READ THE STORIES AND DO NOT MISS THE BACK PAGE

THE POPULAR MEW STORY BOOK Vol. 1. No. 17.

DRAMATIC INCIDENT!

(Our Readers are informed that the characters in the following Serial Story are purely imaginary, and no reference or allumion is made to any living person. Actual names may be unintentiously mentioned, but the Editor wishes it to be dis-tinctly understood that so adverse personal reflection is intended.

START NOW!

A NEW TALE OF CHARLES PEACE.

This Story Shows the Baneful Influence of Bad Companionship on a Young Boy, and the Result of Weskness of Character Coupled with a Clover but Distorted Mind.

Good-bye to Jagger's Circus.

Good-bye to Jagger's-Circus.

R aGING like a ball, Milo termalong the passage, forgetting his approaching of turn, of and linear only on his vengeance, and the sew his antiacous assailant standing perfectly cool and collected at the sew his antiacous assailant standing perfectly cool and collected at the sew his perfect of the sew his antiacous and tenders of applease. Charles Joined in, chapting his hands and shouting. The sight was maddening to Milo, who had tred to make love to Stella, and had been unmercifully analysed for his pains. Rublichous as it was to think a hoy of thriven could be his rival, a wave of pealousy swept over the giant. He didn't care with saw him, and he rubled, cane updiffed, to take Charlie by the mark it was into according to the control of the foot, Dick Turpin bounded forward between Milo and Charlie, and is a shash her riding whin descended on the bully's check, leaving a livid stripe as a memento of its visit.

"You coward," cried the girl, ler-flashed checks, and starting early.

"You coward?" cried the girl, her flushed checks and sparkling eyes "Till have my own back for this?" insed the giant, panting with sup-pressed rag. "Ay, not only on the urchin, but on you, too, my grand modian."

madan."
What would have happened but for Jagger, it is hard to say. Stells who, under ordinary circumstance was the soid of meeriment and good humour, was like a tigress when resised. Jagger knew her nature

yas the soil of merriment and good himour, was like a tipress when reused. Jagger knew her natural theoroughly, "Stop it." he mared. "I'll have mo ross while the show a going of. Settle your quarrels afterward, Stella You're a little slill, You wart all your nerve for Unz, and hers you're upsetting yourself.

"It's all right, gur nor, only inderstand that whenever I see that big brute showing off I'll have something to say?" cried the girl.

She darted a glance of defiance at Milo, another of sympathetic friendliness at Charlie, and the horse bove her away.

"Look here, Jagger, I'm, not going to stand cheek from anybody. My position in your company."

"Your position, Jim Rudge, is in

"Your position, Jim Rudge, is in the ring," enapped Jagger, The crowd are waiting. If you don't pull yourself together and get on with it, you can do the other thing. You know what that is, I've prefit well half enough of you and your beast of a trough.

a tranger."

Jagger was not a man to be triffed
with. Jim Rudge, otherwise Mila,
knew this well chough, and, growling
in undertones, and with a thundercloud on his emerly face, he entered
the run.

cheid on his smithly face, he entered the ring.

Meanwhile, Charlis had slipped among the audience: He could get away frost this part better than from behind the scene, as no non was filed to stop him.

Milo's performance did not interest him in the least. The fellow as a "steing man" was a bit of a fraud, and the audience must have thought so, too, for the ambains was very languist.

But everybody woke-up when the great cage of linus was wineled in or a huge trolley, drawn by one of the dephants. Presently, Biells, or, rather, Una, entered, and had a great reception.

Charlie was in the front row. He hardly knew which took his fancy most pretty Stella or the lithe, sleek lions, with their gleaming yellow eyes, and their square massive loose

jaws. There must have been something in his blood alun to the nature of the creature. As a matter of fact, when he had made that ferocious spring upon Milo he had drawn himself up precisely as a cat does. Probably Clarifle Peace was quite unconstants what a close resemblance fie had to as saying the process of the control of the contr

what a close resemblance He had to aranimal.

At all events, he had not been locking long before he quite forget Keells, and saw only the four lines. In some marvellous way he seemed to know, quite well the nature of each, and how they varied in the biggest, he desired, was stupid and lazy, and would do nothing unless spurred up to his work. The second was tractable, but was meabanical. The third was closes and the second was tractable, but was meabanical. The third was close and the second was tractable, but was meabanical. The third was close and the second was tractable, but was meabanical to the tractable of the second was tractable, but was meabanical activity and summers, but when not so disposed could hardly be induced to do carything.

Charlie Peace read all this as in a

thins.

Cheffie Peace rend all this as in a book, and he saw also how Stells never took her eyes off the lioness. Eyidenty she mixtusted the ereaster. But the animal was fairly obselent the animal was that of a sex in fair weather. Just as a gale would transform the righting wown time a rating roomfain of water, so a fit of tritibility would change the placid, greeful lioness into a savage brute, which could not distinguish between friend and foe.

It was a quartermad elayers when

and fee.

It was a quarter-past eleven when
the performance was over. Charlie
filed out with the audience, and when
he was outside, paused for a few
moments, overrouse by a horrible feeling of doubt and uncertainty.

For aught that he could tell he might never see Stella again. He was about to take a leap; in the dark, it was vain to reast. All that he could see was that he would have to battle through—if he could.

through—if he could.

"Shall I get free from the gang tonight, or shall I go on wearing their
fetters" be asked blook in the had
all the pocket a metal button. It had
all the pocket a metal button. It had
been a button in the had
recked it up and
keyf it. He totsed the button in the
air, deciding that if the come down
shank uppernost it would mean that
the Red Thumbs would continue to
hold him in their clutches.

The button rattled on the stones.

The button rattled on the stones. The shank was downwards.

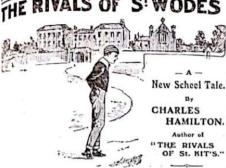
"Right-he?" he eried joyfully, and set out for the Eccleshall Roed with quite a light heart.

New Readers should turn to the foot of next page. New Reasers the foot of next page.



paint are informed that the observators in the following Social Story are purely guilts are informed to minimum in make to hand living person. Actual medium, he descripts asserting that no adverse personal reflection is intended.

Most Popular School Story. THE RIVALS OF S'WODE'S



THIS HAS TAKEN PLACE. PRIS HAS TAKEN PLACE.

14 Pensyl a tridy Cornish lad

14 belon to a Council school,

15 belon strip at St. Wode's,

16 a council school,

16 a council school,

17 a council school,

18 a council sch

set passible occasion.
set here, Pen, my boy," says
any" Lovell wisely. "Why is
so down on you? There's
thin more in this than meets im do you mean, Bunny?" asks

(Real on from here.)

What Mr. Bush Overheard.

MEAN that Bushes doesn't dislike you merely for being

distile you merely for being a Council-school chap," said Runny sagely. "You take and—I'm an awi'ly keen chap see hings, though I ain's strong no classics and beastly maths. his some reason for making lot for you." hat for you."

uppose he sin't afraid of you real of me?" repeated Pen, in most. "Not that I know of."

ment. "Not that I know of."
ell, it's queer, then—— But
here, I know something this
"," said the viscount. "Gorse
ean Bash—has got his reasons.

du't see what reasons he can nopting his prejudice against tell school chap."

teil school chap."

t that's all spoof!" said Lovell,
grin. "Nobody has any pre-ide that, as a matter of fact,
spoof. Fellows who are un-of their social position, you
jut all that on. It's all

laughed again.

suched again.

Louidn't wonder if you're right,

and it's jolly decent of you

stanyway."

stee I don't see how Bushy
have any aristocratic prejuwent on Lord Lovell. "He's

"ullerany you have and I."."

d on!" muttered Pen, with a

libror, libral part come out of the com, and he heard Lovell's Lovell saw it, but he did to taken aback. Although all brilliant intellectually, hall a gift of wonderful cool-

Mr. Bush's face went as white as

enals.

He turned his head away and walked on, as if he had not seen the juniors, but both of them knew that he had both seen and heard.

wasked on, as in see and not seen the juniors, but both of them knew that he had both seen and heard.

"You've hit him hard," said Pen.

"You've hit him hard," said Pen.

"Doil you see his face? I don't see why he should take it so badly."

Levell shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, he's no gentleman, or he wouldn't have treated you as he did,"

It have treated you as he did,"

The replied. I'd tell him so to his he replied and he had been to his he replied and he had been he had been he wouldn't had been he had been seen he had been he had been he had been he had been him below him below he had been he had been him below him only twenty-four hours. If Mr. Bush had some special reason for diskking him.

But what reason could he have the had he had been him below him only twenty-four hours. If Mr. Bush had any reason apart from a snobbish one for diskking him it was a mystery to Disk Penwyn.

On the Footer Field.

On the Footer Field.

"P" "His up now!"
"Kick, you duffer, kick!"
Kick, you duffer, kick!"
Kick, you duffer, kick!"
Fries eyes brightened, and he
pricked up his ears like a charger that
sniffed the battle from far as the
abouts fell upon his ears.
The Fourth-Forners were on the
footer ground, playing for practice
with six or seven asale, and bligden
was making all the running.
Pen looked on with glistening eyes.
He was a keen footballer, and in
the village teem at home had been
a great hero. What his looter would
be considered at St. Wode's he did
not know.
There was no swank about Pen.

There was no swank about Pen. His estimate of himself was always a humble one.

humble one.

He naturally imagined that with public school advantages the St. Wode's fellows would play footer ever so much better than he did.

so much better than he did.
But as he looked on at the practice
he saw reason to change his opinion.
The play was average junior play,
either better gor worse than might
nave been expected. But Pear's keen
lyes found fault with the passing,
with the dribbling, with the shooting
—in fact, with pretty nearly every
branels of the play. Newcome was a
keen player, and Higgden a powerful.

one, but the rest seemed to Dick Penwyn's eyes to be merely fumbling. He made no remark on the subject, but stood looking on. Lord Lovell

yawned a little. "Do you play feeter, Pen?" he

yawned a little.

"Do you play feeter, Pen?" he asked.

"Yes, rather! Don't you?"
The viscount laughed.

"I do a little, but not much. Teo month of the play for pulsory.

"Go on, kid!" said Bunny, caught "Go on, kid!" said Bunny, Newcome, who was playing, caught sight of Dick Penwys at that moment, and noted the keen and cager expression upon his face.

"Coming to play" he called out.
"I have then! I "ve a man less than Dlaggy, and you can play. "Wing as a rule, but I can take half."

half. Here you are-right wing for-

ward"
"Good!"

"Gool!"
Dick Penwyn ran on the ground.
There was a roar from Blagden,
and he stopped playling.
"Get off the ground, you Council-school huunder!"
"Hold your tongue, Blaggy!"
shouted back Newcome. "I've asked
bin toolke"

"Rats! He's not going to play!"

He isn't!"

"Bosh!"
Dick Penwyn's face flushed crimson,
"I'll get off," he said quietly.
"Oh, don't be an ass!" growled
Newcone. Don't take any notice
of Biagden—he's always a pig, you

now!"
"Look here, Newcome—"
"Play up, Penwyn!"
Lord Lovell shouted encouragement

o it, Penwiper! Play up, you know?"
Blagden came forward with a

Blagden came forward with a furnout lace.

"If you think I'm going to play footer with that fellow, Newcome, you're mistaken!" he hawled. "He'll go." Go. off. them. Blaggy!"

"No. J'll go." said Pen quietly. "I don't want to cause trouble."

He walked back towards Lord Lovell. Havke of the Sith, this burly captain of St. Wode's, had just strolled down, and he had tapped Lovell on the shouler. He had tapped Lovell on the shouler. "Not just now," said Banny. "Why not!"

"Will, Jone the Margod after lessons."

"Oh rot!" said Hawke. "Pide in! Don't be a dacker."

"Well, you know, don't you see the said of the should be said to said the sa furiou+ face

"Well, you amon, see "Ilalo: Had enough already?" exclaimed Hawke, as Pen came off the field. "Come, this won't do, young, "Haggien won't let him play!" yelled Newcome indignantly. "What's that?" rapeed out Hawke, "What rot's that?" Go on and play at once, Penwyn! Do you hear?"
"I—I—"
"Da as I tell you!"

"Do as I tell you!"

"Do as I tell you!"

There was no gainsaying that. Pen rejoined Newcome. Blagden, with a furious scowl, strode towards the

furious scow, reconstruction of the control of the

or you're coming to my study to have the biggest hiding you ever heard of!" he said grimly. "You can take

of I" he said grams, head consequence of I" had been best atted in dismay. Crawcour and some of the fellows in the Fifth sometimes disregarded Hawke's authority as spatian of the school, but it was quite impossible for a junior to do so.

"Look here, Hawke—" began

Blagden.
"Hold your tergue, and obey

orders!"

Blagden walked back among the footballers with black fury in his face. Newcome met him with a

face. Neacome met him with a grin.
"Play up, you fellows!" he sail.
The play recommenced. Blagden played with a brow as black as thunder. He was in so great a substantial of the played with a brow as Hardenston convent it. So he to the sail that the country of the played and as if to increase his fury, he found that the "Cournil-school bounder" played better footer than he did. Pen robbed him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease, and sped goalward with him of the ball with ease when the said with t it.
"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed Lord

Lovell, "Good!" said Hawke. "Good!" said Hawke.
The goalic tried in vain to stop
the ball. Pen seat it in with a whizzing abot that was not to be denied.
There was a general gasp from the players. "Goal!"

Goal | Foul | Goal that bounder | The outsider - goal | The fall | Goal that bounder | Goal |

"Fluke of course,"
"Oh, of course,"
"Oh, of course,"
"Oh, of course,"
"Che, of course,"
"Che, of course,"
"Che, of course,"
"Oh, of course,"
"Oh, of course,"
"Oh, lovely," Hurrah,"
"Hawke gramed,
"That was a decent goal," he said,

said Oh, lovely !"

wled Blagden to his "Rot!" growled Blagden to his contrades. "Rotten fluke—never saw such a rotten fluke in my life." "I should jolly well say so!" agreed Corton. "Liter accident," said Skeat.

agreed Corton.

"Utter accident," said Skeat.

"Soe the rotter swanking about it, though," and Bamford.

That was very unjust. Pen was not swanking in the least. As a matter of fact, Pen wasn't aware that there was anything to swank about.

He was a keen, hard footballer, and he found the St. Wode's footer accustomed to among the hardy lads on the Cornish coast. He had taken that goal with scarcely an effort.

He knew that he could take a goal every five minutes the play lasted if he liked. He was far and away above Fourth Form style at St. Wode's word was successed in the hard been inclined to the success even if he had been inclined to the liked of swanking over his success even if he had been inclined to the liked of the liked. On gave him dark looks.

The would have laughed about at the liked of swanking over his success even if he had been inclined to the liked of the lik

But Blagden & Co. gave him dark looks. Pen's quiet, composed manner was irritating to them, quite as much as if he had stuck his hands in his pockets and grinned at them. What-ever the Council school lad dil. as a moreony in the cyes of Blagden & Co. It was the case of the wolf and the lamb over again. The lamb had no chance whatever of being in the right.

right.

Pen cared less than nothing, if possible, for Blagden's dark looks. He walked back with Newcome to the centre of the field.

Newcome looked at him curiously.

"Was that a fluke?" he asked.

"You were sure of your kick?"

"Quite sure."

"You seem to have plenty of con-fidence in yoursell, young Penwyn," said Rake, with a not wholly pleasant look.

"I can play footer."
"As we play it?" asked Plummer, with rather a sneer.
Then Pen smiled.
"No," he said, "not as you play

Then Pen smiled.

Then Pen smiled.

No," he said, "not as you play it. No," he said, "not as you play it. No," he said, "No good is not pen smiled.

"Line up!" he said, "No good jawing. Play!"

"Oh, all serene!"

"Oh, all serene!"

"Oh, all serene!"

"Oh, all serene!"

"Hagden might say that the good was a fluke, last in his heart lilagden knew very much better than that.

Blasden had little doubt that the Cornish lad would serve again. To be deepised we good that the considerable would have gone any lengths to put Pen in his place, as he considered it. It really seemed as if Blagden considered that a Council-school lad had no right to play looking on, no, with all Hagden cooking on, no, with all the council school fellow's check.

"Play up, there!"

"Go it, Blaggy!"

"Play up, there "Go it, Blaggy!

"Play up. Newcome!" Blagden & Co. came down in a

eavy charge. Bamford captured the ball, and

Bamford captured the ball, and was specifing on to goal, when the Cornish lad, with scarcely an effort, robbed him of the leather. Pen dribbled the ball up the field, and passed to Newcome.

"Ripping!" shouted Newcome.

"Good!" mutterel Rake.
Newcome trapped the ball, and roshed it on, tilogden's men had no chance of riopping him, and Rake newcome trapped the control of the property of the property of the property of the property of the pass of the pass of the property of the pass of the p Becessary.

necessary.

Blagden gave Pen a bitter look.

He exchanged a quick muttering
word with Corton, and the two
charged across Pennyn, and tho
Cormish lad, utterly unprepared for
the foul charge, went heavily to the ground

ground.

Corton fell across him, and
Blagden staggered and pulled himself clear. Pen lay still for a
moment, with Corton's weight on
him, and then he struggled. The
shock seemed to have dazed him.

"Clumsy ass!" muttered Blagden "Why couldn't be keep out of the

"Why couldn't he keep out of the way!"
The play bad stopped.
Newcome strode up to the Fourth-Form bully with blazing eyes and city out of the fourth-form was all you read?" he reared.
"Newcome—""
"You call You retter!"
"What do you mean!" demanded Blagden, thanging colour. "How was I to know the duffer would stick in the way like that?"
"What?" said Newcoms.
"It was a foul charge, and you

"What?"
"It was a foul charge, and you know it. You did it on purpose, both of you!" shouted Newcome. "Hawke! You saw that! Wasn't

it foul?"

The captain of St. Wede's had come on the ground. His brow was very dark.

"It was foul," he exclaimed. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Blanden."

lagden." Blagden's eyes glittered fiercely.

Hlagden's eyes glittered fercely.

He realised, too late, that he had been a little too open in his methods. A little more concealment would have served his purpose better.

"I thought he would clear out of the way," he muttered.
"Don't tell lies," said Hawke sharply. "You meant to bump him

sharply.

Look here, Hawke-Blagden was not to be subdued wholly, even by the captain of St. Wode's. But llawke cut him short

"Get off the field!" he exclaimed.
"What?"
"Get off, I say!"

(Another longer instalment of "The Rival of St. Wale's" next Wednesday.)

"All the same," he said, "it was pretty smart work." And I agreed with him. Poor Mr. Wakely had to sacrifice his garden. Next day the police arrived with enough gardening imple-ments to till a farm, but at nightfall they had recovered Lady Ruishrick's lost jewela.

Mr. Jake Snapper returned to Port-land, from where, I believe, he has not yet been discharged.

(Next Wednesday: "The Man from India," another splendid Panther Grayle story.)

Mystery of the r's Garden. timed from precious page.)

two men," the Panther contwo men," the Panther con-traction and the state of the con-traction of the con-lectly persued; in fact, the former-wise was searching for Mr. Its Marley, realting that the mathese to retain the barned it in the garden of this which was empty at the time. Marley was wanted for quite of things. I believe he was lat of a personage in criminal

"When Mr. Snapper came out of prison, he was naturally anxious to recover the jewels, and get away with them before his accomplien could demand a share. Hence his present the method of the many to your gardier Mr. Wakely. The way he digg strictly movel, as a low was his use of the novel, as a low was his use of the present both of you. There Mr. Wakely and you Martin, I think I was the many the means to know who that fellow was, "Wakely said, referring to the presence."

society. Thus, when both men were caught, Mr. Marley got a much longer term of imprisonment than our friend Mr. Snapper came out of "When Mr. Snapper came out of the police!"

"Well, it was easy enough," the Panther replied. "I dish t believe in ghosts, and I know that your house was pretty close to Lend I livishrike, place. I remember the point in the property of the place of the property of th

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An Amusing Complete Story.



A Splendid Tale of the Chums of Rylcombe Grammar School. By PROSPER HOWARD.

CHAPTER 1. Tadpole is Puzzled.

S Now ! NOW!"

Harry Wootton, of the Fourth Form at Rylconde Grammar School, sprang out sol at the first sound of rising, and looked out of the big dormi-window just over his head.
It's snowing!"

"It's snowing!"
He gave this startling piece of information in a tone of great satisfaction, and there was a general chorus of approval,

tion, and there was a general chorus of approval.

"Snow!"
"My har"
"My har gg!"
"What pure a snowball-fight!"
"Hear, hear!"
The juniors sprang up with quite unusual alactity. As a rule, most of the dormitory allowed themselves a good ten numues' snowce after rising-bell had gone. But this morning they were arrived to the up and out, and they were account to be up and out, at a last of the purior was a last fall of snow which Harry Wootton had been the first to announce, "We'll take you on, Gordon Gay," sang out Frank Mook, while the juniors were hurricelly dressing themselves. "Study! I against Study 13, with smooth produces and ball-most stones in the cut of the study of

"That wouldn't be fair, anyway!"
said Harry Wootton. "We're four,
and you're only three."
"That's true!" assented Jack

"That's true," assented Jack Wootton.
Gordon Gay's following consisted of the two Woottons and Tadpole, while Frank Monk had only two study mates-Carboy and Lanc.
to the think the doesn't matter!" crion, that doesn't matter!" crion, and Monk. "We'll chuck weight.
"He had to my your ride as a makeweight." Hear I Hear hear!" came

grinned Frank Monk. "We'll chuck Taddy in on your side as a make-weight." "Ha, ha! Hear, hear!" came from Lanc and Carboy.
"Ha, ha! Hear, hear!" came from Lanc and Carboy.
"Rais!" burst cut Harry Wootton indignantly. "You—all rot, Monk." caid Gordon Cay, interrupting young Wootton's flow of indignation. "Fair's fair, of course! But I I fancy we needn't hother much about sirles nucl lesing cupal, as Taddy's not very keen on snowball-lights Are you, Taddy?"
Thus appealed to, Tadpole, the artistic and eccentric member of Gordon Gay's Co. looked up from trying his large and flowing bow neck-tie, with a far-away sit.
"Since you ask me, Gay," he said, "I may as well rell you that I regard-movehall faything as a rough and unit of the product of the prod

"What's that?" roared Gordon

Gay, I.a., ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.
"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.
"Oh, shut up, you cackling
dummies!" said Gordon Gay crossly.
"Come on, you chaps, let's get out-

"Come on, you cnaps, side!"
"Rightho!" grinned Frank Monk & Co. and the two Woottons.
Tadpole blinked at Gordon Gay doubtfully, as he strode towards the door, looking rather pink.
"I fear you misunderstand me, Gay," he remarked. "I was only

Gay," he remarked. "I was only going to say..."
"Brever!"
"I was simply saying..."
"I was simply saying..."
"Oh, scat!"
And Gordon Gay tramped out of the dormitory in a state of some indignation and in the midst of general

"The state of the state of the

But a perfect yell of laughter from the dormitory was the only answer Tadpole got to his murmured ques-

tion. "Ha, ha, ha!"

CHAPTER 2 The End of the Snowball Fight.

The End of the Snowbill Fight.

"Go it!"

"Sock it to 'om!"

"Sock it to 'om!"

"Buck up, Study 13!"

"Buck up, Study 13!"

"Slosh 'em!"

The rival Co.'s were in the thick of a wild and whirling combat, and the snowballs were flying fast in the Grammar School quad.

The combatants had ret to with furious vigour, after five minutes' consent for the preparation of a stock of snow balk.

Biff! Squashash! Crashash!

of snowballs.

Bill! Squash-sh! Crash-sh!

The freezing missiles flew through
the air and broke upon beads and
ears and shoulders as the battle ragest.

the air and broke upon beads and cas and shoulders as the battle raged.

Harry Wootten gave a sudden veil as a well-tained ball from Carboy spudeleed on the back of his neck as cased on the sudden veil as the veil of his shot at Harry. Carboy had stepped chucking at once, and Lallen to cloking, a fact which caused the Woottons great anusement until the stress of the fight turned their attention cleans.

the ngit swhere.

Taking advantage of Carboy's temporary disablement, Study 13 were now pressing their opponents hard, and Study 1 found themselves being slowly forced back towards the school

entrance.
"I'luck up, chaps!" panted Frank
Monk. "Sock it to 'em!"
And he made a desperate attempt

And he made a desperate attempt to raily.

Gordon Gay replied with a renewed assult, and a perfect fusillade of snowballs flew, while the combatants gasped and granted desperately as they burled the missiles.

"Doe of cooks, kids."

"Then suddenly, just as Frank Monk & Co. were beginning to feel that their position was deeperate, a start-ling interruption occurred.

"Boys!"

A thin, acid voice ranned out the

"Boys!"
A thin, acid voice rapped out the word, and a tall, thin gentleman with a disagreeable face and a hooked nose appeared on the School Hours ateps. "Boys! Oh! Ow! Gerooh!"
"Cave!" Gaspand Monk.
"Ouch!" Oh! Boys, how dare you?"

"Cave!" gasped Monk.

"Ouch: Oh! Boys, how dare you?"

The combat ceased as if by magic, and all six combatants stared in utcombing at the thin general processing at the second of the combining position, and wiping a freezing snow-ball from his countenance with his hard kenchief, while white masses on his hair and shoulders showed he had been the unintentional target of more than one of the fleery misules.

"My hat!" whispered Harry Wootton to Gordon Gay, in a horrified tone. "If it birt Sharpel or when the should come out, to stop the snow-fight, and had received some half-dozen larnd and swift snowballs, almost simultaneously, on different parts of his person, at the shock whereof he had st down suddenly and heavily on the lard stone step.

"B-beys! How-how dare you?"
Mr. Sharpe was by no means an amiable gentleman at the tee of times. He had a very man and the tee of times. He had a very man and the tee of times. He had a very man and the tee of times. He had a very man and the tee of times. He had a very man and the tee of times are be peaked himself painfully man and the tee of the t

Hat Mr. Sharpe turned on him the a tissue.

*Nilemer, boy! I say it was no accident! You were behaving like or erew of hoolgans, and on coming out to check your abominable behaviour, I am grossly assaulted! I warn you to offer me no further importanence." The juniors were silent. They realised that their best course was to hold their tongues, and not attempt any explanations. But a bright spot burned in either of Gordon Gay's their tongue to year his spite. There are six of you, I see," continued Mr. Sharpe viciously. "Very worth."

"I've a jolly good mind to do so," said Gordon Gay slowly, "What?" exclaimed the juniors, in

chorus. "I mean it."

"I mean it."
There was an amazed silence for a moment, and then Frank Monk's fare relaxed into a quiet grin.
"I'll bet you don't do it, though," he remarked, "I'll wager a study feed that you don't do.
"Gordon Gay looked up suddenly.
"I'll take that wager on. Monkey.

Gordon Gay looked up suddenly, "I'll take that wager on, Monkey, and if I fail to tell Sharpe to his face that he's a beast, a cad, and a rotten bully, I'll stand you and your Co. a study feed. Thut's fair, isn't it, chaps?"

chaps?"
And the schoolboy actor looked round with a quiet smile, "But—" began Harry Wootton, staggered.

"And what's more, he won't punish ne for it at all," added Gordan Gay. "It's a wager! But mum's the word, mind!"

mind!"
"But you won't—" stammered
"But you won't—" stammered
"But you'll see!"
And with a nod and a mysterious
smile, Gordon Gay ran into the
House ga the bell rang for breakfast.

CHAPTER 3.

CHAPTER 3.

How Gordon Gay Won His Woger.

"M ONK! Monkey! Wake up!"
It was night in the Fourth
Fourth dormition and Fourth
How the House of the House of the House
House had only just got to sleep when
he felt someone pulling at his arm
and slucking him gently.

"Leggo! I'm asleep!" he
grunted.

"Rata! Wake up!" come the

"Rats! Wake up!" came the whisper in Gordon Gay's voice; and Frank Monk suddenly became wide



Gordon Gay faced the unpopular master of the Third, "You are a bully!" he said in a queer, level voice.

bully I" he had In a well! I have a great mind to report you all to Dr. Monk for a flogging, which is what you undoubtedly deserve. As it is, however, you can each do me five hundred lines, to be shown up on Monday if you do not wish them doubted by the property of the

"The beast—the mean beast!" said Harry Wootton viciously. "He ought to expect to get snowballed if he shoves his nose into a snowball-fight."

he shows fight."
"Old Sharpy knew too much to "Old Sharpy knew too much to Blogged," said Frank Monk, the dector's son, with a slight grin, "I should have with a slight grin. "I should have explained things to the governor, and he'd probably have let us off altogether. What do you say, Gay?"

gether. What do you say, Gay?"

You'n right. Monkey," said
Gordon Gay, who had been looking
silently indignant. "Sharpe knew
that five hundred lines would punish
us more, anyway. Ho knew we'd
rather take a licking any day then
wort away at a long impot. He
sald us liars, too," continued Gordon
Gay, with resing colour. He's a:

"Hear, hear!" said Frank Monk
leartily. "And I only wish someone
would tell him so to his face!".

"What's up?" he asked quickly.
"Shove a few things on, and come quietly, and watch me," said Gordon Gay impressively.
"Right-ho?" answered Monk

excitedly

excitedly

If a slipped on trousers and slippers, and followed Gordon Gay out of the domitory, just as the school clock down to the domitory, just as the school clock of the school of the down to the school of the school boy actor had only his nighthairt on, without even the addition of slippers.

"Stay here" whispered Gordon Gay, pausing at the head of the starts.

But-"Shut up, and watch!" was the

"Shut up, and watch!" was the terse reply."
Gordon Gay marched down the stairs, with his eyes fixed in a peculiar kind of stare, while Frank Monk watched him, fascinated.
The white-clothed figure reached the lighted hall, and stumbled somewhat clumsily against a chair, as it murched along, making for the direction of Dr. Monk's study.

There was an evaluation from the

direction of Dr. Monk's study.

There was an exclamation from the Head's dining-room. Mr. Sharpe had been duning with Dr. Monk, as Gordon Gay very well know, and was sitting chatting with him it he dining-room, when a slight in the hill attacked the attention of the hill attacked the attention of the Head of the Head

room door, and looked out into the room door, and looked out into the hall. Then he stories, almost petrified at the sight of the side that petrified at the sight of the side that proposed in the side of the side of the "Greech studyons?" he Reseal "Greech howe green wernly to petiler, "Boy, what it menning of this," Gog turnel towards Mr. Gorloud and the side of the side of the Gorloud side of the side of the side seemed to the Third, stad not at the master of the Third, and not at the master of the Third.

"You are a heast!" he said, in a level, toncless voice.

Mr. Sharpe gasped—and so did the "W-what!"

"You are a cad and a rotten ully!" said Gordon Gay, in the same

"You are a cad and a retten bully!" said Gordon Gay, in the same queer, level voice.

Mr. Sharpe's sallow face floshed, and his ways glittered farrinosity, "Boy!" he began, in a raying vice, when the mild tones of Dr. Mont interrupted from holind him. "An one of the same content of the

Gordon Gay walked slowly on, as if he heard nothing.

Mr. Sharpe stared at him suprisonally.

"It certainly looks like it," he mattered. "But—"

"There can be no doubt about b, Mr. Sharpe," said Dr. Monk, a tubic testily. "We must be very careful not to wake him, or the slock may be very harmful to him. Gay, come with me, my, bey."

sol to wake him, or very cardidated to wake him, or well and she way be very harmful to him. Gay, come with me, may bey, "The good fall doctor touched Gordon Gay gently on the arm, and guided him to the stairs, while Francisch which the stairs went the property of the whispered to the way of the stairs went the jumine and the head-muster, side by side, in perfect addence, while Mr. Slarge watched from below. Irosaine angrily, and Frank Monk duzelly angrily, and Frank Monk duzelly angrily, and Frank Monk duzelly angrily, and Frank Monk had just make to dash back and jump into bed before they arrived in the dormitory. Gordon Gay stepped quietly listabed, and drew the shreets round him. In the side of the stair of

an be?"
Mr. Sharpe bit his lip and flushed.
"He certainly has five hundre lines to do for me, sir."
"Oh!" exclaimed the docto.
"What for, may I ask, Mr. Sharpe,"
"For-for snowballing me, sir, "Your for snowhalling me, sir," said Mr. Sharpe, looking somewhal confused. "He and some other boxesis of them altogether—were engaged in an outrageous riot in the

quad—"A snow-fight?" asked the doctor.
"Well-er-that is what they would call it, undoubtedly, Dr. Monk, but

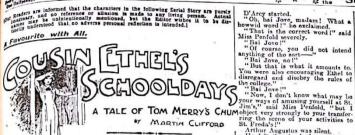
"And you gave them all fice hundred lines?"

hundred lines?"
"Yes, sir.
"Ahom! I think, Mr. Sharpe, Inview of what has occurred the evening. I will sak you in organ.
Monk gently,
Mr. Sharpe lowed.
Mr. Sharpe lowed.
The word of the word of the word of the word of the word.
And he did.

At teatime the next day, Frank Monk & Co. were "at home" to Gordon Gay & Co., and after the feed, which was a really surptions one, Frank Monk related to astounded and almost incredulous audience how Gordon Gay had we his wager.

integers are informed that the characters in the following Esrial Story are purely godern, and no reference or allanion is made to any living person. Actual material properties of the following materials and the following may be uninteglibed persons reference in the following may that no determs personal reference in tendeds.] gesders are informed that the characteristics, and no reference or allassimations may be unintentionally mentionally understood that no adverse permitty understood that no adverse permitty in the characteristics of the characteri

Favourito with All.



THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

THE CHAPTERS.

furth. "There was just now," says Enid. "I came to tell you at once, as I low how wrong it is for girls to low how from outside secretly." (Read on from here.)

Sreing D'Arcy Olf.

ISS TYRRELL looked hard at Emil. is certainly very wrong and very bold to act is such a way." she said. "I hope see of the girls at St. Freda's do to be believe that Ethel Cleveland seed be guilty of such an act. But label certainly question her."

"Pway excuss me, Miss "Twell!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Miss "Twell!"

Irwell!"
"0h!" ejaculated Miss Tyrrell.
Arhur Augustus D'Arcy had sudandst stepped into view from behind
he harrel-bush, silk topper in hand,
th his very best bow.
"0h!" exits." Oh!" exclaimed Miss Tyrrell.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Tyrren.
I am sowny i I startled you!" said Arthur agustus D'Arcy, in his politest isse. "You see, deah madam, that I felt bound to speak, aftah what pe jut said!" What are you doing here?" ex-

"What are you doing here?" ex-dained Miss Tyrrell.

'I came to see my cousin."

'Oh! You are Ethel's cousin?"

'Yaas, wathah!"

You did not mention tha not mention that,

Lail"

"I-I forgot!"

"Very well! But you must know,
Ruser D'Arcy, that girls here are
Ma slowed to receive visits from
her by cousins without the special
Frankison of the Head-mistress!"

"I am extwemely sowwy—"

"I am extwemely sowwy—"

"Have you met Ethel?"
"Yaas, wathah?"
"Then I am afraid you have made
it necessary to punish her."
D'Arry looked dismayed,
"Bai Jove! But I am speakin'
up now so that you will know that
Ethel was not to blame in the mattah, you see."

up now so that you will know that Ethiel was not to blame in the mattah, you see."

Miss Tyrell suppressed a smile. "Please come with me to Miss Perfold!" She exclaimed.

"Yelsas, wathah! With pleasuah!" A yas, wathah! With pleasuah!" A yas, wathah! With pleasuah!" A yas, wathah! With Jeasuah! D'Arey walked with Miss Bursten D'Arey walked with Miss Egarden path, and then towards the house. Miss Tyrell proceeded directly to Miss Penfold's study, and she found both Ethel and Dolores with the Head.

After Enid's tale-bearing, Ethel had felt that there was but one thing to be done—to explain the whole matter to the Head.

That she had immediately proceeded to do, and Miss Penfold listened to the story with considerable amusement.

The alsuard devices of Arthur

listened to the story with considerable amusement.

The absurd devices of Arthur Augustus for the purpose of providing the girls of St. Freda's with a dormitory feed made the Head laugh in spite of herself. She knew part of the story already, and the rest of it did not make her angry. Sould also make her angry. Sould also the provided the story already that the story depth of the story developing. She that the story depth of the story already word Ethel told pure. The story word Ethel told pure that the story depth of the story developing the story depth of the story depth of the story depth of the story depth of the story developing the story depth of the story depth o

to their statements.

Ethel had just finished her explanation when Miss Tyrrell came in with Arthur Augustus D'Arey.

The swell of St. Jim's bowed gracefully to Miss Penfold over his eilk hat.

"Good altafanoon, madam!" he said. "I twust I see you vewy wealts"

"Good-attament" said. "I twust I see you vewy well?"

The Head of St. Freda's smiled.
"You have been acting in a very foolish way, Master D'Arcy!" she

said.
"Oh, madam!"
"You have been holding clandestine communication with a girl of
my school—"

St. Freda's!"
Arthur Augustus was silent.
He felt that he had put his foot
into it, and his only anxiety was that
Ethel should not get into trouble
over the matter.

Ethel should not get into trouble over the matter, won't come down heavy on Ethel Alias Perfold!" In and at last; "It was all my doin, you know, knom first to last. Ethel told me I was a silly ass to start will—or words to that effect;" "I am sure it was all your faut.", I am sure it was all your faut.", I am sure it was all your faut." I am sure it was all your faut." "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" "Oh!" "And if you ever—ever make such a stempt again to introduce St. attempt again to introduce St. "And if you ever—ever make such a stempt again to introduce St. "Allahl be very a mito St. Freda's, I shall be very a mito St. Freda's, I shall be very a mito St. Thall be very ""And that matter being settled

"Ya-a-a-as!"
"And that matter being settled

"You are not goin' to lick Ethel, then, Miss Penfold?" The Head laughed. "Ethel will not be punished at all. I am sure that the whole matter has been worry enough to her already!" "Bai Jove!"

been worry enough to her already!"

"Bai Jore," Bai Jore, "Bai Jore," and Miss Penfold, "you will kindly take your departure, and nover enter St. Freda's in a surreptitious manner again! If you want to see your cousin on a half-heiday, you may cousin on a half-heiday, you may can depan way. It is not like secrecy in young people!"

"I—I vewy much disappwore of seeweey myself, Miss Perfold. It was all owin' to the vewy peculiah circs, of the case—"

"Exactly; hut no more of it, please. Miss Tyrrell, will you kindly assemble the girls to see Master D'Arcy off!"

Miss Tyrrell looked surprised for a moment, and then her eyes twinkled. She understood what the Head more of the control of the c

She understood what the Head meant.

"Bai Jove, that is very kind and attentive of you, Miss Penfold?"

"Good-bye, "madam!"
Arthur Augustus D'Arcy shook hands with Ethel and Dolores.

"Good-bye, deah gais!" in murmice.

"Good-bye, deah gais!" in murmice.

"Good-bye, deah gais!" in murmice.

"Tim awf ly sowny about wippin' one when you come to St. Jim's again, so it will be all wight!"

"Good bye Arthur!"
The swell of St. Jim's quitted the study. He went down to the school-house door, and found that Miss Trell had carried out instructions. A double row of smiling girls waited for Arthur Angustus to pass along to the gates. They were smiling, and their smiles grew broader as the Hall of St. Jim's appeared.

By the steps of the state of the steps. He turned pink as he descended the steps.

Augustus.

He turned pink as he descended the steps.

Ile turned pink and soft laughter greeded him as he marched along greeded him as he marched along between the double row of girls. His face was crimson by the time he reached the end.

Corporal Brick let him out at the gates, grinning broadly.

"Hai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus, pushing back his hat and applications are stood in the road. "Bai Jove, I wondah if that was a little joke of Miss Penfold's! It made a fellow feel an awful ass!"



Arthur Augustus D'Arcy glancod back over the wall. He could see that the girls were laughing, and his crimson complexion grew "more crimson."

He glanced back over the wall.
He could see the crowd of girls still, and he could see that they were all laughing now. His crimson complexion grew more crimson.
"Bai Jove, it's aimply wotten!" he muttered.

he muttered.

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy stepped out in the direction of St. Jim's. He had seen Cousin Ethel and Dolores among the girls, and

Dolores was laughing. Ethel had tried to keep a grave face.

"So there won't be any dorm, feed after all, Ethel!" said Dolores, taling Ethel's arm, and walking down the garden with her.

Then Ethel hughed.

"No; we shall lose that great treat!" she replied. "All the things the taken, excepting those Milly be taken, excepting those Milly be taken, excepting those Milly be taken, excepting the Milly she had not newed for the past hour. "How do you feel now, Milly!"

Milly smiled a siekly smile.
"I feel a tittle—a little strange," she murmured.

"Of course, it want to test the tarts!"

she murmured. "Of course, it want the tarts!" "Of course, it want the tarts!" said Ethel, laughing.

And she want on, leaving Milly Pratt to her meditations.

Au Revoir.

Au Revoir.

JIERE'S a letter for you, Ethel," Dolly Carew remarked after to be a continued after the action of the continued after the continu

from St. Jim's.

Ethel started as she saw the writing.

Ethel started as she saw the writing.

"It is from my mother," she exclaimed.

"Oh!" said Delly.

Ethel did not note the comical disappointment in Delly's tone. She carried the letter away to a quiet corner with tresmbling hand. She wanted to be alone to read it. Her work to be alone to st. Freda's. Mr. Cleveland had not written letters herself for a long time. A letter in her mother's hand was a surprise to Ethel. Did it mean that Mrs. Cleveland was much better, or—

She opened the letter quickly.

Then her eyes dauced as she read it was a price latter.

It was a brief letter, but full of happy news to Ethel.

"My dearest Ethel,—You will be glad to know how much better I am, and that I am home again, I wast my own dear girl to come to me now. I have written to Miss Penfold, and arrangements will be made for you to return home at once. Whether you go back to St. Freds's will depend upon the state of my health, but I shaft keep you with me if I can."

Ethel's eyes dansed and shone. She kissed the letter, and then ran off to find Dolores. Bolores was in the garden, and her dusky face lightened up at Ethel's approach. She caught sight of the letter in the girl's hand. "Good news?" she asked.

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