundlessly. A carved mahogany table stood in the centre of the room, surrounded by luxurious easy-chairs. Expensive pictures graced the walls, and rich, brocaded curtains hung at the windows. A large marble clock stood on the mantelpiece. Strewn in the chairs and on the big sofa were dozens of silken cushions. Magnificent ornaments were displayed on the mantelpiece and on the ledge of the handsome bookcase.

"My hat!" gasped Tom Merry.

He blinked, and stared round wonderingly at this scene of luxury and magnificence.

Wildrake was sitting at the table, beginning his prep—tea had evidently just been cleared away. Mellish was busily dusting a suit of clothes, and Tom Merry saw, with a grin, that it was one of Entworth's. Evidently Mellish, like Racke and Crooke, was now fagging for his lordship!

The bogus Lord Entworth was seated on the sofa, his fat legs curled up under him, and a look of smug self-satisfaction on his pasty face. He nodded in a lordly way to Tom Merry.

"I say," exclaimed Tom, "you've certainly made yourself pretty cosy in here, Entworth!"

"Rather!" nodded Baggy Trimble. "I must be surrounded by luxury, you know. You see, I'm used to it. At Entworth House—"

"I just looked in to tell you that there's a man downstairs who wants to see you," cut in Tom. "He says his name's Jenkyn. As I didn't know who he was, I thought I'd better tell you about him before letting him know where to find you."

"Jenkyn!" exclaimed Baggy. "Oh, good! Show him up!"

"What!" ejaculated Tom. "I'm not doing odd jobs for you, Entworth. Fetch him up yourself!"

"Oh, don't be touchy!" sniffed Baggy Trimble. "Most chaps are only too glad to do as I ask. A chap like me, in my lofty position, can't be expected to do things for himself."

"Then it's time he learnt!" snapped Tom, and left the study, closing the door.

Wildrake chuckled. He received a good deal of amusement from being in Lord Entworth's study, even though he himself had steadily declined to toady to Entworth in the way that Mellish had done from the start.

"Go and show this fellow up, Wildrake!" commanded Baggy.

"Go and eat coke!" responded Wildrake cheerily.

Baggy frowned. Then he turned to Mellish.

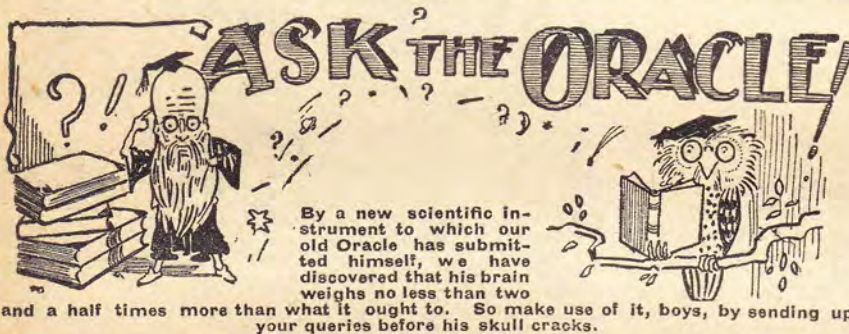
"Mellish, go and show Jenkyn up at once!"

"Certainly!" nodded Mellish, and left the study.

Wildrake watched him go, with a grin, and resumed his prep.

In the Shell passage Tom Merry opened the door of.

(Continued on next page.)

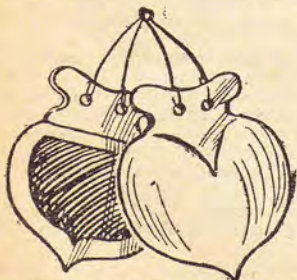


ASK THE ORACLE!

By a new scientific instrument to which our old Oracle has submitted himself, we have discovered that his brain weighs no less than two and a half times more than what it ought to. So make use of it, boys, by sending up your queries before his skull cracks.

Q. What are castanets?

A. A young Whitby reader, Arthur Gosling, read in a book that "the heroine's teeth rattled like castanets." "Don't you think the lady in question ought to see a dentist?" writes my young friend; "and by the way, what are castanets?" Certainly from the author's description, it would appear that the heroine had a few loose molars, but I will confine myself to answering the second half only of Arthur's query. Castanets are two hollow shells of ivory or hard wood fastened together by a string or tape which can be worn round the thumb. By moving these



Castanets—two hollow shells of ivory or wood, much used by Spanish dancers.

hollow shells with the fingers so that they strike together, a snapping note can be produced which can be kept in rhythm with the music of a guitar or mandoline. The castanets are much used by the beautiful dancers of Spain for the purpose of beating time to their steps. The sound of the

instrument is not unlike that of the "bones" which the old nigger minstrels used, and were at one time very popular with schoolboys.

Q. Who was Blondin?

A. Of course, I am always glad to answer questions from girl readers as well, Gertrude Cheesman. But I am afraid that your answer to the "general knowledge" question set by the popular children's journal will not gain you the first prize of an Angora rabbit in hutch. Blondin was not the hairdresser to the Queen of Navarre, as you set down; he was the world's most famous performer on the tight-rope. One of his most amazing feats was when blindfolded he wheeled a woman in a barrow across a rope stretched over Niagara. The slogan which Blondin might have taken for himself—if he had thought of it before me—is: "Though Niagara Falls, I'm blessed if I will!"

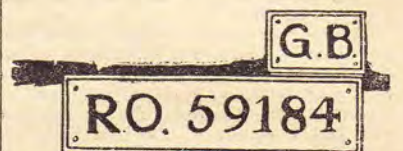
Q. What do the letters "G.B." seen on a motor-car mean?

A. I see you have been using your eyes, "Smart Alec." You may presume that any car you see with these two letters on it has been touring abroad. To identify a British car in France and elsewhere, the letters "G.B." have to be affixed to it. French visitors who bring a car to England must put up the letter "F" in addition to the usual identification plate, and German visitors are required to affix a "D" (for Deutschland). The idea is to show in which country the car is registered.

Q. What is a dugong?

A. I have put in this question because a chum who wishes to be known as "Natura" has written to ask me whether

there is any such thing as a merman or mermaid. There is not, my young friend, but probably the sea-beast known as the dugong—from its Malay name, *duyong*—is the nearest living thing to these mythical creatures. Years ago I was with some Arabs near Aden in the Red Sea when they caught one of these creatures. It was about as big and broad as a tall man, blue-grey in colour, had a face not unlike a pug-dog, and fins. When it was taken from the water it made a crying sound very much like a human child, and the Arabs, who were very superstitious about this kind of creature, promptly put it back into the sea again, much to the dugong's satisfaction no doubt. Years ago these strange animals of the sea were found often in large herds of several hundreds, but it is seldom that nowadays they are ever seen in parties of more than two or three. Off the Australian coast there is a regular industry in dugong fishing, for the oil obtained is of considerable value. The dugong feeds on seaweed



You may have seen the letters G.B. on the backs of cars. See what the Oracle has to say.

and marine grasses, and the fish of the creature is considered a delicacy by the natives of Torres Strait who also use the skull and ribs as a cheery bit of decoration for their huts.

Q. How many live mites are there in a quarter of a pound of Gorgonzola?

A. I will examine my tame Gorgonzola very closely with a lens, "Nature Student," and let you know on my recovery.

Q. On which of his three voyages was Captain Cook killed?

A. The last one.

Study No. 10 and entered. Manners and Monty Lowther were there, busy with their prep.

"That fellow Entworth's got a pretty cool cheek!" exclaimed Tom half-angrily, half-laughing. "There's some queer-looking bird asking for him—a man. Looks like a butler. I told Entworth, and he had the cheek to tell me to show the man up to his study!"

"My hat!" grinned Monty Lowther. "What a nerve!"

"I knew Entworth was a fat slacker," growled Tom, sitting down at the table to start his prep, "but, hang it, I didn't think he was an ill-mannered little rotter like that!"

"He sounds as bad as Baggy Trimble!" remarked Manners.

"Just like Trimble!" agreed Tom. "A Trimble with money, and the result's awful!"

In which remark the captain of the Shell was a good deal nearer the truth than he realised.

"Entworth's furnished that study of his in a most amazing way," went on Tom, as he sorted out his books. "The tin he must have squandered! Whew! Quids and quids! The silly ass! It's all very well to get a study comfy, but Entworth's gone in for silly extravagance that no chap really wants. It looks more like a giddy Sultan's palace than anything else!"

"I'll look in and see him some time," remarked Monty Lowther, "to see his blessed study!" He glanced up from his Virgil. "By the way, Tom, who did you say that chap was who wanted to see Entworth?"

"I don't know," answered Tom Merry. "He looked like a butler or something. His name was Jenkyn, he told me. I don't know why he wanted to see Entworth."

"Jenkyn?" echoed Manners. "It sounds rather like the name of a manservant, somehow."

"My hat!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "I suppose Entworth isn't going to engage a manservant to look after him at St. Jim's?"

"Hardly!" laughed Tom.

But Tom Merry & Co. did not realise to what lengths Lord Entworth—the bogus Lord Entworth—would go with the aid of the unlimited cash at his command.

CHAPTER 10.

Jenkyn's New Job!

"ENTWORTH!" It was Kildare who spoke, and the voice of the captain of St. Jim's was very stern. A heavy hand fell on the fat shoulder of the sham Lord Entworth as he waddled along the Hall towards the stairs after classes on the following afternoon.

"Y-yes?" stammered Baggy Trimble nervously.

His mind went back over the last few days, seeking something for which Kildare might be wanting to see him. He could think of nothing in particular; but his past misdeeds were so numerous that Baggy always had a guilty conscience in the presence of a prefect. Hence the nervous way in which he now blinked up at the captain of St. Jim's.

"Y-yes, Kildare?" repeated Baggy, wishing that the captain's hand was not fastened with such grim tightness on his shoulder.

"What about those lines, Entworth?" asked Kildare, with a frown. "They were due last night! Why haven't you handed them in?"

"Lines!" exclaimed Baggy. "But you haven't given me any lines, Kildare—not for a long while!"

"You haven't been long in the school, Entworth," answered Kildare, eyeing Baggy curiously. And the fat Fourth-Former jumped. He had made a slip there. "But you had a couple of hundred lines to do for me which should have been handed in last night!" went on the captain sternly. "Why didn't I have them?"

"I—I didn't know anything about them," mumbled Baggy—"I—I mean, I'd forgotten them!"

"Forgotten them, had you?" repeated Kildare grimly. "Well, they're doubled! And now, just in case your memory wants a bit of help, let me tell you that they'll be doubled again if you don't happen to recall them!"

"Oh lor!" gasped Baggy Trimble, in dismay.

He realised that Lord Entworth had received lines from Kildare before slipping away from St. Jim's, and had not mentioned the fact to the unfortunate Baggy! Consequently, it rather looked as though Lord Entworth's understudy was in for trouble.

"Well, have you remembered those lines yet, Entworth?"

"Yes!" gasped Baggy faintly, but untruthfully. "Oh, yes!"

"You remember when I gave them to you—and why?" demanded Kildare.

He was staring down at the fat Fourth-Former curiously.

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"Rather!" nodded Baggy. "Oh, yes, rather! I remember!"

Something about Baggy's obvious nervousness puzzled the captain. He frowned.

"If I thought you'd really forgotten all about them, Entworth, I'd make you sit up!" he said. "When I give a junior lines, I expect him to realise why, and to take the lesson to heart. If you forget what the lines were for it's a wasted lesson! Tell me—why did I give you lines?"

"B—because I checked you!" blurted out Baggy, guessing wildly.

He could think of no other possible reason for Entworth's receiving lines at the captain's hands. It was a lucky guess.

"That was it," nodded Kildare. "Well, I shall expect four hundred lines from you to-morrow!"

The captain strode away, frowning.

"You ass!" remarked Blake, who was near. "Why on earth did you pretend you'd forgotten about those lines?"

"Jenkyn can do 'em!" Baggy told himself gleefully, ignoring Blake.



Cheered on by the crowd of grinning juniors, an ancient sedan chair shafts, carrying it, were Racke and Crooke, while inside, a fat smirk breathed Digby. "Bai Jove"

And there was a fat smile on the face of the sham Lord Entworth as he rolled away towards the Fourth Form passage.

On the stairs he was overtaken by Racke and Crooke. They fell in beside the fat junior in a friendly way.

"We were wondering if you would care to come to tea with us?" said Racke ingratiatingly. "What about it, Lord Entworth?"

Baggy shook his head and grinned.

"No!" he chuckled. "You come to tea with me instead. I've got a surprise for you!"

"A surprise?" repeated Crooke.

"Rather! Come along, and I'll show you!" chuckled Baggy.

Outside Study No. 2 Baggy paused, and winked solemnly at the two black sheep. Then he pushed open the door and entered the study. Racke and Crooke followed.

Tea was already laid out on the magnificent table in the centre of what was now the most luxurious study at St. Jim's. Standing beside the table, very stiff and respectful, wearing a starched white shirt and a high collar that looked as though it would utterly have prevented its wearer from regarding his own toes even if he had wanted to, was the man whom Tom Merry had seen in the quad on the previous day.

"All ready?" grinned Baggy Trimble.
 "Yes, your lordship! Tea is served, your lordship!"
 "Right, Jenkyn!"
 Baggy's manservant drew back the chair at the head of the table, and the fat Fourth-Former sat down. He waved a lordly hand to Racke and Crooke.
 "Sit down, you chaps! Make yourselves comfy!"



borne across the quad towards the playing-fields. Between the two, was Baggy Trimble—alias Lord Entworth. "My giddy aunt! I'm med D'Arcy. (See Chapter 8.)

"My hat!" gasped Crooke.
 "Phew!" breathed Racke, under his breath. "A giddy manservant! My giddy aunt! Great Scotland Yard!"
 Jenkyn had drawn back seats for Crooke and Racke, and with rather a dazed look on their faces, they sat down on either side of Baggy Trimble—alias Lord Entworth.
 "Sugar and cream, sir?" murmured Jenkyn.
 "Y-y-es, thanks!" stammered Racke.
 "And you, sir?"
 "Nunno! I—I mean, that is, yes," gasped Crooke.
 Tea was handed round. Then Jenkyn, gliding silently to and fro like the excellently trained manservant he evidently was, got busy with the bread-and-butter; it was bread-and-butter cut to a wafer-like thinness, as only a man like Jenkyn could cut it. Baggy beamed as he saw the look on the faces of his two guests.
 That they were impressed, there was no doubt.
 Baggy was in his element. Fairly swollen with pride, he helped himself to a chocolate éclair.
 "I must say I feel more at home now," he whispered to Racke. "I like a manservant about."
 "Of course, Lord Entworth," nodded Racke, trying hard to appear at his ease beneath the glassy scrutiny of Jenkyn, who had now retired to his position by the wall, watching the tea-table with eyes that appeared to see nothing, but

which were quick to see as soon as any of the three plates or the three cups was empty.

"My word, this is stylish!" Racke told himself. "Fancy Entworth engaging a manservant! Whew!"

He grinned to himself.

Aubrey Racke had a good deal of money to spend himself—more than was good for him, in fact. But he could not have afforded to engage a manservant, or anything like it.

He was tremendously impressed.

"More tea, sir?" murmured the low, respectful voice of Jenkyn in his ear.

"Ah, yes!" nodded Racke loftily. He thought he had better "put it on" a bit for Jenkyn's benefit. He leaned across confidentially to Baggy Trimble. "You know, Lord Entworth," murmured Racke, "as you say, it does seem more like home with a manservant about."

"Yaas," nodded Trimble. "Yaas, bai Jove!"

"Yaas," echoed Racke.

Crooke, feeling a trifle out of it, wanted to say "Yaas!" too, but finked it at the last moment, and said "Yes" instead.

"Bai Jove, yaas!" repeated Racke, with more confidence.

Crooke scowled at him jealously.

There was a sound at the door, and Mellish entered. He evidently knew what to expect, for he did not start on seeing Jenkyn.

"Sorry I'm late for tea, Lord Entworth, old chap," drawled Mellish. "Hallo, you chaps!"

"How-de-do?" murmured Racke.

Mellish sat down, and the excellent Jenkyn noiselessly glided to the side-table and poured out another cup of tea. There was a tap on the door, and Jenkyn moved silently across the room and opened it.

Kerruish, the boy from the Isle of Man, stood in the doorway, and he stared dumbly at the sight of Jenkyn.

"Sir?" said Jenkyn.

"Eh?" gasped Kerruish. "W-w-w-what?"

"You wish to see his lordship, sir?"

"My hat!" stammered Kerruish.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"I wanted to see Wildrake," said Kerruish dazedly, staring at Jenkyn as though he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Mr. Wildrake is not at home, sir."

"N-n-not at home?"

"No, sir. He left no word concerning visitors, sir, so I fear I cannot inform you where Mr. Wildrake may be found at the present moment."

"H-he left no w-word?" mumbled Kerruish.

"I fear not, sir."

"Thanks!" gasped Kerruish. "Oh, th-th-th-thanks!"

He passed a hand dazedly across his forehead and turned and tottered away. Jenkyn closed the door.

"Who was that, Jenkyn?" inquired Lord Entworth lazily.

"The gentleman left no name, your lordship. A gentleman who wished to see Mr. Wildrake."

"Ah!" murmured Baggy Trimble. "Well, Mr. Wildrake is not here. Jenkyn, Mr. Racke has no cake."

"I'm sorry, sir."

Jenkyn fetched cake for Racke. Baggy Trimble leaned back in his chair and grinned.

"I certainly know how to do things in style!" murmured the bogus Lord Entworth to himself. "No half-measures about me!"

And in his great self-satisfaction, Baggy Trimble almost believed for a moment that he really was the schoolboy earl whom he was supposed to be!

CHAPTER 11.

The Height of Luxury!

KERRUISH of the Fourth entered the Junior Common-room, still looking dazed.

Most of the juniors had finished their tea by now, and the Common-room was fairly full. Tom Merry & Co. were there, talking to Talbot by the fireplace. Study No. 6 were there in force, and Levison and Clive and Cardew were busy playing dominoes with Kangaroo of the Shell. Dick Julian, Hammond, and Reilly were there, and so were Grundy and Wilkins and Gunn.

It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy who first noticed the dazed expression on the face of the Manx junior.

"Hallo, Kerruish, deah boy!" exclaimed the swell of St. Jim's. "Not feelin' ill, are you? You look queeah!"

"D-do I?" stammered Kerruish.

"Yaas, you weally do!" nodded Arthur Augustus, in concern.

"Nothing wrong, Kerruish?" asked Tom Merry.

Kerruish sat down on the arm of a chair, and passed a hand across his eyes.

"I—I'm not sure," said Kerruish. "I'm rather wonderin' if I am ill—if I'm seeing things!"

"Seein' things, deah boy?" echoed Arthur Augustus in amazement. "What sort of things, deah chap?"

"Butlers," said Kerruish. "Butlers with stiff shirts and side-whiskers—in the Fourth passage!"

The other juniors stared at him.
"If you thought you saw a butler there, I'll say you are seeing things!" exclaimed Digby.

"What on earth are you raving about?" ejaculated Blake.

"I—I wanted to see Wildrake!" muttered Kerruish. "So I went to his study. I knocked on the door, of course. Then I—I thought it was opened by a butler! A regular, respectful, butler! He told me Mr. Wildrake—'Mr.', mind you—was not at home. I—I dunno what I said. I got away as quick as I could!"

Herries tapped his head significantly.
"Poor old Kerruish!" he murmured. "He must have been working too hard. Poor chap!"

Tom Merry suddenly slapped his knee, and gave a yell of laughter.

"My hat! Jenkyn! It must be that! Oh, my aunt—" The others were staring at Tom in surprise. But the captain of the Shell broke off as the door opened. Wildrake entered the Common-room with Clifton Dane.

"Here is Wildrake!" exclaimed Monty Lowther. "I say, Wildrake, Kerruish has been seeing things in your study!" Wildrake grinned.

"That's quite easy nowadays!" he exclaimed. "What did you see, Kerruish?"

"A butler!" said Kerruish breathlessly. "Tell me, old chap, am I a case for Colney Hatch, or was it real?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wildrake. "No, you're all right, Kerruish. It was real!"

"What?" howled Herries. "You mean to say you've got a butler in your study?"

"Rather!" Wildrake chuckled. "That's Entworth's latest! He engaged him last night—a chap called Jenkyn. Jenkyn's to arrive at the school in time to have tea ready for Entworth when he comes out of classes every day, and will stay as long as Entworth wants him. He's coming at midday, and half-holidays, too. He lives in the village, you see. Goodness knows what Railton will say if he finds out!"

"He's bound to find out!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "He can't help but see the man arrive one day, and ask what the dickens he's doing here. Entworth must be off his rocker!"

"Thank goodness it was real, anyway!" said Kerruish, with feeling.

"Railton will be waxy when he finds out!" chuckled Blake.

"You bet he will!" nodded Tom Merry. "Still, I don't see that he can do anything much, except forbid Entworth to employ this man. The silly ass is new to school life, and doesn't understand that—well, that a chap simply can't employ a manservant at St. Jim's."

"You say he can't; but apparently Entworth thinks he can!" laughed Levison.

"And it may be quite a while before Railton discovers it," chortled Digby. "Oh, what a scream!"

"His giddy lordship's certainly original," put in Julian.

"Blessed if I don't go and have a squint at Jenkyn!" exclaimed Monty Lowther. "Anybody coming with me to visit Lord Entworth? Come on! Let's go and see the butler butler!"

With a chuckle, Monty Lowther hurried towards the door, and the other juniors fell in behind him, grinning and laughing excitedly.

It would certainly be a novelty at St. Jim's to visit a fellow who had a manservant to open the study door. The fellows poured out of the Common-room in a body, and Monty Lowther led them up the stairs to the Fourth Form passage. He halted outside Study No. 2 and tapped on the door, while the juniors waited with breathless excitement for the door to open.

When it did there was a long-drawn gasp from the crowd of juniors. For the door had been opened, as it had been opened for Kerruish, by a stiff figure with an impassive face—Jenkyn, the perfect manservant!

"Sir!" murmured Jenkyn.

Even Monty Lowther was taken aback for a moment. Then he found his voice.

"I would like to see Lord Entworth," said Lowther blandly.

"Your name, sir?"

"Mr. Montague Lowther."

Jenkyn retired for a moment, then reappeared.

"Kindly step this way, sir."

Monty Lowther kindly stepped that way, and found himself in the luxurious confines of Study No. 2.

Racke and Crooke had gone by now. Baggy Trimble was sprawled on the sofa, surrounded by cushions. Mellish was reclining in a deep armchair.

"Hallo, Lowther!" drawled Baggy Trimble.

Jenkyn closed the door, and returned noiselessly to the

little side-table where he had been busily engaged a moment before.

"That's right, carry on, Jenkyn," nodded Baggy Trimble. "Put your back into it! For goodness' sake, get all those sums right, too, or you'll be sacked!"

"Very good, your lordship."

"You've finished those lines, by the way, Jenkyn?"

"Yes, your lordship."

"Good egg!" grinned Baggy Trimble.

Monty Lowther had been listening in wondering amazement. Baggy grinned at him.

"Kildare gave me some blessed lines," he explained.

"My man's just finished 'em!"

"My hat!" gasped Lowther.

"Jenkyn will do my prep for me in future," chuckled the sham Lord Entworth. "It's too much fag for me to do it."

"My only Aunt Sempronia!" breathed Lowther.

"Were you wanting anything, by the way, Lowther?" asked Baggy Trimble, with lordly condescension.

"J-just wondered if you'd lend me a Latin dick!" exclaimed Lowther, rather wildly, saying the first thing that came into his mind.

"Jenkyn!" exclaimed Baggy.

"Your lordship?"

"Get Mr. Lowther the Latin dictionary. It's in the book-case."

"Very good, your lordship."

Jenkyn got the Latin dictionary, and Monty Lowther took it and tottered from the study, Jenkyn carefully opening the door for him. The humorist of the Shell almost fell into the arms of the waiting crowd.

"Did the butler butler?" chuckled Blake.

"Ow! Yes," gasped Monty Lowther feebly. "I—I feel faint! I say, that chap Entworth certainly knows how to make himself comfortable. Do you know, the blessed butler's doing all his lines and his prep for him!"

"What?"

"Fact!"

"My hat!"

The crowd returned to the Common-room, there to discuss at length Lord Entworth's latest amazing idea.

And in Study No. 2 of the Fourth, Baggy Trimble lay on cushions and watched his manservant do his prep for him, with a plump smirk on his fat, flabby face.

CHAPTER 12.

Trouble for His Lordship!

"ENTWORTH!" Baggy Trimble, half-asleep in the back row of the Fourth Form room, forgot for a moment that he was supposed to answer that name when it was called. Consequently, when Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, repeated the name, it was with a tone that made the class-room fairly echo.

"Entworth!"

Baggy had forgotten, in his dreamy state, that he was Lord Entworth, not Baggy Trimble, these days. But he sat up with a jerk as a sly ruler dug him in the ribs.

"Ow!" exclaimed Baggy wrathfully, glaring at Lumley-Lumley beside him.

"Lathom's calling you, you ass!" muttered Lumley-Lumley.

"Entworth!" roared Mr. Lathom a third time, and this time it was a wonder the plaster did not fall from the ceiling, or so Cardew declared in a whisper to Levison.

"Sir!" gasped Baggy.

"Your preparation!" snapped Mr. Lathom.

It was the day following Jenkyn's first evening's work in Baggy's employment. So Baggy, who had unlimited faith in the powers of his manservant, smirked.

"I'm glad you are pleased with my prep, sir," he grinned.

"What?" gasped Mr. Lathom.

"I took a lot of trouble over that prep, sir, particularly the arithmetic, sir. I am glad you are so pleased with it, sir."

"But I am not pleased with it!" thundered Mr. Lathom.

Baggy jumped.

"Eh?" he gasped.

"I am not pleased with your arithmetic preparation, Entworth!" exclaimed Mr. Lathom, with a voice like vinegar. "It is disgraceful!"

"My hat!" gasped Baggy.

"Out of sixteen sums, how many do you suppose are right, Entworth?" inquired Mr. Lathom icily.

"F-f-fourteen, sir?"

"No, not exactly," said Mr. Lathom, with an icy smile. "Fourteen is the right number, however, if you put it the other way round, Entworth—that is, fourteen sums are wrong out of sixteen!"

"Oh lor!" groaned Baggy. "Are you sure, sir? You know, I don't think you're much good at sums yourself, sir; perhaps you think they're wrong when they're right!"

"How dare you!" roared Mr. Lathom, and his expression was so frightening that Baggy quaked.

"Ow! I'm sorry, sir, if you don't think they're right! But my man—ahem—that is—"

"Entworth," said Mr. Lathom, calming himself with an effort, "you are new to school life, so I will not punish you for this flagrant impertinence. However, as a punishment for the slovenly way in which you have done these sums, you will remain in the Form-room this afternoon, instead of taking the usual Wednesday half-holiday, and do these sums correctly!"

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Baggy Trimble.

"What did you say, Entworth?"

"N-nothing, sir!"

He sank back in his seat with a look of angry dismay on his fat face.

"My hat!" breathed Baggy. "Fourteen sums wrong out of sixteen! And the chap said he could do arithmetic!"

Baggy had been looking forward to spending the afternoon in the cinema at Wayland, in company with Racke & Co. Now that he had cash in plenty Baggy meant to visit the Wayland cinema often. But, instead, he would have to sit in the cold Form-room doing sums—just because Jenkyn had done them wrong!

It was hard—very hard!

So Baggy Trimble considered, anyway.

It was a very disconsolate-looking "Lord Entworth" who rolled to his study from his Form-room after classes that morning. He rolled out again a few moments later with a sheaf of foolscap papers under his arm, and waddled off towards the Sixth Form passage.

"Anyway, Jenkyn's got these blessed lines done for Kildare," Baggy told himself, with a brightening face.

In answer to his knock on the door of the captain's study Kildare's deep voice bade him enter. The bogus Lord Entworth rolled into the study.

"What's this? My lines—eh?" inquired Kildare, holding out a hand for them.

He ran an eye over the first page carelessly enough. But suddenly his gaze became intent.

"I—I say, they're all right, you know!" stammered Baggy, in vague alarm.

"That's for me to decide, Entworth," said the captain of St. Jim's. He glanced at the second page, then eyed Trimble grimly. "Entworth! Who wrote these lines?"

"Who wrote them?" echoed Trimble. "Oh crumbs! I—I mean, I wrote them, of course!"

"You'll only make things worse for yourself by lying!" said Kildare sternly. "These lines are in a similar writing to yours, but you didn't write them."

Trimble gulped.

He had told Jenkyn to write the lines out in a handwriting as near as possible to his own—which was a characterless scrawl very similar to that of the real Lord Entworth. No doubt Jenkyn had done his best. In fact, Jenkyn had succeeded in doing very well. But it would have been almost impossible for a grown man to write as badly as did both Baggy Trimble and Entworth! And, though the similarity might have deceived many people, it had failed to deceive the eagle eyes of the captain of St. Jim's!

Which was unfortunate for "Lord Entworth"!

"You young rascal!" exclaimed the captain angrily, as the fat junior did not speak. "I won't ask you who wrote these lines for you, because I don't want to force you into sneaking."

Baggy Trimble drew a deep breath of relief. He did not want the prefects, any more than the masters, to know anything about Jenkyn. Baggy realised that as soon as the news of his manservant came to the ears of the authorities Baggy would have to get on as best he could without Jenkyn's services.

And even though where lines and arithmetic were concerned Jenkyn had proved himself a miserable failure, as a manservant he was a top-notch, in Baggy's opinion.

"But it's about time you learned that when I give you lines, you've got to do them yourself, Entworth!" went on Kildare grimly. "You've been at the school long enough now to know better! Hand me that ashplant!"

"Oh dear!" gasped Baggy. "I—I say, Kildare, don't be a beast, you know! I—I—"

"Hand me that ashplant!" roared Kildare.

And the trembling Baggy went to the corner where the ashplant was leaning, and brought it to Kildare, though much against his will.

"Hold out your hand!"

"Lord Entworth" held out a fat hand.

Swish!

"Yaroooooop!"

Swish!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Three on each hand was Baggy's punishment, and, considering everything, he had really got off very lightly.

Kildare tossed the ashplant back into its corner, and nodded towards the door.

Baggy did not stand upon the order of his going, but went at once.

"Beast!" he groaned, squeezing his hands under his arm-pits as he scuttled downstairs again. "Oh! Yow! As for that ass Jenkyn, I'll jolly well reduce his wages! Yah!"

Which really seemed a little unfair on the excellent Jenkyn!

CHAPTER 13. Kidnapped!

"DO you require anything else, your lordship?"

It was a couple of evenings later, and in Study No. 2 of the Fourth Form passage "Lord Entworth" was reclining on the sofa, with a huge box of chocolates on a chair near his hand. Mellish was reading a magazine in an easy chair. Wildrake was not present—the Canadian junior declared that he found the atmosphere of his study a little too overpowering for a simple sort of chap like himself.

Jenkyn, that model manservant—except when it came to doing sums, which was really, perhaps, scarcely a manservant's proper duty!—stood respectfully by the sofa and repeated his question:

"Anything else, your lordship?"

Baggy grunted.

"No! You can clear off! It's no good asking you to do my arithmetic for me!" he growled. "I've got some lines for Darrell, too; but I daren't risk putting you on that job, either!"

"Very good, your lordship!"

"But it's not very good!" hooted Baggy. "It's rotten!"

Jenkyn remained impassive as Baggy glared at him.

"By the way, Jenkyn, don't forget as you go out that if any master or prefect, or anybody like that, wants to know who you are, don't you let on. See? Make out you've brought a message to me from the village or something. Twig?"

"Very good, your lordship!"

"Half a jiff!" Baggy stared thoughtfully at Mellish.

"I say, Mellish!"

(Continued on next page.)



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"Lord Entworth!" murmured Mellish, promptly laying down his magazine and devoting all his attention to his lordship.

"To-morrow's Saturday," said Baggy. "A blessed half-holiday! What about hiring a car and going for a spin with Racke and Crooke?"

"Jolly good idea!" exclaimed Mellish warmly.

"Yes, we'll do it!" said Baggy in a lordly way. "It'll cost money, but, then, money's no object to a chap like me!"

"Of course not, Lord Entworth!" said Mellish, as if quite shocked by the mere idea.

Baggy smirked.

"Look here, Jenkyn, I want a car to-morrow afternoon and a man to drive it—a big car. See? I want you to go to the garage in Wayland and order it for me. Tell the man to bring the car to the school at two o'clock."

"Very good, your lordship!"

"You can buzz off now, Jenkyn!" said Baggy, with a wave of his podgy hand.

Jenkyn left the study. Baggy chuckled.

"He's a useful chap, that. No good at sums and things, but a jolly fine servant. I feel at home with a manservant, you know, to trot round for me!"

"Oh, rather!" agreed Mellish.

"Yaas, I do," murmured Baggy, helping himself to a chocolate. "I say, Mellish, just trot along to the Shell passage and tell Racke and Crooke about the car to-morrow."

"Certainly!" said Mellish, and left the study.

He returned in a few minutes with the news that Racke and Crooke were looking forward to the spin, and were very grateful to his lordship for inviting them.

"That's settled, then," murmured Baggy, cramming another chocolate into his mouth.

"It'll be spiffing, if it keeps fine to-morrow!" said Mellish, with great satisfaction. "Nothing like a spin in a car, to my mind, Lord Entworth! Don't you agree?"

Baggy nodded.

"Yaas!" murmured the sham Lord Entworth, as the last three chocolates disappeared into his capacious mouth. "Oh, yaas!"

Blake, Herries, Digby, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, strolling out through the school gates at two o'clock on the following afternoon, moved aside to make room for a large touring car that turned in at the gates and halted in the quad. It was driven by a man in chauffeur's uniform, who jumped out and touched his cap to the four chums of the Fourth.

"Excuse me! I wonder if you could tell me where I can find Lord Entworth, sir?" the man asked Blake.

"There he is," said Blake, nodding towards a group of fellows that had emerged from the door of the School House.

Baggy Trimble rolled across the quad in a very lordly fashion towards the waiting car. He was accompanied by Mellish, Racke, and Crooke, who were all looking very pleased with themselves.

"You have been engaged to drive Lord Entworth, my man?" demanded Baggy loudly. "Oh, good! Well, I'm Lord Entworth. Pile in, you chaps!"

Mellish, Racke, and Crooke climbed into the car with alacrity once Baggy Trimble had seated himself in the cosy rear seat.

"Now, take us for a nice, long drive all around!" commanded Baggy loftily. "We want to stop somewhere nice for tea. It doesn't matter how expensive it is. Money's no object to me!"

The chauffeur touched his cap, the engine hummed, and

the car drew out of the gates and sped away down the road, Racke & Co. casting a lofty glance at the chums of Study No. 6 as they swept by.

"They seem pleased with 'emselves, anyway!" chuckled Blake.

"What a howwid, vulgah little boundah that chap Entworth has pwoved to be!" declared Arthur Augustus, with deep disgust, watching the car disappear round the distant bend, with his eyeglass jammed in his eye. "When he first awwived at the school I thought that, though he was a fat slackah, he might pewwaps get licked into shape. But lately he has shown himself to be just an uttah boundah!"

"You're jolly well right, Gussy!" snorted Herries. "He may be a blessed belted earl, but he's a rank outsider, all the same!"

And the chums of the Fourth strolled on down Rylcombe lane, and dismissed the unpleasant subject of Lord Entworth—as they believed the fat figure in the car to have been—from their minds.

Meanwhile, Lord Entworth and his dingy friends were speeding along merrily, feeling very "doggish" indeed.

"This is great!" drawled Racke. "I love a spin, you know! Fine, isn't it?"

"Yaas," agreed Baggy Trimble. "Have a cigarette, old boy?"

"Better wait till we are clear of the village, hadn't we?" murmured Racke cautiously.

But once the village was passed, cigarettes were produced and the four black sheep lit up and puffed away, imagining themselves to be very dashing "blades" indeed.

They had no right to go out of bounds, of course, whether they were in a car or not. But they were going to risk that, and before long they were in country quite strange to them.

It was about half an hour after they had left St. Jim's, when they were crossing a lonely stretch of heathered moorland, that the chauffeur brought the car to a standstill at the edge of the road and turned an apologetic face to Baggy Trimble.

"Very sorry, sir, but there's something wrong with the engine! Can't think what it is! I shall have to put it right, though, before we can get on any farther. Very sorry indeed, sir!"

"Oh blow!" growled Trimble petulantly. "It was never Baggy's way to make the best of a bad job. 'How long is that going to take?'"

"Impossible to say, sir. If I were you, I should get out and take a stroll round, sir—stretch your legs."

"Rats!" snapped Baggy. "I don't want to stretch my blessed legs! I want to be driving in a car, not trudging on my own shanks!"

"Afraid it may be some little time, sir, before I have the engine right."

"Rotten carelessness!" growled Baggy.

The chauffeur jumped down and raised the bonnet. Then he got to work on the engine with various tools. Racke, Crooke, and Mellish got out and watched him, though they knew very little about motor-car engines, and could not tell what the man was doing.

"What's wrong?" inquired Mellish.

"The magneto, sir—out of timing," said the man vaguely.

"Oh, I see!" said Mellish—but he didn't.

After a long time, with the engine still out of order—or seemed to be so—even Baggy Trimble got tired of sitting in the car and got out to stretch his legs. He complained bitterly all the time, however.

It was a very lonely spot where they had stopped, and only one car had passed them since they had drawn up by the roadside. But at last another car came into sight—a big, black saloon. Rather to the surprise of the juniors, it drew up alongside their car. A big, heavy-jowled man, in a motoring-coat, jumped out.

"What's the trouble?" he inquired, in a gruff voice.

Something about that voice seemed to be familiar. Baggy glanced at the man keenly. But the man's face was so heavily muffled up between the coat-collar and the pulled-down cap, that he could not recognise the newcomer, even if he might have done so otherwise.

The man had moved to Baggy's side, and was standing watching the chauffeur tinkering with the engine. Again it struck Baggy that there was something oddly familiar about the man.

The next moment the sham Lord Entworth gave a startled yell as a couple of strong hands grasped him.

"Ow!" roared Baggy, in great alarm. "I say, what's the game? Leggo! Ow! Help! Yarooooop!"

Struggling desperately, but in vain, Baggy Trimble was picked up bodily by the newcomer and pushed into the second car. At the same moment the chauffeur of the first car slammed down the bonnet, jumped into the driving-seat, and started up the engine.

"M-m-my hat!" panted Mellish.

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"Tea is served, your lordship!" Baggy Trimble's manservant drew back the chair at the head of the table, for the fat Fourth-Former. Trimble waved a lordly hand to Racke and Crooke. "Sit down, you chaps!" he said. "Make yourselves comfy!" "My hat!" gasped Crooke. "Phew!" breathed Racke. (See Chapter 10.)

"Look out!" yelled Racke. "They've collared Lord Entworth! Good heavens—"

Had Racke, Crooke, and Mellish been made of sterner stuff—had they, for example, been the Terrible Three, or Blake & Co.—they might have succeeded in rescuing the unhappy Baggy—alias Lord Entworth—even then.

But Racke & Co. were not made of the right stuff at all for a job like that! They were scared, and they hesitated, and in another few moments the two cars were speeding off down the road at a reckless pace, with Lord Entworth leaning out of the window of the closed car, waving his fat arms and howling with fright. Then two hands were seen to emerge from inside the car, and drag him back, out of sight.

"Kidnapped!" stammered Mellish. "K-k-kidnapped!"

With blank faces, Racke, Crooke, and Mellish stood and stared after the vanishing cars, one of which contained as prisoner the fat figure of Lord Entworth—or, at any rate, of Baggy Trimble!

CHAPTER 14.

Held to Ransom!

AS the pair of strong arms shot out, dragging him back into the car, Baggy Trimble collapsed with a breathless howl of fear on to the seat, and stared wildly at the man beside him.

The fat Fourth-Former's jaw dropped. He recognised the man now.

"Jenkyn!" he gasped, goggling in amazement at the face of the man who held him.

"Exactly!" grinned the man. "At least, young 'un, that's the name you've known me by till now. It doesn't happen to be my real name. But what's in a name, anyway?"

He chuckled, and, drawing a short, fat cigar from his pocket, stuck it in the corner of his mouth, and lighted it,

with a grin. Baggy watched him with horror. For a moment he glanced at the figure driving—a short, morose-looking man, in an overcoat and cap. Then Baggy's wide-open eyes returned to Jenkyn.

It was Jenkyn right enough. The man had removed his cap, and his face was plain to be seen. But though it was Jenkyn's face all right, it did not wear the respectful, inscrutable expression that Baggy had always seen there before. No longer was the man acting the part of the model manservant!

There was no respect in his expression as he addressed Baggy now. Neither was there respect in his voice. There was merely amusement.

"So I've got you, young fellow!" exclaimed the man, with another chuckle.

Baggy, trembling with fear, found his voice with difficulty. "B-b-but what do you want me for?" gasped Baggy feebly.

"Why, don't you know, sonny?" chuckled the man at his side. "Come, sonny, you ain't as green as that! You're Lord Entworth, and you've got stacks of money, and we want some of it. So we've kidnapped you to hold you to ransom, of course!"

"Oh!"

Baggy scarcely knew whether to feel relieved or not.

"He, he, he!" he sniggered feebly.

"What's the joke?" demanded his captor.

"You've made a mistake, you see," said Baggy. "I—I'm not Lord Entworth at all, really! He, he, he!"

"What?" ejaculated the other. "You're not Lord Entworth? By gum, do you expect me to swallow that yarn, when I've spent all my evenings lately with you in your study at the school?"

And Jenkyn—or whatever his real name was—burst into a roar of laughter.

"A couple of thousand pounds we are going to ask for

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you, sonny," he went on. "And cheap at the price! My word, but you were playing right into our hands when you thought you'd like a nice motor-ride this afternoon with your pals, and asked me to see about it! Ha, ha! That's why I took on the job with you when I saw your advertisement in the local paper—hoping, you see, that I'd learn something of advantage!"

Again he burst into a roar of hearty laughter.

"When you said about getting that motor-car for this afternoon, I fixed things fine! I sent one of the gang along with the car, and we'd all fixed up just where he was to pretend to break down. And I was to turn up there and get you. Easy as eating candy, it was. Ha, ha!"

The big black car was speeding on, followed by the other. Where they were taking him Baggy could not even guess. The country was all strange to him.

"B-but I tell you my name isn't Lord Entworth!" exclaimed Baggy miserably. "My name is really Trimble—"

"Sure it isn't really Napoleon?" inquired the man at his side, with deep sarcasm. He chuckled hoarsely.

"But I swear I'm not Lord Entworth! I'm not! My name's Trimble—"

"You talk too much, sonny!" growled the man. "I ought to know who you are, oughtn't I, if anyone should! Of course you're Lord Entworth! And you needn't be scared. We shan't hurt you, sonny. Once we've got the cash, we'll send you back to the school all safe and sound!"

"But, look here—" began Trimble excitedly. "Stow it!" interrupted his captor curtly. "And, see here, so that you shan't start any funny business, such as hollering out to anyone in the road when we go through the villages, I'm going to gag you. And blindfold you, so as you shan't see where we're taking you."

"Help!" roared Baggy.

But, though he struggled in frantic terror, he was powerless against the man whom he had known as Jenkyn. A couple of minutes later the fat junior was sitting with his wrists fastened securely behind his back, his mouth gagged, and his eyes bandaged, as the car sped on.

"Oh dear!" moaned Baggy Trimble to himself. "I—I wish I'd never pretended to be Lord Entworth! Oh dear!" The car raced on—whither?

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"Heard the news?"

Kit Wildrake put his head in at the door of Study No. 6 that afternoon shortly after tea-time, and gave that exclamation.

"What news, deah boy?" inquired Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, adjusting his eyeglass, and surveying Wildrake's excited face with interest.

"What's up?" demanded Jack Blake.

"About Entworth—" began Wildrake.

"His blessed lordship!" exclaimed Digby. "What about him?"

"He's been kidnapped!"

"He's been whatted?" gasped Herries.

"Kidnapped!" repeated Kit Wildrake, entering the study and closing the door behind him, the better to impart his amazing news. "Captured by kidnappers and driven off in a car!"

"Bai Jove!" breathed the swell of St. Jim's.

"Honest Injun!" Blake eyed Wildrake suspiciously.

"You're not pulling our legs?"

"Honest Injun! He hired a car this afternoon, and went out with Racke and Crooke and Mellish."

"We saw 'em go," nodded Digby.

"The chap driving the car was one of the gang, apparently," continued Wildrake excitedly. "He pretended to have a breakdown. Another car drove up, Baggy was bundled into the second car by a big man, and both cars buzzed off. Racke & Co. said they were helpless. They tackled the men, but were beaten off."

"So they say—eh?" murmured Digby disbelievingly.

"So they say," nodded Wildrake, with a chuckle. "Anyway, the kidnappers got away with Entworth. Racke & Co. got a lift back to Wayland in another car that came along some time later. It was too late for them to try to follow the other car, of course. They've seen the Head, and he's phoned to the police about it. Evidently the kidnappers are going to hold Entworth up to ransom."

"Bai Jove! Wathah wuff on Entworth," murmured Arthur Augustus thoughtfully. "Howevah, the chap is such a howwid boundah I wealdy do not feel so sowwy for him as I should if he were someone else, don't you know."

There was a bang on the door, and Grundy of the Shell put his head into the study.

"Heard about Entworth?" roared George Alfred excitedly. "He's been kidnapped!"

"Yaas, wathah," nodded Arthur Augustus. "But pway do not woaah so about it, Gwunday!"

Grundy went his way, spreading the thrilling news. But already it had swept like wildfire through the school. From the lordly Sixth to the inky Third and Second it was common knowledge that the schoolboy earl of the Fourth had been kidnapped.

And the excitement was intense. Racke, Crooke, and Mellish were the three most interesting fellows in all St. Jim's just then. They had to tell their story of his lordship's capture many, many times—and the story lost nothing by repetition. By the time they had described what had happened for about the twentieth time, Racke & Co. were really beginning to feel that they actually had shown up very splendidly, and put up a noble fight against odds in his lordship's defence. That was how they told the story, anyway. But even if they were almost beginning to believe it themselves, no one else did.

In the Common-room, later that evening, Ralph Reckness Cardew approached Racke with a grave face.

"Tell me, Racke, dear man," murmured Cardew.

"Which of you three ran fastest this afternoon?"

"What, in pursuit of the crooks?" smirked Racke.

"No. With the crooks in pursuit of you, I mean," said Cardew blandly.

"Oh, rats!" growled Racke angrily; and there was a yell of laughter in the Common-room.

It was generally felt that Cardew had hit the nail on the head very well.

But the big question was not as to how Racke, Crooke, and Mellish had behaved in the big moment of test. The question that everyone at St. Jim's was asking was, what was happening to the kidnapped schoolboy earl?

CHAPTER 15.

The Return of His Lordship!

THREE days passed, and still there was no news of the missing junior.

The excitement at St. Jim's increased with every passing day.

That Dr. Holmes, the headmaster of St. Jim's, was terribly worried was well known. It was known, too, that the police were searching for Lord Entworth, but without any success. There was no trace at all of the kidnapped schoolboy.

"He seems to have vanished into thin air," remarked Mellish dramatically in the Common-room, early on the following Wednesday afternoon.

"He does," agreed Jack Blake. "Though how a chap with a figure like Entworth's can vanish into thin air beats me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Herries and Digby.

"Really, Blake," sniffed Mellish, "it's no joking matter."

"Rats!" growled Blake. "Entworth won't get hurt, anyway. Entworth's a valuable piece of goods in the eyes of the kidnappers, and they won't spoil their own game by damaging him. He's safe enough. So you needn't think I'm going to cry my eyes about Entworth's troubles just because he's got a giddy handle to his name, Mellish."

"Heah, heah!" nodded Arthur Augustus. "I am afwaid, Mellish, that you are wathah a toady and a snob."

"How on earth did he get here?" gasped Dig.

"He must have escaped from the kidnappers!" exclaimed Blake excitedly.

"Bai Jove, so he must!" agreed Arthur Augustus.

Entworth had already seen Blake & Co. If it really was Entworth. They hastened to meet him. His lordship—or Bagley Trimble, to give him his real name—halted before them, panting, and breathless.

"Oh dear!" gasped Lord Entworth. "I—I'm fairly fagged! My feet are beastly sore! I've walked for miles and miles!"

"But how the thump did you get here?" exclaimed Blake, in eager excitement. "You've been kidnapped, haven't you?"

"Yes, rather!" groaned Baggy. "I—I— Ahem!" He coughed, and seemed to be avoiding their eyes. "I escaped," he finished. "Yes, that's it—I escaped."

"Gweat Scott!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus involuntarily.

"How did you manage it?" demanded Herries.

"I saw my chance," said the sham Lord Entworth,



Baggy Trimble gave a startled yell as a pair of strong hands grasped him, and he was picked up bodily. "Ow!" roared Baggy in alarm. "Help! Yaroooo!" Struggling desperately but in vain, he was pushed into the second car. "M-m-my hat!" panted Mellish. "Look out!" yelled Racke. "They've collared Lord Entworth!" (See Chapter 13.)

Leaving the sneak of the Fourth to digest that piece of information, the chums of Study No. 6 left the Common-room.

There was no footer that afternoon, and Blake & Co. had decided to go for a ramble in the direction of Wayland. They intended to finish in Wayland about tea-time, and have tea at a cafe there.

As they were making their way briskly over Wayland Moor, with the fresh wind whipping the colour into their faces, the talk turned again to the big topic of the moment—the missing Lord Entworth.

"I suppose Dr. Holmes has been gettin' into touch with Entworth's guardian," remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy thoughtfully. "But I undahstood Entworth to say once that his guardian is abroad."

"So he is, I believe," nodded Herries. "I wonder how much the kidnappers will ask for Entworth's giddy ransom?"

"The dickens of a lot, you can bet your life!" put in Digby. "Entworth is fairly rolling in filthy lucre. His bank balance will stand quite a fat ransom, I expect. And the kidnappers know it, for certain."

"Poor old Entworth!" grinned Jack Blake.

And then suddenly there was an exclamation from Arthur Augustus.

"Bai Jove!"

The swell of St. Jim's flung out a pointing finger. The others stared across the moor in the direction indicated, and Blake jumped.

A fat figure was rolling towards them across the uneven ground—a fat, familiar figure. His flaming, red hair could be seen clearly. Blake gasped.

"Entworth!" breathed Herries.

warming to his story. "I saw my chance, and I took it. I had been left in a dark cellar, chained to the wall."

"Chained to the wall?" echoed Blake.

"Chained to the blessed wall," nodded Baggy. "I was never left alone, either—there was always a guard, armed to the teeth. I was left alone this morning for the first time. They thought I was too famished for want of food to do anything, but I simply used my muscles, and snapped the links of the chains that held me as if they had been threads of cotton!"

The four chums stared at Baggy's flabby arms doubtfully. "Then," went on Baggy calmly, "I waited till my guard returned. As he came in at the door of the cellar I flung myself upon him, brave as a lion. He fought like a madman, using knives and pistols—"

"Knives?" exclaimed Blake.

"Knives," nodded Baggy.

"And pistols?" murmured Herries.

"And pistols," agreed Baggy. "But I overcame him. I crept along the passage and up the stairs, overcame the guard at the top of the stairs, and so fought my way to freedom. I've walked miles to get here—"

"Where did all this happen, deah boy?" inquired Arthur Augustus.

"Ahem! Oh, a long way from here!"

"You'll be able to lead the police to the spot?" suggested Blake, eyeing Lord Entworth very curiously.

"Ahem! I'm afraid not," mumbled Baggy. "I quite lost track of the place as I came away from it. I had to flee so swiftly that I had no chance to take note of landmarks. I ran at top speed for three or four miles, with the

villains howling on my heels, before I finally gave them the slip."

The chums of the Fourth glanced at one another. Then they glanced at the fat junior.

Arthur Augustus surveyed Lord Entworth through his eye-glass, and there was a very odd look on the aristocratic face of the swell of St. Jim's.

"Well, come along to the school, anyway, Entworth," said Jack Blake dryly, "and spin 'em the yarn there."

"Don't forget to tell the Head you ran three or four miles with the villains howling on your heels," said Herries gravely.

Baggy Trimble eyed Herries suspiciously.

"Look here, Herries, if you don't believe me—" began the fat Fourth-Former, with a snort.

"My dear chap!" exclaimed Herries, looking quite pained. "As if I could doubt your word for a moment?"

They retraced their steps towards St. Jim's almost in silence. Trimble had not returned to the wonderful tale of his exploits. He seemed to be thinking rather deeply. And Study No. 6 did not press his lordship for further details of his miraculous escape.

Not for a moment did Blake & Co. believe the fat junior's story of his escape from the kidnappers. That it was all imagination they realised, of course. And they were very puzzled to know what the truth of the matter was. It certainly seemed queer that a fat, flabby fellow like that should have contrived to have escaped from anybody, let alone from three grim crooks!

But, whatever the truth really was, there was no doubt that Lord Entworth had actually escaped from his captors! And when he put in an appearance at St. Jim's it was certain that there would be a big sensation!

Levison, Clive, and Cardew were crossing towards the gates from the School House as Blake & Co. accompanied by the bogus Lord Entworth, entered the quad. The chums of Study No. 9 halted in amazement.

"Entworth, by gad!" ejaculated Cardew.

"Entworth!" yelled Clive. "My hat!"

"Where the dickens have you sprung from, Entworth?" exclaimed Levison.

"He's just escaped from the kidnappers," explained Blake gravely. "He has killed about six of them, I think, and stunned the rest."

"Oh, really, Blake—"

"Look! Entworth! Entworth's back!" shouted an excited voice. It was the voice of Kangaroo of the Shell.

From all sides, fellows were hastening across the quad towards Baggy Trimble. There was no doubt but that Baggy's return was causing a sensation.

"Entworth! It's Entworth! He's escaped from the kidnappers!" yelled the shrill voice of D'Arcy minor of the Third, and a swarm of fags came scampering towards the gates.

Cutts of the Fifth, accompanied by St. Leger, had paused in the act of entering the School House to see what the excitement was; and even the great Gerald Cutts forgot his dignity as a Fifth-Former sufficiently, for the moment, to turn and hurry across towards the fat figure of the sham Lord Entworth, as eager as the rest to find out what had happened, and how it was that Entworth was back at St. Jim's.

"Lord Entworth's back!" exclaimed Chowle of the New House, and raced across towards the gates to join the jostling crowd that now surrounded Baggy Trimble.

"Lord blessed Entworth!" cried Figgins, and, with Kerr and Fatty Wynn, hurried across after Chowle.

"Entworth's back! My hat! Ask him what it feels like to be kidnapped, somebody!" exclaimed Fatty Wynn.

Figgins & Co. joined the crowd!

Tom Merry, Monty Lowther, and Manners, coming in at the school gates a moment or so later, found a tremendous crowd in the quad, and they hastened to discover the cause of all the excitement. They pushed their way through towards the centre. A fat voice came to Tom Merry's ears:

"Yaas. I fought like a lion against the fearful odds—"

"Entworth!" gasped Tom Merry. "Entworth's back!"

CHAPTER 16.

The End of the Hoax!

ERIC KILDARE stepped out of the School House doorway, and glanced in surprise at the tremendous crowd of fellows, juniors and seniors alike, that almost blocked the gates.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Kildare.

"Something exciting seems to be happening!" chuckled Darrell of the Sixth, who was with the captain.

"Better go and see what it is," said Kildare, and the

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captain of St. Jim's strolled across the quad with his chum to investigate.

When the excited fellows saw Kildare approaching a path was cleared for him, and the captain of St. Jim's strode through, and was face to face a moment later with the fat, red-headed figure that at St. Jim's had lately passed for Lord Entworth.

Kildare gave an exclamation:

"Entworth!"

"Yaas," drawled Baggy Trimble, in his most aristocratic manner.

"But how on earth—" gasped Kildare wonderingly. "We heard you had been kidnapped, Entworth—"

"So I was, too," nodded Baggy. "I've escaped, though!"

"Escaped?" echoed Kildare, in amazement. "Look here, Entworth, tell me what has happened!"

"I've just been explaining to the chaps, Kildare," smirked Baggy. "You see, despite my lofty rank, the villains had been disrespectful enough to chain me in a cellar infested with rats and toads—"

"Poor Lord Entworth!" murmured Chowle, shaking his head.

"But I snapped the chains with my giant strength," went on Trimble, "and flew at my guard like a lion—"

"You said before that your guard had left you before you bust the chains!" grinned Herries.

"Oh, really, Herries! Don't interrupt! I tell you I flew at my captor, and after a terrible struggle I left him lifeless on the floor. I then battered the door of my prison down with my mighty strength, and after battling with four more armed ruffians who tried to shoot me with their knives and stab me with their pistols—"

"What?" yelled Julian.

"I—I mean tried to stab with their knives and shoot me with their pistols," corrected Baggy hastily, "I then fought my way to freedom. I was pursued seven miles across country by the shrieking horde of cut-throats; but by doubling back on my tracks I threw the bloodhounds off the scent—"

"Bloodhounds?" gasped Reggie Manners of the Third.

"Bloodhounds!" repeated Baggy firmly. "And mastiffs! But, as I say, I threw the brutes off the scent, and—and— and here I jolly well am!" he finished modestly.

There was a breathless silence. Baggy glanced round loftily, his little nose in the air. He fancied, from the silence that had followed his enthralling narrative, that he had impressed his listeners tremendously. But then the silence was broken—and scarcely in the way that Baggy had hoped or expected.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the fellows in a tremendous roar that scared the rooks in the old elms. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Baggy jumped.

"What are you asses cackling at?" he roared. "I tell you it's all true! It's a wonder I lived to tell the tale!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the fellows, juniors and seniors alike.

Then Kildare spoke. There was rather an odd look on the face of the captain of St. Jim's.

"Entworth," he said, "I scarcely imagine that you actually hope to make us believe all that nonsense. I asked you to tell me what happened, not to give me a yarn like this!"

"Oh, really, Kildare—"

"Are you going to keep that story up?" exclaimed Kildare.

"Rather! It's true, I tell you! I've had a fearful time!" declared Lord Entworth impressively.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you cackling hyenas—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quiet!" shouted Kildare angrily; and the laughter died away abruptly. "Entworth, you ridiculous little ass, you'd better come with me to the Head and tell him the true story!"

"I'll tell him all right," nodded Lord Entworth—"the same story I've told you, Kildare," he added in an injured voice. "Because it's true!"

The captain of St. Jim's did not answer, he only frowned; and the bogus Lord Entworth rolled after Kildare as he strode away towards the Head's house, the crowds falling aside to make way for them.

"My aunt!" gasped Monty Lowther, wiping the tears of merriment from his eyes. "Entworth'll be the death of me yet!"

"The little fat ass!" growled Grundy. "Fancy expecting us to believe all that rot! He jolly well needs a good walloping!"

The grinning crowds of fellows watched the fat barrel-like figure of Lord Entworth waddle in Kildare's wake towards the Head's house, and they chuckled as they watched. And then a sudden startling thing happened.

From the middle of the watching crowd came a sudden voice:

"Look out, Trimble! Look out! He'll bite!"

Whose voice it was no one could tell. And what the unknown fellow was talking about no one could imagine, since it was known by all that Baggy Trimble was away from St. Jim's at the moment. But the result was startling.

For Lord Entworth skipped into the air, with a yell, as he heard that voice, and swung round with a yelp of alarm, evidently expecting to see a dog at his heels. When he saw that there was no dog there, that he had been hoaxed, a very strange expression leapt into the fat junior's face.

Trimble had betrayed himself, and he knew it!

"Oh lor!" gasped the fat Fourth-Former in utter dismay.

The fellows were staring at the sham Lord Entworth, with bewildered faces, in which amazed understanding was beginning to appear. Kildare, like the rest, was gazing down at Trimble as if he could scarcely believe his senses. Trimble blinked up at him nervously.

"Trimble!" muttered Kildare.

"I—I—I—" stuttered Trimble feebly.

His evident confusion settled any doubts that might have remained in Kildare's mind. His hand shot out and gripped the shoulder of Lord Entworth's double in a vice-like grip.

"You're Trimble!" breathed the captain of St. Jim's.

And the crowd, watching in breathless wonderment, echoed the captain's words in a mighty yell of recognition.

"It's Trimble!"

And that was the end of Baggy Trimble's great hoax!

Whoever it was who had shouted that pretended warning to Trimble in the quad, he had successfully shown up the bogus Lord Entworth in his true colours!

And the truth of Trimble's story was soon common property. Not only did St. Jim's soon learn all about Trimble's dyed hair and his amazingly daring impersonation of his double and the fake wire calling himself home, St. Jim's also learnt how it was that Baggy had returned to St. Jim's after having been in the hands of the kidnappers.

It seemed—so Baggy admitted to Dr. Holmes, in his quaking terror—that the kidnappers had found out their mistake from the fact that a birthmark which they knew the true Lord Entworth to bear on his arm was missing in the case of Trimble. So they had taken Baggy by motor-car to a spot near Wayland and turned him loose.

And since Baggy had been driven both to and from the house of his brief imprisonment blindfolded, he was never

able to inform the police where the kidnappers had taken him.

When Lord Entworth's impersonator left the Head's study that day, after his betrayal at the hands of the unknown fellow who had shouted to him in the quad, Baggy was looking and feeling very miserable. It was not often that Dr. Holmes administered a flogging, but he had administered one to Baggy—as the fact that Taggles, the porter, had been sent for during Baggy's presence in the Head's study showed to the rest of St. Jim's. And, in any case, the look on Baggy's fat face would have made the fact clear afterwards.

"And Entworth will get one, too, I bet, when he comes back!" remarked Blake grimly.

"Wathah!" nodded Arthur Augustus.

But Lord Entworth never did return to St. Jim's. The Head saw to that, no doubt. And Baggy Trimble was very glad of that fact; for it would have been rather humiliating had the true schoolboy earl returned to the school after he himself had lorded it in Entworth's place.

All things considered, Baggy Trimble felt that it had really been well worth it, despite that terrific flogging. He had certainly had the time of his life under the alias of Lord Entworth. And he only wished he knew who it was who had shouted "Trimble!" to him in the quad and so cut short his career of wealth and nobility!

As a matter of fact, the unknown fellow was Ralph Reckness Cardew.

Cardew had suddenly suspected the amazing truth when listening to Trimble's wonderful account of his escape from the kidnappers. The similarity of Lord Entworth's wild boasting to the wild boasting that Baggy Trimble would have indulged in under the same circumstances had happened to strike the slacker of the Fourth when no one else had thought of it from that point of view. And Cardew, having guessed the truth—though even then he could not be quite sure till he had put it to the test—had decided to show up Trimble, if Trimble it really were.

And he had done so very skilfully.

"It was really rather hard on friend Baggy," said Cardew to his chums afterwards, "but he was becomin' absolutely unbearable, y'know!"

To which Levison and Clive grinningly agreed.

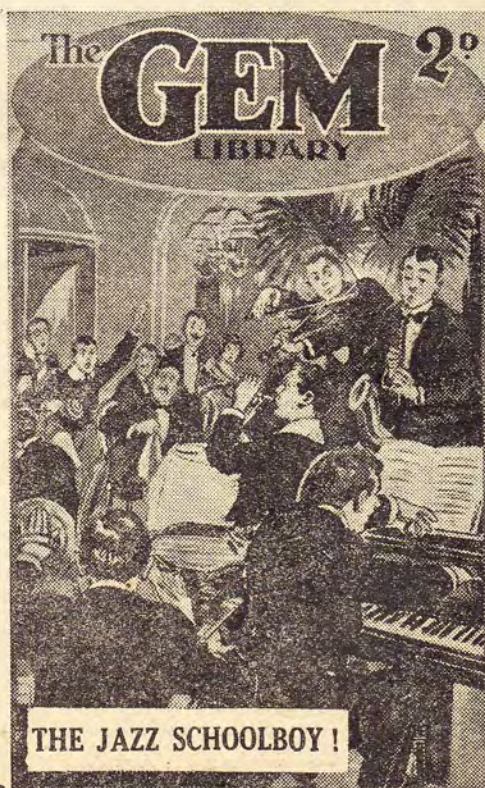
But Baggy never found out who it was who had betrayed him and cut short the gorgeous time he had been having as "My Lord Trimble."

THE END.

Extra Long and Extra Good

You've heard of Herries and his cornet, of course. You'll remember, doubtless, the trouble Herries' cornet has landed him in in the past. But Herries won't profit by his experiences—he's still crazy about playing the cornet. And that cornet once again lands Herries in difficulties. Towser, the bull-dog, who shows a marked tendency to take a chunk out of a "fellow's trousers," also figures in next week's yarn. Between them—Herries, the cornet, and Towser go to provide "Gemites" with a spanking yarn of fun and adventure, told in the inimitable style of MARTIN CLIFFORD.

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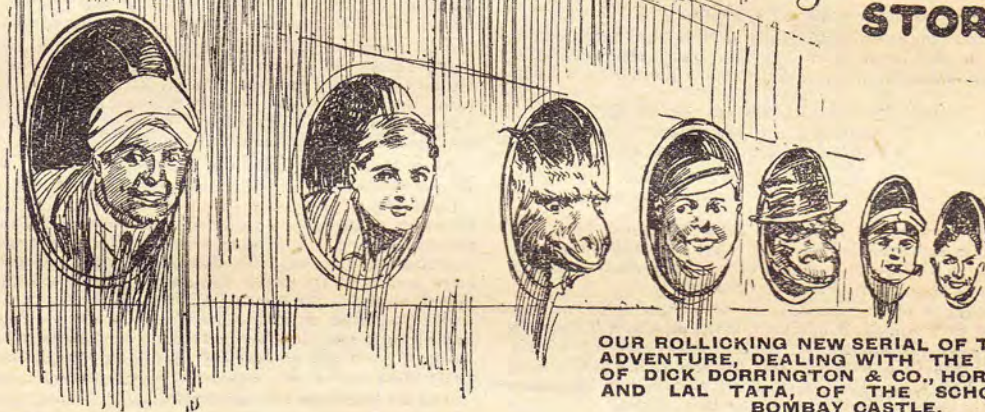
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Turning the Tables!

OUTSIDE there was a great hammering on the door of the chamber.

Inside, the "young governor," as Mr. Pugsley called the sultan, was having the novel experience of a real nightmare, for he was being chased round his own bed-room by an angry elephant, an adventure which, as a rule, can only happen during sleep.

To tell the truth, John Henry was not particularly in love with his lord the sultan. He owed the young governor one or two.

When he arrived in Bungaloo, and was a little bit fretful, instead of feeding him on bananas and bath-buns, which he loved, the sultan had called in two field elephants, who had hustled him round the compound.

Then the sultan, being a bit dull one afternoon, had decided to have an elephant and tiger fight, and had loosed three tigers on the old companion.

One huge Bengal tiger had leaped upon John Henry's forehead and had tried to pull his scalp off. But John Henry had biffed his head against the wall of the courtyard, and had flattened the tiger like a bluebottle on a window-pane.

Luckily for him, too, the other two tigers had started a row between themselves as to who was to bite John Henry first, and had made a hospital job of one another.

John Henry had not forgotten these things, so he chased the yelling sultan round the vast bed-room as a cat chases a mouse.

Mr. Pugsley and the boys leaped on the bed to get out of the way.

"Help! Help!" yelled the sultan, his eyes starting from his fat head. "Help me, English, and I will set you all free and give you handsome presents!"

"Yes, we know your presents," replied Mr. Pugsley. "You are one of the sort that only gives away an apple when it's got a maggot inside it. The animal's your animal—you manage him!"

"Wo-hoo!" yelled the sultan, as the elephant's trunk closed round his waist and he was lifted to the ceiling, whence great slabs of plaster were falling from between the teak rafters.

"John Henry," shouted Mr. Pugsley, "drop that!"

John Henry, who was just going to tap the sultan on the ceiling before he dropped him to the floor and trod him out like a cockroach, hesitated.

"Give 'im to me," said Mr. Pugsley, holding out his hand for the sultan.

The elephant dropped the sultan on the bed as the door

was burst open with axes, and a crowd of strangers and nigger guards showed themselves.

At the sight of these intruders the great lumbering beast made a little run towards the door, and, with a yell of fear, they ran for their lives.

"Now, boys," said Mr. Pugsley, "get yourselves arms. There's plenty in this room."

This was true. The sultan slept in an armoury of choice weapons. Fixed to the wall were curved tulwars in jewelled scabbards; spears richly decorated with gold inlay; heavy battle maces studded with precious stones.

"Ritzy young dorg, ain't 'e?" said Mr. Pugsley, as he threw away his iron bar and reached for a magnificent elephant ankus which hung on the wall.

Mr. Pugsley did not know it, but this was more than a weapon. It was an emblem of authority. The golden elephant ankus was the sceptre of Bungaloo and the symbol of Royal authority.

Arty Dove helped himself to a beautiful steel mace, inlaid in the handle with balas rubies.

Conkey Ikestein picked up a steel chest which stood by the sultan's bedside. It was a coffer, or safe, and Conkey found that it was very heavy. He argued that it was as good a weapon as a mace, and, if he got away with it, would make an armour-proof tuckbox which even Skeleton could not get at.

In a few seconds the boys were all armed.

Then Mr. Pugsley gave the sultan, who had thrown himself down weeping amongst his pillows, a prod with the elephant ankus.

"Come on, young sultan," said he. "We want you for 'ostage."

"Spare me, O white man!" wailed the sultan. "Do not hit me kicks!"

"I'm not going to kick you," explained Mr. Pugsley. "But you've got to come down with us to the harbour, and see that our ship is restored to us, with all her stores, and ready for sea. We've had about enough of your nest of pirates!"

He pulled the sultan to his feet.

Then he gave John Henry a push behind with the golden ankus. And John, leaning his head against the chamber wall, gave a heave at the lath and plaster, scattering it in all directions.

The wall opened out like a fan and fell with a crash, and they found themselves in the Hall of Justice, in which they had been so falsely accused by the miserable wretch whose golden pyjama coat was held by Mr. Pugsley in a grip of iron so that he could not run away.

The Escape from the Palace!

WHEN the boys crowded into the Hall of Justice a hush seemed to fall upon the whole palace, which had previously been humming like a wasps' nest. It was a hush of horror such as that which follows the shock of an earthquake.

John Henry, the elephant, was the calmest of the whole party. He stepped towards the fountain which played in the middle of the hall, lowered his trunk, and took a long drink.

"Leave ole John alone, boys!" ordered Mr. Pugsley. "E's thirsty."

Then he turned to Chip Prodggers, Willie Waffles, and Pongo Walker, who were staggering under the cricket-bag containing Gus, the crocodile.

"Look 'ere, boys," said Mr. Pugsley, "in a minute or two we gotta beat it quick down to the harbour. You don't want to lumber yourselves up with the crocodile. 'E's big enough and ugly enough to walk down to the ship himself, and it all helps to hold back the crowd. Turn 'im loose!"

The boys laid down the bag and unstrapped Gus. The pet croc did not want to be turned out of his bag. He was a luxurious beast, and liked being carried about in this fashion.

But the boys turned the bag upside down, and Gus fell with a thump on to the floor of mother-of-pearl, slipping about as if he were on a skating-rink.

At the same moment a threatening crowd of natives showed at the door of the Hall of Justice. One wild-looking gentleman armed with a long match-lock, aimed it at Mr. Pugsley's head.

But there was a bit of delay in getting his gun to go off, for he had to whack a flint on steel to light his fuse like a cigarette-lighter before he could fire the charge. And whilst he was still hammering, there was a rush behind the crowd gathered in the doorway.

"Shaitan! Shaitan!" yelled the black-and-tan followers of the sultan.

It was not Satan who had arrived on the scene, but Horace, the goat, who burst through the outer gateway, scattering the sentries right and left.

He came straight behind the man who was aiming at Mr. Pugsley.

There was nothing which irritated Horace more than to see a levelled firearm. He had been shot at so often in the course of his long and chequered career that a nigger with a gun acted on him like a mustard plaster.

He did not pause in his rush. He merely lowered his battering-ram of a head, and, leaving the floor in one grand bound, he hit the gunner square in the pants.

Gun and gunner went up together, the gun exploding in mid-air, bringing down a shower of glass from the handsome cut-glass chandelier which hung from the dome of the Hall of Justice.

The gunner descended with a splash into the fountain, sending out a huge wave of water.

With a yell of fear he tried to scramble out again. But Horace chased him up and butted him back into the watery element, whilst John Henry, the elephant, annoyed at finding this black insect in his drink, picked him up with his trunk and flung him carelessly aside into the big kettle-drum in the corner.

"Leave the man alone!" shouted Mr. Pugsley. "He's had enough! Listen! They are starting the alarm in the town."

Sure enough, news that something was wrong up at the palace had already reached the town. Flintlocks were being discharged as a warning, and hand-drums were beating.

Bungaloo was being wakened like a nest of hornets! Everybody knew that something was happening, but what actually was happening no one knew.

Hamish McCosh and Angus Macpherson had leaped up on to the sultan's dais in the alcove of the hall, and were throwing aside the piles of cushions.

"What are you looking for?" asked Conkey, who was still sticking to his steel box. "Treasure?"

"Ay!" answered Hamish sourly. "We are lookin' for oor ain treasure, oor bagpipes which these robbers have taken from us!"

He gave a shout of exultation as he dragged the confiscated pipes from a corner where they had been thrown carelessly, and at the same moment Angus, staggering amongst the huge piles of

cushions, stepped upon the fat head of one of the courtiers who was hiding there.

With a yell of alarm the man got up to run. He was the same fat man who had sat behind the sultan advising him when they had been committed to prison.

"Hey!" called Angus, who had been thrown off his feet by his collision with the fat man. "What's yer hurry?"

He caught the man by the hood of the burnous which shrouded his face, and saw a yellow, clean-shaven jowl and a pair of prominent eyes that were familiar to him.

Then he received a punch in the jaw that made him see a red flash set with brilliant green stars.

"Hauld him, Hamish!" panted Angus. But a kick in the stomach sent him rolling amongst the sultan's cushions, and the man, dropping down behind the throne, shot out of the hall by a tiny door which led to the kitchens.

Angus sat up amongst the cushions, rubbing first his jaw and then his stomach.

"Hoots, Angus!" demanded Hamish. "What were ye doin' to let yon black body flatten ye oot like a griddle-cake?"

"It was no a black body, Hamish!" declared Angus, with a hiccup. "'Twas a white man, wi' the punch o' a white man. And the durruy dog kicked me in the tummy till I'm fair queasy. 'Twas a white man, I tell ye, Hamish!" added Angus, as he massaged his stomach to bring back the circulation.

"White or black, the body's gone now. Tak' yer pipes, Angus," said Hamish, "there's fire an' brunstone waitin' for us down the toon, and we'll gie the laddies a skirl o' the pipes to keep their hearts up!"

"Forward, boys!" cried Mr. Pugsley. "The elephant's filled 'is petrol tank!"

He gave John Henry a jab behind with the elephant ankus, and dragged the reluctant sultan by the collar of his golden jacket.

"You come along and see that we are righted, my lad!" said Mr. Pugsley fiercely. "Any 'arf-larks, and they'll be lookin' for a new sultan in Bungaloo by breakfast-time!"

The young sultan was now in such a state of funk that he could barely walk. He saw Gus, running about amongst the boys like a fox-terrier, and then Cecil closed in by his side. That was enough to cause him to make up his mind to be quiet.

"Take 'im by the neck, Cecil!" ordered Mr. Pugsley, "and if the young beggar stars 'ankin', twist it for 'im! I gotta drive the elephant!"

The crowd in the doorway scattered as John Henry moved forward.

The great teak doors of the hall were ajar, and there was plenty of head room for the elephant to pass without shoving down any more brickwork.

They passed through the courtyard and saw the sentries fly from the outer gate before they passed through it.

At the gateway John Henry stopped and lifted his hind foot and crooked his tail, evidently expecting someone to mount him.

"Up you get!" ordered Mr. Pugsley, and the sultan, nearly dead with fear, climbed up.

Then Mr. Pugsley climbed the back staircase of the elephant, and Cecil followed him, dragging up the empty cricket-bag, and, balancing it across John Henry's back.

Then Mr. Pugsley drew his pipe from his pocket and thrust it into the sultan's back.

"Understand, young feller," he growled, "if you try to double-cross us you will get six bullets through you."

The sultan moaned.

"Oh, mister," said he, "I will take you to your ship and let you go! If you do not hurt me I will make you handsome presents."

"Don't want your presents!" said Mr. Pugsley. "But you shout out to any of your people who try to shoot at me that they will hit you—which is more likely than not!"

The sultan groaned.

"And if they shoot me," continued Mr. Pugsley, pressing his pipe a little tighter into the sultan's back, "as likely as not I'll shoot you!"

The gorgeous East is the home of strange processions, but it is doubtful if all the "Arabian Nights" had ever seen a stranger procession than this which wound down the moonlit path from the sultan's palace towards the slums of Bungaloo.

The night air was heavy with the scent of cloves.

Down town it was pulsating with the beating of tom-toms.

THE GEM LITERARY—No. 1,084.

INTRODUCTION.

Dick Dorrington & Co., of the school ship, Bombay Castle, together with their master, Mr. Lal Tata, are detailed to search for a shipload of movie actors who have mysteriously disappeared somewhere within the vicinity of the pirate-infested Archipelagoes of Palang. In addition to the crew are the school pets—Horace the goat, Gus the crocodile, and Cecil the ape. On nearing Bungaloo the boys are captured by pirates and taken before the Sultan of Bungaloo, who falsely accuses them of smuggling, and imprisons them in a leopard's cage in the palace yard. John Henry, the sacred elephant, which is set to keep guard over the prisoners, however, proves to be an old friend of Mr. Pugsley, the Bombay Castle's gunner, and quickly makes friends with the boys. Later, to open up a way of escape for the party, the elephant is made to thrust its massive head through the outside wall of the palace, a proceeding that gives the sultan the shock of his life.

(Now read on.)

Up the hill it quivered to the skirling of pipes, for Angus and Hamish, marching before the elephant, had tuned up with a wild Highland march.

John Henry, the elephant, seemed to like the sound of pipes. He flapped his ears and waved his trunk from side to side, keeping time to the music as he marched gingerly down the deeply rutted path which led from the palace.

On one side of him, Horace trotted amiably. On the other, Gus flopped down the dusty hill, not liking the ruts in the road very much, for he fell in and out of them, and rattled and bumped himself on the loose rocks. Gus was making for the water as hard as ever he could go.

Behind the elephant marched the boys, two and two, following Mr. Lal Tata, who held on to the great beast's tail, for he felt that he was safer in the shadow of the sacred white elephant than anywhere else.

Porkis had got hold of a sword which looked as if it had come out of a pantomime. It was a huge, old-fashioned scimitar, with a golden scabbard set thick with pearls.

"Let's have a look at that sword, Porky?" asked Conkey, as they marched along.

"Mind you don't cut yourself," said Porkis handing his weapon over.

Conkey examined the hilt in the moonlight. There was a large dull blue stone set in the top.

"It's only a bit of glass, Conk," said Porkis.

"Well, don't you throw it away," said Conkey. "I believe my father would give you a motor-bicycle for that sword. I think that is a sapphire in the handle."

"What have you got in that box, Conk?" asked Porkis.

"I don't know," said Conkey. "It's locked, but I should not be at all surprised if this isn't the sultan's jewel chest. It was set close alongside his bedstead, and, you see, he had a dagger in bed with him to protect it."

"I think the dagger was to protect himself," said Porky. "The dog has got a shirt of mail on under those gold pyjamas of his!"

"You don't say so?" said Conkey.

"Fact," said Porkis. "I saw it when Puggo took him by the neck. It was like a vest made of steel rings. The knights of old used to have them like that, you know, Conk."

Conkey grinned, and conversation flagged, as they plunged into the narrow, empty streets.

A head showed against the sky, peering over the parapet of a house, but it was swiftly withdrawn, with a cry of fear and respect, at the sight of the strange party.

Mr. Pugsley noted the head. He thought that it might be a gunman ready to have a shot at them. But the cry reassured him. It showed that the sight of the sultan riding on his white elephant through the streets of his capital city was one to be feared, and not one to attract a crowd.

This supposition was confirmed by the conduct of a blind and lame beggar who turned out of a side street and advanced up the street, calling loudly for charity in the name of Mohamed, Protector of the Faithful and of the Holy Imams.

At the sight of the elephant the "blind" man suddenly turned, dropping his crutch and begging-bowl, and bolted down the side alley as if the police were after him.

In a Hornets' Nest!

THE procession drew near the harbour.

The excitement was centred down there, where some of the sultan's troops were quartered, and where his fleet of piratical prahus were gathered with their crews.

Here was the tom-tomming and the flare of oil cressets.

Not knowing the way, Mr. Pugsley did not attempt to guide the elephant, who turned in and out the dark little lanes and alleys as if he knew perfectly well what he was up to.

They emerged on to the square by the water front.

Here was an Oriental market place which was going day and night.

There were no coffee-stalls, but there were booths where coffee was sold, where you could hire a pull at a pipe, and where you could buy a sort of local hot dog fried in oil—if you had the pluck.

There were also snake-charmers and conjurers, fried fish, sellers of doubtful pearls and of fruit, barbers ready to shave your head, or to cut your throat, like the famous Sweeney Todd.

All the square was buzzing with excitement, when suddenly a hush fell upon it as into the open space marched John Henry, the sacred white elephant of Bungaloo.

The crowd only looked once.

They heard the skirl of the bagpipes, and thought that it was the wailing of ghouls and djinns.

As a matter of fact, Hamish and Angus had changed the record, and were playing their famous "Lament of MacIckstein on Dropping Sixpence Down a Drain."

It was a weird lament, full of prolonged wailing; a tune that would have been full of sorrow even had it been played on the merry saxophone. Here, echoing back from the white-walled houses, it sounded like a warning of doom.

With a yell, the crowd divided, hiding their faces in their robes.

A few of them, peeping, saw old Gus toddling ahead of the bagpipers, making steadily for the harbour, though he turned aside at the stall of the seller of kabobs, and pinched a leg of goat, which he crunched up as hungrily as if it had been one of Horace's legs.

The crocodile was sacred to many of the idolatrous inhabitants of Bungaloo. Debased Hinduism told them that here were walking the old gods of India, calling for some punishment on their many misdeeds. To their superstitious minds Gus was Mother Gunga, John Henry was Vishnu, and Cecil—rare old Cecil, sitting up nursing Gus' little home across his legs—was Hanuman, the ape-god.

In the red light of the fires they bowed like a field of corn before the wind.

Only once in history had a Sultan of Bungaloo issued from the palace mounted on the sacred white elephant. This was a hundred years ago, and he had put red ruin through the place.

So as the procession moved towards the harbour, strong men hid their faces in their robes; women screamed, and dragged their babies into the nearest houses. One nigger beat with the shinbone of a donkey on a tin can and howled like a dog.

"This is all right!" said Arty, swinging his mace. "We are getting through the mob a treat!"

"Don't you be so sure of that," said Mr. Lal Tata, as he hung timidly to John Henry's tail. "These are the debased and superstitious market people. They are the scum of the town, and they think they can see the old gods in the elephant and in Cecil and the crocodile. But wait till we get to the harbour amongst the Malay sailors. These and the Chinese have been about. They have seen the world. They will not so easily be deceived. That is where we shall have some scraps to get to the boat."

Mr. Lal Tata was correct in his prophecy.

As they came to the head of the harbour the flare of lights and the buzz of many voices caused Mr. Pugsley, on the elephant's back, to dig the trembling sultan in the back.

"Now, young feller," said he, "this is where we are going to see trouble, and this is where you come in! If you don't shout to your pals that we are now your particular friends and that you and the elephant 'ave come to see us off—well, you shall die! You shall die! Hi, tiddle-um-tum—tiddle-um-tum-ti! Do you get my smoke, Steve?"

"I understand," said the sultan, trembling like a leaf.

There was a rush of figures from the quay towards the oncoming elephant.

Mr. Lal Tata peeped round the elephant's stern.

"I was right," said he. "Seafaring populations do not suffer from ridiculous superstitions of a debased populace. The man of the sea is the man of the world. Get your weapons ready, boys! As for me, if things get bad, I am going to hide amongst the elephant's legs. The elephant was always a good friend to the Hindu. And, my goodness, but I am a shy and timid man! Why we undertook this foolsome expedition beats cockfights!"

It was plain there were mischief-makers in the oncoming crowd.

Chip and Lal, both understanding the bat of the Eastern seas, heard the cry.

"They steal our sultan! They steal our sacred elephant!"

"People are making troubles!" ejaculated Mr. Lal Tata, from the stern of the elephant. "How can we steal their old elephant?"

A group of wild-looking yellow men, armed with boat-hooks and staves, headed the oncoming mob. They were shouting at the top of their voices: "Deen! Deen! Kill! Kill!"—always a danger shout in an Eastern mob.

"Down with the foreign dogs! Down with the Christians!" cried a man with a voice like a trumpet.

Then the crowd surged around the elephant.

It surged back as quickly as it surged forward, for Gus, heading the procession, turned rusty.

Gus, so long stowed away in his cricket-bag, was not used to excitement or crowds.

He saw in this mob only a number of enemies between himself and the water he was beating for. Gus was about

fed-up with tumbling over dusty roads and of being tipped out of his bag and attacked by leopards.

Snapping right and left, he charged forward amongst the mob, slashing out with his mighty tail, knocking the yellow men over like ninepins.

He turned, and nearly got Hamish by the leg by mistake, but Hamish gave him a kick in the jaw just to let him know who was who.

"Ye durruty reptile!" said Hamish. "Gin ye try to bite me again, I'll gi'e ye a ding in the snout that'll make ye see mair stars than on a fine Sunday nnight! Bite yon Chinese man wi' the billhook! He's lookin' as if he's nae grand affection for the Scotch!"

This was true. Flourishing a large billhook, a man of Chinese appearance rushed in at Hamish. But Hamish, who was carrying a large club with an iron knob on top, hit him across the wrist with a blow that sent the billhook clattering to the ground; whilst Gus, with a swing of his tail, cut his legs from under him, and Hamish trod on his face as they passed on.

And even as the mounted police cleared a way through the crowd, so Horace, getting excited by the smell of natives, the noise, and the cressets of oil that flared like bale fires, dashed out from under John Henry's belly, punching a path through the mob.

A sudden silence fell upon the crowd. The elephant had stopped dead.

Mr. Lal Tata took advantage of the sudden lull to climb up by John Henry's tail to his back, where he hung on behind Cecil, looking down at the sea of faces lit by the red flares.

Hamish took the opportunity to slip a big dog collar and chain over Gus' long snout, so that he had him like a Pekinese pup in harness.

"O sultan," called a voice, "art thou displeased with thy people that thou ridest on the white elephant of death?"

"It is not so!" called the sultan. "I have made friends with these English boys. I have made a mistake. I thought they were enemies. They are friends. They bring me presents from the King of England!"

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" whispered Mr. Pugsley in the sultan's ear. "Keep that up, and we'll be safe in a few minutes; so will you!"

"I ride on my great elephant in honour of these, my friends!" called the sultan in a squeaky and uncertain voice. "Let us come forward to the quay, where they will once more return to their ship! Is their ship damaged?"

"No, lord," answered a voice, which was apparently that of the harbour-master. "It is but lifted a little on the harbour chains. There are two guards on board likewise to see that no damage is done to her, and that the property of the sultan be not touched."

"Tis well," answered the sultan. "We will march along the quay. I come to bid them farewell. It is a great honour which I pay them, for they are my friends."

The crowd of Malays and half-bred Chinese fell back, sullen and half-unbelieving. Word had come down from the palace that these Englishmen had broken out of prison and had smashed the walls of the palace. They were puzzled and suspicious.

There was certainly something strange about the white elephant, which was now a bit whiter than when they had last seen it. The boys also were smothered in white dust, and the sultan was wearing his night garments.

Surrounded by the doubtful mob, the Bombay Castle party advanced towards the end of the harbour where the

pier curved to form its mouth and where the prahus were moored.

They were relieved to see the Duty Steamboat still hung up on the harbour chains, but not damaged in any way. The stern was tipped high on the after chain, and the watchmen were squatting on her fo'c'sle head eating a bit of fried fish.

"Now, you yellow-faced coon," whispered Mr. Pugsley, to the sultan, "give orders that the chains be lowered gently and carefully so that our craft takes no 'arm!"

The sultan was obedient, as well he might be, for he felt the end of Mr. Pugsley's pipe prodding about near his left kidney, and was certain that it was a small automatic pistol.



The strange procession left the palace, and wound down the hill to the town, led by the two Bombay Castle Scotsmen, playing a Highland march on their pipes. (See page 26.)

"Oh, Annunciator of the Moons and Master of my Ships!" he cried. "See that the harbour chains be lowered very softly so that the ship of my friends takes no harm!" In response to the order the boys heard the slow clanking of the capstans which controlled the chains.

"Now," ordered Mr. Pugsley, "tell 'em to pass a rope to the watchmen, and bring her alongside this prahu 'ere!"

With satisfaction Mr. Pugsley saw the chains lowered till the D.S.B. was once more afloat. A hawser was passed to her, and the wondering mob of yellow-faced longshoremen were tailed on to it instead of being let loose to cut the throats of the hated Christians.

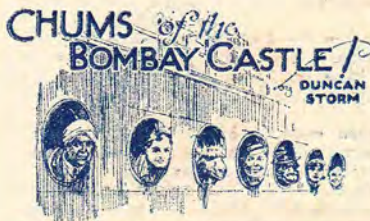
"Now," whispered Mr. Pugsley fiercely, in the sultan's ear, "I'm going to tell John Henry 'ere to kneel down. But you ain't going to give us the slip. You'll come aboard to see us off, and you'll be the only visitor. Savvy? You are the 'ostage."

"I understand, and obey," muttered the sultan sullenly. Conkey Ikestein, standing behind the elephant amongst his pals, nursing the steel box which he had picked up as a missile or weapon, noted a wild face in the thick of the crowd around them. It was a fat man with a turban, whose face was partly hidden by a face cloth. And Conkey was swift to see that the wild eye was fixed upon his box.

"Hamish," he whispered, "can you see a man with his jaws tied up in a cloth like a Christmas pudding?"

"Ay," replied Hamish McCosh. "Tis the same durruty dog that kicked Angus in the stomach. He is fro' the palace."

"Keep your eye on him," whispered Conkey. "He's got his eye on my box. When Cecil comes down from the elephant's back, I'm going to drop it quick into the cricket-



(Continued from previous page.)

bag. That's the safest place for it. No one dare touch it with Gus in charge."

"Ay!" replied Hamish. "I mark the callant. Gin he moves to pinch yer box, Conkey, laddie. I'll gie him something to tie his jaw up for!"

Cecil and the cricket-bag came down faster than Conkey, had looked for.

Mr. Pugsley, touching the elephant behind the ear with the golden ankus, it sank down on its knees faster than either Cecil or Lal, perched on the narrow point of backbone, had looked for.

Cecil shot off one side of the elephant with the cricket-bag, and landed on his feet.

Lal shot off on the other side and landed on his ear, and in the confusion that followed Conkey did quick work. He pushed his box on to Porkis.

"Quick, Porkis!" he whispered. "Into the bag with it!" Porkis, always a good half-back, snatched the box, and, unseen by anyone, slipped it into the cricket-bag. Even Hamish McCosh did not see the box go into the bag. He was struggling with Gus who did not want to go into the bag, but into the sea.

Gus felt as if he wanted a swim. He could smell the sea all round him, and his mouth was full of dust and half bricks.

"Nae, laddie," said Hamish, giving him a thump on the head with his iron-pobbed stick. "This is nae time for mixed bathin'. Get intae yer wee bit baggie."

Gus did not want to get into his "wee bit baggie." He made a sharp snap at Hamish's legs, and in return received a Scotch kiss on the end of his snout, which knocked all the go out of him.

"Quick, Angus!" said Hamish. "Intae the bag wi' the scoondril! I've given him a wee bit skelp on the snout!"

Before he came round Gus was safe in his bag and strapped up, whilst Conkey Ikestein popped up in the surg-

ing mob holding a loose paving-stone of black basalt under his arm, which closely resembled in shape and size the steel box.

In the surging crowd he could see the glaring eyes of the fat man. The fat man was trying to elbow his way through the mob to the elephant, but the Malay and Chinese sailors were crowding round to hear what the sultan said.

"Hamish," whispered Conkey, "that evil-lookin' lad from the palace is going to get this parcel under my arm. Let him take it and get away with it. But watch him for knives."

"Laddie, ye are not going to let him pinch yer box," said Hamish, with a pious horror of giving anything to this mouldy gang of pirates without a fight.

"It's not the box," whispered Conkey. "It's only a loose paving-stone. I've slipped the real box in the bag along with old Gus."

"Conkie," exclaimed Hamish, with admiration, "ye are a brain! Ye should ha' been a pickpocket!"

"Here he comes!" said Conkey swiftly.

With a tremendous effort the man with the tied up jaw forced his way through the shouting, arguing mob. He closed up on Conkey, gave him a shove forward, and snatched the supposed box from under his arm.

The next moment he had plunged into the crowd and was gone, carrying the paving-stone with him.

Hamish turned to Conkey with a look of astonishment on his face.

"Laddie," he said, "there's mair goin' on here than we wot of. We are surrounded by mysteries. If yon body was a Chinese or a Hindi body like auld Lal, he speaks Malay wi' a New York accent."

Then Hamish swept a path for himself and his companions with his club.

"Stand back, ye rascals!" he called. "Stand back for the passengers for the London boat!"

(Thanks to John Henry, the sacred elephant, and the school's pets, the boys of the Bombay Castle have gained their freedom. But they haven't come to the end of their exciting adventures yet! Keep your peepers open for next week's topping instalment. You'll enjoy every line of it.)



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