"PANTHER" GRAYLE, DETECTIVE.

A Thrilling Tale of Mystery and Adventure.

#### :: THE :: IVORY FETISH.

CHAPTER I,
The Stolen Idol.
GABRIEL CROWLE was
wakened in the early hours
f a winter morning by the
ound of a pistol-shot in the
eneath his sleeping-chamber,
ew moments, before he way
dy aroused, the sound lad as
del listening, and heard
the
his servant's voice sleeting

of a window, as if someone were

when head received the word of his head, he weapon that had wrought the will be will b

of his servant to the wall, again which he managed to prop his head. He now saw that Marks had be lying on, and concealing with body, a large flat bag of black glaz capyas.

Having stanched and ban the wound, Mr. Crowle hur dressed himself, and walked into

# CAN START A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

Kerr to the Rescue.

16GNS stared.
"Cromwell wasn't killed," sid. "it was the sid: "it was the Cavalier johnnies who perged out."

oh, yes, of course!" said Dolores

ohes." "The—the Cavalier white What a curious page. relessly. "The—the Cavalier
shomes What a curious name for
cavaliers! Why did they call
the Cavaliers?"

"They — they didn't," They they didn't," said figsins. "I called 'em johnnies, see. I meant chaps."
"Oh. I see! And where is the old

over by the beeches."

"Shall we go?"
"Of course, if you'd like to see it!"

"Stall we go?"

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

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

"one this way, Miss Pelham."

"Fat I am taking up so much of set time," said Dolores.

"Oh, that's nothing!"

"Were always glad to show our life sights to visitors," said Figins, thus, with immense the sights to visitors," said Figins, thus, with immense the sights to visitors," said Figins, thus, with immense the sights to visitors," said Figins, thus, with immense the sights of the seed of the seed

deter sarcasm, however thickly laid to be the sarcasm, however thickly laid to laid always remember your kindness, Mr. Higgins."

"Figgins," said the junior.

"Oh, wes—Figgins!"

They left the old tower. Figgins laid 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 youd and a little less tremendous secured. Keer came racing over the quadrangle to overtake them.

"Figgins! Figgy!"

Kerr had already changed into his bothall things, and had a long coat to like the said of the said

M. His face was pink with training. Figgins turned round. "What's the row, Kerr?" "Have you forgotten the match?" "By Jove!" said Figgins. Eer almost glared.

"You've forgotten it!" he roared
"Blessed if I hadn't!" said

"Blessed if I hadn't!" said freeins.
"Pear me!" said Dolores. "I hear me!" said Dolores. "I resket match this afternoon. That is what Ethel and I came over to es."

A football match," said Figgins, bale Kerr was silent. He knew hat that little mistake had been attentional on Miss Pelham's part; bar Figgins never suspected a girl of long canable of "spoofing."

"Oh, was to football."

"Oh, yes; a football match!"
"Intel Dolores. "Has it begun?"
"No," said Figgins, laughing.

synd sectors of the s

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

#### 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 Arthur D'Arcy, her consin, is at school, and the Spanish girl is introduced to all Ethel's boy friends.

Dolores gave him the slightest of nods, and went in without a glance back.

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

"Yes," said Dolores," said Ethel, coming out of the drawing-room.
"Dolores deer, this is pay kind friend, Mrs. Holmes,"
Dolores allowed Mrs. Holmes to shake hands with her, was polite in her startely 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

Come into my room, dear," said

Ethel

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 Iriend probably had a trying temper, and that Ethel must need all her sweetness of disposition to kelp nerms of close friendship with her.

About Figgins.

About Figura.

O 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

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!"

"Yes."
And you have it all to yourself?"
"Except when Mrs. Holmes's niceo 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?"

You love this other very much?'
Very much." Dolores compressed her lips.

"And she is your chum, as you call VER THIS.

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 misclief 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.)

You

NOW.

Dolores modded with a smile.

Figgins raised his and raced off, and Kerr walked with Miss Felham to the Head's house.

There was very little conversation on the way. What little there was was done by Kerr. Miss Felham did not feel cordial towards the Scottish junior, and it was not Dolores's way to pretend what 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 hods, and went in without a glance back.

Mrs. Holmes met her in the hall.

quite a woman. But we are great friends."

The Snanish 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 here. Ethel, she said. "I make the side me, Ethel, she said. "I make it is silly of me, but I shall never have another chum."

Ethel was silent. She could not help thinking that if Dolores valued to be quick, dear." Dolores yawned. "But I do ney in Ethel. It makes me feel calm and contented; "No, indeed you are not, Dolores." "It is delightful? "Figins is a curious fellow. I can see quite easily that he attaches are importance to his game of football, and it seems very odd to 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.

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?"

"Ifonour?"
"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 Fireins—"

Figgins—"
Dolores paused.

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

dear; they will be accepted and the want to see the beginning," said Dolores. "It will be a frightful bore, of course. Football matches always are."
"I don't think so."

"I don't think so."
"Oh, you have such curious fastes,
Ethel! What is there to see in a
football match?" said Dolores impatiently. "But, of course, if

football match?" said Dolores impatiently. "But, of course, if Figgins is playing..." "I wish you would not mention "I'll wish you would not mention "Yery 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."

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

Doordook.

As they emerged into the quadrangle soveral fellows took their hate follows from the cousin Ethel and her companion, and the Spanish girl was the recipient of many glances.

recipient of many glances.

Four or five fellows came out of
the School House in coats
and flers over their football garb, and
mufflers over their football garb, and
like and Herries and Dipty and
Monty Lowther and Manners and
Tom Merry were presented to
Dolores.

They went down to the initial control of
the control of the control of

Dolores.

They went down to the junior 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 burly Fourth-Former was polite, and he felt it his duty to talk to the visitor. He told her about his dog Towser: an inexhaustible subject with Herries of the Fourth.

Dolores listened with a charming

Ourth. Dolores listened with a charming

Fourth
Dolores listened with a charming
smile.
"You ought to see him." said
Herries, delighted to have found so
interested a listener. "I'll take you
round 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!"
"Oh, a buildog!"
"Oh, a buildog!"
"Oh, a buildog!"
"Oh, a buildog!"
"Yes," said Herries; "a real-bred
one, you know, and bites like a vice.
If you put your hand in his month
bo'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.

Jack Blake gave Leviller Miss Pelham 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."

"Yes, indeed a subdog, Miss' brightly; "and especially collies!" brightly; "and especially collies!" Tower is a buildog, Miss Pelham." "I mean buildogs, 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'Arey 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 keck-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 iunior cantain with a new

form. Dolores

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 is Tom Merry?"
"Yes. Do you like him?"
"Ite is very good-looking," said
Dolores.

Dolores.

Dolores, good-looking, said And once more Ethel was conscious of a jar. 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,

ool House versus New House.

School House versus New House.

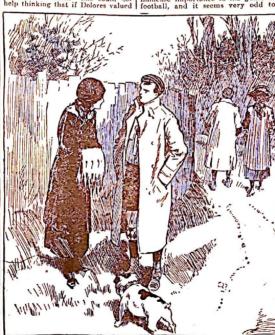
"O'AL."

"Hurrah."

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

She looked at the game.

Fatty Wynn, the New House goal-keeper, was stretched on the turf.



"Yos, I am very fond of dogs," said Dolores brightly, "especially anicle." Horries jumped. "Spaniels! I said Towser was a buildog, ies Poiham."

"Yea, I am very fond of dogs, spaniels." Heries was a buildog, Miss Peiham."

her so much, she might have acted in a different manner that afternoon. The strain of the second of the se

ETEL: COUSIN

EMPIRE-No. &



(Continued.)

He had made a wild clutch to save, but the leather had evaded his finger-tips, and the ball was in the net. The School House players were grinning with delight; the School House crowd round the ropes c roaring applause.

"Goal?"
"Bravo, Tom Merry!"
"What is it?" asked Dolores,
"A goal," said Ethel,
"Who has taken it?"
"Tom Merry—for the School House."
"Oh! And is the game finished

now?"

Cousin Ethel laughed.

"Oh, no! They play for an hour and a half, and the greater number of goals wins the match, dear."

Delors stifled a yaw. Polores stifled a yawn.
An hour and a half?" she said.

"Yes,"
"And they have played ten minutes so far," said Dolores, looking at her little gold watch.
"Yes, about."
"Oh!"

"Oh!"
Cousin Ethel looked at her.
Fatty Wynn had fisted out the ball
a little crossly, and the players were
retiring to the centre of the field
for the restart.

"Are you tired, dear?" asked
Cousin Ethel.

"Oh, no!"

Cousin Ethel.

"Oh. no!"

"Will you sit down?"

"I may as well."

Dolores sat down in one of the camp chairs. Cousin Ethel sat down beside her. Ethel felt more out of harmony than ever with her friend. Why had Dolores come to the match if she were tired of it in ten minutes?

The answer, of course, was obvious. Dolores had come for the excursion, not for the football match; watching it was the price she was willing—or unwilling—to pay for the outing. It was not an uncommon case, of course. "Ethel remembered the enclosure at Lord's during a public school cricket match—sisters and cousins and aunts waiting or walking about listlessly while the cricketers played, wondering all the time what the fellows could see in the game, and how long they would be, and why they should prefer bowling a leather ball at three sticks in the ground instead of coming to have a cosy tea and chat.

To a girl who did not understand the game, after all it was bound to

a cosy tea and chat.

To a girl who did not understand the game, after all, it was bound to be a bore; and a fellow who took a girl to see one, without acquainting her with how it was played, deserved to suffer the result. But with Dolores it was not only ignorance of the game—it was complete indifference. Ethel tried to explain to her, but the Spanish girl was hardly listening.

her, but the Spanish girl was hardly listening.

"You see Blake now," explained Ethel. "He is taking the ball along the touch-line. He is outside-right. He is trying to beat Kerr—outside-left on the New House side. I don't think he'll beat Kerr—he is too sharp for him. There, see, Kerr has sent the ball to his inside."

"Why didn't Blake pick it up?" asked Dolores carelessly.

Cousin Ethel could not help laughing.

Cousing the control of the control o

by hand."
"Oh, indeed! Are there two kinds
of football, then?"
In the face of a question like that,
Ethel hardly knew what to say.
"Yes, dear," she replied at last.
"But I saw the plump boy—what
do you cail him—"

"Wynn-the goalkeeper."
"Yes. Well, I saw him pick up
the ball in his hands."

"Yes, the goalkeeper is allowed to handle the ball, within his own area,

you see."
"Oh, I see!"
"Ah! There! Listen! Hands!"
The School House crowd was

"Hands! Hands!" ah

"Yah!"
"Play the game!"
Pratt, of the New House, at half, had handed the ball down, quite unintentionally, in the excitement of the moment. But the crowd were vigilant. The roar rang like a storm over the footer field.
"Hands!"
"What is the roar and the storm over the footer field.

"Where's the referee?" EMPIRE.-No. &

"Yah! This nin't Rugger!"

表表 共 All "Star " Authors will "Empire."

"Yah! This ain't Rugger!"
The referee's whistle rang out.
Pratt was benalised, and Cousin
Ethel went on to explain the matter
to Dolores; but she soon found that
the Spanish girl was not listening.
The play was growing hotter and
hotter, and Ethel was keenly interested, and she soon left Dolores to
herself, and watched the game.
It seemed ages to Dolores before
the whistle rang for the interval.
As the play ceased, and the
players trooped off the field or
lounged about it, resting, Dolores
turned cagerly to Ethel.
"Is it over, Ethel?"
"The first half."
"Oh!"
"There will be an interval of five
minutes."
"And then—"
"Then the second half."
"Oh!"
"A group of players came over to-

A group of players came over to-wards the edge of the field where the two girls were. Figgins beamed at Cousin Ethel. "It's a warm game, Cousin Ethel."

"Yes, indeed, and I'm enjoying it." said Ethel.
"We haven't scored yet," Figgins remarked. "Sun against us, you

remarked. Sun against us, you know."

Cousin Ethel smiled.
"Yes, I know," she said.
"It will be a bit different in the second half, of course."
"Wathah not!" said D'Arcy.
"The sun hasn't anythin' to do with it, deah boy. We're not beatin' you in the sun—we're beatin' you in the earth." earth

"Beating us!" said Figgins.
"Look here, if you are going to be

humorous—"
"Weally, Figgins—"
too sool

"Weally, riggins—"
"Don't crow too soon, Gussy!"
said Tom Merry, slapping the swell
of St. Jim's upon the back. "Many
a slip 'twict the ball and the goal,
you know."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy" "Weally, Tom Mewwy" "Weally, Tom Mewwy" "I wasn't quite ready for that goal, cither," said Fatty Wynn.
"You won't be weady for the next, deah boy."
"Rats!"
"Hy vou say wats to me, Fatty

"H you say wats to me, Fatty "R you so;
"And many of 'em!" said Fatty
Wynn emphatically.
"Weally, Wynn—"
"Don't crow, Gussy!"

thunderous theers from the New

Ethel clapped her little hands.

Ethel clapped her little hands.

"Brave!" she cried.
Dolores looked at her.
"What is it?" she asked.
"Another goal?"

"No; Wynn is saving splendidly.
There were two that looked certain, and he has stopped them both!?

"Oh!" said Dolores carelessly.
"It is very interesting, Dolores, if you would only take a little interest in it," said Ethel, with a touch of reproach in her voice.
Dolores laughed.
Harder and harder the School

Dolores laughed.
Harder and harder the School House pressed their attack, but Fatty Wynn was too good for them. As fast as the leather was whizzed in, a Welsh fist or a Welsh foot was ready for it, and it came out again. And at last the backs cleared, and the fight went swaying away to midfield. The School House rallied, and stroye to press home the attack again, but the New House held their ground.

The School House had shot their bolt, for the present, at least. The New House advanced, and Tom Merry realised that defence was needed now.

He brought his men together to defend the goal, and a tussle waged in the School House half, Tom Merry & Co. striving in vain to clear.

clear.

And now Kerr, out on the wing, captured the ball, and ran in well, and, beaten by Herries at back, passed in to Figgins. Figgins captured the ball, beat Glyn easily, and slammed it in. And Dane in goal had no chance,
There was a roar from the New House crowd.

House crowd.

"Goal !"

"Hurrah, Figgins!"
"Goal! Goal!"

"Goal! Goal!"
It was the first score for the New House. And as Figgins's name rang out in a wild yell of applause, Dolores showed a little gleem of interest.

"That was Figgins?" she asked. Cousin Ethel did not reply. She was on her feet, clapping her hands, and her eyes were dancing.

Dolores smiled strangely. Cousin Ethel sat down again as the teams lined-up for the restart, and then Dolores repeated her question.

"That was Figgins?"

head of Figgins—and came back into the goal like a stone from a cata-pult, and Dane wan't ready for that rapping return. There was a roar! "Goal!" "Figgy's done it!" "Hurrah!" "New House wins! New House

"New House wins! New House

wins!"
"Bravo, Figgy!"
Truly, the New House had won, for there were but two minutes more of play, and the whistle went with the score unchanged. The New House had won with three goals to two, and Figgins—the great Figgins—had scored all three of the winning goals!
It was glory for Figgins, and no misfake!

It was glory for Figgins, and no mistake!

mistake!

His comrades clustered round him as he came off the field, thumping him on the back, while the crowd cheered themselves hoarse.

Figgins was the hero of the hour.

Even the School House fellows, little pleased as they were by their defeat, joined in cheering Figgins.

"Piggins!"

Figgins! Bravo,

"Figgins! Figgins! Bravo, Figgins!"
"Good old Figgins!"
Figgins bore his blushing honours thick upon him with a good grace. There never was a more modest fellow than Figgins, or a fellow less likely to suffer from an attack of swelled head.
Best of all to Figgins was a clap from a pair of little hands, and a bright glance of congratulation from blue eyes.

hie eyes. Dolores looked almost irritable. "What has Figgins done, Ethel?"

"What has rise."
"Won the game," said Ethel.
"All by himself?"
"Well, he kicked all the goals for his side."

"Well, he western his side."
"Is it over now?"
"Yes," said Ethel, laughing.
"Thank goodness!" murmured

Great Preparations!

Great Preparations!

OM MERRY & CO. were pretty
well fagged out by that gruelling match; but after a rubling match; but after a rubdown and changing their
clothes, they felt pretty well themselves again. Looking very ruddy
after the exercise, they clustered
round Cousin Ethel and her friend
in the best of humours. Every School
House fellow had a separate explana-

although the quotation did not mean really very apposite, it was agreed that it was a And it extracted that it was a And it extracted to be in a 20 d burnour and make things early burnour and make things are a 20 d burnour and it mes and places, would be successed if that golden rule and carefully observed.

Leaving the two St. Freda's red, in charge of Figgins and D'Are's and some other juniors, the Turnbe had gone off to the Turnbe and gone off to the area, Dolores knew that tea in sure after the match to get the tea ready. Dolores knew that tea in with curiosis. Three had gone off to the and a sale was a looking forward to it with curiosis. Tom Merry, Manners, and sullooking forward to it with curiosis. Tom Merry, Manners, and sullowing forward to it with curiosis. Tom Merry, Manners, and sullous a girl as a distance of the sullous and a girl as Cousin Ethel's the later and sullous and sullous and the sale of the sullous shabbier than usual.

Perhaps it was the contrast and count of the sullous the familiar old study as he entered. It seemed to him a little shabbier than usual.

Perhaps it was the contrast and count of the sullous the sullous the study a big remarked. We had a diversified in the sullous and the although the quotation did not keep

"Blessed if I do!" said Lowther.
"Manners, old man, what have
you done with the duster?"
"Haven't seen it for monkey,
years," said Manners.
Tom Merry sniffed.
"Look here, we must dust the
study."

"Look here, we must dust the study."
"Better get tea," said Monty Lowther. "Figgins & Co. are consing in at five exactly, and they'll be peckish. You know what Pary Wynn is. And the girls."
"Yes, but we ought to make a study decent for the girls."
"Well, uso a pocket-handkerchiel."
"Right-ho!"
Tom Merry ierked Lowther.

"Right-ho!"

Tom Merry jerked Lowthers
pocket-handkerchief from his pecket,
and began to dust the mantelpite
with it. Lowther gave a roat.

"You ass! Girame my hanky!"

"I'm dusting."

"Give it me, you frabjous ass!"

"Well, it's jolly dusty now, if I
did give it to you," said Tom Merry
"You'd bette go and get another,
old fellow."

And Mount Lowther with.

old fellow."

And Monty Lowther, with a stort of wrath, did got and get another. Tom Merry grinned, and continued to dust the study. He certainly made an improvement, but the handker-chief was in a decidedly grubby condition by the time he had finished. "Gettin' on all wight, deah boys!"

It was Arthur Augustus D'Arey's voice at the door.

"Hallo!" said Tom Merry. "Constolend a hand!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Right-ho! Get in some coals, will you!"

"Right-ho! Get in solution will you?"
D'Arcy paused.
He was dressed in his most elegant garments, and fetching in coals certainly did not seem quite in accordance with his appearance.
"Ya-a-as, deah boy," he said at last.

And he bore away the scuttle in

And he bore away the scuttle in a gingerly manner.

"Ha, ha.!" roared Manners.
D'Arcy came back in a few minutes.
He was not alone. Jameson, ethe the Third, was carrying the scuttle, fall of coals. Jameson was graining. He was generally so grubby that a little coal-dust made no difference to him. He brought the scuttle into the study, and set it down, and was presented with sixpence by the swell of the Fourth. Jameson bit the surpence to make sure that it was a good one-a proceeding that D'Arty. good one—a proceeding that D'Ary viewed with silent indignation—and

good one—a proceeding time and then went out, with a chuckle.

"Anythin' else, deah boys?" skel D'Arcy.

Tom Merry looked round the study.

"Yes; make the toast."

"The—the toast."

"Certailly!" said Manners. "I've cut the bread already. We only want about a dozen rounds made, and the fire's burning beautifully. Go alsed, and mind you don't burn it!"

"Vew, well, deah boy," said D'Arcy feebly.

He was rather regretting by this time that he had come to help. But locally for the fender with the toasting-old of the fender with the toasting-old of the fender with the toasting-old of the fender with the Manty

time that he had come to help the could not retreat. He sat on the end of the fender with the toasting-fork, and began to toast. Monty Lowther came back to the study, and grinned as he saw D'Arry at work.
"Good old Gussy!" he exclaimed. "Go ahead! Are you fond of making toast?"

toast ? (Further adventures of Cousin Ethel and Dolores will be described in west weeks number of the "Empire" Library.)

## Tell Your Chum about Cousin Ethel.

"Weally, Blake, if you hint that I am ewowin"—" Phin! "Hallo! There's the whistle!" "You are intewwupth' me, Tom Mewwy."

"You are microst."
Mewwy."
"There's the whistle, ass!"
"I wefuse to be called an ass.
And you are interwuptin'—"
"Oh, come on!" said Blake, grasping his chum by the arm, and rushing him off towards the centre of the field, and D'Arey's voice died away in vain expostulation.
"They are beginning again?"

"Another three-quarters of an

"Another three-quarters of an hour?"
"Yes. I am sorry you are so bored, Dolores. If you had told me, I would not have come here to-day. We could have done something you would have liked better."

Oh, no; I am glad to come," said Dolores.

But her expression as she watched the resumption of the footer match was a sufficiently plain' indication that it was not the football that she was glad to come for.

Glory for Figgins.

To M MERRY and his merry men were pressing the New House hard now. In spite of the advantage gained by the change of ends, Figgins & Co. did not seem to benefit much. A sustained attack by the School House resulted in a goal scored by Arthur Augustus D'Arey, with a splendid long kick that beat Fatty Wynn all the way. Fatty Wynn did not look pleased. He was the star goalie of the New House juniors, and he had been beaten twice between the posts. Fatty Wynn did not mean it to happen again. He was all eyes and lands now. The School House attack was still pressing hard, but Fatty saved, and saved again, amid

after the whistle.

Figgins was thinking of Ethel's eyes upon him, and, like a knight of old, he fought far more valiantly with a fair lady's eyes to watch his deeds. Figgins seemed to play like two men that afternoon. Alone, almost, he beat the School House halves, and kicked for goal with the backs almost upon him. And again Clifton Dane was heaten, and the ball rolled in the net. Figgins rolled himself on the grass the next second, with Herries rolling over him; but what did Figgins care? He sat up, dazed, to hear the inspiriting roar round the crowded field:

"Goal!"

"Brave."

"Bravo!"

"Bravo!"

The score was equal now, with ten minutes more to play. Both sides were pretly well played out; but they went at it again hummer and tongs, equally determined that the game should not end in a draw. There was no more show play; no skying of the ball just for bluff. It was deadly play, with the best the fellows had in them thrown into it. Both sides meant business; and here and there could be seen a fellow simply stranded, gasping for breath, with never a run left in him.

Loud rose the shouts of the crowd now.

"Go it, School House!"

"Go it, School House!"
"One more goal, Figgy!"
"Buck up, New House!"
"Play up there! Play up!"
But the minutes were creeping on.
The struggle was in midfield now,
but it broke and eddied up to the
School House goal. Twice Dane
fung out the ball, and yet again, but
this time it met a hard head—the

"Yes," said Ethel, "that was Figgins. He has taken a goal!" And she was watching with all her eyes now.

That success had heartened the Mew House attack, and they were fairly swarming round the School House goal within a few minutes after the whistle.

Figgins was thinking of Ethel's House fellows as absurd. Dut mere was high good-humour on both sides; the fellows knew how to give and take, and football successes were so evenly divided between the two Houses as a rule that honours could be considered easy. And the presence of Cousin Ethel made it impossible for anybody to be in anything but a good temper.

Tom Merry, immediately he knew

thing but a good temper.

Tom Merry, immediately he knew that Cousin Ethel was coming to see the match that afternoon, had planned a really gorgeous tea in the study for the entertainment of the study for the entertainment of the two girls from St. Freda's. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had insisted that the feed should be in his own study; but Tom Merry pointed out that his room was larger and that the number of guests would be considerable. but Tom Merry pointed out that his room was larger and that the number of guests would be considerable. D'Arey gracefully conceded the point, but only on condition that he was allowed to contribute a full half towards the feed. That was agreed to, and Fatty Wynn, of the New House, had been entrusted with the shopping—a task he was fully equal to, for, of course, Fignis & Co, had to come to the tea. Whenever Cousin Ethel had tea in the School House, there was a general feeling that Figgins ought to be invited, though, as a member of the rival House, he was liable to be seized and bumped severely if he entered the School House on any other occasion. The four chums of Study No. 6 were coning, too, and, of course. Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther would be there, and, with the two girls, Tom Merry's study was likely to be well filled.

But did that matter? "Kind hearts

But did that matter? "Kind hearts are more than coronets," Manners said, when the subject came up; and 1

#### THE LAND OF THE BLACK.

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, anyway."

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

"Knocked the elephants out, anyway, dad," Harold laughed.

And Gonawonga and his friends, to

way, dad, Harold laughed.
And Gonawonga and his friends, to whom rockets were unknown wonders, looked at each other, each saying in an awed whisper; "Magic! Magic!"
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; "Magic! Magic!"
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.

that after the elephant raid.

It was curious, this change of country. It ceased gradually to be like other, land all over Africa that it 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.

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 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.)

## 76 d\_ 0 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.

APPINESS 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 gomebody clear 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 render who sends the best-written letter describing how be likes this paper and what faults he can honestly find in it to

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

There are thousands and thousands and thousands of ways of getting lappiness—breaking windows, for instance, eating until your buttons pop off, hopping the wag, 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 time. See?" Gazing wistfully at the works of art therein because I don't like to be seen walking along eating banas, there was one of the specimens in the



A SMART BOY.

"Bobby, I sent you to the grocers, and told you to hurry back."
"Yes, ma, but you didn't he." "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. 83d. 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 ha pennies will do; three shillings will do better. When sure that they are quite free from the warmth of the pocket or hand, dop them into a hat, and cover them with a handkerchief.

Ask a fined to select these series are the select the series of the select the series of the series o

Ask a friend to select one-no more

—and mark it so that in the nemised again.

Hold out the hat for it to be replaced. Put your hand in under the handkerchief, and take out the coia, which will be warmer than the re-

maining two.

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



BONES: "I don't know what to do with that son of mine! ho's always at the fost of his class."

JONES: "Make a chiropodist of him."

### cerceceeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee 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.

A T that moment he dared any-thing. 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

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 snan gone? That trantic spring had carried the squire upon the nearest branch of an adjacent tree, but the breach 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 darker.

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 shock.

window, white as chair. The name 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. Its 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 seratch," he said.
"The knile glanced along my ribs. He meant ill enough, but it was a blow at random. It is only a scratch. Where is the equire?"

"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.

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

Kit's the ancient wans 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 elbing.

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

His innocence was proved. Eldred
Lacy had been the thief—or, to be

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 rain Talbot, and that but for the claims 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 even this into the shade.

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

The Head spoke to the prefect

St. Kit's.

The Head spoke to the prefect plainly-tery 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 bygones to be bygones.

orgones.

Trimblo and Cleeve 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. them again.

then 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 onietly.

"Yes," said Arthur quietly,
"How did I come here?"
"You were picked out of the river and carried here."
"Who did it?"

and carried here."

"Who did it?"

"Who did it?"

The ruffan'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.

"I can only stay a few minutes with you."

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

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

"It was Squire Lacy."

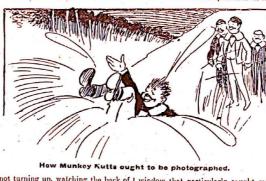
"It was Squire Lacy."

"It was Squire Lacy."

"It we true 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 conclusted.)





How Munkey Nutts is 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 to as to be on hand when your rich aunt comes round, etc., etc., etc., the case of the year down and the 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—that is to say, according to Nuttall, fleeting or speedily vanishing—for when you drop across that boy, you drop across him with that now. I've-copped-you window that particularly caught my cyc.

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

Drossed 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 fats 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 night have been inthing of the kind.

The other paw was gracefully grasp-

hake a gnicken-run." It might have been nothing of the kind.

The other paw was gracefully graspeng a large bunch of pickled cabbag. It might have been his sister's hat. A rather worried look was scattered over his—er—what shall I call it! If I say ugly face, I shall be complimenting him unduly. If I say his landsome 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 punches.

Quite overcome at the strange sight.

and kidney punches.

Quite overcome at the strange sight, I flew into the nearest tuckshop, and devoured two penn'orth of ha penny huns 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

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