GREAT NEW BOXING STORY NOW STARTING!







THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

ARTHUR REDFERN, a Sixth-Former and a prefect at M. Delly Network.

SIDNEY EDPERIN, or "Redfern minor," Arthur's
BIDNEY EDPERIN, or "Redfern minor," Arthur's
brother. A bright, fundoving lad. St. Dolly's is
divided into two educational sections—Shodern and
Classical. Sidney is a Classical, and firm chunts with
RKELTON and BROWN, of the Fourth. A deadly
fend exists between the Classicals and the Moderns,
the latter being led by

TAFFY MORGAN, VERNON, and RAKE of the

Fourth.

RANSOME, a Sixth-Forner. A shark and a good-for-nothing, who, exercising a strong influence over for-nothing who, exercising a strong influence over the strong and the strong influence over gets clear of this unavoury crewd, and promise strings that he will have nothing further to do with its measure. Ransome, resenting this, yows vengeance, and seeks draw other St. Dollyites under his wing.

to draw other St. Dollyties under his wing.

The opening of a new ferm finds the school captain-ship vacant, and Arthur Reflern and another lad named Knowles are proposed for election. Additional interest is added to the overall before fact that Arthur and the second of the second

encourages him to set at naught Arthur Redfern's suthority, suthority, suthority and the leaf an

EDFERN MAJOR clutched Ransome's arm. "Don't he a fant Den't be a fool, Ransome!" he not to the Head. He wouldn't listen to you expect a kild. "You must complain to me, Besides, you asked for it, you know. You can't expect a kild to take that sort of thing lying down." I suppose not." formall 1. I suppose not," grumbled Ransome, releas-his hold.

"I suppose not," grunotea Ransona, ing his hold.
There was a dead silence in the study.
Redlern union stared, as if fascinated, at the exercise-book, into which the torn sheet fitted so exactly.
It was impossible to doubt that the sheet of paper used for the anonymous letter to the liesd had been torn front that book. Redlern handwriting which Rensone had discovered—slight in itself—was of great weight now. Taken together, the proofs seemed clear enough.

neugh.
Redfern minor had written the anonymous

letter!
It was through Redforn minor that Knowles
was in danger of losing his profectship, that
Ransoure and Courtney were in disgrace, and
that Redforn number might cease to be captain
of St. Dolly's.

of St. Dolly.

The junior stood dumbfounded, the accusing glances on all sides assuning to cut him like harp steel.

"Sidney"—Arthur Redfern spoke at last—
"Sidney, why did you do this?"
Redfern miner did not reply. He only turned a pale and troubled face upon his beetlier.

Recurrent a pale and troubled take which turned a pale and troubled taken have brother.

Arthur's glance was hard and storn now.

"Answer me, Siduey!" "And the best of the lead, warning him that Knowles and I were about to fight behind the chapte!" and Arthur Rediern behind the chapte!" and Arthur Rediern was the storn a syllable sternly. "No one would have known a syllable sternly."

A Rollicking New School Tale by Popular CHARLES HAMILTON.

Knowles. Using defeated by "I determined to look into the matter-to-clear you. I was so certain that you were innocent that legged the letter of the doctor, promising that as soon as you were cleared, it should be returned to him, the name of the real culprit being kept a secret. And now—"

now—"
"And now the real culprit turns
out to be Redfern minor," broke
in Ransome, with a sneer. "As a
matter of fact, I was quite sure
of it all along."
"Have you anything to say,
Sidney?"

of it all along.

"Have you anything to say, Sidney."

"Have you anything to say, Sidney."

"I said Redfern minor, with a nart. "Yes. I won't answer that ead—I'll answer you!"

Ransone made a step forward. A look from Arthut was enough to make him step back again. The cad of the Sixth gritted his teeth. The bitter contempt in Redfern minor's voice pieced even his thele skin. "Go an, Sidney." "Wa know the young cad wrote the letter! What is the use of listening to a string of lies?"

Redfern minor coloured hotly. "I shall tell you no lies!" he exclaimed. "If I had written the letter, I should own up to it."

"I never expected that question from you.
They are the work of the control of the

"Answer it, all the same."
"No, I did not write the letter," said Rad-fern minor steadily. He was recovering his teodhyss now. "I never saw it before."

tern minor steadily. He was recovering his coolness now. "I never saw it before."

"What's the good of listening to him?" said Knowles impatiently. "We've proved his guilt, and that's enough. I'm going!"

"Stay a moment," caid Arthur "If my brother has anything to say, you ought to hear it. Look here, Sidney, you can see that this sheet came out of your exercise-book."

"It looks like it."

"It looks like it."

"The edges fit exactly; there is no doubt a limit of the common of the common

Redfern's oyes

"Nothing of the sort, and you know it! You're a rotten cad to suggest such a thing!"

"You impertinent whelp!"

whelp!"
"Indd your tongue,
"Antom e!" said
Arthur savagely.
"Do you think I'm
going to be talked to
like that by a fag."
demanded Ransome,
his voice trambling
with rage.
"Let him alone,
then."

"Skelton and Brown knew I didn't mean anything of the sort," said Redfern minor, with a glance at his chums. "What-ho!" said

"What-ho!" said Skellon.
Skellon. course, you didn't!" said Brown.
"It's jolly odd about somebody taking a lasf out of your exercise-book; but any-body could do it, if he liked. The book is the liked. The book of the liked is nover been looked up. Any-body could handle it. Arthur Redfern

Arthur Redforn

about it but for this letter, Ransome suggested that a friend of
mine wrote it, thinking to save
me from being defeated by
Knowles.

"I determined to look into time
matter—to clear you. I was so
certain that you were innocent that
I begged the letter of the doctor,
promising that as soon as you were
cleared, it should be returned to
all begged who whould be returned to
all lest.

"I don't know what to think," said Arthur at last.

"I do," said Ransome. "Redlern minor-wrote the letter."

"So I think," said Knowles.
"What do you think, Courtney!"
Courtney hesitated. He was Arthur's chum, and laired to back up Knowles and Ransome against him. But this opinion was visible in "Well, I can't help thinking that it leoks pretty plain," he said at last. "I'm sorry to say or, Redfern. But it does seem pretty black. There's the similarity of the hand, too—it was that that brought us here in the first place. Then we found that the sheet fitted into Red-fern minor's hook, my cobstinacy to doubt any "It would be growles. "You know, as well as we do, Redfern, that your minor wrote the letter."

Arthur was silent.

as we no. Reserve, has your mimor wrote where there was silent.

"I did not write it," said Redfern minor.

"I'm going," said Knowles. "That young cad betrayed us to the Head. He did it, I sup-jose, with the idea of benefiting you; but it looks like working out the other way, and serve you both jolly well right. And I fell you plainly-that if I loss my prefect hip. I'll make and the Modern prefect strede from the study, followed by Ransone. Courtney gave a hevitating look at Arthur, and slowly followed. Arthur did not appear to notice it. He stood quite still, with the anonymous letter tightly grasped in his hand.

Again there was a dead silence. Sidney un-

quite still, with the anonymous lefter tightly grasped in his hand.

Again there was a dead silence. Sidney understood how terribly black everything was against him; but he expected his brother to have faith in him. Althur's expression, however, allowed that his faith was more than "You say you did not write the letter, Sidney!" he said at last.

"You say you did not write the letter, Sidney!" he said at last.
"I have said so."
"And—and you can suggest nothing except that the writer may have torn the page out of your book!"
"Did to said the said so,"
"Did to said so,"
"Did to said so,"
"And—and you can suggest nothing except that the writer may have torn the page out of your book!"
"Did to said so,"
"And—and you can suggest nothing except that the writer may have torn the page out of your book!"
"Did to said so,"
"And—and you any so,"
"Redfern minor bit his lip.

"I understand, Arthur. It looks to me as if an enemy of mine has been at work—as if the paper wasn't taken from my book simply by chance."

paper wan't taken from my book simply by chance."

Arthur shook his head.

"It's no good starting anything of that kind, Sidney. I am afraid all the fellows will conclude that you wrote the letter."

"And you?" crued Redfern minor, atung to the quick.

"I don't know what to think!" said Arthur.

"You ought to know what to think!" said Sidney holly. "If you were accused of a cold Sidney holly. "If you were accused of a cold Sidney holly. "If you were accused of a cold Sidney holly. "If you were accused of a cold Sidney holly. "If you were accused of a cold Sidney holly. "If you were accused of a cold Sidney holly. "If I you were accused of a cold sidney holly. "If I the you have faith in me."

Arthur coloured.
"I can't have faith in you in the face of positive cridence," he said. "I'll try to keep an open mind, haft sail. I must take this life left the study. A couple of minutes late he was in the presence of Dr. Cranston. The Head looked at him gravely and quietly.

"Well, have you inade any discovery, Redfern?"

"It appears so, sin," said Arthur wretchedly.

"It appears so, sin," said Arthur wretchedly.

"Well, have you made any discovery, red-fern?"

"It appears so, sir," raid Arthur wretchedly.

"The sheet belongs to my minor's exercise-book and Ransome has found a similarity of handwriting."

The Head started. Then Redfern minor

"Then Redfern minor—"
"It denies having written the letter, sir."
The Head pursed up his lips.
"As I have said, Redfern, I think the writer of that anonymous letter acted from a sense of daty, though I cannot, of course, approve of anonymous communications. I, therefore, wished to keep his identity a secret. If it is your minor—"
"I was so certain it wasn't Sidney, sir."
"I was so certain it wasn't Sidney, sir."
"I was so the sidney of the sidney sir."
"I was so the sidney of the sidney sir."
"I was so the sidney of the sidney sir."

your minor—"
"I was so certain it wasn't Sidney, sir."
"Indeed, I agree with you," said the Head.
Redfern minor is not at all the kind of junior to have so overstrained a sense of duty as to write an anoxymous warding to me because a wind of the sense of the sense

Something Like a Row.

LLL, what sort of a worm do you call yourself?"

Luinstden, of the Fourth, a Modern junior, propounded that question as if it had been a coundrum, as he met Redforn minor in the passage after morning school, the next day. Sidney gave a start,



in the twinkling of an eye, as it seemed, the whole crewd of Classicals and Moderns were mixed up, scrambling, and struggling, and fighting. The din was terrifio-the Juniors had completely just their heads.

"Capped for His School," a Tale of Jack Noble. See The "B.R." Football Library—1d. THE BOYS' REALM.

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and stared at Lumsden. Modern and Classical soldom met without some exchange of remarks more or less complimentary, generally less. But Lamsden was evidently not merely chipping. "Eh?" said Redfern minor. What sort of a worm do you call yourself?" Jennanded Lumsden.

Jemanded Lunsden. "I "Off your recker?" asked Redfern. "I don't call myself any sort of a worm; but if you're looking for a thick car I'm ready to you're loo oblige you

"I wouldn't fight you!" said Lumsden loftily.
"Eh? What do you mean?"
"I wouldn't touch a chap who writes anony-

mous letters

Redfern's face was flooded with crimson.

Redfern's fare was flooded with crimson. He understeed now. The subject of the anonymous letter had been dropped among the Classical juniors. They could not, and would not, believe that Redfern uniner had written it, and if a few had their doubts, levalty to the side kept them dumb. But the Mederns were under no such restriction. They had no particular reason to believe in Redfern's innecence, and they allowed the weight of evidence to have its natural influence upon them.

Redfern looked at Lumsden, and the Modern looked at Redfern, and wished he had not raised the subject. Redfern's eyes were blazing. "So you think I wrote that letter?" said Redfern.

Redfern.

"Well, you did, you know,"

"You can think what you like, I suppose,"

"Stou can think what you like, I suppose,"

"But you jolly well won't say so while I'm

within hitting distance of your chivvy. You

catch on? I'nt up your fists!"

"I'm not going to fight with a..."

You should have thought of that before you

"I'm not going to fight with a—"
"You should have thought of that before you spoke. Are you going to put up your hands?"
"You saw! Just outside the class-room? Ford will be on us."
"I don't care!"
"Look here, I won't—"
"Smack!
Redfern's open hand rang across Lumsden's face with a crack like that of a whiplash.
"Will you, now"
"I won't red any more. He sprang like a tiper at Redfern, and Redfern met him with right and left. Lumsden rolled on the floor, with the red streaming from his nose, and one eye blinking shut. He hardly knew what had happened to him, as he rolled there gasping.
Mr. Ford came out of the Form-room at that moment.

Mr. For Comment.

He looked angrily at the two juniors.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Redfern—Lumsen! You can find no more appropriate place
o braw! than just outside the Ferm-room. len!

Jen! You can find no more appropriate place to braw! than just outside the Form-room. Get up, Lumsden! Lumsden serambled to his feet. "You will take fifty lines each!" said Mr. Ford. "Be off with you!" "Yes, sir, said Redfern.

He walked away. The fifty lines did not cause the cloud that settled on his brow. He enceatly had as many lines as that on hand. Neither did he care for Lumsden. But the incident had shown him how he was looked upon in the Fourth Form. His own friends believed him: but all who were not attached to him by personal ties would not believe him. The anonymous letter was destined to cause trouble. What Martin & Co. think of it? He could hardly mous letter was destined to cause trouble. What did Taffy & Co. think of it? He could hardly believe that they considered him guilty. Yet

"Wherefore that worried brow, Reddy, my son?" said Skelton, elapping him on the shoulder as he turned into the quadrangle. "The brow of the great chief is clouded," said Brown III. "Wherefore is this thusful-

"Oh, don't rot!" said Redfern.

"Oh, don't rot!" said Redlern. "I'm bothered."

"What's the matter?"

"That beastly anonymous letter. Lumsden has just chucked it at me. I suppose the Modern worms will be making capital out of it. I shall never hear the end of it, unless we find out who wrote it, and there doesn't seem to be much chance of that."

"Tafly & Co. wouldn't believe such a thing of you," said Skelton, after a pause. "They're Modern worms. I know, but they're decent, and they know you. Look here, they're over yonder, and there's Lamsden himself yarning to them. What on earth's the matter with his look."

Redfern grinned.

Redfern grinned.

"It came into collision with my knuckles."

"It came into collision with my knuckles."

"It ame into collision with my knuckles."

"It ame into collision with my knuckles."

"Ha, ha! Come on! Let's talk to Taffy."

Taffy, Verron, and Rake were standing under the clins, and Lumsden was holding forth to them excitedly. While he talked he gestieulated, and pointed to his nose. His nose really did not need pointing of itself.

"Well. It can't help it." said Taffy, as the Classical chums came up. "You shouldn't liave ragged him if you didn't want your nose punched. What's the good of complaining. What did you want to bring up the anonymous liter at all for?"

"Well, he wrote it."

"That's not your binney."

"It's all our business, howled Lumsden. "I mean, it's the business of all of us. He sught to be sent to Coventry."

"Oh, chress it!"

"It tell you—

"Sing on, swy third!" axid Skelton, as Lumsden undered finished I'll close up your otherwe for you!"

"Oh, rats." said Taffy. "Lumsden's had

enough. Let him alone. The less you Classicals have to say for yourselves at present, the

better." Does that mean that you believe that I wrote the letter?" demanded Redfern.
Taily hesitated.
"Oh, speak out!" said Redfern, whose temper was up, and who was not inclined to be conciliatory to anybody just then. "Don't be afraid!"

afraid!"
And at that Taffy's eyes blared.
"I'm not afraid to speak out," the exclaimed.
"I'm not afraid to speak out," the exclaimed.
"I'd on't knew whether you wrote the letter, but it locks jolly black against you, anyway."
"Then you think I'd do a thing like that—a mean, crawling thing like writing an anonymous letter?" said Redfern passionately,
"Well, if you did it, I suppose you did it for your brother, I remember you'd do anything for him. You used to get into scrapes on his account," said Taffy.
"That's enough, You needn't ever speak to me again if you think I could have done that.

account," said Taffy,
"That's cough. You needn't ever speak to
me again if you think I could have done that.
As for Lumsden, he only got what he asked for,
and any chap who says in my fearing that he
thinks I wrote that letter, will get the same,"
"Oh, will he?" exclaimed Vernon. "I
suppose you're not going to lick the whole of
the Fourth Form, chappy?"
"Just what I was going to say," remarked
Pake

Redfern's eyes flashed.
"I'll lick any fellow who says I wrote that letter," he exclaimed, "whether he's in the Fourth Form or not. I wouldn't stand that from one of the Sixth."

"Oh, draw it mild!"

"Keep your mouths shut, that's all.\ You can think what you like, if you're cads enough," said Redfern hotly.

said Redfern hotly.

"Hoity-toity!" said Taffy. "You'd better
draw it mild, I think. I'm not used to taking
so much check from a Classical worm.

"Oh, go and hang yourself," said Redfern,
turning away savagely. "I den't want to talk
to you."

to you

The next moment a grasp on his shoulder swung him back.

"You've jolly well got to, then," said Taffy angrily. "Do you think—"Take your paw off my shoulder!"
"Rats!"

"Rats!"
Redfern's hand swept up, and Taffy's hand was knecked away. The blow raised all the hot Welsh blood in Taffy's veins. His knuckles rang on Redfern's check the next moment. That was enough! In a twinkling they were fighting like wild-cats.

"Go. in D. 31-10."

rang on Redfern's check the next moment. That was enough! In a twinking they were fighting like wild-cats.

"Go it, Reddy!" exclaimed Skelton." Knock his blessed Modern head off! If you're looking for a licking, Vernon, you can't do better than leok this war."

"Delighted, chappy!" drawled the Modern dandy: but there was nothing languid in the way he went for Skelton.

There has been been another for a moment of the state of the s

"Hurray!"
The din was terrific. Several of the Moderns and Classicals, carried away by the excitement, began to fight, proceeding from words to blows. In a few minutes there were half a dozen fights going on, and it looked as if the matter would the na speeral scrimmace. And it was all in the na speeral scrimmace. And it was all in the na speeral scrimmace. And it was all in the nation of the several scrimmace. And it was all in the nation of the several scrimmace. The several scrimmace is a several scrimmace. The several scrimmace is not several scrimmace in the several scrimmace in the several scrimmace is not several scrimmace. The several scrimmace is not several scrimmace in the several scrimmace is not several scrimmace. The several scrimmace is not several to pick him up, and a Chassical clutched at him to stop him. Another and another of other side interfered, and in the twinkling of un eye, as it seemed, the whole rowd was mixed up, scrambling and struggling another of other side interfered, and in the twinkling of un eye, as it seemed, the whole rowd was mixed up, scrambling and struggling another of other side interfered, and in the twinkling of un eye, as it seemed, the whole rowd was mixed up, scrambling and struggling another of other side interfered, and in the twinkling of un eye, as it seemed, the whole rowd was notice of "New Sections".

and fighting.

Prefects ran up, shouting for order, but were taken no notice of. The juniors had completely lost their heads. It was a scene such as had never been witnessed in all the alarms and excursions of the rival sides at St. Dolly's hefore.

The uproar was at its height when there was a suiden yell of "Cave" or "Cranslon, with his face pale with anger, was striding towards the scene.

Redfern Faces the Music.

Redfern Faces the Music.

WE!

But the warning came far too large the scene. He came up with a burried stride, very mike his usual stately pace. His gown was rusting: his face and stately pace. His gown was rusting: his face and stately pace. His gown was rusting: his face and stately pace. His gown was rusting: his face and stately pace. His gown was rusting: his face was a tone of "."

"Boys, let this case at once!"

instant effect.

The fighting ceased. The gasping, dishevelled juniors separated, panting for breath, and looking extremely sheepish under the stem "What does this mean? How dare you quarred in this ruffianly, disgraceful way, under my very windows," exclaimed the Head. "I can hardly believe my eyes. Why was not order at once restored by the prefects? Knowles!"

"Yes, sir," said Knowles, who had just come up.

up.
"Why did you allow this to go on?"
"I've only just got here, sir. I was trying

"It has been going on for at least five minutes," said the Head, "You should have been here before,"
Knowles bit his lip as he stepped back.
"Now, who began this disgraceful scene?" said the Head, "Tell me at once!"
There was a general silence.
Most of the fellows did not know who had begun it, and those who did were not at all inclined to turn sneak, and name him to the doctor.

doctor.

The Head waited for a few moments, his face

action. Head waited for a few moments, his face bark and store. No one replied to the question; and the Head's face hardened more and more. He took out his watch.

"If I do not receive the name of the offender in thirty seconds," he said coldly, "I shall cane every boy present, and stop all holidays for the Fourth Form for the rest of the term!"

There was a gasp from nearly all the juniors. When the Head was angry, he could come down very heavy, and to be gated for all holidays—as ment that the juniors could not contemplate without consternation. "My only hat!" murraured Skelton. "The Head is colning it strong!"

"Well" said Dr. Cranston.

Redfern minor stepped forward. He had no desire to make a marty of himself, but he could

desire to make a martyr of himself, but he could not remain silent, and let such a punishment fall his Form.

on his Form.

If you please, sir, it was I," he said quietly.

Or. Cranston returned his watch to his Dr

Dr. Cranston returned to procket.
"Very good, Redfern," he said. "I am glad that you have had the grace to own up. And why did you begin this outragedus riot?" Redfern was silent.
"Ven struck the first blow, Redfern?"

Redfern was silent.
"You struck the first blow, Redfern?"

"You struck the first blow, Redlern?" Yoe, sir. "Yee, sir." Yee, sir. "Yee, sir." Celaimed Taffy, "1—I beg your pardon, sir. But I had collared Reddy with the season of the sir. But I had collared Reddy with the season was. We both lost our tempers, I—I think."

"You must learn not to lose your tempers, sepecially when the result is so serious," said the Head grimly. "I accept your confession, Morgan, and I have not the slightest doubt that you were quite as much to blame as Redfern, You two will follow me to my study. You others will be gated for Wednesday afternoon. Instead of taking the usual half-holiday, you me, Redfern and Morgan." Virgil. Follow The two jouinors exchanged a grimace, and followed the Head.

Dr. Cranbon strode on with stately stens, the

The two juniors exchanged a grimace, and followed the Head.

Dr. Cranston strode on with stately steps, the two juniors behind him, like two little skiffs in tow. behind a stately battleship. He entered his study, and carefully selected a cane. The Head had a way of selecting a cane before he used it which increased the terrors of apprehension in the breast of the unlucky one who was about to feel increased the two waiting juniors, with the cane in his hand, and his stern eyes read their downcast faces.

Dr. Cranston faced the two waiting juniors, with the cane in his hand, and his stern eyes read their downcast faces.

The word of the state of th

ng about!"
The juniors flushed, and were silent.
"Answer me, Morgan, as the elder."
"Well, sir," said Taffy uncomfortably, "jt—

it___". " Well?"

"Weil?"
"It was the ananymous letter."
"Ah!"
"Reddy's been chipped about it, and it makes
im wild. 1-1 don't really think he wrote it,

That letter, Morgan, was written by some boy from a sense of duty—a mistaken sense, boy from a sense of being a serious infraction That letter, Morgan, was written by some y from a sense of duty—a mistaken sense, rhaps—in order to bring a serious infraction the rules of the school to my notice." ne juniors looked grim.

Hentern ventures assertion.

"You do not think so, Redfern?"

"You do not think the fellow who wrote that it was a mean, crawling cad, and that he ought to be kicked out of any decent school?"

The Head smiled slightly.

"Morgan, do you think Redfern would be thus if he had written the letter?" "Neno, I suppose not, stammered by "I-I never really thought he wrote it, all only said it looked black."

-1 only said it boked black.

"I am quite sure Redfern did not a said the Head. "I hope the matter said the Head. "I hope the matter allowed to drop. Now, hold out your halfs that the Head lad it on when he real that the Head lad it on when he real that the Head lad it on when he real that the Head lad it on when he real that the Head lad it on when he real that the Head lad it on when he real that the Head lad it on when he real that the Head lad it on when he real that the Head lad it on the head lad it on the head of the Head.

"You may go," said the Head.

"You may go," said the Head.

"You may go," said the Head.

"The lieve the study quietly, "My only hat!" said Taffy, in the Park of the Head lad it is to get his muscle up, you know, he had lays to on. Does your hand feel as d in been boiled in oil?"

Redfern grained.

Redfern grinned. "What-ho!"

Redfern grinned.

"What-hol." it was a glorious rag."

"Never mind, it was a glorious rag."

"Taffy, chuckling. "Why, there never as, a row at St. Dolly's before, and neversal, again, I expect. Under the Heart, windows, too! That's the richest part of 2.

Redfern nodded. He did not reply. Its basily engaged in squeezing his hands ngh, armputs to relieve the pain.

"I—I say, Reddy," said Taffy abrupt, was an ass, you know! I'm sorry I said sid did in the quad. But you were so listed sid handed about it; it was really your fault. I don't believe you'd do anything of the son't "Thanks."

"I mean it. I think the fellows.

"Thanks."
"I mean it. I think the fellows will, round. If you'll take a friend's advice, be a little more patient about it. No good ing down a chap's throat, and irritating into saying things he dossn't really mean knov

Know. "You're very good," said Redfern ne"You're very good," said Redfern ne"I'm glad you don't believe I did that ask
thing. But you don't understand how I i
about it. I'd just as soon be called a thirt.
"Yes, but—"

"I'm glad you don't believe I did that the thing. But you don't understand how I about it. I'd just as soon be called a thirt." Yes, but—"
"I don't want to quarrel with anybedy the subject. But I won't have anybedy my hearing that I wrote an anonymous is seaking to the Head. I tell you I would stand it even from a chap in the Sixth." I'm the work of the work of the third work of the work

stand if even from a chap in the Sixth."

Talfy whistled.

"Well, I'm speaking as a friend, Red
Most of the Sixth believe that you wrose
letter, and they won't be backward in use
so. A fag can't start punching the head d
Sixth-Former.

Redfern set to teeth.

"I' a Sixth-Former insults me like tha
"I' a Sixth-Former insults me like tha
"You'll get expelled."

"I'd rather be, expelled than take a thing't
that lying down."

"Well, have your own way, Reddy. I be
you'll thin better of it that's all."

And Talfy walked away to bathe the ige
to his face. Redfern, with a clouded bu
followed his example.

He fully meant what he had said to It.
He would take an accusation on that subfrom no one.

followed his example.

He fully meant what he had said to Telle would take an accusation on that surfrom no one.

He would take an accusation on that surfrom no one.

He was scon to be put to the test.

During afternoon school, he could not be noticing that there was a great deal of which in gamong the Modern juniors. Tally lab great deal of influence over his followers, in this case they declined to follow his spentaneous that the control of the second had been according to the following the following the following and he will be the second had not been forgotten.

The Moderns, therefore, contented therefore, with the champion fighting man of the Form was not a light undertaking, and let den't be seen had not been forgotten.

The Moderns, therefore, contented therefore, either in the Form-room, or aftered but after lessons.

It was bitter and humiliating to be deed even by an enemy. And those who been that he had written an anonymous letter are the help despising him.

Knowles was coming out of the Sixther.

Knowles was coming out of the Sixther.

The Moderns, therefore an anonymous letter are the help despising him.

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Knowles was coming out of the Sixther.

The Moderns therefore an anonymous letter are the help of the profect is break.

The Modern turned towards him, his eyes gelling.

"What did you say, Knowles?"

"Here own was "' exclaimed Skeling of the profession of the sixther and the pr

"What did you say, Knowles?"

ling.
"What did you say, Knowles?"
"Here, come away!" exclaimed Skeltan,"
alarm, seizing Redfern's arm and dragging
forcibly along the passage. "Come on!
Redfern wrenched himself loses.
"I won't come! Knowles says that I set
that letter—"
"You did write it!" said Knowles says
"Liar!"
"What!" The prefect started, scarcely left
ing his ears. "What!"
"It's a lie!" said Redfern recklessly.
"You cheeky young hound!"
"Knowles seized the junior saysely. Hat's
for an instant. Redfern's blood was
for an instant. Redfern's blood was
the prefect's face, and the senior was
and staggering away, to fall heavily against

(Another rattling long instalment will a next week.)