

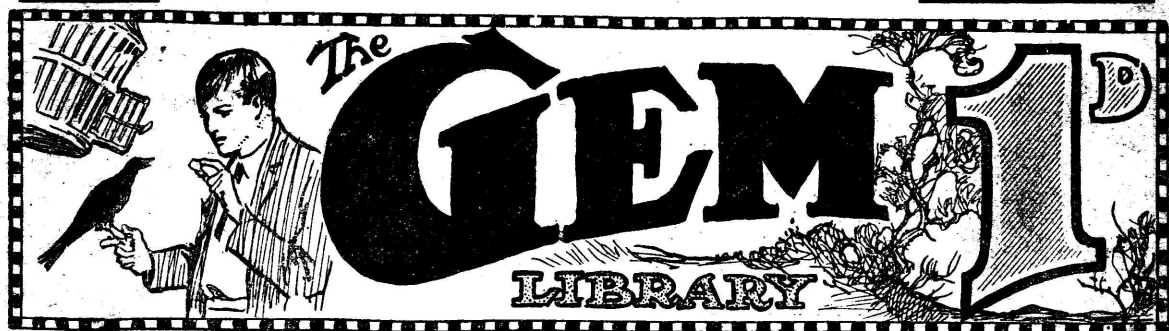
NEXT  
THURSDAY:

# "D'Arcy's Double."

By  
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Every

Thursday.



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## "A FALSE CHUM."

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

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**



"I have fold Lumley-Lumley what you said to me, Levison," said Cousin Ethel. "He is willing to be friends if you are. You will shake hands with Levison?" she added, turning to the Outsider. (See page 5.)

### CHAPTER 1. Solely a Solo.

TAKE a pair of sparklin' eyes—"

"Whose?"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Well, I only asked a question," said Blake innocently. "I haven't the slightest objection to taking a pair of sparkling eyes, but, of course, I want to know whose."

"Of course," said Tom Merry seriously. "Or Blake could take one, and I could take the other. I—"

"You uttah ass!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, groped for his eyeglass. He found it, and jammed it into his eye, and surveyed the other fellows in the room with indignant scorn. They were all looking very grave and serious. Whether they really misunderstood him, or whether they were only "rotting," Arthur Augustus D'Arcy did not quite know.

There were half a dozen fellows in the box-room in the

School House at St. Jim's. They were sitting on empty boxes, or standing round D'Arcy with their hands in their pockets. D'Arcy had burst quite suddenly into song. D'Arcy's tenor voice was a very serious matter from his own point of view, and a standing joke among the rest of the juniors of the School House. "Take a pair of sparkling eyes" was one of the amateur tenor's favourites. Just now he had been practising for half an hour by himself, and when he had asked Tom Merry & Co. to come in and give him their opinion, they had come in with the gravity of judges.

"I wegard you as an uttah ass, Tom Mewwy," said D'Arcy.

"I wegard you as anothah uttah ass, Blake. I—"

"Oh, get on with the washing!" said Monty Lowther, of the Shell. "You were telling us to take a pair of sparkling eyes—"

"I wasn't, you ass—"

"I appeal to the other fellows!" said Lowther. "I distinctly heard you tell us to take a pair of sparkling eyes—"

Next Thursday:

"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE!" and "DEEP SEA GOLD!"

No. 194 (New Series.)

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"Yes, rather!"

"I guess that's correct," said Lumley-Lumley.

"You uttah duffahs!" shrieked D'Arcy. "I believe you are only wottin'. That is a song, you feahful chumps—a song from a Sullivan opewah."

"Oh, I see!" said Jack Blake, with a thoughtful nod. "It's a song!"

"Yaas, wathah, and you know it as well as I do, you uttah ass! I was beginnin' to sing a tenah solo—"

"Oh!" said Tom Merry, in great astonishment. "You were singing?"

"Yaas, you duffah!"

"Why didn't you tell us before you started?" demanded Tom Merry warmly. "How were we to know?"

There was a chuckle in the box-room. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy turned his eyeglass upon the juniors in turn.

"I wegard you as a set of wottahs!" he exclaimed. "How-eva, as you are here, pway listen, and give me your opinion. It is wathah difficult singin' without a musical accompaniment, of course—"

"I don't mind giving you an accompaniment on a comb and paper," said Jack Blake.

"Weally, Blake—"

"Or I would rattle my heels on the floor, with pleasure, to beat time," suggested Monty Lowther.

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"I guess I could give you an obligato on the tin whistle, if you really wanted it," remarked Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.

"Pway, don't talk out of your silly hat, deah boys! Undah the circs., as there is no piano, I shall sing without an accompaniment, and do my best. Pway don't intewwupt me again, and I will begin. It is vewy important to get this song perfect, considewin' that we shall be givin' a musical entertainment shortly—"

"Ha, ha, ha!—I mean ahem! Go on—I was only coughin'!"

"Pway shut up, then, deah boys!"

D'Arcy cleared his throat, tapped his tuning-fork to get his note, and started.

"Take a pair of sparklin' eyes—"

"One moment," said Blake, holding up his hand.

"Weally, Blake—"

"Do excuse me—but if I am to take a pair of sparkling eyes, what will the owner do when I have taken them—"

"Blake, you ass—"

"And is there a process of painless extraction?" asked Blake. "I shouldn't like to hurt the victim too much, and—"

"You feahful ass! I—"

"Well, I only wanted to know, you know," said Blake.

"But go on, and tell us the rest."

"Take a pair of sparklin' eyes—" sang D'Arcy.

"The same pair?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Yaas, you ass!"

"Oh, all right; you might have been alluding to another pair, as you said it twice. If you said, take a pair of trousers, and then again, take a pair of trousers, I should think that you were speaking of two separate and distinct pairs of trousers," Monty Lowther explained.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, you fellows—"

Tom Merry held up his hand.

"Order!" he exclaimed. "Let D'Arcy explain himself."

"Go it, Gussy!"

"Take a pair of sparklin' eyes,

Hidden evah and anon

In a merciful eclipse.

Do not heed their mild surpwise—"

"Certainly not," said Blake. "But if I started taking anybody's sparkling eyes, I think there would be something more than mild surprise in the case."

"You uttah fathead—"

"What's wrong now?" asked Blake innocently. "I was only making an observation."

"Do not heed their mild surpwise!" shrieked D'Arcy.

"Havin' passed the Wubicon,

Take a pair of wosy lips—"

"Belonging to the same person as the eyes?" asked Monty Lowther.

"Yaas, you ass!"

"But what would the owner do without any eyes or lips—and consider what a fright she would look!"

"Look here, Monty Lowthah—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take and keep them if you can!" sang D'Arcy.

"Happy man!

Take and keep them if you can—"

"Oh," said Blake, with an air of great comprehension, "I

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understand! We are to can them, as they do beef in Chicago. We can keep them if we can them. Is that it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy allowed his eyeglass to drop from his eye, and pushed back his cuffs. The juniors watched these proceedings with great interest.

"I wegard you as an ass, Blake!" said D'Arcy, in measured tones. "I believe you undahstand perfectly well, and you are only wottin'."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake.

"Undah the circs., I am goin' to give you a feahful thwashin'—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! I—I—"

Arthur Augustus rushed at his exasperating chum, with his fists wildly sawing the air. Jack Blake dodged behind Monty Lowther, and Arthur Augustus hit out terrifically. There was a wild yell from Monty Lowther, and he rolled over on the floor of the box-room.

The juniors shrieked with laughter. Arthur Augustus stood regarding Monty Lowther with astonishment, evidently much surprised at having knocked down the wrong person.

"Bai Jove! I'm sowwy, Lowthah—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, you fellows—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

## CHAPTER 2.

### Warned Off.

MONTY LOWTHER sat up, looking very dusty, and somewhat dazed. He blinked at the yelling juniors; and at the contrite swell of the Fourth Form.

"Well, you frightful fathead!" he gasped.

"Bai Jove, you know—I'm feahfully sowwy, deah boy! I was intendin' to thwash Blake—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you'd better ring off, Gussy!" said Lumley-Lumley, with a grin. "You've spoiled the shape of Lowther's nose—"

"I'm awfully sowwy, Lowthah, and I apologise, as one gentleman to another," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity.

"That will make it all wight—"

"It won't make my nose all right, you ass!" roared Monty Lowther.

"Weally, deah boy—"

Lowther staggered to his feet. His nose was certainly very red, and had a bulbous look. Lowther caressed it tenderly with his hand.

"I'll—I'll wipe up the floor with him!" he gasped. "I—I—"

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"Peace!" said Tom Merry. "Let there be peace in the wigwams of the School House. It was an accident—"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"And in recompense, Gussy will promise not to sing any more tenor solos—"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Oh, all right!" said Monty Lowther, calming down. "If Gussy will do that, that will make it all right."

"I wufuse to do anythin' of the sort. I am now pwactisin' my tenah solos, because we're goin' to give a musical entertainment when Cousin Ethel comes."

"Cousin Ethel!"

"Is she comin'?"

"Oh, good!"

"Yaas!" said D'Arcy. "I had a lettah this mornin'. Cousin Ethel has been stayin' at the seaside—she has been wathah seeday evah since the time when she was stayin' with Dr. Gadsby, and now she is comin' to stay for a few days with Mrs. Holmes. I suppose it will be our duty to entahtain her a little."

"Yes, rather!"

"I was thinkin' of a concert," said D'Arcy. "And, of course, I should give a vawiety of tenah solos. I was thinkin' of 'Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes,' and 'Let Me Like a Soldier Fall—'"

"Certainly!" said Lowther.

He gave Arthur Augustus a sudden push, and the swell of St. Jim's sat down.

"You uttah ass!" shrieked D'Arcy. "What did you do that for?"

"I was lettin' you like a soldier fall!" said Lowther innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove! I—I—" Arthur Augustus leaped to his feet. "I—I—"

"Sorry if I misunderstood you," said Monty Lowther blandly. "But I apologise, as one gentleman to another, so it's all right!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"



The juniors surrounded D'Arcy, with severe expressions upon their faces. Tom Merry pointed his hand magisterially at the swell of St. Jim's. "Now let's have this understood," he exclaimed. "Cousin Ethel hasn't been well, and she can't possibly be strong enough yet to stand your tenor solos. It's as much as we can do to stand them; and we're pretty fit!" (See Chapter 2.)

"I wegard you as a silly ass, Lowthah! Howevah, to wesume. When Cousin Ethel comes, I'm goin' to sing seveal solos—"

"Rats!"

"You're not!"

Arthur Augustus adjusted his monocle, and surveyed the juniors indignantly.

"Look here, deah boys—" he began.

The juniors surrounded D'Arcy with severe expressions upon their faces. Tom Merry pointed his hand magisterially at the swell of St. Jim's.

"Now, let's have this understood!" he exclaimed. "Cousin Ethel hasn't been well, and she can't possibly be strong enough yet to stand your tenor solos. It's as much as we can do to stand them, and we're pretty fit!"

"Hear, hear!" said Blake.

"If you break out into song, Gussy, we shall bump you. It's a fellow's duty to protect a lady in distress."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not a note!" said Tom Merry. "Not a chirp. You understand?"

"You uttah ass—"

"Chuck it!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

And the juniors, after shaking their fingers solemnly in warning at the swell of St. Jim's, filed out of the box-room, leaving Arthur Augustus D'Arcy to digest their warning at his leisure.

"Bai Jove!" murmured D'Arcy. "I wegard them as a set of beastly Philistines. They don't know a good voice when they hear it. I'm jollay well goin' to pwactise all the same."

And Tom Merry & Co., as they went down the box-room stairs, heard a voice from above, trilling forth more or less tunefully:

"Yaas, let me like a soldiah fall,

Upon some open plain.

This bweast expandin' for the ball—"

"Oh, buck up!" said Blake. "I can stand Gussy's waist-coats, and his ties, and his silk toppers, and his eyeglass—but I draw the line at his tenor solos. Run for it!"

And they ran.

**NEXT THURSDAY'S LONG  
COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE:**

**"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE I"**

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CHAPTER 3.  
A Welcome Guest.

JERROLD LUMLEY-LUMLEY wore a very thoughtful expression.

The fellow who had always been called the Outsider of St. Jim's was seldom called by that name now.

The blackguard of the Fourth Form—the rank outsider—had made more than one effort in a better direction, but always he had slipped back somehow into his old ways—until now. Now, it really appeared that Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was in real earnest. For a long time he had been all that could be desired. Not a sign had he shown of reverting to his old bad habits. He had never been near the Green Man—he had cut off his connection with Mr. Joliffe and the set of betting rascals who haunted that ill-favoured place—and he was very friendly with Tom Merry & Co. More and more of the better qualities of his nature had come to light, and the Outsider of St. Jim's was becoming popular.

And he liked it!

The old reckless ways, the breathless excitement of breaking bounds at night and risking discovery and expulsion—after all, he had tired of them. To be a decent fellow, respected and liked by the best fellows at St. Jim's, to play in the football matches, and join in all the boyish sports of the juniors—he realised that that was better and wiser. It seemed that Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had completely turned his back upon his old associations.

And it was not for want of temptations, either.

His old associates of the Green Man had made more than one attempt to get him back, and Levison and Mellish of the Fourth, the companions of his worst adventures, had never tired of striving to undermine his good resolutions.

But they had not succeeded.

To Levison and his friends the reform of the Outsider was a heavy blow, for Lumley-Lumley was the son of a millionaire, and had unlimited pocket-money. And Levison, at least, nourished a bitter hatred towards the fellow whom he could not drag back into evil ways. But the one-time Outsider did not care for Levison's like or dislike. He went on his way serenely, taking no notice of the sneers and taunts of the cad of the Fourth.

It was partly by the influence of Cousin Ethel that Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had succeeded in making that great change. But how Ethel regarded him he did not know. He knew that in his old days on more than one occasion he had bitterly offended Ethel, and now that she was coming to St. Jim's again Lumley-Lumley wondered how she would speak to him, and whether she would speak to him at all.

The Outsider of St. Jim's started suddenly out of his deep reverie as he received a sounding slap on the shoulder.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Tom Merry cheerfully. "Wherefore that worried brow? Been getting lines from Latham?"

Lumley-Lumley shook his head, but he did not smile.

"I guess not!" he said.

The habit of "guessing" still clung to Jerrold Lumley-Lumley from the time he had spent in America, when the Lumley-Lumleys, father and son, had been poor enough, and had picked up a living in New York, long before the millions came, and the firm of Lumleys, Limited, was heard of.

"Not in trouble?" asked Tom Merry.

"Not exactly."

"Come and punt a footer round, then."

"All serene!"

Lumley-Lumley walked out into the quad, with Tom Merry. The hero of the Shell had a footer under his arm. There was ten minutes to spare before dinner, and Tom Merry thought that it could not be better occupied than in punting a ball round the quadrangle. But the shade did not leave Lumley-Lumley's brow.

"Look here, Merry—" he exclaimed suddenly.

"Yes?" said Tom, kindly enough. He could see that there was a weight of some kind on Jerrold Lumley-Lumley's mind.

"I've been thinking—"

"Go it!"

"It's about Cousin Ethel!"

Tom Merry looked astonished.

"Nothing about Cousin Ethel to worry you, is there?" he asked.

"Oh, no! She's coming to stay with Mrs. Holmes. She will be here for a few days, I suppose."

"I suppose so," assented Tom Merry.

"Well—"

Lumley-Lumley paused. Tom Merry looked at him in increasing astonishment. Some of the fellows at St. Jim's had fallen what they were pleased to call in love with Cousin Ethel. Skimpole of the Shell had confided his tenderness once to Tom Merry. But Lumley-Lumley was not, as Tom

Merry would have expressed it, that sort of chap. Tom Merry wondered what was the matter with him.

"Hang it all!" broke out Lumley-Lumley abruptly. "Look here! I suppose you remember that—that I was caddish towards Cousin Ethel once?"

Tom Merry's brow clouded a little.

"No need to talk of that!" he said shortly.

"No. But—but—well, things are different now," said Lumley-Lumley. "I see things in a different light. I—I used to have cheek enough, goodness knows, but now—well, I don't feel as if I have cheek enough to face her. That's all. Will she speak to me, do you think?"

Tom Merry comprehended.

"Oh!" he said. "Is that it?"

Lumley-Lumley coloured.

"Yes, that's it, I guess. I—I think, perhaps, she must have a grudge against me, you know, and—and I want to stand in her good opinion."

Tom Merry smiled.

"Depend upon it, Cousin Ethel wouldn't bear malice," he said; "and, besides, she knows you're all right now. Don't say anything about it, and she won't, and it will be all right."

Lumley-Lumley nodded.

"And now kick the footer," said Tom Merry.

He kicked the ball, but he did not watch where it flew, for as the footer rolled he caught sight of a slim, girlish figure entering the gateway of St. Jim's.

"Cousin Ethel!" he exclaimed.

The girl came in, bright and charming as always, with a coat over her arm and a bag and umbrella in her hand. Tom Merry ran to meet her, and Jerrold Lumley-Lumley followed him more slowly. It was curious to see how the Outsider of St. Jim's, who was famous for his nerve, shrank from facing the quiet blue eyes of Ethel Cleveland.

"Ethel!"

"My hat! It's Ethel!"

That exclamation came from Figgins of the Fourth—Figgins of the New House. The long-legged junior came sprinting across the quad, as if he were on the cinder-path. He reached Cousin Ethel as soon as Tom Merry did, though he had twice the distance to cover. Cousin Ethel greeted the juniors with her cheery smile.

"Ethel! So jolly glad to see you!" exclaimed Figgins.

He took Ethel's bag. Tom Merry took it, too, and the two juniors glared at one another for a moment.

"Give it to me!" murmured Figgins.

"Rats!" murmured Tom Merry.

Cousin Ethel seemed to hear nothing.

"Will you take my coat, Figgins?" she asked.

Figgins released the bag instantly, and took the coat from Ethel's arm. The girl had walked from the station, and there was a flush of healthy colour in her soft cheeks.

Tom Merry's grasp closed triumphantly on the bag, but Figgins was equally pleased, as he had the coat. Cousin Ethel was smiling brightly.

"It's such a pleasure to see St. Jim's again!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, it's ripping to see you here!" said Figgins. "Are you quite well now?"

"Perfectly, thank you!"

Figgins's face was for a moment clouded. He had never forgotten the terrible experience Cousin Ethel had passed through on the occasion of her last visit to St. Jim's. But he would not speak of that now to mar the gladness of the meeting.

Lumley-Lumley came up slowly. Cousin Ethel turned to him with a smile, and took the hand he timidly held out.

Lumley-Lumley coloured.

Having shaken hands with Ethel, he ventured to take her umbrella, which the girl relinquished to him with a smile.

The three juniors marched the girl off towards the School House in a sort of triumphant procession.

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who was on the steps of the School House. "Bai Jove! It's Ethel! How do you do, deah boy—I mean deah gal?"

"It's Ethel! Hurrah!" shouted Blake.

Clang—clang!

It was the dinner-bell.

"Oh, rats!" said Figgins. "I don't want any dinner! I—"

Cousin Ethel laughed.

"I am going in to see Mrs. Holmes now," she said. "I shall see you all after school, I suppose? Good-bye, now!"

And the girl went into the Head's house. She left the juniors looking very well satisfied with themselves and things generally.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, voicing the general sentiment. "It's wippin' to have Cousin Ethel here again, you know—simply wippin'!"

"What-ho!" said Figgins, with unconscious emphasis.

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**"BY SHEER GRIT!"**

is the Title of the Splendid, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. appearing in this week's "MAGNET" Library. Now on Sale. One Penny.

D'Arcy turned his eyeglass rather coldly upon Figgins. "Weally, Figgins, I don't see why you should be so enthusiastic about my cousin comin' here," he remarked.

Figgins blushed.

A fat Fourth-Former came springing across the quad, and he caught Figgins by the arm, and jerked at him, gasping for breath. It was Fatty Wynn of the New House.

"Dinner!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, hang dinner!" said Figgins peevishly.

Fatty Wynn stared at him.

"Great Scott! Are you ill, Figgy?" he exclaimed anxiously. Fatty Wynn could not understand any fellow being indifferent to his dinner unless he was ill—and seriously ill.

Figgins snorted.

"No! Rats!"

"Come in to dinner, then," said Fatty Wynn, dragging him away. "There's boiled beef and carrots, and dumplings—jolly good dumplings—you know what they're like. There's a plum-pie to follow—"

"Oh, rats!"

"Look here, Figgy, what's the matter with you?" demanded Fatty Wynn. "I tell you there's boiled beef and carrots—"

"Br-r-r!"

And Figgins shook off Fatty Wynn's hand, and walked to the New House by himself, followed by the fat Fourth-Former in great astonishment. Kerr was waiting for them at the door of the New House.

"Buck up!" said Kerr. "Ratty will be down on you if you're late."

"Oh, rats!"

Kerr stared.

"He's ill," said Fatty Wynn, in explanation. "I told him there was boiled beef and carrots, and he only sniffed—sniffed!"

Kerr grinned.

"Cousin Ethel's come!" he said, in a tone of comprehension.

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

"Oh, nothing, of course!"

Kerr chuckled as he went into the dining-room. Figgins sat down at the table, with a very absent expression upon his face. But the chief of the New House juniors had a healthy boyish appetite, and he did full justice to the boiled beef and carrots, and to the plum-pie afterwards—much to the relief of Fatty Wynn.

## CHAPTER 4.

### Tit for Tat.

**A**FTER dinner Jerrold Lumley-Lumley came out on the School House steps. He looked out into the sunny quad. He could see in the distance several juniors chatting to Cousin Ethel at the gate of the Head's garden. Lumley-Lumley would gladly have joined them, but a new diffidence was coming over the Outsider of St. Jim's. He stood on the steps, looking towards them for some time, and then turned into the house, and went up to his study.

Lumley-Lumley's study in the Fourth Form passage was shared by Levison and Mellish. There was very little harmony in the study. Levison and Mellish were the black sheep of the Fourth, and when Lumley-Lumley had been of the same sort, they had got on together very well indeed. Now they did not get on at all. The two cads of the Fourth did all they could to make the study uncomfortable for the Outsider, and Lumley-Lumley often did his work in other fellow's studies in order to get away from his unpleasant

neighbours. He was oftener seen at work in Tom Merry's or Kangaroo's room, in the Shell passage, than in his own study.

Lumley-Lumley pushed open the study door and entered. A peculiar smell greeted him as he stepped into the study. He had expected to find the room empty, but Levison was there. Levison was standing at the table, busily at work. There was a candle burning on the table, and Levison was melting sealing-wax in the flame. That, and the smell of charred paper, made the scent that Lumley-Lumley had noticed as he entered.

The cad of the Fourth was so occupied that he did not notice the entrance of the Outsider of St. Jim's.

Lumley-Lumley stood looking at him for a moment in astonishment.

Levison had several books on the table before him, and he was calmly and methodically sticking the leaves together with sealing wax.

A dark frown knitted the Outsider's brow.

He recognised his own school books—books that he would need for use that day. The cad of the Fourth was playing one of the ill-natured tricks that he was never tired of inventing for the discomfiture of his whilom friend.

"You cad!" burst out Lumley-Lumley.

Levison started so suddenly that he let a chunk of melted wax fall upon his finger instead of upon the page he was sticking, and he uttered a yell of pain.

"Oh!"

He scratched the wax off quickly, and put his finger in his mouth, sucking it frantically.

Lumley-Lumley strode towards him with flashing eyes.

"You rotten cad!" he shouted. "What are you doing with my books?"

"Ch!"

"My hat! You've spoiled them all!" ejaculated the Outsider. "You miserable cad! I—"

Levison backed round the table. He did not like the Outsider's looks. He had not expected Lumley-Lumley to come into the study, and he was taken completely by surprise.

"I—I—," he began.

"You hound!" roared Lumley-Lumley. "You've stuck all the leaves together. If I hadn't come in and caught you, I suppose you would have worked it somehow to make it look as if somebody else had done it. You cad!"

"Look here—," began Levison.

"Put up your hands, you cad!"

Levison dashed round the table and ran for the door. Lumley-Lumley caught him by the shoulder and swung him back. The cad of the Fourth crashed against the table, and it fell sideways.

There was a loud crash as the table shot over into the fender, and the books fell into the hearth in a shower. The candle went out, and the candlestick smashed to pieces in the grate.

Levison rolled on the floor of the study.

Lumley-Lumley was upon him in a moment.

"Let go!" gasped Levison. "I—I—"

"Keep still, you cad!"

Levison had no choice about keeping still. He was upon his back on the hearthrug, and Lumley-Lumley's knee was upon his chest, pinning him down.

The Outsider reached out for the candle, stuck it upright in the broken stick, and lighted it. Levison watched him uneasily, writhing under the heavy knee. Lumley-Lumley held the stick of sealing-wax in the flame.

"Wh-what are you going to do?" panted Levison.

Lumley-Lumley's face was set grimly. For the moment he looked like the old Outsider again.

"Lumley, you mad idiot! What—"

"I'm going to serve you the same as you've served my books," said the Outsider.

"What! I—"

"Keep still!"

"I tell you I—"

"If you don't keep still you'll get some of this on your face," said the Outsider. "You will be hurt."

"Lumley—"

"Shut up!"

Lumley-Lumley dropped chunks of the melting sealing-wax upon Levison's hair, sticking it together in locks.

The cad of the Fourth writhed wildly.

"You mad fool!" he yelled. "I shall never get that out! Let me go!"

"You'll get hurt if you struggle."

"I—I—"

"Keep still! I guess you'd better!"

Levison thought he had better, too. He remained quiescent under the knee of the Outsider, while Lumley-Lumley stuck his hair together with the sealing-wax.

It did not take the Outsider long. He was very liberal

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"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE!"

with the sealing-wax, expending it freely in sticking Levison's hair together in chunks.

The aspect of the cad of the Fourth was very peculiar when Lumley-Lumley had finished. His hair was in little tufts and bunches on his head.

Lumley-Lumley threw the remainder of the sealing-wax into the grate, and rose to his feet, and allowed the cad of the Fourth to rise, too.

Levison looked at himself in the glass, and gave a yell.

"Oh, you villain!"

Lumley-Lumley grinned.

"Perhaps you'll be a bit more careful next time how you spread sealing-wax over a chap's books," he remarked.

"You hound!" shrieked Levison.

"Now get out of this study," said Lumley-Lumley.

"I won't! I—"

"Won't you?"

Lumley-Lumley advanced upon him. Levison tore the door open, and dashed out into the passage. There was a yell from some fellows who caught sight of him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get your hair cut!"

"What have you been doing to your hair, Levison?"

"Bai Jove!"

Levison ground his teeth.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy put up his eyeglass, and surveyed the cad of the Fourth in great wonder.

"Gweat Scott!" he exclaimed. "What evah have you been doin', Levison? You surely can't imagine that that way of doin' the hair is nice."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fool! Do you think I did it?" shrieked Levison.

"Weally, Levison—"

"You utter idiot!"

"I wefuse to be called an uttah idiot!"

Levison rushed away to a bath-room, and turned on the hot water-tap, and began to scrub at his hair. A crowd of juniors followed him to watch him, yelling with laughter.

The cad of the Fourth wrestled long with the sealing-wax. He scrubbed his hair, he soaped it, and scrubbed it again, and he combed it and brushed it, and brushed it and combed it.

But after all his efforts his hair was still stuck together in places, and when he came into the Form-room in the afternoon, he presented a most peculiar appearance. Little Mr. Lathom looked at him rather queerly, but made no remark. Lumley-Lumley looked at him with a grin.

Levison ground his teeth as he caught the Outsider's eye.

"Wait a bit, that's all!" he muttered. "I know where to hit you now, and I can hit you hard! Just wait a little, that's all!"

But Levison did not say that loud enough for the Outsider to hear.

## CHAPTER 5.

### Friends!

C OUSIN ETHEL was walking in the Head's garden, some hours later, when the gate cicked, and she looked up, expecting to see her cousin, Arthur Augustus. But it was not the swell of St. Jim's who entered. It was Levison of the Fourth. Levison had his cap on now, concealing his extremely tufty hair. He raised his cap about half an inch to Cousin Ethel.

Ethel gave him a cold nod.

She did not like Levison; she had never liked him. The hard, suspicious nature of the cad of the Fourth was not likely to appeal to her. Levison was always attacking somebody under the belief that they attacked him, whereas, as a matter of fact, they were probably not troubling their heads about him at all. But Levison had his most agreeable smile on now.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Cleveland!" he exclaimed.

"Good-afternoon!" said Ethel quietly.

Levison paused. It was perfectly clear that the girl did not want to speak to him, but Levison was insensible to rebuffs. Besides that, he had a plan to carry out, and Cousin Ethel was necessary to it.

"Excuse me, Miss Cleveland!" he said slowly. "Will you allow me to speak to you for a few minutes? I have something rather important to say—important to me, I mean."

Ethel looked at him in surprise.

"Certainly!" she said. "Go on!"

"It's—it's about myself," said Levison diffidently.

"Yes?"

"I—I—I'm trying to—to make a bit of a change in some things," Levison stammered. "I know you don't like me, Miss Cleveland."

Ethel was silent.

"And—and I know it's my own fault," said Levison, biting his lip. "I haven't been all that I ought to have been. But

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—but I'm going to try to turn over a new leaf. Lumley-Lumley used to be much the same, but he's changed a lot—you must have noticed it."

"Yes," said Ethel.

"I think I could get into a better way, if—I had someone to help me and back me up," said Levison. "Do you think so, Miss Cleveland?"

"Certainly!" said Ethel.

"Will you help me?"

"You have my best wishes," said the girl. "I don't see how I can help you."

"If Lumley-Lumley would back me up, it would be all right," said Levison. "He's in my study, and—and I like him, you know. We were always friends, but we've been on rotten bad terms lately; we had a row only this afternoon. I admit I was in the wrong, and deserved all I got."

Ethel looked more kindly upon the cad of the Fourth.

"That is very frank of you, at all events," she said.

"You've got a lot of influence over Lumley," went on Levison. "If you'd speak a word or two to him, I believe we could become friends again, and he would help me. A chap feels that he must have someone to back him up, and—and Mellish will drop me at once when he hears that I'm turning over a new leaf."

Cousin Ethel knew Mellish well enough to know that that was very probable.

It was not easy to believe that Levison was sincere. But Ethel remembered the case of Jerrold Lumley-Lumley. He had been more reckless and unscrupulous than Levison had ever been, and his reform was sincere enough. She resolved to give the cad of the Fourth the benefit of the doubt.

"If you'd speak to Lumley," said Levison hesitatingly, "I know he'd do anything that you suggested, Miss Cleveland."

"You mean what you say, Levison?"

"Honour bright!"

"Very well," said Ethel. "I will speak to Lumley-Lumley if you wish."

"Oh, thank you!" said Levison.

He took a bundle of cigarettes from his pocket and tossed them into the garden fountain. Ethel watched the action in surprise.

"That's for a start," said Levison.

Ethel smiled.

The cad of the Fourth raised his cap again—half an inch—and quitted the garden.

Ethel remained in a very thoughtful mood. She was a simple, kind-hearted girl, and it was not difficult for a cunning fellow like Levison to deceive her. She felt very glad that Levison had seen the error of his ways, and that he was resolved to follow Lumley-Lumley's example, and turn over a new leaf. That was all.

"Ethel, deah gal!"

It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. The swell of St. Jim's was dressed with more than usual care. Nothing could have exceeded the shine on his boots, excepting the glossiness of his silk hat.

He bowed gracefully to Ethel, and he raised the handsome topper. Lumley-Lumley had come into the garden with him, and he raised his hat, colouring as he met Ethel's glance. Although the girl had forgiven him, the Outsider did not feel at ease in her presence. He longed for some opportunity of showing Ethel that he was different now, of proving to her that he was reformed, that he was different from his old self. But it did not seem likely that an opportunity would arise, and words weighed very little.

"We're gettin' up a nice little tea in Tom Mewwy's study," D'Arcy explained. "I've come to fetch you, Ethel. Figgins was goin' to come, but I explained to him that it was not at all necessary, as I was bwingin' Lumlay with me."

"Yes, Arthur."

"Are you weady, deah gal?"

"Yes, quite."

"Pway allow us to escort you to the School House, then, deah gal. By the way, did I see that wottah Levison comin' out of the garden?"

"He has just been here," said Ethel.

"Bai Jove! The uttah wottah! I twust he has not vevahed to speak to you, deah gal."

"Yes."

"The boundah! I'll give him a feahful thwashin'—"

"Don't you think you are perhaps rather hard on Levison, Arthur?" Cousin Ethel suggested gently.

D'Arcy shook his head.

"He is an uttah wottah, deah gal."

Cousin Ethel turned her eyes upon Lumley-Lumley, as they walked out of the Head's garden into the quadrangle.

"Do you think so?" she said.

Lumley-Lumley coloured.

"I don't know," he said hesitatingly.

"I wanted to speak to you about him," said Cousin Ethel.

in a low voice. "Arthur, will you go on and tell them I am coming?"

"Certainly, dear gal."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy walked on ahead. Jerrold Lumley Lumley drew a quick breath.

What did Ethel want to say to him? Before the girl could speak, the Outsider spoke himself, in a low, hurried tone.

"Miss Cleveland! I—I don't know whether I should speak about it, but—once I was very rude to you. Have you forgiven me?"

"Yes, yes," said Ethel.

"I ought to have been licked," said Lumley-Lumley; "as a matter of fact, I was licked. I don't know how I could ever have been such a cad—and you were so good to me. But—but you believe that I'm a different sort of chap now, don't you?"

"Yes," said Ethel.

"I hope to be able to prove it, some time," said Lumley-Lumley, with a sigh. "I know that words aren't worth much."

"I believe you!" said Ethel. "But perhaps you may have a chance of proving that you want to do good."

Lumley-Lumley gave her an eager look.

"What do you mean, Miss Cleveland? What can I do?"

"Levison has been speaking to me."

"Levison!" repeated Lumley-Lumley, puzzled.

"Yes. Levison is sorry for—for some things he has done, and he wants to be different. He thinks it would be easy if he had a friend to back him up," said Cousin Ethel quietly.

"He wants you to help him."

"My hat!"

"Will you do it, Lumley-Lumley? I told him I would ask you."

"But does he mean it?" said the Outsider incredulously.

"I think so."

The Outsider paused. He did not believe in Levison. His knocking about the world had given him an insight into character that Cousin Ethel was not likely to possess. But he was willing to give Levison a chance, and he was more than willing to do anything that Cousin Ethel might wish.

"If you want me to back him up, Miss Cleveland, I'll stick to him," he said. "We have been friends, though that's all been off lately. I'll help him if I can."

"Thank you so much."

They entered the School House, and ascended the stairs to the Fourth Form passage. They had to pass Lumley-Lumley's study on the way to Tom Merry's room.

The door was open, and Levison was there. He stood in the doorway, looking out, as Cousin Ethel came by with Lumley-Lumley. He gave the girl an inquiring look, and Cousin Ethel nodded brightly.

Levison stepped back into the study, as the Outsider paused with Cousin Ethel. Ethel entered the study. She did not appear to notice the peculiar state of Levison's hair, though he was very conscious of it himself. He had reduced it to something like order, but it was likely to be some time before it fully recovered from the effects of the sealing-wax. Lumley-Lumley followed Ethel into the study. He gave the cad of the Fourth a keen look, but Levison met his eyes calmly enough.

"I have told Lumley-Lumley what you said to me, Levison," said Cousin Ethel. "He is willing to be friends, if you are. You will shake hands with him?" she added, turning to the Outsider.

Lumley-Lumley paused for a moment.

Then he held out his hand to the cad of the Fourth.

"There's my fist, if you mean it, Levison," he said.

Levison took his hand.

"I mean it," he said.

"Good, then!"

And they shook hands.

"I'm so glad!" murmured Cousin Ethel, as she walked on to Tom Merry's study with the Outsider. "I am sure that Levison means what he says, and it will be a chance for him to prove that he is in earnest."

"I'm only too glad to have a chance of doing anything that you ask me," said Lumley-Lumley.

Ethel smiled, and they entered Tom Merry's study.

## CHAPTER 6.

### Tea in Tom Merry's Study.

TOM MERRY turned round a ruddy face from the fire as they entered.

It was a cold afternoon, and the early evening was creeping in—but the study of the Terrible Three was very bright and cosy.

The blinds were drawn, and the gas was lighted, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate. Chairs borrowed from other studies formed an imposing array round the table,

which had been increased in size by a large box being placed at the end of it, the tablecloth being spread over both the table and the box.

The table groaned, as a novelist would say, under the tempting viands.

There were a good many juniors in the study—a good many more than the junior studies were planned to hold. But the juniors had a marvellous way of stowing themselves away into a small space when they wanted to.

Figgins & Co. were there—and they had brought a substantial addition to the feed, specially selected at the school shop by Fatty Wynn, who was a connoisseur in that line.

Of late, the two Houses at St. Jim's had been very much on the warpath—the junior portion of them at all events—and Figgins & Co. had proudly proclaimed the New House cock-house of St. Jim's. Tom Merry & Co. had been laying plans for compelling Figgins & Co. to sing small, and hide their diminished heads; but the visit of Cousin Ethel had put all ideas of warfare out of the minds of the juniors. There was to be a cheerful truce till Cousin Ethel's visit was up.

That was really very generous of Tom Merry & Co., as otherwise they could have kept Cousin Ethel to themselves. And Figgins was duly grateful. When Tom Merry had invited him to tea that evening, Figgins had given him a slap on the shoulder that almost dislocated it. It was Figgys' way of showing his appreciation. Figgins was beaming all over now, his face resembling a full moon with satisfaction. Fatty Wynn was beaming too; but it must in truth be confessed that Fatty Wynn was thinking more of the pork pies than of Cousin Ethel. Kerr was very cheerful, because his chums were cheerful, and because he had been asked to bring his violin to give a tune after tea.

Kerr could play the violin; he could do almost everything, but he was splendid on the violin. He could not only play classical music, to which his chums sometimes listened in dutiful patience, but he could play all sorts of merry jigs, and dances, and music-hall tunes, which the juniors considered decidedly more clever. Figgins and Wynn would sometimes listen to a musical masterpiece for a quarter of an hour, on condition that Kerr played them something jolly afterwards.

Tom Merry was making toast, and he had a complexion at this moment greatly resembling that of a freshly-boiled beet-root. Cousin Ethel smiled as she looked at him, and the hero of the Shell laughed.

"Jolly glad to see you," he said. "It's good of you to come. How jolly to be having tea in the study again, isn't it, after such a long time?"

"Jolly, indeed!" said Cousin Ethel brightly.

"This is your chair."

Tom Merry placed Cousin Ethel in a chair between his own and Figgins's. Figgins had been opening a tin of sardines, but he immediately sat down, in case anybody else should take his chair by mistake. Such a mistake was very likely indeed to occur.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy raised his monocle to his eye, and surveyed the table.

"That's all very well, Tom Mewwy," he remarked; "but where do I come in?"

"You came in at the door," Monty Lowther remarked, "and you'll go out at the window if you don't keep quiet."

"Weally, Lowthah—"

"You haven't finished opening the sardines, Figgins," said Jack Blake, with an eye on Figgins's chair.

"Oh, you can do that!" said Figgins easily.

"Well, you open sardines much better than I do," said Blake, with unaccustomed modesty. "Perhaps you had better do it."

"Oh, I'd trust you to open sardines at any time!" said Figgins.

Blake grunted, and opened the sardines. He turned them out upon a dish, and sat down next to Figgins.

"Not much room for your feet there, Figgy," he said affectionately. "Don't you find the leg of the table in your way?"

"Not a bit."

"I shouldn't mind changing places with you."

"But I jolly well should," murmured Figgins.

Blake coloured.

"Here's the toast," said Tom Merry cheerfully, "all finished, and all ready. Pour out the tea, somebody."

"I'll pour it out, if Figgy will hand up the teapot," said Blake.

"Can't—without getting up," said Figgins affably.

"Get up then, you slacker!"

"No fear!"

"Bai Jove! I will hand up the teapot with pleasure, Blake," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy innocently.

He stooped and caught hold of the teapot. Manners had made the tea, and left it in the grate near the fire to draw. Unfortunately he had left the handle of the teapot towards

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the fire. D'Arcy raised the teapot quickly, but he let go it more quickly still.

"Ow!"  
Crash!

The teapot smashed into a hundred pieces on the hearth, and the swell of St. Jim's sucked his fingers. There was a sizzle from the fire as the tea splashed into it.

"You ass!" roared Tom Merry, forgetting that there was a lady present. "You've wasted the tea!"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy! Ow—"

"You chump!" said Herries of the Fourth. "Of all the duffers—why, my bulldog Towser wouldn't have bungled like that—"

"Weally, Hewwies—"

"Fathead!" said Kangaroo, the Cornstalk.

"Weally, Kangawoo! The handle was hot, you duffahs! Some silly ass turned the teapot with the handle towards the fah!" groaned D'Arcy. "I've burnt my fingers! Ow!"

"Oh, blow your fingers!" said Tom Merry.

"I wefuse to do anythin' of the sort!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all right; there's another teapot," said Manners. "I'll have fresh tea made in a jiffy. Keep Gussy away from the teapot."

"Weally, Mannahs—"

Manners made fresh tea. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sat down, looking very injured. Cousin Ethel gave him a sympathetic look.

"Are you much hurt, Arthur?" she said.

"Not at all, deah gal."

"You are looking very serious."

"I have stained my shirt-cuffs," D'Arcy explained. "It's howwid! I have nevah, undah any circes., sat down to tea with soiled shirt-cuffs before."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fail to see any cause whatevah for laughtah, Blake. Pway pass me some of the sardines, Digby."

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy began his tea with great dignity.

It was a jolly tea.

It was some time since Cousin Ethel had had tea in a study at St. Jim's, and she enjoyed it, and Tom Merry & Co. enjoyed it, too. Figgins enjoyed it probably more than anybody else. He seemed to eat hardly anything himself, his time being chiefly occupied in passing things to Cousin Ethel. If Ethel had eaten a quarter of the good things Figgins passed to her, she would certainly have rivalled the gastronomic performances of Sir John Falstaff or Fatty Wynn.

The whole party were in high good humour. The juniors talked football and other things, Lumley-Lumley told a story of an adventure in the Bowery of New York, and Fatty Wynn explained at full length how Mrs. Taggles's pork pies at St. Jim's excelled all other pork pies in the world, not even excepting those of his native Wales.

Tea was over at last, everybody but Fatty being satisfied. The fat Fourth-Former of the New House would probably have gone on for hours if there had been no time limit.

"Another cup of tea, Cousin Ethel?" asked Tom Merry.

The girl shook her head, with a smile.

"No, thank you!"

"Another bun?" asked Figgins.

"Thanks, no."

"A little more cake?"

"No!"

"Not a little jelly?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then we're finished," said Figgins.

"Hold on!" said Fatty Wynn. "I'm not finished. I—"

"Fatty can have the table in a corner to himself," suggested Kerr.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, Kerr—"

"Yaas, wathah! Now that tea is ovah, I suggest a little music, deah boys!" said Arihur Augustus D'Arcy, and there was an air of unusual determination about the swell of St. Jim's as he made the suggestion.

## CHAPTER 7.

### A Little Music.

TOM MERRY & CO. looked at one another. They had intended to have a "little music," certainly. But they did not intend to have any of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's tenor solos if they could help it. And that was undoubtedly what Arthur Augustus D'Arcy meant by "a little music."

"Good egg!" said Figgins heartily. "Let Kerr give us something on the fiddle. You'd like that, wouldn't you, Cousin Ethel?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Ethel. Ethel had a musical ear, and

was a good pianist herself. She had sometimes had the pleasure of playing accompaniments for her cousin—or, rather, D'Arcy had had the pleasure. For on such an occasion the pleasure was all on his side.

"Play something jolly!" said Figgins, a little apprehensively. "None of your blessed classical stuff, you know. I know it's jolly clever, but what I like is a tunc. Don't you agree with me, Cousin Ethel?"

Cousin Ethel laughed.

Kerr smiled as he opened his violin-case. Kerr was a clever fellow—exceptionally clever. But his cleverness was not tainted by "swank." He never even dreamed of scoring over fellows who knew less than he did.

"Right-ho!" he said.

"Kerr's frightfully musical," Figgins confided to Cousin Ethel. "He knows all about harmony, and counterpoint, and things—chromatic scales, and diatonics, and things, you know. Blessed if I understand 'em. But I know it's jolly clever."

"Yes, it is very clever," Ethel assented.

"I can't play anything myself," said Figgins, "but I could listen to Kerr for hours. He's a clever chap. Some of us are clever, and some of us ain't. That's all."

Figgins sighed a little as he said that. He never thought of envying his chum, who could do so many things that he himself could not do, but he sometimes felt his own deficiencies in comparison. Figgins did not realise—that Cousin Ethel and all his chums knew—that he had a heart of gold, and that that was worth all the mental gifts that ever were showered upon the most gifted of men.

Kerr drew the bow over the strings.

Young as he was, Kerr seemed to have a complete mastery of that difficult instrument. Music flowed from the gliding bow.

Cousin Ethel listened to the piece he played from memory. That Cousin Ethel was enjoying it was clear, and that was the only reason that Figgins stayed awake. But Kerr compensated the juniors for that piece by bursting into a fantasy upon the music of "Carmen," and that bright and vivid music made the study ring with melody, and brought fellows from other studies along the passage to listen.

Many a vivid melody flowed from the violin—"The Toreador Song," and "The Habanera," and "The Seguidilla," and the castanet dance, and the bright march of the toreadors, and the juniors were all disappointed when it ceased.

"Oh, ripping!" said Figgins, clapping his hands. "That's what I call music!"

"Splendid!"

"What is it from?" asked Figgins innocently. "Musical tuncs—Kerr?"

Kerr shrieked.

"It's 'Carmen,' you ass!"

"Oh! Is that an opera?"

"Is it? Yes, it is, duffer!"

"Oh, all right!" said Figgins. "Keep your wool on! I like it immensely. I remember now, I know some of the tuncs. Is it good music?"

"Of course it is—first-rate."

"Oh, good! I thought good music always sent a chap to sleep, but that's lively enough," said the innocent Figgins.

"The composer of that music must have been a hard-working chap," said Monty Lowther, with the twinkle in his eye which hinted that one of his humorous efforts was coming.

"Why?" asked Kerr, looking at him.

"Because he was Bizet all his life."

"Because he was what?" asked Blake.

"Bizet!"

"Busy? How do you know he was busy?"

"B-i-z-e-t!" spelled out Lowther. "Bizet! See?"

"No, I don't sec."

"Bizet—busy! It's a pun, you ass!"

"Is it? Where does the pun come in?" demanded Blake obstinately.

"Yaas, wathah! Let Lowthah explain that."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Let's have some more," he said.

Kerr shook his head.

"I'm not going to fill up the whole programme," he said, "especially as Gussy is simply bursting to give us a tenor solo."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy turned pink.

"Weally, Kerr—"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Blake. "Gussy isn't going to sing."

"I am goin' to give you one of my solos, Blake."

"I didn't say you weren't. I only said you weren't going to sing."

"Weally, Blake—"



"There isn't a piano here," said Manners.  
 "And a chap can't sing without an accompaniment," remarked Kangaroo.  
 "Some chaps can't sing at all," Digby remarked.  
 But D'Arcy was already unfolding his music. He had not practised "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" for nothing.  
 "Pewwaps Kerr will oblige with a violin accompaniment?" he said.

Kerr murmured something under his breath. He had had some experience of playing accompaniments for D'Arcy. D'Arcy had as much idea of time as a clock that has stopped. He would begin and leave off exactly where the humour seized him, and if the music came in incorrectly he would look volumes of indignation at his unhappy accompanist.  
 "Oh, certainly!" said Kerr.  
 "Go it, then!" said Blake, in a resigned tone. "Make it prestissimo."

"Weally, Blake—"  
 "Order!" said Tom Merry.  
 Arthur Augustus cleared his throat. It did not need clearing, but D'Arcy always gave that peculiar little bark before he sang.

"Take a pair of sparklin' eyes—"  
 "Hold on!" said Figgins. "Give Kerr a show!"  
 "Weally, Figgins—"  
 "It's all right," said Kerr; "I'll come in when I get a chance."  
 "If it's a race," said Blake, "I think Kerr ought to have a couple of minutes' start."  
 "Weally, Blake—"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take a pair of sparklin' eyes,  
 Hidden evah and anon  
 In a merciful eclipse,"  
 Kerr manfully laboured to keep time. D'Arcy was going very quickly; but suddenly he slackened down, and the accompaniment went rushing on past the voice. Kerr stopped.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy screwed his monocle into his eye and gave the violinist a very severe look.

"Weally, Kerr, I wish you would be more careful!"  
 "My hat!" said Kerr.  
 "Pewwaps I could sing bettah without an accompaniment," said Arthur Augustus, with great severity. "I think I will try."  
 "You couldn't sing worse, that's jolly certain," murmured Lowther.

"What did you say, Lowthah?"  
 "Only that I'm enjoying it," said Lowther blandly.  
 "Go ahead! That is what I like. It plunges a chap into dreamy ecstasies and things."

"Take a pair of sparklin' eyes—"  
 There was a loud rap on the wall of the study, from the other side. Then the door opened, and Gore, of the Shell, looked in.

"Is D'Arcy being murdered?" he asked.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "No," said Monty Lowther. "He ought to be, but he isn't."

"Then what's the matter with him?"  
 "Weally, Goah—"  
 "Oh, all right!" said Gore. "I thought Gussy was being hurt; that's why I looked in. I didn't know he was singing."  
 And Gore retired.

The juniors chuckled. Arthur Augustus frowned majestically. He was not beaten yet. As he had often explained to the juniors, a D'Arcy was never beaten. With the grimmest determination he sang that tenor solo through from end to end.

The study rang with applause when the amateur tenor had finished.

"Hurray!"  
 "Thanks!"

Arthur Augustus beamed upon his audience. He was under the impression that they were thanking him for the tenor solo, and it was quite a long time afterwards that it dawned upon him that they were thanking him for having left off.

## CHAPTER 8.

### After Dark.

LUMLEY-LUMLEY came into his study with a very cheerful look, after the feed in Tom Merry's study. Cousin Ethel had been very kind to him, and the Outsider knew that he had made his peace in that quarter. He felt kindly disposed even towards Levison and Mellish, and in that conciliatory temper he was more ready than usual to believe in Levison's desire to lead a new life. Levison was in the study, sitting before the fire, with his hands plunged into his pockets, in an attitude of dejection. He did not look up as the Outsider came in.

Lumley-Lumley glanced at him, and crossed over and tapped him on the shoulder. Then Levison looked up.  
 "Anything the matter?" the Outsider asked, with unusual kindness in voice and look.

Levison nodded.  
 "I hope it's not that row we had," said Lumley-Lumley. "I was wild at your sticking up my books in that way. I hope you've got your topknot clean?"

Levison's eyes glistened. He was not likely to forgive or forget what he had suffered at the hands of the Outsider, though he had deserved it all. But he kept his face away from Lumley-Lumley's face as he replied.

"Oh, that's all right."  
 "I guess I'm sorry about it!" said Lumley-Lumley.  
 "It's all right."  
 "Something else the matter?"  
 "Yes."

Lumley-Lumley smiled slightly. Levison had more than once borrowed of him, and had had lapses of memory when the date came for repaying the loans. Lumley-Lumley thought he could guess what was the matter.

"Hard up?" he asked.  
 "It's not that."

"Oh! Well, can I help you in any way?"  
 Levison rose to his feet, and stood looking at the Outsider, his brows knitted, his hands in his pockets.

"I dare say you could help me, if you liked," he said.  
 "I don't know whether you would."

"I'll help you if I can," said the Outsider quietly.  
 "Cousin Ethel says you want to chum up with me again, and I'm quite willing, if you're in earnest about going straight. No more smoking, or breaking bounds, or going down to the Green Man—that's all I stipulate. It's a gung'a game, anyway."

"I want to go straight, if they'll let me," said Levison.  
 "They! Who?"

"Did you find it easy to get away from Joliffe and his set?" demanded Levison abruptly. "Weren't they after you for a long time afterwards?"

Lumley-Lumley nodded.  
 "And it was easier for you, Lumley—you're rich, and you owed nothing."

"Oh, I see! You owe Joliffe money?"  
 "Yes."

"How much?"  
 "I don't exactly know. He's got the papers I've signed for it, and—and I was excited, playing like a fool!" said Levison. "He imagines I can get the money from my people—and so I could if I had time; but—but if I don't go to the Green Man again, they'll come down on me in a lump!"

"I see," said the Outsider slowly.  
 "I'm going there to-night," said Levison.  
 "I guess you'd better not."  
 "Not to play—that's all over—but to try and make some arrangement with Joliffe. If I don't go he will cut up rusty."

Lumley-Lumley looked searchingly at the cad of the Fourth. He wondered how much of the truth Levison was telling. He had little doubt that Levison owed money among his rascally associates. Those sporting gentlemen did not make the acquaintance of a junior schoolboy for the pleasure of conversation with him. They made a good thing out of Levison, or they would have let him alone. While the junior imagined that he was seeing "life," as he called it, he was being used as the veriest catspaw. Lumley-Lumley knew that perfectly well, and so he was quite prepared to hear that Levison was in debt. And if he owed Mr. Joliffe money which he could not pay, it would certainly be somewhat difficult to drop Mr. Joliffe's acquaintance abruptly.

There was silence in the study for a few minutes. Lumley-Lumley was thinking it out, and Levison was watching him furtively from the corners of his eyes.

"I guess there's something in what you say, Levison," said the Outsider at last. "But I'd advise you not to go, all the same."

"I must go! But—"  
 "But what?"  
 "Will you come with me?"  
 Lumley-Lumley hesitated.

"I made up my mind never to go to that place again," he said.

"But it's not on your own account—it's on mine!" urged Levison. "You can talk to Joliffe and make him see reason. You know you could always handle him. He couldn't scare you as he does Mellish and me. You were always cool, and he was always a bit afraid of you. If you come with me, it will be all right; if I go alone, he'll take a high hand."

"I guess that's very likely."

"Will you come, then?"  
 "If I come, and get it settled for you, Levison, will you promise to drop Joliffe, and never go to the place again?" asked Lumley-Lumley.

"Yes."  
 "Honour bright?"  
 "Yes."

"Then I guess I'll do it. It's settled."

"Thanks!" said Levison. "You won't be sorry for it, Lumley-Lumley."

Lumley-Lumley nodded.

Levison left the study, and Lumley-Lumley proceeded to do his preparation. But he could not wholly fix his mind upon his work.

The promise he had made to Levison weighed upon his mind.

After promising Cousin Ethel to help the cad of the Fourth, after making friends with Levison as he had done, he could hardly refuse to stand by him in this difficulty. But to go to the Green Man—

There seemed to be no other way out of it; but every nerve in Lumley-Lumley seemed to shrink from the prospect of meeting his old rascally associates again.

The disgust he felt at the idea was a proof of how much he had changed since those old bad days—not so long past, but which seemed a very long time ago to the Outsider.

Was there no other way of helping Levison?

Lumley-Lumley's thoughts ran more upon that subject than upon his work, and he was feeling very tired and worried when he finished.

He looked thoughtful and troubled as he went up to bed with the Fourth Form, and some of the juniors remarked upon it. Jack Blake tapped him on the shoulder in the Fourth Form dormitory.

"Still feeling the effects of Gussy's solo?" he asked sympathetically.

"Weally, Blake—"

"No," said Lumley-Lumley, laughing. "I'm all right."

"Wherefore that worried look, then?" asked Digby.

"Oh, it's nothing."

And Lumley-Lumley went to bed.

But he did not sleep.

After lights had been turned out in the dormitory, Lumley-Lumley lay awake, listening to the clock striking the hours.

One by one the juniors dropped off to sleep; but there were two in the Fourth Form dormitory in the School House who did not close their eyes.

They were Levison and the Outsider of St. Jim's.

As eleven boomed out from the clock-tower, Ernest Levison sat up in bed, and called softly to the Outsider.

"Are you asleep, Lumley?"

The Outsider sat up.

"I'm awake!" he said.

"Buck up, then!"

"Is it time to go?"

"Yes."

"All serene!"

Lumley-Lumley stepped out of bed and dressed himself.

Levison was dressing, and when they were finished they stole quietly to the door of the dormitory. Lumley-Lumley paused to put his coat on. It was a cold night. Outside, in the dormitory passage, they listened. A dim light glimmered up the staircase, but they did not go in that direction.

They made their way to a back window overlooking an out-house. It was a way out of the School House which Tom Merry & Co. had sometimes used, but never on an expedition they were ashamed of. But Lumley-Lumley was ashamed now. He was going to help Levison, to get the reckless junior out of the clutches of a rascal who was leading him to ruin. But he could not help remembering the number of times that he had left the School House by the same route, on far less creditable errands.

They reached the ground, and stole round the School House, and ran quickly across the quadrangle towards the school wall on the road. The moon was rising over the clock-tower, and soft, silvery light glimmered upon the old quad, of St. Jim's.

All was shadowy and silent in the quadrangle. Lumley-Lumley's pace slackened, and he looked about him. In his old reckless days his nerve had never failed him. His coolness had been equal to anything. But now it seemed to him that searching eyes looked from every shadow, and every moan of the wind seemed a footstep.

It was a relief to him when the moonlit quad, was crossed and they climbed the school wall and dropped into the road.

"All serene now!" whispered Levison.

Lumley-Lumley did not reply.

With silent, set lips, he tramped down the lane towards Rylcombe, and Levison followed him; and the moonlight showed a cold sneer upon the face of the cad of the Fourth.

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## CHAPTER 9.

### A Startling Discovery.

"TAKE a pair of sparklin' eyes—"  
 "My hat!" murmured Jack Blake sleepily.  
 "Take a pair of sparklin' eyes—"

Jack Blake sat up in bed.

Save for the glimmer of moonlight in at the high windows, the Fourth Form dormitory was dark.

Jack Blake looked round in the direction of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's bed. In the unmistakable tones of the swell of St. Jim's came the words:

"Take a pair of sparklin' eyes—hidden evah and anon—"

Blake could not help grinning. He had been startled at first. Arthur Augustus was mumbling over that famous tenor solo in his sleep.

"Gussy!"

No reply.

"Gussy, you ass!"

"Take a pair—"

"Well, of all the giddy chumps!" said Blake, in disgust. "Blessed tenor solos in his blessed bed! Gussy, you blessed bunny-rabbit, wake up!"

"Take a pair—"

Blake extracted his pillow from his bed and swept it through the air, with a really good aim, considering that he could hardly see D'Arcy's bed in the gloom. It descended upon the swell of St. Jim's with a loud squash, and there was a startled yell from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Ow! Yawooh!"

The swell of St. Jim's leaped up in bed. He was dazed by the sudden attack.

"Help!" he gasped. "Ow! Bai Jove! Yow!"

"Gussy—"

"Bai Jove! Is that you, Blake?"

"Yes, ass."

"Ow! Somethin' stwuck me suddenly!" gasped D'Arcy. "I wathah think it fell upon me fwom above. Do you think the woof is fallin' in, Blake?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Blake, it's not a laughin' mattah, if the woof is fallin' in!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "We are all in dweadful dangah!"

Blake shrieked.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Herries, sitting up in bed.

Two or three other fellows had been awakened, also, and they wanted to know what was up.

"The ceiling's fallen on Gussy!" said Blake. "He was singing a tenor solo in his sleep, and he's brought down the house at last!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Jump out of the window, Gussy, quick—before the clock-tower falls on you!" suggested Digby.

"I wefuse to do anythin' of the sort! Upon second thoughts, I think it is probably not the woof that is fallin'. Howevah, I shall certainly see what it was."

And the swell of St. Jim's jumped out of bed, and struck a match and lighted a candle. He held it up and surveyed his bed, and found Blake's pillow resting thereon. He stared at it in amazement.

"Bai Jove!"

"When you've done staring at my pillow, you might return it to me," said Blake blandly. "It was a loan, not a gift."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Blake, did you hurl that pillow at me?"

"No; I chucked it!"

"I weward you as an uttah ass! I—I was thwown into quite a fluttah—"

"You shouldn't bark tenor solos in your sleep, then!" said Blake. "I don't want to take a pair of sparkling eyes at midnight. Why can't you go to sleep quietly—just as if you were in your right senses?"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Howly smoke!" suddenly exclaimed Reilly.

"Hallo! What's the matter with you, Reilly?"

"Weally, Weilly—"

"Look!"

The Irish junior pointed to two beds next to one another. They were empty. In the dim candlelight the juniors had not noticed the fact before. They stared at the beds.

"Lumley-Lumley's gone!"

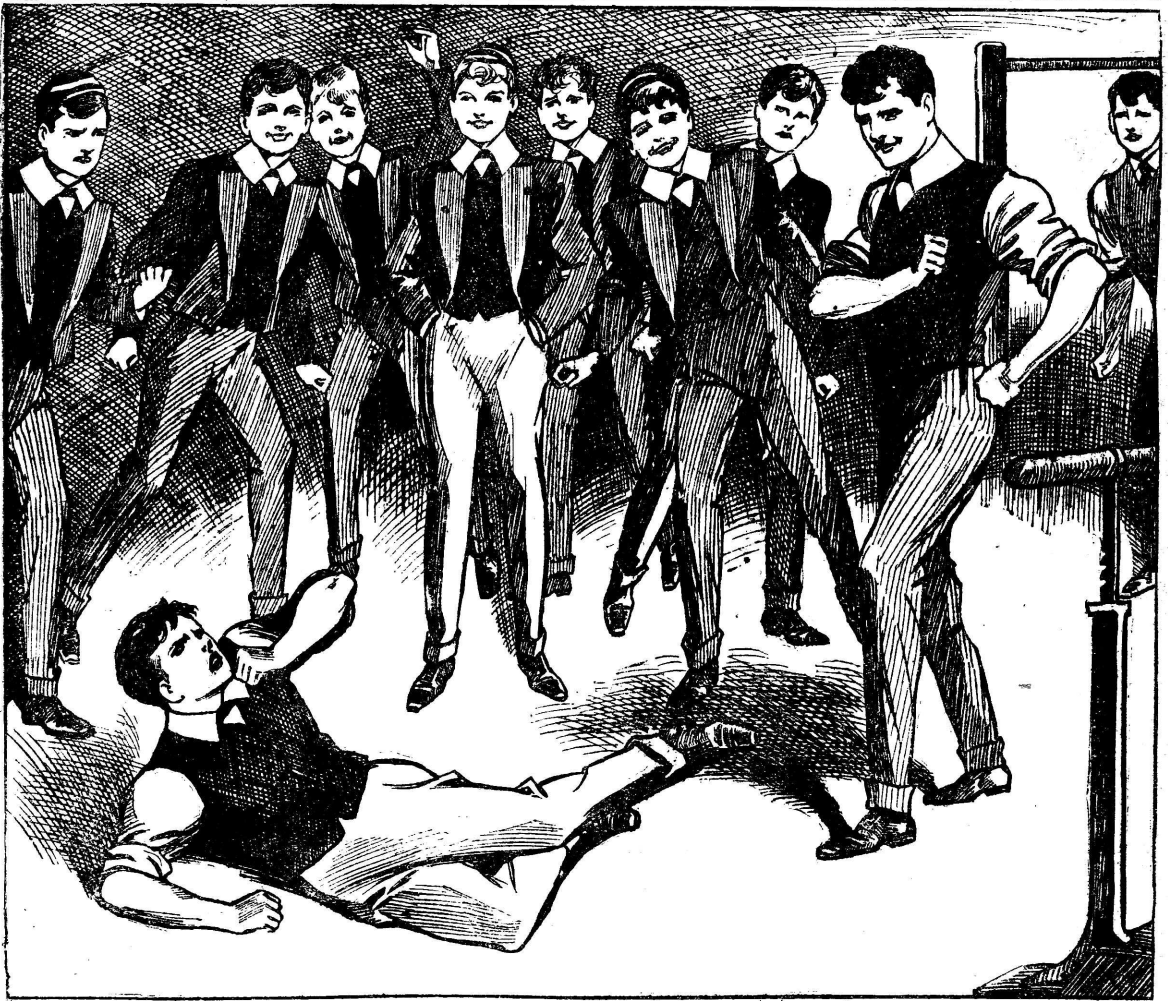
"And Levison!"

"Bai Jove!"

"My only hat!" said Blake.

There was a silence of astonishment. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had picked up Blake's pillow to hurl it back, but now he tossed it back gently. It was no time for a row. The

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Size and strength had carried the day, at least for the moment; and the cobbler's son lay dazed at the feet of the cad of the Remove. There was a shout of laughter from the crowd. "It's all over. The cobbler's licked!"

(This incident is taken from the grand, long, complete school tale of Harry Wharton & Co, at Greyfriars, entitled "BY SHEER GRIT," which is contained in "THE MAGNET" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.)

unexpected discovery of the absence of Lumley-Lumley and his chum turned the juniors' thoughts into quite a new channel.

"My hat!" exclaimed Herries. "The old game!"

"Faith, and ye're right!"

"Same old game!" said H uncock. "And I'm blessed if I didn't believe in Lumley-Lumley this time!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

Blake stared at the empty beds. He could hardly believe his eyes. He had fully believed in the reformation of Jerrold Lumley-Lumley. He would have given his word to anyone that the one-time Outsider was as decent a fellow as any at St. Jim's. But now——

Where was he gone?

If he had been gone alone there might have been some chance that he was gone on some expedition that was innocent enough. But Levison had evidently gone with him. And the companionship of the cad of the Fourth proved that Lumley-Lumley's present expedition was one that would not bear the light.

"The Green Man, of course?" said Digby.

Blake nodded.

"Is Mellish here?" asked Herries.

Mellish was awake, and sitting up in bed. There was a very disagreeable sneer upon Mellish's face.

"Yes, I'm here," he said. "They've left me out this time."

"Do you know where they've gone?" asked Blake.

"No, I don't."

"I suppose you can guess?"

"I suppose you all can," said Mellish, with a sneer. "They're gone to the Green Man, of course, but they've left me out."

D'Arcy put the candle out and returned to bed. But it was a long time before the juniors slept. This new outbreak of the Outsider took them all by surprise. There were few who had doubted Lumley-Lumley's sincerity; but they had to doubt it now.

Blake was the only one who remained awake. He was determined not to sleep till the two black sheep of the Fourth came in. He meant to have a word with Lumley-Lumley before he went to sleep. There was a glow of anger in Blake's heart. He had believed in the fellow, and he felt that he had been deceived, but he was willing to give Lumley-Lumley the benefit of the doubt. He wanted to hear what the Outsider of St. Jim's had to say for himself.

Midnight tolled out from the clock tower.

Still the juniors had not returned.

It was half-past twelve when the door of the Fourth-Form dormitory opened cautiously, and Blake heard faint footfalls in the darkness. He heard the door close, and the footfalls approach the row of beds.

He sat up, peering through the gloom.

"Is that you, Lumley-Lumley?" he asked clearly.

He heard a gasp of surprise.

It was some moments before the reply came. The Outsider of St. Jim's seemed to find it difficult to speak.

"I guess so," came the answer at last.

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Please Order Early.

NEXT THURSDAY'S LONG  
COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE:

"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE!"

"And Levison?"  
 "Yes," said Levison's voice.  
 "Where have you been?"  
 "Mind your own business," said Levison coolly.  
 Blake gritted his teeth.  
 "Will you tell me where you have been, Lumley-Lumley?"  
 "Yes, if you like," said the Outsider quietly. "I've been to the Green Man, Blake."  
 "Very well, that's enough."  
 Blake lay down in bed again. Lumley-Lumley took a quick step towards him.  
 "Blake! It's not as you think. I—"  
 "You've said quite enough," said Blake.  
 "Yaas, wathah!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who had awakened at the sound of voices. "I wegard you as a feahful blackguard, Lumlay-Lumlay!"  
 The Outsider set his teeth.  
 He did not speak another word, but went to bed. In the darkness a sneering smile played over Levison's pale face.

**CHAPTER 10.**  
**Under Suspicion.**

**T**OM MERRY, Manners, and Lowther came downstairs arm-in-arm, while the rising-bell was still clanging out in the clear, cold morning. The Terrible Three were up early, intending to put a ball about in the quad, before breakfast, to get the cold out of their limbs; which was a better method than crouching over a fire. In the lower hall they came upon Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, polishing his eyeglass. They walked straight on, apparently oblivious of the fact that D'Arcy was just in front of them, and the swell of St. Jim's was pushed against the wall.

"Weally—" he ejaculated.  
 He jammed the monocle into his eye, and surveyed the Terrible Three indignantly.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Tom Merry, apparently in great surprise. "Is that you, Gussy? I thought I felt something in the way."

"So did I," remarked Manners. "Didn't you, Monty?"  
 "Yes," said Lowther. "I thought it was an insect of some sort."

"I wegard you as asses! Undah the circs.—"  
 "Where's Blake?" asked Tom Merry.  
 "He's not down yet."

"Not down yet!" exclaimed Tom Merry, shocked. "Not down yet, and it's a half-holiday this afternoon! We can't allow these lazy habits to grow up in the Fourth Form, can we, you chaps?"

"Decidedly not!" said Lowther.  
 "Impossible!" said Manners.  
 "Let's go and have Blake out."  
 "Weally, you fellows—"

But the Terrible Three did not reply to D'Arcy. They marched upstairs again and marched into the Fourth Form dormitory. Most of the Fourth were up, and the rising-bell had ceased to clang, but Blake and Levison were still in bed. They were tired from having lost so much sleep the previous night. But Lumley-Lumley was up; upon the iron frame of the Outsider, fatigue appeared to leave no mark.

The Terrible Three walked up to Blake's bed, and Tom Merry shook an admonitory finger at him. Manners and Lowther followed his example, shaking two more admonitory fingers.

"Lazy!" said Tom Merry.  
 Blake blinked at him.  
 "Oh, go and eat coke!" he replied.  
 "Up you get!"  
 "Buzz off, you Shell-fish! What are you doing in a respectable dormitory, anyway?"

"We've come to wake you up."  
 "Well, I'm awake, so—yow! Yaroo!"  
 Blake and his bedclothes rolled out in a tangled heap on the floor, in the grasp of the Shell fellows.  
 "You chumps!" roared Blake, struggling up. "I'll—"  
 "Now, Levison!" said Lowther.

But Levison had jumped out of bed in time. Tom Merry looked severely at Blake.  
 "What do you mean by getting into these slacking habits?" he asked.

Blake rubbed his eyes.  
 "Oh, don't be an ass!" he said. "I'm not slacking. I was awake last night?"  
 "Pain in his dear little tummy?" asked Monty Lowther sympathetically.

"No, fathead! Lumley-Lumley and Levison broke bounds, and I stayed up till they came in!" growled Blake.  
 Tom Merry started. He became grave at once now.

"Lumley-Lumley!" he exclaimed.  
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"Yes."  
 Tom Merry turned to the Outsider of St. Jim's with a worried look. The news was a shock to him, as it had been to Blake the previous night.

The Outsider of St. Jim's was very pale and quiet.  
 "I suppose you'll explain, Lumley-Lumley?" said Tom Merry. "I don't mean that it's any business of mine to question you, but I don't want to think that you've been taking us in all this time."

Lumley-Lumley coloured.  
 "I've not been taking you in," he said.  
 "Where did you go?"  
 "He's admitted going to the Green Man," said Blake.  
 "Oh!"

"Don't say a word, Lumley," said Levison. "It's no business of theirs. They have no right at all to question you."  
 The Outsider did not look at Levison.

"I did go to the Green Man," he said awkwardly. "We both went. But—but it was not the old game, as you think."

"What was it, then?"  
 "Can I tell them, Levison?"  
 Levison shrugged his shoulders.  
 "Tell them what you like," he said. "It's nothing to do with me."

"I went to speak to Joliffe, about Levison," said Lumley-Lumley slowly. "Levison wants to break off with that gang, and I went to help him do it."

Levison smiled in a cynical smile. The juniors looked at him, and they could only draw the conclusion from Levison's look that the Outsider was not speaking the truth. Lumley-Lumley was looking very red and confused. Things had turned very much against him. It was cruelly unfortunate that his expedition to the Green Man should have come to light in this way. He felt that he could not expect to be implicitly believed. In the old days he had shown an unscrupulous disregard for the truth that could not soon be forgotten. And this was only too much like one of his old lies.

Tom Merry was silent.  
 "Don't you believe me?" asked Lumley-Lumley, in a low voice.

The hero of the Shell did not answer. Manners turned to Levison.

"Do you bear out what Lumley-Lumley says?" he asked.  
 "Certainly!" said Levison carelessly.  
 "What's the good of asking Levison?" said Digby. "We all know that he can't tell the truth even if he tries, and he never does."

"I have told the truth," said Lumley-Lumley.  
 "I hope you have," said Tom Merry slowly.  
 "You don't believe me?"

"I'm blessed if I know what to believe. You can't blame me if I don't take your bare word," said Tom Merry. "You know you've taken me in more than once."  
 Lumley-Lumley's head dropped a little.  
 "I know that!" he said.

The Terrible Three left the dormitory. There was a troubled expression upon Tom Merry's face.

"What do you think, Tom?" Lowther asked at last.  
 Tom Merry shook his head.  
 "I don't know what to think," he said.

And that was the opinion of all the fellows who took any interest in the matter. They did not know what to think.

**CHAPTER 11.**  
**The Benefit of the Doubt.**

**L**UMLEY-LUMLEY'S face was clouded in the Form-room that morning.

The Outsider of St. Jim's had received a heavy blow. It seemed that all he had been working for had slipped through his fingers, that the esteem he had built up with so much trouble and self-denial was gone in a moment. He had been standing in a slippery place—his house, as it were, was built upon the sand. After his early record of recklessness and blackguardism and falsehood, a single breath of suspicion was sufficient to undo all that he had done—to cut away all that he had gained. For one slip made it only too probable that his supposed reformation was merely one more of his deep schemes, and he had deceived Tom Merry & Co. so often, that they had no means of telling whether he had deceived them again, or whether he was in earnest, and the victim of circumstances.

How were they to know?  
 Lumley-Lumley realised that he was in a false position, and his heart sank at the thought of it. He had done his best, and what it had cost the black sheep of the School House to keep straight only himself could know.

It was the irony of fate that he should forfeit the general esteem through trying to do a good action, and it was hard—very hard!

The Outsider was not one to complain. He was under suspicion that was undeserved now; but he remembered his many misdeeds, and he realised that he was being punished for them. That was what it amounted to. Punishment had come after repentance. He had not expected that, but it had happened.

He did not complain. But his heart was very heavy. How was he to disperse the cloud of suspicion and to regain the esteem he had forfeited? Or which, at all events, was trembling in the balance?

His clouded face in the Form-room was noticed by all. But Blake and the rest did not know what to understand from it. That Lumley-Lumley did not want to lose their friendship they knew. But whether he had deserved to lose it or not, they did not know. They could not know.

After morning school Lumley-Lumley did not join the chums of the School House, as was his wont. He went out into the quad. with a gloomy brow. Levison joined him there.

The Outsider glanced at him with distaste. He did not, and could not, like Levison, though he did not suspect the cad of the Fourth of having planned his discomfiture. Lumley-Lumley was keen and suspicious enough, but he could not suspect even Levison of so much baseness.

"I'm sorry for this, Lumley-Lumley," said Levison. The Outsider nodded.

"I suppose you couldn't help it?" he said. "Of course, I couldn't! But—I suppose you don't feel inclined to help me any further now?"

"I shall keep my word."

"Good!"

And Levison nodded and left him. Lumley-Lumley walked under the old elms, with a gloomy brow.

The happenings of the previous evening had not been wholly satisfactory to Levison, either.

Levison had expected that when Lumley-Lumley found himself in his old haunts, and saw the glimmer of money on the table, and the dealing of the cards, that he would join in the old game as if he had never deserted it.

But the Outsider had been firm. He had gone to the Green Man to talk business with Mr. Joliffe, and he would do nothing else.

He had refused the champagne that Mr. Joliffe had opened for him, to drink the health of the sheep returning to the fold, as he put it—or of the moth returning to the candle, as he might have expressed it more correctly. He had declined to touch a card as he had declined to touch the champagne, and Mr. Joliffe had been extremely unpleasant about it, but Lumley-Lumley had held to his point. He would talk business, and he would do nothing else.

He had had to wait—to wait Mr. Joliffe's convenience. But he had not given way. Mr. Joliffe had stated at last that he had not the papers at hand, but he would look them out. Lumley-Lumley was to call on the following afternoon to settle the matter. Mr. Joliffe's jolly evening could not be interrupted by matters of that sort.

There was no help for it. Lumley-Lumley had to agree, or else abandon Levison's cause; and he had promised Levison to see him through.

As the afternoon was a half-holiday, it would be easy for Lumley-Lumley to slip into the Green Man for a few minutes, or half an hour, and settle the matter. And that being agreed to, the Outsider had left with Levison.

But his promise weighed upon his mind now. All the Outsider's old nerve seemed to be gone. What if the other fellows should learn that he was going to the inn that afternoon? What would they think?

But he could not break faith with Levison. After all, it was not likely to come out. And it would be for the last time. After that he would be more careful—for his own sake, or anybody else's sake, he would never go near his old haunts.

Tom Merry passed Lumley-Lumley as he was walking to and fro aimlessly under the elms.

The Shell fellow paused. Lumley-Lumley's gloomy look did not escape him.

Whether Lumley-Lumley was despondent at being found out, or at being misjudged, Tom Merry did not know; but surely the Outsider was entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

Tom Merry came up to him frankly. "Lumley-Lumley!"

The Outsider looked up. "Well?" he said.

"Was that a straight yarn you told us this morning?"

"I guess so."

"I'll take it as one, then," said Tom Merry. "After all, you have a right to be believed, and I have no right to doubt you. Let's forget all about it."

The Outsider's face brightened up.

"You mean that?" he exclaimed.

"Yes. Let's forget all about it."

And Tom Merry, with a cheery nod, passed on—towards the Head's garden, where he was to see Cousin Ethel, to arrange something for the afternoon.

He left the Outsider with a much brighter face.

Levison looked curiously at Lumley-Lumley as the latter came into the School House. He could see that something had happened to cheer the Outsider.

"Was that Tom Merry speaking to you under the elms?"

he asked.

"Yes."

"Is it all right?"

"Yes," said Lumley-Lumley. "I wish I hadn't to go to the rotten place this afternoon, Levison! I was a fool to promise!"

"You can leave me in the lurch if you like."

"You know I sha'n't do that, I guess," said Lumley-Lumley quietly. "I'll see Joliffe this afternoon, and fix up matters."

"Suppose he doesn't come to business?"

The Outsider's brow darkened.

"He must!"

"But suppose he doesn't?"

"I can't go there again, Levison. If he won't come to business this afternoon, it will be only a trick to get me to go to the place again, and I won't go! We shall have to find some other way of settling with him!"

"You're to be there at four, I think?" said Levison, changing the subject.

"That's right!"

"Very well. I'll meet you afterwards, and you can tell me how it has gone."

"All serene!"

And they parted.

## CHAPTER 12.

### Eye-Witnesses.

COUSIN ETHEL came through the gate of the Head's garden, looking very bright and charming in her hat and coat. The keen, cold wind brought bright colour to the girl's face, and she looked a very pretty picture. The juniors were waiting for her in the quad.

There was quite a party of them. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who had a firm conviction that it was impossible for Cousin Ethel to go anywhere without his guidance, had come out arrayed in his most gorgeous raiment. If anything exceeded in brightness the polish on his boots, it was the polish on his silk hat, or the glitter of his diamond pin. And if the elegance of his Eton coat was outdone by anything, it was by the colour scheme of his waistcoat, or the beautiful crease of his trousers.

Figgins was there, of course, and so was Fatty Wynn. Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther and Blake made up the rest of the party.

Cousin Ethel had mentioned that she was going to do a little shopping in Rycombe, and the juniors had done the rest. They seemed to be bent upon making an expedition of it.

The girl nodded cheerily to the juniors. "Quite weedy, Ethel," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"I suppose we are goin' to walk to Wylcombe?"

"Why not carry one another?" Monty Lowther suggested.

"Weally, Lowtah—"

"A walk will be very nice in this sharp weather," said Ethel.

Most of the St. Jim's fellows were on the footer-field that afternoon, but Tom Merry & Co. did not envy them.

Tom Merry glanced round for Lumley-Lumley, but he did not see him.

"Lumley's gone out," Manners remarked.

"Oh, I was going to ask him to come with us!"

"Ye-es," said Blake hesitatingly. "However, he's gone out. Come on!"

Levison was standing in the gateway. He raised his cap to Cousin Ethel.

"Have you seen Lumley?" he asked.

"Gone down to the village, I think," said Manners.

"Oh! Do you know where?"

"No."

"I think I'll stroll down and look for him," said Levison.

# ANSWERS

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"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE!"

"Very well," said Tom Merry shortly.

As they were all going to the village at the same time, it was impossible to raise any objection to the cad of the Fourth joining the party.

Levison walked with them, apparently quite unconscious of the fact that his company was not regarded as desirable.

Figgins and D'Arcy were walking on either side of Cousin Ethel, and Levison came behind Tom Merry. Tom Merry was talking football with Lowther, but Levison was not easily rebuffed.

"Have you any idea where Lumley-Lumley is gone?" he asked.

Tom Merry shook his head.

"I am anxious about him."

"Oh!"

"I suppose you know that we're friends again now?" said Levison. "Only——" He paused.

"Yes," said Tom Merry indifferently.

"Well, I don't know quite what to make of Lumley-Lumley," said Levison. "Cousin Ethel made it up between us; she knew that I wanted to do what Lumley's supposed to have done—to turn over a new leaf."

"Well?"

"And the first thing Lumley did was to take me down to the Green Man again," said Levison. "Of course, I'm telling you this in confidence!"

"I don't want your confidence!" said Tom Merry abruptly. "Do you mean to say that Lumley was not telling the truth when he said that he was going there on your account?"

"I don't want to say anything against Lumley, as we're friends now——"

"Was he telling the truth or not?"

"I'm bound to back him up, of course!"

"That means that he wasn't," said Lowther.

Levison looked uneasy.

"I'm anxious about him," he said. "Of course, I imagined that he was in earnest about his reforming. If I had known that he was humbugging, I shouldn't have made it up with him. I'm sick of that set at the Green Man, and I want to get clear of them. I've told Lumley-Lumley so, as plain as I can. I can't help suspecting that he's gone there this afternoon. If he has, I shall have nothing more to do with him!"

"Nor I," said Tom Merry quietly.

"Same here!" said Blake emphatically.

"I don't know what to think," said Levison. "He went away quietly, without telling me where he was going. I don't see what he's in the village at all for, if it's not for that. I wish I knew the facts."

Tom Merry was silent.

The village clock chimed out the hour of four over the trees. It was a quarter-past when the juniors entered the village.

They passed the Green Man, and all the juniors glanced towards it. They could not help wondering whether Lumley-Lumley was at that moment within its walls. Cousin Ethel noticed the dark shade upon Tom Merry's face, and she paused.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"Not exactly!" stammered Tom. "Only——"

"Yes?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't know," said Tom Merry slowly. "Levison thinks that Lumley-Lumley is in the inn yonder, and he says that he is anxious about him."

Ethel's fair face clouded.

"Surely it is impossible!"

she said. "Lumley-Lumley gave up that kind of thing a long time ago."

Levison nodded.

"I'm anxious about him,"

he said.

"Look here!" said Figgins.

"If the fellow's there, he ought to be yanked out! I'll go in and see, if you like, if you'll wait for me."

"Yaas, wathah!"

Tom Merry hesitated.

"I don't know——" he began.

Levison uttered an exclamation.

"Great Scott! Look!"

He pointed to a figure that

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was leaving the public-house. There was no mistaking it. It was Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.

The Outsider was coming away from the place with a downcast expression on his face, his eyes on the ground.

He did not look up, and he did not see the group of juniors standing at a short distance.

Cousin Ethel turned pale.

She had believed in Lumley-Lumley.

But it was hardly possible to believe in him any longer.

"Bai Jove!" murmured D'Arcy.

Tom Merry's face was gloomy. It was a shock to him, as well as to Cousin Ethel.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley passed on.

He was tramping off gloomily in the direction of the school. For a moment Levison's eyes blazed. Then he was quite indifferent again.

"What do you think now?" he muttered.

"It's clear enough," replied Tom Merry shortly.

"Quite clear," said Blake.

"Yaas, wathah!"

"I am very, very sorry for him," said Ethel softly.

But the juniors did not share her feelings in that respect.

They did not feel sorry for Lumley-Lumley. They felt angered at having been deceived and flouted by the Outsider of St. Jim's.

It was all only too clear now—or they thought it was. It was one of the Outsider's old tricks. All the time that he had been imposing upon them with his pretended reformation, he had been pursuing his old habits, and laughing at them in his sleeve. Their faces were very dark at the thought of it.

"Oh, come on," said Tom Merry at last.

They walked on into the village.

But the pleasure of the afternoon was spoiled. Cousin Ethel was very silent. The juniors tried to think of something else; but the treachery of the Outsider was in their minds all the time.

Levison quitted the party, and that was some relief.

But there were still clouded faces among Tom Merry & Co. when they returned to St. Jim's; and there was one feeling in every breast—angry scorn towards the Outsider.

## CHAPTER 13.

### On Trial.

"WHO'S going to make the toast?" "Gussy had better do that," said Blake, as he stretched his limbs in the comfortable armchair in Tom Merry's study, an hour or so after the return from Rylcombe. "Gussy makes toast splendidly."

Arthur Augustus looked pleased.

"Do you weally think so, Blake, deah boy?" he asked.

"Yes, rather," said Blake blandly. "I never knew a chap make toast as you do. Tommy can cut the bread, and you can make the toast, and Lowther can butter it."

"Bai Jove! And what are you going to do?"

"I'll eat some, afterwards."

"Weally, Blake——"

"Hallo!" said Tom Merry.

"Here's Figgins & Co.!"

Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn, came in. Fatty Wynn had a beaming smile upon his face, and a big parcel in his hand.

"Some of Mrs. Taggles's steak and kidney pies," he said confidentially. "They're ripping, you know. I'm sure Cousin Ethel would like some."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Oh, good!"

"All of us here?" asked Kerr. "No—where's Lumley-Lumley?"

Tom Merry's face clouded over.

"He's coming, isn't he?" asked Kangaroo.

"Well, I asked him yesterday, when it was arranged that Cousin Ethel was to have tea with us again," said Tom Merry slowly.

"Then he'll come."

"I—I suppose so."

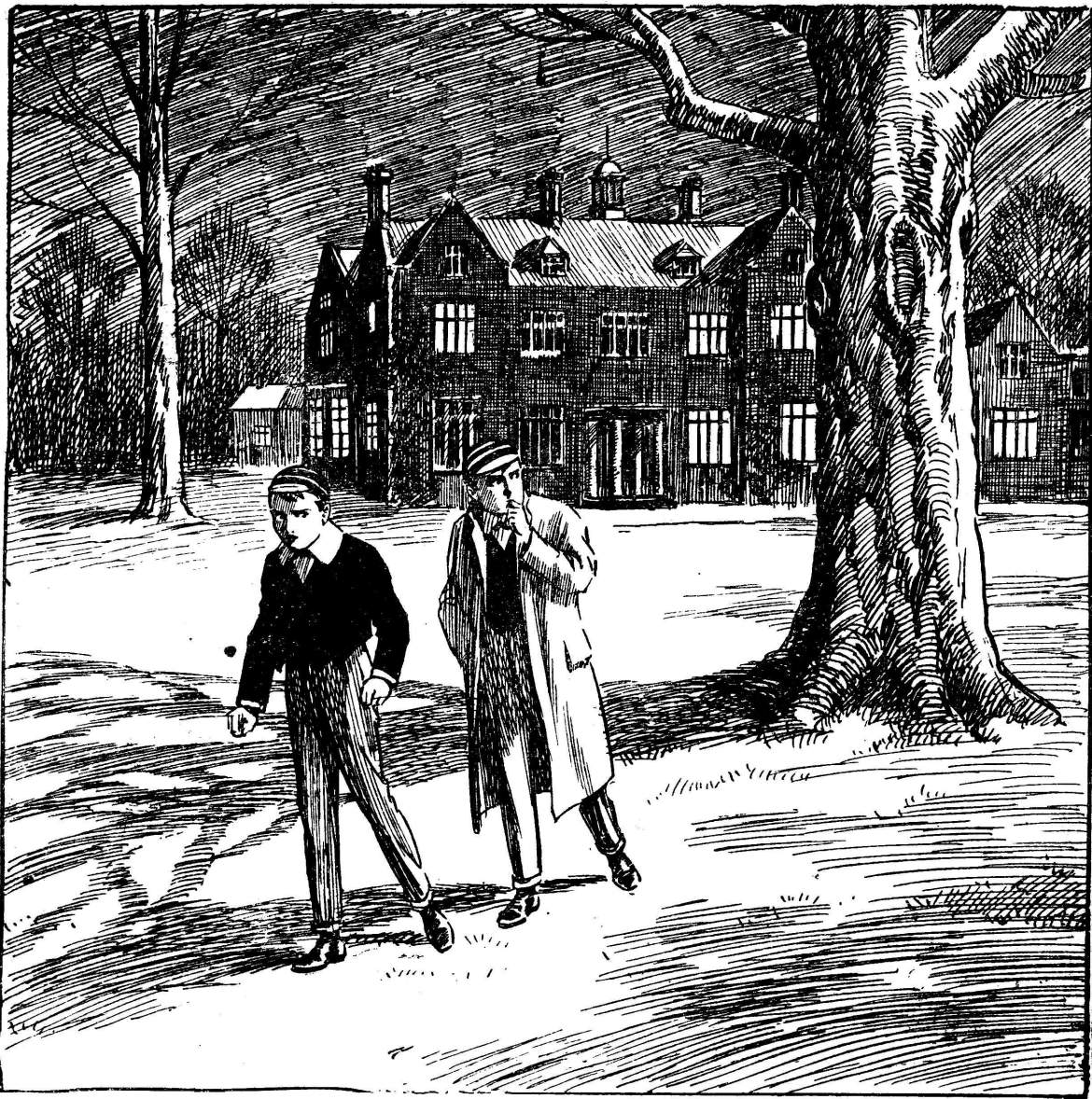
The Cornstalk looked

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All was shadowy and silent in the quadrangle. Lumley-Lumley's pace slackened, and he looked about him. In his old reckless days his nerve had never failed him on his midnight excursions—his coolness had been equal to anything. But now it seemed to him that searching eyes looked from every shadow, and every moan of the wind seemed a footstep. (see Chapter 8.)

curiously at Tom Merry. He knew nothing, so far, of the incident of the afternoon at Rylcombe.

"Anything wrong with Lumley-Lumley?" he asked. "I understood that you were going to give him the benefit of the doubt about his little trip with Levison last night?"

"There's something since then."

"Oh, I see."

"He was at the Green Man this afternoon," said Tom Merry. "We saw him coming out—and Cousin Ethel saw him, too. She knows—as well as us."

The Cornstalk gave a low whistle.

"That's rotten!" he said.

"Yes. I—I hope he'll have the decency to keep away," said Tom Merry. "I'm jolly well not going to have him sit down to tea with Cousin Ethel. He's not fit to speak to her. He's been lying and bamboozling us all along. It's pretty clear now."

"Yaas, wathah," said Arthur Augustus, looking up with a glowing face from making toast. "If he has the cheek to intvude himself upon my cousin, I shall speak to him vevy plainly. I shall call him a wottah!"

"Hush—"

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Here's Ethel!"

Cousin Ethel looked in at the door. Lumley-Lumley was with her. They had met in the passage, and had come along together. Cousin Ethel was greeted warmly; but no one spoke a word to Lumley-Lumley.

"Hallo! Gussy being industrious for once," said the Outsider cheerfully. He was feeling very cheerful.

He had finished with Mr. Joliffe. He had paid over hard cash for the papers signed by Levison, and had burned them in the grate in Mr. Joliffe's own room. Levison was clear of debt to the innkeeper. Lumley-Lumley's enforced connection with the rascally place was ended. No wonder the Outsider felt in great spirits.

But there was a chilling atmosphere in the study that could not escape him.

He looked from one to another of the juniors. A dead silence had followed his remark. No one met his eyes.

Cousin Ethel looked pained. She did not want to speak to Lumley-Lumley—his supposed treachery revolted her—but she could feel for him in his present position.

"What's the matter?" said the Outsider abruptly.

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There was no reply.

"Gussy—"

"Pway don't speak to me," said the swell of St. Jim's icily. "And if you must address me, pway call me by my surname. I am Gussy only to my fwiends."

"Tom Merry—"

Tom Merry turned away.

The Outsider caught his breath. His face went very pale, and a strange, hunted look came into his eyes.

"What is it?" he asked, his tones breaking. "Tell me what's the matter. What have you all got up against me? Tell me."

There was a chilling silence.

"Do you call this fair play?" exclaimed Lumley-Lumley, his face flushing. "Can't you speak? What's the matter? Is it what happened last night? I've explained that, and Tom Merry himself said that it was to be forgotten—that he would take my word. Are you raking it up again, after that?"

"No!" said Tom Merry.

"Then what is it?"

The captain of the Shell looked him squarely in the face. "You know what it is," he said. "You've been taking us in! You've deceived us, and deceived Cousin Ethel! You've lied all the time!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"How? What do you mean?" asked Lumley-Lumley hoarsely.

"Have you been to the Green Man since last night?"

"The—the Green Man?"

"Oh, I won't catch you," said Tom Merry scornfully. "I don't want you to lie. We saw you there this afternoon."

"You—you saw me?"

"Yes!"

Lumley-Lumley staggered. He caught at the edge of the table. It was as if he had received a knock down blow. Angry and contemptuous as they were, some of the juniors could not help feeling a glimpse of pity for him at that moment.

"You saw me?" muttered the Outsider.

"Yes—half a dozen of us—and Cousin Ethel. It's impossible to take us in again, Lumley. You've had every chance—and you've lied—and lied again. You'd better go!"

Lumley-Lumley looked at Cousin Ethel.

The girl stood with averted eyes.

She believed it, too!

"I—I—" The Outsider stammered thickly. All his nerve seemed to be gone now. His voice was broken and hoarse.

"Tom Merry! Cousin Ethel! I can explain!"

"Oh, you could always explain things," said Jack Blake.

"I remember you were never at a loss for that."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"But—but I can explain," stammered the Outsider. "I didn't mean to tell you—I was afraid you would misjudge me. But—but I went to the Green Man for a good reason, as sure as I believe in Heaven!"

"Oh, stuff!"

"Rats!"

"Don't tell any more yarns, Lumley. Can't you see you're bowled out?" said Tom Merry impatiently.

"Let him explain, if he can," said Cousin Ethel softly.

Cousin Ethel's word was law in Tom Merry's study.

"Very well; go ahead, Lumley."

"Yaas, wathah! Woll out the woppahs," said Arthur Augustus sarcastically.

Lumley-Lumley breathed hard and quickly. He realised how much was at stake now.

"I went there," he said huskily; "it's true—I was there—I went there to see Joliffe. It was about some papers he had of Levison's."

"The same yarn as last night," said Blake, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Yes. Last night Joliffe wouldn't come to business. Don't you see—he wanted to make me come again, the rotter! But this afternoon I told him it was once for all. I—I settled the claim he had on Levison, and he handed over the papers!"

"To you?" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes."

"Then you can show them to prove what you say."

The Outsider groaned.

"No. I burned them in the grate there—it was agreed between Levison and me that they should be destroyed at once."

Unbelief was written in every face.

"It's too thin," said Kangaroo.

"Levison will bear me out," said the Outsider hoarsely.

"Yes, I know he's a liar—but you can believe him in this. We're friends again now, and it was because of that that I

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**"BY SHEER GRIT!"**

tried to get him out of Joliffe's clutches. He'll tell you that what I've said is true. He owed Joliffe fifteen pounds, and I've settled it."

"And Levison knew you were going there for that purpose?"

"Yes; it was all arranged."

Tom Merry looked at him in wondering scorn.

"Well, Levison tells a different story, that's all," he said. "Levison came down to the village with us this afternoon, and he told us he was anxious about you, because he was afraid you were going to see Joliffe."

"What—what—?"

"It won't do," said Monty Lowther. "Hang it all, Lumley, you must see that you're shown up now—it's no use lying. You'd better go."

"But—I don't understand," muttered the Outsider thickly. "I—I can't believe that Levison said anything of the sort. I'm sure he won't say so before me. I'll fetch him—"

"And arrange a little comedy with him," said Digby.

"You fetch him, then—I'll stay here. Look here, give me fair play!" shouted the Outsider. "Let Levison say that before me, and I give in! But he won't!"

Tom Merry made an impatient gesture.

"It's all rot—"

"Do as he asks," said Cousin Ethel gently.

"Oh, very well!" said Tom Merry, at once. "Some of you fellows go and find Levison, and bring him here."

Two or three of the juniors left the study. Lumley-Lumley remained standing by the table, grasping the edge of it with his hand. There was a grim silence in the study as the juniors waited for the coming of Levison.

## CHAPTER 14.

### Condemned!

LEVISON entered the study.

Blake and Kangaroo had found him, and brought him there. Levison came willingly enough. The juniors had not explained what he was wanted for; but perhaps he guessed. He glanced at the white, fixed face of the Outsider, and his eyes glistened. Then he fastened his gaze upon Tom Merry.

"You want to see me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I'm here."

"Lumley-Lumley says—"

"Hold on," said Kerr. "Let's hear what Levison has to say before he knows what Lumley-Lumley has said. We're more likely to get the truth."

"Yaas, wathah! That's vewy twue."

"Very well," said Tom Merry. "Did you know that Lumley-Lumley was going to the Green Man this afternoon, Levison?"

"I've already told you that I didn't," said Levison, with perfect calmness. "I was afraid so, that was all."

"He didn't go on your account?"

"On my account!" said Levison, in astonishment.

"Yes."

"Why should he go on my account?"

"Answer my question—yes or no!"

"No," said Levison.

Lumley-Lumley made a strange sound in his throat. It was as if he was trying to speak, and could not. His eyes were fixed upon Levison like the eyes of one in a trance.

"He did not go to settle your debts to Mr. Joliffe?"

Levison laughed.

"He would not be likely to do that?" he said.

"Did he do it?"

"Not so far as I know."

"Did you owe Joliffe money?"

"I dare say I owe him a pound or two."

"Not fifteen pounds?"

"What rot! Of course not."

"I think that's enough," said Tom Merry, looking round at the others.

"Quite enough," said Figgins.

"Yaas, wathah!"

Lumley-Lumley made a movement.

"It's all false!" he muttered thickly. "I—I can see now that he's taken me in. This is a plot. The hound is lying." Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"You cur!" said Lumley-Lumley. "Didn't you ask me to see Joliffe—to pay what you owed him—to get the papers—"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Levison. "You can hardly expect anybody to take in a fairy-tale like that."

Lumley-Lumley sprang towards the cad of the Fourth, his eyes blazing, his hands outstretched. It would have gone hard with the junior if Lumley-Lumley's grasp had fastened upon him at that moment.



But Tom Merry and Figgins grasped him and whirled him back.

"None of that!" said Figgins roughly. "There's a lady present, you cad!"

Lumley-Lumley looked at Cousin Ethel with haggard eyes. "I'm—I'm sorry!" he muttered. "I forgot! I—I've told the truth. Levison is lying—I tell you he's planned all this!"

"Do you want me any more?" asked Levison.

"No!" said Tom Merry curtly.

"Then I'll get out."

Levison walked out of the study, and whistled as he went down the passage. If he wanted revenge upon Lumley-Lumley, he had it now. The blow he had dealt by black treachery had completely beaten the Outsider of St. Jim's.

Lumley-Lumley stood unsteadily, facing the juniors with a hunted look.

"You don't believe me?" he asked.

"No!"

"Wathah not!"

"We're not children," said Elake. "How can you expect to take us in again?"

"I've only told the truth."

"Nonsense!"

"Bosh!"

"Miss Cleveland, do you believe me?" muttered the Outsider.

Cousin Ethel was silent.

The Outsider's face was haggard. He looked at Cousin Ethel, and it was as a man might look at the shore when he was drifting out to sea, to darkness and death.

"You think I'm lying?"

"I don't want to say anything to wound you," said Ethel.

The Outsider groaned.

Guilty or not guilty, there was no doubt that this was torture to him—that he felt the exposure, the disgrace, as keenly as they could be felt.

"Tell me what you think," he said huskily. "If you don't believe me, say so. If you do, I don't care for the others."

"Bai Jove!"

"Tell me, Miss Cleveland."

"I cannot believe you," said Ethel, with an effort.

The Outsider shivered.

"Very well," he said, in a low voice—"very well! I'm finished here!"

He turned to the door. He paused with his hand on it, and looked back. His face was white and set.

"I'm going," he said. "I'm sorry you don't believe me. But I've told the truth. That's all. Good-bye, Miss Cleveland."

"Good-bye!" said Cousin Ethel.

The Outsider left the study.

The door closed behind him. But the juniors could hear his footsteps as they went down the passage—slow, unsteady, heavy—like those of a drunken man.

Tom Merry drew a deep breath.

"That's over!" he said.

"Bai Jove, he seemed awfully cut up!" said Arthur Augustus. "But what a wascal! I suppose it's wathah wotten to be a wascal, and to be found out."

"The toast is burning!" said Fatty Wynn.

Fatty Wynn's remark broke the tension.

The juniors sat down to tea.

But it was in vain that they tried to be cheerful—in vain that they chatted, and tried to make the tea-party as bright and jolly as the one of the previous evening.

It was impossible.

The scene they had gone through weighed upon their minds, and upon Cousin Ethel's mind. The white, wretched face of the Outsider seemed to be still before their eyes.

When Cousin Ethel went Figgins escorted her to the door of the Head's house, and the juniors went down, all of them with clouded faces.

Lumley-Lumley was not in the common-room.

They were glad not to see him.

Yet they could not help thinking of him. There was no doubt in their minds of his guilt. But if he was guilty, he had been heavily punished.

## CHAPTER 15.

### Lumley-Lumley's Farewell.

JERROLD LUMLEY-LUMLEY looked up wearily as his study door opened.

For hours he had sat in the room alone.

He did not want company.

The cool, steady Outsider seemed to be overwhelmed by his misfortune. He felt that all was over for him at St. Jim's. Nothing that he could do would clear him; all was, he had said in Tom Merry's study, finished.

He could not hold up his head again—unless it was among Levison and his set. And that was impossible to Lumley-Lumley now. Come what would, he would not go back to the old ways.

Levison came into the study. He came with a quiet, almost stealthy, tread, like a cat. His eyes glinted at the Outsider.

Jerrold Lumley-Lumley fastened his gaze upon him. He did not look angry. He was too utterly downhearted to feel even anger.

Levison did not come in. He remained standing at the door, with his hand upon it, evidently ready to get out in an instant if Lumley-Lumley showed any inclination to violence. But the Outsider made no movement.

"Well?" said Levison.

Lumley-Lumley did not speak.

"I've finished you," said Levison; and now the hatred, no longer disguised, vibrated in his voice and gleamed in his eyes. "You deserted me—you deserted all your old pals—you gave me the cold shoulder. You've done me many an ill turn—and you did me the last yesterday. I said I would be even with you!"

Lumley-Lumley did not speak.

His eyes remained fixed upon the mean, triumphant face before him, but his lips did not move. He seemed hardly to hear Levison.

"I've settled you," said Levison. "They will never believe you again—they, or Cousin Ethel. I've had my revenge. Do you understand?"

There was no answer.

"I've fooled you all along," went on Levison, a slow grin creeping over his face. "I've fooled and japed you, as you used to fool them. I've learned it all from you. I haven't done a single thing that I didn't get a hint of from you. Now you're done in. I suppose you realise it."

"Yes," said Lumley-Lumley.

His tone was subdued.

Levison looked puzzled. He had expected violence and rage; and he was ready to run. But the strange, unnatural calmness of the Outsider perplexed him.

"What are you going to do?" he asked. "Mind, if you go for me, I'll have it all out to a prefect or the Form-master. I'll have the whole story out, and get you expelled, if you so much as lay a finger on me."

Lumley-Lumley made a weary gesture.

"I'm not going to touch you," he said.

"No?"

"You're not worth it," said Lumley-Lumley. "And if I crippled you, it wouldn't do me any good. You've ruined me."

Levison nodded.

"That's it," he said, with relish. "I've ruined you. That's the word."

"Nothing will ever set me right again now," said Lumley-Lumley. "You've brought me down too low. I'm finished here."

"There are still your old friends," Levison suggested. "Your old pals will take you back—I among the rest."

"You rotten cad!"

"Look here—"

"I'm done here," said Lumley-Lumley. "I could give you the hiding you deserve—but I won't. I'm going to try to forgive you."

"My hat!"

"Nothing can set me right. And I won't touch you before I go."

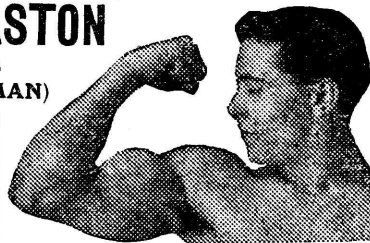
"Before you go!" exclaimed Levison.

Lumley-Lumley nodded.

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"You're going to leave St. Jim's?"

"Yes."

"My hat!"

"Now get out of the study!" said Lumley-Lumley. "This is my last night here, and I want to be alone."

Levison drew a deep breath.

"You're going to run away?" he asked.

"I'm going to join my father. I daresay I was a fool to come here at all," said Lumley-Lumley. "I'm not suited to the place. My father will be glad to have me with him, anyway. I'm done with St. Jim's!"

Levison looked quickly and nervously at the white, set face of the Outsider.

"Look here!" he said. "You—you're not going to do anything idiotic, are you? What are you going to do, Lumley-Lumley?"

"Mind your own business!"

The cad of the Fourth breathed hard. Had he gone too far? Had he hit his enemy too hard? There were deeps in Lumley-Lumley's nature that the cad of the Fourth was far from understanding, but he knew that the Outsider was capable of strange actions. Was there some desperate idea in Lumley-Lumley's mind?

"Look here, Lumley—" began Levison.

"Get out!"

"But, I say—"

"Will you leave me alone?"

The Outsider rose to his feet, and Levison left the study quickly enough. Outside in the passage, he walked away slowly. There was a frown upon his mean face. Had he gone too far? What did Lumley-Lumley intend to do?

Levison walked toward Tom Merry's study, and then paused. After all, he had only what Lumley-Lumley had said. What was the use of repeating it? If Lumley-Lumley intended any reckless action, he could not be stopped. Better to avoid being mixed up in the matter at all—that was Levison's reflection. And he held his peace.

Lumley-Lumley remained alone in the study.

He stood at the window and looked out. The old quad was dark, with a glimmer in it from the lighted windows of the School House.

The lad felt lonely and desolate.

In all St. Jim's there was no one who cared. He had no friend in the great school. He was deserted and alone.

A sob shook the boy's form from head to foot.

It was all over—all over!

He returned to the table and took pen and ink. He wrote quickly and feverishly, and enclosed what he had written in an envelope, and sealed it, and addressed it to Cousin Ethel.

Then he took his cap and left the study.

There was a sound of music from the Head's house. On the blinds of the drawing-room windows shadows could be seen. Jerrold Lumley-Lumley paused in the dark quadrangle, and looked and listened.

The strains of the piano, well played, came out into the dusky evening, and the full sound of a girlish voice. Cousin Ethel was singing, and Kerr was playing, and in the Doctor's drawing-room a cheerful little party were listening; and the Outsider, in the gloom of the quadrangle, smiled bitterly. He was truly the Outsider now; more the Outsider than he had ever been before—neglected, forgotten, despised!

There was a groan in his heart as he turned away.

He climbed the school wall, and dropped into the road. There for a moment or two he paused. He was going to join his father, but he was leaving St. Jim's without permission. To the Head it would merely be that he was running away from school, and he would be searched for and brought back.

He gritted his teeth at the thought. He felt that he would die rather than enter the walls of St. Jim's again.

It was useless to go to the local station. He would be recognised there, and the telegraph would outrace him to London. At Wayland Junction he had a chance of losing himself in the crowd, and it was market day at Wayland, and he would find the station thronged. A tramp across the fields, through the wood, and by the plank bridge, and he would be safe.

He turned from the lane by the stile, and tramped on in the darkness. There was a glimmer of the moon, but she was half hidden by the clouds. The Outsider caught a gleam of water ahead of him, under the shadowy trees, and knew where he was. A tributary of the Ryll flowed through the wood in a deep glade, where the Boy Scouts of St. Jim's had often camped. There was a plank bridge across the stream, but the stream, swollen by recent rain, was laving over the plank. The Outsider stepped on the plank, and strode recklessly across.

The water washed over his boots. The plank was slippery with the wet, and once he nearly lost his footing. But he did

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not care. He strode on, peering ahead in the darkness for the further bank. The glimmer of the water in the darkness dazzled him, and he trod on the edge of the plank.

His foot slipped into the water. He made a wild clutch at the plank, and dragged it from its place. The water sang and bubbled in his ears, the plank slipped from his clutch as he struck out wildly to save himself. The stream was over his head. He came up again, gasping, struggling; but the water was deep and swift. The current swept him on. Once he reached the shore and tore away a bunch of rushes, and then he was swept on again—out into the wider waters of the Ryll; out into the deep river and the darkness. And the silent woods echoed the despairing cry of the Outsider of St. Jim's.

## CHAPTER 16.

### The Letter.

KILDARE, the captain of St. Jim's, had the duty of seeing lights out for the Fourth Form that night.

When he looked into the dormitory, he glanced, as usual, along the row of white beds, and then drew back his hand from the switch of the electric light. For there was one bed that was unoccupied.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the prefect angrily.

"Who is out of bed?"

There was no answer.

"Blake!"

Jack Blake sat up. Kildare pointed to the empty bed.

"Who is out of bed?" he asked.

"Lumley-Lumley," said Blake reluctantly.

"Where is he?"

"I don't know."

"Did he come up to bed with you?"

"No."

"Have you seen him this evening?"

"No."

"Did not some of you look for him, to tell him it was bedtime?" demanded Kildare.

"No."

"Why not?"

"We're not on good terms."

"Oh, nonsense! Levison, you share Lumley-Lumley's study, I think. Do you know where he is?"

"No," said Levison. "I saw him in the study about half-past eight. I haven't seen him since."

"Very well. I will look for him."

And Kildare left the dormitory with a very grim expression on his face. A junior who gave the head House-prefect the trouble of looking for him at bedtime, was likely to have an unpleasant experience when discovered.

"Where on earth can the chap be?" said Jack Blake. "I don't see why he couldn't come to bed. It's queer!"

"Perhaps he's run away from school," suggested Levison nervously.

"Oh, rats!"

"Yaas, wafah; wats, deah boy! Why should he?"

The juniors waited rather anxiously for Kildare to return. In five minutes the captain of St. Jim's re-entered the dormitory, with a very puzzled expression on his face, and a letter in his hand.

"Lumley-Lumley is not in his study," he said. "There was this letter lying on his table, addressed to Miss Cleveland. Does anybody here know what it means?"

No one replied.

"I cannot understand all this," said Kildare. "No one appears to know anything of Lumley-Lumley. He must be outside the House. Some of you get up and look for him—Blake, Herries, Digby, Hancock, Reilly, Levison."

The juniors named obeyed. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy joined them without being bidden. The swell of St. Jim's felt that he was necessary.

The Shell were just going up to bed. Instead of going into their dormitory, they joined in the search for Lumley-Lumley.

The House was searched, and a party of juniors went round the quadrangle, calling to Lumley-Lumley. But no voice answered them. The Outsider was not within the sound of their voices.

"You can go to bed, you youngsters," said Kildare. "I will take this letter to Miss Cleveland; it may throw some light upon the matter."

And the juniors, discussing the strange affair in hushed voices, returned to their dormitories, but not to sleep. It was pretty clear now that Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had left St. Jim's.

Kildare presented himself at the Head's house, and asked to see Miss Cleveland. He came into the doctor's drawing-room, where Cousin Ethel was just saying good-night to Dr. Holmes and his wife. Kildare's serious look startled them.

**"BY SHEER GRIT!"**

is the title of the splendid, complete school tale of Harry Wharton & Co. appearing in this week's "MAGNET" Library. Now on Sale. One Penny.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, Kildare?" said the Head.

"I don't know, sir. Lumley-Lumley—"

Cousin Ethel caught her breath.

"Surely he is not in trouble again," said the Head. "His conduct has been quite exemplary lately—perfectly exemplary!"

"He cannot be found, sir."

"Dear me!"

"He did not go up to bed with the rest of the Fourth, and he cannot be found in the House or in the quad., sir. He was in his study at half-past eight, according to Levison, but since then he has not been seen. He must have gone out, for some reason. I think that perhaps Miss Cleveland may be able to throw some light on the matter."

"Ethel?" said Mrs. Holmes.

"Yes, ma'am. I found this letter on Lumley-Lumley's table, addressed to Miss Cleveland in his handwriting. I thought I had better bring it at once."

"Addressed to me!" exclaimed Ethel, in wonder.

"Yes."

Kildare handed Ethel the letter. The girl looked at it. "That is Lumley-Lumley's handwriting," she said; "I have seen it before. But I do not know why he should write to me. Will you open the letter, Dr. Holmes?"

"Open it yourself, my child," said the Head. "If there is anything in it accounting for the boy's strange action, you may give it to me."

"Very well."

Ethel opened the letter, and unfolded the sheet within. It was written very irregularly—a contrast to the usual firm hand of the Outsider.

"Dear Miss Cleveland,—I am leaving St. Jim's in disgrace. You will never see me again, but I can't go without telling you once more that I was innocent. I know I can't prove it, and I know my record is too rotten bad for anybody to take my word. But now I'm going, and you won't see me again, I think you might believe me. You'll understand that I've no motive now for lying. I went to the Green Man to help another fellow, who pretended to be my chum, and that is the truth. I hated to go there, but I went to help him, because I believed he wanted to be decent, and you had asked me to help him. If you'll believe this, it's all you can do for me. I shall never come back to St. Jim's."

"JERROLD LUMLEY-LUMLEY."

The letter swam before Cousin Ethel's eyes. Her lashes were wet.

(Continued on the next page.)

## "GEM" MONEY AWARDS.

Our Schoolboy Storyette Competition called forth such a large number of clever efforts from readers, that the task of deciding on the two best proved an exceedingly difficult one. Below are printed a few selected from the smartest of the hundreds of good stories sent in, and of these I have decided that "Are You Inquisitive?" and "Stumped Him" are the winners. The two lucky readers who sent in the winning storyettes will therefore receive 2s. 6d. each.

### "ARE YOU INQUISITIVE?"

A little boy named Willie was running, and caught his foot against a stone, and fell on his knee. An old gentleman was coming along the road, and saw him.

"Have you fallen down and hurt yourself?" he said.

"You don't think I fell up and bashed my head against the clouds?" asked Willie.

If you are not inquisitive, you are not finished.—HAROLD POTTER, Woodland View, Halberley Road, near Bewdley.)

### STUMPED HIM!

It was in a school-room, and Jameson was holding forth on the subject of riding.

"Why, there isn't a thing I can't ride!" he exclaimed.

His hearers were vastly interested.

"Yes," he continued, "I've rode horses, I've rode elephants, and I've rode camels."

Then up spoke Jones minor.

"I'll tell you one thing you've never rode."

"What's that?" said Jameson, with a sneer.

"Why, you've never rhododendron."

(W. Love, 102, Kelly Road, Plaistow, E.)

### AN ETON STORY.

Among the humorous stories of schoolboys, the following is a tradition of Eton. One of its headmasters was a great scholar, but was not noted for paying much attention to his appearance. One day he was rebuking a boy for being late at morning lessons, and the lad had replied that he had not had time to dress.

"But I can dress in that time," said the master.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, "but I wash."

(E. K. Muir, Glasgow.)

### IN SOMERSET!

A school inspector was examining the boys at a village school in Somerset. During the grammar lesson he put a few posers.

"Now," he said, pointing to a simple-looking youth, "what are vowels?"

The youth, who was a farmer's son, grinned at the simplicity of the question.

"Vowls, zur? Why, vowls be chickens, of course!"

(J. Broomhall, Manchester.)

### A HARROW STORY.

Harrow boys must not be out at night after a certain hour. When, therefore, Headmaster Longley, whilst enjoying a mid-night stroll, saw two of his boys in the distance, he felt it necessary to arrest the two law breakers. After a stern chase he just managed to catch hold of one of the lads by the coat-tails, but this, alas! came off in his hands, so vigorous had been his tug.

"No matter, I'll detect him in the morning, for his coat will be minus a tail!" Such was Longley's reflection; but he forgot how Harrow boys stand by one another, for they are as clannish as canny Scots are. In the morning, then, when school met, every boy had one tail of his jacket missing!

(Reader, New Barking, Essex.)

### FULL MARKS!

Scholar: "Did you get any marks in class this morning, Dick?"

Class Mate: "Yes; but they're where they don't show."

(Henry Saunders, East Peckham, Kent.)

### LAUGHTER IN CLASS!

Teacher: "You can only subtract things of the same name. For instance, you can't take four horses from seven-pence."

The Dunce: "Please, sir, can't you take three pennies from a purse?"

(A. Firkins, Birmingham.)

### HELP!

A country boy was one day kept at home to dig potatoes.

"What was the matter with you yesterday, Tom?" asked the master, when his pupil appeared on the following day.

"Kepatomataterin, sir!" replied Tom briefly.

(M. West, Maida Hill, W.)

### MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED.

An inspector was examining a school in a country district. He was afraid of losing his train, so, hurrying with the work, tried to do two things at once. Standing in the doorway, he gave out dictation to Standard II., and at the same time dictated a sum to Standard III., jerking out a few words alternately.

The sum was: "If a couple of fat ducks cost 9s., how many could be got for £72 10s. 9d.?"

The dictation for Standard II. began: "Now, as a lion prowling about in search, etc."

Johnny Simpson's dictation began: "Now, a couple of fat ducks prowling about in search of a lion who had lost 9s.—"

While a Standard III. lad was scratching his head over the following sum: "If seventy-two couples of fat lions cost 9s., how much prowling could be got for £72 10s. 9d.?"

(George E. Pinckney, South Tottenham, N.)

### WHAT HE KNEW.

Master: "Now, Tommy, if Jimmy Smith had seven apples, and I told him to give you three, how many would he have left?"

Tommy: "Seven, sir."

Master: "You don't know much about arithmetic!"

Tommy: "No, sir; but I know Tommy Smith!"

(Valentine Brett, West Dulwich, S.E.)

NEXT THURSDAY'S LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE:

"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE!"

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By MARTIN CLIFFORD.  
Please Order Early.

She handed it to the Head without a word. Dr. Holmes adjusted his spectacles, and read the letter, with growing amazement in his face.

"Dear me!" he said. "Can you explain this, Ethel?"

The girl nodded.

"Yes, Dr. Holmes. Lumley-Lumley was seen at the Green Man to-day, and the boys all believed he had gone there for— for what he used to go there for. You know all about that; it all came out once. I believed it, too; and we could not believe his explanation, because—because the boy he said he went to help denied it. And—and Lumley-Lumley was not truthful. But now—"

"Now you believe him?"

"I—I don't know."

"He must be searched for at once," said the Head quietly. "He has run away from school, that is what it amounts to. He must be searched for and brought back at once. Kildare, I leave it to you and the prefects to do your best. If he is not found to-night, I shall ask the aid of the police to-morrow morning."

"Very well, sir."

And Kildare departed. A few minutes later, all the School House knew that Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had run away from school, and that the House prefects were searching for him. There was little sleep in the dormitories that night. For the missing junior was not found; and when dawn came stealing in at the windows, there was no one in the School House who knew what had become of the Outsider of St. Jim's.

## CHAPTER 17.

### Under the Shadow.

**T**OM MERRY & CO. had anxious faces in the morning. They had not changed their opinion of Lumley-Lumley. The letter to Ethel had been shown to them, but if it shook their opinion, it did not change it. They simply could not believe in the Outsider again.

But they were anxious about him. He had left the school without permission, and that certainly meant a severe punishment for him. There was little doubt that he would be found and brought back. And much as they despised the Outsider, Tom Merry & Co. did not like to think of his being flogged. He had been punished enough.

Curiously enough, Levison looked more anxious than the chums of the School House. No one had ever suspected Levison of devoted friendship, or of caring for anyone but himself. But his face was so pale in the morning that the whole Form noticed it, and commented upon it. Some of them began to think better of Levison. His anxiety was evidently great, and his face grew more and more haggard as the day passed on, and no news came of Lumley-Lumley.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy tapped him on the arm in quite a friendly way when the Fourth Form came out of their class-room.

"Feelin' wathah cut up, Levison?" he asked.

Levison nodded without speaking.

"It's all wight," said D'Arcy. "The pwefects say that he hasn't been heard of at the wayway-station, or at Wayland. He has cut across country somewhere, and my opinion is that he won't be found."

"I hope he will be found."

"Indeed! I thought you were wowwyin' at the ideah of his bein' b'wought back and flogged for wunnin' away," said D'Arcy, in astonishment.

"No, no!"

"Then what's the twouble? I suppose he's gone to join his fathah, and he won't come to any harm. He had plenty of tin in his pockets."

Levison's lips quivered.

"Suppose something's happened?"

"Bai Jove! What could happen?"

"Oh, I don't know!"

Levison strode away, leaving the swell of St. Jim's in a state of great astonishment. Levison felt that it would not do to speak too freely. Yet the weight upon his mind was so great that he felt that he must speak, or else shriek aloud in sheer horror.

Where was Lumley-Lumley? What had become of him? The other fellows imagined that he had fled because he was guilty, and dared not face them; but Levison knew different. He knew that the Outsider had gone because he was wronged—because he was wounded to the heart by bitter and unjust suspicion. And Levison knew the Outsider's erratic nature. What was he capable of, in that mood of bitterness and despair? Levison thought of the deep, dark river flowing past the road taken by the Outsider in the hours of darkness, and he trembled at the thought.

Why did not news come of the missing boy?

If only a word would come!

But it did not.

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The telegraph and telephone were at work. If anyone answering to the description of Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had been seen at Rylcombe Station, or at Wayland Junction, or any station on the line, news of it would have reached St. Jim's.

But there was no news.

The junior had vanished as completely as if the earth—or the waters—had swallowed him up.

Upon the Head's brow a troubled frown grew darker as the day wore on. Where had the boy gone? Had he fled at all, or was he in hiding somewhere near the school, waiting for the hue-and-cry to abate before he ventured to take flight?

It was impossible to tell.

It was late in the afternoon when the miller of Rylcombe came up to the school, with an unusually serious expression upon his jolly face.

The fellows had come out from afternoon lessons, and at the sight of the miller they guessed at once that he brought news, and flocked round him.

But the miller did not say a word.

He went straight to the Head's house, and was admitted, and stayed for some time in talk with the doctor.

Then he left the school.

Excitement was at fever heat now. It was certain that the miller had brought some news, but what it was was a mystery. The next visitor to the Head was Inspector Skeat of Rylcombe.

He also departed looking very serious.

It came out at last, and it struck the boys with a chill of horror.

Lumley-Lumley's cap had been picked up by the mill-wheel in the Ryll.

The miller had heard of the hue-and-cry after the missing junior—there were few remote cottages on the countryside that had not heard of it by that time—and on finding a St. Jim's cap in the water, he had immediately examined it.

The name of Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was written inside.

That Lumley-Lumley had fallen into the river the previous night was now certain, and the miller brought the cap to Dr. Holmes, with the story of how he had found it.

Faces were pale in the school now.

Once before Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had had a terribly narrow escape from death. But this time there appeared to be no doubt.

The juniors felt that they would never see the Outsider again.

The Terrible Three had been preparing tea in their study when the news came to them. Tom Merry took the kettle off the fire, and Manners put away the toast. They felt that they could not eat.

"I suppose there's no doubt now," Monty Lowther said, in a hushed voice.

Tom Merry shook his head.

"His cap couldn't be in the river unless he was there," he said. "There was no wind last night; it couldn't have blown off. And he's disappeared, or something would have been heard of him by this time."

"I suppose so."

"It's horrible!"

"I'm jolly sorry," said Manners, "but I don't see that we've got anything to blame ourselves for. What he did was rotten, and we were right to be down on him."

"That's true enough."

"And this must have been an accident," said Lowther.

"He can't have done this on purpose, Tom Merry."

"Heaven knows! He was a queer beggar."

There was silence in the study. It was broken by a tap at the door.

"Come in!" said Tom Merry.

Cousin Ethel opened the door. She was very pale. Her questioning glance dwelt on the Terrible Three. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy followed her into the study.

"Is it true?" murmured Ethel.

"Weally, deah gal—"

"It's not certain by any means," said Tom Merry bravely.

"It looks bad, that's all."

"Yaas, wathah; that's just what I've toid Ethel," said Arthur Augustus, though his own pale face told that he fully believed that Jerrold Lumley-Lumley was dead. "You might find a chap's cap anywhere, you know."

"It is terrible!" said Ethel, sinking into a chair. "Poor Lumley!"

"Yes, poor Lumley! We're all horribly sorry, Ethel."

"Yaas, it's wotten all wound."

There was a step in the passage, and a ghastly face looked in at the half-open door. It was Ernest Levison's.

He gazed at Tom Merry, his eyes almost starting from his head.

"Have you heard?" he muttered, his voice thick and almost inarticulate.

"Yes."

"He's dead?"  
"I hope not."

Levison gave a deep groan, and threw himself into a chair, his face sinking into his hands on the table. The juniors gazed at him in astonishment. Cousin Ethel's face softened as she looked at the cad of the Fourth.

"Were you so fond of him?" she said kindly.

Levison made a movement.

"Oh, I can't bear this—I can't! I—I never dreamed he would do this. I—I felt afraid about it when I saw him last night, but—but I never thought he would do it. The fool! What did he want to do it for? I only meant to get even with him, that was all. I never imagined that he would be cut up like that about it. And then to go out and drown himself—"

"Hush!"

"That's what he's done! I never foresaw anything of the kind."

"What had you to do with it, Levison?" asked Tom Merry sternly. The remorse of the cad of the Fourth had awakened suspicion in his mind at last.

Levison groaned.

"I never meant it to come to this. I never dreamed that he would be such a madman. I only wanted to show him up, that was all."

"Good heavens!" said Ethel. "Is it possible—"

Tom Merry grasped the cad of the Fourth by the shoulder, and dragged him to his feet. His eyes were blazing. Levison stood before him white and trembling. But it was not Tom Merry he was afraid of. It was the haunting thought of Lumley-Lumley, floating with face upturned on the moonlit river, driven to death by his treachery, that was what terrified Levison, and scared him to the very core of his heart.

"Levison, tell the truth. Were you lying about Lumley-Lumley?"

"Yes."

"Did he go to the Green Man on your business, to save you from that man?"

"He thought so," muttered Levison. "It was a little game between Joliffe and me; we were only fooling him."

"But he believed it?"

"Yes."

"And he paid your debts to Joliffe, or what he supposed to be your debts?"

"Yes."

"And the papers Joliffe gave him—"

"They were faked, ready for him."

"And—and all that he told us was true, then?"

"Yes," groaned Levison.

"Good heavens!"

"You treacherous hound!" shouted Tom Merry; and he flung Levison from him.

The cad of the Fourth reeled against the wall.

"Let me alone!" he muttered thickly. "Don't you think I've got it enough now? If he's dead through what I did I shall go mad—mad! Do you understand?"

Tom Merry set his lips.

"I'm sorry I touched you," he said. "You're not fit to touch, you horrible cad! Get out of my study. The sight of you makes me sick."

Levison went unsteadily from the study. His confession had relieved his mind, but he was still haunted by the terrible thought of the body floating in the river, perhaps caught and shattered on the mill-wheel.

He went out into the quadrangle, white as death, and paced under the elms in the growing shadows of the night.

In those dark and terrible hours the junior who had been a false chum, who had betrayed the fellow who trusted him, suffered far more than his victim had suffered. Levison's treachery had been black, but his punishment was terrible.

## CHAPTER 18.

### Back From the Shadows.

ANOTHER day, and no news!

Nothing was heard of Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.

His father was abroad, in South America, and could not be communicated with. It was supposed that the junior might have made for some port, to take ship and join him, and search was made for him at Southampton and other ports, but nothing was discovered.

Either the Outsider was in hiding, or he had perished in the mill-stream. And the finding of the cap in the water made the latter supposition only too terribly probable.

The river was searched, the waters were dragged. But the Ryll had many a deep pool and hidden hollow where a body might lie hidden. The draggings revealed nothing, but all felt that the swift, sunny water hid a terrible secret.

Faces were very grave at St. Jim's.

With the shadow of Lumley-Lumley's death, or, at least,

the terrible probability of it, hanging over the school, the juniors were sad and despondent.

Tom Merry & Co. felt it most keenly.

For they had wronged the missing junior. They knew it now. Now that Levison had spoken, they could understand the mood of bitterness and despair in which Jerrold Lumley-Lumley had left St. Jim's, feeling that the whole school was against him, although he had tried his hardest to do right.

The chums of St. Jim's felt their hearts very heavy. They had wronged the Outsider, though they had never intended to do so. They could not believe what he had told them, and yet it had been true.

They knew that now—too late!

And now it was too late to tell him so; too late to tell him he was cleared; too late, for they would never see the Outsider of St. Jim's again.

"Bai Jove," Arthur Augustus D'Arcy said, with almost tears in his eyes, "it's simply wotten, you know! If we'd only known this before—"

"We shouldn't have known it at all if he hadn't been drowned," said Manners. "Levison wouldn't have confessed."

"No; that's quite true."

"I don't know whether we ought to let the Head know what Levison says," said Blake uneasily, "it's a shame to let the stigma stick to Lumley-Lumley."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"The Head will have to know," said Tom Merry, "but I think we can leave it to Levison to tell him. I think that if Lumley-Lumley does not come back, Levison will leave. He looks cut up, and he seems to get worse instead of better."

"Serve the cad right!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

Another day elapsed, and still there came no word of Lumley-Lumley. The school had now given up the hope of seeing him alive again. On the fifth morning, as Tom Merry came out into the quad. after morning lessons, Levison joined him there. Tom Merry made a movement to get away, but Levison caught his sleeve.

"I want to speak to you," he said.

"I don't want to speak to you," said Tom Merry; "I can't bear the sight of you! Get away from me, for goodness' sake!"

"I'm going to leave St. Jim's."

"Oh!"

"That's all," said Levison bitterly. "You'll be glad to see the last of me, of course?"

"You can't wonder at that," said Tom Merry.

"I know I can't." Levison's head drooped. "I'm going to confess the whole thing to the Head before I go. I'm going to him this afternoon."

"It's the best thing you can do."

Levison turned away; and then, suddenly, he stood transfixed. He gave a low, inarticulate cry, and his face was white as chalk. His eyes started from their sockets. Tom Merry looked at him in startled amazement.

"What's the matter?" he cried.

"Look," muttered Levison—"look!"

Tom Merry followed his glance towards the gates. Then he, too, uttered a cry of amazement, for someone was coming in at the gates—someone he knew!

"Lumley-Lumley!" shouted Tom Merry.

There were shouts from different parts of the quad. Other fellows had seen the Outsider of St. Jim's.

It was Lumley-Lumley!

Lumley-Lumley in the flesh!

Lumley-Lumley, in different clothes, and very pale and worn, as if he had been ill; but it was Lumley-Lumley—alive!

"Lumley!" shouted Tom Merry, in astonishment and joy.

"Alive! Lumley, old chap—"

And he fairly hugged the Outsider.

"Hold on!" said Lumley-Lumley coolly. "What's the row?"

"Where have you been?" yelled Blake. "Your cap was found in the river, and we thought you were drowned, you ass!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

The Outsider shrugged his shoulders.

"I've been ill, and jolly bad, too," he said. "I fell off the plank bridge that night, and was swept out into the Ryll. Goodness knows how I managed to keep afloat, for I was feeling rotten bad at the time; but I got ashore at last, in the woods. And I should have lain there and died, only I was helped."

"Who helped you?"

"Black Sam, the poacher," said Lumley-Lumley. "He found me, and took me to his cottage, and he's nursed me there ever since. It was only this morning that he told me he'd heard that I was supposed to be drowned, and I made up my mind to come back and show that I was alive. Not

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By MARTIN CLIFFORD.  
Please Order Early.

NEXT THURSDAY'S LONG  
COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE:

"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE!"

"But you are going to stay!" exclaimed Tom Merry.  
 "Yaas, wathah!"  
 "Don't you understand?" exclaimed Figgins. "It's all come out now; Levison's confessed."  
 Lumley-Lumley started.  
 "Levison's confessed?" he ejaculated.  
 "Yaas, deah boy."  
 "But why?"  
 "He thought you were dead."  
 "I guess he'll be feeling sold now," said Lumley-Lumley coolly. "So all you fellows know now that you were off-side?"  
 "Yes; and we're sorry."  
 "Jolly sorry!"  
 "And we apologise, as one gentleman to anothah, deah boy—I—I mean, as half a dozen gentlemen to anothah."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

A dark look was on Lumley-Lumley's face. He had come back to St. Jim's to relieve the school of its anxiety concerning his fate. He had not dreamed that his name would be cleared. It was good news to him, but for the moment he could not feel kindly towards those who had driven him forth.

But among the crowd of juniors a sweet, girlish face appeared, and a little, white hand was held out to Jerrold Lumley-Lumley.

"I am sorry—so sorry!" said Cousin Ethel.

Lumley-Lumley's face cleared.

"It's all right," he said. "So long as you know the truth, it's all right. I don't care for anything else."

## DEEP SEA GOLD!

A WONDERFUL NEW STORY OF AMAZING ADVENTURE IN A SUBMARINE MOTOR CAR.

By REGINALD WRAY.

*The Opening Chapters of "DEEP SEA GOLD," specially re-written for this number of "THE GEM" LIBRARY.*

Dick Dauntless and Jack Orde, chums of Weltsea College, are bathing in the sea early one morning, when they are suddenly seized by enormous octopus-like tentacles and dragged swiftly down beneath the surface of the water. It is, in fact, a submarine motor-car, and the boys are soon introduced to Captain Flame, the captain of the Octopus.

The chums learn that Captain Flame is bound for the Pacific with the express intention of searching for Dick Dauntless's millionaire father, who was a friend of his, and whose yacht, the Morning Star, has long been reported missing.

Captain Flame, with a small party of his boys, set out in a launch to investigate. When the party return to the Octopus they find that it is being attacked by the fearful monsters of the deep.

These are eventually driven off, and the Octopus is repaired. Just as the repairs are finished, however, the Tankas are seen advancing to attack the ship. The leader is captured, by means of the steel tentacles with which the Octopus is armed, and Captain Flame is preparing to rush the fishermen who serve as a guard to the Tankas, when they all fling themselves to the ground, their hands raised in supplication.

### A Dash for Safety.

So unexpected was this action on the part of the foe that Captain Flame had to put on his brakes with a force which caused the car to tremble again, or the front ranks of the fishermen would have been crushed beneath her mighty wheels.

As the Octopus came to a standstill, the fishermen sprang to their feet, and, not venturing to approach nearer the gleaming hull, rent the water with loud cries.

Suddenly their cries were hushed, as, borne in the arms of two fishermen, the grey-bearded priest whom Dick had seen on the shores of the inland sea descended through the water.

As his feet touched the bottom, the priest swept an angry, threatening glance upon the guard who had surrounded the king.

The priest made a sign to a fishman standing near. Doubling his legs beneath him, he remained poised for a moment on his toes, then shot surfacewards at lightning speed.

A minute later a huge hook, attached to an enormous THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 194.

**"BY SHEER GRIT!"**

Kildare came through the crowd of juniors, and dropped his hand upon Lumley-Lumley's shoulder.

"The Head wants to see you," he said grimly.

And the Outsider was taken in to the Head. But Dr. Holmes was not angry. He was too much relieved to find the Outsider alive and well to think of being angry. He listened very patiently to the Outsider's explanation, and he pardoned him. He did not even ask the name of the junior whose treachery had driven Lumley-Lumley to run away.

"That boy, I should think, is sufficiently punished," he said. "If he has any conscience, he must have suffered terribly during the last few days. And you say that he confessed his wickedness voluntarily? You did wrong in leaving the school without permission, Lumley-Lumley, but I shall overlook it, under the circumstances. I am only too glad to have this clear proof that you are very much changed from what you once were. You may go!"

And Jerrold Lumley-Lumley went.

He found Tom Merry & Co. and Cousin Ethel waiting for him, and the greeting they gave him made the Outsider feel very glad that he was once more within the old walls of St. Jim's.

THE END.

*Next Thursday another splendid long, complete tale of the Chums of St. Jim's and their Rivals of the Grammar School entitled, "D'ARCY'S DOUBLE," by Martin Clifford. Also a long, thrilling instalment of "DEEP SEA GOLD," by Reginald Wray. Don't forget to order your copy of next Thursday's "GEM" Library in advance. Price One Penny.*

cable, dropped swiftly through the water, and was seized by some half-dozen fishermen, who dragged swiftly towards the car. Realising his danger, Captain Flame pulled back the reversing lever to the last notch.

With a whirr of machinery, and a mighty splashing of the huge wheels revolved swiftly in the water, the Octopus glided unharmed from out the clutches of her foe. Moving forward once more, Captain Flame turned the car's head in the direction of the gap she had made in the outer fence when she had first entered the Sargasso Sea.

A swarm of Fishmen flew to cut off her retreat, but the Octopus was too quick for them.

Moving at close upon fifty miles an hour, Captain Flame hurled her straight at the trees, already weakened by her first charge through them.

The next moment she was through, and a loud cheer arose from everyone on board the car as they realised that they had repossessed the wall of vegetation which hemmed in the wonders of the Sargasso Sea.

It soon became evident that the shock to the hull had done more than throw her crew about.

It had undone much of the work which her crew had accomplished. Many joints loosened during the attack of the sea monsters had gaped apart anew.

A hurried ringing of the telephone bell called Captain Flame's attention to the fact that Mr. MacIntyre was attempting to attract his attention.

"Hallo, what is it?" he asked through the speaking-tube.

"Let the laddies get on their helmets. Water is pouring into the machine-room. It will soon be all up with the old Octopus!" came back the alarming reply.

An expression of pain flashed across Captain Flame's face. He loved the Octopus even as MacIntyre loved his engines. She had become a part of him, and to abandon her would be a like tearing in pieces his very soul.

"How long will the engines work?" he asked anxiously.

"They'll run for another two hours, with luck, then the chemicals in the air-tight retorts will be exhausted, and I can't get at them to replenish the supply," was the reply.

"Two hours! Then we have just a chance!" muttered Captain Flame.

The next moment electric bells rang in every room, giving the emergency call which summoned the boys to their leader's presence.

It was easy to read in the pale faces of the assembled lads

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that they knew the reason of their summons thither, for they had had to wade through water to reach the captain's room.

"We are in a tight hole, lads," explained the inventor, as the boys grouped around him. "Different parts of the Octopus's hull are sprung, and what makes it worse is—we dare not stop to repair them, or we will not have sufficient power in our engines to take us ashore. How's our prisoner, Dauntless?"

"Unconscious at present, sir, but coming round. I have him handcuffed to a stanchion in the General Room," was the reply.

"Good. Clap a helmet on his head before he awakes," ordered Captain Flame. "You will all put on helmets, and each will shut himself up in a different room, keeping the door closed and doing what you can to check the flow of water in the compartment in which you may be. There is no real danger, for, if the worst comes to the worst, we can still find our way ashore on foot. But be that as it may, I am determined not to abandon the Octopus till the last."

A faint cheer greeted the captain's words as the boys dispersed to their various stations.

With pale cheeks and anxious brow, the inventor glanced at the swinging compass above his head, and steered a course which, for the first ten miles, took him along the extreme edge of the Sargasso Sea.

Then he put the car's head due east.

It seemed as though Fate, in her most playful mood, was determined to tantalise Captain Flame almost beyond bearing.

The hulls of many mighty vessels loomed in sight. Some lay with broken backs amongst the rocks, others buried gunwale deep in shifting sands.

Now it was a stately Indiaman, her masts gone, her rigging hanging in dragged strands around her, a gaping wound in her hull showing a rich cargo within.

Again, it was a strange, long, rakish-looking craft, her sides torn and rent by cannon-shot, with the black flag of piracy mouldering over her stern. Captain Flame knew that the Indiaman would contain imperishable cargo, and the pirate plunder, in gems and gold, from many an Eastern city.

He dare not stop, for every passing quarter of an hour now marked a perceptible rise in the water, which, despite the constant working of the clanking pumps, was swishing and washing through every room.

Captain Flame steered the Octopus onward with steady hand, and an outward calm that spoke of the gallant heart which beat within his breast.

It had been impossible to proceed at full speed all the way, for in places the ocean bed was dotted with huge masses of rock, and an accident now might well prove fatal to all on board.

Soon a glance at an ingenious indicator, which, passing automatically over a chart, marked the Octopus's progress, told that they were within a dozen miles of their destination.

In a very little time now they would be safe, and, seeing a stretch of dead level sea bed before him, Captain Flame telephoned the order to the engine-room: "Full speed ahead," accompanying the order with a cheery:

"Let her go for all she is worth, now, Mac. We are nearly home!"

But barely had the words left his lips ere they were followed by a loud, shrill cry of:

"Reverse the engines! Back her, for your life, back her!" for the Octopus had scarcely touched the deceitful stretch of level ground ere she began to sink into a fearful quicksand.

In vain MacIntyre obeyed the inventor's frenzied order.

Do what she might, the ill-fated car could not drag herself from the fearful trap into which she had blundered.

Slowly, yet with terrible certainty, the car became engulfed. Once more Captain Flame turned to the speaking-tube.

"It's no good, Mac. Her stern is against some solid substance which her wheels cannot surmount. Full speed ahead! We may get through, but on the other hand we may be dragged down until the sand, closing in, hems us in a living tomb."

There was no reply from below, but the next moment the engines stopped, then started full speed ahead once more.

But already the sand had closed over her conning-tower, and so great was the pressure from without that the coarse grains forced their way through openings into which water had trickled shortly before.

Still hope lingered in Captain Flame's heart.

It was evident that the submarine car was still moving, for they could hear the grating of the sand upon her polished steel sides.

The bell from the engine-room rang out.

Eagerly Captain Flame leaned over the speaking-tube.

There was fear in the voice that reached his ears.

"For Heaven's sake, Flame, get out of this, or my engines will be ruined!" MacIntyre cried, in hoarse, agonised accents. "They could stand water, but once sand gets into the bearings we are done!"

Captain Flame groaned aloud.

"I can do no more, Mac. Our lives are in the hands of Providence," he replied solemnly.

And now with the musical humming of the engine was mixed an occasional shrill note, which grew louder and louder, until it drowned all other sounds.

Again the engineer rang up the captain.

"It's no good. Can't you hear the bearings shrieking? I cannot bear it; I must stop and let them cool down," he cried.

"No, no! I command you to keep on. Don't you see, man, it is our only chance!"

"But my engines——!" cried the engineer distractedly.

"Better that your engines should be ruined than that we should lose a single chance of escape," returned the inventor. "Courage, man! There are other engines on the island."

Then he glanced upwards.

For probably the only time in his life, Captain Flame was in danger of losing his head. Clear sea water appeared through the window of the conning-tower!

"Hurrah, we are saved! The gallant old Octopus is pulling us out of the very grave itself!" he cried.

Tears of joy running down his stern cheeks, he watched the sand dropping lower and lower from the side of the car, until at length she shook herself entirely free of the peril which threatened to overwhelm her, and continued her way eastward.

But the delay seemed likely to prove fatal.

Although the ground was rising, and every revolution of her wheels brought her nearer the surface, it soon became more than doubtful if their engine would hold out to the end.

But Captain Flame was no longer anxious.

It is true the sand floating in the water, which had by this time completely filled the interior of the car, had entered the delicate machinery of the indicator, stopping it shortly after they had entered the quicksand, and he could not say exactly where they were, but he felt convinced that they could not be more than a mile from shore.

Slower and slower moved the car, until just as they could see the sunlight flashing on the heaving waves some three feet above the top of the conning-tower, the engines ceased to work, and came to a standstill.

Well, it didn't matter. They were within touch of shore now, and had only to step out of the car and walk to dry land.

Thus thinking, Captain Flame left the steering-wheel, and made his way to the water dock.

There was no need to close the inner door, for the whole car was filled with water.

Unscrewing the bolts of the outer valve, he swung it open.

The next moment he had stepped out on to the yielding sand.

Immediately before him the Pacific rollers thundered on a shelving beach.

He walked swiftly shorewards, and was soon wading through white surf to the palm-girt shore of the island.

He did not land, however, but, marking two palms as suitable for his purpose, returned to the Octopus.

Five minutes later he was approaching the island once more, followed by Will Avery and Karl Munchen, who staggered beneath a heavy windlass, whilst Charlie Steele followed in their rear bearing a coil of thick rope.

Soon the windlass was securely fastened to the trees, and taking the end of the rope which had been wound round the windlass with him, Captain Flame repaired to the front part of the Octopus.

Tying the rope to the fore axle of the car, he held his hand above the water.

Working with a will, the three boys whirled the windlass round. Slowly at first, but moving faster as she shook herself free of the water, the Octopus rolled up the beach until, at length, she was standing well clear of high-water mark.

Then Captain Flame gave the word; and all on board, save Mr. MacIntyre, who, as calmly as though being buried in quicksand and waterlogged at the bottom of the ocean were everyday occurrences, was already taking his engines to pieces and freeing them from sand, hastened on shore, except the prisoner, whom it was deemed safer to leave in the car.

It was pleasant to breathe the free open air once more, to feel the solid ground beneath one's feet, and soon the boys were rushing about amongst the palm-trees, enjoying their new-found liberty to the utmost.

For an hour Captain Flame allowed them to run wild, then called them to him with a blast on a silver whistle.

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NEXT THURSDAY'S LONG  
COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE.

"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE!"

### The Devil-Fish.

"Now, lads," began Captain Flame, as the boys of the Octopus clustered round him, "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is true enough, but there are times when it must be all work, and this is one of them. Several Britons, including Dick Dauntless' father, are prisoners in the hands of the gigantic Tankas, and I am sure you are all as anxious as I am that they should be set free.

"Unfortunately, the old Octopus has received too fearful a knocking about to be fit for immediate active service, and it depends upon how you work how long she will continue unfit.

"To save time I have determined to repair her on this island, sending Dick Dauntless and Jack Orde to the Islands for chemicals for the engine. Now, lads, look lively! Get the launch out, run her down to the water, and put arms, your comrades' diving helmets, and provisions for three days in her."

As the eager boys hastened to obey their captain's orders, the inventor beckoned Dick to accompany him, and made his way inland.

"I do not want to lose time, Dick, so thought we might look about us whilst I am giving you your instructions," said Captain Flame, as they plunged into the belt of palms which lined the seashore.

Talking earnestly, the two pressed onward for about half an hour, by which time they had reached the foot of a tall hill, up which Captain Flame determined to mount, the better to survey the island, which he had only visited once before, to make sure that it was still uninhabited.

Little was said as they forced their way upward, for it was heavy going; the undergrowth consisting for the most part of close-growing, prickly shrubs, through which they had no little difficulty in forcing their way.

At length they stood breathless, but triumphant, on the surface. The sight which met their gaze well repaid their labours. Before them stretched a wide expanse of forest, interspersed with wide, open spaces, moving about which could be seen a few wild pigs, and water-fowl of all description.

Captain Flame viewed the flocks of wild birds with pleasure. Not only would they provide his crew with fresh meat, but they also showed that the island was still uninhabited.

But what attracted their attention the most was the bare, ragged peak of a smoking volcano that rose abruptly at the further end of the island.

Over the volcano hung dense masses of smoke, showing that it was still in a state of activity. Now and again bright flashes of flame would illuminate the smoke, and hoarse rumbles, like the roaring of distant artillery, would reach their ears.

For some minutes Dick and Captain Flame watched the volcano in awed silence, then turned and retraced their steps. Little either guessed how fearful a part that burning mountain was destined to play in their lives.

So many were the instructions Captain Flame had to give Dick Dauntless, that he had scarcely finished them when they returned to the Octopus, to find the launch floating in the surf, and Jack Orde impatiently awaiting his chum's return.

Only waiting to overhaul the provisions, etc., Dick shook hands with Captain Flame, bade his chums adieu, and, pushing off the launch, sprang into her.

As he seated himself at the tiller, Orde started the engines, and the tiny craft commenced her adventurous journey.

Half a mile from shore Dick Dauntless looked back, Captain Flame and the others were already busily engaged on their work of repair. As they dropped the island far behind until it had become but a green gem in a sapphire sea, Dick felt a strange depression creeping over him.

He could not account for it. It was as though he would never see his comrades and the Octopus again. He did not confide his fears to Jack Orde. His chum was not yet thoroughly recovered from the injuries received during their fight with the monsters of the Sargasso; he did not want to alarm him. But long after the island had vanished from sight, he glanced back now and again over his shoulder, heartily wishing that Captain Flame had entrusted someone else with this duty.

Night fell, but still the gallant little launch sped swiftly over the sleeping waters, for Captain Flame had provided Dick with a reliable compass, and a chart on which his course was picked out, and Dick felt confident of being able to steer them straight to their destination without falling off a point.

The launch's engines required but little attention, and the boys were enabled to take watches, and thus each secured a fair amount of sleep.

With morning Dick Dauntless shook off his depression, and

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felt inclined to laugh at the prognostications of evil of the previous night.

That day they glided by several beautiful coral islands, from one of which a whole fleet of war-canoes, manned by dusky savages, started in pursuit of the strange craft.

But the swift little-launch left them behind as though they had been standing still, much to the wonder and awe of the savages, who had never seen a motor-launch before.

Shortly after dark the second night they met with an adventure which seemed likely to justify the fears with which Dick had started on their journey.

It was Dick's "watch below," and, wrapping himself up in a thick cloak of seaweed-cloth, he was slumbering peacefully, when he was awakened by a sudden crash, followed by a heavy thud, as Jack Orde, hurled from his seat at the tiller, fell on the top of him.

Wriggling from beneath his friend, Dick Dauntless sprang to his feet, to find the launch swaying wildly from side to side, as it rushed unguided over the billows.

Seizing the tiller, Dick held her to her course, then peered through the night to try to discover what it was they had run into.

"What was it, Jack?" he demanded of his chum, who, rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the side of the boat, had struggled on to his knees.

"Haven't the slightest idea," replied Orde. "All I know is, I was steering straight ahead, as you told me, when the boat struck something, and seemed to fly into the air; then— Good heavens, Dick, look behind you! What on earth is that?" he added, pointing with trembling hand over the stern of the boat.

Turning in his seat, Dick followed the direction of Orde's outstretched arm.

His heart almost ceased to beat. His very hair seemed rising on end upon his scalp.

Following close behind them was the most fearful apparition it had ever been his lot to encounter.

Even the monsters of the Sargasso Sea were less horrible than the fearful shape that was rushing after them over the sleeping waters of the starlit Pacific.

It was indeed a fearful sight.

Close on their stern, cleaving through the waters at a fearful rate, was a huge form outlined in dancing, blue flames.

It was diamond shaped, with a fearful wide mouth, above which protruded a pair of huge, evil-looking eyes, that shone with a pale light borrowed from the ghastly blue flames that danced around the terrible monster. Behind it trailed a long tail, at the base of which rose a tall spike, tapering to a needlelike point.

The creature must have measured quite twenty feet from tip to tip, and nearly double that length from its nose to the end of its ratlike tail. It was not swimming through the water, but seemed to be gliding over the surface of the waves at a fearful rate.

All this Dick noticed in a single glance, although it was not until days afterwards that he could collect his impressions, and put them into shape.

At the time he was far too terrified to do more than grip the tiller with a nervous strength, and cry to Jack Orde.

"The rifles, Jack! Shoot! Shoot!"

Beside himself with terror though he was, Jack Orde made shift to obey, and snatching a rifle from its sling along the inside of the boat, took rapid aim and pulled the trigger.

It was evident the bullet reached its mark—it would have been difficult to have missed so huge a body—for the creature shivered, but only came after them with increased speed.

Suddenly Dick Dauntless leaned forward and reversed the engines. What induced him to do so he never knew, but certain is it that this action alone saved their lives.

For at that moment their pursuer rose from the waves, and, sweeping over them like a huge black cloud, fell, with a splash on to the water, exactly where the launch would have been but for Dick Dauntless's fortunate manoeuvre.

A wild laugh of relief burst from Dick's lips. The white underpart of the fish had betrayed its nature.

It was an enormous devil-fish or ray, which, sleeping on the surface of the ocean, had had its slumbers rudely disturbed by the launch running over it.

The fire which had seemed to cling around it was nothing more terrifying than the phosphorus which these hideous fish give out to a greater extent than the majority of marine creatures.

All Dick Dauntless' wonted courage returned. It was only the thought of the supernatural which had unnerved him. He feared nothing of flesh and blood.

Putting on the engines to full speed ahead, he circled the launch round and darted off, leaving the devil-fish swimming, looking around for its prey, probably the most disgusted fish in the whole wide Pacific.

"BY SHEER GRIT!" is the Title of the Splendid, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. appearing in this week's "MAGNET" Library. Now on Sale. One Penny.



### The Waterspouts.

The following morning broke dark and lowering. The heat was intense, though the sun was scarce an hour above the horizon.

No wind was blowing, yet the sea had risen, and the speed of the little launch reduced almost by half, for she was ever climbing the sloping sides of glistening mountains of water, or rushing headlong down the huge billows into the trough of the sea.

Soon black clouds loomed up from the south, hanging so heavily from the heavens that their ragged fringes seemed to touch the waves.

Anxiously Dick Dauntless watched these clouds. He had had little experience of tempests, for the fiercest storms could not affect the Octopus, but he had heard his father describe the dreaded cyclone, and knew that he was about to experience one.

And if so, what would happen? There could be but one answer.

Within a few minutes of the first bursting of the storm the gallant little launch would be pressed beneath the waves by the weight of the wind, and they must inevitably perish.

Yet, ere despair could overwhelm him, hope blazed with renewed vigour in his heart. Rising on the towering summit of a mountain-billow he had cast his eyes ahead, to see, scarce five miles away, the twin peaks of the islands laying dead ahead.

"Hurrah, Jack! There is shelter within sight. If the storm holds off but half an hour longer we will be safe!" he cried.

Jack Orde shook his head.

A strange, mirthless laugh burst from Jack Orde's lips.

"Davy Jones means to have us! He is bringing out every weapon in his armoury against us!" he cried despairingly.

Dick made no reply.

He could not have made himself heard above the fearful roar of the waterspouts: Neither was there time. Borne forward by the bursting storm, the waterspouts sped towards the apparently doomed launch at the speed of an express train.

Foremost of the five was an enormous waterspout. Its swaying, whirling trunk, as big round as a gasometer, seemed to have been selected as the one to swamp the tiny boat, which tossed like a leaf on the boiling sea.

"Quick, Jack, your helmet!" shouted Dick.

Jack Orde could not distinguish his words, but he saw him draw a diving helmet from a locker in the stern, and frantically followed his example.

Even as Dick Dauntless got the last double fold of the protecting rubber in place, the launch, despite her pulsating engines, was drawn backwards, straight towards the enormous pillar of water.

The next moment the two boys, kneeling in the bottom of the launch, saw her picked up as though she had been a straw and whirled round and round for a few minutes, mounting higher and higher at each revolution, until at last she was drawn into the centre of the enormous waterspout, and was twirled round and round on her own axis like a teetotum.

Sick and dizzy, the boys circled each other with trembling arms.

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A GRAND ADVENTURE STORY BY SIDNEY DREW ALSO APPEARS IN THIS ISSUE.

"How can we hope to pick up the tortuous channel over the coral-reef in such a sea as this?" he asked dolefully.

Dick Dauntless felt all his high hopes fled. It was true. Even in calm weather it needed an iron nerve and steady hand to steer through the coral-reef which protected the island from the sea, and, by making it impossible for any ship, or even canoe, to approach, had kept them inviolate from an invader, until Captain Flame had found a way through in his wonderful submarine motor-car.

With tightly-pressed lips, his eyes shining hard and clear, with a determination to fight on to the last, Dick Dauntless kept the tiny craft's head straight for the islands.

Slowly the minutes dragged by, yet the storm did not break. And now the islands rose tall and majestic within a mile of the launch.

Holding on to Jack Orde's shoulder, Dick Dauntless rose to his feet, and, steadying himself as well as he could whilst the launch rose on the summit of a huge billow, glanced ahead.

A shout, low but intense, burst from his lips. Fate had dealt kindly with him. Immediately over the launch's bows arose the strangely-shaped crag of coral which marked the entrance to the passage.

A slight flush relieved the pallor of his cheeks. Let the storm keep off another ten minutes, and it might vent its fury with pleasure.

The launch would be safe behind the coral-reef.

A strange, unearthly wailing sound, as though a thousand monsters were moaning in agony, caused Dick Dauntless to cast a hurried glance over his shoulder. A fearful sight met his staring eyes. About the same distance from the launch as the launch was from the island, five mighty columns of water rose from the sea, thrusting their whirling heads into the midst of the dark, boiling clouds that covered the heavens.

"Waterspouts!" he gasped, in tones of despair.

They were buried deep in the waterspout's body, and but for their helmets their sufferings would long since have ended in death.

But they felt no fear.

The terrors of death were past.

Suddenly they felt that they were falling.

Down, down, down they went, until at last, with a roar as of a thousand thunders ringing in their ears, they found themselves in the midst of a seething, boiling, heaving mass of water.

Backwards and forwards they were carried—now this way, now that—now whirled round and round.

Sucked up, drawn down, until at last Dick noticed, as in a dream, that the outstretched branches of earth-borne trees were around him.

Desperately he flung out one hand and seized a branch, whilst with the other he retained a tight hold of his chum, from whom he had never allowed himself to be parted.

Then came a sensation as though a thousand fiends were striving to make him relax his hold.

But he held on like grim death, and a minute later breathed a sigh of relief as he felt the pressure of water release, and knew that, for the time, at least, he was safe.

### How Dick Dauntless Held the Bridge.

Gradually strength returned to Dick Dauntless's scry-tried frame. He looked around him, to find that he was firmly fixed in the lower branches of a tree growing on the grassy slope that formed the outer wall of the Island of Rest.

Around him on all sides were huge holes in the soil, where trees had been torn up by the roots and washed away, but Fate had ordained that he should be carried into one of

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the few trees deeply rooted enough to stand against the fierce onslaught of the breaking waterspout.

Fervently he breathed a grateful prayer to Providence for his escape; then, noting that the distance to the ground was not far, let himself drop.

The shock of falling aroused Jack Orde from the stupor into which he had fallen.

Wildly he looked around him.

"Dick, you safe?" he murmured.

"Yes, old chap; and, what is more, unhurt. But, ugh!" He shuddered. "I never hoped to feel Mother Earth beneath my feet again. Come!" he added, more cheerfully. "It is no good stopping here. Unless I am mistaken we can get into the island through a fissure in the rock a little way to our left. Feeling up to it, old chap?" he added anxiously.

Jack Orde nodded.

After the buffeting he had received, he had little breath to spare in words.

Clinging with hand and feet to the sloping bank, the boys worked their way to where a jutting elbow of grass-covered earth hid from view the fissure towards which they were bound.

It was no easy task.

The wind swept by, shrieking as though furious at their escape from death.

They were drenched by spray from the storm-waves that beat furiously upon the protecting coral bar.

Slowly and painfully the boys crept forward, until at length Dick, who was leading, came to an abrupt halt with a cry of amazement on his lips.

Jammed tightly at the entrance to a deep cleft in the rock was the launch.

The staunch little craft had evidently been thrown inland by the mass of water which had borne Dick Dauntless and Jack Orde to safety.

She was filled with water, and her engines had stopped, but otherwise appeared to be quite uninjured.

"We had better drain her and let her dry," suggested Dick, fumbling in the water for a screw plug which he knew would be just abaft of the engines.

He had removed the plug, and was watching the water gurgling through the hole, when a distant shot reached his startled ears.

It came from the direction of the Island of Lost Hopes.

Well did Dick realise the ominous nature of that single shot.

"Quick, old chap! Off with your helmet! Buckle on sword-belt and bandolier. Let's see if the rifles are safe," he cried excitedly, as he drew two of Captain Flame's wonderful rifles—which, as the reader knows, were equally effective above water or below it—from their slings.

Barely had the boys armed themselves ere a second shot rang out.

Then came another, then another.

They waited to hear no more.

Flinging their rifles over their shoulders, to give their hands freedom for the climb before them, they faced the perils of the precipitous path.

It was no easy task that lay before them.

The gorge was narrow and irregular, exactly like the cracks one sees in the earth during a very hot summer.

Now they would have to mount almost to the top of the chasm, now plunge deep into the depths of the dark, forbidding gorge, or, again, creep along narrow ledges overhanging dizzy heights, beneath which could be heard the rush and roar of water.

Yet the boys scarce thought of the perils of their path.

As they crept nearer inland the shots increased, accompanied by a dull, threatening roar of many angry voices.

They paused for breath on a small ledge of rock held together by the roots of stunted palm, and each read in the other's startled eyes the knowledge that the other knew what had happened.

The prisoners on the Island of Lost Hopes had broken into open revolt.

There was no time for words, even if either boy had felt inclined to speak.

They thought of the warders' wives and families, of the helpless refugees sheltered from persecution and danger on the Island of Rest, and living on Captain Flame's bounty.

Realising how awful would be the fate of these helpless ones should the half-crazed prisoners in the Isle of Lost Hopes succeed in breaking through to the Isle of Rest, they exerted every nerve that they might be in time to strike a blow in the cause of right.

Soon their path grew easier, and a minute later the two boys were racing side by side along the bottom of the gorge, which sloped upwards to where a blue strip of sky proclaimed the end of the fissure.

As they neared the opening the sounds of strife increased,

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and when they had rushed from between the narrow walls which hemmed them in to right and left, they found themselves near the gateway which protected the drawbridge over the chasm that approached the two islands.

To Dick's surprise, the gate before the drawbridge was deserted.

The bridge itself was drawn up, and prevented their seeing what was taking place on the opposite side of the chasm.

Rushing headlong under the arch which formed the entrance to the bridge, Dick Dauntless gazed through a grating that commanded the chasm.

On the stone ledge opposite him eight warders, with clubbed rifles and gleaming swords, were holding at bay a countless swarm of ragged, grim-faced workers, who, armed with iron bars, were slowly but surely pressing the gallant little band back to the chasm.

His hand upon the lever which worked the bridge, Dick Dauntless paused.

To hesitate would condemn the noble-fighting warders to certain death.

To lower the bridge might admit the maddened rebels into the island.

A look of stern determination hardened the lines of his handsome young face.

"Stand by me, Jack, and be prepared to charge directly I give the word," he cried.

Jack Orde nodded emphatically.

There was no need for him to speak. His chum knew that he would stand by him—ay, even to the death!

A final glance through the grating showed the rebels gathering for the final charge, which would sweep the little band of defenders into the raging surf beating upon the sharp-teethed rocks which filled the chasm at their feet.

Swiftly drawing back the lever, Dick Dauntless let the mighty mass of iron go.

With a crash which drowned the angry shouts of the combatants, the bridge fell across the chasm.

Barely had its outer end reached the iron-strengthened masonry prepared for it ere, drawing his sword, Dick rushed forward, crying:

"Forward, lads! Drive the rats back to their holes! Charge!"

Waving his sword as though leading troops to action, he sped across the iron bridge, and bravely seconded by Jack Orde, flung himself into the thickest of the melee.

Taken by surprise, uncertain how many men were backing up the boys' desperate charge, the rebels rapidly gave ground.

With cries of triumph and vengeance, the warders would have pressed forward, but driving his keen blade to its hilt in a stalwart Russian, Dick wheeled round, crying:

"Over the bridge, lads! It is our only chance!"

Accustomed to give the ready obedience which Captain Flame's iron discipline demanded, the warders obeyed, and the next minute were swiftly retreating across the bridge.

The sudden flight of their foes revealed to the rebels how slender the rescuing force really was.

Filling the air with shouts of baffled rage, they thundered after the retreating men.

But already Dick's hand was on the lever.

The next moment he pressed it hard home.

His heart sank as he waited in vain for the bridge to rise.

Was the success which had appeared to crown his efforts to end in disaster and defeat?

Had he but opened the way to the Island of Rest to the swarming rebels?

For a moment he feared the worst.

Then a loud, stirring hurrah burst from his lips as the powerful hydraulic machinery which worked the iron span exerted its mighty power, and the end of the bridge rose slowly from the opposite pier.

A wail of terror burst from the rebels as they felt the stout ironwork trembling beneath their feet.

A fearful struggle ensued.

Those who had crossed the bridge flung themselves, with the courage of despair, upon their guards.

Some sought to rush back to the Island of Lost Hopes ere it was too late, but only to meet their blood-maddened comrades, who pressed them back in their eagerness to escape from the fearful island which had been their prison so long.

A dozen yelling wretches were hurled, a struggling mass, into the foaming waters beneath the bridge.

Others were pushed over the end of the pier by those behind, and as Dick, leaving the lever, rushed to the assistance of the guard, he saw a dark-complexioned Italian stoker clinging with the strength of despair to the very end of the rising bridge.

The man's despairing cry as he released his hold and sank

**"BY SHEER GRIT!"**

is the Title of the Splendid, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. appearing in this week's "MAGNET" Library. Now on Sale. One Penny.



Dick Dauntless glanced over his shoulder. Close on their stern, cleaving through the water at a fearful rate, was a huge diamond-shaped form, with a fearful wide mouth, above which protruded a pair of evil-looking eyes that shone with a pale light. "The rifles, Jack!" Dick cried. "Shoot! Shoot!" (See page 24.)

to certain death in the chasm rang in Dick's ears for many a long day.

In such a fight, where the scum of the earth were arrayed against the forces of law and order, there was no quarter given or received.

Soon the few who had succeeded in crossing the bridge were beaten down.

The victors, worn out with their victory, dropped to the ground or on to the stone benches which ran along either side of the arch.

From the guard, whom he had rescued from certain death at the hands of the rebels, Dick Dauntless learnt what had occurred.

It appeared that about the time that Dick Dauntless and Jack Orde were thrown ashore from the waterspout, the men around the forge had suddenly thrown down their tools, or turned them into weapons with which to attack their guards.

Immediately the alarm had been given.

But evidently the rising had been carefully planned, for, as though at a preconcerted signal, the other departments had flamed into open rebellion, and after putting up as

gallant a fight as their small numbers would allow, the warders had been forced to retreat towards the drawbridge.

To their horror, the signals had remained unanswered, and they had given themselves up for lost when Dick Dauntless put in his timely appearance.

Barely had the sergeant in command finished his necessarily incomplete narrative of the stirring events which had just taken place, ere a white-faced, panting man, hastened from the village towards them.

It was the gatekeeper, whose absence from his post had so seriously imperilled his comrades.

The sergeant looked questioningly at Dick, who, by right of his position as second on board the Octopus, was now in command of the island.

Dick nodded, and the sergeant, thrusting a cartridge into his empty revolver, pointed it full at the man's head, for by the rules of the Island of Rest, any act which imperilled the safety of others was punished with immediate death.

(Another grand, long instalment of this thrilling adventure serial in next week's number of "The Gem" Library. Order your copy in advance—price 1d.)

**NEXT THURSDAY'S LONG  
COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE:**

**"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE!"**

**THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 194.  
By MARTIN CLIFFORD.  
Please Order Early.**

## OUR NEW WEEKLY FEATURE

**Next Week's Story.**

An amazing jape on the juniors of St. Jim's is played by one of their rivals of the Grammar School in next Thursday's long complete story, which bears the title of

**"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE."**

This title will doubtless give discerning readers a plain hint as to the form which this audacious jape takes, but I venture to think its result will prove a startling surprise to all. Please don't fail to order next Thursday's "Gem Library," containing

**"D'ARCY'S DOUBLE"**

in advance.

**The "Octopus" in Real Life.**

Apropos of our splendid serial, "Deep Sea Gold," which has proved so popular owing to its originality and thrilling mystery, E. S., of Blackpool, kindly draws our attention to the following paragraphs, which are taken from the "Lancashire Daily Post":

**"STRANGE SEA CRAFT.****"VESSEL TO BE USED AS MOTOR ON OCEAN BED.**

"The design for a novel vessel, which is practically a motor-car designed either to float or run on the bottom of the sea, is at present attracting the attention of those interested in salvage operations and pearl fisheries. The invention is the work of Mr. E. H. Crossley, who has already invented a useful wreck-finder, and some experts who have seen Mr. Crossley's latest idea declare that the strange craft has many advantages over anything now being used for the kind of deep-sea work for which it has been devised.

"Mr. Crossley's plans show a steel barrel 15ft. long by 6ft. in diameter, fitted with wheels which will enable it to be driven along the floor of the sea, and a propeller which will drive it through the water. It has glazed portholes that will enable the men inside to see in every direction, and a double bottom, which, when the crew wish to sink the vessel, they can fill with sea water by means of a hand pump. Two air-tubes are attached. Through one of them fresh air can be pumped by the salvage vessel above, while foul air can be drawn up through the other.

"But the strangest features of the craft are several steel rods with ends shaped something like human hands, which project in various directions. These, by an ingenious contrivance, are worked from within the barrel, so that they can be turned in various angles, and pick up anything from the bottom of the sea. Other rods are fitted with drills designed to bore through rock or armour.

"The vessel is contrived so that once it reaches the bottom it can, if the ground be level, travel on its wheels, the electric motive power being transmitted from the ship above by a cable. If any considerable obstruction is met the crew can lighten the vessel so that it floats above it, and then set the propeller going. If it is desired to lift anything, the rods with hand-like terminations can grasp an object or attach grapples to it. If the iron or wooden sides of a sunken vessel cannot be broken, the rods with drills will bore holes in them and the other rods insert explosives, which can afterwards be fired from a distance by electricity. Another feature of the invention is an air-lock, through which, if necessary, a diver equipped with the ordinary dress can step out on to a wreck."

As my reader, E. S., remarks in his letter: "This will prove that 'Deep Sea Gold' is not so impossible as some may think. If 'Deep Sea Gold' had not been published

before Mr. Crossley's invention had been made public, one would have thought that the story had been taken from his work."

As it is, however, it is quite possible that the novel ideas contained in Reginald Wray's masterpiece may have been of some slight assistance to the talented inventor.

**Concerning Bound Volumes.**

A request from a reader, T. Adams, of Bradford, leads me once more to repeat that I am unable at present to supply either bound volumes or bindings for THE GEM or "The Magnet" from this office.

**A South African Incident.**

Two of my South African chums write me a letter in which they relate an incident of interest to all GEM readers. Let them tell what occurred in their own words.

"Jo'burg, Transvaal, S.A.

"Dear Editor,—We have been constant readers of THE GEM for the past two years, and hope to continue reading it for many years to come.

"We really must tell you of a little incident that happened in the local park one day. We were sitting on a bench reading THE GEM and 'Magnet,' when suddenly the books were snatched out of our hands. Of course, we jumped up at once, and found my cousin in the act of tearing our books up. He was a big fellow, but, all the same, we went for him. We are too modest to tell you the result of the dust-up.—TWO LOYAL READERS (A. J. and H. F.)."

I congratulate my two chums on causing their cousin to meet with the rebuff he deserved by his high-handed action. At the same time, I feel convinced that if my chums could only persuade their cousin to read a copy of THE GEM or "Magnet" quietly through, any objections he has to them will disappear of their own accord. Let my loyal South African chums try this course, and see if I am not right as to the result.

**Replies in Brief.**

"Constant Reader," Vancouver, British Columbia.—I am afraid your suggestion is not practicable—at any rate, at present. Besides, our serial stories have a host of friends whom I should be unwilling to disappoint.

H. T. S., Brighton.—No; I am not at all offended at your criticism, but I can assure you that I have ample proof from my chums' letters that your poor opinion of "The Magnet" illustrations is not shared by the great majority of your fellow-readers.

Miss T. Cohen, Pretoria, South Africa.—Many thanks for your long and interesting letter. I am very pleased to have the views of such a staunch supporter of THE GEM. You do not mention whether you also read our bright companion paper, "The Magnet." If you do not, do me a favour and buy a copy. I know you will like it.

Master H. Salmon, Wimbledon.—Thanks for suggestion contained in your welcome letter. It is quite worthy of a place on the list which I keep of such ideas; but, of course, I cannot definitely promise to carry it out.

W. Mudd, Oxford Street, W.—In answer to your query, I have pleasure in informing you that the first number of "The Magnet" Library was dated Saturday, Feb. 15th, 1903.

I have to acknowledge with thanks interesting letters from the following readers: A. J. Hitchens, London, S.E.; W. K. N.; H. L. P., London, N.; J. W. B., Edinburgh; A. W. Parsons, Southport; J. Borrer, Bognor; "Sheffielder," Sheffield; C. H. C., Cookley; M. M., Waterford, Ireland; F. T. C., Peckham, S.E.; W. Woods, Vauxhall, S.W.

THE EDITOR.