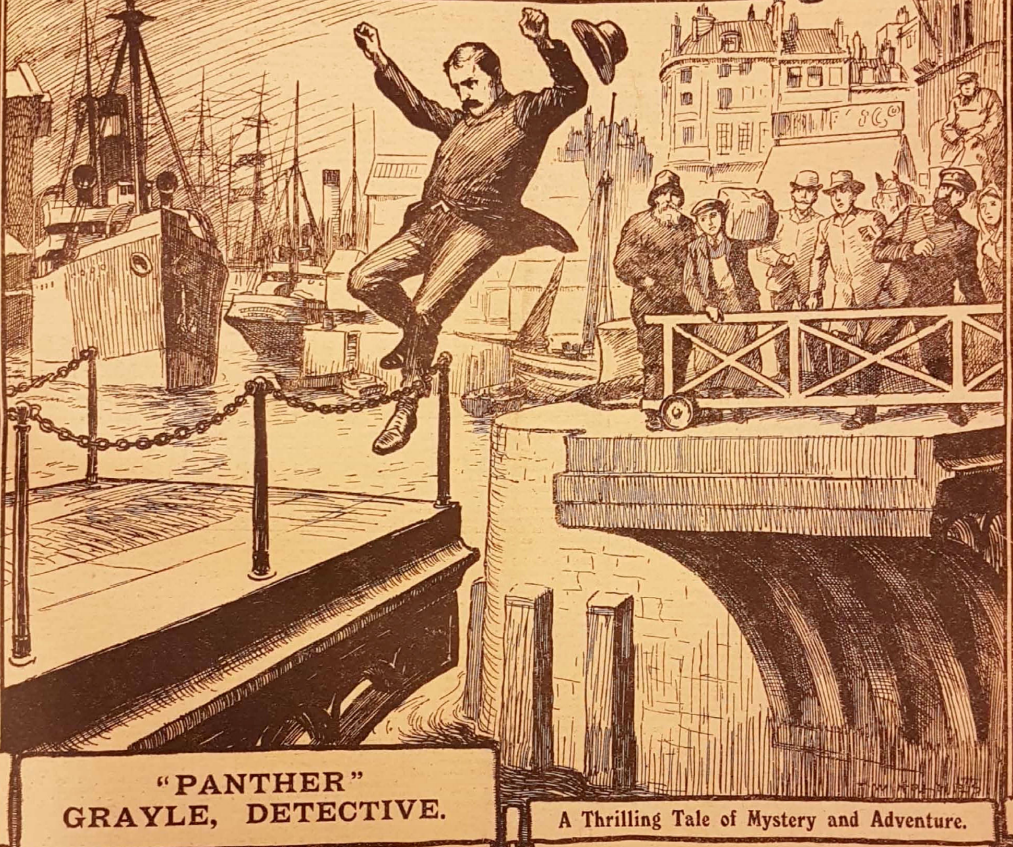


IN THIS ISSUE:

COUSIN ETHEL, "PANTHER" GRAYLE, and, among other interesting features, A GRAND MONEY PRIZE OFFER.

THE POPULAR STORY BOOK

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"PANTHER" GRAYLE, DETECTIVE.

A Thrilling Tale of Mystery and Adventure.

THE IVORY FETISH.

CHAPTER I.

MR. GABRIEL CROWLEY was awakened in the early hours of a winter morning by the sound of a pistol-shot in the room beneath his sleeping-chamber. For a few moments, before he was thoroughly aroused, the sound had no particular meaning for him. He sat up in bed listening, and heard the sound of his servant's voice shouting for help. As he clambered out of bed, now thoroughly aroused, he heard a stifled cry, the sound of a heavy body dropping to the floor, and then the rattling of a window, as if someone were creeping through it under the low eaves.

Mr. Crowley was not particularly a courageous man. For one thing he was elderly—well over sixty—and adventures had been scarce in the course of his quiet, studious life. He was a student, a collector of old books and curios, and he lived alone with them and one manservant in a cottage on Wimbury Common in Hertfordshire. He crept to the door of his bedroom, opened it cautiously, and listened. Save for the nervous beating of his own heart, and the strident ticking of the grandfather's clock in the hall, he could hear nothing. The house was silent—horribly silent. "Marks!" he said, in a quavering voice. "No answer." "Marks!" he cried, in a louder tone. The echoes of his voice lingered in the air for a moment, but when they had died away the oppressive silence enveloped the house once more. He turned away from the door and crept towards the mantelpiece, shak-

ing with cold and fear. He knew exactly where to find a box of matches, but so unsteady was his hand that he wasted three before he was able to light a candle. He slipped his arms into a thick dressing-gown, and then, holding the candle above his head, crept down the staircase into the hall. The sound which had aroused him had proceeded from his study, the door of which was ajar. He drew a deep breath and pushed it open. Inside, a strong draught from the open window struck him in the face; the flame of the candle swayed and smoked, so that he was compelled to shield it with his hand. His hand cast a great shadow over the room, and the reflected light vanished from the pieces of polished armour and the odd-time lethal weapons that decorated the walls. But there was enough light to show him what was lying on the floor. His servant, Marks, lay on his back, his knees drawn up, and one arm twisted round, so that the palm of

the hand lay uppermost on the floor. The other hand held a single-barrelled horse-pistol of the type used over a century ago. There was a strong smell of gunpowder in the room, for the barrel of the pistol had only just ceased smoking. The old man bent down and raised the body of his servant in his arms. The poor fellow was not dead, but bleeding profusely from a terrible blow he had received right across the crown of his head. The weapon that had wrought the blow lay between him and the window, where it had been flung. It was a heavy brass poker, taken from the fireplace of that very room. Mr. Crowley's eyes were used to the room. He could have told at a glance if the smallest article were missing. He now saw that one, and only one of his treasured possessions had been stolen. It was the effigy of an Indian deity, beautifully carved in ivory, and it had stood on a pedestal beside his bookcase. He succeeded in dragging the body

of his servant to the wall, against which he managed to prop his head. He now saw that Marks had been lying on, and concealing with his body, a large flat bag of black glazed canvas. Having stanchied and bandaged the wound, Mr. Crowley hurriedly dressed himself, and walked into Wimbury. He returned with the doctor and two policemen. Marks was found to be in a serious condition. He was suffering from serious concussion, and a few hours later he was in the throes of a bad attack of brain fever, and while he was not unconscious, he raved incessantly of a black man who had come to rob the house. Mr. Crowley was anxious for the recovery of the stolen idol, which had highly prized on account of its admirable workmanship. He was also anxious to avenge the distasteful attack on his faithful servant who had

(Continued on next page.)

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOL DAYS

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

YOU CAN START NOW.

Kerr to the Rescue.

FIGGINS stared.

"Cromwell wasn't killed," he said; "it was the Cavalier johnnies who pugged out."

"Oh, yes, of course!" said Dolores.

"The—The Cavalier johnnies. What curious name for the Cavaliers! Who did they call Cromwell's johnnies?"

"They didn't," said Figgins.

"I called 'em johnnies, I meant chaps."

"Oh, I see! And where is the old place?"

"Over by the beeches."

"Shall we go?"

"Of course, if you'd like to see it!"

"I should love to see it!" said Figgins.

"Come this way, Miss Pelham."

"But I am taking up so much of your time," said Dolores.

"Oh, that's nothing!"

"You are quite sure?"

"We're always glad to show our little place to visitors," said Figgins, thus, with immense diplomacy, avoiding a direct answer, which Miss Pelham smiled.

"Then we will go," said Dolores amiably.

"You are so kind to show me about the place like this, and it is so pleasant to see a really interesting place with a guide who is so thoughtful, so careful, and so attentive all the time."

"I'm sure you flatter me," said Figgins, who was never known to detect sarcasm, however thickly laid on.

"Not at all," said Dolores. "I shall always remember your kindness, Mr. Figgins."

"Figgins," said the junior.

"Oh, yes—Figgins!"

They left the old tower. Figgins had a private wish that the ancient chapel of St. Jim's—interesting relic of past times as it was—would be swallowed up in the earth before he could reach it. That was not likely to happen, but something just as good and a little less tremendous occurred. Kerr came racing over the quadrangle to overtake them.

"Figgins! Figgins!"

Kerr had already changed into his football things, and had a long coat on. His face was pink with running.

Figgins turned round.

"What's the row, Kerr?"

"Have you forgotten the match?"

"By Jove!" said Figgins.

Kerr almost glared.

"You've forgotten it!" he roared.

"Blasphemy if I hadn't!" said Figgins.

"Dear me!" said Dolores. "I remember now. You were playing a cricket match this afternoon. That was what Ethel and I came over to see."

"A football match," said Figgins, while Kerr was silent. He knew that little mistake had been made, but Figgins never suspected a girl of being capable of "spoofing."

"Oh, yes; a football match!"

"Has it begun?"

"No," said Figgins, laughing.

"You see, that duffer's our skipper, and we can't play without him," said Kerr. "You must excuse him, Miss Pelham. Can I see you to the changes? Head's house while Figgins goes and changes. There isn't a minute to spare. The School House chaps will be leaving us if we're late."

Dolores looked at Kerr.

"Why, of course!" she said. "How stupid of me to forget that we were playing cricket—I mean football, this afternoon!"

"Yes, I mean football."

"You'll excuse me, won't you?" Figgins said. "It was idiotic of me to forget the match!"

GLANCE OVER THIS.

Ethel Cleveland is a new girl at St. Freda's, and on her first day at school is attracted by the personality of Dolores Pelham, a high-spirited girl of Spanish descent. Ethel subsequently saves Dolores from deep disgrace, and the two become firm friends.

Ethel one afternoon takes Dolores over to St. Jim's College, where Archibus D'Arcy, her cousin, is at school, and the Spanish girl is introduced to all Ethel's boy friends.

Figgins escorts Dolores over the old tower of St. Jim's; but his version of its history is a little mixed, as his thoughts are all the time with Ethel, who has gone to call on the headmaster's wife.

Dolores's eyes gleam with mischief as she realises this.

"It is very interesting to think that we are standing upon the very spot where 'Cromwell was killed,'" she remarks demurely.

(Now go on with the story.)

Dolores nodded with a smile. Figgins raised his cap and raced off, and Kerr walked with Miss Pelham to the Head's house.

There was very little conversation on the way. What little there was was done by Kerr. Miss Pelham did not feel cordial towards the Scottish junior, and it was not Dolores's way to pretend she did not feel, and sometimes she neglected the laws of courtesy when she was angry.

And she was angry now.

Why, she could hardly have told; but she was.

Kerr left her at the door of the Head's house, after it was opened. Dolores gave him the slightest of nods, and went in without a glance back.

Mrs. Holmes met her in the hall.

"You are Ethel's friend?" she said, with her kind smile.

"Yes," said Dolores.

"Yes, this is Dolores," said Ethel, coming out of the drawing-room.

"Dolores dear, this is my kind friend, Mrs. Holmes."

Dolores allowed Mrs. Holmes to shake hands with her. Her manner was polite in her stately Spanish way, but it was not cordial. Mrs. Holmes gave the Spanish girl a very curious glance. She was one of the very many people who did not understand Dolores.

"Come into my room, dear," said Ethel.

And she led Dolores up to the pretty little room she occupied when she was a visitor at St. Jim's.

Mrs. Holmes glanced after them. She was thinking what a charming contrast there was between Dolores's dark beauty and the fair skin and lovely blue eyes of the English girl. She was thinking, too, that Ethel's new friend probably had a trying temper, and that Ethel must need all her sweetness of disposition to keep on terms of close friendship with her.

About Figgins.

"SO this is your room?" said Dolores.

She had noticed, of course, a constraint in Ethel's manner, but she seemed determined to be in high spirits and see nothing. She went to the window as she spoke.

Outside the window rose the big branches of an elm-tree, but beyond that was a wide view of the old quad and the playing fields.

Fellows could be seen already gathering on the junior football ground for the match.

"Yes," said Ethel.

"What a charming room!"

"And you have it all to yourself?"

"Except when Mrs. Holmes's niece is here," said Ethel. "She is a dear girl, and a kind friend of mine."

Dolores's dusky face clouded.

"You have many friends, Ethel?"

"Yes."

"You love this other very much?"

"Very much."

Dolores compressed her lips.

"And she is your chum, as you call it?"

Ethel smiled.

"Oh, no, not that! You see, she is nearly ten years older than I am—

quite a woman. But we are great friends."

The Spanish girl's face cleared, but the shadow on it, though only momentary, had shown what a depth of jealousy there might be in the passionate heart.

"I don't like you to have other friends beside me, Ethel," she said. "I know it is silly of me, but I shall never have another chum."

Ethel was silent. She could not help thinking that if Dolores valued



"Yes, I am very fond of dogs," said Dolores brightly, "especially spaniels." Herries jumped. "Spaniels! I said Towser was a bulldog!"

her so much, she might have acted in a different manner that afternoon.

But Dolores was resolved not to see that anything was the matter. Dolores was in one of her most willful moods that day.

"What a charming old place this is, Ethel!" she exclaimed. "And the boys are very nice! Will you help me with my hair, love? That dash in the trap has made it quite untidy. What a dear fellow your cousin is; to let me drive!"

"Arthur is always kind."

"Very different from the tall person," said Dolores, with a yawn, as Ethel unbound her thick masses of hair—"the—Wiggins, I think his name is."

"Yes," said Ethel.

"Yes, Figgins. What an extraordinary name!"

"I have never noticed that it is

extraordinary. Figgins is one of the best and kindest boys in the school," said Ethel, with a little warmth.

Dolores gave her a sidelong glance. "And a very particular friend of yours, Ethel dear?" she asked.

"Not more than the others."

"Honour?"

"Of course!" said Ethel, with the first appearance of irritation she had shown. "How oddly you talk, Dolores! I don't quite understand you."

"You have not noticed that Figgins—"

Dolores paused.

"Suppose we don't discuss Figgins," suggested Cousin Ethel quickly. "We shall have to hurry, dear; they will be beginning the match."

"Well, we don't want to see the beginning," said Dolores. "It will be a frightful bore, of course. Football matches always are."

"I don't think so."

"Oh, you have such curious fates, Ethel! What is there to see in a football match?" said Dolores impatiently. "But, of course, if Figgins is playing—"

"I wish you would not mention all the boys."

"Very well. I suppose you know all the boys?"

"Yes, I think so."

"How lucky you are to have a cousin like Arthur! What did you say?"

"We shall have to be quick, dear."

Dolores yawned.

"Oh, very well! But I do love to have you do my hair, Ethel! It makes me feel calm and contented; and I am not always calm, am I?"

Ethel smiled a little.

"No, indeed you are not, Dolores."

"But I am enjoying this afternoon," said Dolores. "It is delightful!"

"Figgins is a curious fellow. I can see quite easily that he attaches immense importance to his game of football, and it seems very odd to

that their minds did not run in the same groove on all matters.

Dolores was ready at last, and they descended.

As they emerged into the quadrangle several fellows took their hat off to Cousin Ethel and her companion, and the Spanish girl was the recipient of many glances.

Four or five fellows came out of the School House in coats and mufflers over their football garb, and greeted Cousin Ethel warmly. Jack Blake and Herries and Digby and Monty Lowther and Manners and Tom Merry were presented to Dolores.

They went down to the junior ground in a body, and Herries, as it happened, walked besides Dolores.

Herries was not much of a lady's man, but the bery Fourth-Former felt it his duty to be polite, and he felt it his duty to talk to the visitor. He told her about his dog Towser; an inexact subject with Herries of the ill-famed Fourth.

Dolores listened with a charming smile.

"You ought to see him," said Herries, delighted to have found someone interested in a listener. "I'll take you to see him after the match, if you care to, Miss Pelham."

"Oh, I should love to!" said Dolores. "I am so fond of spaniels!"

Herries jumped.

"Spaniels?"

"Yes. Didn't you say he was a spaniel?"

"I said a bulldog."

"Oh, a bulldog!"

"Yes," said Herries; "a real-bred one, you know, and bites like a vice. If you put your hand in his mouth he'd have it right off in one snap."

Dolores gave a little shriek, and Herries roared with laughter.

Jack Blake gave him an inquiring look.

"I'm just telling Miss Pelham about Towser," chuckled Herries. "Miss Pelham is fond of dogs."

"Yes, indeed I am," said Dolores brightly; "and especially collies!"

"Towser is a bulldog, Miss Pelham."

"I mean bulldogs, of course," said Miss Pelham, with a charming smile.

Herries looked a little puzzled. But they had reached the ground now, and the subject of dogs had to be dropped.

Camp-chairs in an advantageous position had been arranged for the two girls when it was pleasing to them to sit down, but for the present they stood to watch.

The two teams turned out into the field. Ethel's eyes ran over all her old friends. She gave them nods and bright smiles.

There were Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn on the New House side, prominent among the rest of the team. On the School House side Tom Merry was captain, and D'Arcy and Digby, Blake and Herries, Lowther and Manners, Reilly and Noble, Glyn and Dane backed him up. They were two fine teams, and towering over them was Lefevre, of the Fifth, who was referee, in Norfolk jacket and whistle complete.

The kick-off fell to the School House, and the ball rolled, and the two teams dashed into the game with great vigour.

It was junior football, with plenty of rush and kick, but it was fine football all the same. House matches were very keenly contested at St. Jim's, and both Tom Merry and Figgins had their men in splendid form.

Dolores glanced at the School House junior captain with a new interest in her face.

"Who is that, Ethel?" she asked.

"Tom Merry," said Ethel.

"Oh, that's Tom Merry?"

"Yes. Do you like him?"

"He is very good-looking," said Dolores.

And once more Ethel was conscious of a jolt. It had never occurred to her to think whether Tom Merry was good-looking or not. Why did Dolores think of such things—above all, speak of them?

Ethel did not reply to the remark. She kept her eyes intently fixed on the game, which was growing fast and furious.

"School House versus New House."

"GOAL!"

"Hurrah!"

Dolores had turned away to watch the flight of a bird across the clear blue sky. The loud shouting of the crowd drew her glance back to the field of play.

She looked at the game.

Fatty Wynn, the New House goalkeeper, was stretched on the turf.

(Continued overleaf.)

THE LAND OF THE BLACK.

(Continued.)

nights when I found the elephants getting so cheeky. I knew they'd charge the camp one of these nights before they'd finished. Seems to me I saved a few odds and ends, any way."

"A few! Why, you young rascal, you've blessed well saved all a dozen lives at least, to say nothing of the whole outfit!" roared old Harting. "You're—well, there, I'm suppered if you ain't a knock-out, an' that's a fact!"

"Knocked the elephants out, any way, dad," Harold laughed.

And Gonawaga and his friends, to whom rockets were unknown wonders, looked at each other, each saying in an awed whisper:

"Magiel! Magiel!"

It had not struck Harold that the episode might strike them that way. Nor was he prepared to have the whole camp—porters, gun-bearers, and all—fling themselves down on their faces before him in fear and trembling, gasping and muttering: "Magie! Magiel! Magiel!"

But they did.

"Golly!" said Harold, and went back to bed.

A cool, calm act, quite characteristic of Harold Saxon, by the way.

They had now been four days in the land of Morr, and had marched perhaps sixty miles, and, as Harold expected, the character of the land began to change soon after they began their forward march on the day after the elephant raid.

It was curious, this change of country. It ceased gradually to be like other land all over Africa that is so far known to the white man. It became quite a land of its own—in other words, in fact, it became just Morr.

Gradually the colour of the soil darkened. Mile after mile, as they marched, it turned from light sandy colour to light brown, then to the chocolate, and then to black. The plains and rolling slopes vanished. Rocks, cliffs, piles of boulders, ravines, and single fangs of rock began to frown above the trees on each side.

(This thrilling adventure yarn will be continued next week.)



THREE COLUMNS to Ourselves

The object of these three columns is to interest and amuse, to help to make happy all who read them, and to worry those who don't into doing so.

HAPPINESS is a jolly fine thing except to write about. It's no great shakes then. I've already found that out since I started this column.

If you were asked to write about happiness, you would jump for joy, no doubt, if you could get somebody else to write it for you, but you wouldn't if you couldn't.

Now, before losing myself in this great subject, I am going to make somebody happy by offering a prize of 2s. 6d. to the reader who sends the best-written letter describing how he likes this paper and what faults he can honestly find in it to

kind of feeling, and you don't forget to make him better-looking.

Then you are happy and he is not, until his father helps him dust the place with you; then he is happy and you are not. But when you meet him out by himself again, "What ho!"

Some can find happiness in taking their friends' portraits; but my advice to all who have to suffer from this derangement of the liver is to charge your friends so much an hour for standing, for every kind of happiness has to be paid for, believe me, except one, and that is when you can help a chum over the stile.

had been snapped while having his ears pulled, climbing an apple tree, a garden wall, or falling into a ditch. But standing still—never!—never!



A SMART BOY.

"Bobby, I cent you to the grocer's, and told you to hurry back."

"Yes, ma, but you didn't tell me to hurry there."

HERE IS A TRICK YOU MIGHT TRY.

Can you pick out a marked shilling from a 3s. 9d. covered hat? The hat is not obliged to be a 3s. 9d. hat. A 3s. 9d. hat, a 6d. hat, a 3d. hat will do as well, as long as it's a hat. I've tried it, and failed.

These are the directions:

Procure three coins, if you can. Three halfpennies will do; three shillings will do better. When sure that they are quite free from the warmth of the pocket or hand, drop them into a hat, and cover them with a handkerchief.

Ask a friend to select one—no more—and mark it so that it can be recognised again.

Hold out the hat for it to be replaced. Put your hand in under the handkerchief, and take out the coin, which will be warmer than the remaining two.

Don't hurry over the production of the coin, or you will give away the trick.

I learnt these directions so well that I could recite them backwards, frontwards, and sideways. I talked about them in my sleep, and whenever I could get anybody to lend me any coins, I followed them—i.e., the directions. But I had such rotten luck in borrowing the money, that by the time I had found somebody who was silly enough to oblige me, I had forgotten how the trick went.

ONE OF US.



BONES: "I don't know what to do with that sort of mine; he's always at the foot of his class."

JONES: "Make a chiropodist of him."

The Rivals of St. Kit's.

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

A Short Instalment of this Popular School Tale for Old Readers.

Squire Lacy's Last Blow.

AT that moment he dared anything. Mr. Slaney was already reaching up to grasp him from within, rather to save him from his own rashness than to make him a prisoner. The squire cluded his grasp, set his teeth, and desperately sprang.

Mr. Slaney gave a cry of horror. "He is lost!"

He clambered upon the sill. Where had the desperate man gone? That frantic spring had carried the squire upon the nearest branch of an adjacent tree, but the branch was not equal to his weight.

His hands grasped it, his fingers closed upon it tenaciously, and the branch bent and cracked and broke!

One wild, despairing cry escaped the lips of the wretched man as he shot downwards into the darkness.

"Heavens!" muttered Mr. Slaney—"heavens!"

Thud!

A faint, dull sound from the darkness below, a deep groan, and silence! Mr. Slaney stepped down from the window, white as chalk. The hand that held the lamp trembled and shook.

"Who was it, boys? Do you know? A burglar, of course?"

"It was Squire Lacy of Lynwood!"

The chums of the Fourth Form returned to where they had left Talbot. He had taken off his jacket. In the light of the lantern his face was deadly white, and his shirt showed red, drenched with blood. Pat uttered a cry.

"Talbot, you are wounded!"

Arthur Talbot smiled faintly.

"It is only a scratch," he said. "He meant ill enough, but it was a blow at random. It is only a scratch. Where is the squire?"

"He jumped from the window at the end of the corridor, and fell in the Close," answered Pat quietly.

Within the ancient walls of St. Kit's the Squire of Lynwood lay dying!

There had been no hope for Rupert Lacy from the first. The fall from the window had shattered the strong frame, and the marvel was that he yet lived. He lived, half-conscious, while another day ran its course. Night was falling again, and with the spent day the life of Rupert Lacy was ebbing.

There had been strange news for St. Kit's when the school awoke that morning. The discovery that had been made overnight had cleared the name of Arthur Talbot. The most obstinate of his enemies could not doubt him further.

His innocence was proved. Eldred Lacy had been the thief—or, to be more correct, had brought about the theft in order to throw guilt upon Talbot. He had succeeded for a time, but he was known in his true colours now. Of the intention to steal himself he might be acquitted, but there

was no doubt that he had planned to ruin Talbot, and that but for the chums of the end study his success would have been complete.

Now the truth was known.

It came as a stunning blow to the prefect. He had not dreamed of this; when he least expected it, his fate had found him out.

But the accident to the squire threw over this into the shade.

It was impossible to expect Eldred Lacy from the school when his brother lay dying within the walls of St. Kit's.

The Head spoke to the prefect plainly—very plainly; it was made clear that Lacy was to leave St. Kit's, and there the matter ended.

Talbot received congratulations from all sides. Fellows who had been down upon him all the time came up and begged his pardon openly; and as Arthur was not a fellow to bear malice, he allowed himself to be bygones.

Trimble and Cleve left St. Kit's that morning, it being pretty well known that they had been expelled, although the expulsion was not public; and so the greatest enemy of the chums was gone, never to trouble them again.

The hours that brought death nearer to the Squire of Lynwood brought recovery to Seth Black.

His first demand when he awoke to his surroundings was for Arthur Talbot.

Talbot came to his bedside at once. The injured man turned a pale and ghastly face towards him in the shaded sick-room.

"Is that you, Master Talbot?" he asked, peering at the athletic figure beside his bed.

"Yes," said Arthur quietly.

"How did I come here?"

"You were picked out of the river and carried here."

"Who did it?"

The ruffian's voice and look were strangely eager.

"I did," said Talbot quietly.

"I thought so. I had a sorter feelin'—as if I had dreamed it—that I was in the water, and I seed your face, Master Talbot. I felt it must be you who had saved me."

Talbot nodded.

"You must not talk much," he said. "You can only stay a few minutes with you."

"I'm in a bad state, I know. But I shall get well."

"The doctor says so."

"Good! I shall get well, if that murderous villain does not get at me again. You know who threw me in the river?"

"Yes, I think I know."

"It was Squire Lacy."

"I thought so."

"He tried me on the bridge that night, pretending to give me money, and he tricked me down to the bank and struck me down. A wonder he didn't kill me; he meant to!"

The ruffian gritted his teeth.

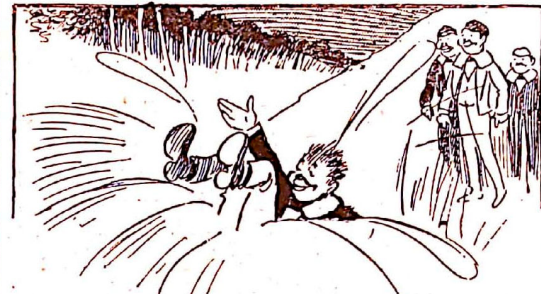
(To be concluded.)

ONE OF US,
The "Empire" Library,
23, 29, Bouverie Street,
London, E.C.

There are thousands and thousands and thousands of ways of getting happiness—breaking windows, for instance, eating until your buttons pop off, hopping the way, wearing your collar inside out, taking your baby brother into the park and forgetting all about him while having a "go" round the houses on a chum's skates, being invited out to tea and

While passing a photographer's the other day, I was struck by the important pose adopted by some of the sitters. A few looked very concerned, while nearly all had an anxious look upon their faces that seemed to say: "I hope I come out better-looking than I really am, because if I don't, I shall go somewhere else next week."

Gazing wistfully at the works of art therein because I don't like to be seen walking along eating bananas, there was one of the specimens in the



How Munkey Kutts ought to be photographed.

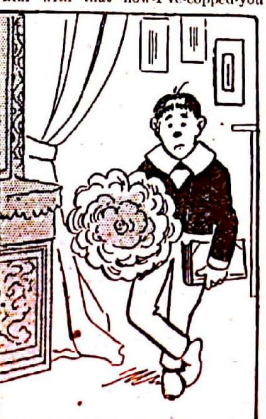
not turning up, watching the back of your schoolmaster disappear, hearing that your school has blown down, taking the boy who has never given you a birthday present to the dentist's, falling downstairs so as to be on hand when your rich aunt comes round, etc., etc., etc., etc.

The boy next door may find it for a time in making faces at you over the garden wall, or by pressing his pretty face against the window-pane of the jerry-built house his papa is supposed to pay rent for. But his happiness is very transitory—for when you drop across that boy, you drop across him with that now-I've-copped-you

window that particularly caught my eye.

This was a portrait of a fellow in my class, named Munkey Nutts, whom I was surprised to see in an unnatural position—for him. He was standing still!

Dressed in his very best clothes, the coat of which (vide advertisement) was skilfully cut, and hung in perfect balance from the shoulders, etc.—I don't think—he was poised with his baggy trousers crossed beside a modern, up-to-date, antique, deferred-payment sideboard. In one of his fists he held a book, which might have been a treatise on "How to get out of a pantry quickly," or "How to make a chicken-run." It might have been nothing of the kind.



How Munkey Nutts is photographed.

The other paw was gracefully grasping a large bunch of pickled cabbage. It might have been his sister's hat. A rather worried look was scattered over his—what shall I call it?—I say ugly face, as if he were complimenting him unduly. If I say his handsome face, I shall be telling a lie. So I'll split the difference, and say his handsome ugly face.

Now, I think a lot of Munkey Nutts. I have to. He hit me once, oh, such a conk, and my admiration will last until that happy day arrives when I shall be cleverer than he is with my fists. I am practising muscular development on the quiet night and day for that very purpose, and kidney poultices.

Quite overcome at the strange sight, I flew into the nearest tuckshop, and devoured two pennorth of half-penny buns and four sausage-rolls, for Munkey Nutts is the last boy I know to stand still. Whenever I see him he is either itching for a fight, getting into a scrape, or getting out of one; and it's my humble opinion that he would have looked more natural, more true to life, more artistic if he