THE ARRIVAL OF LUMLEY-LUMLEY AT St. JIM'S.

The GEM 1d.
LIBRARY NO. 129. VOL. 4.

Grand Long Complete Tale.

A Tale of the Terrible Three.

by MARTIN Clifford.

WHAT THE RIVAL SCHOOL DID TO LUMLEY-LUMLEY!

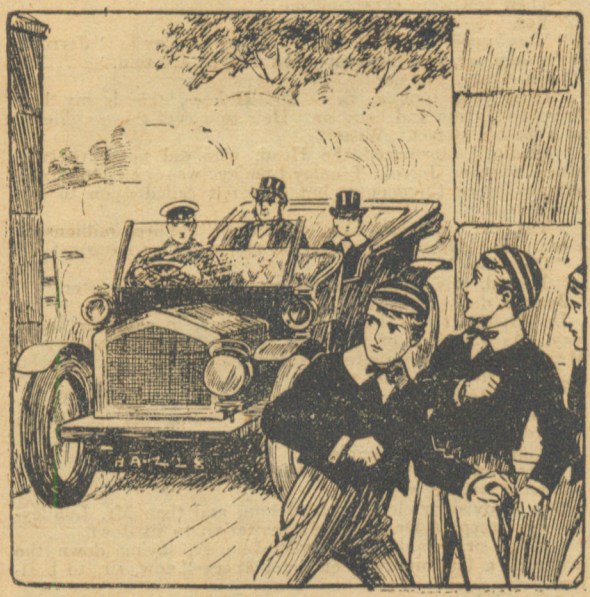
NEXT WEEK: "THE TERRIBLE THREE'S CRICKET MATCH." A Splendid Tale of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's

EVERY THURSDAY

The GEM LIBRARY 1d.

COMPLETE STORIES

FOR ALL AND EVERY STORY A GEM!



A RANK OUTSIDER.

A Splendid Long, Complete School Tale of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER 1.

Lumley-Lumley!

TOOT!

Toot!

Zip-zip!

Whiz!

Tom Merry jumped.

He was standing outside the gates of St. Jim's, with his hands in his pockets, chatting to Manners and Lowther, who were leaning against the stone archway in attitudes of lazy negligence. The Terrible Three had a right to be lazy just then, for they had come off the cricket field after a particularly arduous match, in which the New House batsmen had given them all the leather-hunting they wanted, and a little over.

The three juniors lounged at the gates, their hands in their pockets, their caps on the backs of their heads, chatting cricket. Tom Merry had his back to the white road, and he naturally gave a jump as the whizz and hoot of the motor suddenly burst upon his ears.

"Look out!" exclaimed Monty Lowther.

Tom Merry swung round.

A big car was coming down the road at a speed which certainly exceeded the legal limit, raising a great cloud of dust as it came.

It was almost level with the school gates in the few seconds that had elapsed since Tom Merry heard the hoot of the horn.

Tom Merry made a jump for the gateway.

Toot-toot!

Zip-p-p!

Whiz-z-z!

"Blessed road-hog!" exclaimed Manners, as the big car shot by the gates. "Hallo, there, have you bought this road?"

There was no reply from the car.

But there was a sudden grinding and grating of brakes, and it stopped with such abruptness that the juniors of St. Jim's half expected it to pitch over into the ditch on the opposite side of the road.

But it did not.

The chauffeur, if he was a reckless driver, and given to taking risks, evidently knew his business, all the same.

The car slacked down and almost stopped, and whirled round back to the gates it had whizzed past.

The Terrible Three stared at it.

"It's coming back," said Manners.

"Give 'em a yell as they pass," said Lowther.

"Good egg!"

The juniors could see the occupants of the car—a gentleman in a frock-coat and silk-hat, and a lad of about fifteen, also in a silk-hat. The glass screen was up, and had a layer of dust on it. The man, who was a stout, red-faced person of about fifty, and wore gold-rimmed spectacles, half rose in his seat as the car whirled round, and glanced towards the juniors standing in the gateway, and spoke to the lad at his side.

But it did not occur to the Terrible Three for a moment that they were coming to St. Jim's.

"Now, then," said Lowther. "Go it!"

And the Terrible Three gave the offending motorists a yell.

"Yah! Go and eat coke!"

Toot-toot-toot!

Buzz!

The car was coming straight for the gateway.

The chums of the Shell jumped aside.

"My hat! They're coming in here!" ejaculated Tom Merry.

"Phew!"

The big car whizzed in.

Right on, and up the drive to the School House, it went at a great rate, and the Terrible Three stood and stared after it.

Tom Merry gave a whistle.

"Well, that's rich!" he exclaimed. "Suppose it's a friend of the Head that we've been yelling at!"

"My only socks!" said Lowther. "Just our luck, if it is."

Manners shook his head.

"He's a blessed road-hog," he said. "More likely he's come to bring that kid to St. Jim's—a new boy, you know."

"Ah! Very likely."

"Look at the dust he's raising."

"They've stopped."

The car had halted with a whirr and a whizz before the School House. Tom Merry and his chums walked quickly towards the house. They were rather curious to see the new arrivals at close quarters.

There were four juniors on the steps of the School House when the car stopped. They were Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy of the Fourth Form; the chums of Study No. 6. They looked in some surprise at the car as it arrived. They were not accustomed to seeing a big automobile whirl up to the house in that manner. As a matter of fact, few visitors arrived at St. Jim's in motor-cars. When Lord Eastwood, D'Arcy's father, came in his big car, the chauffeur always slacked down very much, and almost crawled to the house. But the red-faced gentleman in this car was evidently accustomed to more noisy and imposing ways.

He stepped from the car and looked round him.

"This is St. James's Collegiate School, I presume?" he said, addressing the group of juniors on the steps.

Blake raised his cap.

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Get out, Jerrold."

The boy stepped out.

"Bai Jove," murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, "that must be a new kid, deah boys!"

"Yes, rather."

"He doesn't look nervous," grinned Digby.

"Wathah not."

The new boy, if new boy he was, certainly did not look at all nervous.

He was a slightly-built lad, with a pale complexion and very keen eyes. He could not be called handsome, and his expression was not particularly agreeable. His lip had a curl to it that perpetually suggested a sneer.

He looked coolly at the chums of the Fourth, looking them up and down in a way that was far from gratifying.

Before he had been ten seconds under their observation, Blake and his chums were conscious of a desire to "take him down" a peg or two.

It was not necessary for a new boy to be shy and nervous, of course; but a lad coming to a school like St. Jim's for the first time might have been expected to look somewhat subdued.

But this particular youth was far from looking subdued.

St. Jim's School House and New House, too, might have belonged to him by the way he glanced round as he stepped from the car.

The chums of the Fourth glanced after the visitors as they disappeared into the house. They heard the strident tones of the red-faced gentleman speaking to Binks, the School House page.

"Lumley-Lumley—Mr. Lascelles Lumley-Lumley! There's my card. Dr. Holmes is expecting me."

"Lumley-Lumley!" murmured Jack Blake. "I wonder who he is. It's a jolly fine car, anyway."

Arthur Augustus turned his eyeglass upon the car. Arthur Augustus was a connoisseur in horses and motor-cars.

"Yaas, wathah!" he asserted. "It's vewy fine—must have cost more than a thousand guineas, deah boys."

"Hallo, Tom Merry! Seen the merchant who's just arrove?" asked Blake.

Tom Merry laughed.

"Yes. He nearly ran me down in his smell-box. Know who he is?"

"Lumley-Lumley!"

"Eh?"

"Lascelles Lumley-Lumley!"

"Which?"

"Heard him announce himself. The kid's front name is Jerrold. A pretty pair! The Head's expecting them."

"Oh!"

"I knew it was a new boy," said Manners, with a nod. "I wonder whether he's coming into the Fourth or the Shell."

"Oh, you can have him in the Shell!" said Jack Blake, at once.

"Declined with thanks," said Tom Merry. "He looks more suitable for the Fourth. To judge by first impressions, the fellow looks an utter bounder."

"I'm wathah a believah in first impwessions," said D'Arcy.

"Oh, we'll give him a chance," said Blake judicially. "I don't believe in jumping on a new chap, whatever he looks like. I'll take the first opportunity of pointing out to him that he doesn't own the place, and, if necessary, I'll give him a licking; but I really think, you know, that we'll give him a chance."

CHAPTER 2.

A Surprising Visitor.

MR. HOLMES rose to receive the visitors as they were shown into his study. He shook hands with Mr. Lascelles Lumley-Lumley, who gave him a grip that made the doctor wince.

Dr. Holmes was not a feeble man, by any means; but he did not possess the superabundant energy of Mr. Lumley-Lumley. That gentleman seemed to be simply overflowing with vitality. He came into the quiet study like a whirlwind, and it really seemed to the disturbed doctor that he set the furniture rocking as he entered.

"Dr. Holmes!" exclaimed Mr. Lumley-Lumley, in his strident tones, which penetrated to a great distance. "I am glad to meet you. You had my letter?"

"Certainly, Mr. Lumley."

"Lumley-Lumley!"

"Ah, yes! Mr. Lumley-Lumley."

"Then you were expecting me?"

"Yes."

"Very good," puffed Mr. Lumley-Lumley. "Jerrold, come here, sir, and don't sit down till you are told."

"Oh, I say, guv'nor!"

"Hold your tongue, sir. Dr. Holmes, this is my boy Jerrold—my son and heir, sir. Heir to a cool three millions, as a matter of fact. What?"

"Really!" murmured the Head, who did not care twopence whether Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was heir to three millions or to threepence, but who felt called upon to say something.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley. "Three millions, if a cent, sir. All made in America, too, made by me, sir."

"Dear me!"

"Jerrold, this is Dr. Holmes, your future headmaster."

Jerrold ducked his head.

Dr. Holmes shook hands with the boy, in a rather dazed way. As a matter of fact, the loudness and the energy of Mr. Lumley-Lumley quite confused the good old doctor, who was used to more quiet ways.

"Now, Jerrold, you can run away while I talk to Dr. Holmes," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley, jerking his fat thumb towards the door.

"Right-ho!" said Jerrold.

"Get out, then."

Jerrold walked out.

The study door closed behind him, and then Mr. Lumley-Lumley accepted Dr. Holmes's invitation to sit down.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley, laying down the law with a fat forefinger on a fat knee—"now, sir, to business."

"Certainly."

"I'm a business man?"

"Indeed."

"You understand me. I'm Lascelles Lumley-Lumley, Ltd. Business from the word go, sir! as we say over there. That's me—Lumley-Lumley."

"Ah!"

"You've had a recommendation for my boy from one of the governors of the school, Lord Belstead," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley.

The Head cast a glance towards a pile of letters on his desk.

"Yes, Mr. Lumley—ah—Lumley! The letter is here."

"I suppose that's sufficient, eh?"

"Naturally."

"I'm off to South America in a day or two," resumed Mr. Lumley. "I don't know if you know much about the meat-packing business?"

"Very little, I'm afraid."

"Well, sir, Lumleys, Ltd., are going to make things hum!" declared Mr. Lumley-Lumley. "Talk about Chicago! I'm going to lay over Chicago, sir, I assure you. What do you think of a plan for coralling the whole meat supply of the Argentine, sir, and getting it entirely under the direction of Lumleys, Ltd."

"Dear me!"

"That's why I'm wanted in South America, sir."

"Ah!"

"That's how it is, sir. I'm off in a few days. I want to get Jerrold planted in the school here first. My time is valuable. What! Here I am, sir. I've got to get back to town at two o'clock; that gives me a quarter of an hour to fix things up with you."

The Head breathed again.

He had been afraid that, from common politeness, he would have to ask his overpowering visitor to stay to lunch, and he really did not know how he would endure the ordeal.

The news that Mr. Lascelles Lumley-Lumley had to hurry back to town was extremely gratifying.

The Juniors of the Fourth glanced after the visitors as they disappeared into the house. They heard the strident tones of the red-faced gentleman speaking to Binks, the schoolhouse page. "Lumley-Lumley—Mr. Lascelles Lumley-Lumley! There's my card. Dr. Holmes is expecting me and my son."

"Ah, must you go?" murmured the Head.

"I must, sir. My time is very valuable. I want to fix matters up first here. My boy Jerrold has been prepared for this school. His tutor is quite satisfied with him. I have every confidence in you, sir, and shall leave my son under your charge with a clear conscience."

"I—I hope so."

"Now, sir, I may be away from England a long time. I shall, in any case, be busy, and shall not wish to be bothered about Jerrold." Mr. Lumley-Lumley drew a fat cheque-book from the inner pocket of his frock-coat. "Now, sir——"

"Really——"

"I understand that the fees of [illegible] school are high, but you give a first-class education in return," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley.

"Oh, yes!"

"Good! What is the fee per term?"

"Really——"

The millionaire consulted an enormous gold watch.

"Excuse me, Dr. Holmes; I have to leave in ten minutes."

"Yes——"

"And this matter should be settled first. Now, will you kindly name the fee for a term's tuition at St. James's Collegiate School?"

"But——"

"The amount, sir."

"Thirty guineas, sir," said Dr. Holmes, turning very red.

"Good! Three terms in a year, I believe."

"Yes."

"That is ninety guineas," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley. "Any extras?"

"Certainly."

"How many?"

"Really, sir, I could not say at the moment——"

"H'm! I suppose you make a reduction for quantities?"

"Eh?"

"I wish to pay my son's fees in advance for three years."

"But——"

"That will get the matter off my mind. No objection, I suppose?"

"No; I suppose not."

"That will be nine terms. That will be two hundred and seventy guineas. Now, if you make a reduction for quantities, you can let me have nine terms for the price of eight."

Dr. Holmes stared blankly at the millionaire.

He hardly grasped his meaning at first. As it dawned upon him, he coloured again.

"Really, sir, I have never heard of such a thing!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Lumley-Lumley shrugged his shoulders.

"You have never had a business training," he remarked. "It is the commonest thing in business. You order a hundred

thousand tins of beef from me. I let you have them at a cheaper rate than if you ordered only a thousand. You order a million, and I make a further reduction. Suppose, now, you wanted a million tins of prime beef——"

"Dear me!"

"Lumleys, Limited, could afford to make you a big reduction on the number. But I see that you don't run the school on the same lines."

"N-n-no."

"Very well. I'm a business man, that's all. Now, Jerrold had better take on all the extras."

"But——"

"If he feels inclined to drop any of them later, or you think they're not good for him, you can arrange the matter. But I wish to provide for everything before I go."

"But——"

"Will another hundred on the cheque cover all extras?"

"I—I have no doubt——"

"Very well. Then there's cricket and so forth; his subscriptions to the clubs, and all that. I want Jerrold to take everything."

"But——"

"I'll put on another hundred for all that."

"But——"

"And you can see to the details afterwards. I have only another seven minutes."

"But——" said the Head feebly.

His part in that remarkable interview seemed to be reduced to a constant repetition of the word "but." He realised that it served no useful purpose, and he relapsed into silence, and let Mr. Lumley-Lumley have it all his own way.

"Then, I wish Jerrold to have plenty of pocket-money," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley. "Also, you will pay any debts he contracts; no need for the son of Lascelles Lumley-Lumley to stint himself, you know."

Dr. Holmes nodded.

"I will leave a hundred pounds with you for the purpose, and you can always obtain more by communication with my solicitors, whose address I will leave you. Here it is."

"I——"

"Here is your cheque, sir," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley, with a flourish.

The Head glanced at the cheque Mr. Lumley-Lumley had dashed off with a fountain-pen. It was for £583 10s.

"Five hundred and eighty-three pounds ten shillings," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley. "I have no doubt you will find that correct, sir."

"Quite so."

Mr. Lumley-Lumley glanced at his watch again.

"Ah! I have five minutes more. There is one more matter. I am going abroad, as I said. I leave my son in your charge. I wish you to sign a paper to the effect that you take charge of him."

"But——"

"Just a little legal agreement, you know."

"I have never——"

"Nothing like having everything legal and above-board," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley. "I wish to leave my son in your hands with a clear conscience. What——"

"But——"

"Just jot down on that sheet of paper that you agree to take my son Jerrold into the school, feed, clothe, and tuition him for three years, in consideration of a cheque for five hundred and eighty-three pounds ten shillings."

"But——"

"I have only four minutes."

Dr. Holmes still hesitated.

The whole affair was so extraordinary that he was a little off his balance. But he realised that he was dealing with an exceptional character.

The legal agreement Mr. Lumley-Lumley asked for was a matter of form merely, for the Head, having once taken the boy into the school, was bound to take every care of him for the period that he remained at St. Jim's.

And, as a matter of fact, the big cheque Mr. Lumley-Lumley had drawn was a temptation in itself; for Dr. Holmes was the manager of the great school, and he had to have a business side to his nature.

Such a sum of money, paid in advance, would be of great use in paying off some little expenses connected with the restoration of the chapel, and the rebuilding of a portion of the place destroyed by fire, and would save contracting a loan.

But chiefly the Head's mind dwelt upon the fact that Lord Eelsetad, one of the governors of St. Jim's, had specially recommended the millionaire's son.

That was sufficient to decide the doctor.

He wrote the paper out as the millionaire suggested.

Mr. Lumley-Lumley looked it over.

"Sign, please," he said.

The Head signed the paper.

"Now get a witness, if you will be so kind."

Dr. Holmes touched the bell.

"Binks, kindly ask Mr. Railton to step here."

Mr. Railton, the House-master of the School House, made his appearance. Dr. Holmes hastily introduced him to Mr. Lumley-Lumley, and explained. Mr. Railton looked very much astonished. He was much more of a business man than his chief, and there was a very dubious expression upon his face.

But it was not his business to give advice to the Head unasked. He signed the paper as a witness, and left the study.

Mr. Lumley-Lumley glanced at his watch.

"One minute more," he remarked.

He blotted the agreement and folded it up, and placed it in his fat pocket-book.

"This will be left in the hands of my solicitors, Messrs. Bird & Beaky," he said. "Thank you very much. I think all is settled."

"I—I think so."

"Then, good-bye, doctor."

"Good-bye, Mr. Lumley—ah—Lumley."

And the Head shook hands with his visitor, and bowed him out of the study. Mr. Lumley-Lumley followed Binks down the passage to the hall of the School House, and as he reached the door a terrific uproar burst upon his ears.

CHAPTER 3.

Trouble Begins.

TOM MERRY & CO. had been chatting on the steps of the School House, when Master Jerrold was dismissed from the Head's study by his affectionate parent. Jerrold came to the doorway with his hands in his pockets, looking about him in the half-surly, half-sneering way the juniors had already noticed.

The chums of the School House glanced at him, and Jerrold returned their look.

"Hallo!" said Tom Merry, as affably as he could. "You're a new kid—eh?"

"Yes," said Lumley-Lumley.

"What Form are you going into?"

"I don't know."

"Been to school before?" asked Blake.

They were the usual questions put to a new boy; but the juniors were putting them rather from politeness than curiosity in this case, for they did not take in the least to Lumley, and did not particularly want to know anything about him.

"No," said the millionaire's son. "I had a tutor."

"I see."

"Lots of fun havin' a tutah at home, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I wemembah I had a good time, and was wathah sowway to come to school."

"I remember we were sorry you came, too," said Blake.

"Weally, Blake——"

"And we've grown sorrier ever since," said Digby.

"Weally, Dig——"

"Which is your House, kid?" asked Tom Merry.

Lumley shrugged his shoulders.

"Is there more than one House here?"

Tom Merry stared.

It seemed to him that even a new boy ought to have known that there were two Houses at St. Jim's—the School House and the New House.

The rivalry between the two Houses was one of the chief excitements of life among the juniors, and here was a fellow who didn't know that there was more than one House.

"Yes, there are two," said Tom Merry.

"New House and School House," said Monty Lowther. "This is the School House—the biggest and best. The School House is cock-House at St. Jim's."

"Is it?"

"Yes. That show over there is the New House."

"I don't know which I shall be in. I suppose it doesn't matter much," said the new boy. "What kind of a life do you fellows get here?"

"Pretty good," said Manners.

"Any fun?"

Tom Merry looked at him keenly.

"That depends on what you call fun," he said. "There's plenty of fun. We have cricket and boating in the summer, and plenty of it, running and swimming, and so on."

Lumley yawned.

"Oh, is that all?"

"Then we have rows with the New House, you know. We jape them, and they jape us, and there's a fight every now and then."

"What rot!"

"Eh?"

"Lot of rot, I call it!"

"Oh, do you?"

"Yes, I do. I should want something more exciting than that sort of thing."

The juniors looked at him expressively.

"You may get it, too," said Blake, after a pause. "A fellow who comes here with his nose turned up is in danger of getting it punched."

"Oh, rats!"

Jack Blake slipped off the balustrade where he was sitting, and took a step towards the new junior.

"Did you say rats to me?" he asked.

Lumley looked at him coolly.

"Yes, I did."

"I'll trouble you to take it back again," said Blake.

"Bosh!"

"Bai Jove! I should wecommend you to give the boundah a feahful thwashin', Blake," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Let him alone; he's a new kid," said Tom Merry.

"Weally, Tom Mewwy, I am aware he is a new kid, but a fellow must considah his personal dig.," said D'Arcy, adjusting his eyeglass. "Howevah, if the wottah apologises, pewwaps Blake might let him off."

"Rubbish!" said Lumley.

"Eh?"

"Rot!"

"Bai Jove, I must wequest you to stand aside, Blake, and leave this uttah beast to me. He wequires a seveah lesson."

"Get out of the way, Gussy!"

"I wefuse to get out of the way!"

"Buzz off!"

"I decline to do anythin' of the sort. I am goin' to give Lumley a feahful thwashin'."

"Ass!"

"Weally, Blake——"

"Order!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Blake's turn comes first, Gussy, and you can go for Lummy afterwards, if Blake leaves anything of him."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, pewwaps that is fair," said D'Arcy, "unless Blake chooses to wesign his turn to me."

"Not much!"

"Undah the circs.——"

"Under the circumstances Gussy will now kindly shut up," said Monty Lowther. "Go it, Blake. Give me your cap."

"Are you ready, Lummy?"

"My name is Lumley-Lumley," said the new boy fiercely.

"Sorry! I mean Lummy-Lummy. Are you ready?" said Blake, dancing up to the new boy with his fists in the air.

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"What?"

"You'll get hurt if I begin on you."

Jack Blake gasped.

For the great fighting-man of the Fourth Form to be addressed in these terms was something new. There were only two fellows in the Lower School who cared to take on Blake. Tom Merry and Figgins, of the New House. Kangaroo might have done it, successfully, too. But this weedy, pasty-faced new boy—the idea of his hurting Blake was comic.

"Well, of all the cheek!" exclaimed Blake.

"Oh, get off!"

"I'm going to lick you for your own good," explained Blake patiently. "We teach manners here, you know; an extra, but not charged for in the bill."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you ready, then? I sha'n't hurt you very much; only a little lesson not to be so jolly polite. Besides, I want to leave some for Gussy."

"Yaas, wathah!"

And Blake gave the new boy a gentle tap on the nose.

Lumley gasped and sniffed.

"You rotter!" he roared.

Another tap!

Lumley launched himself upon Blake like a tiger-cat.

The spring was so sudden that Blake had no time to knock him down, and in a moment Lumley was bearing him backwards.

They fell, and rolled down the steps together.

"My hat!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Somebody will be hurt!"

"Bai Jove!"

The two juniors rolled on the ground. Blake tried to separate, to get up, but the new boy did not let go.

Apparently he had never heard of any rules in fighting.

He was pommelling and kicking like a hooligan, and Blake, quite unused to that method of encounter, was getting the worst of it.

He staggered up at last, the new boy still clinging to him like a cat.

"Go for him, Blake!" shouted the other juniors, exasperated by the kind of fighting indulged in by Lumley, and more than half inclined to interfere. "Knock him into the middle of next week!"

Blake drove home his fist on Lumley's nose, and there was a yell from the new junior.

Then he tore at Blake again, and the red showed where his fingernails scratched down the junior's face.

That was too much for the others.

"Yank him off!" shouted Tom Merry.

And the juniors leaped upon the new boy.

He was grasped by many hands, and wrenched away from Blake in a twinkling. Blake, dazed, dabbed at his face with a pocket-handkerchief.

"The—the rotter!" he gasped.

Lumley did not give in quietly.

He fought and scratched in the grasp of the juniors, and two or three of them rolled on the ground with him, Lumley undermost.

It was at this moment that Mr. Lascelles Lumley-Lumley emerged from the School House.

CHAPTER 4.

Father and Son.

MR. LUMLEY-LUMLEY halted on the top step, and stared at the scene in amazement. For the moment he did not see his son, who was pretty well hidden from view by the juniors who were scrambling over him.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the millionaire. "Is this how you young fellows amuse yourselves here?"

Blake turned red.

He wished now that he had put up with Lumley's insolence more patiently—at least, until the millionaire was gone. It was certainly bad enough form for the new boy to be roughly handled in the presence of his father.

At the voice of the millionaire, the juniors released Jerrold Lumley.

He staggered to his feet.

His father uttered a cry of surprise.

"Jerrold!" he exclaimed.

Lumley rubbed his face savagely.

His nose was streaming red, and he looked decidedly dishevelled and dusty. He blinked rather dazedly at his father.

Tom Merry & Co. stood silent.

Under the eyes of the millionaire they felt awkward and confused, and wished themselves anywhere but where they were.

True, the blame had been with the new boy, but they did not expect Mr. Lumley to see that, and the situation was awkward enough.

But the millionaire did not look angry.

"So you're in trouble, Jerrold, already!" exclaimed Mr. Lumley-Lumley.

Jerrold growled.

"I needn't ask whose fault it was," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley. "I dare say you have been quarrelsome again, Jerrold."

"Oh!" murmured Tom Merry.

"They set on me!" growled Lumley.

Mr. Lumley nodded.

"I don't wonder. I suppose it was your fault—it usually is. Get into the car, Jerrold. I want to speak to you before I go, and I've no time to stop."

"Oh, all right."

Jerrold stepped into the car.

Mr. Lumley-Lumley glanced at the amazed juniors with a smile.

"You needn't look so down in the mouth!" he exclaimed.

"I'm not offended, and I'm not going to complain to the Head. I've no time, for one thing."

"You see, sir——" began Tom Merry haltingly.

"Oh, I understand; it's all right. Jerrold is combative, like his father," said the millionaire, with a chuckle. "Always was. He's always in hot water. You'll get used to Jerrold."

"Bai Jove!"

"You must allow me to say that you're a real sport, sir," said Monty Lowther admiringly.

Mr. Lumley-Lumley laughed.

"Thank you! Good-morning!"

He stepped into the car after his son.

The big car swung away down the drive.

Tom Merry & Co. took off their caps to the millionaire. He certainly wasn't the kind of man they admired most; but he was a sport.

The car swung out at the gates, and ran down the road.

Jerrold sat mopping his nose with a handkerchief, and looking decidedly sullen.

Mr. Lumley-Lumley seemed in high good-humour.

"I'll take you as far as Rylcombe, and drop you there," he said. "You can get a cab back. It's all arranged, Jerrold."

"Oh, is it?" growled the son.

"Yes. I've fixed Dr. Holmes down for three years."

Jerrold grunted.

"You'll be properly provided for for three years, and the headmaster can't get rid of you if he wants to, Jerrold," said the millionaire, with another of his peculiar chuckles. "I've got his fist on that, and my solicitors will look to it while I'm away."

Jerrold grinned.

"Lord Belstead's recommendation prevented questions being asked," went on Mr. Lumley-Lumley. "Of course, Dr. Holmes did not know that Lord Belstead is a director of Lumleys, Limited, a gilt figurehead that has to do what I tell him, in case the horn of plenty should run dry."

Jerrold gave another chuckle.

Mr. Lumley-Lumley became more serious.

"Now, Jerrold, you've got your chance," he said. "Make the most of it."

"I'm going to have a good time!" growled Jerrold.

Mr. Lumley-Lumley nodded.

"I don't want to interfere with that, my boy," he said. "Have as good a time as you can get. But this is a wonderful good opening for you here, if you make the best of it. We haven't always been rich, Jerrold."

"No need to tell me that."

"It's not so very long since I was in a little office, Jerrold, and you were sweeping it out of a morning."

"Pah!"

"That was when we started in New York—started to beat the Yankees at their own game, and did it," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley, with a chuckle. "You were a cute kid, Jerrold. You were always as sharp as a needle. When you grow up you'll be a credit to Lumleys, Limited, and make thousands where I make hundreds."

"What-ho!" said Jerrold.

"But money isn't everything," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley sagely. "Money can get you most things, but not everything. You want social position, classy friends, an entree into the aristocratic circles, my boy. You can get all that with an education at St. Jim's, and by chumming up with the best fellows there."

Jerrold grunted.

"Now, Jerry, you've had a hard time in some ways," said Mr. Lumley-Lumley seriously. "You've taken the change pretty well, and it is a change from walking to save a 'bus fare to riding in a twelve-hundred-guinea motor-car."

"What-ho!"

"But you've got a lot of your old ways left. The boys you're going to meet now are not the same as the street arabs in New York that you used to fight with at the corner."

Jerrold grinned.

"I s'pose not," he assented.

"You've got lots to learn, Jerrold, but you'll learn it. Mind, I expect you to do well at this school. You'll have everything you want. Have a good time, and make things hum, and come out ahead—that's all!"

"That's all right!"

"Scott! Here we are in Rylcombe! You get down here, Jerrold."

The car halted.

Mr. Lumley-Lumley shook hands affectionately with his son.

"Good-bye, Jerrold, and stick to it!"

"What-ho! Good-bye, dad!"

And Jerrold jumped out of the car.

Mr. Lumley-Lumley waved his hand, and the big car shot onwards, and disappeared in a cloud of dust down the London Road.

Jerrold Lumley stood looking after it till it disappeared from sight.

Then he strode towards the station, where the solitary hack that Rylcombe boasted was in waiting. The driver was resting on the seat outside the station, sucking a straw, and exchanging desultory remarks with the old porter.

They looked lazily at Lumley as he came up.

"You the driver of this thing?" asked Jerrold, with a contemptuous glance towards the ancient hack.

"Yessir."

"Take me to the school."

"Suttingly, sir."

Jerrold sat down in the old hack.

It rolled off slowly towards St. Jim's.

The new boy drew a pack of cards from his pocket, and began to deal them. He was not playing patience—he was practising. His practice consisted in dealing from the bottom of the pack without allowing that fact to be apparent. If Dr. Holmes had seen his new pupil at that moment he would have been very surprised indeed.

The driver looked round.

"The skule, sir?" he said, in his slow way.

"Yes!" rapped Jerrold.

"Which skule, sir?" said the man. "St. Jim's, sir, or the new skule—the Grammar Skule, sir?"

"St. Jim's."

"Ay, sir!"

The hack rolled on. Jerrold dealt and dealt the cards on his knee, tirelessly, and it was wonderful to see the skill his youthful fingers had with them. Jerrold was not yet fifteen years of age, but he had certainly been a card-player for many years. It was doubtless one of the accomplishments he had picked up in the parental office in New York in earlier days.

The hack came to a sudden stop, and the cards slid from Jerrold's knee and scattered on the floor of the little vehicle.

Jerrold uttered an impatient exclamation.

"You fool! What are you stopping for?" he called out, hastily gathering up the cards and pocketing them. "You're not at the school yet."

The hack certainly was not at St. Jim's; there were high hedges and trees still on either side of it. It had stopped because a lad in a mortar-board cap had caught hold of the bit, and forced the old horse to a halt.

Four or five other lads had gathered beside the hack.

"Please, young gentlemen," said the driver appealingly, "it's a new boy for St. Jim's. Let me go on."

"Rats!" returned a fair-haired, sunny-faced youth cheerfully. "I suppose we can have a look at the curiosity, can't we? Here, you new fellow for St. Jim's, step out into the road, and let's have a look at you! We belong to Rylcombe Grammar School!"

And Gordon Gay, the chief of the Fourth Form at Rylcombe Grammar School, opened the door of the hack.

CHAPTER 5.

A Grammarian Joke.

JERROLD LUMLEY-LUMLEY looked in great surprise at Gordon Gay. He had never heard of Rylcombe Grammar School before, and had no knowledge of the feud that existed between the youthful Grammarians and the fellows at St. Jim's.

The stopping of the hack in Rylcombe Lane was amazing to him.

He could only stare at Gordon Gay.

The leader of the Grammarian juniors grinned at him, and took off his cricket cap with a flourish.

"Good-afternoon!" he said.

Jerrold grunted.

"Will you kindly step out?"

"No, I won't!" growled Jerrold.

"How nice and polite!" murmured Gordon Gay. "You hear him?"

He turned to his comrades. Jack and Harry Wootton, Frank Monk, Lane, and Carboy were with him, and Tadpole was at the horse's head. They all nodded and grinned.

"St. Jim's manners, I suppose," said Monk.

"Just so, Monkey."

"He wants a lesson."

"Right—as you always are, Monkey."

"Let's give him one."

"Hear, hear!"

"Kindly step out, my young friend."

"I tell you I won't! Driver!"

"Yessir!"

"Drive on!"

"Which one of the young gents is a-holdin' of the 'orse, sir."

"Cut him with the whip."

The driver grunted. He might have cut Tadpole with the

"Go for him, Blake!" shouted the juniors, exasperated by the kind of fighting indulged in by Lumley-Lumley. "Knock him into the middle of next week!"

whip, but he would have been pulled off his box and rolled in the ditch the next minute, and he knew it.

"Will you go on?" roared Lumley.

"Sorry, sir! I can't while he's a-holdin' of the 'orse."

Lumley looked fiercely at the grinning Grammarians.

"Get out of the way!" he cried fiercely

"Listen to him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cads——"

"What?"

"You rotters! Clear out!"

Gordon Gay & Co. looked at Jerrold Lumley. They had only intended a little fun—one of the harmless japes that St. Jim's and the Grammar School were always playing upon one another. But the truculent manner of Jerrold Lumley was putting their backs up already.

"You're a new boy for St. Jim's, eh?" said Gay.

"Yes, I am!"

"I thought so! If you carry on there like this I can foresee a high old time for you. Get out of the hack!"

"I won't!"

"I give you one second!" said Gordon Gay grimly.

The Grammarians made a simultaneous move forward.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley realised that if he did not get out he would be dragged out, and he stepped savagely into the road.

"Now, then, what do you want?" he demanded.

The Grammarians looked him up and down.

"You look as if you've been in the wars already," grinned Gordon Gay. "What's your name?"

"Lumley-Lumley."

"Both?"

Lumley scowled.

"Or which?" asked Gordon Gay.

"Oh, shut up, and don't be an ass!"

"Pray allow me to introduce my friends," said Gordon Gay. "Gentlemen, this is Lumley-Lumley. Lumley-Lumley, this is Frank Monk-Monk. The long-legged chap is Carboy-Carboy. This is Lane-Lane. These two are Wootton Wootton major and Wootton-Wootton minor. The chap holding the horse is Tadpole-Tadpole. I'm Gay-Gay."

The Grammarians burst into a roar of laughter, and Lumley-Lumley turned crimson.

"You cads!" he exclaimed.

"Nice youth—I don't think!" murmured Gordon Gay. "Kids, we're wasting politeness upon him. We'd better let him go on."

"Yes, you'd better!" said Lumley threateningly.

"Shove him into the hack."

"What-ho!"

"Oh! Leggo! Lemme alone!"

"Rats!"

The Grammarians seized the unfortunate new boy of St. Jim's.

He was lifted into the hack, and a whipcord tied his wrists together, and then his feet were secured.

This proceeding so astonished Lumley that he could hardly make any resistance; but his resistance would not have been of much use against Gordon Gay & Co. in any case.

He sat down on the seat, unable to move a limb or do anything but glare at his captors.

Gordon Gay chuckled.

"That's better!" he remarked, taking a stick of chalk from his pocket and proceeding to chalk over the face of Lumley-Lumley.

The son of the millionaire writhed helplessly.

"Stop it!" roared Lumley-Lumley.

"Eh!"

"Leave me alone!"

"Did you speak?"

"Stop!"

"Eh!"

"Will you leave off?"

"What?"

Lumley desisted in sheer, breathless rage. His face was well chalked over, and then Gordon Gay drew red circles round his eyes with a stick of paint. Gordon Gay, the Schoolboy Actor of the Grammar School, generally had things of this sort about him.

The Grammarians yelled with laughter at Lumley's appearance when the transformation was completed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What a giddy beauty!"

"It's ripping!"

"I—I'll make you sit up for this!" roared Lumley.

"Ha, ha!"

Gordon Gay took the silk hat belonging to the millionaire's son, and chalked round it the sentence, "Down with St. Jim's!"

Then he jammed it on Lumley's head.

"I think that's all," he remarked.

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"Then we'll cut. Good-bye, Bluebell!"

"Hang you!"

Gordon Gay jumped out of the hack.

The driver was looking down with a grin. He did not care to offer any resistance to the wild spirits of the Grammar School, and he had not been particularly pleased with the manners of his passenger. He suspected, too, that there would be a tip for himself in the affair, whatever happened to Lumley-Lumley.

"You can drive on, my son," said Gordon Gay, with a grin. "We're going to keep an eye on you, and you're to take your passenger to St. Jim's just as we've left him."

"But——"

"Now, you obey orders, and you'll be all right," said Gordon Gay, shaking an admonitory finger at the driver.

"But he won't pay me my fare, Master Gay."

"That I won't!" roared Lumley. "Not unless you come and let me loose at once, you confounded chawbacon."

"Nice boy, isn't he?" grinned Gordon Gay. "How much is the fare, driver?"

"Two shillings."

"There's half-a-crown. Now take him to St. Jim's; and mind, don't you so much as look into the hack till you get there."

"Very well, Master Gay."

The hack rolled on.

The Grammarians stood in the lane, looking after it as it rolled away in the direction of the school, and roaring with laughter.

They watched it till it entered the gateway of St. Jim's, and then, still laughing, they turned off in the direction of the Grammar School.

Lumley-Lumley writhed in the hack, and yelled to the driver to come and release him; but the man seemed to have become suddenly deaf.

The uncomplimentary epithets Lumley applied to him probably had as much effect as Gordon Gay's tip in making him deaf.

The hack entered upon the drive at St. Jim's. There Lumley's shouting soon drew a crowd round it.

Wally D'Arcy—D'Arcy minor—of the Third Form, was the first to look into it, and he gave a howl of astonishment that drew other juniors from far and near.

"What's the matter?"

"What is it?"

"Who is it?"

"My only Aunt Jane!" gasped Wally. "It's the wild man from Borneo, I think!"

CHAPTER 6.

A Rank Outsider.

"BAI Jove! What's that?"

"Who is it?"

"Where did you pick it up, Ribbons?"

The driver grinned.

"The young gentlemen from the Grammar School sent it," he said.

"Oh, Grammar cads!"

"It's one of Gordon Gay's japes."

"But who is it?"

"Let me out!" roared Lumley, almost bursting with rage. "Open the door, you fools! I'm tied up! Let me loose!"

"Lumley!" ejaculated Tom Merry.

"Lumley-Lumley!" cried Blake.

"Lumley-Lumley-Lumley!" exclaimed Monty Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry opened the hack door, and lifted the new boy out. He had to hold him to prevent him from rolling on the ground.

"Look at his chivvy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's tied up, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jack Blake opened his penknife and snipped through the cords. He quite forgot the fact that he had been fighting with the new boy only an hour before.

"There you are!" he said cheerfully. "You've been japed by the Grammarians, eh? Never mind; you'll get used to that."

Lumley ground his teeth.

"I'll make them smart for it!" he exclaimed.

"What on earth's that?" exclaimed Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's, coming out. "Who on earth is that, Tom Merry, and how did he get into that state?"

"It's Lumley, the new kid."

"My hat!"

"He's been japed by the Grammar cads."

"Oh!" Kildare laughed. "Better get him indoors, and show him where to clean himself. He doesn't look pretty."

Lumley went blindly towards the steps of the School House. The laughter of the juniors was natural enough, under the circumstances, but it enraged the son of the millionaire.

"Had your fare, Ribbons?" asked Monty Lowther.

The driver nodded and grinned.

"Yes; Master Gay settled that, thanky."

And he drove the hack away.

The juniors followed Lumley into the House in a crowd. The first person he met indoors was Binks, who staggered away in affright.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Binks. "W-what is that?"

"You fool!"

"Crumbs! Who is it?"

"Get out of my way, you dolt!"

Lumley pushed Binks aside with a rough push that sent him staggering, and strode to the staircase. A maid who was descending the stairs caught sight of his face, and gave a wild shriek.

"Help! Oh! Help!"

"It's all right, Jane!" shouted Tom Merry.

But Jane was staring at the awful white face, with red circles round the eyes. It was beginning to get dusk on the staircase, and the fearful vision suddenly coming upon her out of the dusk had startled Jane into hysterics.

She dropped her broom and ran for her life.

"Fool!" snarled Lumley.

Jane, shrieking on her top note, ran towards the door of Mr. Railton's study, which was open. She dashed in, and the House-master sprang to his feet.

"What—what is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Calm yourself. What—— Oh!"

"Save me!" gasped Jane, throwing herself into the House-master's arms, and clasping her hands behind his neck. "Save me!"

"What—what—I—I—release me at once!"

"Save me!"

"Jane——"

"Save me!"

"Release me!"

But Jane only sobbed hysterically, and sobbed the louder as the amazed House-master tried to put her from him.

"Jane! Will you be calm? How dare you be hysterical in my study?" exclaimed Mr. Railton, in mingled anger and distress.

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"Leave me at once."

"Oh, oh!"

"Jane——"

"My pretty Jane!" murmured Monty Lowther, peeping in at the door. "My hat! What a giddy time for a grave and revered House-master! I'm shocked!"

"Shut up, you ass!" growled Tom Merry, dragging his chum away.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jane, I command you——"

"Oh, oh! Save me!"

"What has happened? Have you been frightened?"

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"What has frightened you?"

"Oh, the—the awful thing!"

"Thing! What thing?"

"Oh, oh, oh!"

Mr. Railton, amazed and angry, forced Jane at last to release her hold, and placed her in a chair. He had heard a sound of distant laughter, and he suspected that the maid had been frightened by some jape.

With a stern brow he strode from the study in search of the joker

The hall was deserted.

The juniors had taken care to clear off. A sound from the staircase caught Mr. Railton's keen ear, however, and he strode upstairs

There was a scurry of feet in the Fourth Form passage, and the retreating footsteps died away on the upper staircase.

Mr. Railton, frowning more darkly, strode up to the Fourth-Form dormitory.

The door was closed. But he could hear a sound of suppressed voices within.

He flung the door wide open.

"My hat!"

"Cave!"

Mr. Railton strode into the dormitory.

Only one junior was visible. It was Lumley-Lumley. But a boot sticking out from beneath one bed, and a cap from beneath another, and a low sound of squeezing and scuffling, hinted pretty plainly that there were others only just out of sight.

But Mr. Railton's gaze was fixed upon Jerrold Lumley.

That youth had stopped at a washstand, and was about to sponge his face, when the House-master's entrance caused him to turn round.

He stared at Mr. Railton, and Mr. Railton stared at him.

"Boy," gasped the House-master, "what does this masquerade mean? Is it you who have frightened Jane by disguising yourself in this absurd manner?"

"I didn't do it!"

"What! When I see you with my own eyes! You are—or—Lumley, I suppose? Yes, it is Lumley, the new boy. You have lost no time in making yourself obnoxious, I must say. A harmless joke is one thing, but frightening a woman is a different matter. Hold out your hand, Lumley."

Mr. Railton had thoughtfully caught up a cane as he left his study. Lumley eyed it warily.

"I——" he began.

"Enough! Hold out your hand!"

"If you please, sir——" began a voice.

Mr. Railton turned round. Tom Merry was standing looking at him. There was some dust on the Shell fellow's clothes, and Mr. Railton did not need telling that he had just crawled out from under a bed where he had taken refuge.

The House-master eyed him sternly.

"Are you concerned in this, Merry?" he demanded.

"No, sir, but——"

"Then be silent! Hold out your hand, Lumley."

"If you please, sir——" said Tom Merry.

"Merry!"

"Yes, sir? It wasn't Lumley's fault. He was chalked and painted like that for a jape, sir, and not by his own will."

"Oh," said Mr. Railton, lowering the cane, "that puts a different complexion on the matter, certainly. Why did you not tell me so, Lumley, yourself?"

"You didn't give me a chance!" growled Lumley.

"Silence! I am obliged to you for speaking, Merry. As for the persons who coloured Lumley's face in this ridiculous manner——"

"They were fellows outside the school, sir," said Tom Merry.

Mr. Railton understood.

"Oh, very well; in that case the matter ends here."

And he strode from the dormitory. Five or six fellows crawled out from under the beds, looking very dusty and sheepish.

"Blessed if there was any need to bolt like that, after all!" growled Jack Blake.

"Guilty conscience!" grinned Monty Lowther. "Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all, and thus——"

"Oh, keep that for the Dramatic Society."

"You'd better get a wash before any further trouble happens, Lumley," said Tom Merry, with a laugh, and the new boy nodded.

"Thank you for speaking up for me!" he said.

"Oh, that's nothing."

"I suppose he was going to cane me."

"Yes."

"Then I'm obliged to you," said Lumley-Lumley, in a grudging sort of way.

Tom Merry glanced at him sharply.

"You needn't trouble," he said. "I don't want you to feel under any obligation."

"And I don't want to, either," said Lumley. "Here, catch!"

He took something from his waistcoat pocket, and tossed it to Tom Merry. It glittered and glimmered in the sun as it turned over and over.

Tom Merry mechanically put out his hand, and caught it. It was a sovereign. He stared at the coin, glistening in the palm of his hand.

"What's that, for?" he said.

"For you."

"For—for me!"

"Yes," said Lumley, turning to the washstand again.

Tom Merry's face flushed crimson.

He walked up to the new boy, and laid the sovereign on the washstand beside him.

The other juniors looked on with bated breath. They expected to see Tom Merry put up his fists and give the new boy the thrashing of his life.

But he did not. Tom Merry had his temper well under control.

"There's your sovereign, Lumley," said the hero of the Shell quietly. "You are an unspeakable cad to offer me money. If it were any other fellow did it, I'd lick him till he couldn't stand, or until I couldn't stand. But you're a new fellow, and perhaps you can't help being a rotten, rank outsider. Only don't do it again."

And Tom Merry walked out of the dormitory before Lumley could recover his breath sufficiently to reply.

The other juniors followed. Lumley looked at the sovereign, and then picked it up and slid it carelessly into his waistcoat pocket again, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"My only hat!" said Jack Blake, as they went downstairs. "Of all the utter, unspeakable cads and rotters, I think that chap takes the cake."

"By Jove, he does," said Monty Lowther. "Why didn't you wipe up the floor with him, Tommy?"

Tom Merry laughed shortly.

"He wasn't worth it, for one thing," he said. "Never mind; there's no harm done. But he is a rotter, and no mistake, and I hope he's not coming into the Shell."

"I jolly well hope he's not coming into the Fourth," said Blake.

"I don't suppose any Form will be anxious to have him," grinned Monty Lowther. "In any case, I hope he'll be put into the New House."

"Hear, hear!" said all the juniors at once.

Upon that point they were all agreed, and upon another—that the new boy at St. Jim's was a rank outsider!

CHAPTER 7.

The Outsider Looks In.

TOM MERRY came into his study in the Shell passage, and glanced round him. There was no fire, but a spirit-stove was in the fender, burning blue, and a kettle was singing away upon it. Manners was cutting films, and Monty Lowther was cutting bread-and-butter. There was a cake on the table and a tin of bloater paste, and a piece of cheese. Tom Merry's face brightened up as he saw the table laid.

"Tea ready?" he said cheerfully.

"Just on," said Lowther. "It would have been quite ready if Manners had lent a hand instead of wasting time on those rotten photographs."

"Bosh!" said Manners. "There's no hurry."

"I'm hungry," said Tom Merry. "I'll make the tea. Kettle's boiling."

He rinsed warm water through the teapot, and made the tea. Manners put the films away, and rose with a yawn.

"Heard about the new chap yet?" he asked.

"What about him?" asked Tom Merry.

"I mean, whether he's coming into the Shell or the Fourth I suppose it will be one of the two."

"And whether he's to be School House or New House," said Lowther anxiously. "I hope he'll be put in the New House. Figgins & Co. are welcome to him."

"Yes, rather!"

Tom Merry shook his head.

"I haven't heard," he said; "but he's been shut up in Railton's study for the last half-hour, I believe, and that looks as if he's going to be School House."

"Rotten luck!"

"Yes, but I don't think he'll get into the Shell," said Tom Merry. "And if he did——"

"It would be just our luck to get him planted in this study!" grunted Manners.

"Phew!"

"I think I should do something desperate if that happened," said Monty Lowther. "I—oh! Hallo! Talk of angels!"

The study door opened, and Lumley stepped in from the passage.

He had quite cleaned off the signs of his adventure with the Grammarians, and changed his clothes, or, at least, some of them.

He wore now a white waistcoat, and a large gold chain across it, and although it was genuine gold enough, the look of it was not at all tasteful. Neither was the look of a diamond pin in the necktie above. It was evident that the tastes of the new junior inclined towards the gorgeous.

"Hallo!" said Tom Merry.

Lumley nodded.

"Well, I've come," he said.

"Oh, you've come, have you?" said Monty Lowther. "Well, you can go next. There's the door, and there's the window. Which do you prefer?"

"Oh, come off!" said Lumley.

"I should recommend the door," suggested Lowther. "There's a long drop from the window to the quad., but you'll go out by one or the other, and sharp."

"You'd better settle that with Mr. Railton," said Lumley.

"Mr. Railton!"

"Certainly!"

"You don't mean to say that Mr. Railton sent you here?" exclaimed Tom Merry, with a sinking heart.

The new boy nodded.

"This is to be your study!"

"With your kind permission," said Lumley, with a sarcastic grin.

The Terrible Three looked at each other in blank dismay.

That which Manners had hinted at as the worst of all possible misfortunes had happened. Lumley-Lumley was put into the study of the chums of the Shell. It seemed too bad to be true. But there he was, grinning.

"My only hat!" said Monty Lowther, at last.

"Sorry if I intrude," said Lumley, with a sneer.

"Oh, I suppose we must make the best of it," said Tom Merry, with a heavy heart.

Lumley shrugged his shoulders.

"How charmingly polite you are!" he exclaimed.

Tom Merry looked him full in the face.

"I've got no politeness to waste on you," he said. "You know we don't want you in the study, anyway. We don't want a fourth chap in it anyway, as far as that goes. But you least of all. You're not a chap we can chum with. You're a rank outsider."

"Thank you!"

"That's plain English," said Tom Merry.

"Quite so," said Lumley, with a nod. "Now hear some plain English from me. I don't care a twopenny rap whether I chum with you or not. I dare say I shall find chums enough if I want any. If you treat me well, I'll do the same by you. If you try to take any rises out of me, look out, that's all."

"Why, you worm," said Monty Lowther wrathfully, "there isn't one of us who couldn't lick you one-handed, if he wanted to."

"I shouldn't wonder. I'm not a boxer," said Lumley coolly. "But I should make you sorry for it some other way."

"No good beginning with a row," said Tom Merry hastily. "Sit down, Lumley, and have some tea. We're just going to have tea."

Lumley cast a supercilious glance over the table.

"Is that all you've got for tea?" he asked.

"That's all," said Tom Merry.

"Pooh! Look here, I've lots of money. I'll stand you a jolly good tea," said Lumley, jingling the coins in his trousers' pocket as he spoke. "I suppose there's a place here where we can get some decent grub."

Tom Merry's eyes flashed.

"You won't treat us to anything," he said. "So far as we're concerned, you can keep your money in your pocket."

"Hoity-toity!" said Lumley, looking at Tom Merry in astonishment. "I suppose you don't mean that."

"I do mean it."

"You see, Jerrold-Jerrold—I mean, Lumley-Lumley," said Lowther, in his blandest tone—"you see, you're not the kind of person we care to owe any sort of obligation to. So long as you're in the study you can stand your whack, but that's all."

"Oh, rats!"

"I should hate to smash you on your first evening at St. Jim's," said Monty Lowther, "but you're going the right way to make me do it."

Lumley shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm hungry," he remarked. "If you won't feed with me, I'll feed with you. I don't mind, anyway."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Right-ho! Sit down and begin, then," he said.

And Lumley-Lumley accepted the invitation.

CHAPTER 8.

A Youth with Peculiar Gifts.

THE Terrible Three had been very much taken aback by the "planting" of the new junior in their study, and it was some time before they recovered from the shock. But upon the whole, they treated the new-comer well. It wasn't his fault, of course, if he had been planted there. Doubtless the House-master had directed him there, and he had come. That was all, and it wasn't exactly cricket to jump on him for it. Only the new boy himself was hard to bear, as well as his presence in the study.

But Lumley was trying to be agreeable now.

He chatted over tea, and forbore to make any further remarks upon the quality of the meal.

The views he expounded in conversation somewhat surprised the chums of the Shell.

Lumley had evidently seen a great deal of life; more, in fact, than was good for a boy of his age.

He did not brag of his experience or his travels, and it came out quite by chance that he had spent years in New York, and had passed time in Paris and Berlin.

Tom Merry and his chums had done a great deal of travelling in the school vacations, more than most of the St. Jim's fellows, but they realised that their experience was nowhere beside that of the new junior.

He had seen life, not as a tourist sees it, but as it is lived by the people on the spot; and he had carried with him wherever he went a keen observation, and a certain sense of humour which was not wholly good-natured.

But he was in a good temper now, and acting as agreeably as he could. As he drank his fourth cup of tea he related some little incidents of his life in New York, without mentioning the fact that he had been office-boy in the early years of Lumley's, Limited.

There were some things which Jerrold knew he must keep dark at St. Jim's.

He related a story of a cardsharper who had inveigled him into playing in a train, and whom he had "skinned" by meeting him at his own game—cheating.

The chums of the Shell listened with interest at first, growing into surprise and disgust.

"I suppose you're rotting," said Monty Lowther, as the new boy finished with a chuckle.

Lumley stared at him.

"What do you mean?"

"Pulling our leg, I mean."

"No, I'm giving you straight goods," said Lumley, who frequently dropped into American slang. "It happened just as I said."

"Do you mean to say that you play cards for money?"

Lumley grinned.

"Do you think I play for love?" he asked.

"And you know how to cheat?"

"I reckon!"

"Well, I must say you're a cheerful specimen to get into a decent school," said Manners. "You'd better drop all that here."

Lumley turned red.

"I don't mean to say I would cheat in a friendly game," he said. "The chap I'm speaking of was a card-sharp, and trying to skin me. I skinned him instead."

"Can't see that it makes much difference, whether you cheat a cheat or an honest man," said Manners. "It's cheating all the same."

"But——"

"Better not tell that story outside this study. If Dr. Holmes knew that you gambled on cards, he'd never have let you into the school."

Lumley winked.

"Oh, I'm fly; I've got my eye-teeth cut!" he remarked. "I know when to jaw and when not to jaw, you know."

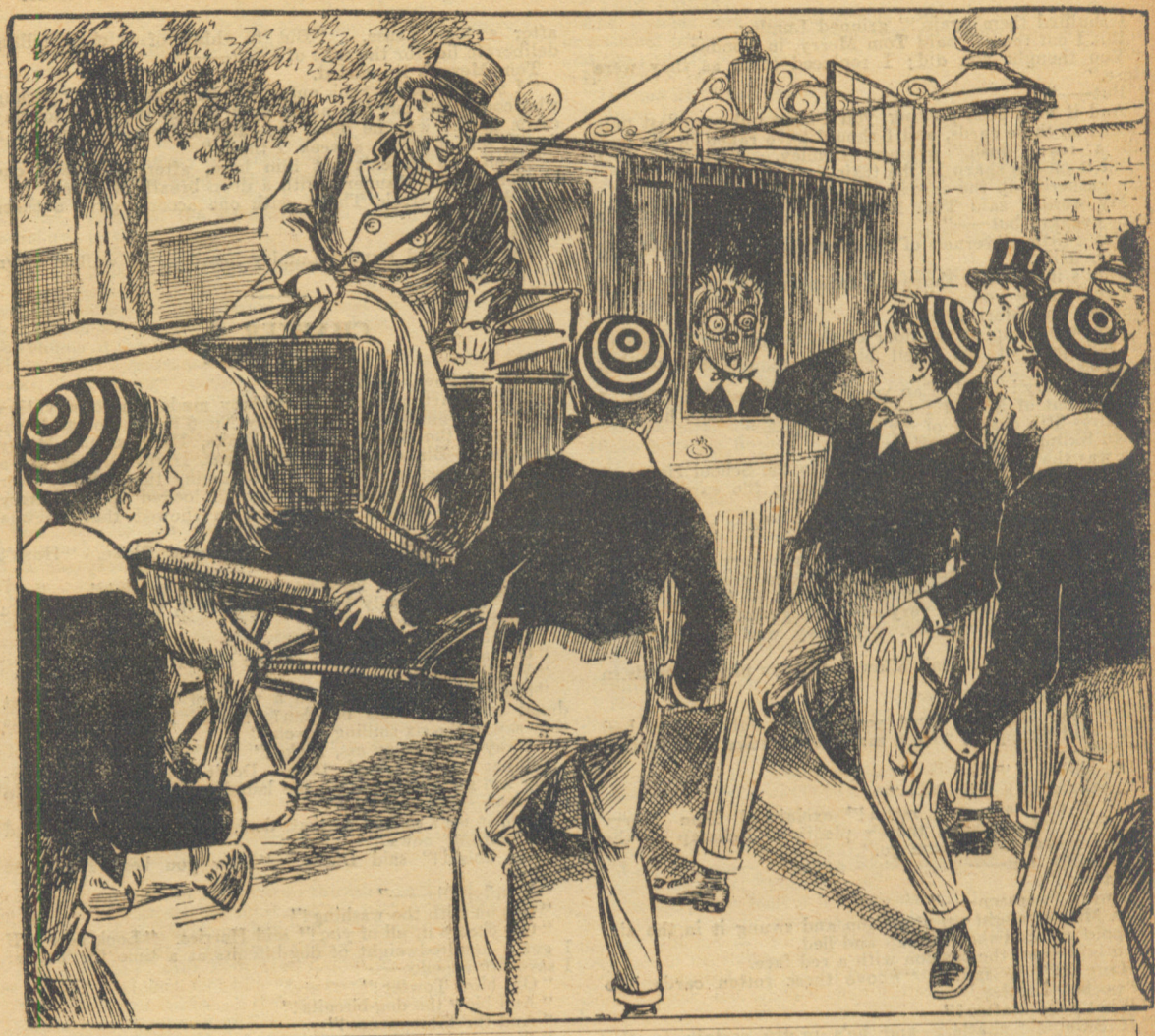
"You seem to have had a queer time," Tom Merry remarked. "You'll find St. Jim's a change after it—rather quiet."

Lumley chuckled.

"I think I shall manage to dig up some fun," he said. "I sha'n't have a very quiet time. I'm going to enjoy myself here. Look here, I'll show you that trick if you like."

"What trick?"

"The one I played on the card-sharp in the train."



"My only Aunt Jane!" gasped Wally D'Arcy, glancing inside the door of the hack. "It's the wild man from Borneo, I think!"

"Well, I'd like to see it," said Monty Lowther, who had his doubts about the truth of the story. "I don't see how a kid of your age is going to pull the wool over the eyes of a professional card-sharper."

"I'll show you, then."

"We've no cards here——"

"That's all right; I have some."

Lumley drew a pack of cards, in a little leather case from his pocket. The juniors watched him in astonishment. A fellow of under fifteen who carried a pack of cards about with him was something of a novelty to them.

Lumley drew the pack from the case, and gave them to Lowther to shuffle. Monty Lowther shuffled them carefully, and handed them back.

Lumley reshuffled them.

He laid the pack on the tablecloth beside Tom Merry.

"Cut!" he said.

Tom Merry cut the cards, placing the upper half of the pack on the table beside the rest.

Lumley took up the two halves, and brought them together with a click.

The chums of the Shell could have sworn that he placed the lower half on the upper, in the usual way.

As a matter of fact, he had done nothing of the sort; he had replaced the cards exactly as they were before Tom Merry cut them, and so quickly and neatly that the juniors could not observe it.

Then he dealt, five cards to each of the four fellows.

"We were playing poker," he explained. "Now, look at your hands."

The juniors turned up their cards.

Tom Merry had three aces—a hand worth a great deal in the great game of poker.

Lowther had four three's—a hand better than Tom Merry, and only to be beaten by a higher four, or a royal flush. Manners had a full hand—that is to say, three cards of one sort, and two of another. And as the three were kings, Manners's hand was a very strong one.

The new boy did not show his cards.

"Well," he said, "you've got cards you'd put a lot of dust on, I guess."

"I suppose so," said Tom Merry.

"So had the chap in the train," grinned Lumley. "I gave him four kings."

The juniors stared.

"You don't mean to say that you were able to deal us these hands purposely, without our seeing you arrange the cards!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

Lumley nodded.

"I guess so," he said.

"But——"

"And here's the proof; I've got a hand myself to beat the lot."

And Lumley laid his own cards face upward on the table.

They were a sequence, five cards running from two to six, and all of the same suit—spades. It was what is termed a straight, or royal, flush in poker, and could only be beaten by a royal flush ending in a higher card.

The juniors looked at the cards, and then at Lumley.

"My hat!" ejaculated Monty Lowther. "But I shuffled the cards!"

"I shuffled them again!" grinned Lumley.

"But I cut them!" said Tom Merry, in wonder.

"You thought you did; I replaced them as they were before."

"But——"

"And if we'd been playing, you'd have put your last pair of socks on those cards, and I should have raked in the pool with a royal flush," grinned Lumley. "That's how I played it on the sharp in the train."

He gathered up the cards, and shuffled them again.

"My word!" said Tom Merry. "I must say you're a clever beggar; but——"

"But a little cleverness of that sort goes a long way," said Lowther drily.

"That's it! Better shove the cards away."

"I could show you——"

Lumley was interrupted.

There was a tap at the door of the study, and it opened, and Skimpole of the Shell blinked in through his big spectacles.

"Tom Merry! Ah! Can you lend me some foolscap? I have run out of it, and I am busy upon the three hundred and thirty-fifth chapter of my new book——"

Then Skimpole broke off.

He was the shortest-sighted junior in the School House at St. Jim's, but he could not help seeing the cards in the hands of Jerrold Lumley.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed. "Are you playing cards?"

Tom Merry knitted his brows. It was very unfortunate that Skimpole should have come in at that precise moment. He was pretty certain to chatter of what he had seen, and a false impression might very easily be given.

"No," said Tom sharply. "Lumley was showing us a trick, that's all."

"Oh, I see! But it isn't allowed to have playing-cards in the study."

"I know, but——"

"My dear Merry, I trust you are not falling into bad ways," said Skimpole, with a magisterial wave of the hand.

"I trust——"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Speaking as a friend——"

"As a silly ass, you mean!" exclaimed Tom Merry irritably. "Look here, there's plenty of foolscap on the bookcase there—take it and go."

"Certainly, but——"

"Get out!"

"A word in season——"

Tom Merry caught up a cushion and swung it in the air. Skimpole grabbed the foolscap and fled.

Tom laid down the cushion with a red face.

"Hang it!" he said. "Shove those rotten cards into your pocket, Lumley."

"What's the matter?"

"If Skimpole chatters—and he's pretty certain to—the fellows will think we've been gambling here," said Tom Merry irritably.

"Well, suppose we do have a quiet game?" suggested Lumley. "If you haven't any money, I'll play on your I O U's."

Tom Merry flushed crimson.

"Are you off your rocker?" he exclaimed. "If you make a suggestion like that again, Lumley, you'll get it where the chicken got the chopper."

"In the neck," explained Lowther.

Lumley shrugged his shoulders, and rose. He slipped the leather case containing the cards into his pocket.

"Just as you like," he said, with a yawn. "I must say, you fellows are rather slow. I'm rather glad I'm not to stay in this study."

The Terrible Three leaped up with a simultaneous exclamation. Lumley crossed to the door, and opened it rather quickly.

"What's that?" exclaimed Tom Merry. "You're not to stay in this study?"

"No."

"Mr. Railton hasn't assigned you here."

"Oh, no!"

"Why, you said——"

"You see, I'm going into the Fourth Form, and I shall be in a Fourth-Form study," said Lumley lazily.

"But you said——"

"I was making fools of you," said Lumley coolly. "Tit for tat, you know, for the way you handled me this afternoon. I know how much you wanted to have me in the study, you know, and I guyed you. Ha, ha, ha!"

But Tom Merry & Co. did not laugh.

Lumley went out and shut the door. The Terrible Three exchanged glances.

"Well, it was funny, in a sense," said Monty Lowther, after a long pause. "But to think of a chap telling deliberate lies for the sake of a joke——"

Tom Merry's lip curled.

"I said he was a rank outsider," he remarked. "A chap who could roll out lies as he does is just the chap to play cards in the way he does, too—and to be kicked out of a decent school within a week, I think."

"Well, we haven't got him here, after all, that's one comfort," said Manners, with a deep breath of relief.

And the Terrible Three, with one accord, gave a cheer in their relief.

"Hurrah!"

Which Jerrold Lumley-Lumley heard as he walked down the passage.

CHAPTER 9.
Lumley Again!

"BAI Jove, deah boys!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy made that observation as he stepped into Study No. 6 in the Fourth-Form passage in the School House. Blake, Herries, and Digby were there—Blake oiling a cricket-bat, Digby writing out a German imposition, and Herries conning thoughtfully over a price-list of dog-biscuits. They all looked up as D'Arcy came in. His voice and expression showed that he was alarmed.

"Well, what's the matter?" demanded Blake. "Hasn't your new topper come home?"

"Weally, Blake, I have no new toppah comin'."

"Oh, you generally have! What is it, then? Can't you get your necktie to set?"

"Weally, deah boy——"

"Or has Binks left a spot on one of your boots?"

"Weally——"

"Speak!" said Blake, with a wave of the hand. "What dread misfortune has befallen? Speak, I conjure you, as they say in the six-shilling novels!"

"Pway don't be an ass, Blake!"

"What has happened, then? Don't—don't say that anything has gone wrong with the laundry, and we sha'n't have any clean shirts this week!"

"No, it isn't so bad as that, deah boy. But I have heard vewy alarmin' news."

"Go ahead!" said Digby. "How you beat about the bush!"

"Weally, Dig——"

"Get on with the washing!"

"Oh, cheese it, all of you!" said Herries. "Look here! If I get a hundredweight of dog-biscuits at a time for Towser I save fifteenpence——"

"Oh, blow Towser!"

"And blow the dog-biscuits!"

"And the fifteenpence!"

"Well, it's worth saving," said Herries. "I'm trying to work it out, but I'm not good at figures, and you chaps put me out by jawing."

"Weally, Hewwies——"

"With dog-biscuits at seven pounds a shilling——"

"Pway shut up, deah boy! I have heard about the new wottah, you know."

"Oh, Lumley-Lumley, of that ilk?" exclaimed Blake. "What about him?"

"He's in the School House."

"Rotten!"

"An' he's going into the Fourth Form."

"Rottener!"

"And I don't know yet what studay he is goin' into, you know. The howwid thought stwuck me that he might be comin' into this studay."

"Rottenest!"

"It would be feahful, you know!" said D'Arcy, with a distressed look. "Four are quite enough for a studay this size——"

"Too many," said Blake, "when one of them has fifteen silk hats and whole boxes and boxes of waistcoats and neckties."

"Weally, Blake, you know perfectly well that I have only four silk hats——"

"And boots by the dozen, too."

"Only four silk toppahs, besides the opewa hat," said D'Arcy. "I wegard your wemarks as fwivolous in the extweme. But it is not only because we shall be cwowded, but the new chap is such a feahfully wank outsidah, you know!"

"Yes, rather!"

"I weally don't see how we could stand him."

"It would be rotten."

"Awful!" said Digby. "The chap's a mere worm!"

"Where is he now, Gussy?"

"Skimpole says he's havin' tea with Tom Mewwy."

"My hat! That looks as if he's been put into Tom Merry's study," exclaimed Blake hopefully. "Tom Merry wouldn't be likely to ask him to tea."

D'Arcy shook his head.

"Not likely, Blake! They wouldn't put a Fourth-Form chap in a Shell studay—only tempowawily, anyway, as Mellish was put in with Goah once. No, I am afwaid we cannot hope that Lumlay is planted on Tom Mewwy."

"Well, there are a good many Fourth-Form studies," said Blake hopefully. "I really don't see why ours should be picked out. Some of the studies in this passage have only three fellows in them."

"But this is the largest."

"Yes, but still—— Hallo! Come in!"

The door opened.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley presented himself on the threshold, with a half-mocking smile upon his sharp face.

The chums of the Fourth stared at him.

His sudden appearance while they were discussing the chances of his being "planted" on them struck them with dismay. It seemed like a confirmation of their worst fears.

"Well?" said Blake heavily. "What do you want?"

"Is this No. 6 Study?"

"The number's on the door."

Lumley glanced at the door.

"Good! No. 6 Study! This is my study, then!"

"Your study!"

"Yes. Mr. Railton has sent me here. I'm in the Fourth Form, you know, and I'm going to dig with you fellows," said Lumley pleasantly.

The four chums were silent.

"We've had rather a rough time together so far," Lumley remarked, as he came easily into the study; "but that doesn't matter. Let bygones be bygones, you know. I'm quite willing to be on good terms."

"Bai Jove!"

"I'll begin by sitting down," Lumley remarked, pushing a hatbox off a chair, and seating himself in the place of it. "Now——"

There was a shout of wrath from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"My hat!"

He ran to the hatbox and picked it up. Then he turned his eyeglass wrathfully upon the new boy, who seemed as cool as a cucumber.

"You uttah wottah!" he exclaimed. "You might have damaged my toppah sewiously."

"Go hon!"

"I twust you will not force me to thwash you," said Arthur Augustus. "I suppose we must put up with your pwesence in the studay if Mr. Wailton has sent you here——"

"I guess you must!" grinned Lumley.

"Hallo, Blake!" said Tom Merry, looking in at the open door. "I—— Hallo! Got him here, have you?"

"Yes!" groaned Blake. "He's planted on us!"

"Oh, is he? Are you sure?"

"Yes. He says Mr. Railton sent him here."

"That's nothing! He's just been to our study, and lied like a rotter!" said Tom Merry, with a flash of scorn in his eyes. "He pretended he was put in with us. Perhaps he's telling lies again."

Blake jumped up.

"The rotten cad!" he exclaimed. "It never occurred to me he might be lying. Were you lying, Lumley?"

Lumley's lip curled.

"Find out!" he retorted.

Jack Blake knitted his brows.

"We jolly well will!" he exclaimed. "Anyway, whether you're here or not, you're going to be taught not to tell lies. Collar him, kids, and we'll bump the facts out of him."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Hands off! I——"

But the hands did not keep off.

In a moment Jerrold Lumley was struggling in the grasp of four pairs of hands. Jack Blake and his comrades meant business.

CHAPTER 10.

Bumping a Bounder.

LUMLEY struggled savagely as the grasp of the juniors closed upon him. But his struggles did not help him very much.

The four of them fastened grimly on him, and he was seized by the arms and legs and swept off the floor.

Only his head was free for him to move; his arms and legs were pinioned, and he gasped helplessly in the hands of the juniors.

"Let me go!" he panted hoarsely.

"Heaps of time yet!" said Blake cheerfully. "Bump him!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

And Lumley was allowed to sink suddenly upon the floor in a sitting posture, with a bump that rang through the study and the passage outside.

He gave a yell.

"Let me go!" he roared.

"Bump him!"

Bump again!

"Now, then, Lumley——"

"Let me go, you hounds! You rotters, let me go!"

"Rats! Did Mr. Railton send you to this study?"

"Find out!"

Bump!

"Did Mr. Railton send you to this study, my young friend?"

Lumley set his teeth, and did not answer.

"Will you enlighten us?"

No reply.

"Another one!" said Blake. "Harder!"

Bump!

Jerrold Lumley yelled.

"Great Scott! What's the matter here?" exclaimed Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's, looking in at the door. "What on earth are you youngsters up to?"

Blake turned a flushed face towards the big Sixth-Former.

"It's all right, Kildare!" he said. "It's only a little wholesome discipline."

"Come, Blake! It's not like you to jump on a new boy like this," said Kildare. "Let him alone!"

"Weally, Kildare——" began D'Arcy.

"Let him go!"

"Drop the cad, chaps!" said Blake shortly.

And the juniors reluctantly released the Outsider.

Lumley bumped on the floor again as they dropped him, and then scrambled to his feet, shaken and dishevelled and red with rage.

"You cads!" he roared.

"Shut up, Lummy!"

"Now, what's all this about?" asked Kildare. "You explain, Merry, as you seem to be only a looker-on—a most remarkable thing for you when there is mischief afoot."

Tom Merry grinned.

"Lumley says he's been sent to this study by Mr. Railton," he replied. "Blake wants to know whether it's the truth."

Kildare raised his eyebrows.

"I suppose it's the truth, as Lumley says so," he exclaimed. "You have no right to doubt his word, Blake."

"Well, you see——" began Blake awkwardly.

"Yaas, wathah! You see——"

"The chap is a fearful liar," explained Tom Merry. "He came to our study and made us believe Mr. Railton had planted him on us, you see. So naturally we want a little proof about his statements."

"Yaas, wathah! I should be the last to doubt any fellah's word, I hope, but when a chap has told a feahful cwammah, how are you to twust him again?"

Kildare's brow grew very stern. He signed to the new boy to come towards him. Lumley looked at him, and did not stir.

"Come here!" said Kildare.

Lumley looked him up and down.

"Who may you happen to be?" he asked.

Kildare turned crimson.

"I am the Head of the Sixth and captain of the school," he replied. "Come here!"

"Oh, all serene!"

And Lumley came.

"You seem to have started here by telling lies," said Kildare.

"It was only in fun."

The Sixth-Former's lip curled.

"I don't know where you've been brought up," he said, "but you had better understand at once that decent fellows don't tell lies, even in fun. A fellow who tells a lie for a joke will soon be telling lies for other reasons. Mind this, if I catch you telling lies for any reason whatever, you'll hear of it."

Lumley bit his lip.

He did not know much about St. Jim's yet, and he hardly grasped Kildare's position in the school; but he realised that the big senior was not a fellow to be cheeked or trifled with. So he took the reproof patiently, but with a look in his keen eyes which showed how far he was from heeding it, or even understanding it.

"And now we'll have the truth, please," said Kildare sternly. "Has Mr. Railton told you that you are to share this study?"

"No," said Lumley reluctantly.

The chums of the Fourth exchanged looks of relief. They felt as the Terrible Three had felt before them at the good news.

"Why did you speak falsely about it, then?" asked Kildare.

"To take a rise out of them."

"Oh!"

"I wanted to make them sit up," explained Lumley coolly. "They don't want me in the study, and I was going to make them wriggle about it. You've spoiled a good joke."

"A joke is not good if the joker has to act dishonourably," said Kildare. "You ought to know that. There is no joke in telling falsehoods. If you cannot be humorous without becoming a liar, you had better be serious. What study are you in?"

"No. 8."

"Then go there."

Lumley shrugged his shoulders and went. Kildare glanced after him, and then went down the passage, looking very thoughtful.

"Well, we're well rid of that!" exclaimed Jack Blake. "I don't know how we should have stood him in the study. I'd rather have Herries' bulldog—almost."

"Almost!" said Herries indignantly. "Do you mean to say that Towser isn't better than that rotten waster. Why——"

"Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus. "I wegard Towsah as a twoublesome beast, and he has no wespect whatevah for a fellow's twousahs, but I would pwefer him to that wank outsidah. I wegard Lumley as a wottah."

"A rank rotter," said Blake. "Thank goodness he's not planted on us!"

"What-ho!" said Tom Merry. "You fellows coming down to the gym.? That's what I looked in to ask you."

"Yes, we're coming."

And the juniors went out in a crowd. Lumley-Lumley stood at the door of his own study and watched them go, with a dark scowl on his face.

"Outsider, am I?" he murmured. "We'll see! I'll make some of them sit up yet."

CHAPTER 11.

Two of a Kidney.

"WHO'S that?"

It was a far from agreeable voice in the study where Lumley stood at the door he had opened.

The new boy did not trouble to reply or to turn his head. He watched Tom Merry and the Fourth-Formers down the passage to the stairs. The irritable voice in the room rapped out again.

"Who's there? Come in or go out."

Lumley shrugged his shoulders.

Whiz!

A book hurtled through the air, and struck him on the back of the head. He uttered a startled exclamation, and swung into the study.

"What the——"

Mellish, of the Fourth, grinned at him across the table. Mellish was deep in a mathematical problem, and he did not like being interrupted. Lumley glared at him.

"Did you throw that book at me?" he demanded, rubbing the back of his head.

"Yes, I did."

"Why, you cheeky sweep——"

"You shouldn't come poking into my study," said Mellish. "I'm busy. I can't make this rotten thing go right, anyway."

Lumley picked up the book. It was a solid and heavy one. He poised it in the air on his hand, and looked Mellish over.

Lumley laughed.

"Where will you have it?" he asked.

The Fourth-Former put up his hands to guard his face.

"Stop it!" he exclaimed. "If you chuck that book at me I'll lick you."

"Come on!" he said.

But Mellish did not come on. The sneak of the Fourth Form was not given to fighting, though he sometimes found a great deal of amusement in egging on other fellows to fight. He remained at the table.

"Look here, don't you interrupt me!" he said. "I—— Oh!"

He jumped up as Lumley made a motion of hurling the book at his head. His knees caught the table, and made it dance, and a splash of ink came from the inkpot and scattered over his papers.

But the book did not leave Lumley's hand. It was only a feint, though it had had disastrous results for Mellish. He hopped in pain, for his knees had had a severe blow.

"You rotter!" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Put that book down!"

"Here it is."

Lumley threw the book in earnest at last.

It caught the unprepared Mellish on the chest with a sounding thump, and hurled him backwards to the floor. He fell, and lay gasping.

Lumley walked towards him, and stood over him with his fists clenched. Mellish blinked up at him dazedly.

"Want any more?" asked Lumley.

"Ow! Oh!"

"Any more, I say?"

"N-no!" said Mellish.

"Get up, then."

Mellish got up. The new boy was considerably smaller than himself, but the cad of the Fourth had already learned that he could not bully Lumley. The new fellow was evidently a tough and unpleasant customer to tackle.

"Look here, what do you want in my study?" said Mellish angrily. "I've had it to myself since Leslie went away. I suppose they've not put you in here?"

Lumley grinned.

"That's just what they have done," he said.

"It's a rotten shame. It's the smallest study in the passage, and there's not really room for two in it."

"That will be rough on you, then," grinned Lumley. "I mean to have room for myself, I assure you."

"Look here——"

"Don't jaw! What's your name?"

"Mellish."

"Mine's Lumley-Lumley."

"Oh, yes, I've heard of you," said Mellish, with a sneer. "I forgot; my name's Mellish-Mellish, now I come to think of it."

Lumley's brow darkened.

"Don't be too funny, or you may find yourself on your back again," he remarked. "Are you the only fellow in this study beside myself?"

"Yes," snarled Mellish.

"Good! I dare say we shall get on all right," said Lumley, surveying the mean, cunning face of his study-mate with a keen glance. "You don't look a plaster saint like Tom Merry and the rest of those fellows."

Mellish's face cleared a little. Any enemy to Tom Merry was a friend to him.

"You don't like Tom Merry?" he asked.

"No."

"Nor Blake and his lot?"

"I hate them."

"Good!" said Mellish, becoming quite cordial. "So do I. We shall agree on that score, at any rate. They're a lot of rotters."

Lumley nodded.

Lumley-Lumley looked fiercely at the grinning Grammarians. "Will you go on, driver!" he roared. "Sorry, sir," replied the driver of the hack, "I can't while this long-'aired scamp is a-holdin' of the 'orse's 'ead!"

"I've been used to having my own way, and I mean to keep that up," he said. "If any fellow goes for me, I usually contrive to get even, somehow. I suppose there are some chaps in the Fourth Form here who are a bit doggish, eh?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mellish, his eyes glistening. "Rather! I'm one. There are some more, only they're afraid of Tom Merry and his lot, and they have to be careful."

"Good! Look here, I smoke and play cards, and go to the races. I'm going to keep all that up, but I suppose I shall have to keep some of it dark."

Mellish chuckled.

"Oh, rather! You'll have to be careful. Fellows have been expelled for doing less than all that."

"The Head wouldn't find it so easy to expel me," said Lumley. "But never mind. Look here, I think you're the kind of chap I shall pull with. You can come and show me round the school if you like, and I'll stand you something at the tuckshop."

"Right-ho! I hear you're a millionaire's son," said Mellish curiously.

"That's true."

"And you've got heaps of money."

The new boy plunged his hand into his pocket, and drew it out again half-full of gold and silver. Mellish's eyes almost started from his head at the sight. He had never seen anyone in possession of so much money, not even D'Arcy, the swell of the Fourth. D'Arcy had had a cheque-book of his own once, certainly, but he had never had so much in ready cash.

"My hat!" said Mellish. "You must be rich!"

"There's plenty more where that came from, too," said Lumley. "Come on!"

"All right. But, I forgot! I've got this blessed thing to do," said Mellish. 'I've got to show it up to-night."

Lumley glanced at the paper, and smiled scornfully.

"Is that hard for you?" he asked.

"Yes, rather! Can you help me?"

"I'll do it for you."

And done it was in one minute. Mellish looked on in amazement.

"Jolly good!" he said. "My hat! I'll get you to help me after this. I'm free now, and I'll show you the way to the tuckshop."

"Come on, then; I'm hungry."

"I heard that you had tea with Tom Merry," Mellish remarked, as they left the study.

"So I did—a workhouse tea," grunted Lumley. "I want something better than that. I hope we can get something decent at the tuckshop."

"Yes, rather, if we can pay for it," grinned Mellish.

"Well, I can do that."

Several fellows glanced at the two Fourth-Formers as they went downstairs, and out of the School House. Monty Lowther saw them, and glanced at Manners.

"That shows what Lumley is, if nothing else does," he remarked. "He's chummed up with the worst cad in the House."

"Exactly as I should have expected," said Manners.

Taking no notice of glances or remarks, Lumley and Mellish went into the quadrangle, and crossed over to the tuckshop.

Dame Taggles's little shop, behind the elm-trees, was lighted up, and looked very hospitable as the juniors came towards it through the dusk. A fat Fourth-Former was lounging outside, and he glanced at them as they came up. It was Fatty Wynn, of the New House.

Fatty Wynn was always hungry, and his expression, and the fact that he was outside the tuckshop instead of inside it, showed that he was out of funds.

"Hallo, Lumley!" said Fatty Wynn affably. "I've heard about you. You're the new chap, ain't you—the son of a giddy millionaire?"

"That's me," said Jerrold.

"Coming into the New House, I suppose?"

"No; School House."

"Ah! I'm sorry," said Fatty Wynn, entering the tuckshop with the two School House boys. "Having tea here?"

"Yes," said Mellish, with a disagreeable grin; "and you can cut off, you New House bounder. We don't want you!"

Fatty Wynn turned crimson. There was nothing of the sponger about Fatty Wynn; though when he was hungry he would certainly accept a feed from anybody.

"Well, you rotten worm," he said, "I've a jolly good mind to dot you on the nose——"

Mellish retreated a pace.

"Here, hands off!" he exclaimed.

"Chuck that!" said Lumley. "Shut up, Mellish! You belong to the New House—eh?"

"Yes," said Fatty Wynn.

"Always up against the School House—eh, and going for them, so I hear," said Lumley, who never seemed to forget for a moment anything he had once heard.

"Well, not always," said Fatty Wynn cautiously. "Sometimes we have feeds together, you know."

Lumley grinned.

"Let's have a feed together now," he said.

"Certainly!" said Fatty Wynn, with alacrity.

And Lumley gave his orders.

CHAPTER 12.

After the Feast, the Reckoning.

FATTY WYNN, of the New House at St. Jim's, had seen many feeds in his time. Feeds big and little; but he had never seen orders given as lavishly as Jerrold Lumley gave them now.

Money seemed no object to the new boy.

He ordered the most expensive things in Dame Taggles's stock, right and left, to the amazement of that good dame, and somewhat to her doubt, till the new boy threw a five-pound note on the counter.

"Change that," he said.

Then Dame Taggles was all confidence and smiles.

"Certainly!" she said.

She had never had such sweeping orders since the famous occasion when Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had been presented with a cheque-book by his father, and had immediately proceeded to "blue" a great part of his account on generous feeds.

Fatty Wynn opened his eyes wide.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed involuntarily. "You don't happen to have robbed a bank, I suppose!"

"My father is head of Lumleys, Limited," said Jerrold.

"I wish mine were," said Fatty Wynn, with a sigh. "I've often written home to point out that I don't have enough pocket-money, but it's no use."

"Wire in!" said Lumley.

"What-ho!"

Fatty Wynn wired in. His capacity for "wiring in" was wonderful. Mellish made a good second. Lumley was much more moderate; perhaps the habit of always having as much as he wanted of anything had made him tire of the delights of ginger-beer, and ices, and cakes, and tarts.

Mellish looked at Lumley curiously several times.

He did not believe that Lumley was generous; Lumley had not impressed him that way at all. Doubtless he had some desire to "show off," and doubtless he had plenty of money. But he must have some further object in expending cash this way on a fellow he did not know, and who belonged to the rival House at St. Jim's.

That motive Mellish could not fathom as yet.

Fatty Wynn made havoc of ham and beef, cakes and tarts, cream puffs, and doughnuts, with great impartiality. Lumley watched him in amusement at first, growing to surprise. The stowing capacity of Fatty Wynn was always a surprise to a new acquaintance.

Fatty was simply beaming over his treat.

"I jolly well wish you were coming into the New House," he remarked.

Lumley laughed.

"Thanks!" he said.

"I hope you'll come over to a feed in our study," Fatty Wynn went on. "Of course, we're always up against the School House, but there's no law against that. I should really like you to come."

"Thanks, I will. By the way, I suppose you chaps are always on the look-out for a chance to go for Tom Merry and the other fellows?"

"Yes, rather!"

"Well, I can show you a way."

"Eh?"

"I can show you a way," said Lumley.

Fatty Wynn lowered the tart he was about to devour, and stared over it at the new junior. He did not seem to understand quite.

"You can show us a way," he repeated.

"Yes," said Lumley impatiently. "That's plain English, isn't it? Look here, I'm up against Tom Merry and Blake and the rest as much as you are. Will you help me to get even?"

Fatty Wynn could only stare.

"Well, can't you speak?" demanded Lumley.

"But you're a School House chap!" gasped Wynn at last.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, you don't know St. Jim's!" said Fatty Wynn, with a contempt he could not restrain. "A chap sticks by his own House, of course. A chap who helped the other side to score off his own House would soon be sent to Coventry."

"I dare say I could stand that," said Lumley. "The question is, will you help me—you and your friends in the New House."

"Hold on!" said Mellish. "It won't do, Lumley! If any of the School House fellows heard you talking like this, you'd be ragged bald-headed."

"Mind your own business."

"But——"

"I guess I can look after myself," said Jerrold. "Shut up, Mellish! I'm talking to Wynn."

Mellish gave a shrug, and slipped quietly out of the tuckshop. He did not object to Tom Merry and Blake being raided; in fact, he hoped it would come off. But he did not mean to associate himself with Jerrold Lumley in the recklessness of helping the rival House against his own side.

Lumley hardly noticed him go. He was not interested in Mellish.

"Have some more cream-puffs, Wynn," he said.

"N-no, thanks!" stammered Fatty.

"More ginger-beer."

"No, thanks,"

"Rubbish! More ginger-beer, please. Open it for Wynn. Thanks! Here you are, Wynn!"

And Lumley poured the liquid foaming into a glass.

"Oh, all right!" said Fatty Wynn weakly.

"Now, will you and the other fellows help me?" said Lumley. "My idea is to get a crowd of you into Blake's study—he's in the gym. now—and wait for the rotters to come in. Then we can collar them, lick them, and give them a dose of tar and feathers—or soot and ink—something in that line."

"But——"

"Half a dozen fellows could do it."

"But——"

"And it will be one up for your House."

Fatty Wynn set down his glass.

"You don't understand," he said. "We're always looking for a chance to score off the School House, as I've said. But we wouldn't accept any help from inside. That would spoil everything. It would be rascality instead of fun, and there's not a chap in the New House, I believe, who'd have a hand in it. You don't understand."

"Oh, rot!"

"Besides, the School House would rag you till you thought life wasn't worth living, if you did as you suggest."

"I'll risk that."

Fatty Wynn shook his head.

"It can't be done," he said.

Lumley's face contracted in a very unpleasant scowl. His eyes glittered as he fixed them upon Fatty Wynn's round, innocent face. Wynn was feeling very uncomfortable. It was dawning on him now that Lumley had had ulterior motives in standing him that generous feed, and it was difficult to refuse a fellow who had just laid down a considerable amount of money to treat him. Wynn realised clearly that Lumley must be a "rotter" to place him in such a position, but that didn't help him in any way.

"Come!" said Jerrold, after a pause. "I'll make it worth your while, you know."

"Eh?"

"I'll make it worth your while."

"Worth my while?"

"Yes."

"I—I don't quite catch on!"

"Look here, you're stony, and I don't suppose your friends are any too flush," said Lumley. "Back me up against Study No. 6, and I'll stand you a sovereign."

"What?"

"Hang it all, I've plenty of tin. I'll stand you and the rest half a sovereign each all round!" exclaimed Jerrold.

Fatty Wynn only stared at him, his eyes growing round and saucerlike in his astonishment. He was at a loss for words.

"You think I don't mean it?" exclaimed Jerrold. "Look here!"

He drew a handful of money from his pocket. The fat Fourth-Former did not even look at it.

"Well, what do you say?" demanded Jerrold.

"Say?" repeated Fatty Wynn slowly. "I say you're the utterest, out-and-out bounder that ever got into a decent school. Offering me money, are you? Do you think I want any of your beastly money?"

"You've got through some of it, anyway, the last quarter of an hour!" exclaimed Jerrold, with an angry sneer.

Fatty Wynn flushed scarlet.

"I'll settle that myself!" he exclaimed sharply. "Mrs. Taggles, you know what I've had—give me the account. You're not to take it out of that fellow's banknote—do you hear?"

"Certainly, Master Wynn," said Dame Taggles, who had been making up the account. "But it comes to one pound fifteen shillings and threepence for you."

Fatty Wynn's face was blank with dismay. How ever he was to pay such a sum was beyond his powers of guessing. But he was none the less determined.

"You—you're sure there's no mistake, Mrs. Taggles?" he stammered.

"Quite sure, Master Wynn!" said Dame Taggles, with great firmness.

"I'll settle it."

"Rot!" said Jerrold Lumley. "Leave it to me; it's all right, I can afford it. And I'll stand you another feed like it every day this week, if you like, if you'd help me to put those rotters down a peg or two!"

Fatty Wynn turned upon him savagely.

"You'll never stand me a feed again!" he said. "And you won't stand me this! I'd choke if I ate anything belonging to you, you—you rotten toad! Bah! You make me sick! I'll get the money somehow, Mrs. Taggles."

"I cannot allow you to be in debt for such an amount, Master Wynn. You owe me an account already. This young gentleman ordered the things, and he has given me the money to pay for them."

"You're not to take it—do you hear?"

"Then you must pay me."

Fatty Wynn ran his hands through his empty pockets. Jerrold Lumley watched him with an unpleasant sneer upon his face.

At that moment two other juniors entered the tuckshop, and Fatty Wynn turned towards them with a quick exclamation.

"Figgins! Kerr! Come here!"

CHAPTER 13.

Money Wanted.

FIGGINS of the Fourth, the chief of the New House juniors, strode into the tuckshop with his heavy tread. Kerr followed him in. They came up to the counter, and both looked at Fatty Wynn in surprise at his distressed looks.

"Thought we should find you here, Fatty," said Figgins cheerfully. "But you were stony this afternoon! Have you been raising the wind?"

"No, but——"

"You've been having a feed," said Kerr.

"Yes, but——"

"I've been standing him a feed," said Lumley. "I'll stand you fellows one, if you like."

Figgins looked at him.

"You're the new chap?" he asked.

"Yes, my name's Lumley-Lumley."

Figgins grinned.

"Mine's Figgins-Figgins," he said. "This chap is Kerr-Kerr. He hails from Scotland-Scotland, but I'm a Bristol-Bristol chap."

Lumley bit his lip. His double-barrelled name, which had been assumed by Mr. Lascelles Lumley as he advanced in fortune, was well calculated to figure in the society columns of a newspaper, but it certainly did not appear to impress the juniors of St. Jim's.

"So Lumley-Lumley has been feeding you, Wynn-Wynn," said Figgins. "Rather a big contract to take on, I think."

"Figgins——"

"I've had a remittance by the evening's post," said Figgins. "I was looking for you to feed you, Wynn. Don't you want it now?"

"That rotter——"

"Eh?"

"That rank outsider——"

"Who, Lumley?"

"Yes, the cad!"

"Nice way to talk of a chap who's just been feeding you!" exclaimed Kerr. "Has the ginger-pop got into your head, Fatty?"

"No," gasped Fatty Wynn. "But he's a rotten outsider, and I won't let him treat me. He wanted us to let him help us go for the School House chaps, and——"

"Phew!"

"He's got something up against Study No. 6, and he wants us to ambush Blake and the rest there, and lick them, and—and he's offered us money to do it!" yelled Fatty Wynn.

"What!"

"I tell you he's offered us money."

"The worm!"

"The toad!"

"Oh, don't talk rot!" said Lumley, with a shrug of the shoulders. "My money's as good as anybody else's, I suppose?"

Figgins stared at him.

"And then—then he threw that feed in my face," said Fatty Wynn, in a choking voice.

"You put it in yourself, I should say," remarked Kerr.

"Oh, don't be funny, now! He twitted me with eating his grub—and he stood the feed of his own accord," said Fatty Wynn. "The rotter! I'm going to pay for it."

"You're stony."

"You'll have to help me raise the tin, if we have to sell the blessed carpet out of the study!" exclaimed Fatty Wynn. "Do you think I'll let him pay for it after what he's said?"

"Rather not," agreed Figgins. "It's not the first time your unearthly appetite's got you into a fix, Fatty."

"Look here——"

"But we shall have to settle up," said Kerr. "You ought to have seen the fellow was a toad, Fatty. All the School House fellows are saying so already."

"Here's my postal-order," said Figgins, taking it out of his pocket. "You can have it all, Fatty. It's for five bob."

Fatty Wynn groaned.

"The bill's one pound fifteen and three D!"

"What!"

"One pound fifteen shillings and threepence for Master Wynn," said Dame Taggles. "Master Lumley ordered the goods, and has given me a banknote to pay for them. If I am not to take the money out of the banknote, I must have it at once. I must ask Master Wynn not to leave the shop till the account is settled."

The chums of the New House looked at one another in dismay.

Figgins & Co. generally had their funds in common, and what belonged to one belonged to the other two, and more than once Figgins and Kerr had loyally come to the rescue when Fatty Wynn had fed not wisely but too well, and found himself in difficulties about the payment.

But on the present occasion they felt stumped. So large a sum as thirty-five shillings was beyond their widest resources.

"My only hat!" said Figgins.

Lumley sneered.

"You'd better let me settle it," he said.

"Oh, shut up!"

"I tell you——"

"Hold your tongue!"

Lumley shrugged his shoulders, and turned to Dame Taggles.

"Give me my change," he said. "Take for what I and Mellish had. Leave this chap to settle his own account as he chooses."

Dame Taggles glanced dubiously at Figgins.

"It's all right," said Figgins bravely. "You shall have the money before Fatty Wynn leaves the shop, Mrs. Taggles—honour bright."

"Very well, Master Figgins."

And Dame Taggles gave Jerrold Lumley his change, and the Outsider quitted the tuckshop, leaving Figgins & Co. to settle their problem as best they might.

The three juniors looked at one another in grim silence. Mrs. Taggles retired to her little parlour. She knew that she could rely upon Figgins's word.

"Well, this is a scorcher, and no mistake," said Kerr. "Fatty has got us into a jolly hole at last, I must say."

"I'm awfully sorry!" groaned Fatty. "I didn't know the amount was running up like that. It was the cream puffs, I suppose. I can eat them by dozens."

"Ass!"

"How was I to know the fellow would turn out such an unspeakable bounder, too?"

"Let it be a lesson to you, then," said Figgins judicially.

"Yes, but the present question is to settle the account," said Kerr. "Fatty can't leave the shop till it's settled. We shall have to raise the money. You've got a postal-order for five bob, and I've got two shillings. That's seven. Seven shillings off one pound fifteen and threepence leaves one pound eight and threepence. That's twenty-eight shillings and threepence we've got to raise. How?"

Figgins gave a hopeless shrug.

"Blessed if I know!"

"Well, it's got to be done."

"I know what I'll do," exclaimed Figgins heroically; "I'll sell my diamond pin!"

"H'm! We'll reserve that till the last," said Kerr, who had his own opinion about the value of Figgins's diamond pin, and thought that there would be an unpleasant shock in store for Figgins when he tried to dispose of it. "We'll try——"

"Better get the whole sum at once by selling the pin," said Figgins. "I'll make up my mind to part with it. After all, it's a bit gorgeous for a junior. I got it at a big bargain for ten bob from a chap named Isaacs. If it only fetched what I gave for it, that's ten shillings towards the twenty-eight."

"Oh, let's keep the pin till the last! We may be able to borrow the tin, and repay it a bit at a time out of our pocket-money," said Kerr hastily. "Let's go and see D'Arcy. He may be able to lend us a hand."

"Oh, all right!"

"You stay here, Wynn."

Fatty Wynn nodded dejectedly, and his two chums left the tuckshop in search of the swell of the School House, and a loan of one pound eight shillings and threepence.

CHAPTER 14.

D'Arcy Insists.

"D'ARCY!"

"Seen D'Arcy?"

Kangaroo of the Shell—Harry Noble, to give him his correct name—halted in the doorway of the gym. as Figgins and Kerr ran up. He looked at the excited faces of the New House fellows, and backed against the wall, and put up his fists. As a School House fellow, he was always ready for hostile demonstrations from the other side.

Figgins burst into a laugh.

"It's all right, Kangy!" he exclaimed. "We're not on the warpath now!"

The Australian lad dropped his hands.

"Oh, all right!" he exclaimed. "You look jolly excited! What's the matter? If you're going for the one and only Gus, I'm going to stay on the spot and chip in."

"We're not," said Kerr hastily. "We want to speak to him, that's all."

"Oh, I see!"

"Want to borrow money of him, as a matter of fact," said Figgins. "Fatty Wynn is in pawn at the tuckshop, and Mrs. Taggles has made us promise that he won't leave till the bill's paid. See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Kangaroo.

"Well, it may be funny, but it won't be funny for Fatty if we can't raise the tin."

"How much?"

"We still want one pound eight and threepence. We've got the rest."

"The rest! My only hat! Has Fatty been devouring the whole shop, counter and chairs thrown in?" exclaimed Kangaroo, in amazement.

"Well, you know what he is when he starts," said Figgins ruefully. "D'Arcy has had lots of money lately, and I thought we might raise it from him."

"I don't know," said Kangaroo. "Gussy's lost his cheque-book, you know, after over-drawing and bursting the account. If you have to have a whip round, I can stand five bob."

"Hand it over, then, and we'll stick Gussy down for one pound three and three instead," said Figgins promptly.

Kangaroo laughed, and handed over the five shillings. Figgins slipped them, jingling, into his pocket.

"Settle on Saturday," he said.

"Right you are. Gussy's in the gym."

"Thanks."

Figgins and Kerr went into the gymnasium. It was lighted up, and a great many fellows were there. Blake, Digby, D'Arcy, and Tom Merry were together, and the swell of St. Jim's was on the parallel bar.

He had apparently mounted there to perform some feat, and he was screwing his eyeglass into his eye preparatory to doing so.

"Better drop that," said Tom Merry.

"Wats!"

"You can't perform a trick when you've got a pane in the eye," said Blake.

"You ass! That is the hundwedth time at least that I've heard you work off that wotten old chestnut!" said D'Arcy.

Digby looked at his watch.

"We've been waiting here just five minutes to see Gussy turn over on his hands," he remarked. "I don't want to hurry Gussy, but life's short, you know."

"Weally, Dig——"

"Go ahead, Gussy, or jump down."

"I wefuse to jump down."

"Then get on with the washing."

"Vewy well. I am just goin' to begin."

"You've got to turn over on your hands, like that chap in Tomsonio's Circus," said Blake. "That's the idea."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Well, go it!"

D'Arcy took a strong grip on the bar with his hands, and swung free. Just then the voice of Figgins was heard in the land.

"Gussy—Gussy!"

The swell of St. Jim's started.

His eyeglass slipped to the end of its cord, and he unconsciously made a clutch at it, and lost his hold, and came down. He sat down on the mat in the midst of the juniors, and blinked at them confusedly, and a roar of laughter went up.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Let's have that over again, Gussy!"

"Gweat Scott!"

"It wasn't what he promised, but it was funny," said Jack Blake. "I should really like to see that again, Gussy."

"Go it!"

"Weally, deah boys——"

"Encore!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus staggered to his feet. He recovered the offending eyeglass, and jammed it into his eye, and turned it upon Figgins and Kerr, who had come up breathless.

"Figgins, you ass, you called to me when I was just beginnin' a difficult twick. Undah the circs., as you fellows have weceived my mishap with wibald mewwiment, I shall wefuse to perform that twick."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sorry," said Figgins. "I want to speak to you, Gussy."

"Wats! I do not want to speak to you. I wegard you as an ass and a New House boundah. You have made me spoil a good twick."

"You see——"

"I wefuse to do anythin' of the sort. I wegard you as an ass, and I wegard Kerr as anothah ass."

"But——"

"I have a gweat mind to give you both a feahful thwashin'."

"Gussy——"

D'Arcy waved his hand.

"Pway don't addwess me, deah boys. I wegard you as wottahs!"

"Look here, you chump!"

"I wefuse to be called a chump!"

"You fathead!"

"Weally, Figgins——"

"You frabjous ass!"

"Pway hold my monocle, Blake, while I thwash Figgins!"

"Keep off, burbler!"

"Pway put your hands up, Figgins!"

"Look here, you ass," said Figgins, dodging round Blake as D'Arcy advanced upon him in hostile attitude, "I've been looking for you."

"Well, you have found me now. Pway put up your hands, and don't wetweat behind Blake in that wotten way. I wefuse to take the twouble to follow you wound and wound."

Figgins dodged round Tom Merry. The juniors were shrieking with laughter, but D'Arcy was in deadly earnest.

"Look here!" gasped Figgins.

"I wefuse to follow you wound and wound Tom Mewwy. Pway gwasp him, Tom Mewwy, and hold him for me."

"Oh, you do your own dirty work!" said Tom Merry cheerily.

Figgins stopped.

"Dirty work!" he ejaculated.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Tom Merry——"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Kerr. "No time for House rows now, while Fatty Wynn is hung up in the tuckshop, Figgy."

"Hung up in the tuckshop!" ejaculated D'Arcy, dropping his hands in surprise. "Bai Jove, you don't mean to say that Fatty has hung himself!"

"No, ass!"

'He'd want a jolly strong rope," grinned Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's bunged in the tuckshop, and can't get out, though," said Figgins. "He's run up an account, and can't go till it's paid."

The juniors yelled with laughter. Fatty Wynn's unearthly appetite had led him into all sorts and conditions of difficulties at various times, but this was really the limit.

They laughed till the gym. echoed.

"Bai Jove," ejaculated D'Arcy, "I wegard that as funnay!"

"I was looking for Gussy to borrow some tin," said Figgins. "Now, if he's making this row because he doesn't want to lend me any tin——"

Arthur Augustus jumped.

"Figgins!"

"Well?" said Figgins.

"I did not know you wanted to bowwow any tin, or, of course, I should have weceived you in a diffewent spiwit," said Arthur Augustus. "You must undahstand that, Figgins."

Figgins winked with the eye furthest from D'Arcy.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to refuse to borrow any now," he said solemnly.

"Weally, Figgins——"

"Under the circumstances, and considering my personal dignity, I must decline to borrow one pound three and threepence of you."

D'Arcy looked quite distressed.

"Weally, Figgins, I twust you will accept my assuwance that I had not the wemotest ideah that you were lookin' for me to bowwow money!" he exclaimed. "If I had thought so for a moment, I should have weceived you with open arms, you know."

Figgins looked round.

"I leave it to the gentlemen present," he said, with perfect gravity. "If they are of opinion that I can borrow the money without any stain upon my personal dig."

"Certainly," grinned Tom Merry. "I think you can."

"Yes," said Blake.

"I should say so," agreed Digby solemnly.

Figgins nodded.

"Very well, Gussy. I accept your assurance, and I shall have the pleasure of borrowing one pound three and threepence from you."

"Weally, Figgins, I wegard that as vewy decent of you. I should have taken it as a personal slight if you had wefused to bowwow the money."

"That's all right. It's settled now. Hand it over."

"Yaas, wathah, deah boy!"

And Arthur Augustus thrust his hand into his pocket—and drew it out again.

"Bai Jove," he ejaculated, "I forgot!"

"Eh! Never mind what you've forgotten. Hand over the tin!"

"I mean, I forgot—I haven't any!"

CHAPTER 15.
At Last!

"OH!"

"I'm awf'ly sowwy, especially undah the circs., deah boys," said Arthur Augustus, looking round. "But I am sure that Figgins will take the will for the deed, and ovahlook the fact that I haven't any tin at the pwesent moment."

"Yes," howled Figgins. "But Mrs. Taggles won't take the will for the deed, and she won't let Fatty go till she's paid."

"Bai Jove! I nevah thought of that."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake.

The juniors simply yelled. D'Arcy's insistence upon lending the money, and his sudden discovery that he hadn't any to lend, struck them as comic.

D'Arcy turned his eyeglass reprovingly upon the hilarious juniors.

"Weally, deah boys, it is not a laughin' mattah," he remarked. "Fatty Wynn is in a most sewious posish."

"Yes, rather," said Figgins. "Where the dickens are we to raise one pound three and threepence from? That's the question, as Shakespeare puts it."

"Let's have a whip-round," said Tom Merry. "See how much you chaps can raise."

"Right-ho!"

"It's awfully decent of you," said Figgins gratefully. "The worst of it is, we may not be able to settle up till Saturday week."

"Oh, that's all right," said Tom Merry. "We wouldn't leave Fatty Wynn in pawn, if you couldn't settle till the end of next term."

The juniors turned out their cash. Unfortunately it fell far short of the sum required. Ten shillings were mustered between them, and handed over to Figgins.

Figgins made pencil notes of the amount contributed by each, and added the ten to the five in his pocket.

"That leaves thirteen and threepence wanting," Kerr observed. "We shall have to look further for it. Come on, Figgy; it's getting late."

"Thanks awfully, you chaps," said Figgins.

"Not at all."

"Not in the least, deah boy; only too happy."

Figgins and Kerr left the gym. They ran into Herries in the dusk of the quadrangle—literally. Herries was walking along quickly with a bag in his arms, and the chums of the New House dashed into him under the trees, and Herries staggered, and the bag rolled to the ground and burst.

There was a scattering of dog-biscuits on the grass.

Herries caught at a tree, and recovered himself. He gave a kind of roar as he saw the burst bag on the ground.

"Oh, you chumps!"

"Sorry!" gasped Figgins. "What were you rushing along in the dark for, anyway?"

"You ass! What were you rushing along for?"

"Well, we're in a hurry," said Figgins.

"So am I, fathead."

Kerr was collecting up the dog-biscuits in his obliging way. Herries began to help him, piling the biscuits in his arms. The bag was useless.

Figgins looked curiously at him as he piled up the dog cakes. The piles on his arm toppled dangerously as they grew.

"What on earth are you doing with all those biscuits?" asked Figgins. "Starting as a dog-cake merchant."

"No, ass!" growled Herries. "I've bought up a lot cheap, that's all. I'm taking them out to Towser."

"My hat! Is Towser going to negotiate all that lot?"

"Chump! I keep 'em in a box at the kennels. Help me pick 'em up, and don't talk like an ass," said Herries.

"Oh, all right!" grinned Figgins. "By the way, have you got any money?"

"Money!"

"Yes. I want to borrow thirteen and threepence."

Herries stared at him.

"I'll lend you the threepence," he said.

Figgins held out his hand.

"Right you are. Hand over."

Herries grinned, and handed out three pennies. The New House chums piled the dog-biscuits upon him, and he went his way laden with them.

"Thirteen bob wanted now," said Figgins. "Where can we beg, borrow, or steal it? Hallo, here's Skimmy!"

Skimpole of the Shell was walking before the School House, his spectacles glimmering in the starlight. He had his hands clasped behind him, and was evidently deep in thought—doubtless thinking out his next contribution to "Tom Merry's Weekly," or the three hundred and ninetieth chapter of his new book on Socialism. Skimpole was a Socialist, as well as several other sorts of an "ist."

"Skimmy!"

Skimpole jumped as Figgins hailed him, and his spectacles slid down his nose. He adjusted them with a bony hand, and blinked at the New House chums in the dimness.

"Eh! Is that you, Figgins?"

"Yes," grinned Figgins. "Can you lend us thirteen bob?"

"Eh! I was thinking——"

"Not necessary, old chap! Don't do it. Lend me thirteen bob, and go to bed."

"I have a new idea," said Skimpole, unheeding. "I am glad you have come, Figgins, as I wish to communicate it to someone, and receive an opinion on the matter. Of course, if you do not approve of the plan, it will show you are exceedingly stupid. You are aware that I have at various times contributed poetry to the columns of 'Tom Merry's Weekly'?"

"Yes. Can you lend me——"

"You may have noticed, too, how exceptionally good it was, and how far ahead in every way of any other contribution in the paper."

"I don't remember noticing that, but I've no doubt you're right. Can you lend me thirteen——"

"You are aware, also, that I have written a book on Socialism. It has not yet been printed, as the stupid publishers have not yet made me an offer."

"Awful duffers!" said Figgins. "Can you——"

"This is my new idea. Suppose I were to embody the great truths of Socialism in deathless verse?" said Skimpole. "Poetry has charms that soothe the savage breast, as a poet remarks——"

"I thought it was music that soothed the savage breast," said Figgins. "But all right, make it poetry. Look here, Fatty Wynn is stuck in the tuckshop till——"

"If I embodied the glorious truths of Socialism, and the sufferings of the toiling millions, in flowing and glowing verse, the cause of the down-trodden would be practically won," said Skimpole. "Is there a better way of spreading the light?"

"Can't think of one," said Figgins. "If you could lend me——"

"Beginning something like this," said Skimpole, and he began to recite, beating time with his hand:

"Alas, my poor brothers—long-suffering millions!
In want and in darkness, deprived e'en of hope,
While the idle and wealthy are rolling in billions,
The slaves of the slums have no food and no——"

"Soap!" suggested Kerr.

"Really, Kerr——"

Figgins took the amateur Socialist by the bony shoulder and shook him.

"Can you lend me thirteen bob?" he bawled in his ear.

Skimpole blinked.

"I should be very pleased to do so, Figgins, but I have no money," he replied. "I should be glad to recite the whole of the poem as far as I have composed it, and——"

"Br-r-r-r!" said Figgins.

And the New House chums fled.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Gore, of the Shell, meeting them in the light of the School House windows. "I've been looking for you."

"Looking for us?" said Figgins.

Gore chuckled.

"Yes. I've just been to the tuckshop. Fatty Wynn is sitting on an egg-box and watching the tarts. Talk about the tortures of Tantalus!"

Figgins grinned, and Kerr chuckled. They had not thought of the sufferings to which Fatty Wynn was exposed by being shut up in the tuckshop in the midst of dainties he could not touch.

"You're looking for tin, I think?" said Gore, colouring a little.

The New House chums did not reply. They did not want to borrow money from Gore. Among fellows they liked and respected it was different. Figgins would have lent his last sixpence to Tom Merry, or borrowed Tom Merry's last threepenny-piece, with equal readiness. But it was not the same with Gore. True, Gore had of late turned over a new leaf, and seemed to be trying to "play the game." But the fellow who had once been known as the cad of the School House was not the fellow Figgins was inclined to ask favours of.

"Isn't it so?" said Gore.

"Well, yes," said Figgins. "We've raised some, though."

"Not all?"

"No, not yet."

"Mind telling me how much you're short?" asked Gore indifferently.

"Thirteen bob," said Figgins shortly.

Gore hesitated.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "I've had a remittance to-day. I'll lend you the money with pleasure."

"It's all right," said Figgins. "We haven't tried our own House yet. We can get it from Pratt, and French, and Jimson, or some of the fellows."

"Oh, all right," said Gore quietly. "I only wanted to oblige, that's all. If you don't want my money, that settles it."

And he turned quickly away.

Figgins's conscience smote him. If Gore had answered with a sneer or in a surly tone, Figgins would have felt glad that he had declined to accept any favour from him. But Gore's manner was so subdued, and he took his rebuff so quietly, that Figgins repented him.

"Hold on, Gore, old chap," he said. "If you care to lend me the thirteen bob, I shall be glad, only I can't return it till Saturday week."

Gore's face brightened up as he turned back. The best set of the St. Jim's fellows had regarded his improvement of late with a curious eye, so to speak, and encouraged him; but he had never been admitted to such friendliness as borrowing money implies.

"Right-ho!" he said. "Can you change a pound postal order?"

"Yes."

And the postal order was handed over.

"Thanks, awfully!" said Figgins. "This is jolly decent of you, Gore, and I sha'n't forget it."

Gore nodded, and the New House chums hurried off to the tuckshop. They found Fatty Wynn sitting in great dejection, looking at a pile of jam tarts with a hungry gaze.

Mrs. Taggles was in the shop, with an impatient expression on her face. It was past her usual time for closing, and she wanted to get the matter settled. She glanced with some asperity at Figgins and Kerr as they came in.

"Well, Master Figgins?"

"Here's the tin!" said Figgins.

He slammed it down on the counter.

Fatty Wynn rose with a grunt of relief.

"Jolly glad you've raised it, Figgy!" he said.

"It means all our pocket-money booked for some time to come," said Kerr. "If you make a break like this again, Fatty, we'll scalp you!"

"It wasn't my fault," said Fatty Wynn. "How was I to know that that fellow Lumley was such a howling cad? I shall know in future. But I—I say——"

"What's the matter now?"

"You've raised enough to pay Mrs. Taggles?"

"Yes."

"Any over?"

"Not a farthing!"

"Oh! Look here, I've been sitting here a jolly long time, and I'm hungry!" said Fatty Wynn. "I suppose I could not have a few tarts on tick?"

Figgins and Kerr seized the fat Fourth-Former and rushed him from the tuckshop. Fatty Wynn had no more tarts that night.

CHAPTER 16.

In Bad Odour.

JERROLD LUMLEY went up to bed with the rest of the Fourth Form—the School House part of the Form, that is—with his arm linked in Mellish's. The new boy and Mellish had chummed up very much. Mellish wanted a rich friend, and Lumley, apparently, wanted a toady, and so the two seemed likely to get on very well. But Lumley received dark looks from some other members of the Form.

Figgins's hasty quest of cash that evening had excited some notice among the juniors, and Fatty Wynn's detention in the tuckshop had become a standing joke. How Fatty Wynn had come to be so reckless in running up a long bill puzzled most of the juniors, and some of them inquired into it. Figgins & Co. had no desire to say anything against Lumley; but they did not think of keeping the matter a particular secret, either. And so the facts were soon known. That Lumley had tried to enlist New House aid against his own house was not known. The New House chums felt themselves bound to keep that dark, as Lumley had, in a way, spoken in confidence to Fatty Wynn. But the rest was known, and it did not raise the Outsider in the opinion of the School House fellows.

Jerrold Lumley was not long in noticing that he was the recipient of unfriendly and contemptuous glances, and that there was some topic among the Fourth-Formers which they discussed to themselves.

"What's on, Mellish?" he asked.

Mellish wriggled uncomfortably.

"Oh, the fellows are jawing something over," he said.

Lumley's brow contracted a little.

"About me?"

"I—I suppose so."

"Look here, is there to be any japing to-night?" demanded Lumley. "I've heard that all sorts of games are played with new boys at a school like this."

Mellish shook his head.

"I don't think they mean anything of that sort," he said.

"Then what is it?"

"Better ask Blake."

Lumley crossed over to Jack Blake, who was sitting on the side of his bed and taking his boots off. Blake did not look at him.

"What's the row?" asked Jerrold.

Then Blake looked up.

"Did you speak to me?"

"Yes, I did."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say."

"Yaas, wathah!" chimed in Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "We all wegard you as a wottah, Lumley, and I, for one, have no intention of addwessing a single word to you, undah any circs. whatever."

"Good old Gussy!" murmured Digby.

"I suppose you're planning some jape for to-night," said Jerrold fiercely. "Mind, I warn you, that if I am troubled there will be trouble for others, too."

Blake smiled disdainfully,

"You needn't be afraid," he said. "I don't think that any fellow here would want to trouble you!"

Jerrold looked troubled.

"Then what's on? You've got something up against me. What is it?"

"I'll tell you if you like."

"I suppose it's that scrap we had to-day, or my coming to your study?"

"Not exactly. In that little scrap you fought like a beastly rotter, and in that joke about the study you showed yourself a liar," said Blake. "But that isn't all. You've disgraced your House—your first day in it."

"How? What do you mean?"

"We know about that affair in the tuckshop, that's all."

Lumley stared at him.

"You mean about that fat rotter paying his own account? I offered half a dozen times to pay it, and he wouldn't let me."

"Yaas, you wascal, aftah you had twitted him with feeding at your expense!" said Arthur Augustus. "A wotten, caddish thing to do. Of course, aftah that Wynn would wathah have sold the coat off his back than let you pay. I wegard it as vewy pwopah of Fatty Wynn. As for you, I can only say that you are a wank outsidah!"

"Hear, hear!"

Jerrold scowled.

"Well, I had stood him a big feed, and he wouldn't do me a bit of a favour!" he said.

"I expect it was something caddish you wanted done," Blake remarked.

"Faith, and ye're right!" said Reilly. "What was it, ye spalpeen?"

Lumley cast a savagely defiant glance round. He had his faults—in fact, his character seemed to be chiefly composed of faults—but cowardice was not one of them. He had nerve enough for a regiment.

"I wanted the New House chaps to back me up in raiding Blake's study," he said. "I supposed they'd do it. But I'll get even with that crew without help I guess."

Blake started.

"You wanted New House chaps to back you up against your own House—eh? You worm! By Jove, he's a rottener cad than I thought!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Yes," said Lumley fiercely, "I'll show you, and I'll show the rest of you, that if I'm jumped on I bite! You'll learn that I'm not to be meddled with, that's all! I'll show you, and those cads of the Grammar School who painted me up to-day!"

"Oh, go to bed!" said Blake contemptuously. "You're not fit to talk to!"

Kildare looked into the dormitory.

"In bed, you youngsters?"

"Half a jiffy, Kildare!"

When the light was extinguished, and the captain of St. Jim's had gone, Jerrold Lumley sat up in bed. His eyes were scintillating in the dark like a cat's.

"Blake!" he called out.

"Oh, go to sleep!"

"I've got something to say to you."

"Rats!"

Lumley breathed hard through his nose.

"Listen a minute! I'm going to fight you to-morrow. Do you hear?"

"More rats!"

"You can't, and you sha'n't, get out of it. You've called me some pretty names," said Jerrold. "I guess I'll make you back them up with your hands."

"You young ass!" said Blake contemptuously. "I won't fight you, because you couldn't stand up to me for two minutes, and because you fight like a wild-cat, instead of like a decent Christian. I don't care to have my face clawed down, thanks. That sort of thing may do in the Bowery in New York, but it's not good enough for St. Jim's."

"Wait till to-morrow," said Lumley, between his teeth. "I'll give you no choice."

"Oh, shut up, and go to sleep."

And Blake turned his head on his pillow, and closed his eyes.

CHAPTER 17.

Lumley Means It.

LUMLEY took his place in the Fourth Form class-room the following morning. There were so many peculiar things about the new boy that he excited a great deal of interest—and as much dislike as interest. His meanness in many ways, his utter disregard for the truth, disgusted many fellows who were not extraordinarily scrupulous. At the same time, his coolness and nerve were qualities that called for admiration; and the amount of money he possessed impressed some of the fellows very much.

All were curious to see how he would shape in class. His snatches of New York slang, and his general manner of speaking and bearing himself did not lead the fellows to anticipate much of his scholarship. But they were surprised. Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, gave special attention to the new boy, and Lumley came up smiling, so to speak, every time. Jack Blake was the head of the class, and was generally considered Mr. Lathom's brightest pupil; but the new boy, quite unexpectedly, ran him very close. The juniors were not much given to admiring qualities of this sort; a good late cut was generally considered of more account than the most elegant of Latin hexameters, and a fellow who kicked straight at goal was of more consequence than one who could babble off Greek like English. Still, Lumley's acquirements attracted attention, and the Fourth-Formers had to admit that there was something in him, rank outsider as he was.

Lumley had the second place in the Form by the end of the morning, Mr. Lathom giving honour to whom honour was due. The new boy made no secret of his satisfaction in getting nearly to the top of the Form, and the fellows he passed over did not feel any the more kindly towards him on account of his triumphant grin.

"I'll have your place to-morrow, Blake," he remarked, when the Fourth were dismissed, and they left the class-room.

Blake looked at him.

"You're welcome to it, if you can get it," he said.

"It would be nothing to me."

"Awfully clever beggar, aren't you?" said Digby. "What I like about you, next to your cleverness, is your blessed modesty."

"Yaas, wathah! I wegard Lumley as a bwaggin' beast."

"Hear, hear!"

Lumley shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose you've swotted all your life over these things," said Mellish, joining his new chum in the passage.

Lumley chuckled.

"Nothing of the sort."

"You must have swotted a bit, anyway."

"I've crammed," said Jerrold. "I've got brains, you see—more brains than all the fellows in this Form put together."

Mellish stared.

"Oh, I'm not bragging; it's a fact," said Lumley impatiently. "All I know of school subjects—this rotten Latin and mathematics, and so on—I mugged up in next to no time, when the pater decided to send me to a public school. I've learned more difficult things in less time, I can tell you."

"You must be awfully clever," said Mellish.

"I am clever," said Jerrold coolly. "I've beaten grown men at their own game, keen Yankee sharpers, too. Bah! All this is nothing to me, I guess. If it were worth the trouble, I'd enter for all the prizes and scholarships, and carry them off to make the other fellows grind their teeth. But it isn't worth the effort. I'm going to have a good time here. I'm making a good beginning in class so that I can have an easy time afterwards. I can get round old Lathom that way."

Mellish looked at him admiringly.

"You're an awfully deep beggar," he said. "You can help me with my work, if you like, as it comes so easy to you, and I'll write out any lines you get, in return. I expect you'll get a good many."

"It's a bargain," said Jerrold. "Wait here, will you? I want to speak to Blake. Will you be my second?"

"Your second!" said Mellish, staring.

"Yes, I'm going to fight Blake."

"Fight Blake!" ejaculated Mellish.

"That's it."

"But—but—but you can't," said Mellish. "You've had a scrap with him already, you know, and you were lucky not to be squashed. Why, there's not a chap in the Fourth who can stand up to Blake, excepting Figgins of the New House, and perhaps Kerr. My dear chap, let Blake alone if he lets you alone."

"Stuff!"

"Besides," said Mellish hesitatingly, "the way you fight isn't popular here, you know; it will get all the fellows down

on you. We don't scratch and bite, or—or anything of that sort. It's not considered the thing."

"I guess I understand. That's the rough and tumble way we used to fight in the Bowery, over there," said Lumley. "I've held my own against the young biters many a time, and licked bootblacks twice my size. But I can see it won't do here, and I shall chuck it, I guess. I suppose I can get instruction in boxing."

"Yes, the school sergeant can give it you."

"I suppose that'll come among the extras," said Lumley, with a nod. "Good! I can see that a chap can't hold his own here unless he boxes, and unless he does it in the way it's done here. I didn't understand that yesterday."

"You—you'd better get some boxing-lessons before you tackle Blake," said Mellish hesitatingly. "He boxes awfully well."

"I'm going to see what he can do."

"But he'll lick you."

"Let him."

"But you'll get hurt!" exclaimed Mellish.

Lumley smiled contemptuously.

"Who's afraid of being hurt?" he said.

"Oh, if that's the way you take it, go ahead," said Mellish; "here's Blake."

Blake came out of the School House with Tom Merry and D'Arcy. Jerrold Lumley strode over to him at once.

"Stop, please," he said. "I suppose you haven't forgotten what I said to you last night, Blake."

Jack looked at him steadily.

"I haven't forgotten it," he said. "I should have thought you'd have come to your senses by this time, though."

"Well, I haven't," said Lumley, with a sneer. "I'm ready to fight you."

"I've told you I won't fight you," said Blake quietly.

"Wathah not," said D'Arcy. "I was goin' to thwash you myself, Lumlay, but upon weflection I have decided that you are not fit to touch, you know."

Lumley raised his hand, and struck Blake in the face with the open palm, a ringing blow, that sounded like a pistol-shot. It came unexpectedly, and Jack Blake staggered back under the sudden force of it.

"Is that enough for you?" asked Lumley.

Blake recovered himself. His face had gone white, and the mark of the slap burned red upon it. His eyes were glinting.

"Yes, that's enough," he said—"quite enough. I wanted to let you off, but I'll give you the licking you want now. Come on!"

"Where you like."

"Follow me, then."

Jack Blake strode away towards the chapel. Tom Merry and D'Arcy went with him. Blake's face was hard and set.

"My hat!" said Tom Merry. "I should advise you to give him a licking he'll remember, Blake. The utter cad!"

"I'm going to," said Blake quietly.

They reached the open space behind the chapel rails. It was a secluded spot, and little affairs of that sort were often settled there, as the place could not be viewed from any of the masters' windows.

The juniors stopped.

Mellish was looking very uneasy, but Lumley was perfectly cool.

"Take your jacket off," said Tom Merry. "And look here, Lumley. You'll fight with your fists. If you begin to kick, or bite, or scratch, we'll collar you and duck you in the fountain. You catch on?"

"All serene."

"Ready, Blake?"

"Yes, rather."

Lumley threw his jacket and cap to Mellish, and took off his big gold watch and chain. Then he faced Jack Blake.

His weedy form showed up to glaring disadvantage in contrast with Blake's sturdy, well-set figure, as did the narrow, cunning features looking at the open, frank face of the St. Jim's junior. That Lumley was no match for Blake was perfectly evident, from the way he stood and the way he held his hands.

But whatever he wanted, he did not want nerve. He faced Blake with perfect coolness, and the unequal fight began. Already, as if by magic, the news of it had spread, and juniors were streaming round the chapel from all quarters to see the fun.

CHAPTER 18.
Licked Hollow.

JACK BLAKE advanced to the attack, and Jerrold Lumley met him fiercely enough. But Lumley's guard was clumsy, and his blows wild. Not one of them succeeded in reaching Blake, while the Fourth-Former's fists rattled on the new boy's countenance to a telling tune. Blake's face was hard and cold. He meant to punish the Outsider, and he began well.

Right round the ring formed by the waiting juniors the new boy was driven, and at almost every backward step he staggered under a blow.

The onlookers grinned.

So sorry a show they had seldom seen put up before, and the nerve of the new boy in tackling the fighting-man of the Fourth astounded them.

"The sooner he gets his cheek knocked out of him, the better," said Monty Lowther. "And I really think Blake's the man to do it."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"There he goes—to grass."

Lumley tottered and fell.

Blake stepped back, and waited for him to rise.

No rounds had been arranged for the fight, but Jack was not the fellow to take the slightest advantage even of an ungenerous enemy.

Lumley staggered up with the aid of Mellish. He was looking very dazed, and bruises were forming over his face.

"Well," said Blake scornfully, "have you had enough?"

Jerrold clicked his teeth.

"Not yet."

And he stepped up again to the encounter.

"The beggar has pluck," Manners remarked.

"He needs it, to face Blake, when he isn't form enough to stand up to a fag of the Third," said Tom Merry.

"I wegard the wottah's cheek as amazin'," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Bai Jove, my minah, Wallay, would knock him into a cocked hat!"

"You're right on the mark, Gus, old cock," said the cheery voice of Wally behind. "I could knock out that merchant with my eyes bunged up."

"What a dweadfully vulgah expwession, Wally!"

"Oh, come off!" said Wally. "Don't you begin, Gus!"

"Weally, Wally——"

"There he goes again!"

Lumley dropped heavily on his back.

A crashing left-hander from Jack Blake had caught him on the chin, and he had gone down like a log.

He lay dazed in the grass.

"I fancy that finishes him," said Kangaroo.

The Cornstalk was right.

Jerrold Lumley rose dazedly, with the aid of Mellish's arm, and stood unsteadily, leaning on Mellish, and looking at Blake. Blake met his eyes with a clear, scornful glance.

"Finished?" asked Tom Merry.

Jerrold Lumley nodded.

"Yes," he said, "I'm finished. I knew I couldn't stand up to Blake, but I wanted to try him. I shall stand up to him again next week, and he won't lick me so easily."

And he walked away unsteadily with Mellish.

There was a buzz among the juniors. They did not quite know how to take Lumley, but it was certain that he had plenty of grit, and that was a quality to be admired.

"Blessed if I know what to make of him," said Digby. "Well, he's got what he asked for, that's one comfort."

"Yaas, wathah!"

Blake nodded in silence as he put on his coat. He had hardly a single knock, and he was not hurt in the least. He felt no sense of satisfaction for such an easy victory; it was not worth even the slight effort it had cost.

Mellish was silent as he walked away with his new chum. He expected Lumley to be feeling very downhearted and generally "rotten." That was the natural result to be expected of so complete and easy a licking.

But the new boy was full of surprises. The fight and its result, and even the damages he had received, did not seem to affect his spirits very much.

"I'd like to go and bathe my face," he said. "After that we'll go for a stroll, if you care to. I haven't seen the place yet."

"Right you are!" said Mellish.

Lumley bathed his face, and chuckled at the sight of a black eye, a swollen nose, and a bruised chin in the glass. There was no doubt that the new boy was tough. He was not one to complain over any injuries he received, even injuries which might have made many a fellow feel serious, without being "soft."

"Doesn't it hurt?" demanded Mellish, who simply could not understand his new comrade.

Lumley made a grimace.

"Hurt! Of course it does."

"Well, you don't seem to feel it."

"You mean I don't whine about it," said Lumley. "I'm hard—hard as nails. This is nothing to what I've been through in my time."

"In your time!" grinned Mellish. "You talk as if you were forty years old."

"I've lived more in fourteen and a half years than you will live in forty," said Lumley, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I've seen life."

Mellish and Lumley strolled out of the House again. They passed Mr. Railton in the hall, and the House-master glanced at Lumley's black eye, but passed no remark upon it. Mr. Railton was not one of those masters who take an exacting interest in every little infraction of rule.

Tom Merry & Co. had gone down to the cricket field to fill in the time till dinner, but cricket did not interest Lumley. He went down to the gates, and out into the lane, with Mellish. The latter hesitated a little now.

"We can't go down to the village without a pass," he said.

"Suppose we cut lessons this afternoon," suggested Lumley.

Mellish stared at him.

"Cut lessons!" he repeated feebly.

"Yes. Would there be much of a row?"

"My only hat! You can't think of such a thing here. Every chap has to turn up in classes, unless it's some special subject he doesn't go in for."

"Well, let's have a stroll, anyway."

"We can go as far as the stile."

"Right-ho!"

They went down the lane. There was a sudden ringing of bicycle bells, and two cyclists came in sight in the shade of the big trees. They were Gordon Gay and Frank Monk of the Grammar School, and the pace they were going at showed that they were racing.

Ting-ting-ting!

Buz-z-z-z-z!

"Look out there!"

"Gerrout!"

Jerrold Lumley's eyes burned for a moment.

He recognised Gordon Gay and Frank Monk as the ring-leaders of the juniors who had chalked and painted him the previous day.

Mellish dragged him upon the belt of grass beside the lane, for Lumley seemed inclined to stand in the road and dispute the passage of the two racing machines—a reckless thing to do, for he would have been knocked flying in an instant.

The two cyclists shot past.

"You know those chaps?" asked Mellish curiously, as he noted the black look upon Jerrold Lumley's face.

"Yes. You saw me come in yesterday, after I had gone out with my pater. Well, those chaps were the leaders when the Grammar School rotters painted me."

Mellish grinned at the recollection.

"Oh, yes, I remember! It was funny."

"Was it? I'll make them think it less funny before I've done with them," said Jerrold savagely, looking after the cyclists. "Are they likely to come back this way, do you think?"

"Yes. I suppose they're having a race before dinner," said Mellish. "They'll be back in a few minutes, most likely, to get back to the Grammar School. It's round the next turning, you know. But——"

"Good!"

"Look here," said Mellish in alarm, "I suppose you're not thinking of going for them? We couldn't stand up to them for a tick."

Lumley made no reply. He was picking up a stone—a large, jagged stone, half embedded in the soil. He dug it out with his fingers, and rose to his feet with the stone in his grip. Mellish watched him with growing uneasiness.

"You're not going to throw that?" he asked.

"I guess I am."

"You—you madman!" cried Mellish. "Why, you might kill a chap if you threw a stone like that at him. Look here, you're dangerous!"

Lumley smiled unpleasantly.

"I mean to make them understand that," he said. "But don't be alarmed; I'm not going to throw this at them, but at the bikes. I'll give them a tumble—or, at any rate, that chap who was in advance—the fair-haired chap. Do you know his name?"

"Gordon Gay."

"Ah, I think I remember hearing one of the others call him Gay, now. Yes, and he told me his name," said Lumley, with a nod. "Well, I'm going to give him a fall."

"You might injure him."

Lumley shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't care."

"Look here——"

"Besides, we needn't show ourselves. No one will know."

"If he's injured it will come out. I don't like the chap any more than you do, but I'm not going to have a hand in anything of that sort."

"Clear out, then," said Lumley laconically.

"But look here——"

"Oh, get out!"

There was evidently no moving Lumley from his purpose, and Mellish was expecting to see the Grammarians returning every moment. He took Lumley's advice, and "cleared out" as fast as he could.

Jerrold Lumley grinned contemptuously, and concealed himself in the thicket under the trees beside the lane. There he waited for the Grammarians.

CHAPTER 19.

Struck Down.

GORDON GAY was well ahead as the two cyclists came whizzing back along the lane. The two juniors of the Grammar School had ridden as far as the gates of St. Jim's, and there turned back, and from the turn Gay had been ahead. He was a good two lengths in front of Frank Monk now, and leading gaily on the return. Monk was pedalling away as if for dear life in the rear. Neither junior had the slightest suspicion that an enemy with black malice and revenge in his heart was lurking beside the lane waiting for them. Their joke upon Lumley the previous day had been a little rough, doubtless, but it was not more so than many of the japes the rival juniors played upon one another. That the victim of their fun could seriously think of revenge never even occurred to them. Any similar jape they would have stood cheerfully. They did not think of anything more than that, and at the present moment they had quite forgotten the existence of Jerrold Lumley.

The Outsider watched through the hedge.

The jingling of the bells and the whiz of the bicycles warned him to be on the alert.

He half rose, and now his school cap showed through the top of the thicket, if the Grammarians had had any eyes for it.

But they had not. All their attention was given to the race, and to watching for pedestrians in the road.

The lurking enemy rose to his feet. His hand was poised with the stone in it.

Gordon Gay came tearing by, leaning over his handle-bars, scorching.

Whiz!

The Outsider aimed well.

The jagged stone was a fraction of a second too late for the front wheel, but it crashed fairly into the spokes of the rear one.

The force of the impact simply swept the cycle sideways, to say nothing of the fact that the spokes were twisted and the wheel bent, so that it jammed in the forks.

The cycle and the cyclist went whirling, and Frank Monk, unable to save himself in time, rode right into them, and crashed over too.

Fortunately he had sufficient presence of mind to jump clear, but his bicycle crashed upon Gordon Gay as he lay entangled with his own machine.

Monk was upon his feet in a second, dazed by the shock.

"Gay! You're hurt!"

He sprang towards the fallen Cornstalk.

Gay lay in the road, with a red mark on his forehead, without moving.

A terrible fear tugged at Frank Monk's heart for a moment. He thought that Gordon Gay had been killed.

The stone lay in the twisted bicycle. Frank Monk's eye swept round. He knew that the stone had been thrown from the hedge. He caught a glimpse of a cap in the green, and knew the school cap of St. Jim's.

But he did not see the Outsider. Jerrold Lumley popped down out of sight as he saw Monk looking round; and now he ran off across the field, keeping his head and shoulders low to keep out of sight.

Monk did not think of pursuing him, though he heard him go. All his attention was claimed by Gordon Gay.

The Australian lad groaned.

With his heart beating wildly, Frank Monk knelt by his side. Gay's eyes opened wildly.

"W-what has happened?" he gasped.

"You've been knocked over, old chap," said Monk. "You're hurt! Must have been stunned for a minute, I think. Thank goodness it's no worse."

Gordon Gay tried to struggle to a sitting posture, but sank back again with a groan, lights dancing before his eyes. There was a rattle of wheels in the road, and Frank Monk jumped up, waving his hand excitedly.

"Stop! Stop!" he shouted, as a dogcart came into view.

The vehicle drew up in time. The horse pawed the ground only a few yards from the overturned bicycles and Gordon Gay.

"Good heavens! What has happened?" cried a voice Frank Monk knew.

The Grammar School junior gave a gasp of relief as he recognised Mr. Railton, the House-master of the School

House at St. Jim's. Mr. Railton jumped down in a moment.

"Is it Gay?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. He's been knocked over. Somebody threw that stone at his bike, and he was going at top speed, and—and he's had a bump on the road."

Mr. Railton bent over Gordon Gay.

"I will take him to the school," he exclaimed—"St. Jim's! You get on your machine, and ride as fast as you can to Dr. Short's, and send him or bring him."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Railton lifted Gordon Gay into the dogcart as easily as if the sturdy junior had been an infant. The lad made a feeble protest. Frank Monk pushed Gay's damaged machine into the hedge, and then mounted his own and dashed off towards the village. He was well content to leave his chum in Mr. Railton's hands.

"I—I'm all right," said Gordon Gay feebly. "Don't trouble, sir."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Railton.

He drove on quickly.

It was a short distance to St. Jim's, and in a few minutes the dogcart stopped outside the School House. As Mr. Railton lifted the Grammarian from the vehicle, there was a crowding of the fellows round to see what was the matter.

"Gordon Gay!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Gweat Scott! What has happened?"

"An accident," said Mr. Railton briefly.

Gordon Gay did not speak; he had fainted. The Corn-stalk lad was tough enough, but he had had a very nasty blow on the head. Mr. Railton carried him into the house like a child, and the fellows watched with greatly concerned faces. Gordon Gay, of all the Grammarians, was the fellow who scored most off the Saints, and they liked him and respected him the more for it.

Among the concerned faces was one that was pale with terror. It was Mellish's. The cad of the Fourth knew that this was Lumley's work.

"The fool!" he muttered. "The mad fool! And he'll try to drag me into it! But I'll deny everything; I won't be made to take the blame!"

Mr. Railton carried Gordon Gay into his study, and laid him on the sofa. There he rendered first-aid with quiet and steady hands. The wound was bathed and a bandage applied, to wait for the arrival of the medical man. Gordon Gay came to himself, with an icy feeling in his forehead, and his face wet. He looked at Mr. Railton, and round at the unaccustomed room.

Mr. Railton touched him gently on the arm.

"Keep quiet!" he said softly.

"Mr. Railton!"

"Yes. I've brought you here; you must be quiet, Gay. Dr. Short will be here in a few minutes. You have had a nasty contusion; you may be thankful it was no worse."

"Where's Frank?"

"He's gone for the doctor. Now, lie quiet, and don't talk, there's a good fellow."

"All right, sir."

Gordon Gay did not feel much inclined to talk. His brain was in a whirl, and his head was aching terribly.

Dr. Short's trap dashed up in a few minutes more, and the little, stout medical gentleman came bustling in, shown in by Binks. Frank Monk followed him into the study, with a pale and anxious face. Gordon Gay gave Frank a faint grin.

"I'm all right, old chap," he murmured.

"A nasty knock," said Dr. Short, aside, to Mr. Railton, after examining the injury. "I should recommend the boy remaining here quietly for a few hours, when he may be driven back to his school."

"That can easily be arranged," said Mr. Railton. "I suppose his friend may stay with him?"

"Yes, if he does not excite him by talking."

"I'll be very careful, sir," said Monk.

"Very good!"

"Then I'll send a note over to Dr. Monk at the Grammar School," said Mr. Railton, "and explain the matter to him."

"And I will call again this evening, at the Grammar School, and see him," said the medical man, and after giving a few more directions he took his leave.

Leaving Gordon Gay comfortably at ease on the big sofa, Mr. Railton drew Frank Monk out of the study, to speak unheard by the injured junior. He closed the door softly.

"You said that a stone was thrown at Gordon Gay," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Monk; and, now that his first anxiety for Gay was over, anger blazed up in his breast at the recollection of the outrage. "Either at Gay or at his bike, sir. It hit the bike, and bowled him over when he was going at top speed."

"Did you see who threw it?"

"I saw his cap, sir."

"Such an outrage ought to be punished," said Mr. Railton. "But it would be necessary to carefully identify the wretch. A cap is very little clue."

"But I knew the cap, sir!" exclaimed Frank Monk hotly. "It was a St. Jim's cap."

Mr. Railton started.

"A St. Jim's cap!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Mind what you say, Monk," said the School House-master, with an unwonted sternness in his tone. "You are accusing a St. Jim's boy of having perpetrated a cowardly outrage which any hooligan might be well ashamed of."

"I can't help it, sir," said Monk quietly. "It was a St. Jim's fellow—or a fellow wearing a St. Jim's cap, at all events."

Mr. Railton was grimly silent for a full minute.

"Go in to your friend," he said. "I shall look into this matter at once."

Frank Monk re-entered the study. Mr. Railton strode away in search of Kildare, the head prefect of the School House. He could hardly believe that Frank Monk was not mistaken; but upon one point he was determined—the affair should be investigated to the very bottom, and the truth, whatever it was, ascertained beyond the shadow of a doubt.

CHAPTER 20.

The Culprit.

"SOMETHING'S up," said Monty Lowther.

Lowther was right, and all the fellows felt it, too. The prefects were going about looking as solemn as owls, and Mr. Railton's interview with Kildare had not passed unnoticed.

"Somebody's going to catch something," said Jack Blake.

"I wonder what the row is?"

"Can't be anything to do with Gay, surely," said Tom Merry thoughtfully.

"I don't see how it could."

"Bai Jove! What are you lookin' so sickly about, Mellish, deah boy?"

Mellish started.

"I'm not looking sickly," he growled.

"You've been up to somethin'—eh? Look here, it was an accident that's happened to Gordon Gay, I suppose? None of your twicks?"

"Oh, don't be an ass!" growled Mellish.

And he swung away.

The juniors went into their class-rooms in a puzzled frame of mind for afternoon lessons. They felt that there was something in the air. Mr. Lathom looked very preoccupied when he came in to take the Fourth Form.

"Something on his chest," said Figgins. "Hallo! Here's Railton!"

Mr. Railton entered the Form-room.

The stern look on the House-master's face was more than enough to tell the juniors that something was amiss, even if they had not guessed it previously.

Mr. Railton stopped in front of the class.

"Boys," he said. "A very serious thing has happened. Most of you saw Gordon Gay brought in here, injured. He was injured by being thrown from his bicycle. His fall was caused by a large stone being thrown at him when he was riding in Rylcombe Lane."

There was a buzz from the Fourth.

"Every Form is now being questioned, with a view to ascertaining what boy was absent from the school at the time this outrage occurred," went on the House-master.

D'Arcy jumped up in his place.

"Pway excuse me, deah sir, but is it suspected that a St. Jim's fellow played such a wotten and cowardly twick."

"Yes, D'Arcy."

"Then, in the name of the coll., sir, I wepudiate the suggestion!" exclaimed the swell of St. Jim's, with great warmth. "It's imposs., sir, that a St. Jim's chap could be such an awful wottah."

"I hope so, D'Arcy. You may sit down."

"Yaas, sir, but——"

"That will do. Boys, Frank Monk, who was with Gay, distinctly declares that the stone was thrown by a boy wearing a St. Jim's cap. It is not likely that a cap belonging to this school would be worn by a stranger. I desire to know whether any of the Fourth Form boys were absent from school during the recess after morning lessons."

There was silence.

"Did any boy in this Form go out of gates?"

Still silence.

"In case any boy broke bounds, he may confess in perfec

safety, unless he was the person who committed this outrage," added Mr. Railton.

Many eyes were turned expressively upon Mellish and Lumley. They had been seen to leave the school by five or six fellows.

Mellish rose to his feet, trembling.

"I went out for a stroll, sir," he said.

"Ah! Did you throw that stone?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Did you see it thrown?"

"No, sir."

"Did you go out alone?"

"N-n-no, sir," stammered Mellish, with a helpless glance at Jerrold Lumley.

The latter sat motionless, with a brazen face. He did not mean to speak out unless he was driven to it.

"Ah!" said Mr. Railton sharply. "Who was with you?"

"Am I bound to say, sir?"

"Certainly you are. Why has not the boy risen to make the statement himself?" said the House-master, his keen glance sweeping over the class. "Who is it?"

There was a faint whisper from several quarters.

"Own up, you rotter!"

"Stand up!"

"Do you hear?"

The Outsider did not move.

"Since the boy will not speak himself, I call upon you to name him, Mellish," said Mr. Railton. "You need not fear the imputation of tale-bearing. The whole Form hears me order you to speak."

"Go it, Mellish," said Blake. "Out with it, man!"

Mellish licked his dry lips.

"It was Lumley, sir."

"Ah, stand up, Lumley!"

Jerrold stood up.

"You left the school after morning lessons?" said Mr. Railton.

Clear and cool came the reply.

"No, sir."

"My only hat!" murmured Herries. "Why, I saw him go!"

Mr. Railton's brow contracted.

"Take care, Lumley," he said. "Mellish states that you went with him. I remember myself seeing you leave the School House in Mellish's company, though I did not see you afterwards. Did you leave the school?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. Blake, kindly go and ask Taggles to step here."

"Yes, sir."

Blake left the class-room. The cool effrontery of Lumley faltered for a moment. He had not counted upon the school porter. But he remembered that he had not seen Taggles near the gates, and, after all, the man might have been engaged elsewhere, and might not have seen him go out. He kept firm.

There was a grim silence in the Form-room while Blake was gone. The class sat quiet, wondering what was to happen; Mr. Lathom fidgeted uneasily, and the House-master stood as quiet as a Grenadier, and as steady.

Blake returned in a few minutes. He brought Taggles with him, grunting, and very red in the face. Blake had evidently made the porter hurry.

Taggles touched his forelock to Mr. Railton.

"You sent for me, sir?"

"Yes, Taggles. Did you observe any juniors leave the school after morning lessons?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Who were they?"

"There was Master Manners, sir, and Master French, and Master Mellish, and the noo boy," said the school porter slowly.

"Ah! Manners and French are in the Shell, and may be questioned later; you say you saw Mellish and a new boy?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Point him out."

Taggles ran his eye over the class, and pointed to Lumley.

"That's 'im, sir!" he said.

"Ungrammatical, but conclusive," murmured Digby.

"Thank you, Taggles; that will do."

Taggles left the Form-room. Mr. Railton bent a severe glance upon the new junior, who was looking somewhat uneasy now, though not much abashed.

"Lumley, it is proved that you left the school. You have lied."

"I wasn't bound to convict myself, sir," said Jerrold, with perfect coolness.

"You were bound to tell the truth, Lumley."

"And be punished for my pains, sir?"

"Stand out here, Lumley!"

Jerrold came out slowly before the class. Mr. Railton fixed his eyes upon him, in a way that made even Lumley feel uncomfortable.

"You confess now, I suppose, to having thrown that stone at Gordon Gay?" he asked.

"I threw it at his bicycle, sir."

"For the purpose of injuring him?"

"I wanted to give him a fall."

"You knew," said Mr. Railton, in his deepest and sternest tone—"you knew that such an act might result in serious injury to a cyclist going at full speed."

Lumley was silent.

"Why did you make this wanton, this wicked attack upon a lad with whom you cannot be even acquainted?" asked the House-master.

"He began it," said Lumley sullenly. "He tied me up in the hack yesterday, and painted my face, and made a guy of me."

"That was certainly unjustifiable, but you must know the difference between a practical joke of that sort and a wicked outrage like this," said Mr. Railton. "You might have caused a broken limb, or worse. The fact that you show no remorse for your conduct is the most serious point of all. You have disgraced the school, Lumley, after being in it only one day."

Lumley bit his lips.

"I'm ready to take my medicine," he said. "I'm not afraid of a licking!"

Mr. Railton's face set grimly.

"It is not a question of a caning," he said, "or even of a flogging. If I have any influence with the head-master, you will be sent away from this school at once. You are not fit to stay in it. Follow me!"

Mr. Railton strode from the room. Lumley hesitated a moment, and then followed him. He left the Fourth Form in a buzz.

"The rotter!" said Blake. "Well, this will be the last we see of him, I hope. We must make it up to Gordon Gay somehow."

"Bai Jove! I wathah think an apology fwom the whole Form is the pwopah capah, undah the extwaordinawy circs.," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

And for once the whole Form agreed with him.

CHAPTER 21.

Not Sacked.

DR. HOLMES wore a stern frown as he listened to Mr. Railton's explanation. He had already been told of the outrage, and he knew that all the Forms were being questioned in their rooms by masters or prefects, and he was waiting for the discovery. As soon as Mr. Railton entered his study with Jerrold Lumley, he knew that the culprit had been found. When the House-master concluded, the Head looked hard at Lumley.

"I hope you realise the seriousness of what you have done," he said. "I cannot allow such a boy to remain in the school of which I am the Head."

"But, sir——"

"Not a word. I shall telegraph to your father at once, and ask him to remove you from the school," said the Head sternly.

"But——"

"You will pack your box, and remain in your study for the present," said Dr. Holmes. "I do not wish you to mingle with the other boys again."

"But——"

"You may go."

And the Outsider went.

The School House page was despatched with the telegram at once. Jerrold Lumley did not reappear in the Form-room for lessons that afternoon. The Fourth Form guessed the reason easily enough. And only Mellish felt any regrets at the thought of the new-comer leaving St. Jim's.

Dr. Holmes was engaged in the Sixth Form-room when a telegram was brought to him some time later.

He opened it, and read:

"Mr. Lumley-Lumley sailed for South America this morning."

The Head let the telegram flutter to the floor.

He had forgotten that the millionaire had told him that he was sailing immediately for South America, and wished to dispose of his son before he went.

He had disposed of his son at St. Jim's, and sailed—and the Head did not even know where to communicate with him in South America, even if that had been of any use.

The agitated doctor consulted Mr. Railton.

"The boy cannot remain here," he said. "But his father is gone. He understood that the lad was to remain at St. Jim's during his absence. What shall I do?"

"Mr. Lumley-Lumley's solicitors, sir," suggested Mr. Railton. "You were to communicate with them in case of necessity, I suppose."

The Head looked relieved.

"Ah, yes, yes! I had forgotten! I will wire to them to make arrangements for the removal of this obnoxious boy from the school."

And a second telegram was despatched, this time addressed to Messrs. Bird & Beaky, and the Head breathed more freely.

The classes were dismissed before the reply telegram came. The boys crowded out of the class-rooms, discussing the late happenings. Gordon Gay had been taken away to the Grammar School in the Head's trap, with Frank Monk, and the juniors, who had hoped to see him and give him a personal assurance of their whole-hearted condemnation of Lumley's action, were disappointed.

"But it's all wight," said D'Arcy. "We'll w'ite him a lettah, you know, and assuah him that we condemn the wotten boundah, and tell him that Lumley is kicked out. We'll all make him a handsome apology."

"Good old Gussy!" said Tom Merry. "It's a good wheeze!"

"Yes, Gussy's got a good dodge for once," agreed Monty Lowther. "I think the letter should be written and sent, and also that the occasion should be celebrated in some way."

"Weally, Lowthah, I don't think it would be good taste to celebwate the occasion of Gordon Gay havin' got a feahful blow on the nappah!"

"I didn't mean that—I meant celebrate the occasion of your having a good idea."

"You uttah ass——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I cannot see anythin' whatevah in Lowthah's impertinent womark to cackle at. I wegard Lowthah as a widiculous ass, and tweat his womarks with scorn."

"Go hon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"When you chaps have finished undahstudyin' a pack of gwinnin' hyenas, we'll start on the lettah to Gordon Gay," said D'Arcy, with a great deal of dignity.

And the juniors started on it. They put their heads together over the letter, and finally produced one that seemed satisfactory. It ran as follows:

"Dear Gay,—The chap who biffed you in the lane was a new fellow here—a rank outsider—and he is being expelled for it, so we understand. Anyway, we should make him sit up. We're sure you wouldn't think any St. Jim's chap would play such a dirty trick. We're all sorry, and hope you will soon be all right again."

The letter was signed by so many hands that the list of signatures was a dozen times as long as the letter. But that would prove, as Blake pointed out, that the fellows all meant it.

The letter was sent over at once by Binks, who was instructed to wait for a reply. Then Tom Merry & Co. felt somewhat relieved. They had disclaimed any connection with the rank outsider who had disgraced his Form, at all events.

Meanwhile, Dr. Holmes was waiting anxiously for a reply telegram from Messrs. Bird & Beaky. It came at last.

The Head opened it, and read:

"Telegram received. Are instructed by our client that under agreement Master Lumley remains at St. James's for three years.—Faithfully, BIRD & BEAKY."

Dr. Holmes groaned.

That unlucky agreement!

He had signed it, and the millionaire had evidently placed it in the hands of his solicitors, to be enforced if necessary.

Mr. Railton came in, and the Head showed him the telegram. The House-master started. He had not expected that.

"What would you advise me to do, Mr. Railton?"

Mr. Railton shook his head.

"That was a most unfortunate agreement, sir."

"I know that now. Of course, I did not foresee anything of this sort."

"I think Mr. Lascelles Lumley-Lumley did, sir," said Mr. Railton grimly. "He probably knew his son's character very well, and guessed that something would happen to make you anxious to send him away from St. Jim's."

The Head passed his hand across his brow.

"Dear me! Of course, I regarded the matter as a piece of formalism—of no consequence whatever. I was mistaken."

"Decidedly."

"You—you think that Mr. Lumley-Lumley deliberately inveigled me into signing that absurd agreement, with an eye to the future!" exclaimed the Head, aghast.

"It certainly looks like it, sir."

"It was most unfair!" exclaimed Dr. Holmes warmly.

Mr. Railton smiled slightly.

"Perhaps the methods of Lumleys, Limited, are not always cricket," he suggested. "In any case, sir, you have bound yourself."

"But—but they would never go to law——"

"I am of opinion that that is exactly what Mr. Lumley Lumley has instructed them to do, sir, if you send the boy away. Besides, where are you to send him? You cannot turn him out into the open air."

The Head made a helpless gesture.

"I feel as if I were caught in a trap, Mr. Railton!" he exclaimed.

"I am afraid that is exactly how the matter stands, sir; you are."

"Then—then the boy must remain."

"I am afraid so."

"It is a most unfortunate position."

"He cannot very well be expelled, sir, under the circumstances," said Mr. Railton. "Perhaps, after all, a flogging may meet the case."

"I—I suppose that is all that can be done."

There was no doubt about that. Jerrold Lumley, who was waiting with perfect coolness in his study, was informed of the fact, and never turned a hair. He could have told the Head, all the time, exactly how the matter stood, if Dr. Holmes had asked him.

The school was assembled in the hall to witness a public flogging. That was the first intimation the boys had had that Jerrold Lumley was not to be expelled after all.

Blake had just received from Binks the answer to his letter. He read it out to a circle of juniors:

"Dear Kids,—It's all serene—my napper's a hard nut to crack. Don't be too rough on the chap, whoever he was—a beast like that isn't worth ragging. Of course, I know all you chaps would be down on such a trick.—Yours always,

"GORDON GAY."

"Decent chap!" said Blake.

"Yes, rather!" said Tom Merry.

"Bai Jove! I wegard him as awfully decent!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "It seems that this wank outsidah isn't goin' to be sacked aftah all. I wegard it as wotten. We've got to see him flogged."

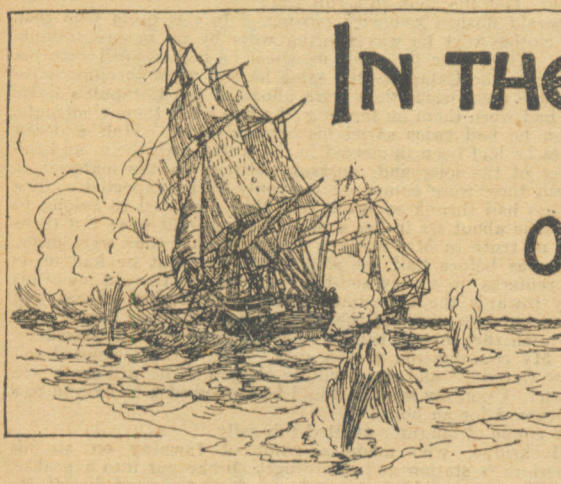
"Well, I must say I don't feel sorry for the beast!" Tom Merry remarked.

The other fellows were all of the same mind. They assembled in hall, and Jerrold Lumley took his flogging. It was the severest that had ever been administered at St. Jim's; but Lumley took it quietly, in his hard way. Hardly a cry escaped him; and even those who disliked him most could not help respecting his courage.

"Well, that will be a lesson to him, I suppose," Blake remarked, when the assembly broke up and they crowded out. But he spoke doubtfully, and he felt doubtful. And the others shared his feeling. They all felt that a flogging was not likely to make much difference to the nature of the rank outsider.

THE END.

The First Chapters of a Splendid Serial Story.



IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING

A Thrilling Old Time Sea Story

By Lieutenant Lefevre.

READ THIS FIRST.

Oswald Yorke, a youth of eighteen, joins the Navy under peculiar circumstances, becoming a midshipman aboard the frigate Catapult under the name of John Smith.

The frigate is wrecked, and but a handful of her crew are saved. The survivors, including Oswald, are accommodated at the house of a planter named Wilson on the island of San Andrade, where Lieutenant Hope, of the gunboat Rattler, which has been captured by the pirate Kester, is also staying.

Another frigate, the Cynthia, calls at the island, and her commander, Captain Garvin, coming ashore, receives the report of the loss of the two warships. Immediately, on concluding his report, Lieutenant Hope shoots himself, to avoid the disgrace of a court-martial. The Cynthia takes the survivors of the Catapult and the Rattler on board; and Oswald, with his chum Maxwell, and Davis, of the Rattler, share quarters with the Cynthia's three middies, Garvin, Buckridge, and Williamson. Oswald and Maxwell relate the story of the Catapult's wreck, and Davis tells of the capture of the Rattler.

(Now go on with the story).

An Interview with the Admiral.

Although Garvin had unbent considerably, he could not entirely lay aside the priggishness that was part and parcel with him. For the benefit of the new-comers, he was about to narrate the incidents that had transpired during the present voyage of the Cynthia. He cleared his throat with a loud "H'm!" and then began:

"You must know that——"

But at that moment a sergeant of Marines put his nose round the bulkhead.

"The admiral's compliments to Mr. Smith," he said, "and the admiral will be glad to see Mr. Smith in his cabin."

It was the summons Oswald had been expecting and waiting for, and his heart beat a little faster as he rose to his feet. He was going to see his benefactor—the man who had saved him from a life of degradation and shame. His cheeks flushed. For an instant he shrank from the coming interview with a sense of shame. Then gratitude resumed its sway, and he stepped eagerly towards the door.

"You! The admiral knows you!" gasped Mr. Garvin.

"Knows him! I should think so!" said Maxwell glibly. "Old friend of Smith's family. It was the admiral who induced Smith to go to sea. Jolly old boy, the admiral!"

"Really! I—I had no idea!" stammered Garvin.

"The admiral is his godfather—gave him a silver mug," said Davis, lying unblushingly. "I wonder where you got your mug from, Mr. Garvin?"

The admiral was alone.

"Come in!" cried the cheery voice Oswald remembered so well.

And the next moment he was standing in the presence of the man to whom he owed so much.

The old man held out his hand with a smile.

"This is an unexpected meeting, my lad," he said cheerily. "I little thought when we parted—— That will do, Sanders. You can go."

The Marine saluted, and withdrew.

"Sit down, Oswald," said the admiral kindly.

Oswald flushed with pleasure that the admiral should remember his name.

Then the old man's face grew careworn and stern.

"'Tis ill news of the Catapult," he said. "I little thought I should never see that gallant little frigate again. Gone, and all those poor souls with her! Poor fellows—poor fellows! They mutinied against their captain?"

"Yes, sir," said Oswald quietly.

The admiral glanced at him keenly for a moment; then, as Oswald did not speak, a look of satisfaction came into the old man's face.

"I respect your silence. I will not ask you for your confidence," he said. "There will be an inquiry, of course, into the loss of the Catapult, and then, if you have any evidence to give, you will give it. Meanwhile, you are wise to keep your own counsel."

"I have very little to say, sir. There are others who were on the Catapult—Dr. Telford, Mr. Pringle, and Mr. Maxwell."

"And Mr. Brabazon, beside the captain," said the admiral.

"Yes."

"Ah, well, we will not talk of that now—not now! Tell me of yourself. They tell me that Captain Burgoyne owes his life to you?"

Oswald flushed.

"Yes," he said simply

"Ah, of course, the suspicions that he once had are—are gone now!"

"I think not, sir. I am sure he still suspects me."

"But surely he would not do you any injury now? You do not think that?"

"I am sure, sir, that if it lies in Captain Burgoyne's power to use his knowledge against me, he will do so."

The admiral sighed.

"It is strange, after the service you have rendered him. I should have thought it would have inclined him more kindly towards you, if only through gratitude. But we will not talk of Captain Burgoyne now. Do you remember the promise I made you when we last parted?"

"Yes," said Oswald eagerly. "You promised to see my father, but I dared not hope——"

"You dared not hope that I would keep my word?" said the admiral, smiling. "My dear lad, I gave you a promise, and surely, to a man of honour, that was sacred and binding? I did see your father——"

Oswald leaned forward eagerly.

The admiral paused.

"He is a strange man—strange and incredulous."

"He would not believe the truth that I told you, sir?"

"He would scarcely hear a word from me on the subject. He said that you had disgraced the name that you bore, and that—that he never wished to hear of you, or see you again."

"And he would not believe?" cried Oswald.

"I am sorry, he wouldn't. I think he was a little inclined to belief, but it was his obstinacy and stubbornness that prevented him from recognising the truth. But your sister—I saw her also; a sweet girl—she was eager to hear of you. There is no question about her firm and steadfast belief in you, Oswald."

"God bless her!" said Oswald.

"Amen!" echoed the admiral. "By her suggestion, I saw the rector of Wilminster, Mr. Grey, and told him the

whole story of my meeting with you. I told him all that had passed, and repeated the account of your doings that night to him. The worthy man was greatly affected. I understand that you have been his pupil, and he has a great affection for you. He said that he was always sure that it was some boyish prank—a foolish one, perhaps, but nothing worse. You will always have a friend in him, and one who will champion your cause with your father, and with all others. I wish I could have done more. I wish that I could give you better news. But you must not despair. One day the whole truth about that night's adventure will come to light—you must be assured of that. Meanwhile, you must go on as you have begun. Do what you believe to be right; speak the truth, and scorn a dishonourable action; prove yourself worthy of a sister's love and confidence, and of the friendship of that good man, your old master."

"And of your goodness," said Oswald earnestly—"your goodness and charity, which I have so little deserved."

"You have deserved it, for you are proving yourself worthy," said the admiral. "Now, no more; we will not speak of the past again. When the Catapult business is settled, I shall find you another ship. Meanwhile, you and your companions are rated midshipmen on the Cynthia."

He held out his hand to Oswald as he spoke, and Oswald raised it to his lips.

The following morning, at daybreak, the Cynthia weighed anchor, and stood out to sea.

Mr. Fife had communicated his suspicions about Mr. Wilson to both the captain and the admiral, but there was no direct evidence against the planter. It was beyond their power to prove that he had had any hand in the capture of the Rattler by Kester and his men; and to take Mr. Wilson and his son prisoners, and convey them to Kingston, would have been a high-handed proceeding that the admiral could not sanction.

The admiral, however, decided to have a strict watch kept on the island, so that if the Rattler should return at any time, it could be recaptured and the miscreants brought to justice. To Oswald, whose experience of life afloat was confined to the life on board the Catapult, the order and ready alacrity with which men performed their duties came as rather a revelation.

Captain Garvin was an able officer and a good sailor. He was something of a martinet, but though stern, he was a just man—and, what told more in his favour with his men than all else, he was one of the very few naval officers of that period who had sternly set their faces against the barbarous modes of punishment then prevalent in the Navy.

He never flogged a man unless that man forced him to take this last means of bringing him to submission. He treated his men like men, and not like beasts. He believed that to lacerate a man's back, to lower his self-esteem, and to break his will, was not the surest way to make a good and useful sailor of him, and the consequence was that a more orderly and better conducted ship's crew never floated than that over which Captain Garvin had authority.

Mr. Lancing, the lieutenant, was a man of very similar inclinations. He had sailed several voyages with his present captain, and had probably acquired a good many of Captain Garvin's principles; but the second lieutenant, Mr. Briggs, was a very different personage. He was small and ill-favoured, both in appearance and in mind. Because he dared not indulge in corporal punishment, which was distasteful to his superior officers, he indulged in private bullying and numerous petty spitefulnesses. From the first moment the three strange middies had set foot on deck, Mr. Briggs favoured them with his special attention.

"What's your name?" he asked Oswald abruptly.

"Smith, sir."

"Smith—eh? Scarecrow, I should think! You are a disgrace to the ship! You are most abominably filthy!" He pinched his nose with his fingers, as though to close out an obnoxious smell. "Get below deck, sir! Get out of my sight! Get the cook to scrub you!"

Oswald flushed red with passion. It was quite true that the clothes that he was wearing were by no means presentable. They were the same in which he had escaped with his life from the Catapult—the same he had worn through those horrible days when they were afloat in the Catapult's boat. He had worn them on the brig; he had worn them that night when he had twice saved his captain's life. Half a dozen times he had been immersed in the water with them, and the effect of the long and constant wettings on the material of which they were composed was only to be expected. The clothes had shrunk so much that they appeared to belong to someone about six inches shorter than Oswald was; but there was no truth in Mr. Briggs's statement that they were dirty.

It was before half the ship's company that he had made his remarks, in a very audible voice, and as Oswald made his way towards the companion-hatch, with flushed cheeks and glittering eyes, some of the men, anxious to curry favour with the man they hated, turned away in disgust as he passed.

"My compliments to the cook," Mr. Briggs shouted out after Oswald, "and say I will be obliged if he will scrub you down! Upon my soul, it would be a good idea to let you tow overboard for an hour!"

A ripple of laughter greeted this sally.

Buckridge, who made a point of fawning on all his superiors in station and in strength, broke out into a peal of shrill laughter. Unfortunately for him, he stood directly in Oswald's path, and the next moment his laughing suddenly ceased, and ended in a howl as Oswald struck out straight from the shoulder, and sent the little sycophant staggering across the deck with a blow that loosened several of his front teeth.

"Come back, sir!" roared Mr. Briggs, in whose sight the blow had been struck. "How dare you? How dare you strike Mr. Buckridge?"

Oswald did not answer, but stood looking his persecutor fairly in the face.

"I say, how dare you, you ill-conditioned cur?" shouted Mr. Briggs. "I suppose you know, sir, that on most ships you would be tied up and flogged for such an act? To the masthead with you, and stay there till I order you to come down! By Jupiter! The fresh air will do you no harm, either, and the deck will be rid of your presence!"

Without a word Oswald turned to obey, and as he did so the admiral came on deck.

He knew nothing of what had happened, and, seeing Oswald, called out to him:

"Smith, you must go and ask the purser to give you a fresh uniform, my boy—you and your companion. Yours looks as if it had done good service. Why, what is the matter?" he added, seeing from Oswald's scarlet face and from the attention of the bystanders that there was something wrong.

"I am going to the masthead for punishment, sir," said Oswald, in a low voice.

"Punishment already, Smith," said the admiral, with a look of displeasure coming into his kindly old face—"already?"

Oswald turned away, with a sense of bitterness in his heart.

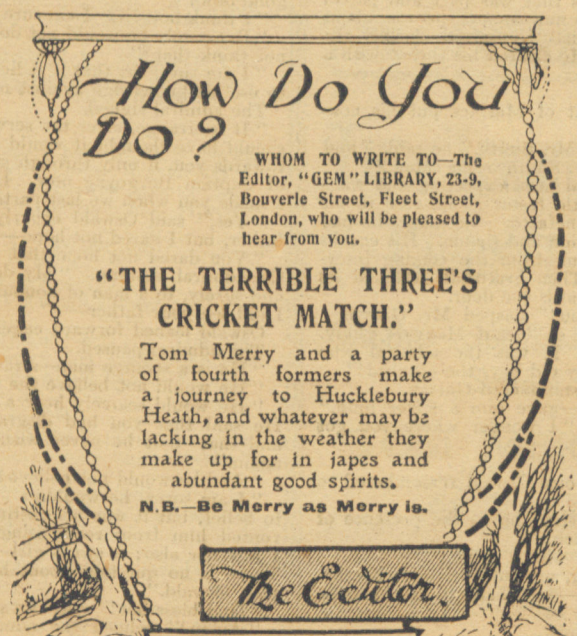
"I have mastheaded that young gentleman, sir, for wantonly striking Mr. Buckridge here on the deck," said Mr. Briggs.

The admiral turned to Oswald.

"Go!" he said sternly, with a look that said as plainly as words could, "I am deeply disappointed in you."

With a sense of suffocation in his throat Oswald ascended into the top. He felt murderously inclined towards the evil-disposed little brute who had ordered his punishment. It was not that he cared for the punishment itself, but that he should already be in disgrace within a few hours of coming on board, and that the admiral should look at him with displeasure, aroused a storm of passionate resentment within him.

(Another instalment of this thrilling serial will appear next Thursday.)



Printed and published weekly by the Proprietors, 23, Bouverie Street, London, England. Agents for Australia: Gordon & Gotch, Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Wellington, N.Z.; South Africa: The Central News Agency, Cape Town and Johannesburg; Canada: The Imperial News Co., Toronto. Subscription, 7s. per annum. Saturday, July 30th, 1910.