

"THE RIVALS OF ST. KIT'S."

START

Rivals of St. Wode's.

The best school tale I have ever read.

THE EDITOR

W HO'S coming?' asked Blagden looked into the junior common-room at St. Wodo's as he asked the question. Blagden's burly figure was enveloped in a macintosh, and he had a fat umbrella under his arm, and a cap pulled down over his cars.

Blagden was evidently going

down ever his ears.

Blagden was evidently going out. The rain was dashing against the windows, and a rainy mist hung over the quadrangle of St. Wode's, and a fellow needed to take some precautions before he crossed the threshold that

la crossed the threshold that afternom.

Mest of the St. Wode's juniors were chatting in a desultory way in the common-room, or hanging about the studies and the passages aimlessly. Bain was descending in torrents on the footer-field, so, of course, three was no footer. It was very rough, as it was Wednesday half-holidey, and the St. Wodians relieved their feelings by raying all sorts of things about the weather.

Bad weather and idleness did not improve the tempers in the junior common-room.

Newcome and Plummer, who

not improve the tempers in the junior common-room.

Newcome and Plummer, who were playing chess, were very near to quarrelling over the game. Bamford and Ramsey were arguing over a question of footer near the vinclow, and Bamford's in Ramsey's fact and Ramsey was pushing back his culfs. Some of the fellows were organg them on, with the idea that a fight in the common-room would at least enfiven the rainy afternoon.

But the juniors all looked round as Blagden stopped at the door of the common-room, and glanced in and asked his question.

"Who's coming?"

"Going out?" asked Newcome, looking up from the chess table.

"They' Going out, Blaggy?"

Blagden sniffed.
"Do you think I've got myself up like this to play dominose? he demanded. "Of course I'm going out, ass?"

"Well, I hope you'll have s.

demanded. Of course I'm going out, ass?" "Well, I hope you'll have a nice muddy walk, "said Newcome." There you are Plummer mate in two now."

"Rats!" said Plummer.

"H you move the rook."

"Blow the rook!"

"Oh, all right?" said Newcome, patting his hands in his pockets and leaning back in his chair, in a manner very provoking to a chess-player in a difficulty. "If you get out of that Till stand you a new footer." Oh, shut up?" "Who's coming with me to the station?" demanded Illiagden. "Don't all speak at ome." Nobody, his a matter of fact, seemed inclined to speak at all. Blagden, who was the biggest fellow in the Fourth, and captain of the Form to boot, seldom had to ask twice for anything. But the fellows lonked at the window, drenched with dashing rain, and at the weeping branches outside. Nobody felt inclined to have that weather, even to please Blagden. "Better cluck it, Blaggy," said Blagden snorted.

Better comes as Bamford.
Blagden snorted.
"I'm not going to chuck it. You know what old Bushy said about paying some politic atten-tion to the new boy."
"Because he's a lord!" sniffed. Newcome.

"Because as Newconc, "Well, we don't have a lord well, we don't have a lord come to St. Wode's every day, anyhow," said Blagden, turning rather red. "I've heard that Lord Lovell is a very decent chap, too."

rather red. "I've heard that Lord Loveli is a very decent chap, too."

"I wonder how much old Bushy would care for his decency if he weren't a lord." said Newtone, with a laugh. "I'm a decent chap, and how much does he love me! Bamford is rather decent, and he's down on Bammy like anything. Now—"Oh, cheese it!" said Blagden. "Tim going to meet this chap Lovel. Look here. I may as well tell you that the chap is simply rolling in tin, and if we make a fuss about firm, he's poly certain to stand a big feed to the whole Form, and that would be something on a phasily day like this, when we can't get out of doors."

"My word, there's something in that!" said Bamford. "I don't mind if I come with you, Blaggy."

"Mgat as well make a third," said Benon. "Tim rather curious to see what the guidy nobleman is like. PH come."

"Any more!" asked Blagden, looking at Newtone. Newtone grained.
"Oh, I'm not coming!" he said. "I wouldn't go out in this (Continued on the mest page.)

(Continued on the next page.)

A New and Interesting School Story for All. the rivals of

- constitution

"Come on, then!"
The next moment Newcome and
Planmer were locked in one
another's arms, and stagering to and
free, pommelling away vigorously.
They tramped over the scattered
class, and hicked the table over.
Hastlen burst into a row.
Hastlen burst into a row.

exclaimed, "The train will be in.
Come on!"

Come on U. Come of U.

A Slight Mistake DICK PENWYN stepped from the train in the little country

DICK PENNWYN stepped from the train in the little country that the country station of Wodeford — a medium-sized, strongly-built lad, with well-developed limbs, clear eyes, and a head held well back. Dick Penwan was not well-dreased—from a St. Wode's point of view. But any body would have called him a fine-looking lad.

Dick Penwyn glanced up and down the platform as he alighted. There was a somewhat depressed expression upon his clear-cut face, alheit he did not look like a fellow who was easily or frequently depressed.

not look like a follow who was easily or frequently depressed.

But the weather was cenough to damp the highest spirits.

The train was recking with west.

The train was recking with west.

The train was recking with west.

The train control of the tovered part of the platform. A cold wind swept the rain under the roof, and the drops splashed over Dick as he stood there.

His box was lumped out of the train at the farther end beyond the covered portion of the platform, and a porter, will his coatcellar turned station, and Penwkyn was left alone. Alone in a strange place, and the disation, and Penwkyn was left alone. Alone in a strange place, and the disappearing train, losing itself in the thirt of rain, seemed the last link that held him to his old home—the last link and now breaking.

Most did not be reading.

link, and now breaking.

More than two hundred miles away,
in quiet, romantic Cornwall, was blick
Penwyn's home; under the shadow of
tho Cornish chiffs lay the cottage
where his young years had been spent,
and where the deep bosming of the
western sea had been always familiar
to lise ears.

to his cars,
The Cornish chiffs, the western sea,
the red-brick County Council school to which he had walked five nodes
every norming, his currents flavor,
all these belongs to the past now.
The trait had dropped him in
sawing at Woole's how
you was a St. Woole's how
now.

"Come on, then!"

NEW SCHOOL TALE

CHARLES HAMILTON.

AUTHOR OF

"The Rivals of St. Kit's"

rain to meet anybedy under a duke or a Russian prince."
"Look here, if you him that Tin crewing up to the new chap because he's a lord—" began Blagden

"Look here, if you hint that Tine revaling up to the new claps because he's a lord—" began Blagden were the property of the pr

coming?"
"Can't you see I'm playing New-come chess?" demanded Plummer, without looking up from the board. "You'd better come, Newcome!" "Can't you see I'm playing Plum-mer thes?"

mer chess?"
"Oh, blow the chess!"

"Look here, wait till Planmy's made his move, and I'll come," said Newcome. "I've got him mate in two..."

Newcome. "I've got him mate in two—"
" You haven't!" roared Plummer.
" You haven't!" source—"
" Yres, but look at my rook—"
" Yres, but look at my rook—"
" Oh, rint off!"
Plummer glared at Newcome, and then glared at the board. He had not nade his move yet.
Blagden frowned at them, as he stamped to and fro waiting for his friends to come down with macinotes and unbrellas, and the stamped for the excursion, with big umbrellas, and trousers tucked up over thick boats. Blagden came towards the chees players.

boots. Blagden came con-chees players.

Look here, ain't you coming,
Newcome!" he exclaimed.

Not till this game's finished!"
Blagden grimed.

"I'll finish it for you," he re-

marked.

He lifted his boot and kicked the cheestable underneath. The pawns and the pieces danced and shot off the board, and the two players sprang to their feet will a yell of wrath.

"You ass."

1. You satured?"

"You fathcad!"
There, the game's finished now,"
grinned Blacden. "Como on!"
"I-I-I'll smash you!" roared
Planence. "I—"

"I-I-I'll small you!" roared
Planmer, "1—"
Planmer, "1—"
Planmer, "1 mid, Planmy," said
Never mid, Planmy," said
Never mid, Planmy," said
Never mid, Planmy,
"I had you
wate in three!" yelled Planmer,
"Oh, draw it mid!"
"I tell you—"
"Mate in two!" said Nowcome,
"Mate in three!"
"Ast!"

Ass!"
Fothcad I" "Look hero-"
"I'll jolly well-" Now.

St. Wede'st
St. Wede'st
That famous old public school, of
which he had dreamed no neany
dreams, where rich men sent their
sons, and Latin was taught as a
natter of ocurse, and the follows all
wore silk hats—a wonderful place to
Table Unsury. wore silk hats-a wonden Dick l'enwyn. What wou'd it be like?

And to him especially!
Much had Dick pondered over the
matter wine the catered for the
scholarship which gave the right to
two years free board and tuition at
St. Wode's, with a money allowance
of twenty pounds a year.

He had hardly hoped to win the
scholarship. There had been many
scholarship. There had been many
scholarship. There had been many
scholarship are the scholarship to the
had had had many
greater advantages than he had ever
had.

and the state of t

drowned art.

"For St. Wodo's, sir!" said the porter, stopping the trolkey beside the lad and looking a thirm currously, with a very careless much the cap. Dick flushed red.

It seemed to him that even this porter recognised that he was not like the other St. Wodo's fellows, and know him for a poor man's son, and did not consider him entitled to the usual respect.

did not consider him entitled to the neural respect. Yes, said Dick shortly. "Is it far to the school?" said the porter; and Pen Isa to the school?" said the porter; and Pen Isa to the school? Is the man was observing soil that the man was observing soil that the man was observed to nearly so good at his clothes were not nearly so good at his clothes. Will you are the carriage? "I suppose so," said Dick.

It suppose so," said Dick.

"Yessir 1".

"Yessir 1" of lowed the porter throught the little station vestibule to the street. Outside the station certained the rain was lashing down. The Javement flowed with weight of the looking hore harnessed to the old chaise outside was covered with tarpaulins.

The driver was stamping inside the station.

Dick Penwyn looked out into the rain.

Dick Penwyn looked out into the rail.

Dick Penwyn looked out into the rail.

Incre was a sudden shout as six macintoshed figures came dashing into the station, with bulging unterlas, scatterin graindreps on all sides of them.

Penwyn drew back out of the way.

Little was to be seen of the follows excepting waterproofs and water, and bick, of course, did not know them; but they evidently know him, for one of them shouled:

"Here he is "touched and glimmering figures gathered round him.

Dick stared at them in astonishment.

Here he is ", repeated Blagden, ... Just in time " panted Bandord, ... 'Just in time " panted Bandord, ... 'Well, we've centre him, so it's all right," Corton remeded, ... 'I say, you had a jolly wet journey down, didn't you!"

"Yes, it's been very wet," said

"Yes, it's been very wet," said Dick.
"We meant to be here to meet the train." Blagden explained, holding out his hand, "The blessed rain male us late!" Dick shook hands with him.
"You belong to St. Wode's!" he asked, may chuckled.

asked.

Blagden chuckled.

"Yes, rather! We're all in the
Fourth there—and you're coming into
the Fourth Form, ain't you!"

"Yes"

"Yes." I know we shall get on rippingly, "said Blagden cheerily. "Don't you think we shall pull all right with the new chap, you fellows?" Yes.

Yes, rather!" chorused the St.

"Yes, rather!" chorused the St. Wodians.
"I-I'm jolly glad to hear you say so!" stammered Dick, almost overcome by his reception. "I must say I never expected kindness like this!" "Oh, we always look after newcomers!" still Blagden. "Don't we, Corton!" "I should say so!" agreed Corton.

"I should say so!" agreed Corton.
"If the weather had been fine, half
the Form would have been here to
meet you," went on Blagden. "But
rain or no rain, we were simply detenmined that you shouldn't arrive
without somebody to meet you at the
station."

station."
"Thank you so much!"
"Not at all; the pleasure is entirely ours," said Blagden. "Look here, we're going to be friends, I can see

Dick felt his heart warm. This Dick felt his heart warm. This was the end of all his doubts and fears as to his reception at St. Wode's— this! He could have hugged Blagden.

"I hope so —I hope so sincerely?"
In exclaimed.
"We're not going to stand on ceremony," went on Blagden. "I can see there's nothing snobbish about you. My name's Blagden.—Cecil Blagden. The thouse of the sound of the fourth of the sound of

sand Dock. "I really don't know why
you should be so kind and friendly to
you should be so kind and friendly to
I feel it."

"And what do your friends call
you?" asked Plagden.

"And what do your friends call
you?" asked Plagden.

"I'm usually called Pen." Well,
that's a jolly old name, but I suppose
the solly old name, but I suppose
"Yes—anything?" "Ask Mr. Bush to let you share my
study in the Fourth-Forn passage. I want you to be my study-mate."

"Yes—anything?" "Ask Mr. Bush to let you share my
study in the Fourth-Forn passage. I want you to be my study-mate."

"Yes—anything?" "Study-mate."

"Yes—sar-len flush's settled! Now
wr'd better buzz off. It's too jolly
cold to stand here talking. Have you
put the box on the hack, porter?"

"Yes, sir," said the porter very
respectfully to Master Blagden, who
was one of the richest juniors at St.
Voole's and very free with money

"Yes, sir," said the porter very
"Yes, sir," said the stelled! Now
"Yes and very free with money
"Yes, sir," said the porter very
"Yes, sir," said the porter very
"Yes, sir," said the porter very
"Yes, sir," said the stelled! Now
"Helled the stelled! Now
"H

Oh, really!" exclaimed Dick, in

protest.
"That's all right—I insist!"
"Yes, yes, we insist!" excl
Bamford. exclaimed

"Now, go abead, like a good fellow!" Penwyn felt that he could resist no further without offending his new friends. So he did as he was asked.

friends. So he did as he was asked.
The six juniors steed in was most the narrow pavement between the station crained and the station crained the station of the station crained the station crained the station crained the station of the stat

Kind Friends.

ATHER a squeren!" granned Blanden, as the St. Wode's juntos followed Dick Peneyon into the cab. "This thing isn't meant for seven. "But a chap can't ride outside in this weather."

THE EMPIRE LIBRARY. Lawry delayed.

RE LIBRARY to the content of the con and what his reception to

Wools, and with a trivil exwools, and with the all in reception and
to him a first all in reception and
and misgivings.

The lack rolled on sloudy that
the splashing rain.

The talk rolled on sloudy the
on Form-room matters that never
had only the very slighted the
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had only the very slighted to the
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tempered to and Skett that a stoody, "Toady, by Jove," said Elaya. "You'll find that hell rarel you like anything, I'en, eld and "You'll find that hell rarel will be a stood of the stood

"But why should Mr. been about me?" You don't kee le yet!" saild Blagden "Yeal" Block Yeal and Blagden "Yeal" Block Yeaven a gravelled drive, and steps whether an arrayelled drive, and steps he was a gravelled drive, and steps he was a gravelled drive, and steps he was a coll grey building hell falls are not all grey building hell falls are not but grey, stone porch of and the contract of the key was relied to the step of the sail the entrainer to St. Welson.

"Here we are!" sail langer to the grave and the grave are langer to the grave and the grave and the property of the sail purpose out. Dick Pennsyn feld for jumped out. Dick Pennsyn feld and planter.

Jumpied out. Dick Pennya nes Purrec.
Cluck that t' said Rack'
"I'm standing the lack'!
"I'm standing the lack'!
"I'w standing the lack'!
"I'w standing the lack'!
"I'w standing the lack'!
"Now, and standing the lack'!
And Pennya felt that he must pen And Pennya felt that he must pen

And Pensyn felt that he in.

The juniors marshed him into ald porch, Hamford beding up brells over Blanden who had been diver. Pensyn is he as a saw and Pensyn him in the has a saw and Pensyn him in the saw and he was a beautiful to the saw and had there we have a beautiful to the saw and the sa

low Wilmids. THE EMPIRE LIBRARY. THE RIVALS OF 51. WODE'S.

of the St. Westers follows espect to unite at once, shouted Blagden, reads of binning juniors

count is shown as a second of independing juniors into dripping juniors into dripping juniors and the new boy. Itlage to the Arthur Newcount of the research into the chap from the next in the chap from the next in the chap from the next in the chap from the next going to look after

dy not and tired." spid

baye a look at him,"

the them kids!" sang out

county' shouted Blagden. round!" shouted Blagden,
incient in marinteshea
round Pen, and rushed
the stars. Their we
anderdlas had roors effect
and the in beging the
They gained the stars,
as hooting and jeering

top of the staircase was a hall, with several passages of from it. Blagden & Co. awar along one of the pas-

result from it. Hageber & C.K.
penava alome one of the paraset they strepped to the paraset they be they be the paraset they be they

you're welcome to him!" Newcome. "He'll get sick pretty quick, anyway,

as not severate, anyway, the best of the severate of the sever

of writing?

www.n simbled.

6, no, not particularly! You.

6, no, not particularly! You.

6, no, not particularly! You.

h it? said Handen. with a

"Blessed if I see how it's

for the mark, I should think.

how? "and ploke, puzzled.

Fee. Not that it uniters: if Pen

you, it will said use-and I don't,

thether it's a Pinkurich of Blag.

"Soon ask had but the fire out

Light up the fire, Bum!"

feel."

You it down in the armchair, be help you off with your coat."

not wet? That's all

Cole not wet! That's all provided to the cole of these slippers. Mine that your size, I think."

Lasks Batt—— I think."

Lasks Batt—— I was to provide your leads. "I was your leads."

My belly can't allow."

My belly can't allow."

My belly can't to the chair, and so minered one of his boots, and so maked one of his boots, and so well all second his deep the cole of the cole

Section of the control of the contro

"We must give Pen a jolly good level. I suppose you're hungry, old

flow? Pyn admitted that such was the

Pen admitted that such was the

2 m Northing here but half a rabbitpic, and Hagden. "Who's gene

Apparently no one sus game, for

Apparently no one sus game, for

as situated in the faithest corner of

the quadransie, and could not

reached under caver. And the sain

mas still beating down in philosy tors.

"I don't know how to thank you."
"That's all right. Steat will be back in a minute, and we'll have ten."
"All scretce!"
There was a makken you."

"All servers"
There was a sudden yell from the passage, and Blagden threw open the door. The yell was repeated, and it was in Skeat's voice.

"Blazzy! Rescue! They've got me!"

Aggreently me one was game, for no one veriety me of. The school store was quadrancle, and could not be under cover. And the unit was still beating down in pittless toring the still beating the still beat



"I am glad we can make you comfy, old chap," said Blagden.
"I am sure I don't know how to thank you," said Pen,

the things in."
"Oh, all right!"

"Oh, all right."

And Skeat, not very cheerfully, took up the lag and left the study. Blagden & Co. busied themselves about the room making upcomment of the comment of the

A Study Tea.

BRIGHT and cosy enough the study booked, with the fire blazing and cracking in the grate, and the gadult gleaning on white cloth and crackery. The rain that dashed arguard the wait dows ami the thickening down and the result only added the topy conduct of the study of the study

pleasantly.
"Yés, thanks. This is ripping!"
"Glad we can make you comfy, old

collar it. Take a footer bog to carry less, but it was one of the little ways the things in." at St. Wode's.
Newcome and the rest were pelting up the stairs after Skeat, and they overtook him on the landing. There they diagred him doon with the bar, as if he had been a Rugger three-quarter with the lall in his hands whom they had stepped just short of the line.

e line. Blagden and the rest rushed forcely

Ringden and the rest tristen or recept to the resure.

Pen lonked on lewildered, wondering what he ought to do. He was so new to St. Wede's, and the manners and customs there were as strange to him that he hardly cared to venture into the scrimmage round the log. Yet his new friends were being attracked by odds, and surely he ought to join in on their side.

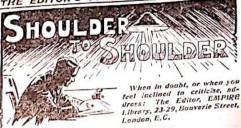
He reflected only for a second or two, and then he rushed to join in the fray.

he gugin to promise the resolution of two, and then the resolution for a second or two, and then the resolution for two, and then the resolution of the resolution of the resolution of the resolution of them was felting hard with Plummer and Cock. Bugden and then remainst to the stairs, and they went scrambling and reling down the stairs, and they went scrambling and reling the stairs, and they went scrambling and reling to the stairs, and they went scrambling and reling to the stairs, and they went scrambling and reling to the stairs, and they went scrambling and reling to the stairs, and they went fellows the resolution of the stairs of the stairs and the stairs of the scrambling the stairs of the s

On Good Friday, to win a bet, Joe Me nineteen hot-cross buns at one go. When he tackled one more

To complete the score, Cried the ninteenth: "Please don't push me so!"

THE EDITOR'S TWO COLUMNS.



OUR SURPRISE.

OUR SURPRISE.

There is always some charm about a sergaine, and it that you will a sergaine, and it that you will a sergaine the property of t

Johnson went out for a sail on the he hadn't gone far from the

When he felt had inside.

So he stood up and cried:
Salts' are here, but they don
revice me!"

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

BETWEEN OURSELVES, there are several waveful and there are several waveful entered they can take fast a fast and a fast a

They lounged on the lounge, Fle and Joe, And they kissed and they cooed, don't

you know!
But they both caught their breath breath
When a voice from beneath
'Cried: "I've counted five hundred—
go slow!"

AMBITION.

AMBITION.

So many of my readers write me that they wish to obtain success in some direction or another, one wishing to become a great engineer, another a duetor, and so on, that they can all be classed under one beading—and-tions. Now, and tition can be adding—and-tions. Now, and tition can be adding—and-tions. Now, and tition—and-tions. Now, and tition—and tion continued to you is nost embatic—Stick to your particular rotain hills. In this connection I would ask you to note that one ambition or one particular point that you wish to gain it quite safficient. Endesvener ta achieve surecess in more than one duet. Nowadays concentration is the great thing, and my chomaton that the present the particular object they wish to serve. This can be done bath directly and indirectly. When I say indirective, I am thinking chief of shothers and receptions, for each ledged by the change of some pastime that is akin to one's work.

LETTER FROM A READER.

LETTER FROM A READER.

1 have received some very phesing
hierar from readers of any phesing, both
hoys and gifts, some of the late of
did, beam series of the later t
give helios, extend at random from
a uniform of others, is from a gift
perfectly and 1 publish it in its
contracts:

10 Pockhory 9 19 " Peckham, S.E.

"Desr Editor,—Just a line to let you know how very much I like and eppreciate your paper, the Euran Library.
"I have taken it since it force heran; but I think the enlarged edition is much the better paper of the two.

"My favourite story is, of course,

chitton in mind are contined as the course, Ethel's Schooldays. I like Cusin Ethel's Schooldays. I like Cusin Ethel's Schooldays. I like Cusin Ethel very much; but I sake like her friend Dolores as well as also hervise she is just an orderly sid, with an ordinary Ethel's Everyone must not be the thirty of the Everyone the State of the Everyone the Everyone the Everyone of the Everyone the Everyo

"P.S.—I also take the 'Magnet' and 'Gem' in.
"Could you let me know if you receive this letter in the EMPINE one week?"

D. D'ALBOY."

one week? D. D'ALROY."

I must thank Denise D'Alroy for her pijnsant letter and her very sensible and candidj-expressed to pinion. This letter represents the kind of message I am alweys glad to have from my renders, for its only expresses approved in the welfare of the Estric India of the Estric India of the Estric India of the Stripe India of the Stripe India of the Stripe India of the Stripe India of the welfare of the Estric India of the welfare in the contains valuable ortificism. Of course, by now poor old P. or. Dewdrop has vanished, but he did in not please some of my readers, then I am sure they will feel satisfied by finding the page he occupied inhabited by the channs of Ryicomba Grammar School.

Wings and airships are coming, they

And they're worth quite a lot in their But what wealth would be

sport
Hi they'd only invert
A street German band that could
play!

WANDERING WILLIE.

WANDERING WILLIE. I am glad to be able to say that the adventures of this strange animal lane foldilled the purpose intended. Onite a number of my friends are largely of the purpose in the purpose of the purpose of the purpose of the purpose of purpose of the p

EMPIRE-No. 11.

Novel and Interesting Story for All.

ETHEL'S A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM MARTIN CLIFTORD

GLANCE OVER THIS.

GLANCE OVER THIS.

of the dand is a new girl at St., and on her first day at school period by the personality of prison, a high-spirited girl much descent. Ethel subsection of the prison of the school property of the school property of the school property of the school property of the school prison of

enr afternoon takes Dolores 18 Jim's College, where 17 Arey, her cousin, is at and the Spanish girl is intro-ted the Spanish girl is intro-

all Ethel's boy Iriends, the girls have departed for the girls have departed for the girls have informs his ter he intends to "buck he" for Ethel.

that as Figures thinks that be a good idea to get Ethel moler visit," he remarks. it at on from here).

LE joniars grinned.
Good old Figgins!" raid

I (good old Figgins, "raid herre," Yeas, Figgay isn't wholly are as a mattal of fact, though he are to empthin that isn't discertly gold his now, as a wale," said if Act, "But for usume, Visits here are more than a cought to do some-ing to be a cought to do some-ing in brighten up life at the gala-good." Me hat!"

"That's the posish, deah boys."
"That's the posish, deah boys."
"I suppose it walk brighten up the place a lot if on arre to get in there one even-

Yars' said D'Arcy eagerly.

And farn all the electric lights
concluded Blake.

Herics and Digby clutchled, and
Arcs screwed his cycglass more
sals into his eye, and gave Blake a

braier stare.

"If you are goin' to waste the tes making wotten jokes, Blake—"Will, I've got no other suggestion a relar, unless you took a biske stern," said linke. "Hut for really brokening up a place, I should suggest be electric lights."

You uttal ass—"."

Yes uttals ass --- "
Ifa, ha, ha!" roaved Herries and

by "Hallo, what's the joke?" asked to allery, who had just entered the On. "Expound, my sons. If some outlessing "Punch" again?" the just a dodge for sneaking as at the lights to brighten up the lights to brighten up the lights. "Hake explained." all the lights to brig p." lilake explained. Ila, ha, ha!"

I.a. ia, ia;" I lacent?" shouted D'Arcy.
That is a wotten joke. I nevah
accodd anythin's so wideulous."
Ib. ia, ia;"
I logard Blake as an uttah ass?
J deah is that things must be feeling out the feeling of the state of the sta

Why!" asked Tom Merry. the leanest because, you know,"
If Arry, rather at a loss, "they
there any footah, you know, or
according waids, or any House and they nevan fight, you know e reidshed bad form in gals. but have study feeds or feeds in the Form. It's worten all

Bry do sowing and things," said

rearse they do," said Tom
"Reader, they trim hats."
"In," said D'Arey.
" rather. Girls are always
than they're trimming hats.
The a girl in a rocen with a

has year and Ton Morry firmly.

The has it that year thing that the congined thing that the call of a said Ton the call of the

and—and trimmings—and she'll be happy making a hat."
"Yaas, but—""
"Then they decorate the Form-rooms with flowers for the Form-instreeses," said Tom Merry, "There may be a lot of amusement in that. One never knows.
"Young Wally twied to please his Form-master like that once, and he got into a feahind wow."
"Oh, Wally has no tact. Then, besides, they go for little walks with their governess, two and two," said Tom Merry, "That must be—well, rapping."

Tom Merry, and marging ripping,"

"I don't think," nurmured Blake, "Howevah, said D'Arcy, after a pause, "I hold to siy oxiginal possib, that they must have a wotten dail time. Now, I wegrad it as oar datay to bwighten it up for them."
"But if you turn on the electric—"

"But if you turn on the electric—"
"Pwas don't be an ass, Blake, Look leve, what they want at St. Fweds's is a weal wag. Suppose they sauggled a lot of gwub in, and had a dorantowy feed?"
Tom Merry laughed.
"I don't suppose they'd enjoy it so much as we do," he said.
"Pewwaps not; but they could be educated up to it," explained D'Arry.
"Gals haven't, natuwally, so much hwains as boys, and it's our bizzey to improve them. My ideah is to stand tweat, and help them sauggle the things into the school, you know, so that, they can have a wegulah bust.
"It's to be le."

up. II.s., ha, ha!"

"I fail to see any cause for wide laughtah. Are you fellows going to help me?"

help me?"
"Ass,"
"Ass,"
"Weally, Blake—"
"My dear clap," said Tom Merry,
laughing, "you'll get the girls into
a row with their head-mistress—"
"Oh, of course, I should be awfly
cautious."
"Yes, I know you when you're
cautious. My belief is that Cousin
Etlel would tell you to drop the idea
at once."

at once."
"Wats, deah looy, I am wesolved to go ahead," said Arthur Augustus.
"The only question is whethah you fellows will hely now or not."
"Oh, we'll hely you!" said Tom Merry resignedly. "If we come with

Merry resignedly. "If we come with you, we may be able to keep you out of mischief."

of mischief."

"I wefuse to have it wegarded in that light. I considah—
"Get on with the washing," said Herries. "What's the schome? Would my dor Tower be any use in helping to carry it out, do you think?"

Arthur Augustus turned his eyeglass

Arthur Augustus turned his eyeglass freeringly upon Herries.
"No, Hewwirs, your dog Towsah would not be of any use," he said.
"Now, my ideah is to pay Ethel a visit in secuet——
"Why in secret?" asked Tom Merry.

Merry.

"Well, that would be swilly cautious, you know, and we have alweady decided to be awilly cautious," said D'Arcy. "No good goin over the old gwound again, Iom Menwy. What a fellow you are to argue! Now, I will pay Ethel a visit in sewet, and awange with her about in sewet, and awange with her about the stuff in for the dorm. was gaining an unfair advantage by sheer force of character, dom-inating Ethel alweak for yield-ing to the Span-ish girls infla-

She will be down on you."

I should not care if she vere," said D'Arcy leftily. "I wegard it as my duty, as an ude public school chap, to show beginn. In the wope, you know, and put them up to the game. Commisched is contilled to know all the disless, and I'm gom' to put her up to them."

Whether she litter to

Whether she likes it or not?" grinned Blake.
"Well, dutay is dutay, you know."

"Well, datay is dutay, you know."
Ha, ha, ha la!"
"I weally wish you would westwain
that widevalous cackle, you fellows.
Now, what do you think of the
ideah!" "From Miss Penfold?"

The chums exchanged glances, and sen delivered their opinion in a kind

The chains extranger grantes, and then delivered their optimion in a kind of choras.

"Hotten" "Weally, you uttale asses..."
"Wreally, you uttale asses..."
"Twenty rettern!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jammel his monocle into his eye, and fixed a withering look upon the juniors.
"I wegard you as a set of acces!" he exclaimed. "It's not much good relian you chape wippan ideals! I wegard you as chumps. The question is, are you fellows goin to help me in canwigh out this plan!"
"Its, ha, last" to help me or not, you wortales!"
"Not!" was given unanimously.

The reply was given unanimously.
"Better chuck it up," suggested
om Merry, "You see _____

Tom Me.
"Wats!"
"Look here
"Oli, wats!
"Arthu wats!" with his aristocratic nose very hi in the air, leaving the other fello grinning. And Arthur Augustus walked away

Very Mysterious.

RTHEL!" Carew came up to Dolly Carew came Cousin Ethel in the on Wednesday af the garden

and Dolores were in the garden, chat-

Dolly had, of

course, no claim upon Ethel, ex-cepting in her friendly inten-tions towards

tions towards her, but she was naturally a little nettled.

She considered

too, that Dolores

meat against her

bled Ethel all

the same. No liking Ethel.

"Well?" asked

little at Dolly's mysterious man-

Ethel

will. and

thought weak for

"Oh, no?"
"Mass Tyrall, then?"
Dolly Carry made a little grimace.
"Certainly not."
"Why, what is it, then;" asked
Ethel, locking perplexed. "I don't

let is a boy in the village—"
What!"
The boy from the stationer's
on," explained Dolly, "He has a

shop," explained Dolly, "He has a note for you." Ethel looked meased, "The boy from the stationer's shop has a note for me?" she ex-claimed.

claimed.
Dolly nodded her head vigorously.
"Exactly. He soil it was given him to give you, and he was not to place it in any other hands. Otherwise I sloudd larve brought it to you. You will have to go and see him and take it from him yourself."
A lattle winkle appeared on Cousin Ethel's clear brow.

Ethel's chart brow.

"I don't think I had better take it," she said. "No one has a right to send me written messages, and I'm sure Miss Penfold would not like it." "Oh, stuff," said Dolly. "It may be from one of the St, Jim's boys. That would be all right, wouldn't it?" If it is one of my friends, yee," said Ethel slowly.

It might be from Figgins," said lores. "He may have some plan

Perhaps she would not have objected to the quiet of the afternoon being broken into by a visit from the St.

broken ants up dim's juniors. Ethel, still feeling very doublful in her mind, followed Dolfy to the side gates, under the thick shedow of trees, where the simple, he sty-featured vil-lage had stood with the note in his grabby hand. He tooched his cap

"Mes Cleveland - Miss Cleve-land," he asked.

"The young gent gave me this for

you."

He extended the note,
Ethal took it hisratingly. If it were
from one of her friends, well and
good. If it were from some impertinent fellow who had had the impudence to send her a note, at all
events she need take no notice of it.
The led turned away, evidently ex-

eting no answer.
" Open it, Ethel!" exclaimed Dolly
arew impatiently. me no an

"Open it, Ethel? exclaimed Dolly Carew impatiently.

Ethel slowly opened the envelope, It was addressed to her in pencil, and she gave a start as she looked at the superscription. The hand was like that of her cousin, Arthur Augustus Il Accer. D'Arey.
The letter was as great a surprise as its manner of delivery.

as its manner of means.

"Dear Ethel,—I shall be waiting for you at three o'clock by the stile in the lane. Come alone, and don't breatle a word. Very important.

"ARTHUR.

" P.S.-Mum's the word. " P.P.S.-Keep it dark!

Ethel stared at the letter. She had not the faintest idea what he secretiveness about it meant. Dolly Carew was looking at her

eagerly.
"Well?" said Dolly at Inst. as
Ethel did not speak. "Well, Ethel,
what is it? Whom is it from? Why
don't you explain?"
"It's from my cousin."
"Cousin Athur?"
"Yes."
"The hey doe Cousin Athurand

"Yes."

"But why does Cousin Arthur send
a note in this way?" said Dolly, in
surprise. "Why couldn't he write
from the school? Miss Penfold allows a note in this way?" said Delly, in surprise. "Why couldn't be write from the school? Miss Penfold allows us to receive tetters." Cousin Ethel shook her head. "I really do not know, Dolly?" "It's very odd." "Perhaps he came over suddenly to-day, "Itle mused," and there was no time to write a letter."
"But why couldn't he come here and speak to you, instead of sending, a note by the stationer's boy?" Ethel could only shake her head again.

again.
"I really don't know, Dolly!"
Dolly to-sed her golden head.
"There's something mysterious about it." she said — "very

about it," something mysterious it," she said "very mysterious." Ethel did not offer to read out the letter, and Dolly did not ask her to. Ethel returned slowly to the gardenessat where she had left Dolore with an inquiring look.

"It's a note for

mquiring look.
"It's a note from my Cousin
Arthur," said Ethel. "He wants me
to go out and see him; he is waiting
near St. Freda's."

(Another interesting instalment of this



of an excursion for the afternoon.
Wednesday afternoon is half-holiday
at St. Jim's as well as here, Ethel."
Ethel fromed a little.
"You had better take the note,
answay!" exclaimed Dolly Carew.
"I tell you I'm simply dying with
guriosity."

riosity."
"Well, I suppose I can take the

have been thinkin'," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy impressively. Ny ideah is that things must be feahfully dull at St. Fweda'a. What the gala want is a wegular bust-up."



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Tale of the Schoolboy at Rylcombe Grammar School.

PROSPER HOWARD.

CHAPTER 1

Preparing for the Inspector.

Preparing for the laspector.

"HIVN: Now, my lads, a bit smarter than that? Remember this here wisiting-him-spector may drop him hon has hany day now. "Shun?"

"Thus exhorted Sergean-major Remins, still-instructor to Rykombe Grammar School Cadet Corp., as he drilled the Fourth Form squad in the gym. before dinner one frosty January morning.

grm. before dinner one fresty January morning.

The stout ergeaut-major was always a stickler for efficiency, but since he had heard that he might expect a surprise visit of inspection from a military gentlemna any day now, he had become a "blessed martinet," as Frank Mank complained.

Every exercise in the physical drill had to be repeated two or three times before the ergeant-major was satisfied, and the signal were feeling a little fired and cross, been as they were when the order for dismissal was simple given.

hiths tired and cross, been as they were when the order for dismissal was smally given.

"I wish this blessed old military joker would back up and come?" growled Lane, one of Monk's chuns, as a group of the juniors strolled about the quant, while waiting for the dimer-bell. "Old Penians will have the corps as thin as a lot of skeletons if he goes on like this."

"It's quite likely the inspector joser won't come at all," chuned in Carioy. "Then are shall have had all this extra fag for nothing."

"I don't suppose iff! hurt us, anyway, slacker," said Frank Monk cheerfully. Frank Monk was the Fourth Ferm capitain, and a great man in the cade corps.

"Hear, hear!" said Gordon Gay, the schoolboy actor and founder of the Grammar School cadets, "But why do you think the inspector chap—Major Hoean, I think his name was—"
"I she of the sergeant-major talking to our Form-master about it. He said that the inspector chap—Major Hoean, I think his name was—"
"I think his name was—"
"I their side! Harry Wootton, the youngest mirroller of Gordon Gay's Company, with a wise way of the

Hogan, I think his name was—
"Irish?" said Harry Wootton, the youngest member of Gordon Gay's Company, with a wise wag of the head.

His chains gazed at him in mock

His chains gazed at hint in meck admiration.

"Well," resumed Carlov, "Bemians told Mr. Adans that he had had notice that Major Hogan was in the neighbourhood, and that he would look in here if his time allowed."

"Sumpasing his time desent

"Supposing his time doesn't allow?" inquired Lane. "Exactly. Then he won't come at all."

all."
Gordon Cay smiled a queer little
smile to himself.
"Oh. yes, re'll come right
enought" he muttered. His fertile
brain had evidently hit on a
"wheeze," such as the schoolboyactor was famous for.

CHAPTER 2.

CHAPTER 2.

A Carious "Inspection."

It was at the following day's drill that the great voice of Sergeant-major Benians bounded the question.

"He got leave of absence from Mr. Adams, sergeant, "voluntered Jack Wootton, "He's coming, but he said he'd be a little late."

Sergeant-major Benians grunted. He did not approve of lateness on parade for whatever reason, "Shun'l he reared, "Now, young gents—"My only lat!"

All eves were turned innuediately to Frank Monk, who had suddenly othered the exclamation about from list place in the front rate of the reason.

The sergeant-major grew red with with the place in the front rate of the with with the reason of the place in the front rate."

wrath.
"No talking him the ranks!"
reared. "Which I ham a
prised..."

orised—
"Look, sergeant! The inspector!"
All eves followed Monk's outtretched finger, which pointed out
brough the open door of the gym.

here was a general gasp. My only Panama!" Monk's right!"

through the open door of the gym. There was a general gasp.
"My only Panama?"
"Monk's right?"
"The blessed inspector."
For a moment the sergenut-major seemed pertifield. He had expected Major Hogan for several days. Naw that he had a fatually arrived, the old soldier "felt all of a flummex," as he expressed it himself. For there, across the quad, a uniformed figure was advancing with an unmistelable military stride.

The sergent-major grew red with excitement as he recovered himself.
"Shim! he roared, in his stentorian voice. "Shim! Here comes the himperting hofficer,"
Straight towards the gym. marched the erect, military figure, small in stature, but obviously awelling with importance. His sword clanked at every stride, and his grizzled monstache and red face showed that he was not an officer to be trifled with. "Is this the Rykomble Gammar School Cadet Corps!" he rapped out, in a high, somewhat squeaky voice, as he gamed, the gym.
"Yes, sir," answered Sergeant-major Benians stifly at the salute.
"Yes good! You may retire, sergeant! I will take the squad myself! Come back in a quarter of an hour," And the pepperty major waved his hand imperiously towards the door.
Sergeant-major Benians looked flablergasted. He had not expected of the bid dismissed like this.

He hesitated a moment.

"Well of the stride of the little officer, with such flerceness that the sergeant-major schuled heastly and left the gym. at the double.

Wandering

"Now, my lade!" squraked the pompans futh officer; and the cade tours jumps. "We'll see what you can do. Are you good he forer."

The cade copy stared limite after the luttle officer, and the luttle officer, and the luttle officer to long it has not let turn! Present to long the luttle officer to long the luttle officer to long the luttle officer walking itongside, and occasionally tripping forer his sword, which he seemed to the great samewheat. "Keep your dressing there! You in the luttle officer to luttle officer to luttle officer walking itongside, and occasionally tripping forer his sword, which he seemed to wear very awkwardly. "Fronk "Pro was pres' thopping properly! Come out here?" Fronk Menk, the jumior subressed, turned rel as he hopped out in front of the others.

"Now, then, sir, hop properly! Dut you back into it?" veciferated."

of the others, sir, hop properly? Put your back into it! vocalerated the hery little major. "Forward! Right burnel, left hop; Right turn! As you were! Left turn! Look to your front! Eyes right! Right about turn, left about turn—abu! Hum?"

The little major broke off short in his extraortinary flow of commands, and seemed to righte, while the squad, who had stapped hopping now, grinned broadly. They had felt sufficiently followed by the hop had stapped to proping a now, grinned broadly. They had felt sufficiently followed by the hopping and the grant of the first stapped to proping about the grant of the skipt of the unfortunate Frank Monk, red-faced and gaping, lappurg wildly

fully stern as he motioned the abshed and imignant Frank Monk back to the ranks. "You lack intelligence, sir!" squeaked the officer. "But perhaps that is more your misfortune than fault!"

"Really, sir-" burst out Monk. "Really, ar burst out Monk.
"Silence!" roaced the major. "I
we another exercise I wish you to
urry out, equally as beneficial as
opping. Right about turn!"

have another exercise I wish you to carry out, equally as heneficial as hopping. Right about turn!"

The squad turned, so that their backs were to the gym, door.

"Now, look to your front." rowed the pepper major. "When I give the word, bend down and touch your toes without bending the knees, and remain in that position until I give the command to straighten up again! Now, bend!"

Now, bend!"

As one men the squad bent down, with a good ranny gasps and grants from the less supple among them.

"Now, retain the position!" came the voice of the major from the region of the door.

When Sergeant-major Benians came in live minutes later, the squad were still retaining their position, though rearry blue in the face.

The inspecting-officer had disappeared!

A quarter of an hour later, an indignant, not to say furious, group of juniors burst into Gordon Gay's study, to find the schoolboy actor quietly reading Shakespeare.

"Had a good deill?" asked Gordon Gay carelessly.
"Good!" howled Frank Monk, "Good! We've had a fearful time!"

THE EMPIRE LIBRARY, Con Bulleton THE LAST CHAPTER



By CHARLES HAMILTON

Talbot Comes into His Oan At Le

Taibot Comes has His One Attact

A LL was clear to ma. Tas

A LL was clear to ma. Tas

A Le was clear to ma. Tas

A the equire; Taibot was

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lance of my past until the some in

the same Tailot, and I are year. The

same failed and the some in

same of Arnold Lary in hose of many in

and it was why Norro ration has

course. That was he made as a

lamb the same in the

lamb the same in the

paid dearly for the use le put in

And, the squire's cless filling

savagely.

"Now, you know shy! form

and planned to drive Tailor hose is

kit's. Ruined and dispression of the same

and trans in I forced my tends

to lecip me; believe me, I are ha

no choice. And I ak you meed no cours

"I will, you meed no cours" a

"I will, you meed no cours" a

"I will, you meed no serve y

pilied Arthur quietty. And but per

mise was not ere fregoter.

There was a silence in the rose the

some minutes. The leith was first

from the squire's lare. It was

from the squire's lare. It was

from the squire's lare. It was

and in a serve of the solute

A grim white look was causing on

lis face.

"I—I an explicit with the server

"I—I am explice."

now it was spoken his strength a gone.

A grim white look was coming our list face.

"I—I am going," said the sees, in a faint voice. "Remain wis still the end, cousin."

Cousin! Yes, he ITallot) end the man's cousin, and the wool delay him strangely. Till noor he had him the fired, more than ustangely. Till noor he had him the fired, more that ustangely had been the world. The him than a friend, more that ustangely him deeply, but he will be the square him flesh and had fired him deeply, but he will be square in his own, and had firmly.

He felt a slight pressure in man.

of the spatie in its was, had in its way. He felt a slight pressure in man "God bless you, Couses". They were the last words of Epe Lary. Life yet impered for left a hour, and the eyes should stagence, but no more word speak frozen lips. And at last froz bequire's eyes the light fadel. The drew away his hand from a nathal that was growing chilty. Squire Lary of Lynwood up in more!

more!

Little more remains to be tol.

Black recovered, and, regime now, bore out the squire's starmer fully. Elderd Leey was forgut; the lad the had wrouged, but let the lad the had wrouged, but let to the lad to had wrouged, but let to the lad to had wrouged to the lad to have let to have

was re-elected egittain with soba-tion, and Brooke insisted agen reg-ing. On the day of his train-Talbot invited the chums of the study, who had stack by his first everything, to a select little tapar, in his study.

It was a joily tea, the best her lat-very land, the junious agreed, and far-tered register to the tapar, the last was the register of the capture of the Captain of St. Kit. THY END.

"Put your back into it!" vociforated the flery little major, as Frank Monk hopped wildly, "Right hop, left hop; flight turn! As you were! Left turn! Right about turn!" "My hat! yes, and why weren tyou there, you spooler?" added Jack Wootton. "You don't know what that blessed inspecting-officer was like!" to and iro and round in erratic circles, in the vain effort to obey the major's rapid commands, was too absurd. An unrestrainable roar of laughter rang through the gynn, in which it looked asspiciously as if Major Hogan ioined.

Willia

An unretrainable roar of laughter rang through the gym., in which it looked userpicously as if Major Hogan joined.

"Ha, ha, ha,"

"Ho, ho! Ha, ha, ha,"

"Frank Monk finished his wild gyratious by losing his lalance, and sitting down hearily on the tan, where he sat, dazed and gasping, with a crimson face.

There was a fresh roar.

"Ha, ha, la! Ha, ha!"

For some time the mirth west on uncheeced. But sudshelly Major Hogan seemed to remember his dignity. His red face was redder than ever, and he made some play with his handkrechief, but his brow was fear-

The duped juniors made a mad rush for the door and tore it open. But Gordon Gay had vanished like a wise youth.

Changed

(Next Wednesday's Expuss Library will contain another complete tale of Gordon Gay & Co.; entitled "Frank Monk & Co.'s Hamper," by Franger Howard, Order in advance, Price One Halfpenny.)

His

like!"
Gordon Gay got up casually and
edged towards the door.
"I was there," he murmured.
"Was the inspecting-officer anything

And he slipped out of the study.

 Face.

HOW LOST STOLEN STRAYED A BUACK CAT

1. Coming across a notice about a pussy who had strayed (how nany do alas I), Wandering Willie hought he would got himself up (in per advertisement, and try



2. Sneak... to dips his he oin, and with ar concoci muci



beautiful much on ter sating day and a lires for a A ... 3. Takon



4. This action proves fatal, for he forgets that flour comes off when touched and that pets novor smoke, and his new mis-tress, becoming disgusted, gives

