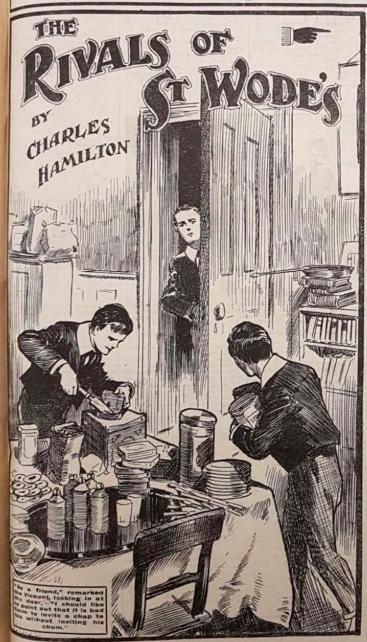
THE POPULAR MEW STORY BOOK Vol. 1. No. 19.

Also in This Issue:

"The Scapegrace of the Regiment."

Story. Our Rables are informed that the character in the following flory are next inactions; or the following flory are next inactions; made to suffer overant actions may be uninculcially manifored, but the Edifer wishes it to be distinctly unferstool that no adverse personal reflection is intended.)

The NEW



M. BUSH had no right to interfere between Loyell and Pea.
He knew it, but he had loped
nature of the vital meaningly soft
novering—what miny people discovering—what miny feel to the cocovering—what miny feel to the cocovering—what miny feel to the cocovering—what miny feel to the cominist upon choosing this boy as your
study-mate, I do not wish to disappoint you."

"How good! I van have him,
then?"

then?"
"You must blame yourself for any unpleasant consequences, then."
"Quite so, sir. I'm willing to do

"Very well," said Mr. Bush, biting his lip. "You may have Study No. 4, and Penwyn as a study-mate, if you choose."

you choose."
"Thank you, ir."
And Lovell walked out cheerily and joined Pen in the passage. He gave the Cornish lad a joyous slap on the back.
"We're having the same study, Pen." In exclaimed.
"Mr. Bush have sleed!"
"Mr. Bush and buzzed the Head thim, you see," Banny explained. "He had to cave in. Let's go and have a look at the quarters."
"Good!"
They went up to the Fourth Form.

"They went up to the Fourth Form passage. No. 4 Study adjoined Blagd as No. 4 Study adjoined Blagd as Blagden's attady, and as it was to have only two innates they would have more room to themselves than Blagden's Co. had. Pen looked round the room with great satisfaction. It seemed a cost enough room to him.

There was a Comical gele arms there is no cost.

There was a cominal gris upon the ristocratic features of Lord Lovell. "Don't you like the room?" asked

There was arrived to the room?" asked aristocratic features of Lord Lovell. "Don't you like the room?" asked "Oh, yes!"

"The yes!"

"I thought—"
Bunny laughed.
"Well, you could put six of it into my den at home, he said.
"But I know a chap has to rough it shool. I don't mind roughing it. The Lovells were always a hardy family. If does a chap good to rough it. Windering it to me," said Pen simply. "I've lived in cheaper quarters by a long way. But I suppose you've had excrything you wanted all your life?"

"I believe I have," said Bunny, looking round, "but I haven't let it make me and, my son. I'm going to rough it here. Look here, we shall want a new carpet. Fellows furnished with their study had been left there by the former tonants of the study, and it looked very decent to Pen's crea. But the statisticus Bunny evidently want's antestificus lable. Of course, it won't do.

Why not?"

do."
"Why not?"
"Well, it offends my sight, for one thing," said Banny. "Look at the way the legs are cut? There isn't a true line in the whole thing?"
"I—I suppose not."
"We must have a couple of really comfortable armchairs," said Burny thoughtfully.
Pen smiled. He thought that

Danny's ideas of roughing it were not thicky to but his endurance to a very server strain.

"And some lace curtains," Bunny remarked. "The place will have to be papered again, too. I never could stand a cheap wallpaper. Look at the design on that paper—impossible roses climbing over an impossible rose in the design on the design who had this study papered out was a sarage—II for the chapter of the chapter of the chapter of the chapter of the coulded. As a matter of fact, Pen was more accustomed to whitewashed walls than to wallpapers.

"No cood thinking of discinger well in the country of the country

Bunny,
"I-I suppose not," assented Pon.

""

"Hat what, old son?"

"But what, old son?"

"Who's going to pay for it?"

"My governor."

"But if I'm going to share the study I ought to pay half," said Pen, colouring.

"Stuff! I'm going to share you want to share the study I ought to pay half," said Pen, colouring.

"Stuff! I'm not going to pay my pater pays. I assure you that was settled before I left Lovell Court. My dear chap, I'll make and sacrifice to friendship you. I'll make and sacrifice to friendship you had a sacrifice to friendship you had a sacrifice to friendship you had a sacrifice to friendship you haven't very much tin, have you! Excuse me."

Pen laughed.

"Very little," he replied.

"Exactly! If you may your whack, I'm condemned to live smooth cheep furniture and crude colours, which would probably make me ill. You see, the only solution is to little the propose I can't say anything the your stand the furniture to be comfortable, as you can sifford it."

"Just sai And you're not going to refuse to dig in the study amply to you."

"No." said Pen. I aughing:

"No." said Pen. I aughing:

"No." said Pen. I aughing:

you?"
"No," said Pen, laughing,
"Cood! I'll send that wire. We
shall have to put up with the Formroom till the study's finished; but it
wan' be lang. The men will be
diwar sarly in the morning."
And Lord Lovell quitted the study
with his chum. He looked for
somehody to take his wire to the
post-office.

A Lesen in Manners.

CRAWCOUR, of the Fifth, the great chief of the solide society known in St. Woods as the Bladles, was in the lower passes when Levell and Penwyn Crawcour gave the little viscount a most amiable smile. He did not appear to see Pen at all. That made Pen smile a little. It was currous to

(Continued on the next page.)

An Most Popular School Story.

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

(New readers should glance over the brief account of the first Chapters given at the foot of this page.)

see the chief of the Blades smilling amiably with one side of his face and maintaining an icy reserve with the land. And Pen nodded.

"Oh, here you are, Lovell!" said awcour, "Getting shaken down

Crawcout. "Getting shaken down -ch?"
"Yex," said Lovell, "I suppose I shall shake down in time."
"Like the place-ch? Let of bounders here," said Crawcour, with the calm insolence which made so many fellows at St. Wode's admired and hate him. "Very few decent chaps-in fact, I decline to know more than six or seven."
"Yes. Can I do anything for you-anything to help you get settled down?" asked the great man amisbly.

settled down! marea two area anniably.

"You're very good," said Bunny.
"You're very good," said Bunny.
"By the way, you know my friend
Penwyn!"
Crawcour suddenly became aware
of Pen's existence.
"I don't," he replied.
He did not say he wanted to,
wither.

"I don't," he repixed.

He did not say he wanted to, either.
"Let me introduce you," said Bunny cheerfully. "Crawcour, of the Fith-Penwiper-I mean Pen-Prayon, of the Fourth!" Pen could not help grinning at the discomiliture visible in the face of the Fith-Permier. Crawcour ducked his head slightly in acknowledgment of the head of the head

"Not at all." "Not at all."
"Then would you mind running down to the post-office and sonding off a telegram for me?" said Bunny pleasantly.

Crawcour staggered.
Ilis own insolence had no limits, at it was a new experience to him to be treated with insolence himself. but it was a new experience to nim to be treated with insolence himself. He had meant, of course, to perform any little office for the new boy in a kind and condescending way. To be despatched to the post-office with a telegram, like the house-page or an errand-boy, was not in the programme. In spite of his great desire to be on good terms with Lord Lovell he, very nearly threw himself upon the viscount.

the viscount.

Pen chuckled. He could not help it. Soft and sweet as Bunny looked, Pen could see that he was giving the Fifth-Former a Roland for an Oliver. Crawour's rudeness to Pen was being paid back in kind.

"I-I—" stammered Crawour.

"I-I—" stammered Crawcour.
"Of course, I'll give you a bob for bing," said Bunny.

"You cheeky young scoundrel!" roared Crawcour, losing his temper

entirely.

Bunny looked at him in astonish-

"B-but you offered to do any-thing for me!" he exclaimed.

"Revenuer clenched his hands, and
Dick Penwyn clenched his, too. If
the Fifth-Former had touched
Bunny he would have had the
Cornich lad to deal with.
But Cravery sestationd himself.

Cornish lad to deal with.

But Crawcour restrained himself.

He had better uses to put Lord

Lovell to than hammering him.

"You don't seem to understand
how matters are here, Lovell," he
said. "I won't hammer you, though
you deserve it. You'll understand
things a bit better later on."

He swung away. Lord Lovell looked at Pen with a

quiet grin.

"Oh, lovely!" ho murmured. "I think I took the bounder down a peg, Pen-what!" however the period of t

you."
"I don't care! If they don't want
my friend's company, they can't have
mine," anid Bunny.
Pen's face grew very grave.
"I shall be standing in your light
all the time, Bunny, in this way, if
you stick to me!" he exclaimed.
"I'm sticking to you all the same.
My dear chap, we agreed to let that

EMPIRE-No. 19.

about."
And Pen nodded.
"My lord!"
Spratt, the page, came up to the juniors in the hall with a sealed note in his hand.
Lord Lovell turned towards him.
"For your lordship, me lord," said Spratt.

"For your lordship me lord," raid Spratt.

Spratt evidently had a great respect and admiration for titles. He handed the note to Lord Lovell almost in fear and trembling, but with a glimmer in his eyes which showed that he considered all titled persons bound to bestow liberal tips. However, the considered all titled persons bound to bestow liberal tips. He had been to be the considered all titled persons bound to bestow liberal tips. If note that the considered all titled persons being the sold to be the consideration of the con

"The fellows in No. 7. Study will be glad of the company of Lord Lovel to tea. Cake and jam and shrimps. (Signed)
"Plummer,
"Plummer,
"Long.
"Tag at 5.30"

"Tea at 5.30."

"Retter go," said Pen. "We've no conveniences in our own study for getting tea, and the fellows here do not seem to care for tea in hall much."

much."
His lordship shook his head.
"I'm going to have tea in hall
with you," he remarked. "I believe
fellows are allowed to take in anything they please?"
"Yes, that's so."
"Good! Then look here. You
go to Mrs. Bramble's with this list
I've made out while I go and explain to Plummer and Ramsey and
Long that I can't come."
"But—"

Long that I can't come."
"But—"
"My dear chap, don't argue."
"On, all right!"
Lord Lovell scribbled some words on the back of the envelope he had just opened, and Pen carried it off. Lord Lovell returned to the Fourth Form passage, and knocked at the door of No. 7.
There was some slight sound of confusion within. It was not a quarter-past five yet, and tea certainly wouldn't be ready.

"Oh!" he said, as he saw the viscount he had, as he saw the viscount had the said, as he saw the viscount had been some confusion.

"You're lard for mile some the saw the viscount. The study was in some confusion. Plummer was washing teacups of all designs and sizes. Long was opening a support of the same state of the same state of the same state of the same state. The first had been banked up, but had not burnt through, and for the present was sending streams of smoke into the study. The scene was not very inviting so far.

"Oh, come in!" said Ramsey, trying to smile. "You're early." "Thanks! I won't come in," said Bunny. "I've just locked in to tell you I can't come."

"Thanks: A "Ive just locked in to tell you I can't come."
"B-but we've bought the shrimps!" exclaimed Long.
"So sorry, dear boy! As a friend, however—I want you chaps to regard me as a friend, you

Oh, certainly!" said Plummer,

"Ob, certainly!" said Plummer, trying to shift out of sight the extremely soiled cloth he had been wiping the teacups on.
"Well, as a friend," pursued the viscount blandly, "I want to point out to you that it is bad form to invite a chap without inviting his

chum. You see, Penwiper and I are chums, you know, and I couldn't accept an invitation and leave him to have tea alone in half. It would be doodid bad form, don't you see."
"We don't want a Council school bounder in this study," said Long.
"My dear dan, that's silly and snobbish," said Bunny. I suspected something of the sort, so I came to put it to you plainly. Penwaris my friend, don't you see. Ile's worth fifty of any chap liere—"

"What!" Lowled the Fourth-

Formers.

"What," bowled the Fourth-Formers,
"Or a hundred," said Lovell calmity, "I can chum up with him, you know, and I couldn't very well chum up with chaps like you. You do you will what haps like you. You will will be the work of the work

bounders on another occasion. Yow!"
Whiz-swoop!
The shrimps came sailing through
the air, and they landed in a whizzing shower on Lord Lovell's aristocratic countenance. By which it may
be assumed that Long was annoyed.
"Ow!" gasped Lovell.
"Bump the ead!" roared Plummer.
"We'll give him coming here, and
lecturing us. Bump him!"
"Yes, rathe:!"

"Yes, rathe:!"
"Squash the beast!"

The three rushed upon Lovell. He was gouging the fishy wetness out of his eyes, and he was seized unresistingly, and dragged into the study. The three angry juniors surrounded him, all grasping him at once, and the

Study, and he had rushed to the rescue at once. That there were three tellows against him Pen did not care in the least. He rushed into the study, and as he came in the three juniors allowed Lovell to drop on the carpet. They knew that they would need their hands now to defend carpet. They knew that they would need their hands now to defend themselves. "Get out, you cad!" shouted

themselves.
"oct out, you cad!" shouted Planmer.
He had no time to say more. Pen's left caught him on the chin, and he went reeling back, to crash down into the fender. Lord Lovel's att up, gasping and dishevelled.
Go it. Pen, my boy!
Long and Rumsey had leaped at him, and the Cornish lad met them with right and left. Ramey dropped on the hearthrug, and Long crashed into the table, and sent it flying. There was a crash of a jamijar, and another of broken teacups.
"Bravo!" yelled Bunny, getting excited.
"Bravo! Pen's the had!
Go it." excited. "Bravol Pen's the mu. Go it!" The three juniors picked themselves

They stared at Pen, and Pen looked at them, still with clenched fists, and his breath coming and going, his checks red.

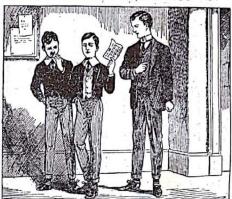
"You-you awful cad!" spluttered Long. "Ow!"

"You fearful outsider!" stuttered

Plummer Plummer.

Plummers the was the only one of the three that seemed about of the was the only one of the three that seemed about him.

"My word." he said. "you can hit! Keep off, please! I've finished!" not the Pen, could not help grinning.



"You want to do something for mc, don't you, Crawcour?" said Bunny Lovell, pleasantly. "So would you mind running down to the post-office and sending off a telegram for me!"

viscount was bumped upon the

viscount was bumped upon the carpet.
"Ow!" he gasped. "Leggo! Really, you know." Brrr?! I'm smelln' horribly of shrimps! Jore! Leggo, you know!
Leggo, you know! The shrimps! Jore!
Leggo, you know! The shrimps! Jore!
Leggo, you know!
Bump him!" roared Plummer.
"Hurray!"
Three pairs of vengeful hands grasped Lord Lovell, and he was swung in the sir, and bumped down upon the carpet with a bump that made every bone in his body ache.
"Oh!" he roared. "Ow! Leggo!"
"Bump! Bump!
Bump!

"Bump I Bump!
"Ov! Yarooh!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Bump the cad!"
"Ow! Help! Pen! Where's that hap Penwiper! Ow!" roared his

chap Penwiper? Ow!" roared his lordship. . There was a sudden step in the doorway, and Pen ran into the study.

Something for Tea.

Something for Tex.

DEN'S eyes were blaxing as he ran into the study. He had returned after taking Lord Lovell's note to the tuckshop, and not finding Bunny dewrstairs had come up to the Fourth Form passage to look for him. There he heard the terrific din going on in No. 7

"I didn't come here for a row," he

said.
"Then you've found one without looking for it."
"You fools!" exclaimed Long.
"Come on! Smash the cad!"
He caught up a cricket-stump.
Ramsey twisted it out of his hand, and flung it into a corner of the room.

None of that!" he said.

"None of that!" he said.
Long gave him a furious lock.
"Thank you," said Pen quietly.
"But I don't think the stump would have touched me. If any of you wants to go on, I'm quito ready—or two together, for that matter."
"Good!" exclaimed Lovell, springing to his feet. "And I'll take onthe third of you. I will, by Jove, you know, What!"
"Oh, ret out of our study!"

the third of you, I will, by Jove, you know. What?"

"Oh, get out of our study!"
growled Long savagely. "We don't want to fight with a rotten Council-school hooligan."

Pen laughed contemptuously.
"I can quite believe you don't want to," he said.
"Yes, by Jove!" said his lordship. "My hat! You can hit, Pen! Look here. Wire in, my boy, and give them a licking all round. Go it! I'll look on."

"I don't mind if I do."
And Pen was quite ready for it.

THE EMPIRE LIBRARY. Lity Wednesder, On Bullinger, But the three heroes of No. 1 They

crowded behind the table. They weren't ready."

"Oh, chuck it!" said Plummer. Null's as good as a feast We don't want any more row. You't want any more row. You't pretty well murked up our tes, as a sa."

pretty well musters up our tea, as a la."

"Yes, I think we have," the lovel, with agrin. "Next time, by boy, don't you throw shrinks about, please. I don't love shrinks about, please. I don't got the should from the lower with the should be and be a lower with the should find the should should be a lower with the lower well as the was graining the ceiting mentiones at St. Weden't be remarked. "He was right has remarked."

exciting sometimes at St. What?"
What?"
What?"

"Well, yes; you'd better get

"Well, yes; you'd better get a wash," Yes; and change my beath, collar, by Jovet!"
And that having been done, Lord and Pen made their my to ten in hall. The Fourth Fourth Fourth and I hall filled. Hall filled hall was only half filled. Hall filled has at least, were having the does not the studies. Pen looked up set in the studies, but did not see Cevil Bligke or any of his immediate filligke or any of his immediate filligke. Spratt, the page, had booked as several parcels fur Lord Lord who was having his tea with he roof-red at the tuckshop who was having his tea with he near Lovell cumbered with parcels for Lord Lovell cumbered with parcels." What is all that rubbeh?"

" Mine, sir," said Bunny.
" What is it?"

Mr. Bush stared. Mr. Bush stared.

"Do you mean to say that that all food, Lovell?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it here for?"

"To eat, sir."

"Lovell!"

"I understood that the role allowed any chap to bring in any grub he liked for tea, sir," and Bunny, innocently.

Bruo in tace or tes, sin," male bunny, innocently.

Mr. Bush coughed.

Well, yes, Lovell; but you as supposed to restrict yourself somewhat as to quantity. However, it does not matter this time."

Lovell promise of the property of the property of the viscount had certainly provided the viscount had certainly provided the viscount had certainly provided the served fruits. Cake and being served fruits. Cake and being served fruits. Cake and being served fruits. Cake and to greatly and the provided the provide

"Certainly!" said Lovell. "I don't mind. Help yourselves, dear boys!"

The dear boys were not slow

accept the invitation.

Extensive as Lord Lovell's supple were, the hungry Fourth-Former soon made very short work of thea. It was surprising to see how is the things vanished. Lord Lord law Dick Pennyn were the most moderate of the raiders.

Lord Lovell and Pennished.

of the raiders.

Lord Lovell and Pen quitted the dining-room together after ta, as several fellows spoke to Lovell in the most friendly way, and Pen cam's for a few polite words. The fellows proke to Lovell in the most friendly way, and Pen cam's great acquisition in the fellow to the fellow to the fellow to the fellow to be of the country of the fellow to be cultivated. A chap the could stand such feeds, and who, parently, had unlimited pocket-smoothy of the country of the fifth spoke to the fifth spoke to the country of the fifth spoke to the fifth spoke to the fifth spoke to the country of the fifth spoke to the Lord Lovell and Pen quitted the

(Now go on with the story.)

GLANCE OVER THIS FIRST.

Dick Penwyn, a sturdy Cornish lad who has been to a Council school, obtains a scholarship et St. Wode's. On his arrival thero he is received with open arms by Blagden & Co., who mistake him for another new fellow—Lord

Lovell. On discovering their mis-take, Blagden & Co. become bitter seemies of both the new juniors, who chum tegether. Their friend-ship arouses the resentment of Mr. Bush, the smobbish master of the Fourth Form, who refuses the

young viscount's request that Pen should share a study with him. "Porhaps you would prefer me to ask the Head, sir," says "Bunny" Lovell coolly.

Manual THE EMPIRE LIBRARY. informed that the characters in the following complete Story are purely and so reference or allusine is made to any living person. Actual be substantially mentioned, but the Editor whose it to be distinctly that no atterne personal reflection is intended.

The Grammar School Dreamer

Being the Adventures of Gordon Gay & Co.

By PROSPER HOWARD.

CHAPTER 1.

CHAPTER I.

Mossible Mike.

THE is hereby given that

THEF is hereby given that

Mossilight Mike, escaped

from Femmore Prison on

might hast, and is now

to be at large somewhere

second of Sussex,

deformation and the paid

from rounds nowleyers information

product to be at large sometimes as well as paid and a series of the point of the paid and the p

ben with a beauty of the party—
The Talpole, the eccentric genius
asceneral nuisance of the junior
asceneral nuisance of the junior
Tear me! The remarked. "How
mibe! As a rule, I cannot help
seing a certain sympathy with
bediese from justice, having every
an's hand against them, but this
pessibilities Nick.

The property of the party of the

"Moonlight Mike, ass," put in farr Wootlon. This Moonlight Mike seems to be a bandoned ruffan, who should rainly be under restraint." You're right, Taddy," said calon Gay solemnity. "So if you the major in the Grammar Schol, are in the Grammar Schol, are in the Grammar Schol, are in the Grammar Schol, which was the said the s

the state of the s

shouted Harry ng behind. - A Co. "doubled" "Double ;"

"Beuble " shouted Harry Watton, showing behind.
And Gordon Gay & Co. "doubled" as the Grammar School, along the land Form passage, and into their sanctum-Study 13, where the shouter and bewildered Tadpole Plar ne." "I sanctum-Play sanged. "I-I wite confused! I "."
Ha, ha! Never mind, dummy!" again of Gordon Gay.

"Keep a

sharp look-out for the escaped con-vict, and remember what to do when you meet him, and you'll be all right!"

right!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Ha ha, ha!"
"It really is jolly exciting, though!" remarked Harry Wootton eagerly. "Moonlight Mike"—and he lingered lovingly on the fascinating name—"Moonlight Mike might very likely give the Grammar School with the second of the s

demantes practical season of the Harry waved his hand round vaguely.

"Oh, I don't know! There's the doctor's plate and the challenge cups and things. I wender if the chap's been able to get hold of a knife or revolver or anything yet?"

"Chuck it, young Wootten!" exclaimed Gorion Gay, the leader of the Co. "Blessed if you aren't enough to give a chap rold shivers down the back! You haven't been reading any of these cheap and nasty American, fiction papers about "Bloodstained Billiam, the Bild, Bad Broncho Buster,' I suppose, have you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wootton I.,

hile Tadpole gave a shiver.

Harry Wootton turned pink.

"You ass, Gay! Don't be a silly

chump!"
"Well, don't think so much about
Moonlight Mike and knives and
rovolvers, kid," said Gordon Gay, with
quite a fatherly air. "Blessed if
we sha'n't all dream about him
to night as it is!"

CHAPTER 2.

The Dream-Artist.

W HAT'S that?"
Gordon Gay sat up in bed

Gordon Gay sat up in bed with a jerk, and muttered the words half aloud. Form dormitory at the Grammar School, and even as Gordon Gay sat listening, with every nerve tensely on the alert to catch again the sound that had awakened him, the school clock in the tower overhead proclaimed that it was the bour of eleven.

Gordon Gay down excitations and the control of t

that it was the hour of eleven.

"Ah!"
Gordon Gay drew a quick breath.
There was the sound again—a slight noise, but sufficient to indicate to the listening junior that somebody was moving about in the room below the domintor.

"It must be in one of the studies," muttered Gordon Gay. "There is a row of them under My down."

The thought of Moonlight Mike and the notice on the gatepost flashed suddenly into the junior's mind, and his face paled in the darkness. But the next moment he smiled quietly.

"Whoever it is, I'm going down to see what he's up to." he murmured determinedly. "I'll wake Jack."

It be not over the elder Wootten.

Jack."

Its bent over the elder Wootton, who slept in the bed next his, and gave him a gentle shake.

The effect was startling.

Jack Wootton sprang up in bed with a smothered yell as suddenly

as a jack in-the-bor, and gased round him with wide-open eyes.

"W-who's that?" he demanded, eateling sight of the white figure of Gordon Gay at his side in the glimmering mosolight.

"It's I-Gordon Gay," said that junior, in amazement. "My hat, Jack, you must have been dreaming pretty badly to jump like that when turnbud you."

retiy hadly to jump to the property of the pro

"What's up?"
Two other voices came from the
darkness of the dormitory. Gorden
Gay recognised them at once. The
first, sleepy and grumbling, came
from Frank Monk: the second, eager
and excited, from Harry Wootton.
"Half a mo'!" whispered Gordan
Gay. "Don't make a noise!" He
raised his voice slightly. "Is anyone else awake?"
There was no answer from the

There was no answer from the slumbering dormitory, "Well, you chap," continued the leader of Study 13, "I heard a noise downshire. There's somebody moving about in one of the studies. Listen!"

moving about in one of the studies. Listen!"

The faint noise downstairs was repeated as the juniors listened. There was something ceris and uncanny in the sound, faintly heard in the darkness. "M.m.my hat!" gasped Harry Wootton. trembling with excitement.

Wootton, trembling with excitement, "It's Moonlight Mike! I was just

dreaming about him!"
"So was I," admitted Jack
Wootton.

desperate escaped convict, was behind the closed door of Study 13. Vet not one of them had a thought of fear. In less than a minute the three clder ones that steadied their excited nerves, and were cool again, and keen for the struggle. "We must rush him:" whispered Frank Monk. "Rather!" Clang!

Clang!
A metallic clatter rang loudly from within the study, and the juniors

He's dropped his knife!" pered Harry Wootton, in thrill-

winspered Harry wootten, in thrilling tones.

It certainly sounded like it, and for a moment the juniors' hearfs beat fast. If the rollian were armed, deperate as he was—
The thought was not a pleasant one. Gordon Gay's voice was the first to break the silence, cool and determined.

determined.
"Now, chaps," he whispered,
"I'm going to try the door. If it
int' locked I'll throw it open, and
int' toked I'll throw it open, anyway!"
rotter. We're four to one, anyway!"
Right-ho!" breathed Monk.

rotter. We're four to one, anyway!"
"Right-ho!" breathed Monk.
"We're ready!"
Gordon Gay set his lips, grasped
the handle of the study door, and
gave it a turn. The door yielded
alighily: it was not locked.
"Now!" exclaimed Gordon Gay,
time harding on the door.
The four juniors dashed pell-mell
into the study and hurled themselves
upon a figure which was standing
with its back to them. There was

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THE REAL PROPERTY.

"Oh, rats," said Gordon Gay, a crash, a yell, and a chorus of "That's all rot, of course." It's not exclamations. likely to be that convict chap. Il-but we'll go down and see who it is where, anywa," and see who it is "Oh, help.! Ow!" "Got him." "Got him." "If the bounder!" "The not." "Stick to him."

e midnight prowler, squirming juniors. "It's Moonlight Mike! murdered!"

"Got him!"
"Hold the bounder!"

11

cars of the studyful of juniors as they were still staring stupudly at one another, too amared to speak. Mr. Adams, who was grasping a poker in one hand, gazed at them with awful sternness. "Boys! What on earth does this mean?"

"Boys! What on earth does this mean?"

Then followed explanations from both parties. Gordon Gay was spokeman for the attacking force, and Tadple told his story with simple straightforwardness.

"I had a wenderful dream, sir," he explained—"so wenderful that, when I woke my, for come reason, I immediately realised what a grand subject it would be for one of my wonderful picture. I thereupon came straight drown here, as I thought without waking anyone in the dominiory, and proceeded to transfer my great dream to canna, straight of the proceeded to transfer my great dream to canna, straight without waking anyone in the dominiory, and proceeded to transfer my great dream to canna, straight.

"You are a foolish boy!" said Mr. Adams, frewning. "But go

Mr. Adams. Irewning. "But go on!"

"Really, sir."
"Proceed, boy!"
"Vell, sir, I had finished the outline of the prison, showing gaunt and grim through the snowstorm," went on Talplote, with growing enhusiasm, "and had left the exaping convert jumping left the exaping convert jumping lott in a pleasant little grove of midsummer blossoms in the foreground, as an artisatic touch, you know, sir.—"Mr. Adams's stern face relaxed in spite of himself.
"You absurd boy!" he exclaimed, "Midsummer blossoms in a snow-storm."

"Midsummer norsesses storm."

Tadpole looked offended.
"Really, sir, there is such a thing as artistic licence, sir, I suppose!"
Gordon Gay & Co choked, and Mr. Aldams stifled a smile, as Tadpole continued with his narrative:
"I'm sure I did not make noise enough even to alarm the most nervous, sir, except once, perhaps, when I dropped my palette-knife..."
"I have it was a knife!" whis-

nervous. If, except my paletto-knife—"
I know it was a knife!" whispered llarry Wootton triumphantly in Gordon Gay's ear.
"But suddenly these stupid, nervous fellows dashed in and roughly assaulted mo—"
"Look here, you ass—" began Gordon Gay & Co. and Frank Monk, with one voice.

with one voice.

"I admit at first I thought it was Moonlight Mike, the escaped convict," went on Tadpole, unheeding.

"Hold the bounder!"
"Stick to him!"
"Stick to him!"
"Stick to him!"
"The midnight prowler, who was dressed in a voluminous sort of coat, gave a roar as he squirmed underneath the mass of juniors.
"Ow! Help! Rescue! It's Moonlight Mikle! I'm being murdered!"
Moonlight Mikle! I'm being murdered!"
ceased struggling as one man. Their hands fell to their sider, and they could only gasp and stare at one another and gasp, again, for the voice of the "convict" was a voice only too well known to them; it was

THE END.

(Another of these amusing complete stories next Wednesday.)

The Scapegrace of the Regiment.

inud from precious page.)

"Signal from precious page."

"Signal misscoat of an oatler, the
may chose of an out-of-work clerk,
we had given up the weary could
a sarch given up the weary could
a sarch perpendicular turned
a face to the practice to start life
the face, pale near; proud cheest
to start we one; "deal" certs like
to start wo one; "deal" certs l

one id a of the two chums, however, was to get into their clothes and back to the office to be sworn in.

and hack to the officence of the control of the con

"Rather!"
The four juniors hastily slipped on a few clothes, crapt quietly out of the dormitory, and stole downstairs to the Fourth Form passage.
"My hat! Look!"

"My hat! Look!"

Hary Wootton caught his breath, and clutched Gordon Gay's arm!
"What's up!"
"There's somebody in our study!"
"Great Scott! So there is!"
The door of Study 13 was slut, but a gleam of light shone under the door. The midnight visitor was evidently not afraid to show a light of some sort.

of some sort.

The four juniors trembled with excitement. Each of the four-for Frank Monk had also seen the notice on the gatepost—believed in his own heart that Moonlight Mike, the

"I'm on!" "Hear, hear!"

other than Major Clumber, the reply need not be stated here. The time was not wasted, however, for in the interval they managed to get hold of their friend they jolly recruiting-ergeant once again, and he gave them many a good tip for getting along in their new life—tips which were new even to Jack.

which were new even to Jack.

"So you're joining the Woldshire
Regiment after all!" concluded the
sergmant at last. "Well, you asked
for a rough lot and, by hookey,
you're getting it! Bus they're a
rars fine corps all the same.

"The Fighting Fits they're known
as in the Service, 'sooner fight than
eat their breakfasts,' is their way of
it, and if there's no one handy to

scrap with, why, they'll start punch-ing their own selves!"

only too well known to them; it was

"Boys! What is the meaning of

The stern tones of Mr. Adams, neir Form-master, fell upon the

the voice of Horace Tadpole!

this

their

scrap with, why, they'll start punching their own selves!"

However satisfactory this might be to a robust spirit like Jack Lvon, it was plain that puor Percival Post this description of his new contrades.

A voice roaring their names from the door of the office gave him no time to reconsider his rash promise to follow Jack wherever he led.

In another minute each was standing with a Testament in his left hand and a paper in his right, reading the "'I, John Lyon, do make oath that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, and that I will, as in

duty bound, honestly and faithfully defend his Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, in Person, Crown and Dignity, against all enemies, and will observe and obey all orders of his Majesty, his Hiers and Successors, and of the generals and officers set over me.

"'So help me God," breathed Jack fervently, and kissed the Book.

Jack fervently, and kissed the Book.
Then he squared his chest again
and stood up a soldier of the King.
All life was sunny again. The
black, chill shadow which lav athwart
his past was behind him and forgotten,
The world like a ball lay at his feet.

(Another long instalment of this Pine Army Serial next Wednesday.)