A SPECIAL EASTER ALL-STORY NUMBER!



A Long, Complete Story PANTHER' GRAYLE,

DETECTIVE. JACK LANCASTER.

r Readers are informed that the charac-ters in the following Story are purely imaginary; an reference or allusion is made any living person. Actual annual, but the Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that no adverse personal reflection is intended.]

An Appeal for Help.

ORDON GRAYLE, better known as the Panther, was supposed to be busy. I, Geoffrey Martin, his friend, and sometimes his ustant, sat reading while he scribded letter after letter.

sed letter after letter.

Almost simultaneously the Panther id aside his pen and I set down my ook, and we both listened. The ght footsteps of a girl were ascendig the stairs.

g the stairs.

The Panther's housekeeper had sen given strict instructions to admit abody. Whether she had risked the mesequences of disobedience or had en cluded we did not know.

we childed we did not know. We hard the girl pause outside the for. She did not knock at once, e smiled at each other, guessing at she was very flustered and nersus, and afraid to rap at the door, resently the knock came—more a mble than a knock, very low and mid.

mine than a knots, voly low also midmid in "Come in!" said the Panther cerily.
The door opened, and she entered, is was a girl of nineteen or twenty, ght, and of medium height. She git have been pretty, but the four had died out of her face. She peared crushed by some blow, ebke, colourless, infinitely pitiable.
"Can you spare me a few oments!" she said, in a tone half cading, half apologetic. "I can see at you are busy, but—but I will 4 keep you many minutes."
I placed a chair for her, and the uther invited her to sit down.

placed a chair for her, and the ther invited her to sit down.

My time is at your disposal," he
"Please tell me in what way I
serve you."

'Have you heard of the great mond robbery in the City?' she ed breathlessly. he Panther nodded.

Yes. I understand that John lord has been arrested in connec-or with the affair. I have not gone of closely into the case, but things med to look very black against

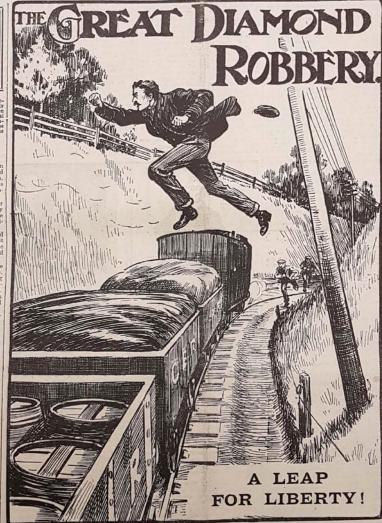
They look black enough, Heaven wa," she answered. "He no re did it than you. I—I am ened to him."

ed to him."

In that case I sincerely hope he mocent. If you wish me to help perhaps you would not mind reining my memory as to certain all which a busy man like myself able to forget."

Ye. I'll add you all about it." she

able to forget."
Yee, I'll tell you all about it," she brightening up considerably now all about it, and to lead to lend a kindly ear. "Jack was as that the Panther was distential clerk to the firm of ary & Lockhart. He obtained an waital introduction to the firm, can be a contrasted implicitly. There some talk of his being taken into



partnership at no very distant date. Such a high trust was placed in him that the keys of the safe often remained in his possession for days together.

gether.

"The day before yesterday a friend of Mr. Lockhart's was extremely anxious to buy some sharea, and was without ready money. He was a diamond merchant, and offered twenty thousand pounds' worth of valuable stones as security until some money owing to him should be paid in. Mr. Lockhart trusted his friend, but the other insisted on his keeping

the diamonds. They were put into the safe and left there.

"That same evening Jack was taking me to a theatre. He remained at the office after the others had gone to change into his evening clothes. He told the caretaker, and arranged with her to let him in after behad seen me home—I live at Kong, in which had packed his morning clothes home with him. Well, next morning, when the safe was opened in Mr. Lockhart's presence, the diamonds were found to have disappeared. The

only other key was in the possession of Mr. Aghury, the sleeping partner.

"Jack was immediately arrested. He possessed the key to the safe; he had visited the office after midnight; the evidence against him seems consusive. But he didn't do it, Mr. Grayle; I'm convinced he didn't do it, although I seem to be the only one who believes in his innocence."

"Not the only one, if you will excuse my saying so," the Panther observed.

"You mean," she exclaimed, "that you, too—"

you, too

"I am quite convinced that, after what you have told me, that Mr. Wilford had nothing to do with the robbery. A man about to commit a thefunder those circumstances would have gone about things in the large of the state of the

"You must save him," she said kill me."
"If he is convicted it will kill me."
She spoke quite calmly, but she mean the spoke quite calmly, but she mean the spoke of the spoke

"Thanks! And now, if you could tell me about the time which Mr. Wil-ford would have reached the City after leaving you, it might help a little."

little."

About one o'clock, I should think.

He reached Kensington at twelvehirty, and left immediately in a

thirty, and lett immediately in a taxi."

"And now, if you can give me the address of Messrs. Agbury & Lockhart, I think that will conclude my catechism, Miss—"

"Tm sorry," she said, "I have not told you my name. It is Miss Brian."
She went on to give the address of the offices as the Panther had requested, and then handed him her card.

the offices as the Panther had requested, and then handed him her card.

"If you have good news," she said, "you will let me hear from you at once, won't-you, Mr. Grayle?"

"Certainly!" the Panther answered. "I trust that it may be my good fortune not to keep you waiting yery long. I, will certainly do my best for you and Mr. Wilford!"

She shook hands with us both, and then the Panther said, as he came back into the room, "you've about done it now. You've got enough work to heat you for weeks, and now you've undertaken another case."

"It can't be helped," he answered. "Here's a case of an innocent man in prison, and miles someone lends him a hand he'll be quodded as sure as his amo's Wilford.

"You seem petty certain of his innocence," I said reasons I explained the said. "A man and wilford.

"A su seem petty certain of his innocence," I said reasons I explained to work the waste any more time talking. Shout down to the housekeeper and tell her to call a cab, and then get your hat and coat on. We are going to do ourselves the honour of calling upon Messrs. Agbury & Lockhart."

We did not exchange another half down Fleet Street in a taxicab.

"What we want to discover," the Panther said to me, "is the name of the maker of the safe. When I hear of a safe being opened without any apparent violence I'm always there are screws at the lack under a coating of ename! the burglar has only

ter wilnister. THE EMPIRE LIBRARY.

Conclusion of this opular School Story. THE RIVALS OF S'WODE



(Read on from here.)

Blades's Enmity.

WELL, said Corton, "he's getting so joily popular, that the question seems to me applies to do with you. But shut up javing, and come down to the "ciket."

"Oh, all right!"
Pen and Bunny came and

"On, all right!"
Pon and Bunny came out of the
Hause, the latter with a bat under
lis arm. Blagden looked at them
with lowering brows.
"Is that outsider playing?" he de-

Pen heard the words, and flushed

nd.
"Hawke has told me to take part in the Form practice now cricket's beginning." he said, looking directly at gisning.' Blagden.

Bandle brugged his shoulders.

Brown shrugged his shoulders.

Brown you follows going to stand it? he demanded.

"Oh, rats." said Corton's reply.

"Well, Tim not!" said Blagden.

"I'm not going to stand the ead. If he plays, I don't. You follows can take your choice.

As Illagden was captain of the plays is considered to repard this play. It was the plays is the plays in the play in

he going to play?"
"Hawke says he is to," said Bam-

And you're going to play with

"I suppose so."
"You mean that?" shouted Blag-

"Of course we mean it!" said "Of course we mean it!" said corton irritably. "We've got no choice in the matter, have we! Do be resonable, Blaggy!"

"Hang you all!" said Blagden. "Blay the cad, then, if you prefer him to me. I don't touch a bat or a bla!"

"Look here, Blaggy—"
Blagden swung away without reply-

Fen Loked red and uncomfortable.

Look here, you fellows!" he ex-chancel. "Blagden was here before me, and I don't want to force myself into the team. I'll ask Hawke to let use off the crieket practice."

"Rats!" said Newcome, passing his

- 10 200 arm through Pen's, and leading him off towards the playing fields. "You won't do anything of the sort!" "Faith, and yo won't!" said

said Corton. "Blaggy will and I don't see why you

"No," said Corton. "Blaggy will come round, and I don't see why you shouldn't play. Besides, it's no good asking Haske-he's dead determined on juniors keeping up the practice." And Pen went down to the fields with the cricketers, and in the characteristics.

But Blagden was not in his place th

there.
The cratwhile captain of the Fourth
Form at St. Wode's had tramped
away by limself, and he was alone—
with a strange feeling of being
friendless and solitary, which he had
caused Pen to feel often enough.

securious and solitary, which he had caused Pen to feel often enough.

But it was Blagden's first experience of that kind, and he did not like it. Black bitterness was growing in his heart—a furious and unreasonable hatred of the Council-school boy at St. Wode's.

They had been foes from the start—and everything had seemed to be in Blagden's favour—his rival had no chance against him. But the rival-sine and surveything had remed their profit of St. Wode's had changed their profit his rival with contempt in the stronger position—Pen who could regard his rival with contempt if he Blagden valued to got a large of the stronger position of the stronger position of the stronger had been supported by the stronger position of the stronger large their profit had more from the profit of the stronger position to the stronger large their rival with contempt if he Blagden valued in only too school to the stronger large their stronge

Chose.

Hagden realised it only too clearly.

He turned back towards the school at last, and paused on the bridge over the little stream to rest.

the little stream to rest.

From the bridge he could see the top of the pavilion on the St. Wode's ground, and he wondered whether the cricketers were still playing.

Pen, at all events, was not. deen caught sight of a well-known figure coming down the path towards the bridge.

bridge.

It was Pen.

The cricket practice was long over, and Pen was taking a quiet stroll by lamself. A large tree hid Blagden from his sight, as Blagden sat on the low stone parapet of the bridge.

Blagden watched him come, with gleaming eyes. His hatred and anger boiled up madly in his veins.

More than once before he had tried his strength against that of the Cornish lad, and had been worsted in the contest—hopelessly worsted.

He had tried other means of bring-

the context—hopelessly worsted.

He had tried other means of bringing his rival to his feet. But all means had failed.
Blagden elenched his fists hard.
Once more he would try it—he would conquer the boy he hated—the boy who had never injured him—or he

would spend his last ounce of strength in the attempt.

Pen came past the hig tree and stepped on the low bridge—but his glance was on the ground, and he did.

The bully of the Fourth rose from his seat on the low stone perspet. He stepped quickly towards Pen, and the first intimation Pen had of his presence was a blow in the face. Smack!

Pen reeled back from the sudden

hock.
His eyes blazed at Blagden.
"You coward!" he exclaimed.
Blagden put up his hands,
"Come on!" he said.
"But—" You cad! Come on!"
No more was said; words were not reeded.

Blagden was attacking furiously, and I'en put up his hands to defend

and Fer put up his hunds to decerd hisself. In a moment more they were fighting furiously. Blagdon threw himself into the outled with savage energy. But he could make little impression upon the Cornish lad. His savage blows were guarded, and a heavy drive on the face or chest sent him recking back organ and main. "Oh, you hound!" he muttered. "Oh, you hound!" he muttered. He cast a wild glance round. Rather than accept defent once more at the hands of the Council school boy,



Pen sprang upon the p and put his hands togeth dived to the rescue of enemy, Blagden. the parapet

the Fourth-Form bully would have

the Fourth Form bully would have keed any weapon.

A heavy stone lay on the ground near him-a large, jagged mass. Blagden swung away, without stopping to think, and leapled for the stone. He caught it up in both hands, and swung back to Pen.

The Cornish lad started back.

"You madman!" he shouted.

"What are you downe?"

"He tubled straight at the Cornish lad, both his hands aloft, clutching the heavy stone, his eyes blazing with fury.

Pen watched him steadily.

Blagden smashed the stone forward

straight at the Cornish lad—but at the right moment Pen dodged aside. Blagden, meeting no resistance, stargered blindly forward. The heavy stone shot from his hands and whitered down into the river. Pen hand hore standing close to the near-

The heavy store and the river. I'van had been standing cheen the parten and Ragolen, we also have parten and Ragolen, we also be step himself in time, the line top of the low stone. The parten are represented by the result, and he fell forward. Pen gave a shoot of horror. "Blagden! Look out!"

Blayden's rush had overbalanced him as his knees struck the low parapet. Before Pen could put out a hand to save him, the bully of the Fourth had toppled over, and was shooting down into the river below.

Dick Penwyn, Hero.

Dick Peawyn. Hero.

Pen rushed to the parapet of the bridge. Kneeling upon it, with steady head and eyes, he gazed downward. He saw Blagden strike the water and whirl over, and then go floating down the stream, struggling feebly. The junior seemed to be dazed and sturned, and he was making only the feeblest struggling swift, and a dozen yards from the bridge it deepened. Pen knew that beyond the bridge the waters ran deep and strong.

The Cornish had did not hesitate a moment as to what he should do. A life on the Cornish coat had made a splendid swimmer of him, and had the danger been far greater he would not have hesitated.

nanger teen far greater be would not have he sistated.

He syrang upon the parapet, and put his hands together and dived.

There was a shout from the bridge. Newcome, O'Denovan, and Bamford had just come up the path, and they saw Pen's action. Bunny was behind them, and he ran forward with an alarmed face.

"Jove!" he exclaimed. "What does that mean and the behavior of the bridge.
Looking over, with white faces, they saw Biagden struggling for me the bridge and the bridge of the bridge o

him with rapid and possess.

"Jove"
"My only hat!" shouted Newcome.
"Blaggy's tumbled in, and Pen's
gone to fish him out! Brave, Pen'!"
"By Jove! Yes! Oh, lovely!"
"But the water's deep past the
without and Bandrod, with a
itembling lip, "They'll both be
drowned. Let's get along the bank."
"Come on!"

The four juniors raced down to the bank, and ran along, shouting to the bank, and ran along, shouting to the swimmers.

Pen had reached Blagden by this time. His strong grasp closed upon the struggling lad.

Blagden pushed him feebly away.

"Let me alone!" he muttered.

"I want to help, you!"

Let me alone! "Burttered."

"I don't care."

"And Blagden, with his last feeble spark of strength, struck at his rescuer.

And Blagden, with his last feeble spark of strength, struck at his reached of strength, struck at his reached strength, respectively. The water closed over Blagden's head, and his breath came up in bubbles. Pen reached for him again, and brought him up. Bladgen was only half conscious by this time, but his fury was gone, and faintly.

"Halp I" he most affairly.
"Oh, I'm drowning! Save me!" Pen grasped him hard.
"I'll save you—or we go together!" he muttered.
Blagden moaned egain, and then

Blagden moaned again, and then his eyes closed. He was insensible. Pen was being raced on by the cur-

rent now, and the waters were deeper and deeper under him. Grasping llagden tight, he struggled to reach the green steep bank, where the juniors were racing along, keeping pace, and shouting to him.

"This way, I'en!"
"Buck up, old son!" shouted Bunny. "This way! Oh dear!"
"Pon was fighting hard to win his search and jacket Blanny three of the cap and jacket. Blanny three of the cap and jacket. "What are you going to do!" yelled Newsome, grasping him.
"Jove! I'm going in to help him, don't you see!"
"Can you swim!"
"Can you swim!"
"Can you swim!"
"Can you swim."

"Begorra!" shouled O'Donovan.
"Ho's all right! Bear a hand!"

"Hegorra!" shouled O'Donovan.
"Ho's all right! Bear a hand!"
A spit of land jutted out into the river, with weeping willows at the end of it, and Pen had made an edit or gain that powering him round. He had fastened a grasp upon a drooping willow bough, and was langing on desperately, his other land upon Blagden's collar, keeping his head above the water.
"Come on!" selled Newcome.
This juniors disabed down to the his struggle with the water to be able to drag himself ashore. But the juniors were quickly on the spot. They splashed out among the willows, and grasped him and his burden and dragged them safely to land. "Pen panted for breath."

Pen panted for breath.

Bet Blagden back to the school," he said.

he esid.

"And you..."

"I can walk!"

In And Pen, after a few minutes' rest, managed to walk, while Blagden was carried to St. Wode's, and Bamford dashed oil for a doctor.

Blagden had not suffered very severely—a cold—and a few days in bed set him right. When he emerged from the school sanatorium, Blagden found that Pen was the here of the Fourth—if not of the whole school.

Fourth—if not of the whole school. Even the Blades seemed inclined to treat Pen with some respect. In the Fourth there was no longer any hint of enmity towards the Council-school boy. But Blagden did not care. For it was a changed Blagden that had emerged from the sanatorium of St. Wode's.

emerged from the sanatorium of St. Wodo's.

Pen had saved his life—and Blagden knew that but for the Council-school lad, he would be lying at the bottom of the deep river. And when he came out, and he met the Fourth Form just quitting their class-room, Blagden went straight up to Pen.

He held out his hand.

He held out his hand.

Let want to be friends, if you do. I've tracted you like a cad, and I don't care who hears me say so. Pen grasped Blagden's hand.

I want to be friends with everyheld here, he said.

I want to be friends with everyheld here, he said.

I'm you have like he were he was a late by gones be bygone and have a new you have a care of the here.

Blagden coloured.

Oh, all serene!" he said. "Pile it on!"

"Come on!" said Bamford.

"Come on!" said Bamford.

it on!"
"Como

"Come on!" said Bamford.
"Mine's ginger-pop and doughnuts!" "Mine s ginger-pop and obginums:
Bunny linked arms with Pen and
Blagden, and the three of them led
the way. And it was a record feed.
And in ginger-pop was drowned the
last sign of enmity between the rivals
of St. Wode's.

THE END.

WANDERING WILLIE OUTWITS THE WILY WHITEWASHER.



I. Noticing that the old gent in the above engraving is too busy whitewashing to notice the arrival



2: Wandering Willie decides to altend to the matter himself, before the dinner gets cold. But the unreasonable old gent—





That leans on the pail of nich promptly flies into 4. That he leans on the pail of whitewash, which promptly flies into the air, and lets the old geat down on to his dial-bump!



5. Then the pail fairly bonnets old chap, and after watching antics for a bit, Willie quietly sle off.

EMPIRE-No. 25.

r Readers are informed that the characters in the following complete Story are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is fixed permanently for an hour, at made to any living person. Actual names may be unintentionally mentioned, but the Editor wishes it to be distinctly under leading a living person. Applying this mixture had occa-

AN AMUSING COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE.



CHAPTER 1.

Grade Gay's Wager.

"TO simply knock him into a cocked hat!" exclaimed Frank Monk, sitting back in his chair, and looking indignantly at his two study mates—Carboy and chair, and looking indignantly at his two study mates.—Carboy and Lane. The three juniors appeared to be having an extremely heated debate, and the remark with which this story opens was characteristic of the conversation usually heard in any of the Fourth Form studies at Rylcombe Grammar School.

'Yes," continued Frank Monk, I'd get hold of his woolly head, "I'd Carboy grinned at his study

"And you'd what?" he said.
"I'd-I'd-well, I'd knock him into a cocked hat!"

a cocked hat!"

"But they're such hefty chaps,"
added Lane. "It's all very well
white men taking his that; but
of fee it's a jolly different ting."

"Pshaw!" scoffed Frank Monk.
"Well, what about Jack Johnson?"
suggested Lane.

"Rats!"
"What about Sam Langford,

"Sam Langford!" laughed Frank Monk. "Why-why, there's plenty of our chaps in the Army and Navy who could knock him out in one round."

"Rot!" snapped Lane. "Why haven't they come forward?" Frank Monk hesitated, and then

went crimson.

went crimson.

"Haven't they got something else to think about?" he said at last.

"Haven't they got their drills and all that kind of thing? Why, I bet there's pleaty of chaps who would come forward to knock these beastly conceited black boxers out of the braing world if only they'd got time. And I tell you plainly that if any black kid dare come to Rylcombe Grammar School, I'd knock him into a cocked hat before he could say lightning! My hat, if only I had the chence I'd—"

"Not gas nonsense!" interrupted

I had the chance I'd—"
"Not gas nonsense!" interrupted
a voice suddenly; and the three
Fourth-Form junners turned their
hads with a jet towards the door
of their comfortable study. Frank
Monk sprang to his feet as he caught
sight of the owner of the voice which
had interrupted his elequent flow of conversation.

nau interrupted his eloquent flow of conversation.

"Now, then, Gordon Gay, you bounder," he cried, "out you go!", The new-comer grinned pleasaful, "The new-comer grinned pleasaful, "Study 13, and a deadly rival of Frank Monk & Co. The two factions were in a continuous state of warfare, although everything was done in a continuous state of warfare, although everything was down and the good mature—the warfare consisting, in fact, only of was always greeted with suspicion, and for a full minute Gordon Gay stood grinning by the open door at Frank Monk, whose face had gone a deep crinison. deep crimson.

"I said out you go!" repeated Frank Monk at last. "If you aren't outside by the time I count ten, outside by the
I'll—"
"Not gas nonsensel" interrupted
Gordon Gay, with a laugh.

By PROSPER HOWARD. A Manufactured Nigger.

BLACK CHAMDION

A Splendid, Complete Tale of Gordon Gay & Co., at Rylcombe Grammar School.

"You bounder, I tell you I'll—"
"Not gas nonsense!" broke in
Gordon Gay's voice again, and Carboy and Lane cach gave a smothered
giggle. giggle.

"Look here!" gasped Frank Monk, as Gordon Gay closed the study door and then seated himself on the edge of the table in the centre of the room. "I don't know what the game is, you bounder, but you might have had the decency to knock on the door before stumping in."

"Sorry, kids!" replied Gordon Gay, "But to fell you the termit.

before stumping in."

"Sorty, kids!" replied Gordon
Gay, "But to fell you the truth, I
hearthat you had gone out, and
liken, I came stumbling in, Beastly,
sorty, but I couldn't help hearing
your absurd remark, Monkey."

"Absurd!" snapped the
study leader, "Do you think, then, that I
couldn't knock a black kid out in a
boxing match?"

"You?"

"Yes, me!" snapped Frank Monkey."

"Yes, me!" snapped Frank Monk.
"I tell you, Gay, that black men are getting the upper hand too much, and it's up to us Grammarians to

and it's up to us Grammarians to put if down as much as possible."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Gordon Gay heartily.

"Of course," scapped Frank Monk, "nobody but an ass would imagine that a dummy like you would see the seriousness of the matter; but I maintain that the black peril is a real peril, and—"

"Oh, dry un, fathead!" interrupted Gordon Gay. "Anyone would think that you had just laid out Johnson and Langford in two rounds. What on earth is the good of talking that rot when you know jolly well that some of them are better boxers than, we are? than we are?

"Well, aren't they? What about

Jacks-"
"Shut up mentioning that johnny's inter "Shut up mentioning that johnny's name for goodness' sake!" interrupted Monk. "I tell you that a black boy any weight of any chap in this school wouldn't stand an earthly if he came to Ryleombe. I'd take him on at once, and would show him how white chaps can box if they want to."

Gordon Gay's forchead puckered up

Gordon Gay's forchead puckered up into a frown you could knock out a black your own weight?" he said at last. "Well, I say you wouldn't and couldn't. Do you bet me a study feed you could, if I produced a nigger?"

nigger?"
Frank Monk grinned and puffed out his clest.
"Produce the nig.," he said, "then we'll talk biznay. But let me tell you that blackies don't grow like cabbages in the neighbourhood of Rylcombe."
"But I could find a chap not a quarter of a mile revay from here who could send you through the ropes."

Rats!"

"He'd send you through the ropes, and then take on a chap who knew how to box."

how to box."

"I say, produce the nig., you bounder!" said Frank Monk.
"Well, will you make the bet a study freed!"
"Yes, a feed for a dozen if I don't lay out any nigger kid you bring forward to fight. Ha, ha I There's something jolly wrong it a white men can't knock out a beastly nigger."
Right-ho!" said Gordon flaw.

nigger."
"Right-ho!" said Gordon Gay.
"That's a wager. I'm to find a
nigger your weight by to-morrow
ovening to fight you with gloves in
the gym."

"The gym." scoffed Frank Monk.
"The gym." scoffed Frank Monk.
"Etter call is the slaughter-house,
"Well, wait and seo!" laughed
Gordon Gay. And he left Frank
Monk & Co to continue their debate
on whether the white is superior to
the black.

CHAPTER 2.

A Manufactured Nigger.

"THEN you're lost the bet, you howling dummy!" cried Harry Wootton.

"And you know jelly well we haven't get a ron to bless ourselves with!" added Jack Wootton.

Gordon Gay looked by.

"I'm jolly sorry, kids," he said, "but I quite expected to be able to get Peter aleng. We know that he would have not un a jolly good fight produced to the said would have not un a jolly good fight. "I'm jolly sorry, kids," he said,
"but I quite expected to be able to
get Peter aleng. We know that he
would have put up a jolly good fight
against old Monkey if he could have
been here."
"But you ought to have found cut
when the kid was leaving Jackson's
Coffee Storen," remonstrated Harry

least.

Applying this mixture had occasioned a good deal of chaff from the two brothers; but Gordon Gay had made up his mind to carry the thing through, so he ignored the banter from the lips of the Australian inniverse.

from the juniors.
Frank Monk & Co. were surprised,
Frank Monk & Co. were surprised,
therefore, when they called at Study
13 at six o'clock to find such a finelybuilt nigger waiting patiently for

built nigger waiting patiently for them.

"Where's Gay?" said Carboy.

"He ought to bring his man along now, as there's a big crowd waiting in the gym."

"Massa Gay come along latah, sah!" replied the negro, leaping to the floor. "Tell dis chille to go along, sah. Go in and win is my motter— that and always merry and bright, sah!" sah

Right-ho!" said Frank Monk, after a pause. "Co bring the nig. along!"

CHAPTER 3.

The Fourth Form's Black Champion.

The Fourth Form's Black Champion.

HARRY and Jack Wootton fell
black junior, and the whole
party proceeded to the school
gymnasium. The place was literally
packed with Grammarians, and they
raised a hearty chere as Frank Jonis,
dressed in boxing attire, entered the
sconer died down than it was fellowed by a roar of laughter as the



The remarks that the two Australian juniors made as Gordon ay made up as the black champion were anything but flattering.

Wootton. "You knew he was the only black kid in these parts, and yet you wagered on producing him at a moment's notice. It's all rot!"

There was a long silence in the study, and it was not broken until Gordon Gay leapt out of his chair with a yell.
"I have it," he cried-"I have

"Have what?"

"Have what?"
"Why, I'll be Massa Peter from
the Coffee Stores," said Gordon Gay.
"I'll be Peter. I've got black
tights, black paint, and—"
"But—but are you game to box?"
interrupted Jack Wootton.
"Gama?" cried Gordon Gay.

"But—but are you game to boot?" interrupted Lick Wootton.

"Game!" cried Gordon Gay. "Why, of course I'm game! I don't mind fighting old Monkey with gloves on, especially after he bragged so of what he would do to a nigger kid if he came to this school."

Gordon Gay's remark seemed to pacify the three juniors somewhat, and there was peace in Study No. 13 while the leader of the faction explained how he had gone into the complexed at the local coffee-stores, to come up to the school to fight Monk. Gordon Gay told his chums how he had been disappointed to find the nigger gone, and then the juniors full to discussing how the evening's arrangements were to be made. That every little detail was well discussed Frank Monk. Gordon Gay told as Study 13 at it o'clock that evening, they were surprised to find a neverous-locking negro boy sitting on the table, and the two Woottons and Horace Tad-pole standing at one end of the room in an admiring group. Such a perfectly satisfactory late of affairs and There was the patent make-up paint to be made, and this took some time, is it had to be a preparation which

disguised Gordon Gay joined his opponent.
"Hi, golly!" exclaimed the nigger,

"Hi, golly!" exclaimed the nigger, looking around in pretended surprise. "What halb dis chile done to be larfed at—ch?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Carpenter, who was seated quite close to the ropes. "Go it, Day and Martin!"

"Go it, Johnson!" added another junior; and the uprear which followed had to die down before the seconds were able to tell the referce that their men were ready for the conthat their men were ready for the con-

that their men were ready for the contest.

Carboy, who was reputed to know more about the rules of hoxing than any other Grammarian, had been selected, as a matter of course, to persent the selected of the

"Hear, hear!"
"Hear, hear!"
"Hear, hear!"
"All by grinned, and then glanced
"Time!"
"Time!" he cried.
FrankaMonk skipped lightly from
his corner, and the next moment
found himself face to face with the
disguised Gordon Gay.
"Corne on, you grinning bounder!"
"Dutter of Monk; and he made a
without Gay's quickned. He reckned
without Gay's quickned, and went back
with a jerk, and he uttered a squeal
of surprise.

next second the two juniors

rushed at each other, each landing effectively, flush on the face, landing of the model of the face, landing of for de Monkey!" said ermining ninger. "Dat hab made thim look stilly. Dis chile wipe de Boor with him!"

him!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the stators.
"Go in, Monk! Teach him to check!"

to check!"

This, has, has," roared the states, "Co in, Monk! Teek lee to the states, "Co in, Monk! Teek lee to the work of the states and the states and the states are states and the states are states as a sharp rally, and states a quick interchance the states are states as a sharp rally, and states a quick interchance the states are states as a state of the states are states as a states are st

could see by the gare in his eye that the could see by the gare in his eye that The round commend weakly, and in response to the disappender of the spectators, both contestant of the spectators, both contestant opened really. However, one contestant of the spectators, both contestant opened really. However, the special of the spectators, both contestant opened really. However, the spectators, and Frank Monk spectators, "Come on, old hoar," lauched the dischile won't hurryon," Come on, in the spectators, "The bounder!" muttered Lane "Just look at him!" The taunt enraged Frank Monk is such an extent that he disabed in wildly, and as Gay was obliged to back quickly round the ring, a huge cheer went up from the spectators. "Go on, Monk! Go on!" Monk, and while the excitement was hereight, he again landed his life heavily on Gay's nose. The cher which followed brought down the gym, and nobody noticed the stern face of Dr. Monk, the headmater, as he hastened into the room.

"Boys!" he cried.
"Go on, Monkey! Go on, Monkey as he hastened into the room.
"Boys!" he cried.
"Boys!" The true of the serious as a single left and right on the sopponent's chim."
"Boys!"

There was no mistaking the tone, and one by one the juniors turned

There was no mistaking the tone, and one by one the juniors turned their gaze away from the ring towards the door.

and one by one the jump toward the door.

The Head!" gasped Lane. "My office and it is a small!" and a small!" and

"Boy!" san, yah, yah!"
"Mah, yah!" roared the niger.
"Mah, tave the boy rounded Me tell piles about arrangel being fight. Me have school fined for boying match on unlicensed house. Yah, yah! Oh, golly."
Dr. Monk staggered back, as a delighted but smothered gight went up from the Grammarians present.
"Boy." he cried, "leave this school at once!"
"Nunno, ole hoes?"

at once!"
"Nunno, ole hoss!" interrupted the
disguised Gordon Gay. "Not till de
punishment is removed. Me fell
pleece if ole hoss punish boys. Boxing fights for wagers not allowed en
unlicensed houses. Yah, yah, yah,"
Dr. Monk put his hand up to his
fresheed.

Dr. Monk put his hand up to orchead.

"The boy is right," he murmured.
"The boy's right, and it would mean disgrace for the old school."
There was silence for a full minute, and the Head then faced the anxious Communication.

and the Head then faced the anxious Grammarians.

"Lane and Carboy," he said, "show this black stranger off the school premises. For the time being nothing more will be said in connection with this disgraceful occurrence." And the worthy old head-master turned on his heels, and walked off.

Little remains to be said, for the Grammarians were never to know that it was Gordon Gay who had spoken so fearlessly to their headmaster. Perhaps Gordon Gordon Governatived what trouble he would have found himself in if Dr. Mo this, if has been a mystery to be frammar School in the Porm found its black champion.