"The Scapegrace of Regiment," and "The Rivals of St. Wode's," charles By Hamilton.



A SPLENDID TALE OF THE BOYHOOD OF CHARLES PEACE



rs are informed that the rs in the following Serial Story by imaginary, and no reference sion is made to any living Actual names may be uninly mentioned, but the Editor it to be distinctly understood adverse personal reflection is

Charlie to the Rescue.

O I'm crafty, am I?" cried Charlie Peace, with a kind of snorting laugh. "That's comething to know, anyway, but, we shall see. What are amazing developments' the talks about? Does that mean pees have a loss to the cave. wanning developments with the cave is als about? Does in the cave is a cliff: I don't care if they cidff: I don't care if they. I've done with Squeezer, and see with the cave. I'll keep Fano. The 'tees haven't a clue wanarkable individual. I'll we wanarkable individual. I'll wan the cave is a constant of the cave is a constant of the cave is a clue wanarkable individual. I'll want to my turn to night, and if see the cave is a constant of the cave is a cave is a constant of the cave is a cave is

with the cave. I'll keep.

On The 'tees haven's a clue
markable individual. I'll
i throw dust in the eyes of
blic, I don't know what
i throw dust in the eyes of
blic, I don't know what
have. I don't wonder it
and e a 'tee,' wonder it
and has pecket, and he was on
to make a name as a
a stiste. He wasn't going
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a stiste. He wasn't going
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a to make a name as a
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has pooket, and he was on
to make a name as a
a stiste. He wasn't going
to wonder it
he received the times
to make a 'tee,' wonder it
he groped his way to Mrs.

He groped his way to Mrs.

Clarife's sudden apwonder it wonder it
he groped his way to Mrs.

He groped his way to Mrs.

Clarife's sudden apwonder it wonder it
he groped his way to Mrs.

He proped his way to Mrs.

He need his wonder into the times he
at true to wonder into the dark
was playing und chard the create and chard the create way.

He pook to the times he
apparance. Una and the rions wonder

He groped his way to Mrs.

He need to wonder a way

The boy grinned and darted away.

The boy grinned and darted aw

quickened his pace. At nine Mrs. Burnett, the old woman who looked after the wardrobe and mended the costumes, sent Willie Worboise, one of the stable lads, out supper-generally a baked shoot he was a look of the stable lads, out in the lad read and the thought of it. If he would read Jagger's a little before nine, he would get the boy to buy two sheep's heads instead of one.

As luck would nave it, he ran door at the back of the circus, and he gave the lad his orders. Willie stared. He did not recognise the Marvellous Boy Violinty, kid? I'm Yoo know may coming on, and one you lorget it. Look sharp, and I'll give you twopenee for yourself-gran or the property of the property of

"Ah, to be sure! But I didn't know as you'd got a mother." Of course I have, but set lives a long way. "But just now I'm thinking about something else-supper. Twe been walking miles and miles. I do believe I could eat a donkey's hind leg. Hallo, here's Willie! There's your twopence, my lad." For the next fen minutes Charliewas silent, but his laws were included in the profession," was fast disappearing. The band changed its tune. Milo had finished, and the creaking of wheels told that the trolley bearing the lions' cage was approaching the stage.

Charlie, feeling after the meal like a giant refreshed, went out of Mrs. Burnett's snuggery into a passage leading to the stage. On this stage the variety show artistes performed, the wanted to see the lions and Una nearer, than it was possible from the front of the house. The cage was drawn parallel with and close to the stage.

drawn parallel with and close to use tage.

Charlie met no one, and he stationed himself in the wing. Presently Stelle on to the stage, and after bowing in acknowledgment of the applause, entered the eage.

At that moment Charlie caught sight of someone creeping genong the scenery at the back. It was so dark he could not see the suggested willow bulky form. The figure presented itself but for a second, and then glided away.

Charlie did not trouble himself

about the thing; he was far too in-terested in Stella, who was putting the animals through their perform-ance with wonderful coolness. The lioness she reserved for the last. The sleek, tawny creature seemed to-night to be in a tractable mood. She obeyed every order readily, her final feat being to the other, while Stella fired a pistol, and then to lie down as though she had been shot. Everything went well until this

the their while Stella fired a pistolar the their to lie down as though she had been shot.

Everything weat well until this point was reached. The pistol was fired, and the lioness flung herself down with great naturalness; but instead of remaining quiet as she had been taught, she gave a sudden snarl of rage, and in an instant was on his control of rage, and in an instant was on the short of the show, and even when the creature bounded through the air upon the girl, knocked her down and pinned her right arm to the floor with one paw, while another was more than the short of the show, and even when the creature bounded through the air upon the girl, knocked her down and pinned her right arm to the floor with one paw, while another was view of the short of the sh

Milo, the "Strong Man," Mystified.

Milo, the "Strong Man," Mystilied.

OR a second the uproar, the shouts of the men, the screams of the frightened women, ceased. Breathlessly the horrical strong of the frightened women, fied pseudo and a level with that of the savage of the frightened on a level with that of the savage of the frightened with the field of the frightened on a level with that of the savage of the yellow orbs dilated with rage.

"Come here—you!" said he, in low, deliberate, grating tones.

The effect was magical. Whether due to the tone of command, or to the magnetism in his eyes, it is hard to say. The lioness relaxed her muscles, when the field with the work of the field with the with the field with the with the work of the boy. The lioness we clear that they also felt the mysterious power of the boy. The lioness

Continued on the next page.

The Scapegrace of the Regiment.

(Continued.)

tip as to which to "plump" for and, which to avoid.
For even in the smartest battalion there are some companies good and some rank had.
Jack could imagine, for instance,

some rank former companies good and some rank large great from the Hon. Large great from the Hon inquire.

awaiting them. This gloomy cup-board outside the door of one of the barrack-rooms, seemed to Jack rather less confortable than the prison-cell in which he had just spent

kits" ceneluded the colour mournfully. "You'll take those over to
the quarter unster's store at two
shorp, and get measured. And just
see nobody pinches any of your studi
when you get it lank to you moloulie's the one just gain to his little
lie's here," he
explained, turning and here," he
explained, turning and here," he
explained, turning the here," he
explained, turning the here," he
explained, turning the here, "he
explained, here
he splained, here
here," he
explained, here
here, "ak for It rivates Bagss
and Rims, and tell "em I sent you.
They'll look after you and show your
the ropes."
They gloud, after you and show
you't
here, "and taking this as a
least the short of the short of the
here you have been an
undertaker. He gives one he face
Jack, as they descended the short
staricase and least
marked "25 N.C.O."s and Men."

Pushing this open, they found themselves in a big, bore room, scrupulously clean, with bed cots ranged round the four walls, two long tables with forms running down the centre, and in the middle a huge steve and an equally enormous coal-bin.

Above each bed was a shelf on which was stowed was a shelf on which was stowed and belongings, all packers and form anged according to the the rest a peas in a pod.

Beneath was a row of pegs for belts and equipment, and beside the

like the rest as peas in a pod.

Beneath was a row of pegs for belts and equipment, and beside the bed a rack for the rifle.

As it was close on time for the dinner bugle to sound, the room was full. A few men lounged on the ends of the fold-up bedeen, the room was full. A few men lounged on the ends of the fold-up bedeen of the table, where to judge by the rattle of a dice box and the invitations of a

gentleman with a strong Cocker, accent to "Plank your money on the coll mud ook this time you make you to a gambling game was in makes?" Excuse me, can anyoul saving. "Excuse me, can saving the strong out of its makes the strong of the collection out of its makes took at himself the vicine out of its makes took at himself out of the collection out of its makes took at himself out of the collection out of its makes to collection out of the collection of the gentleman with a strong Cockney accent to "Plank your money on all

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The Most Popular School Story.

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

THIS HAS TAKEN PLACE.

Dick Penwyn, a sturdy Cornish lad who has been to a Conneil school, obtains a scholarship at St. Wode's, On his arrival there will be a scholarship at St. Wode's, on his arrival there will be a scholarship at St. Wode's when scholarship a

Newcome, of the Fourth, accosts him curiously.

"Are you glad to be at St. Wode's, Penwyn?" he asks.

"Yes, in a way," replies Pen.

(Read on from here.)

Assistance for Newcome.

NLY in a way!" said Newcome, grinning.

"Yes. I know it's a rise in life for me had any mean something for me had any mean something for But the fellows here the fellows here the fellows I'm seed to "Newcome chuckfed. He wondered what Blagden and Co. would say if they knew that the scholarship chap compared the St. Wode's fellows unfavourably with the Council-school chaps he was used to.

"Does that amuse you?" asked Pen.

ren.
"Yes, rather. But it's all right," said Newcome. good-humouredly.
"You'll get used to us, you know. We're not all bad; there are black sheep here, but if you're decent all the time, you'll get on with most of the fellows."

the fellows."

"I hope I shall be decent."

"Don't be touchy," said Newcome quietly. "I'm not getting at you're all right. At the same time, you can't expect all the fellows to see it—sil at once."

"I suppose not."

"You're only getting."

"I suppose not."
"You've only got to stick to your guns and play the game to pull through. A chap can never be really done in, except by himself. That's my opinion!"
"I dare say you're right."
"Oh!" "in right!" said Newcome.

"I dare say you're right."
"Oh, I'm right!" said Newcome cheerfully. "You depend on your uncle! Look here, you must have been through this stuff in the scholar-ship cram. I know there are Fifthfour it is not the said to be sufficient to admit you to the Fourth."
"Yery likely:"

Fourth!"
"Very likely!"
"Well, go through this with me, there's a good fellow," said Newcome, "Your friend doesn't want you now, does he-I mean Lovell! I believe you've chummed up with him."
"Yes," said Pen.
"He doesn't want you for a minute, I suppose?"

"No," said Pen, flushing. "He

none of my binney."

"Did you speak?"

"Yes; help me with this beast Horace," said Newcome. "What I can't make out is, why they should be lords of the earth and exalted to the gold as well—those chaps in the lords of the earth of the lords of the earth through the old familiar ode with Newcome. The St. Woole's, fellow passed no remark on the matter, but he could not help being struck by the clearness and precision of the scholarship lad's knowledge.

After ten minutes Newcome had learned more from Pen than he was likely to learn from Mr. Bush in a week.

likely to learn from Mr. Bush in a wreck.

"Thanks, old man," he said gratefully, when Pen had finished. "You make it clearer than old Bush does." He chuckled, "Won't I suprise him in the morning, too! As a matter of fact, Penwyn, it's an open secret that old Bushy-whiskers is weak in the classics—jolly weak, and Horace is his bugbear. He has to mug it up in his study, you know, before he takes us, and one or two of the fellows, have caught him tripping—yes, rather! My hat! He comes down heavy on them, too! He's a University man, too, old Bushy is—I know that—but all sorts of chaps get into the University now," said Newcome cheerfully. It shouldn't wonder in the son of those scholarship man, "be broke off trearestully," I shouldn't wonder. I have not broke off recoversity," I all didn't notice what I was saying! I'm avfully serry—I really am." man," he broke off remorseithly, -I didn't notice what I was saving!

I'm awfully sorry—I really am Pen had reddened.

Pen had reddened.

"Oh, don't mind me!" he said.

"Oh, don't mind me!" he said.

"In learning not to be touchy. If
the best was a scholarship chap,
the best was a scholarship chap,
the best best of the control he control he control of the control

"So should I, really," said New-come heistainigy. "I suppose it's more to a chap's credit to do things himself than to have his pater pay for them. But-but that's not the way it's cancrally looked al, you say it's cancrally looked al, you see, I could have bitten my tongue out for saying what I just said; but I didn't really mean anything."
"It's all right."
"After you'd just helped me, too,

"After you'd just helped me, too, like the jolly brick you are," said Newcome. "I'm so jolly sorry, Newcome. Penwyn."

Pen smiled.

"Don't say anything more about it." he said. "It's nothing! As for Mr. Bush, if he is a scholarship chap himself..."

"Penwyn! Penwyn! Boy! How

Pen jumped up.
Mr. Bush had entered the common room, unseen by the two juniors as they sat facing the fire, and he had evidently heard what the Cornish lad

said.

He stood facing the two alarmed boys—his hands trembling, his features convulsed with rage.

Drives to Revolt.

PENWYN!" Mr. Bush was stammering in his rage, his words coming out thickly. "Penwyn! How dare you,

boy!" Fennyii in surprise.

Mr. Bush had heard his remark, but he did not see why it should offened the master of the Fourth.

Pen had heen about to say nothing that had any harm in it—ill as Mr. Bush had treated him, he was not the fellow to carp and growl about a master behind his back.

But Mr. Bush had evidently taken very great exception to the words which Pen regarded as perfectly harmless.

harmless

harmless.

His face was quite white with passion, and his eyes were scintillating with an unpleasant greenish



"I am waiting for sald Mr. Bush omi for you, Penwy

"Penwyn, vou-vou gutter-brat!" said Mr. Bush thickly.
"How dare you talk about me! I say, how dare you slander me, sir!"
Pen crimsoned.
"I was not slandering you, sir," he paid quietly. "I was saying—not were ched beggar from the control of the

disgrace to the Council-school where you were taught, you have come here to be a greater disgrace to \$8. When, hear!" murmured Blagden. Pen bit his lip. "You'll not find it pay to slander your masters," said Mr. Bush. "There is severe punishment provided at \$8. Wode's for that kind of villainy, Penwyn. You cannot bring the habits of the—the criminal classes here with impunity." Will tell you what I was about to say." "Boy! I distinctly heard you!" "I was asying, sir, that if you had been a scholarship boy yourself, you would probably show more consideration for me as a scholarship hoy," said Fen. "That is what I was Mr. Bud, glarce you assume that a master at \$8. Wode's has had the same disgraceful upbringing as yourself, you gutter outcast?" he thundered.

"I have not had a disgraceful up-bringing, sir," said Pen, his lip trembling. "I was brought up by my father."

"Ah, some low, ill-mannered wretch like yourself, only too eager to thrust his son into a place he was not fit for!"

fit for!"

Pen's eyes burned.

"If you speak of my father in that way again, sir, I shall complain to the Head!" he said, in low, determined

way again, sr. I shall complain to the Head?" his said, in low, determined tones.

"I said, in low, determined tones, it it?" murmered Newcone, not tone cough for Mr. Bush to "exar.

"Mr. Bush had simply staggered back in astonishment. It was more astonished than enraged at the words of the scholarship boy.

"What—what!" he stammered. Pen set his lips firmly. So long as the form-master, in his mean, spiteful way, sneered at and abused him, Pen could stand it, and meant to stand it. But that his father—the honest, kind, brave father, who had worked for him and made endless sacrifices for him said made endless sacrifices for him said made endless sacrifices from him said had hen saked the said to the promise from him said had been said to be conducted. For would not has stayed to the promise from him said to be conducted. Ten would not have stayed to be promised to be conducted. Ten would not have stayed to be promised to the promised to the form-master calmly. He faced the Form-master calmly.

prospects there, and shaken the dust of the place from his feet for ever. He faced the Form-master calmly. There was a dangerous gleam in his eyes now. The glance of everyone in the room was upon the singular scene. The fellows were almost breathless, wondering how the Formmaster would take the check of the scholarship chap.

Mr. Bush's fingers were elenching and unclenching with rage. But he knew that he had gone too

and unclenching with rage.

But he knew that he had gone too far.

But he knew that he had gone too far.

He read determination in Pen's face, and he knew that if his words were reported to the head-master of St. Wode's in a complaint from the scholarship boy, he would have a very painful scene to go through with Dr. Wimperis. The Head was very painful scene to go through with Dr. Wimperis. The Head was very painful scene to go through with Dr. Wimperis. The Head was very painful scene to go through with Dr. Wimperis. The Head was very large to the scholarship to the scholarship to the face of the scholarship to t

Blagden.
"Oh, yes, sir!"
"Cads!" murm

"Oh, yes, sir!"
"Cads!" murmured Newcome.
"Fancy sucking up to old Bushy like that! Pah!"
"I-I hardly know what to say to you, Penwyn," said Mr. Bush. "I suppose it is useless to complain of your manner—disgusting and dis-

long as he only insulted Pen, and not Pen's afther, he was in no danger of that dreaded complaint to the pen's of the desired of the desired

come to the junior room to case somebody else, but he forgot that w. "Hold out your hand, Penwyn."

A hunted look came into Pen's

How long was this to last?

How long was this to last? His hands were yet aching from the last caning Mr. Bush had found an excuse for giving him.

Was he called upon to submit to constant ill-usage—to be savagely, cruelly caned whenever it suited the cruel temper of the mean child.

cruelty cancel whenever it suited the cruel temper of the meansylined man who was in authority over him. Was life worth living on such term —were the advantages his St. Woder scholarship had brought him worth the price? Pen was not a soft lad—he could stand punishment. But centant, undeserved punishment, that was a contract of the could stand punishment hat was a contract of the could stand punishment hat was a contract of the could stand punishment. Hat was a contract of the could stand punishment, but was a contract of the could stand punishment, but was a contract of the could be contracted by the could b

sides. The Fourth Form were simply

The Fourth Form were sumpt breathless.
Was the scholarship chap—the Council-school bounder—going to defy the master of his Form? It seemed impossible.
There was no fellow in the St. Wode's Fourth who would have dared to do it! Did the Comial junior, the scholarship boy, dare more than the rest of the Form.

Surely not! But—
But he did not hold out his hand

Surely not! But—
But he did not hold out his hand. The silence was tense—the excitenent thrilling to the juniors who were looking on. For once there was something like sympathy for Pen is many of the faces round him.
Plucky, at least, the fellows keep it was to "back up" against they enjoyed seeing the dominerate relationship of the property of the

hand.
"Yes, sir."
"Obey me."
"Why am I to be caned, sir!"
"Why am I to be caned, sir!"
"Do you dare to question me
boy?" thundered Mr. Bush. --of out your hand at once, sir, or out your hand at once, sir, or out your hand and instant.

Hold out your hand instant. ld out your

Penwyn."

Mr. Bush's bluster was a sign that he was unsure of his position now. Pen did not know that. But he did not surrender.

He put his hands behind him. "You-you refuse to obey men shouted Mr. Bush, hardly believed his eyes.

(Another splendid instalment of this about ing tale next week.)