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NEW SCHOOL STORY BY CHARLES HAMILTON.

Vol. 1 (New Series), No 13



#### THE RIVALS ST. WODE'S.

A New Tale, by the Author of "The Rivals of St. Kit's."

Mr. Bush is Angry.

ACK sent Blagden, staggering leiplessly—back and back, right to the doorway of the room, and then be fell backwards through

creay, a yell at the same sail from some of the juniors! sold out, Blaggy !" Blaggy was in no condition to

such as a Mr. Boah, the of the Fourth, came into the of the Fourth, came into the ray. The noise in the common-lad brought Mr. Bush on the and he was just in time to the falling junior on his chest. Bush de not intend to so catch that he could set help it. He was the could set help it. He fourthwell the could set help it. He fourthwell the could set help it. He fourthwell the could set help it. He gray the fourthwell the could set help it. He can be could set help in the fourthwell the could be common to the could be could be common to the could

limb nat where he had fallen, dared, for some momenta, whose senses were acting to the Perramental of the State of the Perramental of the Perramen

"'Pon my word, you know! Oh, lovely!"
"Shat up, you ass!" whispered the good-natured Newcome.
His lordship looked at him.
"What—what did you say!"
"Shat up!"
"Why! Who's that merchant!"
"That's our Form-mister!"
"Oh, lovely!" ejaculated his lord-ship.

And a our services of the large of the large

"Skeat! How dare you-I say, how dare you!" "But he wasn't, air; it was the new fellow knocked him into you," said

Skeat.

"Cad!" murmured Newcome.

"Oh!" said Mr. Bush, his little nerrow eyes glittering upon the juniors. "The new boy, indeed!

Ah, the new boy! Where is the new

Ah, the new boy! "Never to the above boy! I'm here, air," said Lord Loved), oming forward, evidently under the impression that he was the new boy; at all events, the only new boy of any consequence. "Good afternoon, sar! I'm here, sir. Adams!" Mr. Bush stared at him. "Who are you!" he demanded. "I'm Loved, air-fellows who know have the control of th

me call me Bunny. I'm sure I don't know shy. What "
"Oh, Lord Lovell!"
"Oh, Lord Lovell!"
"Yes, sir."
Mr. Bush's manner underwent a change. He had been prepared to snap at the new boy, or at anybody thing in the title of the new comer that had a softening effect. Music, it is said, hath charms to soothe the savage broast; and titles have power to placate the anobhash heart. Yes to be sooned t

stand, there stands rest in the said.

Disk Pennsyn came forward with a very real face or the said, and the said.

"Don't argue with me, boy! You have assaulted Hagadus!" Hardens in the said.

"I have been lighting Barden, at."."

"I have been lighting tongues, sir."
"Ah, that is heer you distinguish yourself on your first day at a respectable school, I see " said Mr. Rush unplessantly. "Xou imagine that you can bring your Council-

school manners and customs to St. Wode's, apparently."

Dick flushed scarter will tell you whether I began it, sir, "he said.

"I do not desire any impertinence from you, Penwyn."

"Very well, sir," and Pen quietly, "If it is impertinent for me to defend myself, I suppose I had better as myself. I suppose I had

A New and Interesting School Story for All.

## THE RIVALS OF S'WODE'S



"Well, I back up old Bushy-whiskers this time." Bamford remarked. "He's down on Council-

whishers thus there, remarked. "He's down on Council-school cals, that's a cert."
"Hot he's as fend of lords as Blazey is," succred Rake.
"Oh, shut up!" said Blazey is," succred Rake.
"Look here, Pennyu. I sha'at lea able to linsh lecking you now, or Drel laughed.
"You couldn't lick me any time, and you know it," he said.
Blazden bit his jip. He did know it, as a matter of fact, only too well.
"I don't want any of your check, he said leftily," "I'm not in the habit of arranging with fellows of your class.
I'll settle with you another time."

time."

And he turned his back upon Pen.
Pen stood uncertain how to act.
He was greatly inclined to go fee
Blagden on the spot; but if he
brought the Form-master back, there

was no telling what might come of it.

He might be taken before Dr.

Wimperis on his first day at St.

Wode's.

Pen's heart was very bitter at that

Fell's near was removed.

He was alone in the crowd of boys, without a friend, without even an acquaintance the first from what his first reception by Blagden & Co. had led him to magnet a state of the state of th

Blagden & Co. man an and manner imagine!

And there was an added touch of bitterness for him in listening to Blagden speaking to Lord Co. Blagden speaking to Lor

form enough to custome, as New-come remarked contemptuously to Rake.
"You're jolly wet, Lovel!" he exclasined. "Let me take you up to the dorn, and get you a change of things."
"I'm sure you're very obliging."

thine."
"I'm sure you're very obliging,"
said Lord Lovell. "I believe I'm
rather wet. It's raining, don't you
see. But I don't care to accept a
lavour from you, you know."
"Why not!"
"Why not!"
I think you're rather a cad, you
know. I think you're treated that
clap feembe in a rotten way, don't

"What, that Council-school rotter?" "What, that Council-school rotter?"
"He's a better man than you are,
by Jove!" said his lordship. "Yes,
I'm wet! Pd like a rub down, and a
change of clothes, and a dressinggown and shippers, you see, if one of
you chaps can lend them to me. Not
you, Rayden—is your name Ragden!
I never can remember names, somehow."

how."

Blagden's face was black as thunder. But before he could speak again Jex of the Fourth pushed him aside, and drew Lord Lovell's arm within his own.

in his own.
This way, my lord," said Jez.
Il get you a change. This way!"
Oh, how lovely! Thank you very

much. "Not

"On, how lovely? Thank you very much,"
"Not at all," said Jex.
"Not at all," said Jex.
"Hemorred."
Hangen grinned. He knew that Jex was an inveterate practical joker, though that knowledge had not, of course, yet dawned upon he lordship. He guessed that if Jex provided Lovell with a change, it would not be a change for the better.
"I say, obt chap, you'd better get a steek for that eye," and Hamford. Hangelen moshled, and left the room with his chum. Fen glances are them—Hagden to all the chumbers as he was the first for the chumbers as he was the large of the chumbers as he was the large of the lordship him? Fen had none. The new junior was feeling the reaction.

EMPIRE.-No. 13.

from the fight—the fixed of excitement was followed by an almost sick feeling of fatigue — of disgust with everything.

He walked to the door, followed by the eyes of most in the room.

No one felt inclined to speak to him. Even those who were not tained subthiness like he was different from themselves, and they had no inclination to attempt to trige the gad he looks downhearted, that new class? 'O' Donovan remarked to Newcome. No one felt inclined

to Newcome.
The latter nodded without speaking.
"Mistake for him to come here,"

"Mistake for him to come here,"
Rake remarked.
"Oh, I don't know!"
"He won't have a nice time."
"I'm going to speak to him," said

Neurome.

He walked a way before his friends could reply and tapped Duck Penwyn on the shoulder in the doorway. Pen turned round abruptly, expecting to see a hostile face. Newcomi gave him a nod a chereful grin.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

PEN looked hard at the Fourth-Former without replying for the moment. The question took him by surprise. After the way Illagden had acted, he had expected little kindness or generosity from the juniors of St. Wode S. Newcome unined.

Newcome unined.

"The not pulling your lee. We're not all the same as Blagden here, you know."

not all the same as Biaguen nere, yoknow."

"I lope not," said Pen.
"As a matter of fact, I rather like
your looks," said Newcome, in his
cheerful, frank way. "And it was a
ripping joke on Blaggy—his taking
you for the girdly viscount. Look
here, you want to bathe that nose of
yours, and that cut, too. I'll show
you where you ran do it."
"Thank you."
"Have you had your study given
you yet?"
"No."
"I exnect you'll go into the empty

"I expect you'll go into the cumpty one," and Newcome, "No. 4 is compty, owing to two follows leaving at once. It's next door to Blaggy. I expect Blaggy asked you to come into his digs while he thought you were his lordship!"
"Yee, he did."

"Yes, he did."
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Newcome.
Well, he won't want you now.
lone with me, kid."
Dick Penwyn hesitated for a

Wen, with me, some Dick Penwyn hesitateu moment.

He had been frank and confiding once, and he had had a cruel return for it. Blazden's perfidy had cot it. In the quick. once, and for it. Blagden's periody had for it. Blagden's periody him to the quick. He heistated before he trusted a St Wode's fellow again. But Newome's face was so frank and kind that the lad could not district him after one look at it. "Thank you very much," he said. "Oh, bosh."

"Oh, bosh!"
Newcome led lim from the room.
The other fellows stared after them,
and there was a buzz of comment at

Fancy Newcome chumming up h that cad like that!" exclaimed with

"Yes, it's rollen, ion't it?"
"Oh, it's just like Newcome; he's slower doing things the that?"
"He can't meaning the that?"
"If he does, you'll drop him, I suppress, won't you, O'Bonovan'?"
"If he does, you'll drop him, I suppress, won't you, O'Bonovan'?"
"Faith, and I'll drop you, with a do on the nose, if you say the suppress, won't you, o'Bonovan'?"
"Faith, and I'll drop you, with a great horse, if you say the suppress which and the property of the suppress which and the suppress which and the suppress which and the suppress which is not a fact that he fight-independent of the suppress which is not a suppress which is n

going to lack up the young conserva-school—"

"And to last" said O'Dunovan.

"And to last "said O'Dunovan.

"And to last "said O'Dunovan.

"The sound of running water in a bath-room guided O'Donovan, and he joined his chum, who was luthing Pen's face with a sponge under a streaming tap. Pen was sulmitting to the ordeal cheerfully to the ordeal cheerfully to the pending of feet that he could be very friendly with Newcome, if Newcome would let him be.

"Feel better?" asked Newcome.

"Yes, thanks."

"Feel better?" asked Newcome.
"Yes, thanks."
"Faith, and yea?! have a nose on you presenty?" asked Olonovan, looking in. "But it's all series; Blaggy will be a picture for day." Newcome cluckled.
"Blaggy lasan't had such a comedown for whole terms," he said, "Why, he's been ceck of the walk among fellows beinger than binnedl, you know ever sure he was a fag in the Second Form. Blaggy won't know what for make of it. He'll have to mind his 'p's and 'q's' after this."

to mind has pthis."

"Faith, and you're right!"

"I'm sure I don't want to quarrel
with him, or with anylody else," said
Pen. "I had to defend myself." Pen. "I "What-ho!"

"I shall keep clear of him if I can in the future."

Newcome shook his head.
"Don't let him see you doing it,
hen," he said. "He'll think you're

"Don't set him see you doing it, then," he said. "He'll think you're afraid, and he'll legin on you again."
"Oh, I see, "said fron howly,"
"There, I think that will do, "said Newcome, throwing down the sponge. "Here's a towe!."
"How leads to the said the said that a said the said that a said t

Busny-whiskers!"
Newcome made a grimace.
"I shall have to cut along now,
Penwyn," he said. "Has old Bush
told you anything about your prep.?"
"No," said Pen.
"I'l" You'll have to do it,, you
home."

know."
"What.—" Pen hesitated.
"Oh, come on!" said Hake, turning away and going down the massage.
O'Donovan followed him, but Newcome paused to reply to Pen.
"What wor you going to say!" he

reked Pen coloured.

"I was going to ask you a ques-tion, Newcome."
"Fire away!"

"Would you mind telling me what ou mean by prep.?" Newcome stared at him. "Prep." he said. "But what is it?"

"Oh, preparation!".
"Preparation!".
"Yes."

Pen's colour deepened.

What have we to prepare for?" osked. lesecome burst into a laugh, Oh, I see!" he exclaimed, "You

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed. "You see, we have to prepare next morning's lessons, that's all. We have an hour of it in our studies, excepting when it is done in the Form-room under old Bush's eye. We always get into trouble if we cut prep. Oh! Bushy ought to have told you what to do ought to have told you what to do.

You'll be ragged in the Form-room to-morrow if you don't do it."
"What had I better do, then!"
"Well I should speak to old Bushy."

"Well I should speak to old Bardy."

Bardy."

Said Pen.

And Newcome followed his chums, Pen was left alone. Newcome meant to be kind, and he had given Pen all the advice he could think of. As he burried away after O'Donovan and Rake, he did not understand or even think of the heavy feeling of lonei-ness that descended upon the new boy.

boy.
I'en towelled his face slowly, and replaced his collar.
He was in no hurry to go to Mr.

replaced his collar.

Ile was in no hurry to go to Mr.

Ile which styledy.

Ilis first visit, there had not been pleasant, and Mr. Bush's manner had not been encouraging since it was to be to be the more trouble with him, and the most to have been some instruction as a what he was to do and many the most sent in the same of the room had been some instruction as a subject to the same than the same what he was to do and and the new boy was left ignerant even of the room he was to occupy and the books he was to use.

If had a rough idea even the same to we for the same to the sa

A Queer Wager.

OOK out!"
Clear the way, you ass!"
"Careful, there!"
"Oh, all right, Crawcour;

dry up!"
"I'll jolly well punch your head,

"I'll jony near Lacy!"
"Quick march!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
There was a shout of laughter from all the fellows who saw the curious scene. Pen could not help joining

Five fellows were coming down the

Five fellows were coming down the passage in file.

Each of them was blindfolded, so that he could see nothing, and each of them was carrying some plate or diel laden with eatables.

It was evidently a jape of some sort, and Pen, curious to see what weird St. Wode's custom this might be, gared on the recen in wonder.

The other fellows roared with laughter.

The other fellows reared with laughter.
"Go it, Crawcour!" shouted O'Donovan. "Faith, mind that pile doesn't topple over!"
"Oh, rats!" "Bluck up, !lack,"
"I'm all right."
"Mind the jam, Penge."
"Jam's all screne."
"Ha, ha, ha! There goes Vernon!"

The fourth fellow in the file had tripped over, and gone to the floor with what he was carrying.

There was a ringing crash.

It was followed by fresh yells of

heeding.

They were evidently far too high and mighty to care for the comments the juniors of St. Wode's might pass the juniors of St. Wode's might pass upon their actions.

The blindfolded seniors marched forward in solemn file, leaving

### FOR MY NEW READERS.

Dick Penwyn, a stardy Cornish lad, attending a County Council school, obtains a scholarship for St. Wede's. He arrives at the great public school full of doubts as to how he will be received by his future school/fellows. To his delight and amazement he is received with open arms, siz justors, hel by

OR MY NEW READERS
Hagden, the Fourth Form captain, meeting him at the station in the pouring rain. The truth is that Hagden & Co. take Pen for young Lord Lovell, who is expected to arrive that day, but Dick has no idea of time.

The arrial of the real Lord Lovell, however, puts a different Lovell, however, puts a different.

complexion on matters, and Blag-den comes out in his true colours. He attempts to give Pen a licking,

but the Cornish junior meets him like a rock, and sends him reeling with a terrific right-hander,

(Now go on with the story.)

Vernon dragging the bandses of the even, and setting up in the rules has shattered burden,

verma research and a state of the service and string our in the reason has shattered burden, but shattered burden, but shattered burden, the shattered burden for the service of the shatter proposed down the passage. The shatter was a making reach a tale and to be shattered by the shatter was the shatter was the shatter with the shatter was a making the shatter was the shatter was

Three fellows were new minks on the fillows were new minks on the fillows were new more uncertainty to the fillows were the fillows the fi

"Ha, ba, ha!"
"Go it, Crawcour!"
"Go it, Braye!"
"Oh, shut up, you junioner you do not be to be

growled Crawcour. "Don't mis such a horrid row. It's enough a wake the dead, begad!"
"Ha, ha, ha?"
Crawcour and Brays walked on. They were heading for the dar-way of the Fifth-Form room.
Pen guessed now that it was a m petition arrong the heroes of the Fifth which could carry his burden safely the length of the passage hist folded.

safely the length of the passage kind folded.
Only Crawcour, the captain of the Form, and Brayo remained of the pression which had caught Pen's era few minutes before.
They were creeping on my cartiously now.
Crawcour, by some instinct, or sis because perhaps the banding warse to because perhaps the banding warse of the others, was keeping a my straight course.
Brayo was working off toursh is wall on the right.
The spectators waited grinsist.
Not a word of warning was similar Braye, who was marching things to the band of the large way was working to the same than the sa

Right to the wall Brays walked and

Right to the want brays his tray cannoned upon it with a saidden shock, and went with a cast to the ground. Braye started back with an excluse

Braye started back with an exclassion of astonishment.

"W-w-w-what!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nescon.
"There it goes! You'se out Buy!
"You're done, Braye," said the cour, still keeping on.
Braye growled.
"Well, you've he said.
"We'll seen!"
"We'll seen!"
"We'll seen!"
"There was a yell from a diminster.

"We'll see."
There was a yell from a diministration of the distance—some enterposity youngster who owed the capital at the Fifth a grudge, in all probable. "Crawcour can see! Crawcour cheating!" cheating !

"What's that?" yelled Larg.
"It's a he!" shouted Crawcon less
ously. "I can't see!"
"Let's have a look at the bands.

than." I tell you-

then."

"I tell you—"

"You can tell us what you has but let's look," said Lacy. Also st going to fork out half a soo, is nothing."

"Look here—"

"I'm looking."

"And Lacy did look.
Whetever did look.
Whetever did look is not soo, is not looking."

I'm to looking."

"I'm to looking."

"Well, are you satisfeed."

"Well, are you satisfeed."

grewled.
"I am, now," said fars.
"Let me get on, then."
"Go ahead."
And Crawcour started on his saf

And Crawcor starce or again.

The uncertainty with which be more this march secured to irreduce to the supplicion that he had been also see previously.

It is steps were more wandering the undecided, and he began to had do wards a wall. But he was no the

## THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.

definition now that it seemed definition he would strike the return he would strike the return he was before he can be seen de walk. And cores in the man lee whether he was been realised and the realised public whether he was been as the first the prefermance. The heavy he performance that the way have the seen the performance that the was the performance of the Fifth worse, however, when a such on yell as Craw-suched the doorway, out?

set see now, whether he had to see before or not. He to see before or not. He to shout simply to mean as appreaching a wall, and more cautiously.

med more causes in kept on a le kept of the Fourth, had suddenly of the Fourth, had suddenly of the Fourth, had suddenly of the form-room, and was of a Form-room, and was of a le kept of the left of the lef

dat in the large and the second of the Research at the Research and the blindfolded senior, marching the blindfolded senior, marchine as the a tray of cakes and jaments the stood rooted to the line as second too long. The looked Crawcour walked right not a second too

m hat!" gasped Crawcour.

Young hat," gasped Crawcour,
'Ha ha, ha?
'B rasped Mr. Buth.
'B' rasped

fee he broke off, frozen with tree as he saw Mr. Bush, and abed that he had been speaking in the series to a Form-master. Mr. Bush, almost dancing with a rouged the jam from his yees, pen; and sputtering like a spiteful

"Very good, sir!" he shouted—"I see, tery good, sir! Yes, Crawcour, sey good! I shall report this to us bed master, sir, instantly! Yes, c! I say, I shall report it."

Art Mr. Bush stamped away in a

the rage.

gave a whistle of dismay, there'll be a row now!"

Dere was a rell of laughter, and farous stared round furiously. that up, you yelping little

"He ha ha!"
"Well, you've lost, Crawcour," said
"Well, you've lost, Crawcour," said
"Se war it. Blessed if I don't bethe rou could see!"
"Os, that up! There'll be a row
12 th Head."

http://doi.org/10.1001/10.1001/10.

Ast Crawcour walked away scowl-Ast Crawcour was evidently neither Pole for a good-tempered young Gliman. To judge by Mr. Bush's at too the Fifth-Formers had and to apprehend trouble.

A Change for the Worse! Other thanks for the Worse! Well LOVELL followed the shiging Jex upstairs to the Fourth Form dormitory. The sholls viscount was very damp the weather, and certainly in a change of clothes, but as his thanks were not wat at \$5. tinhes were not yet at St.

the kindness of the smootherd, soft tongued Jex was very

by Jone you know, I'm not feel-ting well, don't you see!" his lord-scarced, as they entered the same and the part in the same as the same and the part in my bed to-night, the same as the good of the part is now as as the part in my bed to-night, the part in my bed to-night, the part is my bed to-night,

in yes, Jex, you know! harded here to take my boots

toneraled a grin.

tonid ting for the boys' maid,
ould whistle for the firemen,
and whistle for the firemen,
and a state of the chief
de he replied, "but that
take time, and you might

catch cold in the feet, so perhaps I'd better take them off."
Lovell looked at Jex in some surprise, but it did not seem to occur to him that the humorous junior might be pulling his aristocratic leg, and he sat down on a box and stretched out his feet to let Jex take herd Lovell was evidently accustomed to having his boots taken off for him, but if he expected to be able to continue luxuries of that sort, he had come to the wrong place in coming to St. Wode's.

But it suited Jex to "stuff up" the noble viscount for the present. He took his lordship's boots off, and then helped him off with the rest of his string large and the static of t

attire.

His lordship shivered, as might have been expected, for the dormitory was decidedly cold and draughty.

"Jove, you know," Lord Lovell remarked, "it's jolly cold, you know-beastly, jolty cold, old son-what?"

Yes," said Jex. "It's due to the

"Yes," said Jer. "It's due to the weather, you know."
"I'm! Well, it's cold! Where's the other clothes!"
"I'll send these away to be dried," said Jex. "Wrap a blanket round you while I get the others, will you? Here. Beeton, take these clother down to the sergeant at arms and tell him to have them dried at once."
Beeton grinned and took the clothes.

The sergeant-at-arms was a creation of Jex's fertile imagination.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Jex bore the brilliant suit back

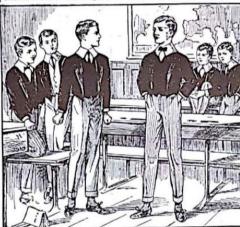
he dormitory.
His lerdship looked up eagerly.
"Hy Jove," he remarked, "Pm-ccold, you know! It's jelly "Is jornship looked up eagerly." I'm Jove," he remarked, "I'm c-cold, you know! It's jolly beastly weather for sitting about in your underclothes, you know! You've heen a long time, Quex."
"Sorry!" said Jex.
"Never mind. If we."

You've been a long time, Quex."
"Sorry!" said Jex.
"Never mind, if you've got the
clothes, don't you see."
"Here they are."
"Jex spread the clothes out on the

The viscount gazed at them. The viscount gazed at them.
It was already abundantly clear
that Lord Lovel possessed a nature
of great simplicity, and that suspice
had no part in his composition. But
at the sight of that nigger minstrel
there are the seemed to be very much

"Yes, but—"
"I'll helly you "you know, I can't "Look hese things," said Lord Lovell. "Don't be an ass, you know. You don't mean to say that you weet that kind of clothes at St. Wode's, you know!

you know?"
"My dear chap," said Jex, "I'vo worn them, with a dozen other chaps, for a whole evening in the presence of the Head and the masters."



and you know it!" said Pen, He did know it, as a matter of too well.

Recton hurled the clothes in a heap

Beeton hurled the clothes in a heap into the first room he came to, and then returned to watch the further progress of Lord Lovell.

His lordship was sitting on a bed, wrapped up in a blanket, and shivering.

"It's all right." asid Jex. "I'll he'Oh, tovely "said Lovell through his chattering teeth.

Jex left the dormitory with Reeton.

Beeton.
"What are you going to give him?" asked the latter.
"The minstrel togs we used at the

"The minstrel togs we used at the concert."
"Its., ha!"
Jex hurried off to a box-room, where he runk be selected a really representation of the concert. There was a musical society in the Lower School at St. Wode's, and the members of it sometimes gave musical entertainments. They had not reached a higher level of art, so far, than an imitation of a Christy Winstrel performance, where they were startling striped clothes and blacked their faces.

The clothes Jex now selected were the most striking of the whole collection. They were white with broad of stripes—a flaring design that would strike the eye as far as the eye could reach.

would strike the eye as lar wiscount in those clothes made Beston yell.
"Cheese it!" grinned Jex. "Don't let him into the wheese.
"Do you think he'll wear those things!"
"Ite'll have to; he's got nothing else."

"Jove!"

Jove!"

Jove! statement was true enough,
but he did not add that the occasion
was an amateur entertainment at
which the Hosoritime
to be the continue operated to
to be the continue operated to
to be the continue

"I for the continue operated to
"I favor the continue operated
"I saw him do it, my lord."

"Jove, you know!"

"Better buck up; you'll catch
cold."

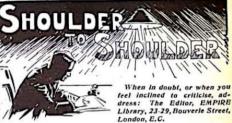
cold."
"Yes, but—but look here, be a good chap, you know, and get me some other kind of clothes, don't you see," urged his lordship.
Jex shook his head.

seo," urged his lordship.
Jes shook his head.
"Can't be did," he replied. "You see, there's a rule at St. Wode's that—that all our clothes shall be locked up by the sergeant-at-arms while wo're not using them. I happened to have this suit left out; that's how I can bring it to you. There isn't another thing to be had for love of money in St. Wode's until sergeant-at-arms will be a sergeant-at-arms of the sergea

Jex winked at the ceiling.

( Wore of this fine serial next Wednesday.)

THE EDITOR'S TWO COLUMNS.



KIND WISHES.

KIND WISHES.

I shall be my pleasant duty, first of all, before dealing with our next week's stories, to thank all my readers for their facilities. I found on my desk this menning a big batch of Christmas cards from my Colonial Iriends, and it is very pleasing to me to know that there are so many over-seas who can spare as moment's thought for their Editors. Now the deal with the standard of the control of t

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

In a week or so's time you will find in these pages a new story, dealing with the boyhood, escapades, and adventures of that notorious

CHARLES PEACE.

This chief of rogues, a man whose undoubted eleverness was so mis-directed, has often been made the chief character in the many stories chief character in the many stories that means the second of the second

"THE DARK LANTERN "-

appropriate one—
"THE DARK LANTERN"—
and it will open when Charles Peace
was quite a boy and the choice of
two ways lay before him. That he
chose the wrong way we already
know; but how he came to do so is
a matter that will not only form
highly interesting reading, but will
throw some light on the peculiar circumstances which induced an intelligent boy to associate with bal companions and to become a market
of the peculiar cirment of the peculiar cirment of the peculiar circumstances which induced an intelligent boy to associate with bal
ent panions and to become a market
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ent panions and to become a market
of the peculiar cirof the peculiar cirof the peculiar
ent pe

more immediate interest and a sout the tales for our next issue I have this to say the say the

THE FIRST HALF-CROWN.
Out of the following batch of
limericks received from S. J. Trott,
A. Jackson, Dorothy Buck, T. Faritt,
J. Rathbone, and L. Harrison, the
first one takes the half-crown. In
connection with this little competition
I must say that it has proved exceedingly popular, and I also wish my new
readers to understand that the prise
to limericks, but also to storyettes,
postcard jokes, and useful hints. Do
not fail to send anything good along,

THE FIRST HALF-CROWN.

for one of you is bound to win the

If your knowledge you wish to advance. Don't buy any rubbish from France. A boy may be skittish, But provided he's British, His Empire you'll see at a glance.

There was a young fellow of Ryc.
Who once lighted a squib on the sly.
Ere to safety he sprang.
It went off with a bang.
And the neighbours now think him a

There was a young maid-a new

bride— In a tight hobble-skirt from church in a tight hobble-skirt from church in the started to run, She afforded great fun, And the people around shricked: "She's tied!"

Why should lots of young people feel sad When a book of good tales can be had?

I mean the Extrag.
Which I'm sure they'd admire:
If they read it just once, they'd be

There was a young lady of Ware. Who was fained for her beautiful

hair:
But the last thing at night,
Ere she put out the light,
It was carefully placed on a chair.

There was a young fellow called

There was a young tenow called Tait. Who dined with a girl at eight-eight; But I cannot relate What that fellow called Tait And his tele-a-tele ato at eight-eight.

POSTCARD EXCHANGE. The following readers desire to exchange postcards:

#### 39th LIST.

39th LIST.

Muray, 8, Hustion Drive, 8, Govan, Scotland, wishes to exchange posteards with readers affrica. South America, Austria.

3r. Morris, 19, Torranco Road, Spreydon, Christchurch, New Zealand, with South Africa.

W. Ularke, 10, Alliance Street, Addington, Christchurch, New Zealand, with South Africa.

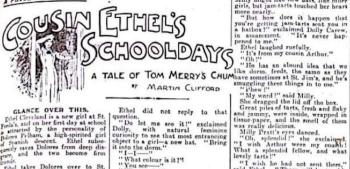
Townsell of the Control o

Gloucester, England, with Canada.
A. Martin, 83, Colston Street,
Bristol, England, with London,
England.
Asynon Loudon, England, with
New Zealand.
Khrich, 30, Petherton Road,
Canonbury, Lendon, England,
with India.
C. Sadler, "Homeleigh," Montagomery Street, Kogarah, Sydney,
Australia, with Sheffleld, England.

Australia, with Steiners, angland, J. Read, Nicholson Road, Subiaco, W. Australia, with England, R. Hart, 40, Mountfield Street, Brunswick, McHourne, Australia, with England, Collins, S. Sopwith Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, with South Africa, New Zealand, W. Findon, 213, Ichnield Porton, Proad, Birmingham, England, with France, Canada, America, Scotland.

Scotland.
W. C. Brown, R.A. Eldon Street, Sheffield, England, with Mexico, Russin, U.S.A., Texas.
Miss D. B. Roberts, S.Q. Burwen, Drive, Aintree, Liverpool, England, with South Africa.
F. H. D. Shaw, 21, Pelham Street, Middlesbrough, England, with China.

A Favourito with All.



CLANCE OVER THIS.

GLANCE OVER THIS.

The Cleveland is a new girl at St.

Frela's, and on her first day at school

a structed by the personality of

patter Pelham, a high-spirited girl

of Scanish descent. Ethel subse
gently area Dolares from deep dis
carely area Dolares from deep dis
gree, and the two become firm femile.

Eihel taken Doloren over to St.

Jim's College, where Arthur D'Arcy,
her cousin, is at school, and the

Spanish girl is introduced to all

finals he is introduced to all files by friends.

One afternoon Ethel meets D'Arey, the tells bet that he has thought of a soniceful scheene for samughing enther into St. Freela's by sending them in horse labelled "Hats," Saga," etc. Ethel protests strongly, but Arthur has already put his achieves the contemporary of the sending his sending the sending his Geseland's hat!" the demands of the principle of the sending his Geseland a hat!" the demands of the principle of the sending his sending here. friends

Parcels for Cousin Ethel.

DON'T know, mum," said the boy.
"Well, I suppose I must take it in!" said Mrs. Filby.

"Yes, mum."

And Mr. Puston's boy retired, having the box with Mrs. Filby.

Mrs. Filby carried it off in

Dear me!" she said. "Now I—

at. Mist Cleveland!"
Cousin Ethel was coming up.
She had hurried in after seeing the
an outside, and was ready to take
the parcel. The easiest way out of
the matter, the thought, was to take
sheter was sent to her, and smooth
the matter. the matter, a statever was sent to her, a statever was sent to her, a state over quietly.

"This is for you, Miss Cleveland,"

Mrs. Filby. Thank you," said Ethel, taking

the non.
"It came by the baker's van."

"It came by the baker's van-yre."
"Ye."
"Things the milliner asked them beliver it," said Mrs. Filby, "but and well of the said Mrs. Filby, "but and Ethel.
"Things and Ethel.
"Thin there it is, Miss Cleveland."
"Thin the said walked away with the lest in her hand.
"New hals!" exclaimed Dolly Care, as she met her friend. "Are Jose form over to St. Jim's again see, Ethel."
"Again Ethel could not help Ethel could not help

harhing.

I should not buy a new hat to go ther there," she said, bought it for,

ther there," she said.
"What have you bought it for,

"I-I-"
"What colour is it?"

"You see "What style?"

"What style?"
"I-J-"
"You're going to show it to me, aren't you?" asked Dolly, looking at Ethel's confused face in astonishment.
"Ethel my dear, what's the matter?"

sec-" began Ethel Ble

sed if I do!" said Dolly, you want to show me your "Don't you new hat?"

"New hats!" exclaimed Milly Pratt, coming up, "Who's buying new hats?"

new hats?"
"Ethel is; it's just come."
"Good! I suppose that means that you are rolling in money, as usual, Ethel! Could you lend me

nixpence Dolly

sixpence? Doubly our seal me sixpence? Dolly Carew snifled, but Milly claborately took no notice of her. "I're left my pure somewhere," said Milly. I shall pay you when I find it. I shall pay you went to find it. I find it. I find to the will set be will set be only in a shilling from the other day, too. I shilling from the other day, too. I not my pure. You haven't seen it about, have you?" "No!" said Ethel.

"How unfortunate! Can you lend

me sixpence?"
Ethel handed over the sixpence, an action that called forth a still more unmistakable sniff from Dolly

action that called forth a still more unmistakable suilf from Dolly Carew.

"Do let us look at your hat!" exclaimed Milly, checking her desire to rush off to the tuckshop immediately with the sixpence. "I love new hats!".

"You see—"" Oh, come to the dorm, and show it to us!"

Ethel, with a troubled brow, carried off the hatbox to the dormitory. She took it into her own cubicle, and Dolly and Milly followed her in, and the hatbox was ret upon a chair, and Milly unfailed the seed of the seed of

"Oh, it isn't a hat!" said Ethel desperately, at last.
Dolly stared.
"Isn't a hat?" she exclaimed.
"No."

"But it's labelled a hat."
"I can't help that."
"But what is it, then !"

I'm not sure-jam-tarts,

Dolly Carew gave quite a jump, and Milly's fingers worked faster than ever in unfastening the string.

Milly might like new bats, like other girls, but jam-tarts touched her heart more nearly... "But how does it happen that

you're getting jam-tarts sent you is a hatbox?" exclaimed Dolly Carew in amazement. "It's never hap

"I wish he had not sent them," said Ethel. "There will be trouble if Miss Penfeld sees them; and there

are more things coming."
"Do you want to get rid of them?"
asked Milly.

"Yes, indeed!"
"Then it's perfectly easy. I'll eat

"Then it's perfectly easy. I'll eat them for you."
"Rely on Milly," said Dolly Carew, laughing. "She will eat anything for anybody. Won't you, Milly, did not reply. Her mouth was stopped with the first of the jam-tart. It was surprising to see how fast her jaws could work.
"My word, though, they look

tarit. It was surpraing to see now fast her jaws could work.
"My word, though, they look mice." said Dolly, "I will have one. Cousin Ethel nodded.
"Cousin Ethel nodded.
"Certainly!" she said. "Have as many as you like."
"Won's you have some yourself?" Ethel smiled, and took one. The jam-tarts were very nice, and she took another. Dolly managed four, and Milly Prait was already at her end of the she was a surprained by the said. They'd better said strength of the said. They are so fastly in the box did not seem to be at all diminished so far.
"Yes," said Ethel. "Where can I "Groop."
"Dear me, Milly! Are you shading me, me, Milly! Are you shading me, me, Milly! Are you shading me, me, Milly! Are you shading the said the said

"Dear me, Milly! Are you choking !"
"Groo!"

"Groo!"
"You shouldn't cat so fast," said Dolly, thumping Milly Pratt on the back. "There! Is that better?"
"Ow! No! Leave of! Yow!"
"You were choking."
"I wasn't!" exclaimed Milly indignantly. "I was only trying to speak, and my mouth was full, !"Il seratch you if you punch me in the back again!"
"Now, don't be ungrateful,

v. don't be ungrateful. Milly

Milly—" ungrateful,
"Groo! I was going to say,
Ethel, that you needn't trouble about
putting the tarts away. I'll look
after them for you,"
"In fact, Milly will put them away
for you," said Bolly sarcestically.
"Certainly!" said Milly unsuspiciously. You leave them to
no, Tabel. I'll take proper care of
Balle.

Dolly made

coming!

Ethel started nervously. She hated feeling guilty, but she could not help it now. If the great consignment of farty should be discovered in her cubicle there would certainly be

trouble, The dormitory door was heard to

epen.

As all the cubicles were open at the end, one had only to walk down the domittery to see into each one; so if the new-comer came alone, the three griss and the hat-box could not fail to be discovered in Ethel's

fail to be discovered in Ethel's cubicle.

Ethel stepped quickly out of the cubicle, making a sign to Dolly to get the box out of sight.

Dolly grasped it and pushed it under the bed. But Milly Pratt's january mouth and sitcky fingers remained to betray them if they were seen.

A trim madiservant had come into the dormitory. She stopped as Ethel bastily advanced towards her.

Mr., Filly wants to see you, missing the property of the property o

"Mrs. Fully balas miss," his said.
"Mrs. Filby!"
"Yes, miss. There's a parcel come for you."
Ethel's heart tank.
It was evidently the second of Arthur Augustus D'Arey's consignation.

ments.

But she nodded calmly, and took her way with as tranquil a face as she could muster to the housekeeper's

Seapl

"M ISS CLEVELAND, there is a parcel here for you!" said marker filly as Cousin Ethel came in; and there was a very curious expression upon the housekeeper's face. "Were you expecting any scap;" "Scap;" said Ethel.
"Is-is it here?"
"There is a large parcel for you, labelled soap," said Mrs. Filby, indicating a large package. "It weighs a great deal, and it was quite a trouble to the man to carry it in. Whatever possessed rou to order such a quantity of soap. Miss Cleveland?" Cousin Ethel did not reply.

She gared at the large package on the outside with frown paper and she judged it to contain the ginger-beer. Arthur Augustus D'Arch and not done things by lahves.

When the swell of St. Jim's was magnificent, he was magnificent, and on this occasion he had expended his fiver quite royally. Ethel was to do with those junger-beer facility of the service of the could see, too, that Mrs. Filby was very curious. After a hat-box delivered in a confectioner's van, the arrival of a great consignment of soap was naturally more surprising than it would otherwise have been. And Arthur Augustus had really not been happy in his selection of labels. Soap was naturally more surprising than it would otherwise have been. And Arthur Augustus had really not been happy in his selection of labels. Soap was naturally more surprising than it would otherwise have been. And Arthur Augustus had really not been happy in his selection of labels. Soap was naturally more surprising than it would otherwise have been. And Arthur Augustus had really not been happy in his not have known."

Ethel nodded.
"The school provides soap for the girls," went on Mrs. Filby kindly. "Of course, as you are a new girly our might not have known."

Ethel nodded.
"Hu in agy case, what could you want with to much soap as this?"

child, there must be enough there to last the whole school for a month!"
"It was very thoughtless," said Ethel.
"Yes, indeed. Why did you order

It-it was ordered for me," said

Ethel.
"Ob, a mistake, I suppose!"
Yes, indeed, a very great

"It is already paid for," said Etherhactily,
"Oh, that alters the case, of course,
But it will be useless to you," said
Mrs. Filly, "I had better have it
plant to the bouskeeping stores,
and Mrs. Lead to bouskeeping stores,
and Mrs. Lead to bouskeeping stores,
that Mrs. Lead to the scap in money,"
It was really the most natural suggestion to make, and it was kind and
considerate of Mrs. Filly to suggest
it; but it was not exactly what Ethel
wanted.

wanted.

She could imagine the look upon Miss Penfold's face when the box was opened, and instead of packets of mosp, bottles of ginger-beer came into

view. At all costs the box must be got away from the housekeeper's room unopened. But how? Ethel certainly could not carry it; she could not even lift is from the floor. "Thank you very much, Mrs. Filby—" she began.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Filipy "sin began." Not at all, my dear child. You may leave the box here, and I will speak to Miss Penfold about it," said the housekeeper.
"Thank you, but—but I would rather take the box, if you don't mind," said Cousin Ethel, flushing a little.

Mrs. Filby regarded her in astonish-

"But, my dear child, the soap will be useless to you!" she exclaimed. "There must be between a quarter and a half-hundredweight of it!"

"Yes, but—"
"You had better let me use it, as
I said, and Miss Penfold will return
you the money for it," said Mrs.

you the money ....
Filby.
"But I did not pay, myself."

"But I did not pay, myseu.
"You can return the money to the
person who did pay, of course, if you
wish," said Mrs. Filby, with a smile.
Ethel felt almost cornered.
"But—but I would rather have the
packet taken to my room," she said.
"My dear child.—"

acket taken to my room," she said.
"My dear child—"
"I think I had better take it."
"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Filby.
It is extraordinary, but you may ertainly have the packet if you like, will call the porter."
"Thank you so much, dear Mrs. Siby."

Thank you so much, dear Mrs.
Filby!"
The school porter was called in.
The school porter was called in.
The school porter was called in.
The school porter without making remarks. It is slouldered the box, and marched off with it, followed by Cousin Ethel, who was early too relieved to get the thing out of the housekeeper's room without any more questions being asked.
Where shall I take it, miss!"
asked the corporal, after a minute.

(Continuation of this splendid story next

REMARKABLE!! FRETWORK BARGAIN.

bed at three sumy riamps, and we will, as an advertise, we and join and the sum of the s



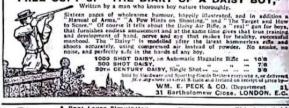


MONTHLY

In suchie any reader of this paper to evan a reliable Watch, MAST Ed., List., will supply their Wester famed 30° Versetty fillers Watch (keywind on Keylens) on Easy Trens (E.S. Monthly). Masters Versetty is a truly wonderful piece of mychanics.

## DAISY AIR RIFLE

Every boy (and every boy's father) should send a postcard to us for a FREE COPY of "THE DIARY OF A DAISY BOY,"



ters everywhe e, or delivered WM. E. PECK & CO. (Department 31 31 Bartholomew Close, LONDON, E.C.

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CHAPTER 1. Harry Wootton Dors a Little Practising.

GROO! Groo! Ger-ooh! Oo-ooch!

"My hat?"
"Great Scot!."
Groe-oo-oo-ouch!
"My only aunt!"
"Jumping wallabies;"
"Dear me!
Groad Groan! Groo-oo!!
Gordon Gay looked at Jack
Wootton and Tadpole, and Jack
Wootton and Tadpole, and Jack
Wootton and Tadpole looked at each
Grouch! Groan! Geros-ooh!
The hair-raising sounds were
coming from Study No. 13 in the
Fourth Form passage at Rylcombe
Grammar School, outside the door of
which the three members of the
Jamous Co. who inhalited the study
were standing gazing at each other
in consternation.
"My only Panaran hat! What on
earth is it!" gasped Gordon Gay.
as the fearful greans and gasps and
grouns continued with unsbated

grunts vigour. continued with

grants continues with unabated vigour, vigour,

Groan

Grant!
The three chums listened awestruck, The sounds were positively tertifying, and it certainly seemed as though someone were suffering terrible agony inside the study.
Grant! Groo-oh! Gront! Gurgle!
"Here, I can't stand this any longer!" said Gordon Gay at last.
"Come on!"

ome on!"
Right ho!" said Jack Wootton

"Right-he!" said Jack Wootton valiantly.
"Let us center!" said Tadpole, somewhat nervously.
"Then, here goes!"
Gordon Gay gently pushed open the door, which was on the latch, and the three chume entered the study, not a control sight unful dation at to had the control of the

soul was to be seen.

The chums gasped with astonishment, and Jack Wootton had just opened his mouth to give vent to an amused ejaculation, when all three suddenly jumped clear into the air, as the ghastly sounds broke out gain, this time nearer and louder than before.

Ger-ooh, ger-ooch! Graw! Groan! Gargle! Gordo

Gordon Gay gazed round the little study with startled eyes. This was

too absurdly uncanny. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation. He had caught sight of a head of curly hair sunk in the depths of the one and only armchair the study beasted.

Gordon Gay knew that head of hair well. It belongs to the Wortton

well. It belonged to Harry Wootton, the Australian, the youngest member of the Co., and Jack Wootton's

the distribution, and Jack Wootton brother.

So the fearful sounds of agony were consing from Harry!

Gordon Gay took a quick step to the armchair, and Jack was by his side in a second. Tadpole was still gasping like a fish unt of water and gazing open-mouthed at the ceiling.

There, lying back in the big chair, was Harry, with his eyes shut. He had a book length face was as red as a second his leaves and his face was as red as a few forms. The second his face was as red as a few forms and his face was as red as a few forms.

Even as the juniors gazed at him

in horror his mouth opened, and deep groaning sounds came from his lips. Groo-ooh! Groo-Yow!

Yarous. Woutton's note ruidenly character with the property of the property of

the point of death, became suddenly ver much alive. Polls, he bounded up in his chair, only to be pushed back again by his alarmed brother, who continued to pump away at his arms like a steam-engine gone mad. "Quick!" shouted Jack excitedly,

"Quick!" shouted Jack excitedly.
"Get some more water, Taddy!
Help me hold him down, Gay! Ho's
got a fit or something! My hat!"
Harry shrieked and struggled like a
lunatic. Whatever ailed him, it did
not seem to have sapped his vigour.
The scuffling was something terrific.
"Yow! Ouch!" spluttered Harry,
the dirty psint-water running down
his face in streams. "Legge!
Lemme co. vou sasse! Have you

his face in streams. "Leggo! Lemme go, you asses! Have-you gone dotty, or what! Leggo!" "It's you that's dotty!" roared Jack excitedly. "Hold him, Gay!" "It's you the
Jack excitedly.
"What-ho!"

What ho? The three excited juniors—with Tadpole hovering round distractedly—heaved and struggled, till at last the samehair fell—over—backwards with the samehair fell—over—backwards wi

Harry!" inquired Jack excitedly, sitting up rubbing his head. "You

"Bitting up rubbing his head. "You "Better!" howled Harry. "Why, you Intheaded chumps, do I look as if I feel better? Why, I'm—I'm half-killed!" (By, also sitting on the floor, looked at the indignant Harry with a peculiar expression. "Look here, Harry. "First I'm balf-drowned, then I'm set my you two dangerous min, and then that damagnahed to if I'm better?" And Harry looked to be on the point of exploding with indignation. "But—but you were in a fit, or something—" began Jack doubt-fully.

"But-but you were in a fit or something—" began Jack doubtfully.
"Fit be blowed!" roared Harry.
"I tell you—" (But that awful row you were naking!" gasped Gorden Gay.
Harry Wootton snorted.
"How, dummy! What row! I was only practising!"
"Practising!" bellowed Harry's "Practising!" belowed Harry. "I was just practising throwing my voice a bit!"

Whatting ?"

"Whatting?"
"Throwing my voice, you—you silly asses! I was practising ventriloquism!"

Didilium tells you how to do it, and I was practising out of the book."
"You can practise out of the study, and out of the parish, if you like, next time!" remarked Jack Wootton. "Blessed if I ever heard such a ghastly, horrid row in my life!"
"Oh, rats!"
"Can you do it at all, though.

"Oh, rats!"
"Can you do it at all, though, kid!" asked Gordon Gay curiously.
"It'd be a good wheere if you could.
We could score off Frank Monk & Co. till further orders if you could.

"May we come in?" he asked cheerfully. "It's pax this time. I only want to have a confab about the footer match with the St. Jim's

chape!"
"Right-ho, then; in you come!"
said Gordon Gay heartily.
Frank Monk, followed by his chums
Lane and Carboy, the other members
of the Monk & Co., entered the study,

"Rats! I bet I'd jolly som deceive you!" he growled.
Frank Monk laughted spain.
Frank Monk laughted spain.
Harry Harve at I'm you couldn't.
Harry gree redder than ever set cleared his throat.
"You dummy!" whispered Godes
Gay. "You'll let him score of a,
you dummy is likely of the state of the spain spain

o Just you water me; an wore of him?"

There was silence for a few noments, while Monk & Co. Frinds I forward, and Gordon G. Frinds I forward, and Gordon & Co. Studdend arxious. Studdendy the silence was broken by a voice—a deep and unwright yource—which appeared to construct yource—which appeared to rome from Harry a hoots:

"Boys," Monk!"

"Boys: Monk: Harry was as red as a turkey cod with his efforts, and his lips mond

with his efforts, and his lips now inship.

There was a roar of laughter fra his audience.

"Ila, ha, ha.! Ho, ho!"

Hary looked highly indignat. In the laught intended highly indignate had intended to throw the two which was supposed to be as instituted in the laught had intended to the laught had intended to throw the two which was supposed to be as instituted in the laught had been also bee

"You—you dumny!" Brekel
Harry. "I'll show you!"
"Boys! Monk!"
" Boys! Monk!"
" A voice came again, this time retainly from the region of the dog.
The effect was electrical.
The juniors looked astonable Itvoice was Mr. Adams's to be like
and Harry had not seemed to now
his lime. his lips.

But Frank Monk was not going to admit it yet, after his scritch

to admis to admis formarks. "Rotten!" he remarked, sub a sniff. "I should never mistak that for old Adams's creaky, grassy voice-like filing a rusty saw!" "Monk!"
"Monk!" "The suniors stared at Hary "Monk!"
The juniors stared at Hary
Westton in amazement.

The voice was absolutely V.
Adams's! Harry himself looks
dazed.
"Monk! Do you hear me, Monk!

dared.

"Monk! Do you hear ine, Mal! Answer at once, sir."

There was a terrific gasp hen he juniors, as every eye was turned towards the door.

There, framed in the doerest, for the foreign the following the fol

Mr. Adams strode off, his gost seeming to rustle with indignation before the unfortunate Mouk had her even to stammer out an ap

And so Harry Wootton scord, after all—mostly by lock, it is true. But, still, he scored; and Gords Gay & Co. triumphed. THE END.

(Another of these ansuring complete solution stories next Walnesday.)

## Wandering Willie's Little Wile.

CHAPTER 2. A Surprise for Frank, Monk.

T was, at least, a quarter of an hour before Harry Wootlon got over his indignation, and the chums finished laughing over

chuma finished laughing over their little mistake.

In the opinion of Gordon Gay and Jack their mistake was a very natural one; but Harry regarded them as clumps and fatheads and asses for having made it, and did not "Anyone who knows anything about ventriloquism, would have known that I was only throwing my voice!" he growled. "Professor

"That's rotten ventriloquism, Wootton!" said Frank Monk, with a snift. "I should never mistake that for old Adams's creaky, grumpy voice—like filing a rusty saw!"









leaving the door slightly open behind

them.
"By the by, what was that I heard about ventrilequism as I came in?" said Frank Monk curiously, as he took a seat on the coal-locker, with his back te the door, "I couldn't help hearing, you know. One of you chaps taking it up?"

chaps taking it up?"
"Yes." said Harry Wootton,
rather shortly.
"Ha, ha! I know what amateur
ventriloquista are—like!" grinned
Frank Monk. "As a rule, their performances wouldn't deceive an infant
in arms!"

Harry Wootton turned red.

