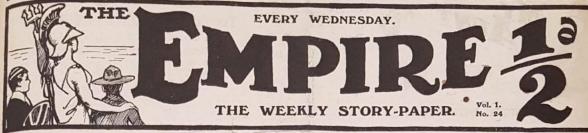
POPULAR STORIES BY YOUR FAVOURITE AUTHORS!



Readers are informed that the charac-lers in the following Story are purely imaginary; no reference or allusion mains to any living person. Actual same may be unintentionally men-ment may be unintentionally men-diatedly understood that no adverse personal reflection is intended.]

CAPITAL SCHOOL STORY. _ Dy _

PROSPER HOWARD.

CHAPTER 1.

Miss Letitia Lane, from Australia, arrives.

W HEN did Lane ay she was coming, Taddy?" said Gordon Gay, the schoolboy actor, interestedly. Borace Tadpole, the artistic genius of Ricombe Grammar School, terned round from his easel in Study 13, in the Fourth Form passage of that famous said of learning, and vinkled his lofty brow in deep thought.

thought. "Let me see, Gay. I don't think Lane knew exactly when his aunt from Australia would arrive. The letter said on Saturday or Sunday, if I remember right." "Saturday or Sunday—eh?" mused Gordon Gay aloud. "That's read!"

pood."
"Yes, I am sure that was it," said
Tadpole, nodding his head. "The
letter said that Miss Lettita Lane—
lina's Lane's Australian aunt's name—
had some other visits to pay first,
seculd not say to a day when she
would be here. I wonder what would be here. I wonder what she'll be like?"
"Hasn't Lane ever seen her,

"No. He said he didn't know anything about her except that she's lired in Australia for a long time." "Good again!" murmared Gordon Gay. "But how did Laney come to tell you all this, Taddy!" Monk and Lane related the gram Just now, and Lane related to the gram Just now, and Lane related to the gram Just now, and Lane related to the gram Just now a state of the gram

Gay.
"Yes, to-day or to-morrow, to be exact, Gay. I wonder which day she will come?"

Il come!"
"She'll come to-day," said Gordon

ay, with conviction. Tadpole stared at his leader in a

puzzled way.

"Really, Gay! What makes you so are of that?"

fun twinkled in

tars of that?"

A gleam of fun twinkled in Gordon Gay's eyes for a moment.

"Oh-er-something seems to tell be that Laney's Australian aunt will ome this afternoon, Taddy!" he had gravely. "Perlaps it's inbition, or something."

Tadpole's eyes opened wide.
"Really, Gay, that is very biterestron," he observed. "I have dien thought.

heresting," he observed deep thought—" mean, of course, "Oh, rats—I—I mean, of course, Taddy," said Gordon Gay, with a tim. "So have I. Tata! I'm ling to find Jack and Harry Woodton. I want to speak to them hadi:"

And the schoolboy actor ran out of the study to find his two chums with the air of one who had just heen struck with the idea of a life-lime

"Of course, I expect she'll be a barfully old-fashioned old lady—sobably with a funny little bonnet ad side curis," said Lane, rather somity, as he strolled out into the sadrangle, after dinner, with his man, Monk and Carboy. "She's sen out in the backwoods of furtalia pretty well all her life, you can be sen out in the backwoods of furtalia pretty well all her life, you can be sen out in the backwoods of furtalia pretty well all her life, you



"Oh, you never know!" said Frank Monk, with a sage wag of his head. "Some of those Colonials are awfully smart and up-to-date, you know." Rather!" said Carboy.
"Rather!" said Carboy.

"Rather!" said Carboy.

But Lane did not seem to be comforted much.

"I don't know whether she's coming this afternoon or to-morrow, either." he went on, still more gloomily. "It's a half-holiday this afternoon, so I shall have to stick about here all the blessed time in case the old lady turns up."

"Never mind, old chap; we'll stick by you," said Monk cheerily.
"Let's go and have a turn on the bar in the gym."
"Right-ho, Monkey! You're a good old sort! Come on!"
The three chums had a brisk ten minutes on the bar, and then, feeling

somewhat better, they retraced their steps to the sunlit quad.

"Wish we could go for a walk!" and Lane mourfully. "I don't suppose for a moment Aunt Letty will come this afternoon for a walk!" sunling the sunling of the the sunl

"Great Scott!"
"My-my aunt."
"Exactly!" grinned Frank Monk.
"Your aunt, Laney your
Australian aunt, for a pension!"
The figure of a lady could be

plainly seen at the school gates, and, oven at that distance, the juniors could see that all stance, the juniors could see that over an old fashioned and steel and st

"It's Aunt Letty all right," he said, with something that almost sounded like a groan. "Come on!"

CHAPTER 2.

Miss Lettifa on the Rink.

ANE sprinted across the quad, and right up to the old lady, who was ordently undecided whether to enter the Grammar School or not.

Lane dragged off his cap as he pulled up, and the old lady immediately addressed him in a somewhat high, cracked voice: "Little boy, could you tell me whether this is Rylcombe Grammar School!"

School?"

Lane turned the colour of a well-boiled bestroot, while Carboy and Monk could not help grimning. The old lady—queer figure as she was with her short, stout figure, old. fashioned bonnet and curls, and large green umbrells—looked so kindly and benevolent that she had evidently no idea that she might be wounding Lane's feelings by calling him a "little boy."

"I-I—" stuttered Lane. "I mean, ves, madam, this is Rylcombe

"I-1-" stuttered Lane. "I mean, yes, madan, this is Rylcombe Grammar School, and—" "I'm looking for Master Harry Lane," interrupted the old lady. "Do you know him, little boy?" Monk and Carboy fairly choked. "I am Harry Lane, stammend the company of the old lady, clasping him to her in an affectionate embrace, and bestowing kisses freely upon him, "Don't you remember." Aunt Letty from Australia?" Lane struggled free from his aunt's

Lane struggled free from his aunt's fond embrace.

Carboy. How do you do?" said Miss Letitia kindly shaking hands with the control of the control o

thing."
"It-it was nothing."
"Ah, then, I was mistaken! Now,
Harry, suppose you and your little
friends conduct me round the school
premises?"

premises:

"Sus-certainly auntie!"

"Sus-certainly auntie!"

"The three period accompanied Miss.
The period accomp

I'm sure!"
"Really, auntie—" protested

"Really, auntie— processes Lane.
"It's quite true, Harry. You never see a little fellow in Australia like your friend Master Monk, for instance. Flat chest, flabby muscles, weak knees, big feet—it's terrible! I feel so sorry for the poor boy! Then look at Master Carboy! He's areas if anything!"

Then look at Master Carroy; Hes worse, if anything ["Monk and Carboy looked dazed, while Lane gasped helplessly. But Miss Letitia did not seem to notice anything. She bustled along, asking questions and talking all the time, while the three jumors kept pace with her almost automatically. Many curious looks were cast at

Continued on the next page.



By PROSPER HOWARD.

"What car!" asked some suddenly, "That's the gymnasium, Aunt Letty," answered Lane. "Would you like to look inside? It's a fine even."

"Unry! I should be

you like to soon managery.

"The sound in the state of the sound in the state of the big sym., looking a little relieved. It was sensible of his aunt to be interested in the gym., anyway, he thought. Monk and Carboy's looks showed that they were thinking the same thing.

he thought. Monk and Carboy's looks showed that they were thinking the same thing.

Lane opened the door of the gym, and ushered his aunt inside. There were very few fellows in the building, the chuns were glad to note, but Jack and Harry Wootton were land to the state of the s "B-but-but-"

"B-but-but-" Lane's eyes nearly started out of his head. "Would you really like to have a go, ma'am?"

go, ma'am?"
It was Harry Wootton who spoke.
He had come to rest just by Miss
Lane, and had heard the old lady's
curious request.
"Certainly I should, young man!"
"Then pray take my skates,
ma'am," said Harry Wootton
solitoly.

"How kind of you!" gushed the old lady. "It is a pleasure to meet such a kind, polite young fellow, I'm sure!"

sure!"
Harry Wootton grinned, and began
to adjust the skates upon Miss
Letty's boots, while Monk & Co.
looked as if they were about to have

Surely the old lady did not intend to start to learn roller-skating at her are, they thought. But Miss Letty soon showed that that was just what she did intend.

"Haven't you little men got-er-roller-skates as well?" she said briskly. "Let us all have a little

pristly. "Let us all nave a little practice."

Monk & Co. looked at one another with sickly smiles.

"Oh, y-e-es, we've got skates, Aur. There is a little property of the pro

CHAPTER 3, Two Aunts!

Two Aunta!

THE fun was worth watching, too, before long. Miss Letty did not seem half so much at see on the skates as might have been expected, and after sweeping round the gym. a few times, supported by the chums, she essayed

EMPIRE-No. 24.

cance," as

pered to his brother.

For a time she got on very well, and it was Lane himself who was the first to come to grief. Monk and Carbon skeet up to their chume carbon skeet up to their chume carbon skeet up to their chume capain, and Miss Letty started towards her nephew, evidently with the same charitable intention. But something evidently went wrong somewhere. As the old lady skated towards her group of juniors her speed became greater and greater, until she was flying along, with a terrified look upon her wrinkled face, at the speed of an express train.

Harry Wootton gave a howl of warning:

Look out, Monk !"

But the warning came too late. Crash! "Oh dear me!"

"Oh dear me !"
Miss Letty charged into the three juniors like a runaway motor-car, and with much the same effect. Monk, Lane, and Carboy went flying; knocked clean off their feet by the shock of the charge.
With a little scream Miss Letty ploughed her way through the flying juniors, and wobbled on her erratic course at a ferraite pace, while the hysterics.

hysteries.

"Dear me! This—this is very odd!" murmured the old lady. "Ah, this is better!"

this is better!"
She somehow managed to slow down now that the damage was done, and Harry Wootton ran to her assistance.
Thank you, my lad!" murmured Miss Letty. "I had a narrow escape from falling that time hope some of the dear boys are harr."

Judging by the looks of the "dear boys" as they sat upon the floor of the gym. rubbing their aching bones, they were hurt very considerably, but they struggled to their feet with polite murmurs:

"Not at all, ma'am!"
"It's nothing, Miss Letty!"
"It's quite all right, aunt!"
Miss Lane looked much relieved.

Miss Lane looked much relieved.
"I'm so glad there's no damage done, my little fellows! I was afraid at first that you might be a little hurt. But I think we have had enough roller-skating practice. Have you a tuckshop here?"

you at tuckshop here?"
Lane said they had, and, somewhat cheered, acted as guide thither, the two Woottons accompanying the party at Miss Lane's invitation.

Before another quarter of an hour had come to an end Lane and his chums had begun to realise the good points of even Australian aunts. Miss Lane's order extreme, and the cidl lady showed that' she possessed a remarkably healthy appettic for one of her years.

"Have you all finished, my lads?"

a remarkatily healthy appetite for one of her years.

"Have you all finished, my lads?" asked Miss Lane at length. "Have you all had enough?" asked Miss Lane at length. "I are in the first of a stiff of the first of the first

Aunt Letty looked at her nephew Aunt Letty looked at her hepen.
"Do you wish to stay here any longer, Harry?"
"N-no, Aunt Letty!"

"Then please show me the school-

Lane looked helplessly at his two chuns, and then made frantic signs

"You ctay and settle up." he whispered hurriedly. "She's for-gotten!" And he ran off after his

He had just caught her up, with his bred in a wind, wice young Dobson, of the Third Form, ran up to him breathlessly. "I say, Lane," gasped Dobson, "you're to come to the Head at once! There's a young lady with him who's come to see you!"

"A-a young lady to see me! gasped Lane. "But-"

"You'd better go at once, Harry!"
exclaimed Miss Lane hurriedly.
"But-but you, Aunt Letty!
What---"

"Go at once!" snapped Miss Lanc. "These two boys will look after me."

"But-but-"

"Quick, now!"

"Quick, now!"

"Very well, aunt!"

And Lane, feeling absolutely dazed, ran off with young Dobson, of the Third.

"Now," muttered Miss Lane, as her nephew and the fag disappeared round the corner, of the school, "I must bott--quick!"

The old lady's voice was no longer cracked and high, but bore a remarkable resemblance to the tones of Gordon Gay, of Study 13.

"Rather!" exclaimed

And Miss Letitia led the way out | Our Rester are informed that the character in fifth thuckshop, followed by the two Coottons.

Actual names may be unintentically mentioned reflection of distinctly underscool that he adverse personal reflections of the control of the control

THE SCAPEGRACE THE REGIMENT.

A Grand New Tale of Army Life. UI Reference in contraction describes and the contraction of the contr

GLANCE OVER THIS FIRST.

Jack Exm. an officer in the Loyal
West Lancabires, o crack Yeomany
to regiment, is accused by his cousin
Monty of cheating at arads in the
mess-tent. Jack knows that Monty is
the real clear, but is unable to prove
it to the later than press the point,
for Monty is father has been very good
to him, Jack leaves the training-camp
of the Loyal Wests, and journeys to
London, determined to colist in the
ranks of the Regulars. He falls in the
with Percival Nott.

The "Fighting Fits," as the Woldshore of Monty is the property of the
shires are commonly called, have a
rough lot, but Jack and Percival get
on well with them on the whole,
though they made several means;
Green, gets hold of one of Jack's
letters containing the startling news
that his cousin Montague has been
gracetted to the Woldshires. Pasty
Green grees hold of one of Jack's
letters containing the startling news
that his cousin Montague has been
gracetted to the Woldshires. Pasty
Green greess how things stand, and
scents profit and revenge for himself
in the matter.

(Roaf on from here.) GLANCE OVER THIS FIRST.

His appetite at dinner that day hal not been up to its usual markers for thick slices of meat and ten profess was not a sufficient meal that was not a sufficient meal that was not a sufficient like a sufficient medicines before him, and has crout all his valuable collection of patent medicines before him, and has regarding then hungrily.

He was just wondering what revivifying effect equal parts of three headache curves and a hair tenic stremally, when it was regarding then the summer of the summer of

at the thought of such barbarous chastisement.

"But Slugger will mop him to a jelly. Young Lyon don't stand a carrhly against him." What made tim accept the challenge?"

"E didn't," explained Stumpy."

'm accept the challenge?"
"'E didn't," explained Stumpr.
"It was 'im challenged Slugger.
Slugger was leathering young Crackpot in the gym., pretending he was
fencing 'im, and Lyon dropped on
'im. But can't stop any longer, old
son, I'm on fatigue. Ta-ta!" be
added.

'im. But can't stop any longer, old sanded.

But here—'' roared Stuffy after him. His pal, however, had harried on the him had been as the him had been had been

That should be a distinct improvement.

Then there was some alum alea, and a lump of pipeclay.

With all the care of an expert dispenser, Stuffy solemnly, concected a trial half-pint. Then, as solemnly, he coulded up one shirtsleeve, and rubbel it well into his own arm.

After five minutes of this treatment he was condident that there was considered that there was considered to the control part, it did not seem to burt half so much as the skin higher up.

He got a stick, then, of the this-ness of a singlestick. He shut his eyes and tried to summon up compared to hit himself on the place a hard as he could. But on seedal hard he could. But on seedal hard he could be supported to the standard on his pal Summy Summy and Sharmy a few days before, had

experiment on his pal Stumpy, as few days before, had been bitten on the back of the new been been been dependently as the sergent of the new been dependently of the new to any stumpy, let him put the mixture on the stind such him relief, though the chainer of his shirt still, it actually a few from the new been dependently of the chain of his shirt still, it actually easily the chain of his shirt still, it actually easily the new been dependently on the chain of his shirt still to world him the little. Therefore, when so which he gain would put him as "right as ging secree" in an hour, Stumpy show him to rub it on in all good lath. (Continued on the until page)



Lane's astonishment when Dr. Monta about five-and-twenty can better b

Wootton, in dismay. "It's Laney's real aunt, for a pension!"

"Let's run for the gym. There's no one looking," said Jack Wootton, glancing hurrically round. "Come on!"

And the three juniors—for, of course, Aunt Letty was none other than the schoolboy acts; of the Fourth Form—made a bolt for the

Lane's state of mind when Dr. Monk introduced a pretty girl of about five-and-twenty to him as his Aunt Letty from Australia can better be imagined than described. To do him credit, he was not long in guessing the real state of affairs, nor were Monk and Carbey, who had made the discovery that the things that the begus Aunt the benefit of the month of the control of the control

School, soid.

The real Miss Lane laughed very learning over the story when she learned oil, and insisted on being introduced to her impersonator and his clume, but for some time afterwards, to make Lane and his studymete blush to the roots of their hair, it was only necessary to utter the two simple monosyllables:

"My nunt!"

THE END.

(Another of these amusing, complete tales next Wednesday, entitled " The Black Champion of the Fourth," by Proper Howard. Onler your EMPIRE Library in adjance Price One Halfpenny.)

Stally's Pareat Stin-Hardeser.

R. MONTAGUE LYON would want's soldier servant when he arrived, and Fasty age told off for the job himself. After that the fun would begin.

Meantime, the story of Jack's challenge to the Slugger had flown from lip to lip until the whole barracks were in a ferment of excitement.

Even the officers get wind of it. Source of prohibit the contest as brutal and dangerous.

The colonel thought it over for a few minutes, and decided to let it proceed.

few minutes, and decided to let it proceed.

"A little blood-letting would do both of the secundrels good," was his verdiet, for Jeck was generally looked upon by the three generally looked upon the three generally looked upon the subject of the second looked upon the subject so annoyed him that he ended up at last by ammoning that he would be langed if he did not redesion that was heartily elected by the younger bloods of the mess.

"Wot cher, Stuffy! 'Eard the news?" sung out Private Stumpy Bages, popping his head in at the barrack-room door.

"Wot noos?" demanded Private Stuffy Sins, who happened to be in the middle of inventing a new patent "liver liveral" in himself as an Stuffy's fair in himself as an been slaken by the fact that one of his fearsome mixtures had nearly caused his death only a short time before,

Readers are informed that the characters in the following Story are purely naginary, and no reference or allusion is made to any living person. Actual must may be unpissestionally mentioned, but the Editor wishes it to be disolidy understood that no affects personal redection is included.

THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S.

A Grand School Tale. By Charles Hamilton.

GLANCE OVER THIS FIRST.
Dick Penwyn, a sturdy Cornish lad who has been to a Conneil school, obtains a scholarship at St. Wode's.
On his arrival there he is received with open arms by Blagden & Co., who mistake him for another new fellow-Lord Lovell. On discovering their mistake, Blagden & Co. become bitter entenies of both the new juniors, who shum together. To the the ne... To the juniors, who chum together. To the disgust of his Form-fellows, "Bunny" Lovell is taken up by Crawcour & Co., of the Fifth, whose companiouship, Pen sees plainly, is doing the easy-going young viscount

no good.

With the help of a friendly junior named Newcome, Pen brings off a scheme in which Bunny's promise not 15 enter Crawcour's study is obtained.

This arrangement does not suit Crawcour This arrangement does not sure Crawcour, however, who attempts to persuade Bunny to break his word by force, grasping him and shaking him savagely. "Here, I say, drop that!" stutters Lord Lovell. "What's the Bills grange?" little game?"
(Now go on with the story.)

YOU cheeky young cad!" roated

Wolf cheeky young cad!" roared Crawcour."

"On theeky you to a jell; if you don't spidieky you to a jell; if you don't spidieky you to a jell; if you don't spidieke immediately."

"Oh, I'll spidieries" sail Bunny."Let go! I don't mind apologising. But what for? Leggo! You're crinkling my collar, don't you see!" Crawcour released him. "You're coming to the study this evening?" he asked.

Bunny shook his head.
"No; I've promised not to."
"I fell you you were being spoofed by some cheeky junior—some cad who had taken a master's gwar."

"That makes no difference.

promised."

"Good!" said Pen.
Crawcour gave the scholarshipjunior a savage look.
"Hold your tongue, you workhouse cad!" he scalaimed. "Now
"Hold on!" said Bunny. "You
mustn't call my friend names, you
know. I don't like it. It's caddish,
you know."
"You-you..."

you know."
"You—you—"
"Upon the whole," said Bunny de-liberately, "I think I'd rather drop your acquaintance, in any case, Crawley. You're a cad. You don't treat Fen decently, and I don't like the way you shove your paws on a fellow. I don't think I shall know you any longer. What!"

Smack! The angry Fifth-Former's hand came swinging on Bunny's head, and the viscount recled across the pas-sage and fell.

With the spring of a tiger Pen hurled himself upon the bully as he was about to follow up his attack. "Back, you low cad!" shrieked Crawcour.

"Back, you low cad!" shrieked Crawcour.

But Pen did not recede. His fists best upon the Fifth-Former's face, and Crawcour staggered back. Then the property of the property o

Pen tried to stagger up, but Craw-cour's hand swept him down ere he could gain his feet.

"Rescue, the Fourth!" shouted

Newcome.

A crowd of juniors rushed down the passage, and in a moment Craw-cour was swept off his feet. He went, rolling and tumbling along the passage, hustled and showed by the Fourth-Formers, till, throwing his dignity as captain of the Fifth to the winds, he fairly took to his heels and ran.

O'DONOVAN helped Pen to his feet. A crowd of the Fourth of

juniors.

There was not a fellow there who would have ventured, in like circumstances, to raise his hand to Craw-cour. Only Newcome had had the audacity to propose rushing the Fifth-Former by force of numbers. The Fourth had been carried away to some of them were already thinking of the possible consequences with dismay.

But the whole Form seemed to have forgotten for the moment that the boy whom Crawcour was ill-using was the unpopular scholarship-hour

this coy acceptance of the control o

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Blagden had walked on. He would
not join in the exation Pen was receiving. But even Blagden was
feeling the general influence.
When he met Pen at the breakfast table a little later he studiously
took no notice of him, but the old
mocking looks and ready gibes were
wantine.

As the viscount reeled across the upon the bully with spring of a tigor.

"By Jove, old fellow," Lord Lovell remarked to Pen, when they went out into the quadrangle after breakfast—"by Jove, you know, the fellows seem to like it famously, fellows seem to like it fam-what you did to Crawcour, know!"

know!"
Pen laughed.
"I believe most of the Fourth hate
that swanking bounder," he remarked. "But, I say, Bunny, I
want to finish what I was telling you
when Crawcour interrupted ma."

"Go ahead!"
"You're don done with Crawcour

"Yes, rather! I wouldn't be found lead in the same street with him!" said his lordship emphatically. "No lear! What?" dead

said his lordship emphatically. "No feel Will, then, I know who it was played the master last night in Bushy's can and gown," said Pen. "It was fixed up between Newcome and me." "Jove!"

"We worked it up to give those Fith Form cads a scare, and to get you out of the study," said Pen. "Newcome was the chap, and I was backing him up."

"Oh!"
"If I've offended you by interfering," said Pen, "you can punch my
heud if you like, and I'll say nothing.

heed if you like, and I'll say nothingBunny burst into a laugh.

"My dear kid, it's all right! I
know what Crawcour is like now,
and I'm glad to be rid of him. Bo
you know," went on Bunny seriously.

"I rather hink now that Crawfish
was taking me in all the time, and
want at all the fine, and
want at the himself to be."

"I can be the serious and the fellow he
ren laughed.

"Go hon!" he remarked.

"I dare say you saw it all along,"
said his lordship, grinning; "but I
dilin't. You are such a cute chap,
don't you see. I suppose you learn
more in a Council-school—that must
be it. You can do so many things
that I can't. I'm jolly lucky to have
found a pal like you to shand by me
here. Penwiper, od boy!"
Crawcour came across the quad,
and avssed the two juries. He was

cen sincerely.

Crawcour came across the quad, and passed the two juniors. He was walking with Brayo of the Fith railiey halded instinctively, preparing or trouble. But there was no Crace.

ing for trouble. But there was no trouble.

Crawcour had probably realised that he did not gain much credit by rows with the juniors. To cuff them was one thing, when they did not resist—that might be considered quite lordly—but to chier into a fight to be cuffed unresistingly, that made a fellow of Crawcour's age and size look an ass, and he knew it.

The Blades passed the juniors, with their noses in the air, affecting not to see them.

"By Jove! Cutt "said Bunny.

"On the did said Teen langhing."

"No, by Jave! I'm jolly glad to have got rid of them!" said liss lordship. "I shall miss the fun in the evenings, I suppose."

"Let's have evenings in the gyminstead, Bunny, and T!l teach you boxing."

"Jove, what a stimming idea!"

"Jove, what a stunning idea!" said his lordship. "You are a splendid fellow, Pen-simply splendid—full of ideas, don't you see! What?"

And Pen's idea was carried out, and a few evenings spent in the manner he suggested quite cured his lordship of any hankerings he may have had towards Crawcour's study! Marin Ciffont, to commence soon.]

and bridge. And certainly it ared him a good many pounds.

Crawcour & Co. took their defeat very quietle-so quietly that defeat the wiscarces in the Fourth defeat the wiscarces in the Fourth defeat the wiscarces in the Fourth defeat the wiscarce in the Fourth defeat the wiscarce in the Fourth defeat the fourth defeat the fourth defeat with the middle of the Blade and with they middle of the Blade and all events, he had saved Bunny four all events, he had saved Bunny four the clutches of the blade sheep of st. Wode s—and that satisfied him.

Wode s—and that satisfied him 8.

Blagden found a change in the actiment of the Fourth Form differs and the satisfied him so that the fourth form differs and the satisfied him so that satisfied him satisfie

only temporary, and wing might be and distilke might be revived—there it was now. It angreed Blagden very much. "Look here, old man, go eay?" Corton said to him. "I know the fellow's a Council-school bounder, and all that, but there's an denright the fellow's a Council-school bounder, and all that, but there's no denright the fellow's a Council-school bounder, and it hat, but there's no denright the fellow and the fellow in the fellow and the fellow in the coll., ain't it?" "Well. that got to do nich it is a fellow in the coll., ain't it?" "Well, where year over the properties of the fellow in the fellow in the fifth hard town the Fourth-Form passage as if they owned the country in the viscount?" "Well, you wanted to be clummy with him yourself once, Blaggi?" "Ret!" "Well, you did, you know. Did't he, Bamford?" "I suppose so, when he marched us all down in the rain to meet the chap when he came to St. Woles," said Bamford.

Blagden sneered bitterly.

"I suppose this all means that you're going to take up the Council-school bounder!" he exclaimed.
"Well, not exactly take him up!" said Bamford. "But there's no harm

said Bamford. "But there's no harm in being civil to a chap, I suppose."
"That's, it!" chimed in Skeat.
"You see, Blaggy, it's not a bit of good going against public opinion in the Form!"
"That's o Blagge!"

"That's so. Blaggy!"
"Take it like a pill, old man!" sid Bamford.

Bandord.
Blagden glared at them.
"I jolly well won't have anythis;
to do with the Council-school out-sider!" he exclaimed fiercel;
"That's settled!"

WHY CLARA WANTS A NEW YOUNG MAN!



1. "I say, Toromy, I can hear your father coming," said Clara's latest young man hurriedly. "C-can you tell me where to hide ?"





2. "Certainly!" said the obliging little fellow. "Step in here, Mr. lHanker, and you'll be all right."



4. The noise of the argument speedily brought Clara and her pa on the scene, and Mr. Hanker was dis-covered looking the worse for wear,

HOW'S THAT, UMPIRE?



1. Mike: "Throw away, Mariar, I've never known a woman hit anything she aimed at yet."



Y. Mariar: "Certingly,
You didn't know I'd joine
Snuffragettes, did yer !" Swoo
Wallop! Mike

A N-ALE-ING TRICK!



1. Mr. Spatts had sent Bertio Bounce out for a glass of ale, which the dutiful Bertie fetches and places on old Spatt's desk.



3. As O'Dear expected, Bertie is unable to resist a "taster" before old Spatts comes to refresh himself. Glug-glug!



2. Noticing this, and also the Spatts is engaged in another part of the office, O'Doar places a headacher parties in the office.



4. With the result that spends the rest of the day sol causing old Spatts to have stite.