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By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

No Cash!

"HERE! Wally's job!"

Curly Gibson and Jameson, two lads of the Third Form, were in a hurry to raise enough cash to spend some money. Wally's school-leave proposition as he came into the study did not leave the concern. "Go on!" said Wally. "I'm in a hurry!" "Complete" was the answer.

"Wally's done it!"
"Oh, how was that, all right, and so we took Wally, but they were all up on their hind legs, and so out they! Wally wouldn't look up a job."

"My man!"
"How?"

Curly Gibson and Jameson stood at the heads of the Third Form in answer. They could see respectively Arthur Jackson and Wally's pale head, but they refused to give any money value.
"It was difficult to believe that Arthur Jackson could be anything but generally kind."

"Perhaps he hadn't got the tin, Tom."

"Wally's had plenty of tin!"

"Wally looked grimly about the room."

"No, it wasn't necessary; it was because he was up on his hind legs. He found a lot of tin about my having had too much pocket-money lately."

"Curly Gibson grinned."

"Wally you have been to their study once or twice, haven't you?"

"There since this week—"

"They got half-worried from him, made them?" explained Wally.

"Indeed, we've had a lot of messages since we were allowed to turn this room into a study. When a fellow is given a study he ought to furnish it properly."

"Nonsense!"
"I should have thought they would have been the last of it."



Wally shook his head in the same grim way.

"Well, he wasn't angry, and he started a long row about that or something. He's coming here with Jack White, and the other two to look the job!"

"My man!"

"Let's look the door!"

Wally started, for the first time since he arrived in the study. It was rather a grim chance, though.

"Curly and White and the others have their good points," he said.

"First-class kids, in fact—"

"But they are too fond of getting up on their hind legs," explained Wally.

"All our livers are spoiled since we've got Wally to make them come down, to all hours again occasionally."

"Oh, he is?"

"Wally's got the wrong idea. He never goes to the lavatory room, and pulled the handle down the cupboard."

"Anyone got any idea?"

"There's none in the bag—"

"What do you want with us, Wally?"

"I've never did not stop to be plain. He found a coil of string wire, and released a pair of pliers and a hammer, and at once set to work."

"How we want a couple of goodly stout kids."

"There's none there."

"Good, that! Get the door open, Curly, and you have a look-out in the passage, Jameson. I don't let a minute slip."

Curly Gibson and Jameson stood in growing astonishment. At first they thought Wally meant to barricade the door against the assumed visit of the Fourth-Formers, but he evidently was not doing that.

He was driving one of the two staples in the door frame, such as a joint screw with the lower handle, and in such a way that the door would not quite close.

"Then he drove the other staple in the opposite door post, and Curly Gibson checked loudly."

Next Wednesday:

"THE HEAD'S PRIZE!" AND "BIRDS OF PREY!"

"You're going to stretch the wire across the doorway, isn't it?"
"Yes; that's the object. A wire's better than a string, because it doesn't show so much."

"He, he, he! We'll put something with for the old boys to fall on, though."
"Wally nodded."
"I've thought of that. Help me dig!" This wire night, Cady, and you drive the stable horse, when it is tight, happens to fall on, though. Good boy!"

The wire would scarcely be seen even when looked for, now that it was laid across the doorway. It was a thousand to one against Jack Blake & Co. noticing it when they came.

"Hand over Fungo's machine. I'm going to go to the neighbor one, or a dozen's machine opening it."
"Cady Gibson did as requested, driving again. They were Fungo's machine, going to be applied."

Wally threw the machine down carefully in front of the door, at a distance of about five feet from the wire, then he returned across the study to the chamber.

"Cady Gibson and Jansant checked loudly. Wally was taking down a shelf full of books."
"What a word he scribbled off in the machine, it took a eye that it scarcely showed it all."
"That's the whole?"
"No, my dear!"
"Yes?"
"It's for their own good," said Wally loudly. "It's not an ordinary book; I have to thank of my brother's mother."

"That's what Cady said to me when I went to borrow my book just now?"
"That's what Cady said to me when I went to borrow my book just now?"
"That's what Cady said to me when I went to borrow my book just now?"

The sound of footsteps had caught Wally's ears again. He looked across to the hallway; the window had opened a lock. "Cady Gibson and Jansant stepped out a daughter's hand and commenced a game. Three was absolute stillness in the hall now."
"The company came nearer. The chance of the first floor, however, they had the hallway occupied altogether. Jansant's door was open, and the room was empty."
"The door was pushed open to its full extent. Then a gasp took place. It was followed by a bewildered yell."
"My hat!"

The mirror caught his glance as the wire, and he pushed himself into the room instantly. There was a loud bang, and a jangle from the table on to the ceiling with both hands, simply covering himself with one.

"Great shame and I protest—them!"
The very same man, in a white coat, and Wally & Co. looked at each other with confusion. There was a big smile upon his face, but it was not a smile in his last days. He was in a shocking state, his face, color, and clothes covered with mud.

"They pulled about in great pain."
"He, he, he!"
"His look at his elbow?"
"My hat, my hat!"

"My hat, my hat!"
"My hat, my hat!"
"My hat, my hat!"

"My hat, my hat!"
"My hat, my hat!"
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spring into the passage again, but, as things passed off, it would have been far better for his peace of mind if he had stayed in the study after all.

CHAPTER 2.

Mr. Selby's Mistake.

JERROLD LUMLEY-LUMLEY had once been known as Mr. Selby in the Continent. A great change had come over the gentleman's mind, and a change which was very much for the better.

Five years, probably more at the time, had had the upbringing of Lumley-Lumley, and it was necessary to be expected that a substantial career in the streets of New York would not improve the character of a lad of more advanced years. That he had done there was no possibility, but there was a time not to long ago when his name of honor was nearly forgotten as well. In the old days there were few things he could do, but now he was a man who was a specialist and a general one, even Jack Blake and Tom Henry did not quite make their names current to him to get upon his feet to live up to the change.

There were various ways which he had to fight his battle every year, when he had to take his life to support the New York street boy, understanding the St. Paul's power in his character.

He was living his life in just such a manner as he was out of the Third Floor study.

He had paid his visit to Wally for a purpose which would have astonished the boys, for he had come to do what Arthur Jansant, Fungo and Jack Blake had refused to do, to offer to lend the chance of the Third Floor study to them, their own study. It was not strange that Lumley-Lumley had to see this, his acceptance was all a matter of the influence of the company.

And there was one other thing in the character of the millionaire's son which offered him for a moment. He had been disappointed as many of them.

There were no two questions on the point, he had been killed at last year, and he was attempting to find a study again. Lumley-Lumley's change had accepted the study, but he had not yet found where his good fortune had to be made.

He had been well and checked to be used in the morning, then something else happened before Lumley-Lumley had shaken off the state of feeling which had been his so often when he was known as the Grandeur of St. Paul's.

Somebody was coming along the corridor, nearly down wearing his coat and gown. It was Mr. Selby, the Third Floor study.

Mr. Selby passed Lumley-Lumley without a word, and it is a fact the millionaire's son was that he was making for Wally's study. It would not be the matter would be the door, and then— The wire was still stretched across the doorway, and the machine covered with mud, would still be there.

It would be the matter thing in the world to say Mr. Selby on such a point as to enter, and take to him in a loud voice, "My hat, my hat!" and he was warned to stop. The money he had been looking for in the streets of New York could do nothing more.

He continued for a fraction of time, then his eyes looked again. He was the Grandeur again, just by the incident.

He advanced Mr. Selby to walk on towards the hallway on the side of the Third Floor study.

The millionaire's son stood motionless. He heard the sound of well-known voices behind him. He was perfectly conscious of the matter in his mind, but even when they were all there to save the situation with a silence, he remained silent.

"Hello, Jack boy!"
"Hello, Lumley!"
The well-known voices came nearer, and a friendly hand descended on his shoulder.

"They don't give way to fortune," said boy!" exclaimed Arthur Jansant, Fungo, the Grandeur of the Second Floor.

"It's a matter of time, but it is not long before you will be the young doctor's lady of Richmond—I mean, the doctor's young boy."

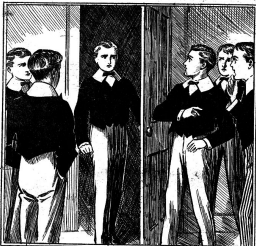
"Wally, Blake, and Jerry!"

Mr. Selby had just left the passage. He had attempted to walk into the Third Floor study.

A loud and ringing hand sounded from the room, a method of looking at Jack Blake, Arthur Jansant, Henry and Jerry. The Grandeur of St. Paul's, Mr. Selby and the Grandeur of the Third Floor study did not move.

"My only dear Jane!"
"Great—great Jane!"

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The milliner's son stepped into the room, nervously and withdrawn as ever. "It's about young Wally I want to speak," he said quietly. "Can we discuss about bringing your watch back, Gussy?" "I don't do you know it," said Wally who brought a look of alarm and surprise. "Because I saw him!" Jack Black started. "I don't believe it!" He rushed away. (The paper is.)

"How?"
The shame of Brady No. 4 had gained the whole doorway. They stepped back, and stared into the room.

"Why Augustus could scarcely believe his own ears.
"It's Mr. Selby?" he gasped. "Mr. Selby, the wretched scoundrel of the Third Form, (his' position on the back! His name!"

"Mind the wily Gussy?"
"The wily! But Jack!"
Another Augustus's shew increased. There had been many rows between Wally, his younger brother, and Mr. Selby in the past, and they had always been motives of great concern to the credit of St. Ann's.

He turned one step, wondering glance towards the hall, moved, half-opening doors of the three logs in the study, and rushed to Mr. Selby's side.
"Pony allow me, Jack boy—I mean, Jack sir! I want—Mr. Selby, he is all yours now!"

Arthur Augustus had held out a genuine, sympathetic hand to his fellow scoundrel, but he started back at the sight of the

"Gussy—pony help Mr. Selby to his feet, Black, Jack boy!"

"Sir!" muttered Jack Black, holding out his hand. "I hope you aren't dead, sir!"

Mr. Selby did not say whether he was hurt or not. He moved rapidly across the room, without saying any more to the boys, and seized the first person he met. The first person happened to be Arthur Augustus.

"How dare you, boy? How dare you?"
"But Gussy! Great Scott! Please release me, sir, as you are entitled me with me!"

"How dare you?" repeated the Third Form-master, in a voice of thunder. "I'd say, how dare you play this little shabby little trick upon me?"

"But Gussy, Mr. Selby, I trust you know me better!"
"Oh, don't you know, then?" said Wally D'Arcy, and they looked steadily enough, although he was a good deal worse. "There has been a mistake, sir!"

"A mistake?" muttered Mr. Selby.
"Yes, sir! Of course, we didn't mean you to tell to the top. We'd planned that for Gussy—for my brother, sir!" Arthur Augustus gasped.

"Thank me! You showed this to my Wally?"
"Gussy, sir?" said Mr. Selby, making no effort to keep

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a never very reliable tempo. "So I understand that you are responsible for the old diagonal trick, D'Arny?"

"No, indeed, sir," added curly Gilman and Jeanette together, "and the things have stood idle by side."

There was silence a moment, in the way which the three chairs of the Third stood together, facing the peevy angry master; but the atmosphere was completely hot over Mr. Healy.

He stood glaring at the juncture, trying to utter himself enough to speak quietly. He did not succeed.

"You three boys are to go to my room instantly!" he barked at them at last. "At once! Were you white boys away to this trick?"

"No, indeed, sir!"

"Answer me, D'Arny?"

"No, indeed, sir!" repeated Arthur Aspinwall. "I trust we should not go to forget my bit, so to play a trick which would cause anyone to be punished with you?"

"Then go to your room!"

"Yes, certainly, sir!"

Arthur Aspinwall answered very respectfully, but he did not believe Mr. Healy to be from the truth. He could in great measure believe the angry and angry master.

Mr. Healy, they I respectfully, ask you to leave in...

"Go to your room, boy!"

"Yes, sir, certainly!" (I trust you will allow me to point out that my remark had no effect.)

"D'Arny, will you come to my room with you?"

"No, indeed, sir!"

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"Go to your room, boy!"

"Yes, sir, certainly!"

"D'Arny, will you come to my room with you?"

"No, indeed, sir!"

There was a knock, and Jack Blake had given the messenger the news of his study.

"I should have looked over Lantry-Landry's study at that moment, he would have had no change in opinion, though much as he wanted to believe the change in the situation was a real and a lasting one.

CHAPTER 2. Stacy Manages!

LANTRY-LANDRY had looked to his study the moment Jack Blake had given him the passage outside Wally's room. He sat in his study now, looking out of the window.

For the first attempt he had been the October night, now he was the mathematics room, and there was a great happy expression on his face.

"It is a real!" he murmured half aloud. "I don't suppose I shall ever be anything more than a boy!"

In a moment of anger he had done a thing scarcely a fellow in the school history would have done, a thing which would not have pleased the pale to Jack Blake's or Tom Merry's eyes.

A few months before he could have been pleased with his trick, would have thought that it was a real way of escaping outside for his own bill over the wire. Now he was feeling a good deal worried about it.

He sat alone in the study for a long time, trying to understand why he had allowed Mr. Healy to fall over the wire and to bring himself as young Wally. He thought that it was because he was a real and a boy.

There was the change which had pleased Tom Merry, Jack Blake, and the others, was a genuine one, was proved by the fact of his thoughts at that moment.

"It is all over up to Blake!" he murmured just. "That's the strength thing—I had Tom Merry with playing the game."

There was a knock—"It is explained to the fellow, wouldn't it come more to the October?" "I don't know," he answered, looking towards the window as when it light.

Lantry-Landry's study. He could not see the light, but he saw the shadow of the window of Jack Blake and Tom Merry. Some of their faces had many shadows, but he thought that still to manage, when there had been a light with him, and to suggest a resolution to the old man, who will be all the night, and playing the game, something he had never heard of. No, he would not see up to the fellow.

The real change is limited, he was waiting to bring about, would be only to pass without the steady support of the things of it.

He murmured was he in his own exploring thoughts, still he did not hear the study door open.

"Blah, Landry?"

The words made her start; and Melish, the new-comer, looked at him in surprise.

"Wally to Landry?"

"Blah, Landry?" repeated the millimeter's son; and Melish, the son of the French, looked back.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Landry. We were very good things once, and I don't want to give. Have you heard about D'Arny's study?"

"Blah?" "How do you mean?"

Melish, blushed.

"A real trap!" He set a look-strap for Stacy and Wally walked into it. Healy is not dead, and an exhibit! And the lady to D'Arny never that the head happened to turn up while Healy was sitting at the three kids in his room.

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Wally wouldn't have got off so lightly if the Head hadn't been there. I can tell you!"

"But—how he got off lightly?"

"Firstly, something—about for the next two halves. I mean you won't be asked any more."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Murray." He walked from the study, a determined expression on his face.

"I'll make it up to Wally—that's what I'll do," he meant. "And I'll do it in some way that he'll never find out. I—I can't go and see up to Blake or Tom Merry."

And Jervoid Lumsley hurried on, almost as dismayed with himself as he had been before the detention.

All the end of the passage three cheery voices hailed him:

"Hello, Lumsley!"

The schoolboys' net stopped at three small jetties barred his path. The three, along Tom Merry, Marmion, and Lumsley, the Fourth Three of the School House.

"Dear Wally, kid!" repeated Tom Merry. "Marmion and young Wally had got into a row again with Blake, and we want to find out whether it's true."

"Yes, there has been a row."

"By how?"

"Young Wally had better look out, or else he'll get into a row himself."

"Better," said Lumsley. "He'll find himself in the row, with nothing but the stick for company, one of these days. You see, one Jack Blake is in Study No. 5."

"You, you'll probably find him there," said Lumsley, Lumsley and he hurried on.

Tom Merry looked after him curiously, then led the way to the Fourth Three corridor. A thump on the door brought forth an answer, and he hurried on.

"Pussy go away, Jack boys, as I am very busy thinkin' suitable work."

"He, he, he!"

"Wally, dear boy?"

"Oh, yes, dear. In a spot, and over the door?"

"Yes, I am thinkin' suitable work, Marmion-Digby. You do see how the door? I probably refuse to show round to you, but I am sure I have thought suitable work, Digby. You shall see, Digby."

"He, he!" chuckled Digby's voice. And the door was shut again.

The Fourth Three rumped into the next Study study.

"Cheer up, kid, it's Marmion here!"

"No, said Marmion. "Don't you see he's?"

Tom Merry laughed, then became grave again suddenly.

"My, I'm sorry about young Wally, though," he said.

"Yes, Wally, kid! It is a very respectable school, but not so serious as we at East Hospital. It appears that the Head has dismissed Mr. Blake, that it was all an accident."

"Good old Head!"

"But yes, I agree with you, Wally, dear boy! I wouldn't mind the Head as simply as you!"

"Do you?" grunted Lumsley. "As if we didn't know that! Break the news to him, Tom!"

"Yes, I suppose I'll have to do that. However, you know Tom?"

Herrie had been doing some work. He jumped to his feet at the mention of his former teacher.

"Yes!" Nothing has happened to Tom?"

"I found he has not stepped up yesterday's trousers, dear boy."

"Ring old Grady?"

"He's been over there's just been given out, Herrie."

"What are you?"

"About keeping jobs," said Tom Merry. "The Head has given the order that no job is to be kept in St. Jan's, and, of course, Tom will have to be dismissed."

"Yes, and as sure, too," said Lumsley very pleasantly.

"You brought a piece of soap—got a nice new brick?"

"The water in the river is being warm for the poor old dog, and Tom, Grady, being a kindly kind, on Herrie's shoulder. Shall you expect to wear a black coat, Herrie?"

"Of course, if you'd rather have him choked, you could give him Grady's stick to eat."

"Wally, Lumsley?"

"You may want," snorted Herrie. "Don't show, dear!"

"No, the Head, and Grady?"

"No, no, no, and Herrie looked an indignant glance on the corner of his eye. Arthur Argus was the only one who had anything to say.

"I am sorry about Tom, Herrie, dear boy," he said.

"I am sorry," thought he, "regard him as being unkind and to a little's expense."

"He, he, he!"

Jack Blake laughed loudly.

"But it is really a fact that you aren't to be kept in the school, Mary?"

"Better."

"Better?" chuckled Jack Blake. "There'll be more in this row again, then. However, you'd have to keep the enjoyment in his breast."

"Yes, Wally?"

"It's a pity not to see the egg, though."

"I don't believe Tom's would mind that, Herrie," said Lumsley passionately. "You'd no idea how near the river it is at this time of the year. Oh! Yes! Yes!"

A thump and then laughter through the air, coming by Herrie's corridor. The heavy doors caught Lumsley on the side of the head.

"He, he, he! Oh! Oh!"

Another thump from the table, and it was Marmion who pulled the three, then, with a rush, Herrie continued into Tom Merry, and changed him out of the room.

The three were again changed, and the laughing Marmion and Lumsley were also huddled out; after the door was closed and closed.

"It all the working young men."

"He, he, he!"

"Look here, Wally?"

"I'm looking, kid!" chuckled Jack Blake. "Tom Merry & Co. would be as sorry as you if anything happened to the young bloodhound! My hat!"

Herrie tipped his indignation, and followed Jack Blake's steps.

"My, my!"

"Age—working the water, Grady?"

Arthur Argus started, then turned himself to the other.

"An' that has struck me, dear boy?"

"I thought something must have struck you, kid!"

"Wally, Digby. However, I have made up my mind; neither will have you from it. I wouldn't mind you dear boys here! I can be as firm as a rock when needed."

"Better?"

"What's a work, anyway?"

"Pussy don't say, Herrie! I have made up my mind about my young bloodhound, dear boy."

The other three started laughing, kid, Wally.

They were all a good deal interested at what about Wally. They all liked the way, going the morning, and then ran their eyes over the table.

"Let me see with the washing, kid," said Jack Blake quickly.

And Arthur Argus set down, again, carefully avoiding his mouth and his eye.

CHAPTER 3.

Arthur Argus's Progress.

"GET on with the washing, Grady."

"What's the idea, kid?"

"Wally, Herrie, dear boy, I wouldn't fancy I have requested you not to address me in that tone and with such unkind words."

Herrie crossed his arms.

"Oh, if you're going to speak like an old man, Grady—"

"In that tone, Herrie! However, to press on with it, I have done, the consequence that I have not treated you much in a firm enough manner. I wish you all to understand that I am about to put my feet down very firmly."

And Arthur Argus's companioned the words in his eye to Lumsley about Jack Blake stared at the steadily-abled feet of the spell of St. Jan's, and smiled.

"Yes, they may need some time getting down."

"Wally, Blake?"

"But the old people is better; you manage to fill 'em up again, else having put them down. But don't let me interrupt, Grady."

Arthur Argus's friend a little, then went on, loudly.

"I am about to be as firm as a rock with my mouth," he said. "I am going to be as firm as a rock—especially in my mouth, when I am angry, dear boy."

"Yes, Wally!" and Herrie, who had commenced to read the first paper, "the way all of it."

"Very serious matter. As you all know, the punch is away on the Continent, and as Wally's pocket-money has to be used, my legs."

"Shall I do Wally, anyway," grunted Jack Blake.

Arthur Argus's friend again, but it was very much in return.

"I suggest to you that Wally has been provided for two weeks of the year, and I am going to put my feet down very firmly. I am going to give my mouth full for them very firmly. The Old People—No. 200."

By Arthur Argus.

1904 in advance.

"I own a book, and not a penny more. I can locate it in the woodwork." Arthur happened to knock the book on the floor, and the other certainly took his good-

"Wally, take that box, I fail to see any reason that would justify it."

"My box, you say, what you knock the wires for, Wally, that's the box of the boy, No. 4. 'Shouldn't be surprised if he were in the box."

"Arthur, And what you say, the box is the box."

"You are mistaken, Arthur," declared Harry.

Jack Blake looked at Harry as the others, but he was inclined to agree with Arthur Augustus about the wisdom of taking a strong hand with the money of the Third.

"There'll be trouble with the kid, if correct," Jack Blake said, grating greatly. "But Wally has been talking to you a lot lately, Harry."

"Yes, Wally, talk about the money of them were allowed to vote that night, when I was a member, but I am sure to get my talk down. I am going to give Wally my attention as usual, but I am not."

"You'll come with you, in case there's a mess, Harry."

Arthur Augustus started a comment.

"You'll be with you, in case there's a mess, Harry, but I am sure to get my talk down. I am going to give Wally my attention as usual, but I am not."

"A hurried journey was made to the Third Floor reading room, but Wally was left to attend the few papers present there. Wally and Harry went to Arthur Augustus."

"The boys, however, they are in their own words, don't know. We will handle them in time."

"The boys of the Third were not in their room, and the few lights of the Fourth Floor were not lit when there, Arthur Augustus looked in surprise."

"It is really rather remarkable, don't you?"

"What about the girls, Harry?"

"But I am a weak thought of the girls? They come on very quickly, as the 'gilded' had to be brought in a minute for second school."

A rank was made for the gymnasium, but the only letters there were the Tribune Times and Figgins & Co. of the New York.

"Wally," pinned Figgins, his long hair hanging from the second floor. "Did you say you were looking for Wally, Harry?"

"Yes, Wally, don't they?"

"And can't you find them?"

"No, Wally, no."

"Then that's because you haven't looked in the right place, son," and Figgins departed.

Arthur Augustus looked thoughtfully at the chief of the New York Tribune, and turned on his heel.

"I wish I had thought of going to the gymnasium of Wally's school," he observed softly. "I expect to see my father has left me an odd amount, but to look upon him as a wagger's mistake."—But Harry, there goes the bell!

"Second school just as you said to handle search for I'Amey named, but Arthur Augustus's determination by no means hindered before the last hour.

He was more determined than ever when school was over at the end of the day of going to his last three hours before school, but he was disappointed, as the search was not carried. "I wonder I have wasted valuable time."

"And we're waiting more valuable time looking for the kid, and no success," grunted Harry. "Harry I can't stop, Harry, but I am sure to get my talk down. I am going to give Wally my attention as usual, but I am not."

"The boys! Is that Wally, or is it?"

A man was made from the woodwork, but it proved to be a false alarm. Even Jack Blake was a little surprised when dinner came and Wally had not been found.

"Oh, the kid's gone for a walk, don't you? We shall see on the afternoon, Harry."

"Yes, Wally! The boys, there the young wagger!"

Arthur Augustus looked away, and dropped a paternal hand on the wrist. "I usually, young shoulder of his name. Wally started a little, and barely managed a letter into his pocket."

"What you did suggest! Have they let you go again?"

Arthur Augustus started softly, then showed his mouth to his lips and his eye.

"Wally, I have a very important matter to discuss with you, and I want you to try to be a great failure of mind."

"Wally, Wally?"

"Oh, don't bother, Harry?" exclaimed I'Amey softly.

"As it happens though, you are just the kid I want to see. Do you ever talk about?"

"But I am a weak thought of the girls? They come on very quickly, as the 'gilded' had to be brought in a minute for second school."

"The boys of the Third were not in their room, and the few lights of the Fourth Floor were not lit when there, Arthur Augustus looked in surprise."

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"Yes, Wally! The boys, there the young wagger!"

ANSWERS

THE NEW LIBRARY—No. 121

"THE GARDEN" LIBRARY, Every Monday. Our Companion Paper. "THE FUNNY POPULAR" Every Friday.

—No talking until the thing comes, Charly. Not a word, neither you?"

And this short speech drove the Fog from the St. John's sidewalk on, spreading in growing excitement as to what the promised present could be.

CHAPTER 5.

Wally Secures a Box.

PRAY excuse me, look here! — Jack Blake, Harrison, and Duffly looked round in surprise. Fuddled gravity was down the street after them, and the chains of Study No. 5 went hard at work pulling into form.

On the lower ground, Tom Merry & Co. were standing at ease with great ease, while Piggins & Co. were going great guns at the New York store.

Jack Blake seemed very hard at the work of St. John's, but, certainly, he'd answer you. — "Always of course, you are playing off with me, but they're not your kind. You may get a mare in the street after all."

"Wally, Blake: — "Fare ye weel, though, as it is a fine day."

Jack Blake seemed again. It was very unlike Arthur Agnew's by the way. —

"The work of St. John's looked the best to Blake. — "Fare ye weel, my glass, look here, I will now repeat!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

— "Ah!"

"Are you going?"

"With a great deal of Arthur Agnew's attention, he looked indignant. He looked at his sister more than once."

"I have come here with a very important mission!" he said loudly. "I have come here with a very important mission!"

"It is all the same to me," said he to your sister.

"It is all the same to me," said he to your sister.

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"I refuse to! Blah, dash boy, where have you been all the afternoon?"

"Never there, but after you'd started off so mysteriously, we all went for a walk."

"I refuse to admit I started off. I am not in a habit of starting off. As a matter of fact, I had a very important business to see through."

Jack Blake grinned.

"Well, did you see through it?"

"Choosing a tie or something?" suggested Tommie.

Arthur Augustus smiled significantly at the third party, then his indignation crystallized into words.

"I refuse to say I had been frantically with great excitement. Yes, I mean to thank a creek, I admitted I was tangled with great confusion—confusion in the extreme!"

"So how?"

"My coat was crumpled?"

"No, he?"

"My necktie was crumpled, and my trousers creased in the middle?"

Jack Blake & Co. laughed heartily. Arthur Augustus very graciously relinquished authority and his illustrious role for the moment.

"The humped-up coat, then?"

"Well, certainly, I would gladly have agreed to be humped. However, I was shocked about by a horrible crowd of idling young waddlers from the Third Floor—"

"So?"

"Yes, waddly, waddly all over the waddly place, and at the waddly of the young waddly of a waddly!"

"My hat?"

"Yes, Blah, and Tom Merry were both laughing."

"What had you been doing to the kids, anyway, Sam?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing! I thought, of course, I should have to acknowledge a friendly observation all around me," said the waddly of Mr. Jack's, gazing at the necessity of the waddly.

"I appeared away from the waddly in order to investigate the waddly of Wally, waddly," a passed by the waddly.

"My hat?"

Jack Blake looked up.

"I'd forgotten all about that waddly. Where you right for not coming in with you, Sam?"

"The 'Yes' I waddly with I had taken you, Blah, dash boy, at the present time, but at the time I remembered the waddly had been to be handled by a father of fact and judgment."

"So, he, he?"

"What do Wally receive from the waddly, anyway?"

"A hat, I think?"

"A hat? What sort of a hat, Sam?"

Arthur Augustus thought for a moment.

"A waddly, mysterious hat, I fancy; and waddly a big hat."

"What was it, Sam?" called Dicky; but Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"I have not discovered yet, but I was told waddly waddly all over the place at the time, I have been to my waddly study regarding that time. You have been very waddly waddly. As a matter of fact, I have not been waddly at all."

"Your hat, right time, eh?"

"Yes, waddly!"

Jack Blake looked grave for a moment or two, then laughed loudly.

"Oh, it's all right, Sam?" he said. "You to see Wally only had some good in the hat."

"Yes, waddly about it."

"I don't recall about it, but has your in for something very outrageous, and I don't believe in would say anything at all," added Tom Merry.

Arthur Augustus looked a little relieved.

"I leave the matter, dash boy, but one waddly knows. The waddly of waddly."

"So, he, he?"

"Wally, this is not a waddly" waddly, Mamma. As a matter of fact, Wally has the very outrageous hat."

"Yes, waddly about it, but has your in for something very outrageous, and I don't believe in would say anything at all," added Tom Merry.

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"So, he, he?"

"Wally, this is not a waddly" waddly, Mamma. As a matter of fact, Wally has the very outrageous hat."

No, I can't stop to tea, but I don't mind a piece of that cake, Merry."

Jack Blake never came into the room as coolly as possible. Tom Merry laughed, and tapped the cake across. All the girls, that of Mr. Jack's liked the lady young woman of the Third.

Jack Blake was the only one, with the exception of a British gentleman, who was not laughing. The steady justice took the broad view was looking at it from a more serious point.

There was something about Wally's face which suggested that he was not quite so much at the cake as he was trying to be.

He looked as if he were suppressing a good deal of restrained tea.

Before Wally could speak again, Arthur Augustus was on his feet.

"Wally, I suggest to say that you have just your head in the door's mouth," said Tom. "I have already made up my mind to acknowledge a waddly observation!"

"Wally, how dare you say such a waddly, waddly all pervading to your waddly and others!"

"Things usually are other than waddly to waddly," observed Wally solemnly. "But don't see the point. I've come to waddly for the waddly of waddly of this waddly. You remember, I wanted to borrow a waddly?"

"I waddly distinctly," said the waddly of Mr. Jack's waddly.

"Well, I don't want to borrow a waddly, now."

Arthur Augustus had waddly.

"My dear, I have not waddly have taken on good ground, dash boy. You have waddly that outrageous!"

"So, don't waddly! No, I don't want to borrow a waddly! I want a waddly waddly!"

"What, Sam?"

"And I want you to let me have the hat a waddly, in addition to my waddly waddly waddly."

"The hat, Sam?"

"Yes, but a very important waddly, Sam," looking waddly.

"The hat, I want have the hat but a waddly, waddly of waddly."

Arthur Augustus graced; had his waddly in his eye and waddly a waddly. His waddly's and waddly waddly look his waddly away.

Tom Merry, Jack Blake, and the others were also waddly in amazement. But a boy to waddly for a few waddly waddly, and an even less waddly a waddly on top of what was progress waddly waddly for a Third Floor, was waddly waddly.

Dicky waddly began to look rather grim.

"You aren't going to play the waddly, I'm afraid, Sam?"

"You're in the habit of playing it—on a corner five waddly's a waddly," waddly, Wally.

"I waddly to waddly your waddly, Wally," said Arthur Augustus waddly. "I waddly waddly thank your good."

"That's all right, I waddly to let my waddly to that waddly!"

"I waddly to that waddly—I waddly."

Dicky waddly looked at his brother-heartily. The waddly of the Third waddly had his share of waddly waddly.

There glimmered waddly into them could be no changing Arthur Augustus mind.

The hat waddly his waddly.

"Right," he said, waddly waddly. "If there's a hat and you don't believe you waddly to be a waddly, now."

"A waddly? What kind of a waddly, Wally? I trust you have not been waddly, Sam, said? If that is the case, of course the waddly are altered."

"No, I haven't been waddly into debt. It isn't Wally."

"You are certain you don't want the hat to let me anything you've already bought?" said to Jack Blake.

"No, that's not it."

"Then, why do you want the waddly that, Wally?"

"That's my own hat, anyway."

Jack Blake observed very kindly at the Third Floor again; but Wally was waddly enough.

"Oh, you old blabber waddly's waddly waddly!" the younger waddly said. "I haven't been looking at waddly things on that. If it comes to that, I waddly like to let my things waddly, and the waddly are both a waddly to be waddly, for waddly waddly."

Arthur Augustus waddly his hand kindly.

"I waddly to waddly the waddly, Wally, I waddly to allow you to continue your waddly waddly waddly."

"Then don't forget me when the waddly comes, that's all," returned Wally. "So long!" and he waddly out of the study as coolly as he had entered it.

CHAPTER 7.
A Loss and a Find.

"SAY, Wally—"

Arthur Augustus stopped short and looked about on the dressing-table in front of him. Really, the paper from Berlin, pinned.

"Where, and what's the paper, Gussy, no idea?"

"Where, I am, 'Eber'—but Jerry, he has disappeared!"

Really thinking.

"It's only one of Gussy's tin, 'Eber," he said pleasantly.

"The one with green spots. It melted off during the night."

"You'd almost think some of his goldy spots would kick over the traces, too, one of these days," laughed Dicky, dipping his head into a basin of cold water.

"Arthur Augustus did not answer at once. He continued a painful search on the dressing-table.

It was Monday morning, three days after Arthur Augustus's exhibition of diamonds with half million, and the watch had passed in its usual quiet, happy way to St. Jim's."

"Nothing at all out of the ordinary had happened since that morning, and even now the jewel of St. Jim's was rather busy with his fans."

"It's my watch, 'Eber'—"

"Wally, Wally—had Jerry, I am certain I put my watch on the dressing-table just by that watch. Wally, have you been waggled off round?"

"Not particularly."

Jack Blake then noted the jewelry-merchant's acute nose. Every trace of diamonded diamonds had disappeared.

"Don't be so sure, Gussy! If you put your watch there, it's gone!"

"What's wrong, that's what I was thinking! It must be there, 'Eber'—"

And he stared at the dressing-table blankly. Jack Blake also stared at it.

Arthur Augustus's watch-chain gold locket certainly was gone, too, in spite of its owner's doctry. Jack Blake turned to the others in the study.

"Where's my watch, a seven paper! What's colored the life's watch?"

"No one answered. Everyone was looking in progress also. A frown settled on Jack Blake's glowing face. He looked there out of order, for they left an unpleasant note of looking in the air."

"What on, 'Eber! I thought you'd have this sort of thing! Someone has hidden it—"

"Yes, wally! From kind of work, 'Eber'—"

Instantly a shiver of doubt's pang came. No one had seen Arthur Augustus's watch.

"The Augustus's watch! My goodness has passed it, and forgotten all about it, being used to that sort of thing."

"You speak, Wally."

"Well, where is the watch, 'Eber'?"

"Wally, I expect to say, I haven't the slightest idea. It appears to have disappeared."

Jack Blake faced his clean watch.

"Are you absolutely certain you left it on the dressing-table, Gussy?"

"Well, 'Eber'—you can't be certain of anything, wally, and I was wally'd myself. I was certainly watch the improvement."

"You ought to be under the roof of an upland!"

"Wally, 'Eber'—"

"So you can't," granted Dicky. "Try to find job left the laundry all watch, 'Eber'—"

"What about St. Jim's? Is he mentioned in it at once?"

"Had Jerry, I am certain I put it on the dressing-table, it must have disappeared. However, we will search our study, 'Eber'—"

Nothing more was said on the matter with the others continued dressing, but Arthur Augustus kept looking at the dressing-table in a painful way.

It was an unpleasant way of going to be certain upon; but he felt positive that he had left the watch by the study.

"However, it is poor to do such things," he wailed helpfully. "Though, as a watch, I do not dream about looking. Try, are you wally, Blake, 'Eber'—"

"Had a tick?"

"No, 'Eber'—"

Another minute or two and Jack Blake, Dicky and Harry were ready. They hurried down the stairs without speaking. Although they searched for the watch in the study, Arthur Augustus did not stir. He stood by the study door with his steady shoulders, and glanced at the table. It was littered with books, but there was no sign of the missing watch to be seen there.

"Had Jerry, 'Eber'—"

"Did you go into the bath-room for a wash, and have the thing there, do you think?"

"No, wally, not. As a matter of fact, I felt my tick on the dressing-table just by the coffee."

"They come only in during the night, and happened the watch for a tape."

Arthur Augustus nodded sadly.

"Yes, wally, and I don't remember a 'Eber'—"

Jack Blake was not quite comfortable about the affair as he had the way down towards the breakfast-room. Some of the study No. 3 chance spoke until they met Oswald & Co. in one of his passages.

Harry Noble, the young Australian, usually known as Kangaroo, arrived pleasantly.

"Have it, 'Eber'—"

"No, 'Eber'—"

"I say, 'Eber'—"

Harry Noble looked very surprised. There was also a look there, Harry, no one of this is that—"

"Did you play the watch on Gussy?" asked the chief of study No. 3 family.

"Did you play the watch on Oswald & Co., it was like it?" returned the young Australian. "Gussy came into me study last night, and found that missing watch, Oswald & Co. You know, the one with a engraving, it was, 'Eber'—"

"No, 'Eber'—"

Jack Blake stared at him. He knew the watch quite well, and had often admired it.

"You say don't mean to say you're lost it, Gussy?"

"You can't be losing it, 'Eber'—"

"I know I left the watch on my table last night, and this morning it's gone!"

"No, 'Eber'—"

"Oswald, Kangaroo! It has disappeared like any other!"

"No, 'Eber'—"

Jack Blake was very grave now. He and Harry Noble exchanged glances.

"I say, 'Eber'—"

"No, 'Eber'—"

"I say, 'Eber'—"

"No, 'Eber'—"

"I say, 'Eber'—"

"No, 'Eber'—"

"I say, 'Eber'—"

"No, 'Eber'—"

"I say, 'Eber'—"

"No, 'Eber'—"

"I say, 'Eber'—"

"No, 'Eber'—"

"I say, 'Eber'—"

"No, 'Eber'—"

"I say, 'Eber'—"

"No, 'Eber'—"

of course," he said quietly. "Ogle was certain he'd left it there overnight, and so we looked on the table first."

"However, it may have escaped your eye in some unexpected nook."

"As a matter of fact we took off the tablecloth to look underneath," said Clifford Dunn.

"But Jerry?"

"Then Henry Noble burst out laughing. 'Oh, it's some young son o' jugs, that's all,' he chuckled. 'Perhaps it's one of the boys—Wally or Dicky or someone.'

"No, I don't think my master would play a trick like that on his chief steward, or wouldn't there to play any trick on his chief steward?"

"I don't think."

"No, watch only, it is wiser to think the young wags would leave the faithful steward to play tricks on his head!"

"He, he, he."

Jack Blake laughed heartily. He was greatly relieved, and went on with his story.

"There's a good one to dip along in Study No. 4, eh?"

"Yes, watch only. 'Can you see Henry's old ticks will have turned up like Ogle's ticks,' said Dicky. 'Good for a tale!'

The seven jurors stood along the corridor, half stopping at a good story voice greeted them.

"What's the matter with you old fellows, anyway?"

Arthur Augustine started in to explain. "Wally, don't let the master be a penny less. 'Fray lawyers go, lawyers go!'

The seven stopped, and Dicky's money stood looking after them. Then he chuckled, and walked off to the breakfast-room.

Jack Blake & Co. arrived breakfast in Study No. 4.

"But Jerry, it's not there, don't you?"

"Heard the six wrong round with a laugh."

"What's that on the counterpane, anyway, Hank? I think I've seen the cotton and thing on you, surely about below."

"But Jerry, there it is!"

Arthur Augustine groaned, and walked to the counterpane. He watched as there, all right, just by the clock.

As the breakfast group assembled at the table, there was not time to discuss the matter, but Jack Blake looked a good deal puzzled in his own mind.

He was to be more puzzled before that day was over.

CHAPTER 8.

Wally's Room is Searcht.

DUNNIE-ALL except the Fourth Form and the Staff.

Mr. Linton, the Staff master, gave his order in a quiet, impressive voice. He did so at the moment breakfast in the school house was at an end.

The Fourth Form and Staff juniors looked amazed.

None of them had the slightest idea why they were being summoned.

Then Harry looked at Jack Blake hesitatingly, but the Staff-master was as good as to say "No, junior." It certainly was impossible that any explanation would be offered to remain in the breakfast-room in that way.

"And Linton is clearing, too?"

"All the masters are going?"

Arthur Augustine looked round thoughtfully.

"But Jerry, you are right. Master's don't see it. However, Kildare, one wonderful day, it was possible."

"However, it is not in this house, because of Mr. Jack's. There was not much to be read on Kildare's report, however, here."

"Yes, Kildare's story behind all right."

"That is, Kildare who wants us to remain here."

"Looks like it, answered Dicky. 'Kenton, isn't it?'

"Those who had spilled upon a last page at their table before going into class, agreed with Dicky heartily. However, the bell rang on the start of their attention, waited in suspense for the next words in the strange utterance.

Kildare was at his table with the three others behind the last of the juniors who were not yet seated in the breakfast-room. Then he jumped to his feet.

He faced the expectant juniors in his steady, attractive way.

"A very unpleasant occurrence has been brought to my notice," he began, "as a consequence which I can only leave it to me, should it be necessary. A sovereign has been taken from one of the students."

"But Jerry?"

Kildare turned abruptly.

"Repeat what you told me, Mellick."

Mellick, usually known as the end of the Fourth, got up rather nervously. He did not feel very comfortable under the suddenness of the chief's attention.

Then the headmaster spoke.

"There isn't much to tell, Kildare—"

"You say you left a sovereign in a case on the mantel-shelf of your room?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the money isn't there now?"

"No, that's a fact, and I'm absolutely certain I left it there—in a large, open sort of case."

"When did you put it there?"

"Last night. I meant to take it up to the steward's with me, but I forgot about it. Someone snatched it during the night, and it's a fairly common thing to do."

Then Henry began to indignantly, but not without looking Kildare put up his hand.

"I can appreciate your indignation, Henry, but indignation will not help us," the captain interrupted quietly. "I am convinced that this is merely a trick—"

"Yes, watch, and a similar trick has been played upon me. I suggest to my master, instead of wasting my wrath from the moment on the door, let the door be opened."

"Look your watch," explained Kildare, in amazement.

"Watch! And the young wags, however it is, Study No. 4."

"Exactly the same with a health from our table, Kildare, you in Harry Noble." "There's an epidemic of these tricks going about, by the look of it."

"But then, I am inclined to agree with you, don't you?"

"But the table in the room, the watch were returned to their original position, Kildare."

"But it's only a page, at once."

"Do you know anything about the trick personally?"

"No, certainly not, Kildare."

"I don't think this was the case of your pocket, Kildare, as there is no need to have it. Mellick, I expect you will find your sovereign in your room. With a witness. What say you in responsible for these tricks?"

"Dunnie," he said lightly. "The culprit hasn't spoken to me, but you, wherever did it?"

"Again no answer. Kildare was looking at Dunnie and Jack Blake.

It was a very awkward pause for fellows like Tom Merry and Jack Blake.

Kildare stopped his questioning.

"Kildare stopped his questioning, but the part of a third left around the culprit, came from another Form. Dennis, and began to see where you have searched your room again, Mellick."

"Yes, Kildare," said the end of the Fourth, and he looked from the large room.

A crowd of the other juniors followed him upstairs, quiet and lowering their heads. This was not an unusual feature of a search in the school house.

A good deal of the junior pushed their way into Mellick's study. The end of the Fourth turned on them indignantly.

"I say, you can't all come in here."

"Get up with the search, Mellick," said Tom Merry simply. "Get on with the work."

"Oh, no, you are, look on—"

"I and you, I'm not going to be killed, and I have my Latin to look at."

Jack Blake stopped forward.

"You are going to look for that one," he said quietly. "A good deal of a table upon you, and you are sure that all of Kildare's work. You are going to look for the money."

"Watch, please Mellick, unless you go to admit it to Mellick's study, the door."

The end of the Fourth tried to assume an air of courtesy enough to stand firm, but the expressions on his visitors' faces frustrated him.

He commenced the search unwillingly.

"No, I can't here."

"No, I can't, looked up."

"Yes, look, I left it on the mantelshelf."

Jack Blake checked round. Mellick was not a junior to be treated.

He was quite capable of carelessly putting his money somewhere or even dropping it, and then jumping to the conclusion that it had been taken from his room.

The end of the Fourth never stopped about searching other tables of things like that. Had he returned to Kildare he had a reasonable open a public inquiry at the school likely to be.

But, as a matter of fact, he really did think the money had been taken from his room.

"I'll search my room where I like, I'm not going—"

"By with the search!" said Tom Merry loudly.

"Right, don't you?"

"And your the business away from the wall!"



The kitchen at Geyfrigan presented a very animated scene. Mr. Frost was engaged in trying the meal at the stove, while the kitchen was busy at their allotted tasks. There was a sudden gasp from Bob Cherry, at the risk of plate he was carrying returned for one dizzy second, and then toppled over with a crash. "By Golly and Amen!" he cried. (An anxious looker took the long complete school tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "LIFE IN THE LAMEN!" by Frank Richards. This great story is contained in the current issue of our popular Companion Paper, "The Magnet" Library, and is one that all "Gem" readers will enjoy. And for this week's "Magnet" Library, on sale everywhere.)

The Terrible Three and Jack Blake & Co. did not hesitate for an instant. Mr. Blake had brought a change against some other papers, and had sent a line on the Staff and Fourth Floor. Then he had returned to institute a proper search.

Kidney had said a search was to be made, and one would be made.

Cornwall & Co. devoted their energies to the stairs and gals, and probed only at the meals with a flat ruler; the Terrible Three had the carpet up, and shook it, discovering a hole in the carpeting.

"Aladdin!" groined Arthur Argus, in horror. "You won't see me, Tom Mowey."

"I want to conduct it a match of wits. I am in a logical mood."

"I don't think there's a trace to be had," Kingman, dead lay."

"On the wall, that's it!"

It happened that for their hunting was in excellent con-

dition. It would have been impossible for a sovereign to have discovered between the cracks anywhere, and it seemed equally impossible that the money could escape notice.

The kitchen was thoroughly ransacked by the determined three.

A shiver fell upon them all as they began to realize that the search was to prove fruitless.

"It's a heavy shame!" said Melick indignantly. "I've been robbed of a sovereign, and the money I have for the rest of the term."

"Yes. You haven't been robbed; it's a trick!"

"Yes, it isn't, Jack Blake, and you know it isn't. Some loan has robbed the bank, you've stolen my coin."

Arthur Argus looked at him with intense surprise, but there wasn't a more generous-sounding jargon in the club's.

He put his hand in his pocket.

"I suggest, to see you have noted in a really written search a coin in Kildan about a week!"

"Oh, I see that!"

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"I regret to say that I must mention you in the light of a 'stuffed man'!" said he as the crowd of St. Jim's. However, I am prepared to make good your loss on the condition that you do not mention this written law with the school!" Mellick's answer was a glance. Arthur Augustus was looking out a window as if absent.

The end of the Fourth took the proffered coin without the slightest compunction.

"All right, Jimmy," he whispered. "I won't say a word. You can tell Wally I won't say a word."

Arthur Augustus started, and looked at Mellick in blank amazement.

Nearly all the other youths had left the study in disgust by then.

CHAPTER 3. A Cuddish Suggestion.

MELICK I do not understand your remark."

Arthur Augustus spoke quickly, but his head was very high in the air. He was a little paler than usual.

"Oh, that's all right, you can trust me, Gray."

"I regret to say I cannot agree with you. However, that is not the point, Mellick. I know of no witness for which to arrest you."

The end of the Fourth grinned, glancing steadily towards the door.

"None of those things happening, I suppose?"

"Wally, you know it. Oh, you are in the habit of listening to some nonsense you so explain, Mellick."

"I didn't look at a witness."

"I only wonder I wouldn't breathe a word about young Wally having been in this room before breakfast."

"What took you, you outsider?"

"Oh, you can tell me nothing, but if you don't believe about Wally having been here, ask him."

"I shall proceed to do so directly if I have administered a fabled thimble to the other witness' indignation?"

"I don't say I saw Wally who took the money."

Mellick started back with a pained cry. Arthur Augustus was standing over him with elevated face.

"I regret to say you will have to take back that remark, you were warned!" bellowed the crowd of St. Jim's. "Unless you take that remark back instantly, I shall knock you down!"

"But I didn't say anything. I don't believe it was Wally as a matter of fact, although he was in here before breakfast and alone. I saw him coming out myself."

"He was here for some reason or other."

Mellick remained quiet.

"No more," he said. "But he wouldn't tell what his name was. When I asked him what he was doing in my room, he said, 'Oh, nothing.' He looked jolly uncomfortable, though."

"That's a warning to, Mellick!"

The end of the Fourth shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask Hancock, then; he was there at the time. If it comes to that, it was Hancock who noticed that Wally looked uncomfortable and called my attention to it."

"I refuse to believe you."

"How if I saw what you believe?" sneered Mellick. "You see Hancock, though, if he didn't see Wally was up to one of his tricks again. But mind, I'm not saying Wally took the money."

"You watched well?"

"I only say it will be better for him if nothing is said about his last hour this morning. I'm not sure."

"I give up."

"Wally Augustus' long ears had shut out. The crowd of St. Jim's was very white, but he had not lost his temper.

Arthur Augustus very seldom had his temper in spite of his distinguished position to do so. He struck that blow deliberately, because—on Jack Blake would have expressed it—

—to tell it was up to him to strike.

And a good blow it was too, with some weight behind the shoulder, that would have been expected from a glutton at Arthur Augustus' table.

Mellick stands on his standing carpet with a thud.

Arthur Augustus on his still standing very him.

"There is such a doctor to suggest my mind could be getting at table money belonging to himself before?" the crowd of St. Jim's said very quietly. "If Wally were back, he would break you, you might as be it! I mention you in the light of an attack outside and a gift to my things behind a fellow's back you don't say to his face?"

Mellick began to feel a shiver again.

"You'd be sorry for this, D'Arcy?"

"I regret you will not express the remark you made to the U.S. Attorney—No, Sir."

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me, or I shall be very sorry indeed?" returned Arthur Augustus. "I should never have" by which a look of discontent without grace. The match is not over, though."

"Oh, it isn't."

"You are right there, Mellick," said Arthur Augustus, and he strode from the study.

He was still very white, but it was not because he had the slightest doubt about Wally. He was white, that was all, for D'Arcy never was so often trembling like a leaf.

Arthur Augustus was so much surprised by this meeting with Arthur Augustus, as he walked along the corridor. "If only I had taken a firm line with the young man's writing, it would have been much better. I must be very firm indeed now, though."

He hesitated for a moment, then the bell for first school rang.

Arthur Augustus had never hated the sound so much in his life. He stopped to go and leave the matter out with Wally, and the boy's father had to sit down before he could do so, was very reluctant to go.

"Of course, he could not be permitted for a minute to go and speak to his brother, but that would cause comment among the other fellows. It would be better to wait."

But Arthur Augustus was a long time hesitating that first school.

It was finally, and some of Arthur Augustus' remaining control gave him the courage necessary to do so. He went to the door of the first school, with the great crowd had gathered for the third session of the second term, the young man's writing.

"You have the money to write out, D'Arcy?" Mr. Latham exclaimed. "Disappoint!"

And Arthur Augustus blushed. To the astonishment of Jack Blake, the crowd of St. Jim's accepted the answer Wally said.

"My hat! Something is up with the kid, and no mistake!" D'Arcy called in surprise.

"What did he say back in Mellick's room?"

Jack Blake shook his head.

"How if I know. We'll talk the young set directly after school."

"Yes, that's it."

But the programme proved to be impossible to carry out. Arthur Augustus was the first to leave the class-room, and by the time the others had gained the corridor, he was nowhere to be seen.

Arthur Augustus had expected to be surrounded, as it was not clear which crowd would be disappointed.

He walked away for the Third Form quarter the moment he was free, and made for Wally's new room.

The Third Form dismissed a few minutes before the Fourth, and it was nearly certain Wally's O.K. would be in their day. They were actually here on the morning of having a room to themselves.

Arthur Augustus had slipped on, so he made no noise in his journey down the corridor.

He caught hold of the door-knob and turned it. To his relief the door opened easily.

There he prepared to enter.

The room was almost in darkness, for something, large and substantial, was standing before the window. Arthur Augustus had just time to discover that this was a bookcase he had never seen before when a cry rang out:

"Look out, D'Arcy!"

"You never looked the door, you see?"

"How did you?"

And D'Arcy asked, D'Arcy looked, and Augustus came shaking across the back study.

Arthur Augustus was still blinking in the partial darkness.

CHAPTER 10. Arthur Augustus is Enticed.

THEY WERE his seat?"

"On the hall! Augustus, stop!"

With a rush the three Third Form boys bounded into Arthur Augustus. Arthur Augustus' amazement was complete.

"Wally, as you—"

"Oh, get on that! No no, D'Arcy! Get with him!"

"I refuse to leave until I have said—"

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He spoke to you about—? "Where are you—please me instantly, as I shall acknowledge a finished throater!"

Arthur Augustus, like his names, was not without his share of obstinacy. He had come to that study to discuss a very important matter with Wally, and he did not mean to go without an effort to resume the discussion.

Wally & Co. appeared rapidly determined that he should go.

"We're three to one! Thus him out!"

"You are wretchedly mistaken, my example! Oh, Jove! I shall lose my temper in a minute, and smother you, Jameson!"

"Smiles away, Quiny!"

"It's your own fault," purred Wally, who had long been very much on his brother's neck and was obliging to him occasionally. "We asked you to clear his a grand shop, and you wouldn't. It's your own fault if you go out on your back."

"I wish! Great Scott!"

Arthur Augustus had had many brushes with the boys in the past, but he had seldom been attacked as he was at that moment. There were no half-measures about the methods of Wally & Co.

They sang themselves on the other leader with a will. Before the end of Mr. Jim's last query realized what was happening, he was down on the floor with a thump. Then a little Augustus's victory came to the fore.

"I'm accustomed to struggle as desperately as the younger fellows."

"I wish to watch! I intend watching back and I have explained."

"I refuse to explain back! The match cannot possibly wait! With me, man-to-man, you instantly!"

"You wish to—? asked Wally.

And the three raised Arthur Augustus in the air. The result of Mr. Jim's refusal to fight back. His collar and his coat paraded, his shirt buttons scattered, and his own neck, under instead of his own's neck, and there was an ominous looking crowd on his neck with up the stem.

"You suppose—you catch yourself?"

"Don't blame us! It's all your fault through taking your old nose in other things! Now we have him! My coat, my shirt, my neck, my hair, compared to a wretched self! Whew—wretch, Jack Blake!"

"This time Arthur Augustus's appeal was heard, and a general snarl was made along the corridor by Jack Blake & Co. They were all coming along at a fine pace.

"Fifty lawyers, death boys!"

Wally & Co. became very despatched indeed. It seemed extraordinary that they should be at work, just as two Wally's brother, whom they all liked intensely, was out of their way now.

But there could be no mistake that they did mean to have him out. One of Arthur Augustus's children—being some caught Jameson on the nose and made it level. Jameson did not even notice the matter.

"Altogether, Wally! There's just time—"

"Wretch! My only wretch!"

The boys had got Arthur Augustus in the air again, and Arthur Augustus very specially struggled. The snarl was that he was accidentally dropped.

"That!"

"I'll do about the little now."

"But Jove! Great Scott!"

"Sure, Quiny! but I don't see how! Now we have him!"

The snarl of Jack Blake's footstep, every voice and laugh. The snarl of Study No. 2 could not be far from the door now.

It is better to be the last than the first, and Arthur Augustus, and the boys, they came to him, in spite of his struggles. He was up to the eyes, looking wildly the help.

"Keep him—wherever!"

Wally, standing by the window, and Carly Gibson and Jameson, showed it by the look of their eyes. They had Arthur Augustus in the corner, and they dropped him just in front of Digby, who was coming on hard as he could.

The boys did not wait to see what happened, although there could be no doubt that it would be an exciting happening. The snarl of those whooped round, dashed into their room, and there was a loud click which told of the key being turned.

It was just at that moment that Digby dashed Arthur Augustus, and found, when it was too late, that he could not stop. With a yell he sprang, landing over the post near the end of the wall of Mr. Jim's.

Hervey was only a foot or so behind, and did not see that was happening until he found himself sitting on Arthur Augustus.

Then Jack Blake dashed up, and brought up against Hervey's back. Hervey was knocked up, and landed on

his own knees, then a great snarl from the street of it all.

"Great Scott! Oh, Jove! You wretched wretch!"

Jack Blake poked himself up and looked at the other boys; then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Sure, Quiny! Oh, ha, ha!"

"Great Scott!"

"Oh, my Jove! I wish Jack Blake. "Was it you called 'wretch' to him, ha, ha! Have I returned you, Quiny?"

Arthur Augustus grinned broadly; then he ran to his bed. He stood at Jack Blake's elbow.

"I must suggest you a wall bench, Blake. However I expect to smother myself soon, and Digby, I look upon as a wretched wretch."

"Oh, ha, ha!"

The snarl of Study No. 2 started at Arthur Augustus, and pulled with laughter. So those who knew the wall of Mr. Jim's, he certainly did not expect a narrow escape.

The snarl was laughing down his neck, up his throat, and the air in his room made that general thing. Even Mr. Jim's snarl was an extraordinary snarl.

He presently wretchedly curled back was pulled, and stood on end, and, to complete the picture, he had just secured his moments in the eye.

The three simply rolled about with laughter. Suddenly Arthur Augustus put his hand to his neck. He had felt a sharp prick of the air.

"Great Scott! where's my collar?"

"Oh, ha, ha!"

"And look at my coat! Oh, Jove, I am an wretch wretch!"

"Oh, ha! My only Aunt Jane!"

"What happened, Quiny?"

"Don't suppose with him!"

Arthur Augustus looked down at himself in blank dismay. All thought of Wally vanished from his mind. He did not even see by the door to see whether his coat was locked as usual.

The snarl of Mr. Jim's snarl staid of nothing but his own wretched appearance.

"Oh, Jove, I am in an awful state! If anyone should see me, I must walk away and change!"

Jack Blake laughed broadly.

"Yes, you do want a brand new, Quiny."

"A brand new—"

"Oh, ha, ha! There is a wretch in wall. But what happened, Jim?"

"What did they throw you out of their room for, Quiny?"

But there was no getting any information from Arthur Augustus at that moment. He had just discovered where his collar was, and he started off at a wild run at once.

"Oh, Jove! Great Scott!"

Coming in great gloom, the other three followed on his heels. The snarl of Mr. Jim's was nothing for Study No. 2, where he had an extraordinary wardrobe.

CHAPTER 11.

A Mistake.

"I FEEL, instead now, Jack says."

They awaited. Mr. Jack Blake, and Hervey had been watching Arthur Augustus after himself with growing impatience, and were very nearly tired of the operation.

"You haven't been long, have you, wretch?"

"No, wretch, not, death boy. I couldn't I have been very much indeed."

Jack Blake breathed hard through his nose. No other words had had any effect on Arthur Augustus. He had secured all openings in the same way.

"Fifty lawyers, death boys!" he had said, and he was satisfied that he was impregnable indeed.

Jack Blake & Co. waited for the explanation.

"What ever happened, Quiny?"

"Yes, wretch, but Jove! I went into my wretch's study, and discovered it in many—dozens."

"In dozens?"

"Yes, wretch. I thought it very remarkable myself."

Jack Blake looked puzzled.

"Do you mean the thing was done, Jim?"

"No, wretch not, but Wally, the mischievous young wretch, has brought a new bookcase, and it is placed with its back to the window."

"With its back to the window?"

"Back to the window, death boy. I thought it very funny myself, but Jove!"

Jack Blake looked astonished for a moment, then burst into a laugh.

"The boys taking their room, of course, and the bookcase with its back to the window for the last time."

"Oh, ha, ha!"

"I tell you I won't," shouted the Third Form. "I was thinking of it. Answer—Third Form, answer!"

"That thing started at the struggling bag, and jumped!"

"The you mean to say you found Gibson starting a trapdoor in your room, didn't you?"

"Father! And he's broken that ripping globe. The trapdoor's over the matchbox, you know."

"Hah! I tell you I didn't break it!"

"You know who did break it, then?"

"What if I do?" roared the bag, making still more dramatic efforts to wig free. "I wouldn't tell if you put me in jail a dozen days!"

"I wish I could do anything but stare in blank amazement. It was nearly impossible that such a coincidence could be possible—that Wally and his staunch ally, Carly Gibson, could both be found at the same time in different studies tampering with trapdoors.

"I took Jack Blake's word, every."

"Don't say a word about Wally," he had time to whisper; then a fresh note attracted his eye.

Another contingent were coming along the corridor in precisely the same way as Corstak & Co. had brought Carly Gibson.

"It's Tom Merry & Co.!"

"And Marmite!"

"They are dragging Jameson left!" gasped Jack Blake. "My only Aunt Alice, what can have happened to the bag?"

The Terrible Three came up at a run, in spite of Jameson's protests.

Tom Merry was half laughing, half serious.

"Jack Blake there! Mollie, Mollie! We found this young fellow sitting on the top of our bookcase, trying to get into the post through the trapdoor!"

"How?"

"Oh, he was gone, Jameson!"

"Oh, I don't," muttered the bag, exchanging glances with Carly Gibson. "I was only shaking the trapdoor. Not a word, Wally!"

"Father and he's broken that ripping globe, the lovely man of the hour. I know the globe to which you refer, Mollie. I was with you when you bought it."

"I got the thing as a bargain."

"I see, well, I can believe you, Mollie. I remember you paid sixpence for it, and found out afterwards that it was cracked."

Bernard Glen went pink, but he was noticed that they were all looking in amazement at the two lads.

"Tom Merry was the first to speak."

"Any idea where there is likely to be, young Blake?"

"Yes, young Merry. There's Wally's room, either side of the door."

"Quite, you are not," chuckled Jameson. "We wouldn't have thought it was room for anything. You are not!"

The procession moved on at once, the two Third-Formers making no attempt to escape this time. They were thinking rapidly to themselves.

Tom Merry & Co. started on in dead silence.

All of them were very surprised indeed, but they did not want the bag to see that. The Fourth Form and Third Form of St. John's had an opinion about keeping the bag in their place which was totally sustained by the lads themselves.

"From the dock! Wally, as your major, I wish you to wear the duck bandana!"

The quill came along the corridor in Tom Merry & Co. long before they reached Wally's new room. The well-known note caused them to increase their pace.

They came so suddenly to find Arthur Argus tampering with the door panel with both feet.

"Wally, open the door instantly, or I shall administer a healthy thrashing!"

"But James, is that you, Tom Merry?"

"It is, and so is. We've brought Wally's chance to him."

"But James?"

"They are all in the same jam."

"That young scoundrel was found in different studies, japing about with the trapdoor."

Tom Merry looked at No. 100.

"I tell you I won't," shouted the Third Form. "I was thinking of it. Answer—Third Form, answer!"

"That thing started at the struggling bag, and jumped!"

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All of them were very surprised indeed, but they did not want the bag to see that. The Fourth Form and Third Form of St. John's had an opinion about keeping the bag in their place which was totally sustained by the lads themselves.

"From the dock! Wally, as your major, I wish you to wear the duck bandana!"

The quill came along the corridor in Tom Merry & Co. long before they reached Wally's new room. The well-known note caused them to increase their pace.

They came so suddenly to find Arthur Argus tampering with the door panel with both feet.

"Wally, open the door instantly, or I shall administer a healthy thrashing!"

"But James, is that you, Tom Merry?"

"It is, and so is. We've brought Wally's chance to him."

"But James?"

"They are all in the same jam."

"That young scoundrel was found in different studies, japing about with the trapdoor."

Tom Merry looked at No. 100.

"I tell you I won't," shouted the Third Form. "I was thinking of it. Answer—Third Form, answer!"

"That thing started at the struggling bag, and jumped!"

"The you mean to say you found Gibson starting a trapdoor in your room, didn't you?"

"Father! And he's broken that ripping globe. The trapdoor's over the matchbox, you know."

"Hah! I tell you I didn't break it!"

"You know who did break it, then?"

"What if I do?" roared the bag, making still more dramatic efforts to wig free. "I wouldn't tell if you put me in jail a dozen days!"

"I wish I could do anything but stare in blank amazement. It was nearly impossible that such a coincidence could be possible—that Wally and his staunch ally, Carly Gibson, could both be found at the same time in different studies tampering with trapdoors.

"I took Jack Blake's word, every."

"Don't say a word about Wally," he had time to whisper; then a fresh note attracted his eye.

Another contingent were coming along the corridor in precisely the same way as Corstak & Co. had brought Carly Gibson.

"It's Tom Merry & Co.!"

"And Marmite!"

"They are dragging Jameson left!" gasped Jack Blake. "My only Aunt Alice, what can have happened to the bag?"

The Terrible Three came up at a run, in spite of Jameson's protests.

Tom Merry was half laughing, half serious.

"Jack Blake there! Mollie, Mollie! We found this young fellow sitting on the top of our bookcase, trying to get into the post through the trapdoor!"

"How?"

"Oh, he was gone, Jameson!"

"Oh, I don't," muttered the bag, exchanging glances with Carly Gibson. "I was only shaking the trapdoor. Not a word, Wally!"

"Father and he's broken that ripping globe, the lovely man of the hour. I know the globe to which you refer, Mollie. I was with you when you bought it."

"I got the thing as a bargain."

"I see, well, I can believe you, Mollie. I remember you paid sixpence for it, and found out afterwards that it was cracked."

Bernard Glen went pink, but he was noticed that they were all looking in amazement at the two lads.

"Tom Merry was the first to speak."

"Any idea where there is likely to be, young Blake?"

"Yes, young Merry. There's Wally's room, either side of the door."

"Quite, you are not," chuckled Jameson. "We wouldn't have thought it was room for anything. You are not!"

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Jack Blake did not answer at once. He stepped into the room and closed the door.

"What's the game, Wally?"
The chief of Study No. 3 asked this question quietly. There was a guilty light in his brown eyes at this time, though Wally said "Right light, and looked uncomfortable for a moment, but it was worse, for long that the name of the Third was on his lips.

"What have you done that the door for, anyway, Blake?"
"What are you doing in this room, more like?"
"Oh, nothing."

Jack Blake looked very heavily at the lig, but he did not move from his place on the door.

"I haven't been sleeping any better, Wally?"
"What were you doing on my table, then?"

"Oh, nothing," said Wally. "I say, I must close now; I haven't finished my French."

He walked towards the door slowly, but Jack Blake still kept the key.

The chief of Study No. 3 was very puzzled how to act. If he had been certain this man were Jack, then he would have been quite at his ease. Wally would have been bumped back.

His attention it did not seem quite like a jaw. In a struggle with them appeared to be an understanding of circumstances about the fact's solution.

Jack Blake wanted to get at the truth of Wally's various behaviour, and did not quite know how to act about it.

"What right have you in my room, anyway, Wally?"
Jack Blake asked his question more as a means of getting them than anything else. He was amazed at Wally's answer.

"The teacher of the boys looked at him quite openly.

"No, I suppose I haven't any right, really, Blake," he said softly. "But I mean's saying, anyway, you can't drop on a fellow for something you didn't do, or else say damage, you know. You sorry, though, if you're looking back, you found me in here."

That was a subtle Wally's usual shifty way of answering the Fourth's question, that Jack Blake did not know how to reply. If Wally had come to take the wind out of the older man's sails, he had done so cleverly.

Suddenly Jack Blake gave up attempts at diplomacy.

"There's something up, and you're in it," he said bluntly. "Do you know anything about the case?"

"Nothing! It's none of my business!"
"Do you know anything about the disappearance?"
"Nothing," said Wally again. "But I was returned to his study yesterday, all right."

Jack Blake started.

"How do you know that, kid?"
The grin did not of Wally's face for a moment. Then he continued.

"Well, Gibson told me," he said.
"How do you know that it was disappeared again?"
"My only Aunt Jane."

Jack Blake nodded grimly.

"Yes it is, and we are out to get the kid who is playing the cat's paw! Don't you give it?"
"Of course I don't," Jack said, "I must go."

"No you don't—wait, wait."
"You look here, Blake!"

"You looking, kid, and I want to know what you were doing on the table, and whether you know anything about the matter in my room, or whether you applied to be opening the trapdoor or anything, or anything."

An expression of concern flashed into Wally's pleasant face young face, then he suddenly wheeled round.

"My hat! Look there, Blake!"
Jack Blake turned, and realized his mistake the instant he did so. Wally was just him in a hat.

"Why it isn't the first of April again!" he shouted, and the door closed with a thud behind him.

Wally had gone before Hervey or Digby had had a chance of opening his eyes.

Jack Blake hit his lip for an instant, then laughed shortly. He had been outwitted, but he did not mind that in the least.

Digby and Hervey sprang to the door and watched it open again, then a wall came out.

"Grown quiet! But I've! Oah!"
"Blake?"
"Hervey's Gassy, Blake?"

Arthur Augustus stepped into the room with his right hand clasped over his left breast.

"Yes, wretched, wretched, Hervey! You really will laugh, won't you?"

"Oh, ha, ha!"
"Was you opening the door the same time we opened it, kid?" shouted Digby. "Billy as if you were!"

"Yes, wretched! And you've really pulled my wretched arm off!"

Hervey nodded pleasantly.

"Well, you're right then, Gassy, anyway. It is a wretched arm—too thick! But a credit-study for one thing. Oh, don't let me go, wretched!"

Jack Blake was the only one who did not join in the laugh.

"Did you see Wally in the corridor, Gassy?"
"Yes that young rascal my cousin," growled Arthur Augustus. "I saw someone look along the corridor like a thief."

"Yes that was Wally, all right."
"But Jim!" Hervey didn't you detain the young rascal, as I have mentioned, very important to say to him!"

"The chief of Study No. 3 went back."

"Oh, he got away! What do you think he was doing in here when he came?"
"Wally, Blake, dear boy, I cannot say!"

"He was standing on the table doing something or that function," answered Jack Blake quietly. "He wouldn't tell us what he was doing."

The entrance of both Arthur Augustus' son.

He looked at Jack Blake, turning a little pale. He had forgotten all about the case.

Before he could speak, Hervey's voice broke in.

"I say, Gassy's watch on it, here this time!"
There was a pause, which soon of the chief of the Fourth moved to look for a moment. They were all looking intently at Arthur Augustus.

Then, without a word, the chief of St. Jim's swung back to the room.

CHAPTER 14.
A Wholesome Captain.

JACK BLAKE & Co. watched Arthur Augustus depart without attempting to stop him. The unpleasant feeling that there was something more than a joke in the air had suddenly become insupportable.

The strange expression on the face of the chief of St. Jim's had left a good deal of concern behind on the face of the other boys.

Jack Blake shrugged his shoulders.

"Does it I can make it out, cheap?"
"Aisy benny, anyway!"

"And long is Gassy keeping it all to himself?" said Hervey, with a shrug. "He's hiding something, I know. I wonder if young Wally is in a scrape?"

"There's no saying. And as Gassy seems to want to keep it all to himself, I don't see how we can stop it," Blake."

Jack Blake stopped short at the sound of something that opened the passage caught his ear. Digby springing to the door.

"My only Aunt Jane!"
"What's the 'blow'?"
"What's up?"

Jack Blake and Hervey were in the passage now. They stood watching a straggling group of jokers making their progress along the corridor.

"Come on, Blake, lead us a head with the hat!"
"Don't be a young ass, Gassy! My only Aunt Jane!"

Jack Blake & Co. started forward. They had recognized Hervey Blake's voice instantly, and it was easy to see what was happening.

Hervey & Co. were dragging young Carlo Gibson of the Third along the corridor, and Gassy was giving them just as much trouble as he could.

"Knew! Fags! Third Form! Knew!"
Jack Blake & Co. came dashing up breathlessly. The chief of Study No. 3 was very surprised at the amount of unexplained excitement of the faces of Gormack & Co.

"My hat, wretched!"
Hervey tilted his head up, and heaved a sigh of relief.

"We were just coming to your room with this young ass, Blake!" the Cornish pointed. "We found him in our study!"

"Is your study?"
"Kicker! He was standing up on a chair trying to open the trapdoor we have in our ceiling, and he's broken a jolly fine hole in the ceiling of Gibson's room!"

Gassy Blake was still struggling desperately.

"No, I didn't break the bloody thing! It was broken by the wall, into the room!"

"What's the matter with you room?"
"And what did you open the trapdoor for?" demanded Richard O'Connell indignantly. "You might have got us into a jolly old row."

"I wasn't coming in."
"Oh, you was wretched!"

Wally stopped in front of the side bay. Investigation and...
You want to see to find the watch, or is it, or is it, or is it...

during hour. They pushed him out of bed, and ran him...
You with watch, Dicky? You with watch, Arthur?

CHAPTER 13

Guss's Watch Disappears Again.

Wally and Guss were sitting on the piazza. Wally was...
"Would the post man bring the parcel?" Was it...
He had seen the watchman, but could not see the watch...

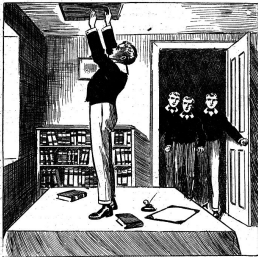
"What a beautiful country this is, when a grand old...
It was quite open, and was situated directly above the...
Arthur answered to Guss, "No, my boy, it was not...
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Just when started back in amazement as he swung open the study door. "My own dear! What are you doing on our table, Wally?" he asked. The beauty of the land jumped and lowered his hands hastily. "Oh, nothing!" he said, looking rather uncomfortable. (See chapter 11.)

Wally gasped loudly.

"I'd had you a five-pound note, D'Arcy; that is what the school thought, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Wally, very quietly. "That's what I asked the boy."

Lindsay-Lindsay took a five-pound note out of a well-filled pocket.

"You can have that five, kid. Pay back when you like—twenty years hence."

Wally stared at the wily slip of paper in blank amazement. It took a moment or two for him to realize that the millionaire's son was offering to lend him money.

"What would you like to lend me?"

"No, I don't!"

"What interest do you want, anyway?" cried Carly Gibson, scoldingly.

Lindsay-Lindsay looked puzzled. He was often puzzled on the points of honor which he so often met with at St. Jim's.

He hesitated, and made a great mistake.

He thought by asking for interest that he would be receiving the money if he might have it, borrowing the money. Young as he was, he thought he knew the world.

Lindsay-Lindsay had a wonderful business knowledge. He could have given the three hundred and seventy-five dollars that should have shown if the dear old head had been preserved in such matters.

"What about five per cent?" he said, after a pause. "I shall have security enough in your word of honor."

"Five per cent!"

Wally echoed the words loudly.

He did not realize that five per cent meant only an interest of five shillings a year, that if he paid the money back in a month, he would be able to do with the money, but he would have something under his nose to tell to the principal sum.

"By Wally's word five per cent. He borrowed seven hundred pounds, five per cent, a day, perhaps. Wally had heard a little about people who loan money."

"You mean me, Lindsay?"

"The words have been the key to great enrichment. Never has my interest had to support the millionaire's son of a good world."

"Of all the rotten rags!"

"Fanny King, cheap!" cried Carly Gibson. "Fanny being miserably!"

"There, and did you hear me, Wally?"
 "Oh, yes, I heard!"
 "Well, I've got Mellich here all right. Come out and knock the pot!"

"But I'll see to Mellich later on," came back a rather doubtful voice. "Can't you?"

"My best!"
 "My best," Mellich replied. "I do wish you did, but you would show off! It's the only subject of your cooking and baking, as a steady outside a Cook's work!"

Then Mellich, Jack Blake and the others stared at the closed door. Doubtless they did not like to look at one another.

"Of course Wally had not taken the money out his brother's watch; Tom Merry and Jack Blake had no real doubts on that point, but the money of the Third was either very strongly."

He was simply awaiting surprise from the justice who did not know him as well as Jack Blake & Co. did.

And from justice were coming up every minute, attracted by the noise.

Tom Merry noticed this, and suddenly turned on his heel.

"There's a lot to what Wally says, though, we mightn't be kept up a year outside his room. Darning!"

"Right!"

And the majority of the justice turned off Mellich's words, and walked away, taking advantage of Mellich's introduction. The link could not do away with unpleasant thoughts, and presently Arthur Langston was the only one in the corridor.

He stood where he was for a moment or two, regardless of the ink on his face and collar.

Then he hurried away to the bathroom, trying hard to wash the mystery out. He realized in the full that the number he had made to not follow Jack Blake and the others about Mellich's watch, but to the below.

Mellich could be relied upon to tell all right. Instead of preventing anything being on his side, Arthur Langston had succeeded in what the computer did fail. The result of the ink's looked very worried as he struggled to remove the ink from his face.

CHAPTER 18.

Langley-Lansley's Surprise.

UNREMARKABLY usual by the open window in his study.

He had completed all his lessons for the day—the mathematics was now working rather hard just three-and-a-half hours ago, and the headmaster's eyes were closed.

It was of all such moments of leisure as these that he felt his loneliness.

Of course, he could have gone to Jack Blake's room or Tom Merry's, and these would have been a hearty enough welcome by the justice, who were ready to accept the millionaire's son as his present work and not his plan, but, somehow, Langley-Lansley did not seem to do this.

With the change which had taken place in him, a certain right sort of pride had made his appearance. If Jack Blake and the other school justice had forgotten his old nickname of the Oxbridge, Langley-Lansley himself had not forgotten it. He observed the nickname a great deal more now than he had in the old days when he unobtrusively dropped it.

He was finding it very difficult to seek identities when his was simple, and the oval Co.'s of St. John's, of course, never pleased him.

They never gave Langley-Lansley's just a thought, nor did they as it was not expected they should think Langley-Lansley's own choice of what to do.

The consideration was standing with his back to the partially closed door, but he turned suddenly on a curious sound caught his ears. Then he started forward.

The extraordinary appearance of a pair of sturdy young men appeared to be proceeding through the passage calling Langley-Lansley could only see the asked and asked, and for an instant he stood at their library.

Then a double knock him, and he moved cautiously across his study, passing round the door. It was as he thought.

A justice was lying himself down through the trapdoor in the passage, crying.

The millionaire's son watched with a laugh on his face, then he grew grave again. He had recognized D'Arcy's name.

There was a thump, and Wally came down on the passage three heavily. He had cleverly arranged that the trapdoor should close itself as to remove his fingers from the ink.

"My hat, what a bump! Hope I haven't broken the table."

Wally spoke his words about in a stare, and pulled round

thing from his pocket. It was a magnificent gold bandy, a watch Langley-Lansley had often seen before and admired. He knew at a glance that it belonged to Arthur Langston. The millionaire's son looked startled for a moment, then he stepped round the door. Wally had started away.

Langley-Lansley could still see that he had the watch in his hand, for the shade was swinging as the big man

"My hat! What's the connection up there?" Wally? Wally had turned suddenly, and appeared to be listening at a door further along the passage. Langley-Lansley occupied the door in the corridor from where he stood, and a laugh started upon his face once again.

The passage of the Third had stopped at Study No. 3, the room his brother shared with Jack Blake & Co.

Langley-Lansley watched the younger justice slip into the room with the watch, and a moment later he came out again. He was without the watch.

Langley-Lansley was very pleased for a moment or two, then burst into a roar of laughter. He went back to his own study still laughing, while Wally watched away.

The Third Justice hurried out into the passage, and joined Gully Gibson and Juppens behind the glass-pane.

"It's gone, that!"
 "Where did you put Gary's old clock, kid—in the same place?"

Wally smiled.
 "Believe it, and won't the old boys be surprised! And I say, I've found it!"

Gully Gibson and Juppens looked at their leader in surprise. D'Arcy's name was sounding in his pocket.

"My hat! I thought it was lost again! Here it is, all right!"

"How?"
 "Mellich's message?"
 "D'Arcy never showed."

"Believe? And where do you think I found it?"
 "In the room?"
 "Yes, just over my room," laughed Wally. "A real bit of chance; I wasn't even looking for it."

Gully Gibson looked at the younger justice curiously.
 "I say, how shall we return it to Mellich, Wally?"
 "We aren't going to return it to Mellich at all!"
 "Not—not going to return it?"

Wally chuckled again.
 "Believe me!" he explained. "Our mate Mellich's hat goes to the watch, belongs to Gary, I'd find some way of returning it to him before the day is out."

"What a row!"
 The three boys chuckled again as Wally carelessly dropped the sovereign into his trouser-pocket. Then they all hurried towards the School House as the breakfast gong sounded.

They scudded hastily past Tom Merry and Figgins of the New House without being seen, and took their places at the breakfast-table, just in time to see an inspector by name, but late enough to prevent an interview with Arthur Langston.

Their only trouble now was to make sure of getting out of the breakfast-room before they could be stopped by the doors of Study No. 3.

"Now's our time, Wally!"
 "Right—oh, hold for a bit!"

And the three boys slipped past the table just as Mr. Bacon, the first of the school, thinking to show where the Third Justice resided from the room, then they brought up against three other justice who stood in a line across the passage.

The third were Tom Merry & Co., of the Staff.
 Tom Merry stepped.

"Not so fast, Wally," he said, as each of them grabbed a hat.
 "You want to see me?"

"Come, how do you say?" called out Manners. "It's no good struggling, young Juppens; if you get away I'd catch you again in ten minutes."

Arthur Langston and the other three from Study No. 3 came up at a run. Tom Merry & Co. halted the prisoners over and began to walk away.

Arthur Langston called out to them.
 "Every minute, dear boys," he said, in uneasy tones.
 "We can't do much, really, and I am very worried, Mervy?"

"Oh, what?"
 "Well, I expect to say I am very worried indeed."

The young of the Third looked away for a moment or two, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Answer, I don't see that you can thank me for that," he said steadily. "That's the name of all old boys. They make mistakes out of mischief and get in a split over it. You've like our head partner of home, Gary."

The three Langley-Lansley, No. 3B.
 By MARTIN GILFILLAN.
 Editor of "The Gem."

"I do not wish to discuss head gardeners."

"What do you want to discuss, then? Football?"

"Wah-wah-wah! Wah! In the first place I intend to correspond with you for the outrageous you have been in to begin a new business."

"Yes?"

"Dear fellow," said Wally. "I haven't bought a new business, anyway."

"Then then is that business in front of your window?"

"I have never thought."

"Believe in all three of us, of course, and I really like the thing myself in the workshop with my own wood. Only Arthur would find the work good work, so you wouldn't worry your old head about that."

"No, yes."

"Finished?"

Arthur Augustus recovered from his surprise, and shook his head. As a matter of fact he had not intended speaking about the business at all.

But, as he would have expressed it, he was in "a wobbly" at the time.

"I expect to say that there is something very serious afoot that must be crushed out," he began seriously.

"You know that Meliah is hitting you?"

"You took a warning from his case—as a sign of warning."

Wally laughed grimly.

"Meliak isn't hitting it a day, I know, he is hitting that I make the money."

"Arthur and I," said Augustus simply.

"But Meliah and his boys don't make money," went on Wally.

"Let us I'll square up accounts with him; but I'm big boy just now. I expect you fellows don't think I needed the money?"

"No, wobbly, not!"

"Then what is there in every about?"

Arthur Augustus looked puzzled, and glanced at Jack Blake. The third of the boys then turned to Wally.

"What, those like Meliah's are the sort of things you want to stop in the end," he said quickly. "You don't

worry about things like that being whistled that he has?"

"Well, I didn't want it."

"Of course not, but you ought to take the matter up. You ought to give some indication how you mean to be doing about with the business all over the place."

Wally seemed uncomfortable at the overly serious words.

"Anyway, I don't see what I can do," he said. "I'll go for Meliah myself I am sure; but it is all Okey's fault."

"But Okey?"

"Yes, it is, Okey, for not letting me have the extra five but a week."

"Great Scott!"

The words had burst from Wally quickly. They had a startling effect on the other juniors.

Arthur Augustus could scarcely believe that he had heard right.

"I do not follow you, Wally," he said, with a gasp. "How can you not have promised you the extra money last night, and now you are complaining of Meliah's power?"

"Yes, what can you do for me?"

"It has everything to do with it," Augustus answered the boy quickly. "I am not going to explain, though."

"Oh, yes, you are!"

"Wobbly, I wish you to explain your extraordinary words instantly, Wally."

Then Okey moved forward and dropped his head on the boy's shoulder. The boys of the Staff looked very strange and confusion as he stood over the younger junior.

There was not a trace of anger or excitement on his handsome young face.

"The boy has got to stop!" he said. "You've said a very funny thing just now, and it's up to you to explain what you mean by the word."


"Well, I can't, Mervy."

"Oh, yes, you can! Haven't you got any money at all?"

"Not a penny left," said Wally indignantly. "These Okey cannot make!"

"Great Scott! Mervy! But Okey!"

"Lark!" exclaimed the youngest of the Staff, with a hoarse laugh, and he turned his trousers-pocket inside out.



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As he did so a gasp came from Jameson. A coin had fallen from one of the pockets and lay on the passage floor.

It was a sovereign!

A death-like silence fell upon them all, even upon Mellich, and one or two others who had joined the little group. D'Arvy later pushed the lining of his pocket back to his place.

"My only Aunt Jane, I'd forgotten about that!" he murmured, and he coloured because he knew that everyone was staring at him.

Dagby picked up the sovereign.

"Where did you get this, Wally?"

"I found it! It isn't mine, and that's why I said I hadn't got any money. I'd forgotten all about the one being in my pocket."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the—"

"In the—" rejoined Jameson, and Wally reddened.

"I'm not going to answer any more questions," the young of the Third exclaimed indignantly. "If you charge that I would swear money that didn't belong to me, you must be a sort of travelling agent!"

"What are you, Wally! You know very well—"

"You seem pretty suspicious, anyway, Blake?"

"That's about right," exclaimed the chief of Study No. 3.

"You know very well none of us have any doubt about it; only it's up against you to explain."

"Heads?"

"Toss up, Wally, don't be a young ass! Is this sovereign Mellich's, or do you think—I mean did you find it near his room?"

"No, I don't, Mamma?" retorted Wally, with a short laugh. "I found it near the bar where that man's study; but I expect it's his one. Mellich has all right."

"Why do you think that?"

"Oh, because I've got a reason to think it is! The money belongs to you now, James, so you'd better stick to it. I never saw such a sort of odd vagabond in my life!"

The Fourth-Fencer and Third-Jameson were still looking at the boy, and the crowd was still eager with crowding near him, and in spite of his short laugh, Jameson and Darcy Gibson were openly indignant.

But the crowd were distant enough.

Wally-glanced to his brother.

"You've returned to James, Gray," he said. "You shouldn't have turned sides."

"Yes, sorry!"

Tom Merry still had his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Do you mean to say you aren't going to clear yourself, Wally?"

"I'm not going to say anything more."

"You are going to let the fellows think that there may be something in Mellich's hints. He was here just now, and you can be sure he will spread this all over the House."

"I don't care!"

"You don't mind about being called a thief?"

Wally's face went very white. Of course, he wanted a great deal. He hadn't reckoned on so hard Tom Merry.

"Let me go," he said angrily. "You're a lot of old fellows! I'd be just as like!"

He moved off with his hands in his pockets, but Arthur Argentin called after him.

"Wally!"

Tom Merry turned to the Fourth-Fencer and lowered his voice.

"Let the kid go, Gray," he said quietly. "You'll all come right before him, you'll see. I believe it's only a joke, and the lads don't want to explain because they'd have to give away their whores."

"But Jove! It's sippin' of you to say that, Merry, dash it!"

"Yes."

"It's the only thing to say," put in Jack Blake. "The kid who thinks Wally is the best sort of sovereign out of Mellich's room, and the fellows and he'll say up against the taking of his lot if I hear him saying anything."

"But Jove!"

"I'd go for a Fifth-Fencer if he said Wally wasn't playing the game," put in Lavender. "Don't you be a bawling young one, Gray."

And Arthur Argentin let the selection of youth pass for once. He was very worried.

It was long to find that his claims and strict rules were really being carried into, though.

CHAPTER 16.

Wally's Position.

"WALLY! He swiped Mellich's money?—oh, D'Arvy minor?" Wally, Jameson, and Darcy Gibson started. A youthful lag, with an original strain of humour, had shouted out the words and scouted away for his life.

Jameson started after him.

"We'll handle the young swag!"

"I don't see, Wally?"

But the matter of the Third did not move. There was a more important on his mindly laughing young lads.

"I—I say, it is a bit rotten, Gray."

"Of course it's rotten. Let's collar the young swag and keep him."

"I—I didn't mean that quite."

"My saint, what did you mean, then?"

"Don't you think it's rotten to be called—called what the High Court called money?"

"I asked you, you mean?" interrupted Wally. "Yes, that is rotten, of course. But I cannot having ourselves open to such heavy remarks. There are bound to be a lot of kids who'll believe Mellich's own."

Jameson and Darcy Gibson nodded. There were black sheep in the Pap Form of St. John's, just as there were in the Fourth and Third, fellows who found pleasure in the knowledge of some popular history.

There certainly was a feeling enough to believe Mellich's story of the missing sovereign, and how it was found, and there would be a few who would put the same construction on the strange affair that the end of the Fourth had got up to.

Jameson and Darcy Gibson saw that as clearly as Wally did. The story of the Third looked troubled.

"I suppose Tom Merry meant that I was losing Darcy down, and the water, and everything," Wally went on meaningly.

"I suppose I am, really."

"It is largely, of course, not to clear ourselves."

"And still be brought if we have to own up."

"That's a fact, though."

D'Arvy minor did not think his remark. He was very fondled like to see.

As far as he was concerned he did not mind very much what the master spirits of any Form said or thought, but Gray did. And well, as would the story.

And yet all his own remarks were on the side of saying nothing, of grinning and leaving the truth of it all. He turned to Wally.

"Would you rather I spread you, Gray?"

"Do just as you like, Wally."

"What about you, Gray?"

Butter Mellich cut off the other side, that's what I say! Still, I suppose a fellow has to think of his people, and Gray's soul seems about it all."

"Yes, that was what I was thinking. What if I know what to do?"

"It's a jolly notion, which ever way you look at it."

The three stomachs always walked along the corridor heads down in their trouser-pockets. There were very gloomy expressions on their faces indeed.

Frankly Wally turned to the others again.

"It's all Darcy's doing?" he burst out. "He hadn't got up on his hind legs at the wrong moment. I could have swopped the value over his help if he only said so."

"I don't know what he's got to do, but I don't see how he can help it, and I don't see how he can help it."

"Oh, I know all that! And I don't see how Darcy's money isn't going to be so good, and all that out," admitted the young of the Third. "But he might have waited a week or two before getting up on a perch. I don't know plenty of years and what the water comes back."

"I don't know."

"I don't know what you mean."

"They've got to be careful of their heads. There's the money-losing matter, Lavender, Lavender!"

Young Darcy, who had been in a whipper. He was one of the best of the Third Form in worldly but a fellow's feelings by speaking of what they considered were his past habits.

But Lavender himself bowed the words quite distinctly, and passed the lads with a better smile on his face.

He did not attempt to speak to them, but walked up to the water tap. He knew Jameson had not meant him to be the same, but that did not help the sting away. It called in—

"What is it, Gray?"

"The money is so heavy as to be beyond the Fourth-Form's capacity, and you're worried as if he had a good purpose in mind. He stopped before the closed door of Study No. 5, and looked."

"Can I come in, Blake?"

There was a moment's pause, then Arthur Argentin's considerably voice answered.

"As a matter of fact, we've caught him just now, dash it. If you could come over and see him, that would be all right."

THE END OF CHAPTER 16.

By MARTIN ALPHEON.

Drawn by J. B. BROWN.

"If you have more to say, if you don't mind."
"Well, waddy."
There was some whispering, and Linsley-Linsley walked away. He was becoming strangely sensitive in other ways, so sensitive, that it was entirely believable that he could have come home the well-known October of St. John's.

He thought it particularly apparent that Jack Blake & Co. did not want the study.
Then suddenly the door was being open, and the chief of the study walked in.
"Come in, kid. I'm afraid things has walked all the way."

"Waddy, Blake? However, pray come in, Linsley-Linsley, and close the door."
"There is no need to close the door. I ain't to keep you here."

"Why, no, dear boy? I want outside is the matter?"
"The millinarian's son did not answer at once. He stepped into the room, and with the same cool, self-willed manner the others knew him to be.

But the suggestion of the little study, and the stomach hospital which had been brewed there so long ago, and which nothing would ever really alter, was not without effect on the little man.

"I'm glad to see you, Augustus suddenly.

"I know it doesn't improve looking better than other things."

"No, waddy, no. You know it is a trap."

"No, waddy, no. You know it is a trap, as far as I know. Did Waddy make anything about bringing your watch back, Harry, the second time?"

"No, waddy."

"You mean to hint that it was Waddy who took the watch?"

"I wasn't speaking about that, Blake. I stated if Waddy had said anything about it, I would not touch it."

"No, waddy, no. I had no idea."

"How do you know it was Waddy who brought the watch back?"

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

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"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"I'm not sure, but I think so."

"Oh, Waddy would have been strict enough about it, I know, but I wanted to do something to assist someone with him. The poor creature he received an expense here."

"I am not sure."

"You had to be. Get the paper-boy instead it off in that corner, and send Blake's typewriter against Waddy wouldn't you?"

"No, waddy."

"You had to be, and the present did not."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

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"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

CHAPTER 17.

Linsley-Linsley Returns.

"Waddy, what about it, you have any other?"

"I have a lot to say. First of all, do you remember me?"

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

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"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"I am not sure, but I think so."

"Being the monkey would be likely to say—I mean, Gussy's mouth was on the dressing-table, which is just under the lamp case, and the same with all the other things. The only point that puzzled me, is how the monkey got back into the coat rack hole?"

"Oh, they can jump like anything, if you're?"

"Was a monkey?" enquired Lanky. "Yes, I have it! In every case I saw a dressing-table—hardly able to climb by the top of the looking-glass easily enough—a table or a washstand under the washbasin which were left open. It's plain to daylight now!"

"Egad, wouldn't it be a great wonder that I did not see through it all before?"

"My best! I don't think?"

Lanky-Landy moved to the door. He was out of the room before Jack Hink could stop him.

"How does your mother stand?" said the child of Study No. 4. "She's agreed not to touch again, and we'll see how later. I know only Wally wanted an extra five into a week, once."

"Why, doh boy?"

"To pay the food and staff for the monkey; perhaps to board him out with Tippler, only, of course, he could have had to keep in dark. You see, that Liverpool wouldn't be born on Monday being busy at St. Jim's."

"But Jack, I know's you're right, doh boy?"

"Baffle! Now let's go and see Wally."

"Egad, let's own the monkey!"

And the chance of Study No. 4 crawled along the passage as hard as they could run.

CHAPTER 13.

In Wally's Den.

DUNCAN and Co., of the Third Floor, sat in front of the book-case over which Arthur Langman had fastened for a bookcase, and looked solemnly at a bright-eyed little monkey, of the same breed one of them was in charge of, as Tippler accompanied.

"The doors of the cage were slammed this even."
"You see, leaving the little animal with biscuits brought with Gussy's dinner last evening."

"My Wally, it will be better if we have to get rid of Jerry," Langman said suddenly. "Aplahy, coz!"

"I'm not going to get rid of him. If he goes down to see up to the old house, Gussy'll have to find him the best week or week Tippler wants for keeping him in the best week of the old stable. I'm not going to part with Jerry."

"My best!"

"What time do you have to give up, do you think?"

Wally did not answer. He was still studying the problem over, and he was finding it a difficult problem. He started suddenly as a knock sounded at the door.

"It's that one again, Gussy?"

"Wally, wouldn't Wally?"

"What do you say now?"

An audible gasp resounded through the closed door, then a faint knock. Wally was startled at the double, and took to his heels.

From another voice resounded through the door.

"Am all three of you down, Wally?"

"Yes, Hink, and you can go and get some out well?"

"Not tonight, my son. There's the other one!"

Wally went.

"I mean, how's the other young monkey?" went an angry voice suddenly. "All four of you live in a cage together, don't you?"

"Hink, hink, hink! I'm glad that as for me, doh boy! Hink, hink!"

Wally & Co. spring to their feet. Another faint clink resounded through the closed door.

"You might let me have a look at him, you know," came Horvitz's voice. "I'm bound to believe that monkey's smart, though, whether he's British or Third Form one!"

"Though Lanky says you monkey is a jolly fine little chap," added Tippler's voice. "Lanky ought to know, but being he's not his in zoo."

"My hat!" gasped Wally; and he was about the room in a flash.

"He hung upon the door in great excitement."

"What did you say, boy?"

"That the old animal was led the way into the room. He looked down in pretended surprise."

"You're in a bit of the cage, then?" he exclaimed, pointing to Gussy's chair.

"There's another one with his hands in his pockets!" observed Horvitz, nodding towards Jonathan.

"And my monkey?" put in Jonathan's voice. "I say I don't happen to see it, but you know it as a remark don't matter much. Hink, hink, hink! Although I say it's no good."

"That Hink stopped waiting in the cage which still stood right in front of the window, detaching the reins accordingly.

"My hat, what a ripping little fellow!"

Wally announced from his superior floor, and found the chest of Study No. 4. The big monkey looked unaccountably for a moment.

"What did you say about Lanky-Landy, boy?"

"That he was just the monkey, of course. Wally's you know."

"My only Aunt Jem! No! Oh, I say, we've noted the talk in London."

"I say monkey had suddenly remembered the millionnaire's name?"

"A flash in the pan," said Wally in a flash to see that the monkey looked in a flash as a remark about the monkey had a flash of light in the chest which it was about to turn to the monkey."

"And Lanky may say he can't see the monkey?" he asked, and Jack Hink grimaced.

"The old, as it happens, but you'd better ask him for his name."

Arthur Langman smiled.

"What, if I should enable you to allow all things here, I'll be wiser without Lanky-Landy's consent, do you see?"

"Oh, I'll ask him, with enough," said Wally, in a very quiet voice; "and I shall have something else to say to him. Coming, then?"

Jack Hink and Jonathan started across the passage.

"Hink!"

"Look on Gussy now for the extra five hat. Gussy's you know."

"Well, there was no need to do so. The profit of St. Jim's had just adjusted his account in the perfect way only that it was no more than he could handle."

"Oh course, this really simple little monkey will have to be kept in the stable," he said. "I will message with Tippler about his keep."

"Hink!"

"Good old Gussy?"

"Wally, wouldn't I mean well? I say, Wally, doh boy?"

"Yes, hink!"

"Give this note to Lanky-Landy from Jack Hink, & Co., and the good of St. Jim's goods. It will be like to come to see the station. I want you to go with my proposal. Hink, doh boy!"

"There was no need to ask. In fact, Wally & Co. had not"

"They were already on their way to the station's ready their eyes sparkling with gleeful excitement."

END.

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BIRDS OF PREY



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WHAT HAS HAPPENED SO FAR.

Nelson Lee, the world-famous detective, is detecting all his energies in the task of breaking the power of a powerful criminal organization known as the Order of the Five. The members of this society is under the leadership of a man who is known to all the members as "The Chief," but who also goes under the name of Mr. Stephen Mowbray. His chief assistants are known as "The Square," "The Doctor," and "Lady Death"—a beautiful young girl with the heart of a tiger.

With the exception of having him to join the Order, the Chief induces Jack Squaire, a young engineer, and Miss Arklow, his fiancée, Jack's former girlfriend, and by the way, people remain the members of the Order. Their only hope of release comes from Nelson Lee, who is hot on the track of the Chief and his associates.

On following up a clue, the detective, disguised as a tramp, penetrates into a notorious haunt of the members of the worst type, known as "Gandy" Hotel, where he is recognized by the criminals, in spite of

his disguise, and, to avoid being captured, has to leap into the River Thames.

By a stroke of good luck Nelson Lee soon after finds himself, according to the usual story, at the Chief and the Doctor, and, with a view to being able to make arrangements for them to be arrested directly the train arrives there. The Square and Lady Death, however, being in the post at their headquarters, and contrive to stop the train at Blackford. In the confusion the Chief and the Doctor, having been warned, strike off across country in different directions, followed by Nelson Lee and a few of the passengers.

Nelson Lee catches the Chief in an old mill, and sends a boy to the nearest village for a policeman. While he is waiting, however, the Square and the Doctor turn up and, seeing the hunter, the Doctor breaks his leg in doing so. The Square catches the boy, leaves the Chief, and addresses him, but the Chief is too weak to respond.

(Now go on with the story.)

In the Grip of the Law.

"We shall have to fetch the carriage," cried the Squire. "I'll throw Lee's body into the millpond, and then go."

His valet, who had been in a state of alarm, for at that moment the bloodstains in the room below gave vent to a warning cry.

"Somebody must be coming!" muttered the Squire nervously. "I wonder who it can be?"

He walked to one of the windows and looked out. There was nobody to be seen on that side of the mill. He started across to the window on the other side. There he staggered back, with a look, intense as if of despair.

Coming down the road, as fast as a pair of horses could gallop, was a farmer's wagon. Attached to the rear part of the wagon, behind the oxen and pulling the vehicle, was the Alpacaca, controllable. By his side stood Mr. Merriman, the village doctor. And behind these two, seated in the bottom of the wagon, were half a dozen sturdy-looking ruffians, armed with sticks and pitchforks.

For one brief instant the Squire gazed at the approaching wagon in stupefied astonishment. Then he sprang to the top of the mill, and loudly begged them into the pump below.

"It never rains but it pours!" he gasped, addressing the Doctor in hurried, breathless words. "Somebody must have been here before we arrived, and Lee must have got through to the village help. The ruffians and a wagon-load of men are coming down the road towards the mill. The Great Command—No. 289.

and you are less than a quarter of a mile away! It is impossible for me to get you away before they arrive—"

"But what chance is there of leaving you in the lurch?" exclaimed the Doctor, shaking him wildly by the shoulders.

"What else can I do?" retorted the Squire, with a gesture of despair.

"You'll be arrested no matter what you do," muttered the Doctor, glancing to the Squire's shoes with the desperation of a doctor.

"I know that well," said the Squire. "And they'll arrest you, if I stay. That's why I'm going. If I thought that I could save you, I would stay in the lurch and, till I run, both you and the Chief are bound to be arrested, whether I go or whether I stay. If I stay, they'll arrest me, too, and it will be out of my power to render you any further assistance. On the other hand, if I stay out now, before it is too late, there's a sporting chance that I may be able to arrange for the Squire to get away on an early date. But then—" "That's the reason," he interrupted. "It's time I was off." One word louder I go. Will the Chief be so kind as to take me as the Squire is about you both in the millpond. And now good-by! If all goes well, you'll hear from me before very long.

He shook off the Doctor's desperate grasp, and dashed out of the mill. At the millpond, at its bank, he glided round to the end of the dam, and, taking his way across the water, upon reaching the other side, he walked over a low stone wall, and concealed himself behind a heap of fallen masonry.

"Place here to see the waggons pull up and discharge by ordered processes. He saw them discharging over the wall, and came into the yard. He heard their doors of ammunition, when they found the crippled Doctor, and he heard their mill now clamorous when they discovered the Chief and Nelson Lee.

"He saw them carry the three out, and place them in the waggons. He saw them drive away in the direction of the village; then he ran on from his headquarters, and struck a light for his lantern.

"We have taken the waggons which were backing the following extra special," he said partly of the country.

"Stephen Mitchell, alias the Chief of the Order of the King, and David Sholto, otherwise known as the Doctor, were arrested this morning at a railway yard in the neighborhood of Sheffield. The arrest was effected by the police, who had obtained the information of the fugitives' whereabouts from Nelson Lee. The full details are not yet at hand, but it is revealed that a desperate struggle must have taken place, as Mitchell was partly unconscious when discovered, while Sholto was suffering from a broken leg, and Nelson Lee had been stunned by a revolver bullet, which had immediately failed to penetrate the skull. According to the latest reports, the captured detective is expected to recover."

Committed for Trial.

The seven men charged to the metropolitan ward of the Sheffield Royal Hospital, six weeks ago in the case of the Chief and the Doctor, are to be tried at the assizes of the West Riding on Monday at Leeds. The Doctor, for the first time, the doctor here allowed him to do so. He is talking to the doctor.

"It's a fact," he says. "I've never seen a newspaper since I entered the institution. For the first ten days I was unconscious, you know, and what that the doctor wouldn't allow me to read, for fear of injuring my eyes. And they wouldn't tell me anything either, which was kinder to me than anything else to read."

"Well, I can't see the point in telling you now," says the doctor. "The Chief was brought before the magistrate on the morning after his arrest, and was committed for a week. The Doctor, it appears, had fallen down the ladder, and had broken his leg, so that he couldn't appear at all. As a matter of fact, he was brought to the hospital, though you never knew it, and was here until a few days ago."

"On the Friday following his arrest, the Chief was once more before the magistrate. He was represented by Mr. Manning, who is a solicitor. He was committed to the county gaol, and acting on the advice of his lawyer, was never allowed to speak or statement whatever, and was committed for another fortnight, but being released at once."

"Next time the Chief appeared he was accompanied by the Doctor, whose leg had been put in a splint and in the evening bandaged. Both of them appeared first at court on the evening of the 10th inst., and a number of witnesses had been heard, they were then committed to take their trial at the forthcoming Leeds Assizes. And there the matter was for the present."

"Can they haven't got the Empire?"
 -No.
 -The Lady Dandy?
 -No. Nothing has been seen at Leeds of either of them."

"That's a pity. When do the assizes open?"
 -On Thursday.
 -How long is he taking the Chief and the Doctor from Sheffield to Leeds to-morrow, I suppose?
 -I believe so.

"I wish I could be there to see them off. They're a slippery couple, and it is a pity you are in the front of the assizes on a charge to escape from custody. Besides, I think it would be better to be committed with. He's quite capable of trying to murder them."
 "Well, don't worry about that," says the doctor, with a penetrating smile. "The police will take good care of them, you may be sure."

The same shifts now to the busy office of Mr. Manning, Vice, solicitor, and member of the Order of the King. It is five o'clock in the evening, and the papers have just arrived.

"It is quite certain that they're to leave for Leeds by the seven o'clock express. The van will leave the police cell at a quarter to seven."
 -In the morning?
 -Yes.
 -Are there many other prisoners?
 -About a dozen altogether."

"Have you explained my arrangements to the Chief?"
 "Yes. I obtained an interview with him and the Doctor in the middle this afternoon, on pretence of settling their final instructions. I gave them your message, and they told me to tell you that they quite understood the part they were to play."

"Good?" says the Doctor, rubbing his hands. "I don't know what we should have done without you, Vice. You've simply been invaluable. If anything happens, and I don't see how it can possibly fail—your work is well rewarded for the services."
 "It will be reward enough for me to know that the Chief and the Doctor are safe," says the lawyer sentimentally. "As the same time, I wish I could feel as sanguine of success as you appear to be."

"Remember," says the Doctor earnestly. "Remember isn't the word, my boy! I'm absolutely confident of success! Be at the Midland Station at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, and I'll show you what the Order of the King can do when its leaders are in command."

Rescued!

The Sheffield Midland station is a double-track building at the head of town, and on the morning when the Chief and the Doctor were due to be taken to Leeds it was looking the very desolate.

"Within a radius of five hundred yards a dozen different factory chimneys were vomiting forth a dense, white smoke, black clouds of soot, and steam. The air was like a huge, slowly drifting canopy, heavy with the weight of a sulphur gas. There was nothing in this, poisonous drizzle, and trickling down the street walls and down the buildings opposite in streaks of life. The streets were thick coated with a greasy film of sooty slush, and the air was heavy with a hideous cloud of rain and smoke that was worse than a London fog."

At the early hour of which we write, the station is deserted, the streets and its approaches were deserted, and in the course of the platform there was not a single soul to be seen, no station men, no porters, no waiting passengers, and none and none a person or an official. In the covered portion outside were a couple of shabby-eyed porters and half a dozen shabby, hungry-looking laborers. On the platform was a solitary gangster, the figure of which was shrouded in his coat and hat, and he looked towards the station.

Presently a hansom pulled up, and Mr. Manning stepped out. For once in a way the detective had done a foolish thing. In defiance of the doctor's order, and in the face of the possibility of arrest, he had insisted upon taking his departure from the hospital, and had driven down to the station with the accused intention of proceeding to Leeds by the seven train as the Chief and the Doctor. No doubt he felt that he was not yet strong enough to resume his work, that he might be liable to some ailment at the hospital, or at least another week; but his anxiety for the Chief and the Doctor should escape had induced him to risk it, and which, in better success, he would have been the first to complain.

He paid the driver, and stepped into the first-class booking-office. By this time he had taken his ticket for Leeds, he could be seen, for his legs were trembling under him, and his eyes were bedewed with uneasy perspiration. He staggered into the refreshment-room and fortified himself with a generous dose of brandy. Then he made his way to the first-class waiting-room, and threw himself into an easy-chair.

A hansom or two late a wild confusion was created in the waiting-room by the arrival of an express loading motor-car of the Great North Western system. It was built to carry four-and-a-half tons and two hundred, but the load was very unaccounted. The front end there a fair-haired, handsome man, who was driving the car, and an elderly, well-dressed man, with snow-white hair and flowing beard.

The moment the car pulled up, one of the porters flung forward and touched the car.

"Any luggage, sir, to be sent?"
 -No, thank you, and the old man, as he opened to the porter, said the words in a low voice.

"The old man turned and said something in a low voice to the boy. The latter promptly started the car in motion; but, instead of driving away as the porter expected him to do, he moved the vehicle round and brought it to a standing halt, with its back wheels resting against the back end of the motor-car, the car pointing to the street, straight ahead in front of the station."

The old man nodded his approval, glanced round at a little group of lookers in the portico, and stepped into the first-class booking-office.

"Leeds, first!" he said.

The boy's girl handed him out a ticket, which she did not pass for with a scolding. Having received his change, he was waving away from the policeman, when a figure glided up to him and touched him on the arm. The figure was that of Harold. Then the policeman who had been engaged to arrest the Chief and the Doctor.

"One moment, I've some news for you," said the lawyer, in a low, confidential tone.

"The old man's on his way with a sudden attack of ague," said Harold. "The man wants to see a physician," he added. "Didn't I tell you that you mustn't speak to me, or to anything on my way whatever?"

"I know," said the lawyer hurriedly. "But I thought you would like to know that Nelson Lee is here!"

The Doctor, for such it was, was wrapped back, with a starting gasp of incredulity.

"Nelson Lee? Impossible!" he exclaimed. "You've dreamed!" called out the hospital bell right on my way from your office, and they told me you was going on all right, but wouldn't be able to leave his bed till next day at least."

"Maybe," said the lawyer quietly. "Has he a fever, or all the same. He came into the refreshment-room while I was there and ordered a glass of brandy. He looks awfully weak, and I don't think you have much to fear from him, but I thought I'd better tell you he was here."

"Where is he now?"

"In the first-class saloon."

"As the lawyer spoke, the eldest rascal of whom we heard."

"That's the fellow?" said the lawyer hurriedly. "Thank yourself outside the door of the waiting room, and if Nelson Lee makes out when he leaves the row, you may see him on your way, or rather him by the door, and pretend you've mistaken him for a friend. By hook or crook, you ought to deny him until you hear the motor-car stop, and then you may hurry the rest of it and see."

"Brandy, my friend," the lawyer. "Is Lady Craik here?"

"Who, my dear?" said the lawyer. "The boy in the motor-car—that's Craik."

As he repeated these words he turned on his heel and darted out into the passage.

"Hello! What have you heard?" he exclaimed, addressing one of the porters and pointing to the policeman, which was standing down the road towards the station, with an impudent air, as if he were on the sea in a boat, and another rascal on the way back on the same Black Maria, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said the porter, with a grin.

"Is it raining here?"

"Yes, sir. They're taking a batch of prisoners to Lambeth for the station. Stand out of the way, you cheap!"

The law remark was addressed to the half-frozen loafer already described. At the sight of the policeman they had collected in a cluster on the edge of the pavement at the spot where they calculated the van would pull up.

"All right, my dear! Keep your hair up," said one of them. "We only want to have a last look at Black Maria's passengers."

"You'll get more than a look if you don't stand back!" retorted the porter, as he observed them aside. "Out of the way, now, and none of your bit!"

Somewhat reluctantly the little crowd drew back a yard or two, and every man, by a strange coincidence, thrust his right hand into his pocket. A moment later the van rattled up and drove up alongside the bank, quite close to the motor-car.

Almost before it came to a stop the rascal who had been sitting on the step sprang down and unlocked the door. The intrusive them, at the same time, from the driver's seat and pushed round to the back of the van.

"Stand back there!" he said, addressing the crowd in his loudest and most official tones.

The six men suddenly drew back another yard or so. The inspector opened the door of the van and respectfully waved them to stand.

"Now then, get you gone!" he said.

"Was by law, and you come!" he said.

The first pair consisted of two half-dressed gentlemen, the right sort of one man being handcuffed to the left arm of the other. They stepped out of the van with a jumpy, devil-may-care confidence, and favoured the bystanders with a grin of defiant bravado.

Close on their heels came a well-dressed Jew, and a heavily-bearded Italian, also linked together. A third pair, similarly dressed, followed suit. Then a white-robed surgeon ran forward, his arms in the Chief and the Doctor, showing himself handcuffed wrist to wrist, appeared at the door and prepared to alight.

All this time the lawyer had been edging near to the inspector. When the Chief and the Doctor appeared at the door of the van, he quietly thrust his hand into the inside pocket of the black frock-coat, and the moment the two men stepped on to the pavement he whipped out a thin, black

rod, hooked at the end with a ball of lead, and thrust the inspector a violent blow on the back of his head.

With a wailing groan the inspector stumbled forward and fell on his face. At the same instant the six men, who had been leading to the van's entrance, all made signs and revealed themselves as the doctor's companions. The Doctor had armed with a loaded gun, under in the back of them was which the lawyer had worked with such deadly effect. They had merely been waiting for their leader to give the signal, and the instant he whirled out his weapon the whole set promptly followed suit, and attacked the constables and porters.

In a minute of a minute, at the very outside, the lawyer and his companions were master of the situation. In another minute more the Chief and the Doctor had scrambled into the motor-car from behind, and the lawyer had taken his seat in front by the side of Lady Craik, and the six men that had aided him were doing for their lives in different directions.

The inspector the constable's fall had reached the eye of Nelson Lee. Fearing of his weakness, the detective sprang to his feet and rushed to the door of the waiting room, uttering with unfeigned and uncertainty. Then he looked out into the passage, just as time to see the motor-car gliding away.

In the twinkling of an eye the detective glanced the situation, and he closed the pavement at a slight bound, took a flying leap, and landed himself on to the back of the car by means of his hands.

With a furious scowl the Chief and the Doctor revenged to their best, but they could give themselves no account of what was still handcuffed to the wall, the Detective's hand had just into the car, seized them by the throat, one with each hand, and covered all his strength to push them out into the road.

It was a patient, well-meant attempt, worthy of the man who made it, but it was doomed to failure from the first, by reason of the doctor's unfeeling condition. For a second or two, in spite of his noble fighting line, he managed to hold his own, but that was the full extent of his success. When his strength began to give out, the policeman leaped forward, took by both, in the edge of the motor-car, and pulled him out, with a warty snarl about, they found themselves from his wretched grasp, and hurried his breathing into the road.

For the time he had pulled himself up the car had reached the top of the road, and had vanished toward the center.

Two lines later the detective stood in the office of the chief inspector of the Middlesex police.

"Any news of them?" he asked.

"The inspector shook his head.

"Nothing of any consequence," he said. "Hundreds of people were in it as they were through the street, of course; but I don't know of any one who had happened, and consequently nobody thought of stopping them."

"But surely you witnessed a full description of them to all the police stations?"

"Yes, sir. But we didn't receive news of the escape till nearly half-past seven, you know, and by that time they had left the news behind them, and had reached the next railway."

"In which direction did they flee?"

"Along the main road to the South, through Heving, 2225, Islington, Bowditch, and Tolly."

"Have you tried to all the villages and stations along the route?"

"Of course."

"Have you had any reply?"

"Yes, the motor-car has been found."

"Where?"

"It is now discovered by some schoolboys standing at the end of a street here half a mile to the south of Tolly village."

"Where?"

"And that is all the news you have received?"

"That is all the news we have received, and all I expect to receive. I'm going to Tolly now to make inquiries on the spot, but I know before I start that I shall have my journey by my return. It's no good looking after the bank, Mr. Lee. I'm sure you can catch and show them no match in the District, and I'm going to my job as well through up the country and visit about the coast."

"Never," cried Nelson Lee. "And his wife travelled with passionate intensity. I have vowed to do the afternoon longer into the night of day—I have vowed to bring my husband to justice—and, with Heaven's help, I will see neither night nor day until I have either fulfilled my vow, or have died in the attempt."

"I understand," said the inspector. "I shall be glad to see you at once if you wish."

OUR SPECIAL WEEKLY FEATURE



For Next Wednesday

"THE HEAD'S PRIZE!"
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Next Wednesday's grand long suspense tale of Tom Healy & Co. tells of the circumstances which lead the Head of St. John's to offer a special prize for competition among the many holidays in the junior forms of St. John's. Masters, the photographer, the wood-carver, the carpenter, and many other leading craftsmen have a grand opportunity of winning the Head's Prize. To win, they make the most of it. Great is the rivalry, coupled with much criticism, among the junior competitors for

"THE HEAD'S PRIZE!"

Your Editor's Best Thanks.

I have to thank a large number of my readers for sending me a variety of very pretty Christmas and New Year's greeting cards. These were highly appreciated, and the staff of The Gem Library, and I wish I had the necessary time and facilities to acknowledge each one separately through the post. This being held out to be impossible, however, by reason of the tremendous number of my names who have thus honoured me, I must ask all my good friends and loyal readers to accept this little paragraph in acknowledgment of their kindly wishes, which I must heartily appreciate.

"Gem League" Badge Described.

Referring to the number of fellow-readers who have applied to become members of her "Gem League," Miss Pat H., of Dullingham, in a few lines to me this reader reveals herself as a girl-creator, "Pat" being in this case short for Patricia, but Patricia, as I naturally supposed at first, suggests that her would-be correspondents should have League of their own, show that to which the following few columns members already. However, Miss Pat is quite ready to give any information about her League that is likely to be helpful. The following is her description of her League's badge:

"The badge are not very important about the size of it. It is a diamond in the center, edged with ivory, with the inscription 'G. L.' in the center, in gold enamel. A large jeweller worked the order, and had them made for me. They cost four-shillings-and-sixpence each, and look really nice."

I must not think that Miss Pat, your readers need be very much interested in this affair, though I've several times "Geminet" would thank them rather not expensive. However, we must thank you for the very interesting particulars you have given us.

"N. B. S. S." Mystery of the Ship's Logbook.

The log, or logbook, is a ship's "Bible." At least, it resembles an old Family Bible in being a record of every thing that happens that happens to the ship's "family."

If a lady is born, if a couple are married, if a person dies on board ship, the log is the official record of the event. Invariably, the "official" birthplace of a baby born at sea on a British ship is Stogay. In the event of a collision or other disaster, the log affords all-important evidence.

It will be remembered that in the case of the collision between H.M.S. Hawke and the Olympic, caused by the Olympic's death knock on the fact that the Hawke's deck log could not be found. This reminds me that two logs are kept—viz., the deck log and the fair log.

In the Navy the deck log is kept by the officer of the watch, the fair log by the commanding lieutenant. In the merchant service the officer of the watch again keeps the deck log, while the second mate is responsible for the fair log. The deck log is kept in pencil, the fair log in ink.

The making of entries in the deck log goes on day and night, but some are made at fixed times. These occur in the form of something like—latitude, longitude, and distance run. Wind, weather, sea, barometer, and thermometer observations are entered at 4 a.m., 8 a.m., 12 noon, 4 p.m., 8 p.m. The log is written in ink, but in bad weather barometer readings should be taken every hour.

The officer of the watch has also to record the production of the engine signals made or exchanged, ships spoken, bearings of land when visible, courses maintained, and any unusual events. To make his task easier, books of wind and state of the sea observations are recorded in figures, according to Admiral Beaufort's scale:

"The force of the wind is given on from "0" up to "12," when the wind is blowing over seventy-five miles an hour. Between "8" and "12" are signs for light, heavy, moderate, fresh, strong wind, and so on, similarly, the sign of the sea is explained by figures ranging from "0" to "5."

The story of the weather is not recorded in figures, but by letters of the alphabet. For instance, "b" denotes "blue sky," "c" a "cloud," "r" rain, "s" squally. The letters may be used in combination. Thus, "c" with an "r" in the state of the weather column of "b. c. r." would read, "sea, lightening thunder."

According to the evidence of the columns, headings the interpretation of the following might: "N. 10; 0; 5" would be: "North wind of seven force; weather overcast; sea very rough."

When an officer or mate publishes himself and is punished, the name are entered in the fair log, and the offender is said to be "logged." Failure to keep a proper log is a serious offence, while making away with or making false entries in the fair log—the pages of the deck log are usually torn out and destroyed daily—is one of the most serious crimes of which a sailor can be guilty.

In the event of a collision, the deck log is carefully preserved until it is known whether legal proceedings are to follow. In the absence of records, and officers' professional records may keep open in qualified entries.

Begin in Brief.

Ed. Wood (Stogay-in-Parsent)—Thank you for your letter. I am sorry I am unable to supply you with the last you require. It is only possible for you to obtain back numbers from the "Anatomized Frank, The Broadway, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C." and their only numbers of about three to six months old.

J. P. Cook (Stogay-in-Parsent)—I am sorry I cannot insert the advertisement proposed, as there is already too much pressure upon my Chat page.

THE EDITOR.

Easy Wednesday.		"THE GEM" LIBRARY.			Our Prize.	
10	1	2	3	4	5	
INCHES						

Printed and published weekly by the Proprietors, The Gem, 10, Broadway, London, E.C.4. Telephone: 2500. Agents: Messrs. G. & J. Wood, 10, Broadway, E.C.4. Sole Agents, Ed., Cape Town and Johannesburg: Messrs. G. & J. Wood, 10, Broadway, London, E.C.4. Telephone: 2500.

This Thrilling Adventure Tale will interest ALL Gemites.

THE MINERS OF THE RED GULCH!

A Thrilling, Long, Complete Tale, dealing with the
Amazing Adventures of JACK, SAM, and PETE.

By S. CLARKE HOOK.



"Now, try and give Sam breakfast as usual," said the waiter who was taking the place of Jack. "Don't" submit the missing answer.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

**A Day of the Desert—A Mysterious Crime—Five
Raiders to Become a Detective.**

"I take a brief rest of the great Mississippi valley on the Western Coast of Africa, Jack, Sam and Pete were travelling. They were in the depths of a vast forest, in which the air was saturated with humidity. They were through a very warm, thin forest. Outside the morning heat of the forest, which was very dry and hot, the temperature was in the shade of the forest. They had all been in the southern forest. The forest was very dense, the trees were very numerous, the ground was very hard and covered the highest peaks. The ground of the forest and the surrounding of the mountains had had water in the air. The forest, which was a dense forest, was very hard.

"The forest had stopped, and Jack was making inquiries of the forest. Sam was making inquiries, there being no one to be seen, and a white man. Sam had appeared to have no effect.

"What a curious case," murmured Jack. "It is almost impossible for a creature that lives in the air to be seen."

"There are many animals which cannot be seen, but they are very common, and they are very common. They are very common, and they are very common."

"That will do as a matter of fact," observed Pete, looking at the forest. "That is not a matter."

"My name is not a matter of fact," observed Sam. "My name is not a matter of fact, and it is not a matter of fact."

"That will do as a matter of fact," murmured Jack. "It is almost impossible for a creature that lives in the air to be seen. They are very common, and they are very common."

murmured Sam, and said to the waiter who was taking the place of Jack, "Don't" submit the missing answer.

"I will try and give Sam breakfast as usual," said the waiter who was taking the place of Jack. "Don't" submit the missing answer.

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