

PATHETIC-HUMOROUS-DRAMATIC!

A NEW STORY.

By EDWIN HOME.

DRIVEN FROM C

HOME! =

A Lucky Penny.

ARRY your bag, sir?"

"Get out?"

"Thank you, sir?"

The ragred, pale-faced lad ever hurried on, whose bag he had ever hurried to, whose bag he had ever the curry up, the steep through one of the tily and only from the tily and only from the tily and sir which sure had the Bank Station of the Twomy Tulke

A faint smile crossed the boy's pale to the series of the total and Tm one of the series of the total series of the total series of the series

THE BLACK.

** * * All "Star " Authors write " Empire."

A Powerful Adventure Story.

By F. St. MARS.

WHAT HAS TAKEN PLACE.

WHAT HAS TAKEN PLACE.

Harold Saxon, gentleman adventurer, with the two Hartings—father into Central Africa in early of the tree of strength—the semodene—of the nature of which he has already tasted. The expedition is joined on route by Gonswonga, a native chief, and his two sors.

And his two sors.

Lind of Morr—the home of the somedene tree—is reached, and the expedition pitches camp. Harold surrounds the examp with wires attached to electric bells. Though he has heard no sound, Harold whee during the find the camp swarman properties, to find the camp swarman for the control of the sort of the sort of the same than the camp swarman for the camp that the same that

A Battle Royal.

A Battle Royal,

THEN canued one of the most extraordinary fights that ever was fought - remembering always that this leopard, like all those black leopards of Morr, was much larger than the ordinary leopard of Africa, and weighted perhaps two hundred and fifty nounds, or as much as some lineases.

hundred and fifty pounds, or as much as some linensease.

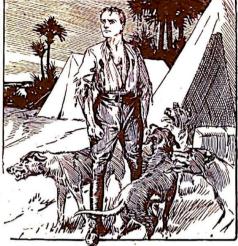
The two rose on their hind legs, so to speak, on the same instant and grappled. Harold had left his hunting-knife in the tent. He fought with his bare hands—not from choice, but because he had to. He fought for his life, but never expecting to

for his life, but never expecting to with a grip of iron he saired the leopard with his right hand by the throat—on the right side, just at the base of the jaw. Then, without breaking his hold, he threw it sideways and to the left, and the two fell together. He did this purposely, because the brute's right paw was the wounded jaw, and it could not make much use of the other when lying on its left side.

What followed exactly after that is not quite clear. There was simply leopard kept up all the time a horrible growling and snarling, and struggled like several fends; but above that even you could hear plainly the gaspas, the grunts, and the straining, and a methodical noise like a hammer striking something soft. Harold was kneeling on the beast's right side, digging his knees into it, looling it down with his right hand, and pounding steadily with his left feet.

and pounding steadily with his left and pounding steadily with his left and pounding steadily with his left student here was a crack, and the leopard, letting forth a roar, fought like a mad thing. But another crack followed; and then slowly the great beast seemed to grow weaker. Harold had broken two of its ribs.

Still the fight wore on. Growl, gasping strain, scrape of claws, and grant, and the pounding blows over grant, and the pounding blows over and twenty-seven seedly nine minutes and twenty-seven seedly nine minutes atart, the fight ceased. The leopard lay still, and Harold rose slowly, dizzy and staggering, smothered in blood. He had crushed and pounded the great black leopard to death. For five minutes Harold stood pauting, leaning with his hands on his knees like a footballer, after which he examined his wounds—which he examined his wounds—which he examined his wounds—which he examined his wounds—which he examined his hands on his tent for another rifle—the ADI Winchester automatic.



onlight, terrible in his wrath.

Harold stood there in the mo standing in triumph over the other black leopard—he who had run round and raved, having been hit in the head, and was mow dead—and a battle royal was raging between the battle royal was raging between the battle royal was raging between the located, which they had surrounded. No other located, which they had surrounded. No other located, which they had surrounded. I have been located, which they had surrounded. I have been located, which they had surrounded. I have been located, and three were wounded, and he had no wish at all to lose more of his dogs than he could help, for he regarded them as his best alties. Then, in the stillness that followed the death of the great black eats, l'aroid turned and looked at the transport of the standard turned and looked at the transport when the stillness that followed the death of the great black eats, l'aroid turned and looked at the transport when the stillness that followed the standard turned and looked at the transport when the stillness that followed the standard turned and looked at the transport when the stillness that followed the standard turned and looked at the transport when the stillness that followed the standard turned and looked at the transport when the standard transport when the sta

the death of the great black cats. Harold turned and looked at the camp.

There was something wrong. What was it? To be sure, the horses and pack animals were still plunging and snorting, and some of them were dashing about, having broken loose. That, however, was only attributable to what was left of the panic caused by the black leopards. It was not that a wrong.

Hat a wrong.

Hat a wrong had been supported by the black leopards. It was not for a moment he could not get hold of things, so to speak. Then suddenly it struck him, so that he jumped.

Throughout all' the din, all the firing, roaring, fighting, barking, snorting, scampering, there was no man. Not a man had appeared. Not one of thom—Hartings, Conawongs, Gonawongs's sons, porters, and all—not one had appeared, shouted, fired, moved, or done anything at all. The camp was as tranquil as if nothing had happened. Not a person stirred, the immediate him of calamity. He moved to the Hartings' tent in exactly three bounds, and looked into the darkness within, shouting. There was no response.

was no response.

Then he ran back to his own tent, found his pocket electric lamp, and

Then he ran back to his own tent, found his pooket electric lamp, and returned.

The glaring, white light showed both the Hartings, father and sen, lying on their backs as if alseep. And when Hardold shook them they did not move, neither did they make any sound at all.

Haroid spinng out of the tent with Garage. The sound fetched up all the dogs, for there are no animals like dogs to know instinctively when anything is wrong with their master. And as he ran to Gonawonga's tent they ran with him.

Gonawonga, prince the state of the tent with him.

Gonawonga, prince the state of the tent of t

reath. Then Harold came out from among Then Harold came out from among the tents and stood in the moonlight. His face was terrible to see. It was like the face of a tiger at bay. He put down the electric lamp, and, raising his fists, reviled the land of Morr, the Morrians, the semodene,

the cryedition, the continent of Africa, and all that in it lay. It was the continent of th

nig trees that wance them in on an sides.

At the third shot one of the electric bells began to ring. You note that none had rung up till then. Something had moved. The does not believe the something was not a leopard, Harold felt accord wire was touched. A second wire was touched. A second letter bell began to ring, and Harold fired in that direction. Followed instantly a prolonged and awful scream, and then silence.

Harold's Lonely Vigil.

Harold's Lonely Vigil.

AROLD, for the first time in his life, I think, felt a cold shiver run down his back, and his known that the first the first manner than the first the first forward in the direction from which the scream land come. He flashed his electric light on the spot, and a big, black, ghostly bird flew up screaming. Then Harold laughed. He could not help it. The maker of that awful sound was simply an owl. Later he returned to the first and made them up. It was while he was engaged upon this—for he had no wish to face More in the dark and alone—that something struck him. wish to face Morr in the dark and alone—that something struck him. He had been puzzling his brains to know how on earth la was going to act, and wondering what had been done to his friends and the whole of his following, when his eye was caught by some peculiar copper-coloured leaves lying round the fire. Stooping, he picked one up and examined it carefully. Then he errunted.

grunted.
"Umph! I thought I couldn't be
mistaken. It's semodene. I—I see
it all now."

mistaken. It's semodene, I—I see it all now."

It was semodene, without a doubt, and Harold knew pretty well that none could have been gathered by the porters in cutting wood for the lire. So far as he knew it only grew in one spot. The conclusion, therefore was that it had been brought for the seed of the lire. It was the seed of the lire ferre; the few leaves which he found being only those which had fallen outside the edge of the flames. What he saw most clearly, therefore, was this: The people of Morr had widen into the camp in the dead of night. It was already known to Harold that they were able, by rubbing a certain sweet-smelling oil on their skins, to make friends with count for the pack falling to give the alarm.

They had then thrown semodene.

count for the pack saming we alarm.

They had then thrown semodene on the fire, the peculiar heavy smell of which, especially when burnt, produces heavy slumber in all who smell it. It apparently drugs them heavily. There is in the fumes of this strange plant some property which causes a temporary form of sleeping sickness. And this would which causes a temporary form of sleeping sickness. And this would account for the fact that every member of the camp was lying sense-

Exactly what effect the fumes ***

might have upon his follows, whether they would be strong enough to his his would be strong enough to his his would be strong enough to his his would probably not be the case.

Of course, the fumes had no effect upon him because he had already taken smodelen, his blood and nerve the upon him because he had already taken smodelen, his blood and nerve this, and this accounted for the now his, and this accounted for the now his, and this accounted for the now he saw, when first he saw, or thought he saw, when first he saw, w

Harold smiled, but he was also

Ilarold smiled, but he was also much in earnest.
"Now listen, Ilimmy," quoth he, "Now listen, Ilimmy," quoth he, "Theo he told Jim all that had happened during the night, and that made Jim look very grave.
"Looks as if we've bit off more'a we can chew over this job," cried he, when Ilarold had finished for a tale. I have never bitten off more than I can chew, Jim, and I don't think I care to start now. The thing is to get your father awards a council of war."
The square one kept them waiting ouncil of war."
The square one kept them waiting

The square one kept them waiting an hour before he awoke, and when he did, the three of them promptly held a council of war.

"Well, what I says is this," said cid Harting, at the end. "These 'era black dev—these 'ere Morrians don't seem t' do much without their semedene, and if you takes semoulement of the seme they can't do much to ye then, 'cause it 'as no effect on ye. We'd better, you and me, Jim, bile down some of th' leaves an' drink th' brew. What did ye do with them leaves as you collected round th' fires last night, 'Arold'!"

Arold? "Put them all in a heap under that tree over there," said Harold. "I'll go and fetch them. I think your plan is the best. And when you've had your semodene, we're to make a rush for it to the semodene grove, the Valley of Sleep, as we call it, collar as much as we can, and get away again as quickly as possible, I suppose?"

suppose?"
"That's it, lad," the square one replied. "You cut along an get them leaves, an we'll get some water bilin'."

bilin."

Harold went, but in a very few seconds he returned with a wry face.

"It's gone!" he exclaimed "Every blessed leaf. Someone's crept into the camp and taken it."

(More of this thrilling adventure story next Wednesday.)

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A SHORT INSTALMENT FOR MY



By CHARLES HAMILTON. The Squire's Confession.

The Squire's Confession.

WAS a boy then," continued
Squire Lacy. "I know
nothing but that the man was
drowned at soa. The old
squire died; my father reigned
in his place-lleary Lacy was
Squire of Lynwood. I went to
college, afterwards abroad, and in
another land I ned Seth llack. What drowned at soa. The eld squire died; ny father reigned in his place—Heary Lacy was Squire of Lynwood. I went to college, afterwards abroad, and in another land I neat Seath Black. What my life was like there does not concern anyon now, but it gave Black a hold upon me which he never loosened." The squire's eres glittered. "But that was not all. Black

know mo under another name there, but he know mo under another name there, but he know more than I thought. He tracked me out. I know, too, that he knew some secret that he hinted at in his cups, but never fully spoke of. I little dreamed then what it was. I came horpe to Lynwood, leaving, as I thought, that wild life dead behind me. And then came my father's death. He had a fall in the hunting-field. His doom came suddenly; he had only time to speak to me, counted by minutes, ore he died. In those few minutes he told me a terrible secret."

"Go on."
"But there had been a mischance.
The scoundrels could not do their
work thoroughly. Arnold Lacy had
a friend on that ship—a man named
Norroys."

a friend on that sup—a man nameu. Norroys,"
Dr. Kent oxchanged a glance with Talbot. All was becoming clear now.
"When the ship was sinking he gave his child into the hands of Norroys while he took clearge of his wife. For the control of the cont

was no accident—it had been brought about by scoundrels hired by the old man's gold, and Arnold Lacy's death lav at the door of his uncle."

"Such Black!"

"Such Black!"

"Such Black!"

"Such Black!"

"In was his secret. The old man was mad," said Rupert Lacy—"half mad, at all events. My father did not know till and events. My father did not know," of on."

"Go on."

"But there had been a misslance. But, in a downed, after all, though the hock of her of beet, Norross was mad," said the was been well to such a father all, though the hock of the such and his market was been a misslance. But, in a sainter voice, went on presently, in a fainter voice went on the such was been well though the hock of the such was been well one—for a time. But, there had been a misslance. But, and that was what has a there was his secret. The squire paused. "It was black news to ma." he went on presently, in a fainter voice. But, and the was what he lay at death's door."

"In was black news to ma." he went on presently, in a fainter voice went on the present of the same stamp. The squire paused. "It was black news to ma." he went on presently, in a fainter voice. But, the same stamp. The squire paused. "It was black news to me." he went on presently in a fainter voice. "Can you wonder that I was deterned to the same stamp. The squire paused. "It was black news to me." he went on presently, in a fainter voice. "Can you wonder that I was deterned to the same stamp. The squire paused. "It was black news to me." he went on presently in a fainter voice. "Can you wonder that I was deterned to the same stamp. The squire paused. "It was black news to me." he went on presently in a fainter voice. "Can you wonder that I was deterned the same stamp. The squire paused. "It was black news to me." he went on presently in a fainter voice. "Can you wonder that I was deterned to the same stamp. The squire paused. "It was black news to me." he went on presently in a fainter voice. "It was black news to me." he went on presently in a fainter voice. "It "Seth Black "Seth Black".
"It is was his secret.
Thera were others of the same stamp.
He, like the rest, believed that the
work had been well done—for a time.
But, as a matter of fact, Norrows was
not drowned, after all, though the
shock of the shipwreck and his
narrow escape certainly unhinged his
brain.—""

"That is true" said Dr. Kent.
"And he died soon afterward. He
must have known that the howeveck
was no accident, and he was haunted
by the constant dread as to what
would happen if the old squire of
Lynwood learned that the child was
living, and that he would live to claim
the estates. The old man had only
been able to learn that Norrors had
escaped from the wreck with the
callet; of his whereabouts he could
learn nothing. He had told my

The squire paused.

The squire paused.

"It was black news to me," he went on presently, in a fainter voice.

"Can you wonder that I was determined not to give up the fortune I had always regarded as mine by right! I did not seek the missing boy. I did not seek the missing boy. I did not seek the missing the seek of the seek of

"You noticed his resemblance to me," resumed the squire, with a grim smile, "The truth did not occur to you—how could it?—but I knew." "I understand now."

(To be concluded.)

A Novel and interesting Story for All.

## The dancing flame from the fire sheet up and showed the smile upon her fair fare. The Spania grad launched happyly. I have been dear the same upon and I will all the fire flame and I will all the fire flame and I will all the fire flame and I will all the fire flame. The many afternoon we had, Ethel. The we'r said Ethel. HERRY'S CAUM. "You are a little supplet foreign. A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM MARTIN CLIFFORD

GLANCE OVER THIS.
Ethel Cleveland is a new girl at St.
Freda's, and on her first day at school is attracted by the testimative of Dolours Hollan, a high synthetic girl of Spanish descent. Ethel subsequents and the two become from deep diagracts, and the two become from

grant and the two become firm friends.

Ethel one afternoon takes Dolores over to St. Jim's College, where Arthur D'Arcy, her cousin, is at school, and tay long the property of the tay of tay of the about that, comfortingly.

(Read on from here.)

Dolores is Sorry.

Dolores is Sorry.

"H. I'm not worrying!" said
Figure 1. That's all wight, then."
That's all wight, then."
The trap rathed on.
Figure 1. The trap rathed on.
Figure 1. The he spoke.

"Yeas, Figure 1. The he spoke.
"Yeas, Figure 1. The he spoke.
"Yeas, Figure 1. The he spoke.
"Yeas, Figure 1. The he spoke.
"Weally, Figure 1. The he spoke.
"Oh, nothing!"
"Oh, nothing!"
"Oh, nothing!"
"And that was the end of Figure 1. The he should be set that the second efforts for that night.
And that was the end of Figure 2. The he should be second that it was that Figure 1. The he should be second to the head of Figure 2. The head of F

Cousin Ethel went up to her own toom. Dolores was watching her with a curious expression that Ether the expression that Ether the expression that Ether the expression that Ether the Spanish girl. There was a very quiet expression upon Ethel's face, and the Spanish girl did not speak to her them. on upon Spanish gi-then.

Spanish girl did not speak to her then.

Ethel had anticipated a very happy afternoon at St. Jim's and a happy dive home in the evening, and then a pleasant talk with Dolores about the events of the day before going to the state of the day before going to the evening of the day before going to a little later, hoping that she would not meet Dolores. Such was the outcome of her suitcipations, She looked into the schoolroom, which the girls weed as a common-room after besons. There was a hig fire blazing in the wood fire, with great long ending and sending forth a blaze of light and leat. Round it the girls were natiseed, for the evening was very wish. The sound of laghter and beasent voices came to Ethel as she looked in.

solitoned, for the evening was very widt. The sound of laughter and pleasent voices came to Ethel as she has been as the solitoned of the soli

solution for the time.

Sies sat in the low chair, her lands classing her knees, looking into the first satisfaction of the land of the la

A check, wet with tears, was laid against her own, and the arms held her tighter.

Delows's soft voice was murmuring in her car.

Ethel, I'm so sorry—I'm so sorry!

Forrive me, Ethel dear! I'm so

Sorry!"
Ethel did not speak.

sorry?

Etiled did not speak.
She was too surprised to do so for a moment. It was Bolores, and tho was ward Spanish girl was in another.
Her chaiging mood,
Her and the state of the state

you have not seen the exil adde of the yet. Did I not tell you once that you would be sorry you had made a friend of mo?

"You did, Dolores."

"And you are sorry now?"

"But—but I know I did wrong."

"But—but I know I did wrong."

"But—but I know I did wrong."

"Said Deloves, in her soft tones, strangely like a little child pleading for pardon, aidaugh she was so much older than Eirel in other ways.

"I know it was neen, Richel, but—but it was net was need, Richel, but—but it was net had been so much older than Eirel in other ways.

"I know it was need, Richel, but—but it was net had her assistant was net was net on help amiling."

"I'm sorry, too. Dolores. You know you should not have acted as you did."

"Oh, yes, I know it, Ethel. It was ungrateful, it was rong and caddish. I know I am a had nit—a had girl. But anyone here could have lost you did."

"Why did you do it. Dolores?"

"Why did you do it. Dolores?"

"Why did you do it, Dolores!"
"I don't know."

Why did you do it, Dolores?

"I don't know."

"But—but—as always se," said
Dolores "I cannot leip it it pleases
not to make people do what they
don't want to do, and to make fun of
them secretly, and—and—But I
know you will think it very wicked."

"It is wicked," said Ethel. "It
was taking a mean advantage of
Figgins to treat him as you did. If
you don't like him—"

"But I do."

"You do." like him—"

"But I do."

"So, si," said Dolores, "Of course
I do! In't be a nice hoy, and so
brave and strong? I might even like
him n'oro than would please you, my
Ethel."

"Don't talk nonsense, Dolores,"

Dolores hughed again and hugged her.

"You are a little angel to forgive me," she said. "I would never have forgiven, in your place, never. But you no see so much better than I you no see so much better than I said plated. Miss Penfold knows that and plated. Miss Penfold knows that and plated has better girl. Ethel. She has not mins that your friendship may mallims that your friendship have seen it her force?

"Nonsense," said Ethel.

"But she does think so; and she is right. And I shall never be a better girl. said Dolores, "I am as my nature is—as you have seen it to-day.

"And you weren't," said Milly

Dolores laughed and nodeled.

"Quite right; and I wasn't." shall.

"Come on, Ethel, or we shall have."

Debotes larget; and I ween't,

"Quite right; Eithel, or we shall
said. Come on, little or we shall
said. Come on, little, or we shall
be said. Come on, little, or we shall
the supportable. He kind heart
could never harbour eventh expressed
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into the next spartment. A glimmer of light from the dominiory windows ted into the property of the property o

mich, and show here we exclude we be own bed, here own eyelide we be of the country. The best blankin about Ethel, deah boys.

Arthur Angustus D'Arcy man and the short of the country of the last in the gym, and had a short of the country of the last in the gym, and had been standing with his more be selected upon that of the last in the gym, and had been standing with his more be selected upon that of the country of the co

"Oh, well, that was bound to make, you look a little unusual," assented Blake. "But what are you starting it for?"

Blake it for?"
"Weally, Blake "
"You shouldn't take these changes too suddenly," said Digby, with a shake of the head. "You never the continue this is the continue this said."

know—" its acent. You bever
"I we'use to continue this
wiliculous discush," said D'Arey, with
dignity. "I wepest that I have been
thinkin about Cousin Etlel. I,
wegard the mattah as important, and
needin immediate attention."
"Nothing wrong at St. Freda's, is
there?"

"Nothing there?"
"Yas, wathsh."
Jack Black dropped off the bar,
"That alters the case." he remarked. "What's the row?"
"That alters the case." he remarked. "What's the row?"

Jack Blake dropped off the bar.

"Tins, alters the case."

"The alters the case."

"There isn't exactly any wow."

"There isn't exactly any wow."

"Then what's the racket?"

"It isn't what's the trouble?"

"It isn't what you'd call a twouble.

"Then what's the trouble yill a twouble.

"It isn't what you'd call a twouble.

"There isn't anythin' exactly the matter at all?"

"There isn't anythin' exactly the matter.

"The world is the control of the weight of the world is a to be a decidedly inpose. But undah the circs. It shouldn't exactly inpose.

"Certainly not. I should have wegarded such a step as decidedly impose. But undah the circs. I shouldn't exactly inpose.

"Certainly not. I should have wegarded such a step as decidedly impose. But undah the circs. I shouldn't exactly inpose.

"Certainly not. I should have wegarded such a step as decidedly impose." I shouldn't exactly inpose.

"I wegard it as our binney to luck things up for Ethel." said Arthur alout a shouldn't exactly in the sho

(Another interesting instalment of this



so corry!!

Ethel's hair—the long, fair hair that
was so beautiful and so great a controst to her own. She bent over
Ethel as the English girl's fair face
lay upon the pillow.

"Quite forgiven, Ethel?" she said
softly.

But I shall never be unevateful to you

But I shall never be ungrateful to you again."
"Your nature is better than that, Dobores," said Ethel quietly. "I was surprised to-day, and very much hurry than the said about it then," said Ethel brightly." Let us forect it all, Dear me! There is the surper bell."
"Oh, never mind supper," said Dobores.







Applications with regard to Advance in this paper should dressed it this paper should dressed to tanky H. Bowcrnart, Advancet Marager, The EMPIRE I. L. Carmelia House, E.C.

NEW STORY OF THE SCHOOLBOY ACTOR

### FRANK MONK & CO.'S SCORE.

\*\* \* \* All "Star" Authors write "Empire."



CHAPTER I. Mistaken Identity - At the Grammar School.

INK up, chaps! This looks like one of Gordon Gay's

like up, chaps! This looks like one of Gordon Gay's gang?

and Lane, lather!" said Carboy and Lane, and the two FourthFormers at Rylcombe Grammar School linked arms with their leader and study chum. Frank Monk. The three juniors fell into alep, and continued their way down in long leadily, hand-sone faces. Although it was past lighting-up time in the old school, the porter land not yet made a tour of the corridors, and so the place looked very gloomy on the land of the place looked very gloomy on the land of the place looked very gloomy on the land of the place looked very gloomy on the land of the land of the place looked very gloomy on the land of the la

Frank Monk leant down and sauled his unfortunate victim to his

feet.
"My only topper!" he exclaimed.
"If it isn't that ass Tadpole!".
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"What? That mad actist out of Gordon Gay's asylum!" added Car-

"What? That mad arist cut of Gordon Gay's asylum!" added Carles and the second Gay's asylum and the indirect of the second Gay is working another one of his blessed plays. What's it going to be this time, Taddy! "As You Don't Jake It, by Billiam Shakespeare?" The second Gay is working another one of his blessed plays. What's it going to be this time, Taddy! "As You Don't Jake It, by Billiam Shakespeare?" The second Gay is successful to the second Gay in the

my name's "Oh dry up. Taddy!" interrupted Frank Monk, with a laugh. "You needn't lost your wool. You know perfectly well that we are cock of the walk in the Fourth Form, so you can't expect us to make way for a worm like you."

worm like you."

"A-a worm!" roared the indignant object of Frank Monk's achoolboy invective. "Do you think—"

"Ha, ha! No, we don't think, Taddy!" interrupted Carboy, giving the dancing figure a hearty slap on the shoulder.

HOW

up jolly well. You look just like a blessed solicitor's clerk—especially with that bag. You haven't got any of your pictures in it, I suppose?"
"No, of course he hasn't." said Carbov. "They've all been hung in the Academy. They say they're going to hang the artist next."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You—you young scoundrels?"
reared the juniors' victim. "I'll see that you get punished for this, and when—"

"Acting jolly well, isn't he, chaps? Putting on a voice like a gramo-

"Acting jolly well, isn't he, chaps? Putting on a voice like a gramsphone."

1—I tell you when I see Dr. Mental tell property was been a person to the seed of the

Frank Monk flushed crimson at the word.

"Cads, sir," he said. "I beg your pardon for what has happened; but you are remarkably like a chap mamed Tadpole—Horace Tadpole, and—and we mistook you. If he was he'd be your double," "Absolute double," added Carboy and Lane together.

"Rot," spluttered the little man, waring his black brief-bag danger-custy near Frank Monk's nose. "Rot and Lane type hoys." I shall report and the property of the kind of the property of the kinds I shouldn't think of treating one of his visitors like we have done you—only in mistake."

"Rot! Rot! Rot!" roared the

you—only in mistake."
"Rot! Rot! Rot!" roared the headmaster's visitor, and he stamped away down the corridor in the direction of Dr. Monk's study, leaving the three flushed juniors staring at one another in indignant amazement.

CHAPTER 2.

Gordon Gay & Co. Fall into the Trap. he dancing figure a hearty slap on the shoulder.

"You—you—you—"
"Oh, cheese it, dumny!" laughed rank doesn't absolutely do us in the eya!"
"The tank donk. "What's the wheere? must say that Gay has made you

Wandering

"And—and he didn't take any notice of our apology!" added Car-boy.

There was a prolonged silence in

There was a prolonged silence in the corridor.

"I know!" said Frank Monk suddenly. "I've got a wheeze for a time shock of the state of the state of the shock of the state of

"Of course, but what's the—"
"Come with me, my children," in-terrupted Frank Monk, "We'll pay a visit to Gordon Gay. He second when he aped Mr. Robinson, and bought one of Taddy's horrible paint-ings, so we must score this time."

"Come in, asses!" they shouted

Together.
The next instant the door was flung open, and Frank Monk & Co. stood revealed in the bright light of the

open, and rismorphic light of the revealed in the bright light of the Cordon Gay & Co. sprang to their feet instantiv. When the rival trio presented themselves in Study No. 13 there were usually reutions within half a minute; but now Frank Monk held up his hand in remoustrance. Held up his hand in remoustrance with the standard of the riverse of the

Cordon Gay & Co. started.
"Hallo!" said Harry Wootton.
"What's our pet lunatic been up to

Frank Monk shrugged his brougers nonchalantly. Shoulders nonchalantly. Shoulders nonchalantly. The replied; "but we shouldn't be surprised if he gets it in the neck properly this in the neck properly this

"Oh h!"
"I don't think you chaps are quite
"I don't think you chaps are quite "Their think you chaps are quite playing the game on the young as," continued Frank Monk. "Of course, everybody knows you are quite capable of sending him to the Head's study, made up as a lawyer chap; but when we saw the johnnin walk right into the lion's don, we felt sorry for everybody—even ourselves!"
Lane and Carboy had and job from langhing adder's insimustions. "What d'you mean!" hooted Gordon Gay. "We haven't sent Taddy on such a mug's game as that. The young ass must be working the

CHAPTER 3. Frank Monk & Co. Score.

Fresh Monk & Co. Scote.

EIRE he comes:"
Gordon Gay gave vent to the exclanation as he peered to the exclanation as he was a peered to the exclanation as he was the peered to the exclanation as t

alcore some ten yards away from the headmaster's study. "Grab hold of him, then." said Frank Wootton. "Not half!" replied Harry Wootton, and the three juniors fixed up across the corridor. Mr. Percival Barrow looket up in

Inp across the corridor.

Mr. Percival Barrow looked up in surprise.

"What is it, my lade!" he usi, facing the three grinning jumera.

"I say, what a jolly freed make, the control of th

went to the floor in a confused man.

"Help!"

"You frabjous, long haired, squeaky-roiced numite!" graped Harry Wootlon, seizing one of his own legs, thinking in his excitement that he had got a firm hold of Mr. Forme? If you.

"Boys!"

Dr. Monk's voice rang out sharp and clear, and the confused uncorted itself out.

"Gay!" said the Head. "Wardoes this mean? A few second carlier and my solicitor would haw witnessed this unseem!—"

Mr. Percival Barrow sprang to he feet with a snort.

Mr. Percival Barrow sprang to as feet with a snort.

"Unseemly!" he roared. "Usseemly! I say, unseemly."

"Why, gracious me!" interrupe! Dr. Monk. "Mr. Barrow! Wh., what does this mean, Gay? Explainmediately."

Gordon Gay's face was now a day crisson.

control of a mistake, sir," he fal-rered. I—I that is, we—ev—I mea I—I thought it was Tadpole. Dr. Monk jut his hand up to be could to hide the scale which flickered for an instant on La

kindly face. "I am truly sorry, Mr. Barrow, he said. "I'll purish these boy

"Punish them - punish them; "Punish them; splattared the enraged little man. "Why-why it's the second time. I - I didn't say anything about the first one, but-but-". "Gay!" interrupted the Head. "You will do five hundred lines for this abonimable behaviour. Wootten major and minor, you will each of likewise. Bring them to me beler to be a second minor, and the second minor will each of likewise. Bring them to me beler to be a second minor, and the second minor will each of likewise. Bring them to me beler to be a second minor will be a second mi

out of the gloony corrulor.

It only remains to be said that Gordon Gay & Co. presented their form of the said that Gordon Gay & Co. presented their night; but if Dr. Monk had studied the handwriting more closely, he would have seen that seven handed and fifty of the lines bore distinct traces of Frank Monk & Co. fait.

Although they had seven degrade traces of Frank Monk & Co. fait.

Although they had seven against traces of Frank Monk & Co. fait.

It is not the said to the said of the China o

(Another amusing tale of the Chums of Rylcombe Gran mar School next Wednesday, entitled. "Major Gorlon Gay." By Praper Howard, in which it is related here the school by actor gets his own bate. Order pur Enrich Library Library in advance. Price [L]



Tea was in full swing in Study No. 13 when there was a loud double knock on the door.

knock on the door.

Tap, tap!
"Oh, Ussar!" growled Gordon
Gay, the sknoolboy actor and Frank
Monk's great rival. "We've only
got enough grub for three, and when
Taddy said he was going down to the
making things go round—""
Bang, bang!
Gordon Gay and the two Woottons
leant back in their chairs with resigned expressions on their faces as
a loud tattoo of fists volleyed on
the study door.

Willie's

Disguise

the village just before tea-time."
"So did I!" chorused the two
Woottons.
"So did I!" chorused the two
Woottons.
It would be an and hang about
the corridor if I were you." said
Frank Monk. "It would be a valully
silly for Taddy to try and work off
a jape on the Head."
"My latt!" gasped Gordon Cay.
"My latt!" gasped Gordon Cay.
"My latt!" gasped Gordon Cay.
"And we'll chain him up for
safety's sake. Ile'll be letting this
study down one of these days."
And as Gordon Gay & Co. made
their way out of the study, Frank
their way out of the study, Frank
blow their nose in the study of the
fashion in order to conceal their
feelings of unbounded joy.

Came

Off.

# COSTUMES FOR-FANCY DRESS





S. Spreads dismay amongst the



4. Who very seen make them



