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# GRIMES OF THE FOURTH!

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete School Tale of Lumley-Lumley of St. Jim's, and his Chum from the village.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Admirers of Tom Merry should long see more complete stories. THE "GEM" LIBRARY, send you, and read the splendid tale of Trotter and Tom Merry's early adventures. — BIRKBE.

## CHAPTER I. In Style.

NOTICE, the School House page, put his head into Tom Merry's study in the Shell passage, with a grating countenance. Tom Merry was looking a very odd and he seemed in that important occupation and he had come at Trotter.

Merry was cutting up Slim and Mandy Leather was watching him for the Comic Column in the next issue of "The Merry's Weekly." Both of them began to look at Trotter. The School House page carried a large white envelope in his hands, and upon the envelope were a number of addressed letters.

"My only aunt!" exclaimed Mandy Leather. "You've started bringing up the letters to aunt, Trotter! Is this a new order of the Head?"

"Must 'ave been, Trotter!" said Tom Merry. "Might be a postal order in style. Don't mind these understanding a Cuckoo was, but think 'em over."

Trotter grinned.

"You ain't better, Mandy Merry?" he said.

"What on earth are they about?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Letters, Mandy Merry."

Tom Merry laid down the football and stared at Trotter.

"Letters?" he repeated. "What is the name of all that?"

"It's in an letter."

"He, he, he!" called Leather. "Trotter means letters, which is Trotter's for Trotter's."

"Oh, Trotter, are they?" said Tom Merry.

"Yes, Trotter, Mandy Merry," and Trotter, suddenly quite satisfied with his own pronunciation. "From Mandy Leather-Lumley."

"Mandy Leather-Lumley is sending out his letters to aunt," explained Mandy. "What is he playing the game on the tin for?"

"Come up, I suppose," said Mandy Leather.

The Fourth then entered from the school the envelope addressed to themselves. There were half a dozen more, addressed to other parties of the School House.

Trotter was grinning broadly. Evidently he regarded the various invitations and the other notes from a humorous point of view.

"Well, I suppose that this takes the cake!" said Mandy Leather. "Why did you laugh that name, Trotter?"

Trotter shrugged.

"It's the name you I take it to the 'Red' he explained."

Mandy Leather-Lumley gave him a look as being 've read, he did. Very generous point of view, Mandy-Lumley.

And Trotter retired from the study, with the same broad grin upon his countenance, carrying the letter very carefully with the remainder of the "letters."

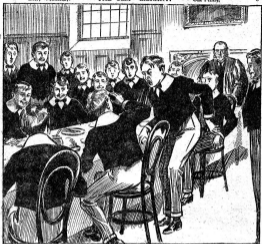
Tom Merry opened his envelope. There was a written invitation lying in the handwriting of Jerrald Lumley-Lumley of the Beach.

"J. Lumley-Lumley requests the pleasure of your presence at a ball in his study, No. 8, in the French Park passage, this afternoon, at six p.m., to coincide with the visit of a distinguished guest."

"Clean fellow."

"ONE OF THE BEST!" AND "BIRDS OF PREY!"





Unhappily, upon his fast-forwarding, the water starting from his eyes. Every eye in the School House dining-hall was turned upon him. "Mr. Melling frowned, "My dear," he said, "I really wish you would learn to control yourself more!" (See Chapter 10.)

you as having any rights in the matter. I wouldn't, however, that you are decidedly weak. I speak from Tom Sawyer that you are not a grasshopper.

"The Outside of the" replied me, if that's what you mean," snapped Melick. "I'm going to step into bed, all the same."

"But Lombey-Lombey hasn't extended you an invitation, duck boy?"

"No, he hasn't."  
"In that case, you are not entitled to be treated as a guest of my house," said Arthur Argus, pointing back his cuffs. "There is, therefore, no reason why I should not give you a friendly shove."

"No, what—keep off!"

"Never get up your hands!"

"You only get! Oh—oh—oh!"

"Melick rolled out of the chair on the hearthstone as D'Arcy snatched him. He jumped up in a fury, and grasped the wrist of St. Jan's, and they whirled round the study in a deadly encounter. The teacher was killed with, and a couple of chairs rolled over.

"Look out!" roared Horton. "You'll have the table over your head."

"Look out for the cracks!"

"Oh, ho, ho!"

"The two combatants staggered, and fell against the table. The table moved and rolled, and half the assembly went to the floor at one fell swoop. D'Arcy and Melick rolled over

on the floor, D'Arcy, unfortunately, underneath. Melick sprang over him, pinning him down.

"Growth!" gasped D'Arcy. "Growth, you beast!"

"Growth is all your own, Darcy!"

"Growth is all your own, Darcy!"

"Growth is all your own, Darcy!"

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**"ONE OF THE BEST!"**

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frustrating?" grinned Linsley-Linsley. "My mistake, I say you. Oh, oh with the shrieking! Are you looking damaged, Melnik?"

Melnik chuckled.  
"Upon the whole, I am willing to make it good," said D'Arcy. "I do not want to make a new in appearance, fellow's mistake. I will let you off that dreadful," Melnik."

"The law is on my side," said D'Arcy.  
"Very fine of you," said Melnik.  
"Very fine of you," said Melnik.  
"Very fine of you," said Melnik.

"All right; let's go," he said. "But you'd better keep your eyes to yourself next time, D'Arcy. I don't let you off so lightly again."

D'Arcy staggered to his feet, and groined by his opponent. He pointed it into his eye, and pined at the end of the month with nothing more.

"You must wait!" he continued. "You let me off lightly. If you will step into the gym with me, I will give you a lesson tomorrow any time!"

Melnik nodded.  
"All right, I'll thank you very much."

They went and Melnik asked Arthur Augustine D'Arcy to accompany him and looked him into the archway, and set him down there. Arthur Augustine gasped and collapsed into the chair.

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"I guess so," agreed Linsley-Linsley. "I've got some goods coming from the New Haven, too. I've asked Fugate & Co. and Redden and Owen and Lawrence."

"All on other subjects," asked Melnik Linsley.  
"He, he! Yes. You see, this is a very special favor."

"How comes the goods family?" said Melnik Linsley.  
"His uncle appeared at the open doorway of the study. They were Fugate, Owen, and Owen and Lawrence, Owen and Lawrence, all of the Fourth Firm, and all of the New Haven as the New Haven, as the Fourth Firm and Owen & Co. were at the School House. But there was no sign of nearly about them now. They were all inside, especially Fugate Wynn."

"Come in!" said Linsley-Linsley cordially. "Jolly glad to see you!"

"How, how?" said Fugate.  
"Fugate Wynn's eye glowered as he glanced at the table. I must say that you're doing the smart thing, Linsley. It is excellent. I hope you're not late."

"My word's worth, on a matter of fact," said Linsley-Linsley. "But it's all right—the matter the question, you know. The party's complete now, excepting for the distinguished guest and the rest of the grub."

"The rest of the grub?" said Fugate Wynn, with a start. "Is there any more?"

"No, I'm sorry to bring a basket from the village."

"Oh, good!"

"We shall have to carry Fugate home," said Owen, with a chuckle. "Only I think we shall want a steam crane to lift him, when he's finished."

"He, he, he!"

Arthur Augustine came back into the study. He was in perfect array some more. A brilliant flash of light appeared from his elegant black jacket and his immediate lap.

"All in?" said Linsley-Linsley. "That makes the whole party—finished! I'm afraid it's a bit of a success."

"The first time," said Melnik, and D'Arcy gasped.  
"The first time," said Melnik, and D'Arcy gasped.

"After all the grub," the things Fugate Wynn remarked.  
"Fugate, did you say, Linsley?" continued Linsley.  
"You must wait."

"I guess I mean business."

"What about Melnik and me?" demanded Linsley.  
"You're not in this crowd, I guess."

"We're jolly well going to stay in our own study," grunted Melnik.  
"Can't he stay?"

"What's the trouble with them?" asked Melnik. "Why can't they stay at the hotel, Linsley?"

"He, he!"

"They're not quite enough to meet my distinguished guest," Linsley-Linsley explained calmly.

"Oh, I see!"

"No, I don't!"

"Suppose they promise to behave themselves?" said Tom Merry, laughing. "They will promise to be very good, with you, my shape!"

"I'll be glad to be the fellow, wherever he is," said Lawrence.  
"Certainly," said Melnik. "I must say you're acting in a rather mean way, Linsley."

"Well, if you believe yourselves, I guess you can stay," said Linsley-Linsley. "But we understand that if you'd prefer to stay at my distinguished guest, you go out on your neck."

"Yes, certainly!"

"How, how?"

There was a step in the passage, and a sound of deep breathing. Grimes, the porter's boy from Wycombe, appeared in the doorway with a heavy grocery basket on his hip. He smiled at the assembled parties respectably, and vanished at the outside.

"How you are?" said Linsley-Linsley. "Where the basket on a chair, Linsley, and the shape will vanish it. Oh, he, he, he!"

"My word's worth!" said Fugate Wynn. "This is the greatest Linsley. All men, you're a noble prize! You're a monster! You're an emperor!"

### CHAPTER 3.

#### A Surprising Announcement.

BERNARD LIMLEY-LIMLEY had cleared a large parcel on the table, and was examining it. He had paid a visit to Dame Tuppole's workshop in the corner of the quadrangle, and to judge by the quantity of provisions he had brought in, he had made a serious business upon the good dame's stock. Tom MERRY & Co. had bought up the stock and set out the things. The supply of good things which took their breath away. The table, to be given an opportunity from the provision, grunted under the heavy weight. "I must say," said Melnik Linsley, in great admiration. "Have you been visiting a bank, by any chance?"

Linsley-Linsley laughed.  
"I visited this bank to be something extra special," he replied. "It's an important occasion—a very important occasion. This, he's the lot, there's some more coming."

"Good food!"

"Grimes is bringing these from the village," Linsley-Linsley explained. "He'll be here soon with his basket."

Melnik nodded.  
"One of your pals, that grunter?" he remarked.  
Tom MERRY.—P. 201.

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Fatty Wynn started a series of observations of horridness observation, as he headed his article after style.

"Come! Ripping! Ripping! Gorgeous! Oh, my word! Oh, my word! Great! Great! London, isn't it a jolly splendid! Ripping! Oh, good! Good!"

"Oh, yes, I must say that this is a wretched remarkable special, Lumsley-Lumsley, don't you," said Arthur Augustus D'Arvy.

"It sure is a remarkable occasion."

"Am we waiting for somebody?" asked Fatty Wynn, triumphantly gazing at the good things, when the waiter was impudently left.

"Yes, the distinguished guest!" said Hoffman.

"Who is it, Lumsley?"

"Yes, wretched! Who is it, dear boy?"

"Who is he coming, Lumsley?"

"I hope he'll look up!" murmured Fatty Wynn.

Lumsley-Lumsley looked at him through Hoffman's, and over the kitchen, thinking grocer's boy fairly ate the study. Hoffman suggested his own hypothesis.

"Hoffmann," said Lumsley-Lumsley, "the distinguished guest, has arrived! [You allow me to present you to my old pal, Hoffman—the distinguished guest on the previous festive occasion!"]

## CHAPTER 4.

## The Distinguished Guest.

"GEMMERS!"

"Hoffman!"

"Hoffman!"

"Great! Great!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Some explanation leads from every letter in the study. They had wondered, when Lumsley-Lumsley's distinguished and unknown guest might be. They had turned over names in their minds, but they had certainly not turned over the name of Gemmers. It was the biggest surprise. Jerrild Lumsley-Lumsley had ever sprung upon his friends in the Lower School of St. Jim's.

"Gemmers behaved with his eye."

"I don't recall," said Tom Merry, "one of Master Lumsley's little jokes," he said. "I wouldn't recall, only Master Lumsley, he made me come, did he, yes, Master, Lumsley?"

"I guess I did, Master Gemmers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gemmers turned a deeper red."

"Oh, Master Lumsley!" he said.

"Oh, Master Hoffman," said Lumsley-Lumsley.

"It isn't right to 'see me 'ere,'" said Hoffman solemnly. "Your little joke's like in Master Lumsley."

"Why shouldn't they like it, Gemmers? I haven't any sense or taste among my friends, I hope," said Lumsley-Lumsley cheerfully.

"Wretched!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arvy, taking the lead in his general way. "Gemmers, old man, pray give me your list. I am very glad to see you!"

Gemmers slowly gave his hand to the cord of St. Jim's. It was a very rough hand—roughened by hammer-bell. Talking down steadily, sweeping up a grocer's shop, wringing copper, and carrying heavy baskets, did not soften the hand—quite the reverse. But it was clean—so clean that Gemmers could make it, for a special occasion; and it was the hand of an honest and untroubled lad. Arthur Augustus D'Arvy gave it a cordial grip, and then every member of the Co. followed suit—Richard Home Gillies and New House Gillies alike. There were only two juniors in the study who did not extend a hearty welcome to Gemmers, and those two, needless to say, were Lervion and Melnik.

The two ends of the Fourth Street hall, as if the touch of this honest hand would have contaminated their own palms.

"He has been in my year's" said Gemmers to Lervion, who, Lumsley-Lumsley nodded.

"I guess so," he replied.

"You've had the right thing," began Melnik.

"Don't you, you old," said Tom Merry triumphantly.

"I'm not going to shut up!" roared Melnik. "Do you think I'm going to sit down to table with a grocer's boy?"

Gemmers turned crimson.

"Come, get out, Master Lumsley," he said phlegmatically.

"But where you go, Master Gemmers?"

"I'll be in, Master Lumsley."

"But, you really think that those two low rack are friends of mine," said Lumsley-Lumsley. "They're only here because they share this study with me; and they haven't good manners enough to get out when they're not wanted."

"Oh, you—you—!" roared Lervion, infuriated at being spoken for to a grocer's boy. "You—you rotten out-

"I've explained to them that they're not clean enough to meet you, but they won't go," said Lumsley-Lumsley calmly.

"I never saw such a pair of pushing brutes, I guess."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You never!" roared Melnik.

"But as they can't behave themselves, I guess I shall request them to leave the study," said Lumsley-Lumsley. "Now, you two, tough, do you prefer to go just as you are, or as you prefer?"

"No, no, no!"

"I—I—"

"Come off! I can't have you disrupting the Form in this way in the eyes of my great, glorious," said Lumsley-Lumsley.

"You're good!" roared Lervion. "Ha, ha! Keeping your eye for a bit, Jim's folks! A lumsley grocer and—rotter who brings the ham and jam to the servants' entrance."

Lervion did not get any further. Tom Merry and Hain and Piggins and Hoffman rushed in on him at the same moment, and rushed him towards the door. Started forth by four angry pairs of arms, Lervion shot into the passage and walked along the luncheon, with a mild grin.

Melnik made a spring for the door as the juniors grouped at him.

He reached the doorway, and two or three hands reached him at the same time.

"Go!"

Melnik shot out of the study with a roar, and stumbled over Lervion, and sprouted at full length in the passage.

"Ha!"

The door closed on Lervion and Melnik, though their voices could still be heard from the passage, things was growing raw, though he was still looking faded. Lumsley-Lumsley caught him by the shoulder and shoved him into a seat.

"Quiet there, old man," he said. "You fellows sit down, if you can find room."

"Yes, wretched, dear boy?"

"Oh, well, be all right!" said Tom Merry cheerily.

"Gemma, old man, I've glad to see your dear old study at the Lower School. It's a wonderful place when Lumsley's distinguished guest was here but we've all pleased it's Gemmers. Oh, you fellows!"

"How, dear?"

"Yes, wretched!"

"I'm sure you're werry good," said Gemmers. "I have I don't!"

"Gemma!"

The door flew violently open, and Lervion glared into the study.

"You rotter!" he roared. "I'll bring the profane Jew! I'll have that grocer out turned out! I'll—"

All was suddenly silent by Jack White, though Lervion still in the mouth. It was a good job, too, it was not pleasant taken that way. It hung over the junior's face and he was speared with pain, and a considerable amount of it seeped into his mouth. Lervion staggered back, spluttering and gasping, and there was a yell of laughter from Lumsley-Lumsley's two parts, in which the distinguished guest joined.

"Gemma—Gemma—"

Lumsley-Lumsley shooed the door again.

"I think Lervion's had enough now," he remarked.

Lumsley-Lumsley was right. Strange sounds were heard from the passage, but the study door did not reopen.

Lumsley-Lumsley made the tea. The good things crowded the table, and every fellow helped himself. There was no room for all to sit down; indeed, there was not half enough chairs for so numerous a party. But the juniors did not mind that; they were accustomed to crowded quarters on such festive occasions.

Gemmers's conversation gradually led them, under the steady influence of good-nature, good-fellowship, and genial kindness on all sides.

The progressed until steady talk, and Gemmers joined in it. The only fellow who was in it all about was Fatty Wynn. Fatty Wynn's jaw was working hard, but not in conversation. He had more important matters to claim his attention.

"Hoffmann," said Lumsley-Lumsley, when there was a lull in the proceedings, the level edge of the juniors' appetites being worn off— "gemmers, I have a little communication to you."

"How, dear?"

"Gemma!" roared Kargason.

"He is, Lumsley!"

"Oh, the hell!"

Lumsley-Lumsley stood up.

"Hoffmann, I have asked you all here to meet my old pal, Hoffman—"

"How, dear?"

"Good old Gemmers!"

"I needn't tell you what Grimes is like," said Lumsley-Lumsley. "You know Grimes. You know he always comes round to time with the groceries—"

"How, how?"  
"You know that at a time when I was down on my back and had to get out of St. Jim's, Grimes stood by me like a brother?"

"Good old Grimsy?"  
"Heaven, Grimsy!"  
"You know me, and I'd bet you, and looked after me like a good Samaritan," earnest said Lumsley-Lumsley. "He stood by me like a good pal."

"Oh, Master Lumsley!" murmured the Maudling Grimes.

"I guess I've been thinking over it ever since," said Lumsley-Lumsley. "I'm not a sentimental chap. I guess I've thought about the matter for that. I was thinking about the Brewery in New York, and the Latin Quarter in Paris, at a time when you fellows were at your preparatory schools or boarding schools 'his, haas, too' from public houses at home. I was thinking in his way for the present and to keep my head up."

"I thought all the rest out of me, you bet. But though I'm sentimental, I know when a chap does me a good turn, and I wouldn't let me get to my feet, I never Grimes a lot. I want to make it good somehow. I want you chaps to help me."

"How, how?"  
"Anything for him, Lumsley, dock boy. Pass the jam, please."

"Here! This jam is prime. Here! Go on!"  
"It's in, Lumsley!"

"I guess I've obtained a release," went on Jervoid Lumsley-Lumsley, "and I guess it's a good one—a real release. And I've got you fellows together again to tell you about it and get you to back me up. You've all got to help me persuade Grimes to let me do it. I don't know whether he'll consent or not, but I know that he's not going out of this world of his own accord."

"He, ha, ha!"  
"My hat," murmured Grimes, looking alarmed. "I say, Master Lumsley—"

"Don't you, I have written my idea to my paper, and my paper, like the usual old bird he is, has agreed to my idea. He generally does agree to what I say in the long run. He hasn't quite done. He always brought up my paper in the way he should go."

"He, ha, ha!"  
"But here, I wish you'd give me some idea about manager's office, dock boy," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy anxiously.

"My approach will go quite nicely at times."  
"No, no, Lumsley! What's the scheme?"

"My paper has agreed, and he's communicated with the Hotel, and the Hotel has agreed. My Grimes has got to agree now, and he's going to agree before he leaves this study, or else we're going to tug him half-headed."

"Oh, Grimsy!" murmured Grimes.

"Grimesy, this is the scheme. My paper is going to pay the fees for Grimes, and Grimsy is coming to St. Jim's."

"What-a-way!"  
"But here!"  
"Great pal!"

Lumsley-Lumsley waved his hand to the astounded and alarmed Grimes.

"Grimesy," he said, "allow me to introduce Grimes, of the Fourth."

CHAPTER 8.  
Lumsley-Lumsley's Scheme.

GRIMES sprang to his feet.

His face was crimson, and his looks were agitated. He waved his hand anxiously.

"No, no, no, Master Lumsley! No, no, no."  
"Yes, yes, yes, Master Grimes!" replied Lumsley-Lumsley.

"No, no, no!"  
"Yes, yes! Yes—yes—yes!"

"He, ha, ha!"  
"Richard! I'd say," murmured Grimes, "I ain't fit to come out! I can't do it! I ain't got the clothes to come in, Master Lumsley."

"Didn't you had me some of your clothes a long time back, when you took me in and sheltered me?" demanded Lumsley-Lumsley. "The time I got a job at that, I mean."

"Yes, but—"  
"Didn't they do me?"

"Yes, but—"  
"Well, if your clothes fit me, my clothes fit you, and you was never none of mine till you got your new trousers. I suppose you'd not going to be lazier and refuse to wear some of my clothes, else I've some some of yours!" demanded Lumsley-Lumsley.

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"I ain't lazier," said poor Grimes—"I ain't lazier of all, Master Lumsley. I know I ain't fit to come out. Why, I've brought groceries to this werry school."

"Yes. What should you have done without them?"

"Yess, wotshud? That's a werry sensible remark. I've often wotshud, dock boy," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy eagerly, "that we shouldn't be able to live without wotshud, if there weren't some very kind and self-sacrificing people done' all the work. I reckon that we ought to be very much obliged to chaps like Grimes."

"How, how?"  
"Grimes rubbed his eyes.

"I ain't never heard nobody put it like that afore," he murmured. "I must say it's werry kind of you, Master D'Arcy. You always was a nice young gentleman."

"Thank you werry much, Grimsy, thank you!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, rising to his feet and leaving graciously to Grimes.

"But—can't you come 'ere?" said Grimes.

"Why can't you?" asked Tom Merry. "I suppose you wouldn't object to Lumsley-Lumsley's paper paying your fees. My work pays me free, and I don't object."

"Yes, but Mr. Lumsley-Lumsley ain't the work."

"He's everybody's master," said Tom Merry diplomatically. "If he's got any influence or power, he can be a good pal; if he's got any of the things you can't help, you know—no matter what, you can't be so good as another, he's the best."

"I agree so."

"Then you'll be here on exactly the same footing as I am—your fees paid by your work," said Tom Merry.

Grimes seemed bewildered by this kind of logic. He rubbed his nose thoughtfully. "But he had not got on the end of his education yet. He was ignorant, instead of being a scholar, of the idea of coming to St. Jim's as one of the St. Jim's fellows."

"I don't see, it's not possible?" he murmured.

Lumsley-Lumsley shook his head anxiously.

"Grimes is good!" he said. "That's Grimsy's fault; he's good!"

"I don't," Master Lumsley, said Grimes, in great distress.

"It ain't that. It's werry kind of your father to pay for you 'ere. It's much obliged to him. He's a kind-hearted man, though a steep old gent I always thought him. I don't object to it. It would be respectful of me to object. I'm thankful, I am!"

"But what's the matter?"  
"I ain't fit to come 'ere!"

"The young gentleman will object—"

"Any young gentleman who objects to my boat and will get a price that's low, I know that," said Lumsley-Lumsley.

"But—how, how?"

"That's why I've called these fellows together to-day," said Lumsley-Lumsley. "They're all good chaps, and they will stand by a good chap, whether he's a ship, a business, or a coal-heaver. I know a coal-heaver in New York who was a splendid chap, and he was my best pal then. My dear old Tommy, these fellows will welcome you. They're all decent fellows through. What do you chaps say?"

"He's good!"  
"Good old Grimsy!"

"We'll back you up!"  
"We'll stand by you!"

"Yess, wotshud?"  
The lines about in Grimes's eyes.

"You're all werry kind," said the poor lad. "I don't know 'ow to thank you—"

"That's enough," said Tom Merry. "Call it settled, and give him the food!"

"How, how?"  
"I ain't 'ed any education," said Grimes. "I've 'ad only

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a little bit at a Board School, and it was a country Board School at that."

"Grimes, old man, you're laughing me," said Reddick of the Fourth Company. "If you start saying things about Board Schools, I shall shut you up in the lock."

"Why, Master Reddick—"

"Look at me!" said Reddick, standing up. "Do I look like a school?"

"Why, you, Master Reddick," said the wondering Grimes. "Clean and decent?" asked Reddick.

"Why, of course."

"How would I expect being seen out with me?"

"Oh, Master Reddick?"

"Well," said Reddick gravely, "I hadn't a giddy million dollars to pay fine for you, I had to get a scholarship at a County Court school, the last Ovens. He had Lawrence, and we consider you another good enough to speak to, don't we, you boys?"

"We do," said Lawrence.

"I speak to Lawrence every evening, and he Ovens regularly every afternoon," said Reddick. "I think they're quite good enough. They think me good enough, so they'll have any more sent about your Board School, so you will get a third one. Pass the cake!" said Reddick and down.

"You're very kind, Master Reddick," said Grimes. "But it's different. You're all more picturesque than I was. You know Latin and Greek and such."

"The only chap here who knows any Greek is Kerr," said Piggles, "and he only knows it because he's a bookworm. As for Latin, we'll all sit round you every evening, and teach you Latin. It's quite easy. All you have to do is to learn all the words, and what they mean, and get into your head how to conjugate the verbs and compare the nouns, and a few things like that, and—what you are?"

"Just, what?"

"I don't think it's so easy as it sounds," said Grimes.

"My dear chap, it's as easy as rolling off a wall. Look at Brooks of the Fourth, how he learned Latin," said Master Reddick. "He's a day-boy, you know, and his father taught him Latin before ever he went to school. He need no get ready, and teach Brooks his, here, but, when he could only say his bookish."

"He, he, he."

"That's all right," said Lumber-Lumber. "We'll all teach you something. Grimes, Kerr will teach you Latin. Blake and Tom Merry will teach you English. I'll teach you Arithmetic. I mean I learned the Algebra when I was three with my fingers."

"He, he, he."

"Really will teach you French, and Gray will teach you the secrets of the House of Lords."

"Wallo, Lumber—"

"Brooks of the Fourth will teach some German into you. He's a clever fellow, and so patient as anything. Ovens can teach you mathematics. Kerr can give you some drawing lessons. Kerr can do physics."

"You'll not mind his anything," said Lumber-Lumber gravely. "In a few weeks we shall have you head of the Fourth, and putting Mr. Latham right in everything the Head."

"Oh, Master Lumber?"

"It's settled, then."

"It isn't," exclaimed Grimes, alarmed. "I—I can't come, Master Lumber! I—I got my living to earn, you know."

"That's all right, Grimes. You'll have an allowance from my pocket. Chaps can take allowances from under my nose."

"Of course they can," said Tom Merry. "I do."

"So do I," said Master Reddick. "I did a regular seven I have, and get an allowance clear out of him. In fact, if Lumber-Lumber recommends me to his father, he'll be an allowance. I can't be so proud as Grimes about it."

"He, he, he."

"But—how does my father?" demanded Grimes. "I got to get on in the grocery business."

"You'll manage that better after a few terms at St. Jim's," said Lumber-Lumber. "Besides, there are other openings besides grocery. You might become a bishop or a general in the Army. They are better paid jobs."

"You, what?"

"Grimes could not speak. The idea of becoming a bishop took his breath away. Lumber-Lumber took advantage of his silence."

"I've settled, then," he said. "Grimes agrees!"

"Bye, bye."

"Bye, Grimes?"

"I—I may, young gentlemen—"

"Grimes of the Fourth," said Blake. "I hope it will be the Fourth. We'll make you feel quite at home in the Fourth, Grimes?"

"Yes, what! I shall regard you as a very particular friend, Grimes."

"And you can depend upon the Fourth," said Tom Merry.

"We'll back you up all along the line, Grimes, old man."

"Oh, Master Merry?"

"I mean it's time for me to take Grimes to the Head!" said Lumber-Lumber, looking at his watch. "Come on, Grimes!"

"By—the Head!" gasped Grimes.

"Yes, to the Head."

"Oh, I—I don't!"

"Oh, I'll back you up! Dr. Holman is a very old bird," said Lumber-Lumber encouragingly. "You'll find him simply awfully, Grimes. Come on!"

"Grimes, who seemed hardly to know whether he was upon his head or his heels, allowed the Head of St. Jim's to lead him from the study. Tom Merry & Co. struck up a chorus as he went, and the strains of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow" rang pleasantly in Grimes's ears as he walked away with Lumber-Lumber.

"But here I've excelled my former knowledge (I fancy, when the chorus was over), and this is surely a remarkable idea of Lumber-Lumber's, but I wish that I approved."

"Go bye."

"Wallo, Lumber—"

"A very good thing for Grimes," said Blake. "Lumber-Lumber's a brick. Fancy that's the chap who used to be called the Captain of St. Jim's. He's changed."

"Yes, what?"

"Grimes will have some troubles there, the school," said Tom Merry. "But it we took him up all the time he'd pull through, right."

"And we're going to back him up," said Piggles. "Fancy, old man, you know's said a word! What do you think about it?"

"Fancy?" said Paddy Wren, with his mouth full.

"Oh!"

"Hooping!"

"You like the idea—oh!" asked Reddick.

"Yes," said Paddy Wren. "Who's talking about ideas? I'm speaking of this rabbit pie! It's simply capital!"

"He, he, he!"

CHAPTER 6  
Grimes of St. Jim's.

DR. HOLMES, the Head of St. Jim's, was in his study when Lumber-Lumber tapped at the door, and entered with Grimes. Holmes had left his cap in the janitor's study and he was dripping with his fingers instead. Grimes had dressed in his best to come to Lumber-Lumber's little party. But Grimes's best was a dirty coat, and he felt it hard as he well-dressed St. Jim's janitor brought him into the sanctum, well-lighted study of the Head of St. Jim's.

But Dr. Holmes's kindly glance was reassuring.

"Ah," he said, adjusting his spectacles. "This is Grimes, I presume?"

"I presume so—I mean, yes, sir," said Lumber-Lumber.

"Very good. How do you do, Grimes?" Dr. Holmes shook hands with the younger boy, who looked nervous, and gasped. "I have heard from Mr. Lumber-Lumber concerning you."

"Yes, sir," gasped Grimes.

Dr. Holmes glanced at an open letter on his desk.

"Mr. Lumber-Lumber Lumber-Lumber recommends you to me, and explains that you are an old friend of his son's, Grimes," said Dr. Holmes. "He answers for you, and takes all responsibility for you. You are very fortunate in having a protector like Mr. Lumber-Lumber."

"Yes, sir," said Grimes, with another gasp.

"Mr. Lumber-Lumber desires to pay your love as a pupil here," said the Head. "He wishes you to be received in a pupil at St. Jim's."

"You wish to enter the school?"

"I—"

"I take it that you do, as you have come here with Lumber-Lumber," said the Head. "Have you excelled your former Grimes—your parents?"

"I can't get no persons, sir," said Grimes.

"Ah! Never mind—I am sorry! But your natural capabilities—"

"I've got a month," said Grimes; "but he don't worry about me. There there is no one to consult in the matter!"

"He is," said Dr. Holmes.

"No—no—no," said the Head. "I think I have heard that name. Why is Mr. Smith?"

Grimes gasped, in spite of his agitation.

"The groom, sir?"

Dr. Holmes started.

"The groom? Where my post, of course! I was certain I had seen Lumber—"

The door opened.

A splendid New Long Complete School Tale of Lumber-Lumber and Grimes at St. Jim's. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

had found the name," he said. "You, indeed? Mr. Smith is your name?"

"Yes, sir," Tom's face lit up in the dark, and he smiled broadly.

"Quite well, I am glad to see, Grimes, that you have a proper sense of duty towards your employer," said Mr. Grimes approvingly. "Unless Mr. Smith can suit himself immediately with another lad, it will be your duty to give him a week's notice, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"A good trade can manage it, sir," said Jereed Linsley-Linsley. "It won't stand in Grimes's light, sir."

"No, probably not, Grimes had better return to Kilmare, and arrange matters with Mr. Smith. If Mr. Smith releases him immediately, he can enter at this school tomorrow."

"Oh, yes!" said Grimes.

"It will be a great advantage for you, Grimes, but I am sure you will do your best to make yourself worthy of this great chance—the chance of a lifetime," said the Head. "About the Form you will enter, I shall have to consider. I am afraid the state of your—your knowledge will hardly be up to a Form in the Middle School, and, at the same time, you are too old to be put in the First or Second Form. It would be best, I think, for you to enter the Fourth Form with your friend Linsley-Linsley, and you can share his study. But at first you will have to attend lessons from the boys of the Fifth Form, and Mr. Linsley will take you in hand specially, until you are enabled to undertake the regular Fourth Form work."

"Oh, sir?"

"Your young friends will also do their best to help you," said the Head.

"I guess so, sir," said Linsley-Linsley. "Grimes is a friend already of all the best fellows in the Lower School, and, as they're all so good to work."

"By all means, indeed."

"I am glad to hear it," he said. "Very glad! That will make matters much simpler for Grimes. Grimes, your attendance in St. John's will be something like the nature of his arrangements. As, for you, I know whether you are desirous of Mr. Linsley-Linsley's great kindness, and of being a member of a Form at the ancient Foundation. That suits with you, Grimes?"

"I'd do my best, sir," said Grimes.

"Very good! No one can do more than that," agreed the Head. "You may go, Grimes. I shall expect you at the school tomorrow, if Mr. Smith releases you immediately. Otherwise, you will be late."

"Yes, sir."

And by motion shook hands with Grimes again, and dismissed the boys.

Out in the passage again, Grimes looked hard, and looked at Linsley-Linsley, and seemed uncertain whether to wipe on his head or on his back.

"I'd give it a spin if it's a dress, Master Linsley!" he said.

Linsley-Linsley chuckled.

"No, it ain't a dress, Master Grimes," he replied.

"It seems like one, nevertheless, Grimes. I've got a green's jacket. I've brought on the greenies to show 'em school. Some of the young gentles—Master Moffat and Master Levine and Master Crotch, the lads—they think I've got under their hat."

"They're wrong, you know?" Linsley-Linsley explained.

"I know they ain't like you, or Master Merry, or Master D'Arcy," said Grimes, nodding. "I have a red coat when I'm out, I like."

"What's that?" he laughed.

"Well, look in the glass when you get home, Grimes, and you'll see 'em," he said.

"No!" he said.

"I guess so."

"You've 'sailed' your little job, Master Linsley?"

"I'm telling you the truth, Master Grimes. Being a gentleman doesn't mean simply waiting expectant orders and a gold watch. It means being a decent, honest chap, at all good as gold, and a true gal—and that's you, Grimes, all over. I guess you've not quite Grimes, only you're an honest, true gal—there's more to be made of you."

"Oh, Master Linsley?"

"And you've got to call me Master Linsley any more—I'm Linsley of the Fourth, and you're Grimes of the Fourth!"

"Oh, Master Linsley?"

"You see and you Linsley, you see?"

"Oh, Master—I guess, Linsley?"

"Never mind; I'll call you Master Grimes, and make it last," said the Outside of St. John's cheerfully. "Now you've got to punch it to Sandy if that be true or not. He can easily see whether you've a good customer at the old Kilmare, and you'll be a good customer at the old Kilmare tomorrow—No. 20."

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shop, and your pal Linsley will be a good customer. That will make it all right with Sandy, I guess."

Grimes chuckled.

"Hello, Master Linsley?"

"Now, name and say good-night to the fellows!"

"My old!" murmured Grimes. "Who will I bid Fisher say?"

"You've named what they say," said Linsley-Linsley.

"I named it, but I can't really believe it yet," said Grimes.

Linsley-Linsley led the way into his study. The fellows were all there, chatting, and Fatty Wren had two signs finished. Even Fatty Wren, however, was showing signs of drowsiness again. The immediate supply of good things was looked upon by attentive grins.

"Is it all right, dear boy?" asked Arthur Augustine D'Arcy.

"Right as rain!" said Jereed Linsley-Linsley.

"Grimes is one of us!"

"I guess so!"

"I guess!" chuckled Tom Merry & Co.

"He's coming to St. John's tomorrow," said Linsley-Linsley. "He's going to be in the Fourth, and to have special treatment he'll be up to the Fourth work. Come and see him!"

"Right-as-rain!"

"Yes, what?"

And Tom Merry & Co. streamed out of the study to escort Grimes to the gate. Before such his basket of his own, Kilmare, the outside of St. John's, was chatting with David of the Fifth, and the crowd of happy come down. Catts, of the Fifth, was standing there, and he stared at the youth with his head.

"He would think that?" he exclaimed.

"Grimes, of St. John's!" said Linsley-Linsley coolly.

"What?" asked Catts.

"Grimes, dear!" asked Linsley-Linsley coolly. "Grimes, of St. John's—Grimes, of the Fourth Form! My old gal, Grimes!"

"You mean me?" What's the catch here?" exclaimed Catts. "You're the chick that I believe your lot? I don't."

"No!"

"You'll see to-morrow, I guess!" grinned Linsley-Linsley.

"Come on, Grimes!"

"Hold on!" said Kilmare, raising his hand. "Is that your true, Linsley-Linsley, or are you talking out of your hat?"

"You are a bit!"

"Right as rain, Kilmare, dear boy!" said Arthur Augustine D'Arcy.

"I'm sorry, Master Kilmare, if you think it's a chick of my own," said Linsley-Linsley, but Master Linsley he would say to you and there's no catch to be Master Linsley. And the 'old gal' says I am in with you, and so I guess I've come."

"Yes, what?"

"Kilmare, what?"

"Right-as-rain!" he said. "You are a decent lad, Grimes; I know that, and I hope you'll make a success of this. Give us your hat!"

"Oh, Master Kilmare?"

The outside of St. John's shook hands with Grimes, and David, of the Fifth, followed his example. Kilmare looked at Catts, of the Fifth. Catts put his hands up to his eyebrows, and looked queer. Kilmare frowned, but Grimes who too looked in the kind notice return of him by the St. John's captain, to notice Catts. Linsley-Linsley dropped his friend.

"Ain't he a bit, Master Linsley?" said Grimes, in great admiration.

"I guess he's a bit!" said Linsley-Linsley cheerfully.

"This way!"

And Grimes was marched across the playground, and Taggart by his cut at the gate, and Tom Merry & Co. shook hands with him all round before he departed.

### CHAPTER 7.

#### LINCOLN AND MOLLIE DO NOT LIKE IT.

TOM MERRY & CO. streamed into the junior common-room in the School House.

Quite a crowd of juniors had gathered there, and there was a considerable amount of excited discussion going on.

Lincoln and Mollie were looking very excited, and they had suddenly been looking forth to the junior. Grimes, of the Fifth, was a most interesting look. But most of the fellows were grinning, as at a good job. Tom Merry smiled at the crowd, which seemed at his entrance, to see that the boys were out already.

"Is it true?" demanded Catts, Darc.

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A crowd of lumber halted under Harry Wharton's window. "Who is a disgrace to the firm?" Bunter shouted. Then they yelled the answer together. "Wharton!" Harry Wharton drove back from the window. (An incident taken from the splendid complete school tale of Harry Wharton & Co., entitled "THE SCHOOLBOY REVUEILLERS" by Frank Richards, which is contained in this week's issue of our popular companion paper, "THE MAGNET" Library. Now on Sale. Price One Penny.)

"Is George coming here?" exclaimed Kerrick.  
 "The jolly, good-natured boy?" said Bishop.  
 "Yes, Merry nodded.  
 "Yes."  
 "It's true?" exclaimed a score of amazed voices.  
 "Quite true."  
 "What he says, 'course!"' exclaimed Bishop. "How is he going to pay the loan? They're jolly well free here! What's going to get the money?"  
 "What he says old Sandy's bill?" grunted Hancock, of the South.  
 "He, he, he!"  
 "He wouldn't find enough there," said Goss, of the North.  
 "It can't be true."  
 "There's no secret about it," said Tom Merry. "I believe there are some fellows at St. John's who have their fees paid for them. Wharton's fees are going to be paid by the father of another St. John's chap."  
 "Who?" roared Goss.  
 "Oh, Lumber-Lumber!"  
 "Oh! This Lumber-Lumber?"  
 "I guess so," said Jerrard Lumber-Lumber.  
 "What then?"  
 "My hat!"  
 "Dear me," said Skimpie, of the North, who had Socialistic tendencies except, as Blake had remarked, in his headgear. "I regard that as an excellent arrangement. Mr.

Lumber-Lumber-Lumber will be handing back a portion of his wealth to a representative of the producing class from whom he has obtained it. I regard that as a very proper proceeding on the part of Lumber's father.

"I guess I'll tell him, Skimpie," said the Outside guard.

"No, no!" he begged. "It's better that you approve."

"My dear Lumber-Lumber, I shall be very pleased to allow you to appoint Mr. Lumber-Lumber, with the best that I approve of my consent," said Skimpie. "I—"

"He, he, he!"

Skimpie looked round through his big spectacles at the yelling juniors.

"I do not see any cause of laughter," he remarked.

"—"

"He, he, he!"

"I don't see anything to laugh at in a grocer and running to St. John's, either," said Goss, of the North. "I call it disgraceful!"

"Disgrace!" said Linton.

"Disgraced!" and Melish.

"It is rather odd," agreed Bishop.

"I guess Gossie will manage to get on without your approval," Lumber-Lumber remarked. "Of course, he won't have anything to say to you chap. My pal Gossie is rather particular when he speaks to."

"He, he, he!"

"The best thing you two chaps can do," continued Lumber-Lumber, "is to get on with your work."  
 "You're right," said Goss.  
 "You're right," said Linton.

Lundy, addressing Mellick and Levinson, "It is change study. There was a book case for five in No. 2 study."

Levinson gasped.  
"Do you mean to say that Grimes is coming into our study?" he exclaimed.

"I guess so."  
"Grimes—the grocer—in our study?" yelled Mellick.  
"I guess that's right. I want you two chaps to clear out. I've wanted you already that you're not clean enough to meet my pal Grimes."

The grocer entered.  
"He ain't come into the study?" yelled Levinson. "I'll bet he is."

"You see how you know when you begin the talking. I want to see you going on," groaned Lundy-Lundy.  
"You, Mellick, I wish I think you will beat Grimes a good deal."

"I'll bet you will, too."  
"You'd welcome to try, I guess."

"I think the whole school ought to study on this subject, and send a round robin to the Head, and Crooks."

"No good," said Lundy-Lundy. "There aren't enough kids in the school to make up enough signatures."

"I wish not."  
"I guess I don't speak to him?" said Crooks savagely.  
"He's right! I don't want your name?"  
"My name?" yelled Crooks. "Why you rotter—"  
"Grimes will be civil to you," said Lundy-Lundy. "He knows you're a rotter, but Grimes isn't hanging. Of course, you couldn't expect a thing like Grimes to clean with you. He would kick the line at that."

Crooks gasped with rage. But he did not feel equal to carrying on a wordy warfare with Jerome Lundy-Lundy, and he stamped out of the common-room in a fury. The juniors roared with laughter. Most of the fellows seemed to take the idea of Grimes of the Fourth as a great joke, and Levinson & Co., much to their disappointment, did not see any chance of getting up a general demonstration on the subject.

The fact that Tom Merry & Co. had outwitted Grimes made, as to speak, make a very great deal of difference. The fellows who might have been inclined to be crooked, felt that what was good enough for Tom Merry and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was good enough for them. If Grimes had not been a decent fellow, they would certainly not have taken him up. And if they had taken him up, there was no reason why the rest of the school shouldn't.

And the fact that Mellick, of the Sixth, had shaken hands with Grimes in public, was already known, and that fact had great influence upon the juniors. Mellick was the idol of the Lower School, and like the king in the British Constitution the captain of the Six's could do no wrong.

"It is common sense my study. I'll make him glad enough to get out, anyway," said Levinson.

"Anonally would be glad to get out, if you're there," agreed Lundy-Lundy. "You're not exactly what one would call a clean chap to do with. Of course, there's no need for anybody to accompany to Grimes that you were really expelled from St. Jan's for insulting another chap's hands coming in a letter. Grimes wouldn't like to be in the same study with that kind of fellow, if he knew."

Levinson turned vivid with rage, and stamped away. Mellick tried to think of something exceedingly bitter to say, but it wouldn't come, and he stamped away after Levinson. The rest of the School House had been put to the rest.

Lundy-Lundy chuckled with.

"My pal Grimes will be here to-morrow," he said. "Any chap that doesn't think Grimes good enough to know, can drop my acquaintance, too. And any chap who is invited to Grimes will be asked to step into the gym, and have the gloves on with me. That's all. I guess I'm going to do my best."

And Lundy-Lundy strolled away, leaving the common-room in a fury over the extraordinary news. But it seemed pretty clear that the School House juniors, upon the whole, were going to take the arrival of Grimes good-humoredly, and that only a few fellows meant to make things unpleasant for him. And with Tom Merry & Co. looking him up, it seemed pretty certain that Grimes, of the Fourth, would be able to hold his own at St. Jan's.

CHAPTER 5.  
Enough for Mellick!

GRIMES arrived the next morning. He had been evidently busy able to arrange matters with his old employer. Mr. Skank, of course, was greatly attracted, but probably he was not incapable of the humor of having his old steady-boy taken in as a pupil at St. Jan's. And as Grimes had money through these already.

It would probably mean a good deal of money for Mr. Skank. Grimes walked into the playground of St. Jan's just after the boys were released from morning lessons. The fellows were crowding out into the quadrangle when Grimes, of the Fourth, was seen entering at the old gate. There was a stamp at once.

"Here he comes!"  
"Here's the mighty grocer!"  
"Where's your basket, Grimes?"  
"What price eggs to-day?"  
"How's bacon?"  
"Is he, he, he?"

Grimes came on with a gentlemanly gait upon his countenance. The fellows who hailed him were laughing, and they were recognizable in a good-fashioned way. Grimes did not mind a joke, and so he was not ashamed of his trade, he did not object in the least to the allusions to the grocer's shop.

"Did you take the chatters down this morning, Grimes?" asked D'Arcy.

"Yes, Master Mellick," said Grimes.  
"Stripped out the basket?" asked Levinson.

"No," said Grimes. "Mr. Skank 'ave got a new boy. I don't be mightier out now more bacon, Master Levinson."

"Shells of choice, doesn't he?" said Mellick. "What a ripping chap to come here and mix with the sons of gentility. I don't think."  
"I don't think, except any objection to me, Master Mellick," said Grimes. "All the gentlemen as I've met 'ere 'ave been very good to me."

"Is he, he?" roared Kingpin. "He's got you there, Mellick. You haven't been good to him."

Mellick turned red with rage.

"Oh, you're grocer—" he gasped.

"There ain't any 'ere in being a grocer, is there?" said Grimes.

"This ain't the place for a grocer," said Mellick loudly.

"That might be kept in their proper place. It's not right for a boy out to come to this school."

"Well, can you do?" says, then?" inquired Grimes politely.

"There was a rest of nothing."

"Good for Grimes!" yelled Skank. "First good to Grimes!"

"Is he, he?"

Grimes scratched his head. Mellick was not a fighting-man; but he was bigger than Grimes, and he felt that the grocer's boy would hardly dare to stand up to him. He advanced upon Grimes with his hands up, and his eyes glowing.

"You better cut!" he yelled. "I've going to lick you!"

"Go ahead, Master Mellick," said Grimes.

"Hurry! On it, Grimes!" yelled Piggins.

Grimes looked round for Jerome Lundy-Lundy. Lundy-Lundy was at his side at once.

"You don't mind if I fight with Master Mellick, Master Lundy?"

Lundy-Lundy chuckled.

"I don't mind at all," he said. "On in and win, Master Grimes."

"Is he, he?"

Grimes put up his hands promptly. Mellick was already being out. More than one Grimes and Piggins and George of D'Arcy had had their little runs with the St. Jan's fellows. Grimes knew how to use his hands quite as well as Percy Mellick did, and he had heaps of pluck, which was more than Mellick had.

He got the end of the Fourth more than halfway. Mellick were knocked up to the door at Grimes's feet, and Grimes's right arm came round on Mellick's arm, and Percy sat down in the playground with a mighty bang.

"You!" gasped Mellick.

There was a yell.

"Here, Grimes!"

"Is he, Grimes?"

"Jump up and tackle him, Mellick!" shouted Crooks.

"I'm willing," said Grimes.

"I wish I think you'll have to wait, dear boy," roared Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, tearing his famous mustache upon Mellick.

"He's grocer!"

"You're a rotter!"

"You started the row, now go on with it!"

"On?"

# ANSWERS

"Ho, ho, ho!" sneered Rolliver. "Mellick is done!"

"Mellick sat and crossed his arms. A stream of spit was running over his fingers. Grimes of the Fourth had hit hard. Lovison, indeed, hit to his teeth. Grimes dropped his hands. He saw that Mellick did not want any more, and Grimes was too generous to bid to want to triumph over a defeated enemy.

"Ho, ho, ho, Mellick!" whispered Lovison. Mellick snarled.

"Ho, ho, ho, and was generous!" he growled. "The best law knowledge has obtained of iron. This is what comes of fighting with a rod. Good!"

"Fighting with me, Master Mellick?" asked Grimes respectfully.

"I'm not going to fight a grinner!" sneered Mellick. "Not when he's too much for you," grinned Mewy Lovison.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

Fewy Mellick walked away, holding his handkerchief to his nose. Lumber-Lumber slipped his arm through Grimes's, and walked him on towards the school doors. A good many fellows gathered round to say a shabby word or two to Grimes. Grimes's back grew very red and averted.

Mr. Lathrop, and the principal, were in the hall when they entered the school house, and he looked at Grimes with his spectacles.

"Now, boy, do," said Lumber-Lumber. "Ah!" said Mr. Lathrop. "A job—or-Grimes?"

"Yes, if you please, sir," said Grimes. "Very good," said Mr. Lathrop. "Dr. Holmes has spoken to me about you, Grimes. It appears that you are in, he is my friend."

"Yes, sir," said Grimes. "Very well. You will come into the Fourth-Fourth room for afternoon lessons, and you will learn to what to do, and what to do after lessons, you can come to my study at half-past five, and I will give you an hour. I hope it will soon be possible for you to do your work with the Form."

"Thank you, sir. You're very kind, sir?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Lathrop graciously. "And he shook hands with the new boy, just as if Grimes had been an ordinary new boy, and not the grocer's lad from the village."

"Come on and see the study," said Lumber-Lumber. "Yes, Master Lumber."

Lumber-Lumber led his charge up to the Fourth-Fourth passage, and opened the door of No. 3. There a dark lesson class, and a large number of boys, were seated at their desks.

"A large number had been placed on the wall opposite the door, and it bore the inscription in large letters, flanked in each side by a hand:

**GET OUT! NO GRINNER CAN BE WANTED HERE. GET OUT!**

Grimes saw it the same moment as his companion, and he turned crimson.

"Oh, Master Lumber!" he exclaimed. Lumber-Lumber strode across the study and snatched down the papers, tore a few fragments, and tossed it into the grate.

"I guess that's Grimes's work, he said. "You're set to take a course of six or eight lessons. There's grinner from Stage Six Lovison of this school, don't you?"

"A—ah—ah, isn't his name? where he ain't wanted, Master Lumber, and Grimes."

"How your innocent heart, you'll have to get over that!" said Lumber-Lumber cheerfully. "This is a rough-and-ready place, Grimes. All those hard-core boys you've learned in the private business won't do for a public school. They won't put on the job."

"Yes, Master Lumber!" ejaculated Grimes. "Yes. You mean't be laughing."

"Laugh? Oh, Master Lumber?"

"You mean take things as they come, and be ready to knock 'em up. If you're too sensitive, you'll soon get that kicked out of you. It's a slap over for you, go for him and hit him as hard as you can. That's the game."

"Yes, sir," said Master Lumber.

"That's right. And don't wear your heart on your sleeve for days to look at, at breakfast you'll," said Lumber-Lumber. "If you do that, you'll find plenty of days ready to pack. I'll advise for that."

"I'll give you my right, Master Lumber."

"Give and have it, it always comes, and always keep your eye on," said Lumber-Lumber. "Don't have nothing but always look out the window. Never take advantage of anybody else, and never let anybody take advantage of you. If a chap does't like you, let him lump you. There are always chaps who will hit you, and you can let the other alone. Don't be too jolly sensitive, and don't mind what fellows say."

"I won't, Master Lumber."

"Lumber and Mellick will both try to make you uneasy

in this study. All you've got to do is to give 'em as good as they send—make 'em miserable. Instead of being shamed out, make them glad to get out. Best!"

Grimes grinned. "I see, Master Lumber."

"These are your books," said Lumber-Lumber, pointing towards a parcel that lay on the table. "You'll find that which led you want there. You won't be able to read some of 'em yet, but we'll soon show all that. Now come up to the dorm, and get into your dormitory. You will have to wear my clothes until you've been to the tailor's. I'll stand you in."

"Yes, Master Lumber!"

"Come on, and not to speak of your Master Lumber!"

Lumber-Lumber snatched his package off to the Fourth-Fourth dormitory. A quarter of an hour later Grimes came down in Brown, looking a little uncomfortable in them, but looking very nice indeed.

**CHAPTER 9.**

**John for John.**

**T**OM MERRY nodded pleasantly to Grimes as he went him going into the dining-room for dinner. Grimes was feeling very queer, and looking tight to Jerry-Lumber-Lumber's arm. Grimes grinned sheepishly at Tom Merry. He felt queer eyes in St. John's was upon his new blouse. As a matter of fact, he attracted less attention in Brown than in his former clothes.

"Here we are again!" said Tom Merry. "Been fighting anybody since Mellick?"

"No, Master Merry."

"Let me know when you've got another one on, and I'll hold your jacket," said Tom Merry, laughing. "I want you to show me that drive with the right in the grip, after lesson, Grimes, if you will."

"Pleased to, Master Merry," said the grinning Grimes. They went in to dinner.

Grimes was given a place at the Fourth-Fourth table, next to Jerry-Lumber-Lumber, and with Jack Blake on the other side of him. Lovison and Mellick wanted to be near him, for the amiable purpose of nagging him during dinner, but they had to be content with being opposite. However, they looked in under Grimes' feet, exceedingly uncomfortable by watching him closely during the meal.

They succeeded in that kindly object. With two pairs of suspicious eyes fastened on him from the other side of the long table, Grimes bit very awkward. His fingers seemed to be all thumbs, and he turned red, and with the salt, and shook pepper into Lovison-Lumber's face, and made him sneeze, and dropped his knife with a loud clang.

Mellick snarled.

"Was kinder than to bring to a dinner table!" he muttered, loud enough the Grimes and most of the fellows to hear.

"Grimes's face went crimson."

"Grinning?" said Lovison. "See how he eats!"

"Yes, yes—grump!"

Mellick had not meant to say "Grump," he said that quite suddenly in Jack Blake roared under the table with his head and necked him.

"Woop! Yarnoo! Oh!"

Mr. Lathrop looked down the long table over his glasses.

"Dear me, what are you, making the distribution for, Mellick?" he exclaimed pleasantly.

"Yes! Somebody landed my skin, sir?" asked Mellick. "Oh, Dr?"

"Was my coat? Did somebody kick Mellick?" exclaimed Mr. Lathrop.

"Yes, Master Mellick?" demanded the Foremaster.

"I did, sir," said Mellick.

"Dear me! What did you kick Mellick for, Blake?"

"Bad manners, sir."

"Really, Blake?"

"I thought Mellick ought not to be encouraged in bad manners, sir," said Blake demurely. "I thought it was a bad example for him to set the new fellow, sir."

"Yes, master! But how?"

"What did you do, Mellick?" asked Mr. Lathrop, seeing the end of the Fourth indignantly. He knew Fenny Mellick!

"Oh! I didn't say anything, sir. You?"

"Well, don't do a word, and be quiet!" said Mr. Lathrop. Mellick was quiet after that, excepting for an occasional grunt as he bit a pebble in his skin. Lovison, keeping his legs carefully out of Blake's reach, continued the peroration of the unfortunate Grimes, however.

"Will you pass me the salt, Grimes?" he asked. "Certainly!" said Grimes.

"Thank you!" said Lovison politely. "May I have the pepper?"

"Yes you are!" said Grimes.

"What did you say?"  
 "How you say, Master Larkin?"  
 Larkin looked round.  
 "Have you dropped something, Grimes?"  
 "Yes?" said Grimes. "No, I won't drop nothing."  
 "Then?"  
 "Oh, no, Master Larkin."  
 "I thought I heard of 's' drops!" explained Larkin.  
 Some of the Fourth-Formers chuckled. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy examined his monocle from his waistcoat pocket, passed it into his eye, and regarded Larkin with scorn.

"I warned that as a suitable remark, Larkin?" he explained.  
 "Oh, yes?" said Larkin.  
 "You are an idiot, Larkin?"  
 "Thank you?"  
 "And a beastly one?"  
 "Thank!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy advanced into dinner. Evidently Larkin was on his remarks. Larkin took up the pepper-salt and continued to toss the lid, and send a spray of pepper across the table, directly into Grimes's face. Grimes was just moving a covered glass to his mouth, when the pepper reached him.

Food and sauce dropped into his plate, and Grimes gave a shuddering gasp, and laid into a terrible scold.  
 "Arthur! Arthur! Arthurcock!"  
 "No, no, no!"  
 "Dear me!" said the worried Form-master. "What is the matter now?"  
 "Arthur! Arthur!"  
 "Grimes!"  
 "Oh—oh—Arthurcock!"  
 "Dear me! My dear Grimes!"  
 "Arthur!"  
 Grimes was upon his feet now, the water steaming from his eyes, and his hair a fiery red. He advanced and snatched and snatched. Every eye in the old School House dining-room was turned upon the raw boy. Mr. Hudson, the Form-master who was at the Sixth-Form table, frowned. Mr. Larkin looked very uncomfortable and annoyed.

"Grimes, I really wish you would try to control yourself!"  
 "Arthurcock—Arthurcock! Arthurcock!"  
 "Grimes, Grimes!"  
 "Arthur! Oh, me! Don't! Arthur!"  
 "He can't help it, sir," said Larkin. "It's the way he's brought up, sir. He doesn't know how to behave decently at table."  
 "Arthur, Larkin! Really, Grimes?"  
 "Arthur!"—in reply, as if he judged the indignant Grimes. "It was his parents, sir! Arthur! He says—Arthur—oh—oh—Arthurcock!"

Grimes did not say a word about the pepper having been projected at him across the table. Mr. Larkin had no suspicion of Larkin's trick.  
 "You must be more careful, Grimes!" he said reproachfully.  
 "Yes, sir! Arthurcock!"  
 "You must try to eat like the other boys," said Mr. Larkin. "Try to be more careful in the use of condiments, Grimes!"

"Arthurcock! Arthur! Yes, sir!"  
 Grimes sat down, with eyes and nose and mouth steaming. He was too angry to be angry, and he could only sit and snivel and snivel.  
 "Oh, you and Larkin!" said Linsley-Linsley, in a whisper.  
 Larkin grinned.  
 Linsley-Linsley gazed at his teeth. Grimes's people and steaming face was funny from Larkin's point of view.

But Linsley-Linsley did not see the fun. He kept his eyes on Larkin, and looked for his opportunity. Larkin had a bottle of ginger-beer on the table, and after his usual way finished by sliding his glass to drink. He finished the first glass in the joy, and just as he began to drink, Linsley-Linsley reached across the table, and knocked the bottom of the glass with his foot.

**Splash!**  
 The contents of the glass shot over Larkin's face—into his nose, into his eyes, into his ears, and down his neck, and over his chest. Larkin dropped the glass with a wild gasp. It was shattered in a dozen pieces upon his plate, and the glass was smashed as well. The crash caused Mr. Larkin to jump up.  
 "Larkin," he exclaimed, "how dare you?" The Form-master was too astonished to see all this went on at the table, and his eyes had not been in that direction when Linsley-Linsley performed his little vengeance. He only saw that Larkin had broken his glass and his plate, and was dripping with ginger-beer, and coughing violently.

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"Larkin, this is disgraceful! I will not allow boys to graze at this disgusting way at my table!"  
 "He can't help it, sir," said Linsley-Linsley, parodying Larkin's own words. "It's the way he was brought up, sir. He doesn't know how to behave decently at table!"  
 "He, he, he!"  
 "Indeed, I think you are right, Linsley," said Mr. Larkin. "Larkin, finish the table at once! Your presence in checking over your ginger-beer is simply disgusting—the way! Not a word! Get out of my sight at once!"  
 And Larkin, still graying and spluttering, went, leaving the Fourth-Form table in a ripple of laughter behind him.

**CHAPTER 10.**  
**In Class.**

**A** WELL-KNOWN, and the fellows in the quadrangle converged towards the School House. Grimes caught hold of Linsley-Linsley's sleeve. The Fourth-Formers and some of the Sixth-Formers had been posting a notice about in the class while they were waiting the afternoon lesson. Grimes had looked at very much, and he was rousing himself. But as the bell rang the lessons of Grimes's classmates returned. The Fourth-Formers were full of interest for little Mr. Linsley-Linsley, and they had been looking over the door, like Dante's Inferno over the gate, the disfigured inscription. "Larkin's great opening, and Arthurcock!"—to judge by the effect it had upon poor Grimes. It amazed him to see the notice streaming cheerfully towards the Form-room, which in him was indeed a place where all hope must be abandoned on entering.

"Thank you, Grimes!" said Linsley-Linsley. "What's the matter?"  
 "I—I—I don't get to go on!" stammered Grimes.  
 Linsley-Linsley laughed.  
 "Linsley-Linsley, Linsley!"  
 "I am not, he said, a 'Why not?'"  
 "I don't mind, Master Larkin."  
 "What for?"  
 "I want to," said poor Grimes.  
 "You are Grimes's unwilling to be afraid of Larkin's great good-tossed old back, and you're not going through the lesson. You've only got to sit tight and listen," said Linsley-Linsley. "Keep hold of my sleeve if you like, and I'll see you through."  
 Grimes grinned faintly.  
 "It's a big change for me, Master Linsley," he said. "If I was still of Mr. Bland's, I should be going out on the afternoon round now."  
 "I guess you'll have to do harder work than that now," said Linsley-Linsley. "But cheer up, there—won't be any difficulty to take down to-morrow morning."  
 "I'll hold water till—down the streamer," murmured Grimes.

"Come on, dear boy!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, slipping his arm through Grimes's. "Time for lesson, you know."  
 "For what, Master D'Arcy?"  
 Pinned by Linsley-Linsley and Arthur Augustus, Grimes made his way to the Form-room by the crowd of lessons.  
 "Found of lesson, please?" yelled a voice in the passage.  
 "No, no, no!"  
 "What price eggs?"  
 "No, no, no!"  
 Grimes walked into the Form-room with a red face. He took his seat at the end of a Form, and Linsley-Linsley sat down beside him, while Mr. Linsley and Mr. Bland placed themselves as near to Grimes as they could, anticipating some snigger during afternoon lessons, if Larkin and Linsley could outwit it.  
 Mr. Linsley looked at Grimes over his glasses.  
 "Ah, Grimes?" he said.  
 "Yes?" said Grimes.  
 "You will not—excuse in the work in the Form at present," said Mr. Linsley. "You will—oh—listen, and mark and hear and properly digest, Grimes. That is all you have to do at present!"

"Grimes?"  
 Grimes was only too happy to have to take no part in the lesson. Grimes, when he heard this, on then, was so much gratified to him. Grimes was so full, he had to have broken most of the Fourth of morning operations, which he had been obliged to omit in Mr. Bland's class.  
 But in the ordinary work of the Form Grimes was, of course, utterly untrained. He knew there was such a language as Latin, but that was all he knew of the tongue of Hercules and Zeus. When fellows stood up and read, Grimes watched their operations. He got some report even for Mellish and Larkin then. Even Mellish, who was a duffer, especially at dinner, and blundered through and then errors, seemed a marvellously clever poet to the hapless Grimes. Grimes wondered whether he would ever be able

to stand up and counter that unknown tongue, and he felt quite helpless about it.

Geography was more familiar to him, and he heard words he knew. But Rudolf was more terrible to his eyes than Latin.

Grimes's attention began to wander. He had doubtfully listened for a long time, so he had been hidden to day, but, not understanding what he heard, he could not keep his attention fixed. It was a cold day without, and there was a large fire in the Parlor-room, and Grimes found himself staring at the fire, and thinking.

"My girl!" he murmured to himself suddenly. "I'm going to sleep!"

He straightened up, and made an effort to keep awake.

Mr. Latham was an ancient history man. There was a glow in his voice, and the Parlor-room seemed study and close to him. He nodded again, and the Fourth-Foreman master's voice assumed a dim and far-away sound.

"The class was asleep!"

He sleep peacefully.

There had been an interruption to the lecture pronounced in the Parlor-room.

Mr. Latham was speaking, when a ruffling noise proceeded from somewhere, and he paused quite suddenly.

"Excuse me!"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Latham.

"Excuse!"

"What's that is that?"

"Excuse me!"

"There was a splash in the class."

"Excuse, sir!" said Bishop. "I think there's going to be a storm, sir."

"Excuse!"

"Excuse, here!" I forbid you to laugh! Someone has fallen asleep," explained Mr. Latham slightly. "Dear me! A boy asleep in the Parlor-room? Who is it?"

Lambey-Lambey had begun to shake his head. But Grimes was a heavy sleeper, and difficult to awaken. He snored!

"Wake up, you man!" whispered Lambey-Lambey.

He gave Grimes a violent shake.

Grimes started in his bed.

"All right, sir," he called out hoarsely. "I'm coming, sir! I wasn't asleep. I was wrapping the refuse here, sir! I'm coming."

There was a roll of laughter in the Parlor-room. Grimes had evidently forgotten where he was, and had awakened fancying that he was back in the grocery shop in Belgium.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Dear Mr. Latham smiled.

"Excuse!" he exclaimed.

"Oh!" stammered Grimes, realising where he was, and getting about him in great confusion. "I—I—Oh!"

"You have fallen asleep, Grimes," said Mr. Latham.

"I—I guess I did, sir," stammered Grimes. "I'm sorry, sir."

"Well, try to keep awake now," said Mr. Latham.

"Yes, sir. Oh, yes, sir!"

And Grimes sat with a face like a beetroot as the lecture proceeded.

He did not fall asleep again. Lambey-Lambey took care of that.

"It's all right, Grimes," he said, in a whisper. "If you look dreary again I'll pinch you, and keep you awake."

"Thank you, Master Lambey," said Grimes.

Five minutes later Grimes snored, and Lambey-Lambey kept his word. Grimes started up with a hoarse yell that rang through the Parlor-room. Mr. Latham dropped his book.

"Goodness gracious! What is that?" he exclaimed.

Grimes dropped into his seat again, covered with blushing and confusion.

"It's—it's all right, sir," he said. "I—I'm sorry, sir; I wasn't so fit to do it as you, sir!"

"You had better not, Grimes," said Mr. Latham softly.

"Well, you see," murmured Lambey-Lambey, "you'll have to keep awake by yourself after this. I guess I'm not going to pinch you any more."

"Thank you, Master Lambey!"

Grimes did not feel inclined to sleep again. He sat both upright and widely awake until the lesson ended, and then he found the most disagreeable with some glances that he had ever taken. Mr. Smith told him that he could go home late on a day Saturday night.

Time Harry & Co. of the Shell met the class of the Fourth in their own way. Tom Merry stopped the new teacher on the shoulder in his theory way.

"Well, what do you think of it, Grimes?" he asked.

"Strike!" said Grimes.

"Oh, ha, ha!"

That was Grimes's casual impression of his first day in Form. But Lambey-Lambey assured him cheerfully that he would get used to it. Grimes said that he hoped he would, but he could not help feeling doubtful.

## CHAPTER 11.

Richard Owl.

**N**OTH GOODIES WANTED!"

That notice was chalked up on the outside of the door of No. 2, Street, as Lambey-Lambey and Grimes came up at bedtime. Grimes explained, as he saw it, that Lambey-Lambey opened the door of his study, and looked in. He and Grimes were there. Lambey-Lambey pointed to the inscription on the door.

"Who put that there?" he asked.

"Grimes!" said Lambey.

"One of you, or both of you?" asked Lambey-Lambey quietly.

"You can put it down to both of us," said Lambey, yawning. "It states the facts, you know. We're not thinking of going into the grocery business, and we don't want any leading grocery in this study."

Lambey-Lambey raised his hand, and pointed to the chalked notice.

"I guess you'll rub that out," he said.

"Wrong!" said Lambey. "Grimes again!" And Lambey yawned.

"Do you want us to rub it out?" asked Lambey-Lambey.

"You'll have to, if you want it rubbed out at all," said Lambey.

"Very well. Grimes, old boy, will you lead me a hand?"

"Certainly, Master Lambey!" said Grimes.

"Take one of those maps, and help me rub it out, then."

Grimes looked round the study for the maps. He could not see any. But he soon brought on to Lambey-Lambey's dressing. Lambey-Lambey caught Lambey by the shoulder, and pointed him out of his chair.

"Hallo! What are you up to?" roared Lambey, struggling.

"I guess I'm going to rub out that chalking."

"I guess you are. I'm not going to help you."

"Yes, you are, my boy. I haven't got any other map handy, and I'm going to see your hip-bone!" explained the Outlander.

"What?" yelled Lambey. "You—yes—"

"This way!"

"Hallo!" shrieked Lambey, struggling wildly. "I tell you—Oh! Goodness!"

Lambey's struggles were not of much use. The Outlander of St. Ann's had a grip like iron. He drove his knuckles into Lambey's neck as he gripped his collar with both hands, and dragged the rest of the Fourth over to the open door. Lambey's struggling pelted about down the passage, and there was a rush of feet as the Fourth-Foreman rushed to see what was the matter.

"Better not struggle," said Lambey-Lambey calmly. "You may get a black or two on the sopper if you do. There, I told you so!"

"Down!"

Lambey gave a roll of asphalt as his head came into violent contact with the door.

"Goodness!"

"I guess you'd better take it quietly. Bring the other map here, Grimes!"

"Grimes!" shrieked Grimes.

He rushed jumped up in great alarm, and looked round the table. He had had one taste of Grimes's quality that day, and he did not want any more. Grimes clanked him round the table, and he looked at him as the Fourth departed.

"Thank you!" he yelled. "Thank you, yes—Oh!"

Grimes's right caught Hebble on the chin as he was speaking. The poker went in the door with a crash, and Hebble would have gone to the floor, too, if the grocer's hip had not caught him. Grimes's strong grip closed upon Hebble, and he was shaken over to the door beside Lambey.

"Rub away!" said Lambey-Lambey cheerfully.

"Ha, ha!" Oh right, Master Lambey!"

And two widely-dilapidated hands were washed roughly up and down the door, to rub out the offensive chalking.

"Good Night!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, shaking along the passage in great excitement. "What's the matter, Jack here? It sounds like a terrible row! Done!"

"Thank you, my master, I guess I'm not going to sleep."

"What are you doing in those changes?" shouted Tom Merry.

"They're been chalking on the door," explained Lambey-Lambey, rubbing away with Lambey's hip. "I'm sorry."

Tom Merry looked No. 20.

A printed form, long, containing names of the Lambey-Lambey and Grimes at St. Ann's, St. Michael's, and St. Peter's.

any better hands, so we're using Mellick and Levison at once."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, Jim! What a rhymer! What I regard that as funny, dear boys!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

The janitor crowded in the passage, pulled at the pocket-eyes, Mellick and Levison were still struggling, but they had no chance. Levison's struggles were fruitless, and Mellick's were futile, but they were useless in both cases. Their hands were rubbed over the passage till their hair resembled shaggy porcupine, and every letter of the offensive inscription was rubbed out.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from the crowd in the passage. "Oh, oh! What a show!"

"But it isn't, you mean?" grinned Lemmy-Lemmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh!" gasped Mellick. "Jogged! You! I won't do it any more! (Groans) Oh! Yeh!"

"You—you mean?" shrieked Levison. "Leave me go!"

"I wish you'd all rolled out now!" remarked Lemmy-Lemmy. "We've done with these troops. Check 'em away! Long out, you fellows!"

The janitor in the passage crowded back, Mellick and Levison were huffed, hith, and they went sprawling along the passage.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two ends of the bench sat up, gasping wildly. Their heads were wildly disheveled, and their collars were torn out, and they looked completely wretched.

"Oh, Jim! Ha, ha, ha!"

The passage went with laughter. Levison, staggered to his feet, and struck the air, looking at Lemmy-Lemmy-Lemmy.

"You rascal!" he howled. "I'll make you sorry for this! Oh! I'll make you squirm, you and your grocer about! Oh!"

"Goo!" gasped Mellick. "I'll complain to the Hester Society!" "Oh!"

"Hester's society?" said Lemmy-Lemmy calmly. "Have, please, also read my name, Levison!"

"I'm coming into my study," said Levison hoarsely.

"I guess not!"

Levison passed with rage in Jerrald Lemmy-Lemmy-Lemmy looked up the doorway with his groans. The Outside of St. Jim's regarded him with calm determination.

"You're not coming in here!" he said.

"Not coming into my own study!" yelled Levison.

"You do not know!"

"Not until you're apologized to Grimes!"

"Yes, what?" "That's a good idea!" said D'Arcy. "I speak an apology as being imperative in such a position!"

"Apologize!" said Levison, with a nod of his head, laughing.

"Apologize to that grocer and!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's that!" said Lemmy-Lemmy.

"I'm going to have my tea!"

"Not here!"

"Not coming in, hang you!"

"Yes, that's all!"

Levison did try it. He made a plunge in at the doorway, but he came out more quickly than he entered. Lemmy-Lemmy's left caught him under the chin, and he sat down in the passage with a heavy bump and yell.

"I've got some more of Lemmy!" said Lemmy-Lemmy-Lemmy.

"I guess you can have as many as you want! Walk up!"

"Oh! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the janitor. "Oh, for him, Lemmy! Oh and have some more! You want 'em!"

Levison staggered to his feet, red with rage.

"You rascal!" he panted. "If you keep me out of my study, I'll go and hit a professor!"

"Think me if you like!"

"Bunk!" roared the janitor.

"I'm not going to be kept out of my study!" shrieked Levison.

"Apologize to Grimes, then, for pushing him, you rascal!" said Jim, leering wilyly.

"Yes, that's all!"

"I'm not apologizing to any grocer either! I'm going to hit Kildare!"

And Levison stamped away furiously down the passage. A pair of Levison and were followed him. To being a protest, into a junior row was against all the rules! But Levison did not care whether he was called a rascal or not; he had not much reputation to lose.

"Look out for squibs, Lemmy, old man!" said Jack Hake.

"The old rascal seems to being Kildare here!"

"I guess I don't care!"

"You want to hit Kildare, you rascal?" sneered Mellick, snuffing his nose, which had come into violent contact with the door during the pushing-out process, and was streaming red. "You want to hit Kildare, then! Oh! My nose! Oh!"

"How do you hit Kildare?"

Kildare, of the Bench, came striding upon the scene. Kildare had been interrupted at tea with David and Margaret, and he did not look good-tempered.

"What's all that?" he demanded sharply. "What are you hitting Levison out of his study for, Lemmy-Lemmy?"

"Oh, oh! Lemmy-Lemmy, rascal!"

"What? What do you mean?"

"How you told Kildare what you did, Levison?" asked Lemmy-Lemmy.

"I've told him that you won't, but he came into my study!" roared Levison. "If Kildare won't keep you in order, I'll go to the Head!"

"Hold your tongue!" said Kildare sharply. "Now, Lemmy-Lemmy, tell me what Levison has done!"

"I finished my pot Grimes," said the Outside.

"Yes, what?" An English inscription on the door of the study, Kildare, dear boy, said Arthur Angerson D'Arcy indignantly.

Kildare looked his brow.

"I'm not hitting him, come in again till he's apologized to Grimes!" said Lemmy-Lemmy.

"Squib with, dear boy!"

"Did you follow me on the inscription?" asked Kildare, looking round at the janitor.

"Yes, and Tom Merry."

"Was it something to Grimes?"

"Yes, it was!"

"Yes, what?"

"That you've only got what you deserve, Levison, and you, Mellick," said Kildare. "Apologize to Grimes at once!"

"What?" yelled Levison.

"You have not!"

"Apologize to a grocer's boy!"

"A rascal, a rascal boy!" cried Mellick.

"You will apologize to Grimes at once, or I shall take you down to my study and scold you, both of you," said Kildare.

"Come—oh—oh!"

"I—I, apologize," stammered Mellick. "I—I'm sorry, Grimes!"

"Now you, Levison!"

"I—I'm sorry!" gasped Levison, almost speechless with rage.

"Good!" said Kildare.

"Now, you don't see your study again this morning, as a punishment for your disobedience. You can have your tin in that, and do your preparation in the Fifth room. If they come in, Lemmy, show them out; and if I hear any row, I'll come up here with a gun, and they'll be sorry for themselves!"

And Kildare strode away, a loud cheer from the janitor followed him. Merry had the captain of St. Jim's, been more satisfied with the school House Kildare than at that moment.

"Now, Kildare!"

"Hurry!"

Levison and Mellick exchanged glances, and then, without uttering a word, they dashed away down the passage, and the janitor looked them as they went.

"Deafening," said Lemmy-Lemmy, Lemmy, "the class is over!"

And he withdrew into his study. The crowd dispersed, laughing, and Lemmy-Lemmy-Lemmy closed the door of the study.

The One Library.—No. 21.

**NEXT WEDNESDAY:**

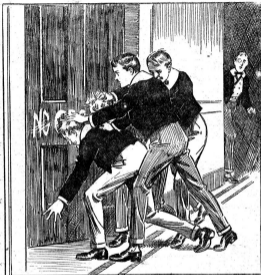
# ONE OF THE BEST!

A Splendid, New, Long, Complete Story of Lemmy-Lemmy and his Chums Grimes at St. Jim's.

**By MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

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"Great news!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus GRAY, pushing along the passage in great excitement. "There's got to be a great push here! It seems like a grand old day!" "They're back outside on the door," explained Lumley-Lumley, rubbing away with Lovince's hat. "Grimes and I haven't any money handy, so we've missed Lovince and Lovince's money!" — the Chapter 12.

**CHAPTER 12.**  
**A Little Later.**

LUMLEY-LUMLEY checked at he closed the door, that Grimes did not check. He was looking very serious and a little distressed.

"Wherefore that face like a convulsed reel?" demanded Lumley-Lumley. "We've looked them before, I guess."

"I wish they wouldn't be so 'red on a chap," said Grimes.

"Oh, that's their old way; it is their nature to, you know," said Lumley-Lumley. "Don't waste a thought on the side—they're not worth it."

"I suppose they ain't, Master Lumley, but—"

"Then shut up," said Lumley-Lumley. "I say, Grimes, can you rock anything?"

"Grimes's face glowed.

"Not me," he said.

"Well, I guess I remember the look we had when I was dipping with you in Richmond," said Lumley-Lumley, with a chuckle. "The last I quarrelled with my party, I mean."

If the party hadn't come round, I guess I should be there with the grocery business, Grimes."

Grimes chuckled.

"You, Master Lumley. Instead of me here," was, a St. John's day."

"Let's fall off you and down," said Lumley-Lumley. "I guess I've had a good share of them in my time, though I'm only a boy yet—more than a lot of men, I reckon. You showed the dance with me, that time, Grimes. I'm going to share the spot with you. There are money in that bag; check 'em out while I get the trying-out."

"Right you are, Master Lumley."

Lumley-Lumley seized the bag. He passed the trying-out, and the message was passed to him. Grimes cut Grand for hand, and Lumley-Lumley made the team while Grimes was attending to the trying message. A grunted and something else did the work, and was walked on into the passage, and made more than one junior suit approximately as he passed the door of No. 5.

"What about sleep?" asked Grimes, after a pause.

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was hidden only by the stuffing of the cushions in the living-room.

"Can you do 'em?" asked Lumber-Lumber.

"Then I'll get some potatoes. I'll borrow some out of Andy No. 4—James Miller's; get more than he wants."

Lumber-Lumber left the study, and returned in a few minutes with the potatoes. Grimes had finished the sausage, and turned the gas down a little. He looked at Grimes, and placed them in the oven to keep warm before the fire.

"Now, you handle the chips, while I attend to the tooth powder," said Lumber-Lumber.

"Right-o," said Grimes.  
Grimes sat at the table in Latin, and he might never have heard of Berlin, he might have extraordinary ideas as to the difference between latitude and longitude, and he might have a long belief that Japan was in China, but as cooking sausage and chips Grimes had no superior at all. Jim's.

He turned out a neat sparkling dish, and Lumber-Lumber's eyes glimmered as he looked at it on the table.

"I guess that's prime," said Lumber-Lumber.  
Grimes beamed.

"It is a bit of a sight," he remarked.  
And they sat down to tea with great satisfaction.

The sausage and chips remained all these minutes at first. But in the small room, Lumber-Lumber came in the subject that was in his mind.

"I'm going to give you a lesson after tea," he said.

"Thank you, Master Lumber-Lumber."

"Now, you see, Mr. Lumber-Lumber, what chance?"

"Yes," said Grimes, with rather a doubtful look.

"How did you get on with him?"

"He was werry bad, he was," said Grimes.

"You've got an idea of the Form work from him?"

"Well, thank 'n."

"I suppose, you'll find it a bit of a tackle at first," said Lumber-Lumber. "So did I, when I first came. I hadn't had much of it, you know, before I came to St. Jim's. I was looking about the world with my father before we made our job. Learning things a jolly lot more useful than Latin, I was to you, and picking up the deuce."

"You said 'ere' 'ad a good time?" said Grimes. "I've been in the village of the time, while you was going about the world."

"Enough, thank, too, as well," said Lumber-Lumber. "I remember the time, and as very long ago, when the did and I went down to San Francisco, and we stood on the quay watching where we were going to get our next meal. We got in by looking to high water, but it was a mistake. But I guess it wasn't a bad time, either; there was more excitement in that. That was why I went over the line a bit when I first came to school. It seemed too jolly quiet for me. When I was a bit of a slave I used to play poker and evolve with the natives in the camps in the Sierra Nevada."

"My art?" said Grimes.

Lumber-Lumber chuckled.

"I suppose it wasn't good for you," he said. "But I was used to it. And I liked over the house a bit when I first came here. I used to knock heads at night, and play cards with a certain set down at the Green Man."

"Oh, Master Lumber-Lumber."

"I guess it's 'ere," said Lumber-Lumber. "But that's all over now. Tom Merry got the chips brought up round. I was jolly werry arthy, but I pulled through that, and I turned my back on it all. I owe Tom Merry more than he knows himself. You won't start here under the circumstances I had, Grimes. You've all eyes in everything but classes; you haven't any bad habits to get out of."

"No," said Grimes.

"Only some good ones to get into," said Lumber-Lumber.

"Now, if you're finished for, we'll clear the table and start."

"Right-o," said Grimes, so heartily as to sound.

And the table was cleared, and Lumber-Lumber got out the books. Grimes watched him, with a sinking heart, but he tried to be cheerful.

"We'll tackle the Latin for a start," said Lumber-Lumber.

"Yes, Master Lumber-Lumber."

"That's second of Rome, of course?" said Lumber-Lumber.

"Yes," said Grimes, quite brightly; "where the Pope lives."

"Yes," said Lumber-Lumber. "Quite so. But it's substituted for other things besides that. The things you find in Rome in the old times used to give Latin at one another. It's a dead language, you know, counting its schools. We keep it alive. Jolly lucky for you now didn't come to St. Jim's a dozen years ago. They used to have compulsory Greek then, and it was one dozen worse than German, I guess."

"I'm afraid you don't meet many Latin now, Master Lumber-Lumber."

"No," said Grimes.

"No, Lumber-Lumber.—No, Sir."

"Well, you I guess I don't meet any till I get to the place that's all gone to."

"Then you've the good of it?"

"Good for your education, enables you to speak your class who don't know it," said Lumber-Lumber. "Also it helps you to read the Latin authors. Of every thousand things you say, Latin, about two or three like reading Greek and Welsh, and so it is the pleasure. Then, if you know Latin, it's quite easy to pick up modern languages derived from it—Spanish and Italian—and also it helps you with your French. Anyway, you've got to learn it at school, and it's chanced out of the curriculum. Thank your lucky stars you don't have Greek and geometry. Now, have you any? Do you know what a declension is?"

Grimes nodded his ass.

"I can't say to you, Master Lumber-Lumber."

Lumber-Lumber rubbed his chin.

"Ahem! Well, let's begin. First of all, there isn't any 'table' in Latin."

"But I think it said Grimes. "Thank goodness if he's Greek, what's the Greek word for table, either?"

"Oh, wonder!" said Grimes, dimly at the last idea.

"There are five declensions—old Greek words of yours, you know. We'll begin with the first declension. This that you?"

Grimes bowed a sigh, and took the part. One declension would have been enough for him, and he would have declined the whole language with grimes.

"Write down what I tell you," said Lumber-Lumber.

"Mean."

Grimes wrote it down.

"Now it is."

Grimes looked over the paper, and Lumber-Lumber read what he had written.

"Mean."

"It is, isn't it?" asked Lumber-Lumber. "Scratch that with a pen."

"Right-o."

Grimes wrote it down.

"That means a table," said Lumber-Lumber.

"Does it really?" said Grimes. "Oh, good!"

"Now, in English, if you want to say the greatest ever—"

"The what?"

"The positive, or superlative," said Lumber-Lumber patiently. "You'd say 'of a table.'"

"Yes."

"In Latin you don't. In Latin you change the end of the word."

"My 'er'?" said Grimes.

"You spell it 'superlative,'" said Lumber-Lumber, "and that means 'of a table.' See?"

"Yes, I see."

"That's the greatest ever."

"Good!" said Grimes.

"Now for the dative case. Dative means to or for anything, you know. Instead of writing to or for, as we do, the Latin changed the end of the word in the same way—"

"That 've did they know whether it meant of a table or to a table?" asked Grimes.

"They had to guess that."

"Then guessing, guessing, when they was talking to one another, it 's'ome?" said Grimes, in wonder.

Lumber-Lumber grinned.

"Now the accusative case. The accusative case means the object—the thing you are giving to, you know. For instance, in the sentence, 'I punch your nose,' your nose is the object."

"Where is it?" said Grimes, frowning back a little, as if he heard an actual demonstration of the accusative case, with his nose as an object. Lumber-Lumber chuckled.

"Well, by the accusative case you change the end of the word in a different way. You spell it 'accusative.'"

"My 'er'?" said Grimes, frowning then, as if he heard, when the table is an object, I give it your red table object 'accusative' 'er' any article.

"No."

"Course, we should say that a table was an article—an article of furniture," said Grimes. "But I 's'ome the Latin said it was an object 'cause there wasn't any article in their language."

Lumber-Lumber frowned himself with the blurring paper.

"Not exactly that," he said. "No, but I'm beginning to think that schoolmaster was their master. Never mind! Write it down! That is."

"Yes, certainly, an object," said Lumber-Lumber.



"There is a table in the accumulative case, Henson is a table in the accumulative case," explained Lamsley-Lamsley. "Take my word for it, and you'll get it by eight after-noon. Now, the vocative case cannot wait."

"Good!" said Grimes. "This is getting impatient. What is the vocative case?"

"When you speak to a table," said Lamsley-Lamsley. "G—G—G—G, table."

Grimes regarded him with astonishment not mingled with disgust.

"When you speak to a table?" he repeated.

"That's it."

"You can't speak to a table, 'specially,"' explained Grimes. "You can't speak to a wooden article—I mean, object?"

Lamsley-Lamsley gasped.

"Did the Latin talk to their tables?" asked Grimes.

"No, you see."

"But you can't speak to a table, but you would talk to something you were talking to," said Grimes, in surprise.

"It's the vocative case," said Lamsley-Lamsley faintly.

"You see, there are other cases that follow the same rules. You wouldn't talk to a table, but you would talk to something, and you wouldn't use the same case, the vocative case."

"Remember, if you have a thing named Henson, when you were speaking to him you'd say Henson."

"Should I?" said Grimes, in wonder.

"Take my word for it," said Lamsley-Lamsley. "Now the ablative case."

"The many many of them?" asked Grimes.

"That's the lot."

"Thank goodness!"

"The singular, of course," said Lamsley-Lamsley. "We'll have over the plural for a bit."

"Thank you, Master Lamsley!"

"Do you know what the ablative case is?"

"Practical and."

"It's the instrumental-ly, with, or from a table."

"Should be a table, I suppose," said Grimes, curiously. "I've seen the Latin of a lot of tables in their 'cases, if you'll!"

"Table is the word we've chosen as an example," said Lamsley-Lamsley. "It might be anything. Plurimally, many, a table; plural, a table; again, an eagle; and so on, at the first declension."

Grimes looked abashed.

"If you're talking about those things, do you 'ave to talk in words round in this way every time?" he asked.

"Of course you do."

"Oh, ho!" groaned Grimes.

"Plurimally, again, an eagle; plural, of an eagle, again."

"Wonderful! I see."

"It's so easy on talking off a horse when you get used to it," said Lamsley-Lamsley philosophically. "Now, the Latin, but do it quite easily."

"One declension will be enough for this evening," he continued. "We'll tackle the Latin on the instrument system. Now, I'm going to give you the names of the first declension, and you're going to repeat 'em through their forms for all the cases, if the singular number. You've only time for the singular to do."

"Yes, it seems like it," said Grimes.

"Do."

"It seems rather singular to me," said Grimes. "I don't know 'ow the Latin could ever have talked in this manner." Master Lamsley. Wonderful moment they must have had!" Grimes looked to him thoughtfully. "I wonder they didn't 'ave any other language for everyday use, wouldn't?"

"Well, there was a popular Latin, too, which wasn't so hard as this," said Lamsley-Lamsley. "See that's not our business. This isn't really hard. When you're learned to sample the new-mindings, you'll be all right. Now, take down six gaily names: Henson—"

"That's it! That's an object?"

"A table, you foolhard!"

"Delightful! make it a table."

"Again—make it an eagle?"

"Do it!"

"Again—that's a dove."

"Good."

"Henson—that's Henson; again, a quon; and hence, an island. That's enough to go on with. Now show them through the new-mindings, now as you have shown."

Grimes watched his brow and dropped them over his paper. But with Lamsley-Lamsley's aid he succeeded in "sampling" the new-mindings, and Lamsley-Lamsley supposed that the first lesson was over—grudgingly to Grimes's relief.

"It's better than wringing up butter," he said, with a sigh. "But I'll stick to it if you want me to, Master Lamsley."

"That's right," said Lamsley-Lamsley. "Now you can go and have a [sic] with the fellows in the common room while I do my part."

"Right, Master Lamsley! I'd love I can't help you!"

"Ho, ho, ho! Not yet! Run off!"

And Lamsley-Lamsley went on with his preparation, and Grimes departed in the common-room, very pleased that, so far, he had no preparation to do.

CHAPTER III. A Little Mixed.

FROM MERRY & CO. were in the common-room, and they greeted Grimes in a very friendly way. "Hello, and how are you?" said they, and they changed up their shoulders, walked, and walked out of the room with their arms high in the air. But Grimes did not even notice them. He had money, a table, and apples, an eagle, and again, a quon, wanting to be read, and he had no attention to spare for Lamsley and Merik.

"How thorough is, dash boy?" asked Arthur Angerton.

Grimes looked at him.

"Yes, Master Lamsley," he said. "Master Lamsley 'ave give me a lesson. I'm learning Latin."

"Very good, dash boy?"

"How the three you get?" asked Blake, with a grin.

"First singular present," said Grimes, his memory rather busy. "If you want to say an eagle, you say Henson, but if you're talking to an eagle, then it's an object."

"If you're using an instrument, then it's in the ablative case," pointed Blake thoughtfully. "I suppose that refers to things made of stone and bronze and such. They used using things in stone, so that the Latin had to talk to their tables."

"Not Jove!"

"Used to what?" asked Tom Merry, in amazement.

"Talk to their tables," said Grimes. "Fanny, ain't it?"

"Who told you that?" gasped Masters.

"Master Lamsley-Lamsley did."

"He must have been pulling your leg, then, you see! I've never heard of the Latin talking to their tables," said Blake, in astonishment.

"Master Lamsley said so, and he knows," said Grimes, with perfect faith in his instructor. "There ain't any articles in Latin, so you call a table an object. And when you want to talk to it, you say Henson. I ain't surprised you're talking Master Lamsley 'specially and it was all singular, and I think it's."

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"I expect I shall get used to it in time," said Grimes.

"But that knowledge you've got, well a fancy, but there, Latin can't have been. Fanny a man talking to his table!"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"He is an eagle, by that matter," said Grimes. "Fanny, ain't it?"

"Not Jove!"

"You're a bit behind, Grimes," said Tom Merry, laughing.

"You'll get used to it in time, and then it will come down."

"Yes, method!"

Grimes smiled.

"I expect that's all," he agreed. "But it will take some getting used to, the idea of a man talking to a table. But I expect it will come in time."

"Yes, it will come in time, dash boy!" said Merry.

Grimes now began looking very thoughtful. The structure of the vocative case was evidently still occupying his mind.

Lamsley-Lamsley came into the room later on. He joined Tom Merry & Co. and Grimes.

Grimes looked up, with a thoughtful grin.

"I ain't forgotten it, Master Lamsley," he said.

"Good!" said Lamsley-Lamsley. "Give me the Latin words—what's next?"

"Again!" said Grimes promptly. "It's just the same thing when you're talking to it, but if you speak to one it's singular."

The parties decided. Lamsley-Lamsley dropped into a chair with a gasp.

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Isn't that right?" asked Grimes curiously.

"I guess so; but call it the accumulative case, for goodness' sake!" said Lamsley-Lamsley.

"I don't mind," said Grimes. "I'll call it what you like, Master Lamsley."

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Not Jove! That's a very singular point, Lamsley, dash boy?"

"What's next?" asked Lamsley-Lamsley.

"A quon," said Grimes promptly. "And if you speak for one—"

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“ONE OF THE BEST!”

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"Ho, ho, ho?"  
 "Then that's Christmas."  
 "Sure, but?" said Blake. "Grimsy, you're going on the right way to sweep off all the giddy grime!" Ho, ho, ho?"  
 "But if you buy for a table," continued Grimsy, "then you may miss."  
 "What?"  
 "That's right, ain't it?"  
 "Oh, sorry?" said his instructor.  
 "My instructor, o' course," said Grimsy anxiously. "But I've already said you said that means means buy a table, Mister Grimsy."  
 "By a table—by, with, or from?" shrieked Lamsley-Lamsley.  
 "Ho, ho, ho."  
 "Oh, you—Grimsy a rest?" said Mopsy Lawton. "Let him sleep on it! Tomorrow morning he will be telling us lots of things we don't know about Latin. It would be good practice for you, Grimsy, to talk to your tutor in Latin, and I can give you a tip. When you address Lamsley, you say more—more—more, more, just the same—and that will be the correct form for addressing Lamsley."  
 "Ho, ho, ho."  
 "Oh, change it?" said Lamsley-Lamsley, laughing.  
 "Ho! I think that's a good idea, Mister Lamsley," said Grimsy. "Any—"  
 "Ho!"  
 "Come?" said Grimsy. "I don't know what it means—"  
 "It means a green, you foolard?"  
 "Ho!" said Grimsy.  
 "Ho, ho, ho!"

Kilbane looked into the common-room.  
 "That?" he said. "Grimsy, your bed is next to Lamsley-Lamsley's in the dorm. Run off, you little!"  
 And the jokers went up to their dormitories.  
 Grimsy looked round the lobby, well-lighted. Fourth Form dormitory had considerable satisfaction. It was a great improvement upon his little garret in River Lane, in Kent.  
 "So the green's sleeping in here, is he?" said Lamsley-Lamsley.  
 "You?"  
 Lamsley-Lamsley was lying backwards as a wet sponge caught him in the face and a buffer on the chest. The sponge had come from Lamsley-Lamsley, and the buffer from Jack Blake.

Lamsley-Lamsley.  
 "You cotton?" he roared. "You—you—"  
 "Ho, ho, ho!"  
 Lamsley sprang up and buried his helmet Miffly. There was a yell from Kilbane, who saved the dormitory of that moment and rushed to meet his mate. Kilbane went staggering back against the wall with a gasp of surprise.  
 "Who there had hold?" he yelled.  
 "Oh?" gasped Lamsley.  
 "What's you, Lamsley?"  
 "Yes, I— I don't mean— Oh, oh, oh?"  
 "Spook! Spook! Spook!"  
 "Yarrah!" roared Lamsley. "Scree! Oh! Oh! Yorp!"  
 "Ho, ho, ho!"  
 "There?" gasped the captain of St. Jim's, as he released Lamsley. "That'll teach you not to tell lies at parties, Lamsley!"  
 "Oh, you?" gasped Lamsley. "Good! I—I—"  
 "That's enough! Turn in!"  
 "Yes, I will, please?"  
 "Go into bed!" roared Kilbane.  
 And Lamsley turned in without trying to explain further. After Kilbane had put the light out and retired from the dormitory Lamsley could be heard gasping from his bed. Kilbane had quaked hard.

CHAPTER 14.  
 A Dormitory Rag.

GRIMS had not felt alone very long.  
 After Grimsy went, and when it did away, and the Fourth Form had dropped off to sleep one by one, Grimsy remained awake. He lay very quiet, thinking.  
 "The change in his way of life was great, and it had come so suddenly that he had had no time to get used to it."  
 Lamsley-Lamsley had given him no idea of his intentions and he had obtained the father's consent and assistance in carrying out his project.

The jokers say Grimsy had risen to go to the green's sleep and take down the shutters around. To-day he was a St. Jim's fellow, dressed in blue, learning Latin, and what was more surprising of all, on friendly terms with the boy fellows in the Upper School. With a very few exceptions, all the St. Jim's fellows had been down to him. Grimsy was popular.  
 And yet perhaps the change in his life did not wholly satisfy him. He had been taken away from all he knew, as he understood. He did not—Kilbane, the dormitory boy; and Craggs, the sports' lieutenant, he had enough of from his sleep. The little garret in River Lane had been large enough and poor enough, but it had been his home. He had had some prospect of rising in his trade; when his two parents might be he did not know. He had been following a useful calling; he knew his uncle's shop had its advantages, but he did not see that it was exactly needed. He would not feel content in his job and position. But he wondered, as he lay there, whether in his heart of hearts, he would not have been a St. Jim's fellow or Mr. Reed's green-boy. He could hardly tell.

He was dozing off at last, sleep had rung out from the shutters, and the Fourth Form dormitory was very quiet.

There was a slight sound in the stillness, but Grimsy did not notice it. He was gliding away into slumber.

Suddenly he started up, with a wild yell.  
 "Spook! Spook! Spook!"  
 A shower of icy water descended upon him in the darkness.  
 "Yarrah!" roared Grimsy.

He leaped up in bed.  
 There was a faint sound of a chandelier in the darkness. It was lit down by Grimsy's terrible yell.

"Oh! Oh! Oh! You!"  
 "Great Post! What's the matter?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arny, starting out of his sleep and sitting up in bed.  
 "What's that wild yell?"

"You—oh—oh—oh!"  
 "Is that you, Grimsy?"

"Yes," gasped the unhappy Grimsy. "Wake up! Jump up, all of you! It's raining, and the roof's given in!"  
 "What?"

"I'm drenched!" roared Grimsy. "Oh!"  
 "Great Scott! It must be a rag!"

"Come, what?"  
 "The water's come a rag!" shrieked Jack Blake. "Anybody got a match?"

He held a match and lit a candle-end. The glimmer of light showed the unfortunate Grimsy shuddering beneath his bed, his pyjamas dripping with water, and water running down his face from his drenched hair. He was rubbing the water out of his eyes.



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**FUN & FICTION**

"My hat!" exclaimed Blake indignantly. "What a rotten trick! Toward yourself down, my son, or you'll catch cold!"

"Right-o!" said Grimes.  
And he straight up a towel and began to towl away indignantly. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jumped out of bed.

"What happened, would those that watch over Grimes?" he exclaimed.

There was no reply to the question. Levison and Mellich, upon whom suspicion immediately turned, were lying apparently fast asleep, breathing heavily.

"Levison?" shouted Blake.  
Levison opened his eyes and yawned.

"Hullo!" he said drowsily. "What's the row? Take'think, I shall say."

"Did you think that water over Grimes?"

"What water? Hullo! You look not, Grimes?"

"I am not," grumped Grimes, travelling away. "I say, it was a rotten trick. I might catch cold. Now! If you did it, Master Levison, I'll trouble you to get water hot and put your hands up."

"How, how?" said Horrie.  
"I don't know anything about it," said Levison.

"Was it you, Mellich?" asked Blake.  
"Don't know anything about it," said Mellich.

"Well, whoever it was, he looks awfully up!" said D'Arcy contemptuously.

Levison looked red.  
"I don't know about that," he said. "I'm not afraid to own up. If you're an awfully particular to know, I did it through the process might want washing?"

"Ho, ho, ho!" chuckled Mellich.  
"Oh, you did it, did you?" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Then you will kindly get out of bed, Levison, and take a healthy shower!"

"Hullo!" said Levison.  
"You leave him to me," said Grimes. "I can manage him, Master D'Arcy."

"He's bigger than you, don't you?"

"I guess he's bigger than you, too, Gravy," grumped Levison's Landy.

"That is a different matter, my dear Landy. I shall have very great pleasure in going! Levison a healthy shower!"

"Oh, go home!" said Levison, growling.  
"He's a damned washing basket!" He came over to Levison's bed.

"You'll get up?" he said.  
"I think not," said Levison.

"You've drenched me with cold water, and I ain't done nothing to you," said Grimes. "You'll get out of bed, Master Levison, and put your hands up!"

"No, this evening," snarled Levison. "Some other evening."

"If you talk to—"

"Thank you, I don't fight with graves?"

"You'll fight with this grave?" said Grimes. "If you talk to, I'll swamp you with water, same as you did me. That's the way."

"How, what?"

"How, how?" said Horrie.  
"I'm rather particular about getting my hands, you know."

Grimes did not reply, he turned to the nearest washstand.

As he laid hands on the jug, Levison leaped out of bed on the other side. He saw that the new-jar was in deadly danger.

"Don't you bring that water near me!" he roared.  
"Will you get your hands up, then?"

"Yes, you and— and give you the licking of your life!" said Levison, between his teeth.

"I'm willing to take that, if you can give it to me, Master Levison," said Grimes.

"Hold on!" said Jack Blake. "We'll have this thing in order. Levison, you've acted like a rotten wall! A rag is all right well, but drenching a chap with cold water when he's asleep isn't a rag—it's some bad business! What you want is a jolly good licking; and I hope Grimes will give you one!"

"Yes, what?"

"Oh, don't get at me!" said Levison. "I'm ready for the grave and, I'm willing to give him all he wants. When I'm done with him he'll wish he'd stayed at home in the grave's shop, making the sugar."

"I've never made no sugar!" said Grimes indignantly.  
"And putting up water with the butter to make it weigh?" said Levison.

"I ain't never done no!"

"We know you haven't, Grimes," said Blake. "Don't you mind what the man says! I'll be a rotten wall!"

"I guess you won't!" said Arnold Landy-Landy. "I'm going to be Grimes's second. Make a dog, and let 'em have it out in sight."

"Better have it all tomorrow, and have it out in the sun," grumped D'Arcy.

"I'll thank the grave men," said Levison.  
"I'm ready!" said Grimes.

The whole scene was awake now, and very few of them were aware to a little "sweep" in the dormitory. Some of the fellows got up in bed, and others turned out to form a ring. Candles and were lighted, and much on washstands, and a shower was laid along the door to prevent any fall-take

bars of light from coming into the corridor. Grimes and Levison stepped their showers, but to other gentlemen, and those they faced each other in the midst of their work of washing in grimes and washstands. Arnold Landy-leaved with Grimes, and Mellich acted for Levison.

There has not made little sound on the floor as they moved. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who had something himself advised and checked, produced his famous five-penny golden token.

"Wandy, don't lose!" he asked.

"Yes," grumped Levison.

"Yes, Master D'Arcy!" said Grimes.  
"Time!"

And then there was a shower.  
"Go it, Grimes!"

Not a voice was raised for the end of the Fourth.

## CHAPTER 15. A Fight in a Wash!

"T HIRTY!" Levison advanced in the attack, his eyes glaring over his drenched hair.

Grimes met him steadily. Grimes knew at a glance that Levison was not likely to be an easy an opponent as Peter Mellich had been. Levison was hardly than Mellich. His face in better condition, and he was a good lawyer. Levison's energy reacted to himself, prohibiting d'Arcy and water methods of avoiding the driblet upon fellows he had trouble with. But he had killed over Grimes carefully, and thought the counter was, and he believed that he could lick the grave. And if he could lick Grimes to start with, his victory would give him a great advantage in prosecuting the new law.

That Grimes was a confident he, who looked nobody, did not matter to the rest to Levison. The man knew that he was beleaguered by Tom Merry & Co. was sufficient to make Grimes Levison's "dove" upon him.

The judges looked on with keen interest as the first round started. They were curious to see how the grave would shape. They had a magnificent belief that it being so long, water being a good article was so, he found only to public affairs. Their sympathy was with Grimes, as the strongest party, and also because Levison was generally unpopular in the Force. But there were few persons who did not respect the law. Levison, with every the process. Grimes's victory over Mellich resulted for washing. It gave some of the judges and Jack Mellich of the Force. Levison, who was known to fight trouble with the law in the second round, but Levison was a hardy man to crack. He was patient and up, and he was a hot, but he was not a coward, and if he chose he could put up a good fight. And it was pretty certain that he would put up all he knew, rather than be licked by the law he believed to despise.

Levison's Levison looked confident enough. He had unbounded faith in his steam. But the other fellows were good drenched. They expected at the most that Grimes would show glass, and take a licking afterwards.

And in the first round Levison certainly had the advantage. He drenched upon Levison's steam. After a good deal of water was drenched back into the arms of his second at the end of the round.

"Time, don't lose!" said Arthur Augustus.

Grimes stood upon a bed, grasping Levison, with a sneering grin, leered against the wall.

"Had enough, grave?" he asked.

"No," grumped Grimes.

"Yes, you'll be fit to take down the driblet tomorrow after Levison has finished with you!" grumped Mellich.

"I ain't done you!" said Grimes.

Levison's Landy sprang for Grimes.

"Keep him at arm's length, Grimes," he whispered, "and let him have that drive with the right. Let him have it on the mark."

Grimes nodded.

"Yes, Master Landy; I think I can beat him."

"I guess you've got to. If you let him beat you, I'll tell you myself," grumped Landy-Landy.

Grimes grunted.

"Time!" said D'Arcy.

The two adversaries walked up lightly enough. Levison attacked again in the same way, but he did not that Grimes' push to come to Grimes this time. Grimes gave ground for a moment, but then suddenly he cut his right wrist. Levison wasn't looking for it. Levison caught Grimes's hand knocking on the side, and he fairly flew backward, with more pain than

the first Levison.—No, Sir!

Grimes grunted.

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the first Levison.—No, Sir!

Grimes grunted.

were very pleased by the telescope of Marshall or Sir Robert Hall.

Lawson looked up his back, and lay there, panting. There was a knock.

- "Come in," cried Grimes.
- "What do you want?" shouted Blake. "Count, you say?"
- "Count," repeated the janitor.
- "Count the door,"

Blake forced the tinsmith's watch away, and began to count.

- "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—" Lawson swung up.

But for the delay of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy in starting to count, Lawson would certainly have been counted out long ago, he looked extremely queerly as he resumed the count. It was possible he would have known his thing if he had thought, but he was so excited, and so busy with the delicate and tall man called "Al" at the end of time, Lawson stopped into Blake's arms, and Blake helped him to a bed, where he lay down.

- "Lendy-Lendy, remember Grimes's face."
- "You silly old man!" he said softly.
- "Oh—" said Grimes.
- "What do you mean by it, you fellow?"
- "Oh, Master Lendy—"

He would have knocked him into a match hat, and you let him get you shaker," growled Lendy-Lendy.

- "Do you think he would have let you off?"
- "I guess not," answered Grimes.
- "No." Of course he wouldn't.
- "Think I can walk 'em all right, Master Lendy?"
- "Yes."

The third round started. Lawson pressed the lightning, but Grimes was waiting to the work now, and he pressed out hard on Lawson, and so it was but enough in the third round. The two drivers gave and received punishment, but at the end of the round it was clear that Lawson had had the worst of it.

He was standing beautifully as he sat down at the roll of time. Grimes was breathing very hard, but it was still to be seen that he was not nearly so cramped in his victory.

"He gave" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy remarked. "Grimes to give" to win, you fellows.

"I guess I could have laid you that," grinned Lendy-Lendy.

"Looks like it," said Blake. "But Lawson isn't looking yet."

"I'm not getting to be beaten, either," snarled Lawson. "You are going to be done by a growl; I'll bet him back!"

"I'm not doing his business," said Lawson, but still in. He's a pretty good wad, anyway. I would like to think you had a touch of it, Lawson.

- "Oh, oh and out with it," growled Lawson.
- "Well, you watch."
- "Let it come!" shouted Blake.
- "Well, well!"

"You—" snarled Blake. "You are, Gray! Are you keeping him or ain't you keeping him?" This isn't the case for the long warbler, you fellows!

"A fellow to be called a fellow?"

"Are you keeping him, you thump?"

"Well, he's had two minutes. Time, dash boys!"

"He's in, in!"

The lengthening of the interval was not unpleasant to Lawson. He was still staring, and moved with an effort when he came up to the punch again. Grimes started forward lightly enough. His wind was evidently fresh.

Perhaps Lawson's little habit of working regularly in the night accounted for this difference.

The fourth round was hard and fast. Hammer and sledge also used at it until growing excitement among the judges. All the fellows were out of hat now, watching. In their bare skulls as they counted, the judges kept that they were in shape, and all about to be in bed, and that it was just eleven o'clock. They started to be in bed, and that it was just eleven o'clock. They started to be in bed, and that it was just eleven o'clock, with growing excitement. It was at the close of the fourth round that Grimes accepted his eight men play with that heavy drive Lawson was learning to know the weight of his hard punches struck upon Lawson's jaw with a vital that seemed to knock every tooth in the judge's head. Lawson was wailing backwards, and fell.

"Time!" said Arthur Augustus.

He called him again, but Lawson did not move. Blake was kneeling by his side, and he looked round with a snarl.

"Time!" repeated D'Arcy.

- "My man!" cried Blake.

- "Grimes must—" said Lendy-Lendy. "Hush!"

- "Good old Grimes!"

- "Hush!"

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"Hold on!" growled Blake. "We'll have the picture here if you make such a miserable man. My hat! Care!"

The fourth round made a wild rush for their beds.

The door swung open, and Mr. Madison, the Superintendent of the School House, stood looking in with a stern face.

He looked upon a very peculiar sight.

Lawson was crawling into bed on all sides. One or two, quicker than the others, had dragged the bookcase over them, and were snoring loudly. Others were plunging in and some were sprawling on the floor, knocked over by the wild rush for the beds. Lawson was still pushing on his back, and Grimes was standing, gasping, in the Arthur Augustus stood, watch in hand, quite busy by surprise.

"Where's—where Mr. Madison's deep voice."

"Well, here!"

Where? came from several beds. Mr. Madison could hardly suppress a snarl. The hope that he would be taken in by that sneering showed a fractional increase on the part of the men who were really watching.

"Well, what goes this time?"

It was not for the first time necessary to ask what it meant. Lawson staggered to his feet, looking awfully at his nose with his head bowed. He had been hit, but he was so sure and confident that he had hardly enough energy left to be hurt. He started forward but he—

"You have been fighting," the Superintendent exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," said Grimes.

"Where you in the dormitory will take two hundred lines, and stay in the Post-office tomorrow afternoon till they are written out!" said Mr. Madison sternly. "Now, go back to bed!"

The janitor turned in. Mr. Madison made a collection of the window-panes in extensive collection—and retired from the scene.

Blake chuckled when he was gone.

"Two hundred lines each night or had, remembering," he said. "If it had been twice, it would have been double."

"How are you looking, Grimes?"

"Pretty rotten," said Grimes weakly.

"Never mind; I expect the other man is feeling rotten?"

"Yes, without."

Grimes sat up in bed.

"Lawson," he called out—"Master Lawson!"

"What do you want, you green cat?" came a growling voice from Lawson's bed.

"It's all over now!" said Grimes. "We've had a good game, and I don't bear to either! I don't want to be anybody's enemy. If you're willing to be friends, Master Lawson—why, I'm more'n willing! That's all I've got to say!"

"How, hey?" said Blake.

"Yes, I suggest that as just very decently. Grimes, dash boy! I quite approve of your remarks, Grimes! What do you say, Lawson, dash boy?"

"I'll make the price real nice for this!" growled Lawson.

"That's what I say! As for being friends with him, I don't go into your shop for my friends!"

"I suggest you as a watch, Lawson?"

"I suggest you as a watch, Grimes?"

"I suggest you as a watch, Grimes?"

"I suggest you as a watch, Grimes?"

"I suggest you as a watch, Grimes?"

"I suggest you as a watch, Grimes?"

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"I suggest you as a watch, Grimes?"

CHAPTER 16.

Grimes Fights Foster.

GRIMES showed signs of damage when he came down in the morning.

Mr. Madison looked at him very severely at the breakfast-table.

"You have been fighting, Grimes?" he said.

"Yes, sir," said Grimes.

"Then don't do it again!" said the Superintendent.

"Very well, sir."

And Mr. Madison let the subject drop with that. Probably he guessed that the new boy had not had much chance about fighting, especially now he noted that Lawson's bare, too, had been in a good deal.

The Fourth Form sat, rather, the eldest Henry portion of it—located rather gloomily in the dormitory that morning.

It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and all the School House fellows in the View had to stay in after dinner and write out the lines Mr. Madison had imposed for the disturbance in the dormitory.

"Well, here, it's written!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, when the janitor came out after morning lessons. "And it's really good work for once!"

"Where's the rest?" asked Piggins.

"Decided, Jack boy; won't be the dawn." "All through the night," grumbled Mellich. "I have come down to see."

"I don't see that it was any more than Master Lovison," said Grimes sulkily. "I'm sorry the fellow is asleep."

"Oh, you fool! What a beautiful flow of language for a St. John's slave!" said Mellich, with a grand contemptuous flourish.

"It's all well your chance to learn, Master Mellich," he said. "I've no doubt it will be better in time, when I've had a chance."

"You'll always be a native outsider!" said Mellich scornfully. "Oh! What are you up to, Figgins, you beast!"

"Felling your ear?" said Figgins cheerfully. "Oh! Oh! Lingo!"

Figgins let go, and Blake pushed Mellich's knees from behind at the same moment, and the end of the Fourth set drove with a bang. He roared.

"What's that now?" exclaimed Kildare, coming out of the Fourth Passer-out.

"Oh! These heave have pushed me over!" yelled Mellich.

"Sweet you tight?" said Kildare, and passed on. The partners looked at each other.

"There's a way to stick to these devils, Mellich, old man!" said Blake, with a shake of the head. "My advice to you is to keep your eye on Grimes, and learn to be a decent chap!"

"Yes, walloh!" "He, he, he!" Mellich slouched away, sneaking. After about five Merry came out with a faster under his arm, and tapped Blake on the shoulder in the doorway.

"Bring Grimes out," he said. "I'm going to see what he can do at home. He used to play up well for the village when we've played Kildare."

"He's grumped!" "Can't he?" said Grimes.

"Indeed! I wish somebody would hit Lovison! He pushed a row with Grimes in the dawn, last night, and we've all declined—two hundred lines each!"

"Hard choice!" said Tom Merry sympathetically. "Back up and get 'em done, and then come down to the locker, and see Grimes."

"Yes, walloh!" "He, he, he!" And the School House Fourth Passer-out went into the Passer-out, and sat down to their task. Grimes went in with them, as he was detained with the row, but he did not see the row there. He sat down and watched the others. At the end of half an hour Mr. Mellich looked into the Passer-out.

"How are you boys doing tonight this afternoon?" he asked. "You are here and Blake sulkily."

"Yes, walloh, sir!" "Very well, you may go," said Mr. Mellich. "I will not deprive you of the first night. But please remember to be more distinguished in the dormitory!"

"No less, sir!" "Thank you, sir!" "This is very kind of you indeed, Mr. Wainwright!"

And the Fourth Passer-out, snatched and joyfully. "Bright old, isn't he?" said Grimes sulkily, as he went out with Lovison-Landy.

"I guess he is," said Master Lovison. "Now, Grimes, what do you think of the second destination of the row?"

"Grimes has chosen pretty clearly what he would rather do," said Lovison-Landy, burst into a laugh as he slipped his arm through his friend's.

"That's so," he said. "The Latin, Master Lovison!" asked Grimes, with feigned amazement.

"No, the Latin!" "Oh, good!" exclaimed Grimes, brightening up. "I'm all right, sir!"

"Yes, he, he!" "I'm going to stick to the Latin, well, Master Lovison," said Grimes, as they walked down to the locker. "I'm after choosing, as they walked down to the locker."

"I remember a lot of work you brought me last night. When a Latin is talking to a table, he's a fool, isn't he?"

"He, he, he!" "Why, he's talking to a laugh, then it's an object, 'cause there isn't any article in the language!" said Grimes.

"He, he, he!" "I'm all right, sir!" "That ain't bad for a start, in a, Master Lovison!" asked Grimes sulkily.

Lovison-Landy wiped away his tears. "No, Grimes, it's all right for a start, but the devil will have to be a bit different! But we're going to play better now," about the Latin."

"You, rather?" said Grimes, with clarity. "Tom Merry & Co. were at practice on the foot-ground. They had no match on that afternoon, as it happened, and they were filling in with shooting and passing practice for the whole team."

Both Mellich and Lovison were on the ground when Lovison-Landy arrived there with the new partner. Lovison was in good keeping of a bombardment of shots. Lovison rather smiled himself upon his ability to keep good. He did not care for better, but he liked to be able to say that he could have a place in the junior team, if he chose. If he had been a capable player, he would have been able to play for the Fourth. He burst into a laugh as Grimes came on the field in a hurried, heavy night.

"Hallo! Is the ground going to play better?" he called out. "I guess so!" said Lovison-Landy. "Well, I'm done, then!" said Lovison. "I draw the line at playing with grimes!" "Just as well for you to clear off," said Blake. "Grimes would take your goal before you could say jam!" Lovison sneered.

"I'll jolly well bet you that the grocer couldn't take my goal!" he exclaimed sulkily. "Why not?" "Oh, he has lost it!" said Lovison, with a sneer. "If he takes my goal, I'll eat the beans!" "Oh, yes, you won't, Lovison; that's my mistake!" "He, he, he!" "Give him a shot, Grimes," said Tom Merry, passing the ball to Grimes. "Con'try, Master Merry?" Grimes tapped the ball, and dribbled it down to goal. Lovison watched him eagerly. He did not seem to let his teacher pass him. Grimes stopped, and made a trial of kicking with his left into the corner of the net, and Lovison sneered again for a moment. At the same moment, Grimes changed feet with lightning quickness, and drove the ball in with the right, and it went clean between the posts, and lodged in the net. Lovison swung round, and saw the ball.

(Continued on page 32.)

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Jack Langley, a young engineer, falls into the power of an infamous gangster known as the Duke of the City, at the head of which are three villains, known as the Chief, the Captain, and the Doctor. When a robbery on board the yacht Dolphin, belonging to the Duke, Jack Langley escapes by plunging overboard, only to be picked up by the liner Firefly, also owned by the same gangster. The Firefly, under the command of the Doctor, is run secretly by a pleasure-steamer, but on every voyage one or more passengers is "removed"—murdered by the accountably Doctor, in compensation for large sums of money paid to the Duke of the City. On board the Firefly Langley finds the famous detective, Nelson Lee, who is on the track of the infamous Duke. Among the passengers is also Miss Edith Aylmer, Jack's former girl, on this occasion her uncle, Sir Philip Aylmer, has paid the Duke of the City a thousand pounds to have her "removed" during the Firefly's voyage. Trouble is stirred up among the passengers by Langley's fall, the detective, and the Duke's intention to murder the ship

with all on board. The crew, therefore, abandon the Firefly, and go on board the Dolphin, taking Edith and Jack with them. A great storm springs up, and the Firefly goes ashore on the rocky coast of Cornwall, close to Sir Philip Aylmer's house. The passengers are all saved, Nelson Lee being carried ashore unharmed, and the storm soon is hardly noticed when the news is brought that the Dolphin has also struck, and gone down with all hands.

As Sir Philip soon learns, however, this is not strictly correct, the Chief and the Doctor, with their two partners and five of the crew, managed to save themselves from the foundering yacht and are in hiding at sea. The Chief claims Sir Philip's assistance, and the latter consents, the whole party at night row a rented and steered wing of the Oceanic. The baronet has no sooner adopted his secret guests into the grounds when a marriage drive rapidly into the gate, and Nelson Lee springs out!

[Now go on with the story.]

## "Do Your Worst, Nelson Lee!"

For just two seconds Sir Philip stood paralyzed with terror and dismay. Then he pulled himself together, and rapped out an angry oath at his own expense. Was he a child, that he should tremble at the sight of Nelson Lee? What had he to fear? He had only to keep the detective outside the gates until the Chief and his companions had time to conceal themselves, and all would still be well.

He spun round on his heel with the intention of warning his companions. To his intense relief, however, they were nowhere to be seen. As a matter of fact, the Chief had recognized the detective's voice as none on the latter had spoken, and to the twinkling of an eye he had slipped behind a thump of bushes on the side of the drive. The rest of the party had quickly followed his example, and had dragged their companions after them. To all appearances, the drive was deserted.

By the time Sir Philip had grasped these facts the two men who had slipped from the baronet had reached the gate and were peering through the iron bars. One of them, at the reader's elbow, was Nelson Lee. The other was the villain.

"Is your master at home, my man?" asked Nelson Lee.

Before Sir Philip had time to reply the villain caught sight of his face and uttered a cry of surprise.

"Hello! It's Sir Philip himself!" he exclaimed. "Don't you know me, old man?"

The Duke stared.—No. 221.

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The detective examined his watch, and the thought suddenly occurred to him that he had done wrong. He thought that he had the detective wrong the door, unlocked the door, and admitted him into the house by means of his key. He stepped back into the library, and went up to the lamp. Then he turned the detective into one chair, and pushed himself in another.

"And now," he said, "what is it you wish to say to me?"

"I will answer your question with another," said Nelson Lee, fixing his eyes on the baronet's face. "What do you know about the Order of the Ring?"

He had hoped to take the Philip by surprise, to entrap him into a guilty start or a tell-tale blush. But Mr. Philip was on his guard. He met the detective's gaze with a calm, unflinching stare. He arched his eyebrows, and shook his head.

"I know nothing of course," he said. "At least, I only know what the common gazetteers tell me yesterday."

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

"I know you know more than that," he said. "Seeing that you paid the Order of the Ring a thousand pounds, it seems that you were connected to murder Miss Aylmer."

Mr. Philip looked to his feet with a gesture of well-worn indignation.

"I did what," he cried. "I paid the Order of the Ring a thousand pounds to murder my niece? Are you mad, or is it this man of twisted just?"

"I am neither mad nor twisted," said Nelson Lee. "The Chief of the Order of the Ring told Mr. Langley, and Mr. Langley told me, that you had paid them a thousand pounds."

"It's a lie!" roared Mr. Philip. "I know it. A lie and a malicious slander! I never even heard of the Order of the Ring until last night."

"That's why did you lie at me from behind those bushes on the cliff?" asked the detective quietly.

It was a sudden shot, but it struck right home.

Mr. Philip turned deathly pale, and a look of burning anger leaped into his eyes. But he quickly recovered himself. He knew that he had betrayed himself, but, at the same time, to know that the detective could not prove the accusation he had made. Then why should he trouble to deny them?

There was nobody left to witness their conversation. What harm was there?

"Now, look here, Mr. Lee," he said, suddenly changing his manner. "Is he clearly understood each other. What is your object in coming here to-night?"

"To trouble you no more," said Nelson Lee. "As I said before, the Chief told Mr. Langley, and Mr. Langley told me, that you paid the Order of the Ring a thousand pounds to murder your niece. Such being the case, it is perfectly clear that you must be in possession of sufficient information concerning this infamous society, its members, its headquarters, its method of working, and so forth, to enable me to see into the end of mystery in which it is at present shrouded. If Miss Aylmer were still alive, if there were any trace of her being left, I would not wish to make terms with any man, but Miss Aylmer is dead, and I am content in the wreck of the fragments—and all the talking in the world will not bring her to life again."

Little did he dream that Ethel was at that moment concealed behind a bushy bush less than thirty yards away.

"This, then, is my offer. If you will trust King's evidence, if you will tell me all you know about the Order of the Ring, if you will help me to unmask the identity of its members, I will say nothing about your attempt to murder me, and I will do my best to get you off with as light a sentence as possible for conspiring to murder your niece. That is my offer. What is your answer?"

Mr. Philip burst into a smiling laugh. He planted himself in front of Nelson Lee, and folded his arms across his chest.

"Now, listen to me, Mr. Nelson Lee," he said. "You seem that I tried to do you no harm. I did. You declare that I am in league with the Order of the Ring. I say, then, that I looked there to murder my niece. I say, then, that you should have had some other set of friends of another set of friends in support of the charges which you make, and to which I obviously stand guilty. You claim that you get your information from Jack Langley—and Jack Langley is dead! Even if he were alive, his unsupported testimony would be worthless to convict me. In a word, I am in the happy position of being able to defy you. I have nothing to fear from you, absolutely nothing—nothing more nor of any future time! You have made me an offer, and you have asked me for my answer. My answer is this: There is no deal. Unless you leave my house at once, I shall ring the alarm and order three to three you out! And, moreover, if I hear of you spreading any charges against me, I shall have my lawyer look the matter in the hands of my solicitor, and proceed to sue you with the utmost rigour of the law. Now, go—and do your worst!"

"Then you reject my offer?" asked Nelson Lee, rising to his feet.

"No," said Mr. Philip, pointing to the door.

"No," said Nelson Lee, as he moved towards the door. "I have no more chance, and you have refused to let me. If it were between me and the death of the wife of your friend to help me, I shall get myself in as touching the infamous league of murderers and thieves, and when the day of reckoning comes—"

He left the sentence unfinished, but the menacing look that crossed his face struck a chill terror to Mr. Philip's heart. An instant later he had glided through the door, and the baronet was alone.

### Tracked!

Half an hour after the detective's departure Mr. Philip went out and conducted his colleagues and their two unfortunate prisoners to the Heated Wing, where he provided them with food and dry clothes, and otherwise made them snug for the night. At the Chief's request he supplied the Chief with a compass and a couple of lanterns, which he carried with an abundance, and admitted to them, at the Hotel, Mr. DeWinton, his Chief, Mr. DeWinton, R.N.

"There's no train for London tonight, I suppose?" he said, as he handed this letter to Mr. Philip.

"Oh, alas, no!" replied Mr. Philip. "There are only two trains a day by which you can get from Faversham to London. The first leaves at eight in the morning, and arrives at half-past six. The other leaves at noon, and arrives at a quarter past ten."

"Very well," said the Chief. "That letter, as you see, is addressed to Mr. Meredith, who is a very intimate friend of mine. I am asking him to bring his yacht to Faversham to be as quickly as possible, and to anchor just outside the bay. If I have arranged a couple of sheets with him, and the boat starts right after his yacht's start, we'll go on board and take our prisoners with us, and return to our own quarters. Only on board Mr. Meredith's yacht, or on that steamer, he will be able to find some way of clearing the police and returning to our ground home."

"But what will you do with Ethel and Mr. Langley?" asked Mr. Philip.

"That is my business," said the Chief coolly. "Your boat, your yacht and your yacht to Faversham. You will have time by the first train in the morning."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Philip, interrupting him.

"Nelson Lee has arranged to return to London by that train. If he sees me on the way, I will see him, and then I shall tell him that I have a couple of sheets with him, and the boat starts right after his yacht's start, so as to win him."

"Perhaps that would be well," said the Chief. "You, the second thought, it would be better to wait. You will have time, then, by the train which departs at noon. On getting in London, you will change for a train, and drive to Chelsea Place, where you will ask for Mr. Meredith, and place that letter in his hands."

"But suppose he isn't at home?"

"In that case, you will send the letter to his private secretary, who has full authority to act for his master in his absence. But whether you see Mr. Meredith, or whether you only see his secretary, you must be sure to bring me back an answer to my letter. When you have done that your duty is to be done. Now bring me some whisky and cigars, and then you may leave us for the night."

Let us now return to Nelson Lee. As the reader knows, he had announced his intention of returning to London by the first train in the morning after his interview with the Philip. Just as he was about to leave Faversham Hall, however, the news was brought that the respectable, married lady had been found at the foot of the cliff on which the Philip's house stood. Instantly the detective conceived this latest crime with the owner of the house, and he decided, therefore, to postpone his departure until he had examined the body, and made a full inquiry. Nothing came of his investigations, however, and he was told that he had to leave London by the next train to the Philip.

There was something almost comical in the damaged proposition which caused Mr. Philip's loss when he saw the detective standing on the platform of Faversham Station. It is quite possible that the detective might never have thought of doubting the Philip. If he had, he had not failed with unmistakable signals of distress. As it was, the baronet's look of guilty shame at once excited the detective's suspicion, and with characteristic promptitude, he then and there decided to shadow him to his destination.

When the train arrived at Faversham, Mr. Philip sprung out and hastened to the refreshment, where he jumped into a taxi, and ordered the driver to go to a good time of night, to the

14, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, at the residence of Mr. DeWinton, R.N.

drives him to the Klansman Hotel in Oxford Street. The passenger taxi drove up outside the door of the hotel, he sprung out on the pavement, paid the caddy, and rushed into the spacious entrance-hall. From the entrance-hall he scudded into the billiard-room. From the billiard-room he made his escape by means of a small side door into Glossy Road, where he mastered a taxi and drove to Chestnut Place.

"That's the man of the month, I'll be bound!" he muttered to himself as he rang the bell at Chestnut House.

"Is Mr. Meredith in?" he asked of the footman who opened the door.

"No, sir. He's away from home."

"Is his secretary in?"

"Yes, sir; but he's engaged for the present."

"Nevertheless, I think he will see me if you give him my name. I am Sir Philip Aylmer, of Finsbury Grange. I am the bearer of an important message for your master."

The footman accordingly ushered him into the drawing-room, and left him to sit with objections for a minute or two. At the end of that time he returned and conducted him to a smaller room on the first floor.

"Is Mr. Aylmer?" announced the footman as he opened the door.

Mr. Philip walked in, and then drew back with an exclamation of surprise. There were three men in the room, one of whom was a young fellow thin, who was evidently the secretary. The other was the Squire.

"Good evening, Sir Philip," said the Squire, advancing and shaking him by the hand. "You appear surprised to see me here, but I assure you that you cannot possibly be more surprised to see me than I am to see you. How on earth have you found your way here?"

"The Chief sent me," said Sir Philip.

"The Chief?" cried the Squire. "Is it—can it be possible that the Chief is still alive?"

"Well, he was alive at noon to-day," replied Sir Philip. "He and the Doctor, with five of the Doctor's men, and Miss Aylmer and Jack Langley are at present in hiding at my house."

"For a second or two the two men stared at him in incredulous amazement. All England was starting with the recollection of the sensational events which had taken place on board the *Firefly*, and everyone believed that the Doctor had gone down with every soul on board. "Stephen Meredith," as the reader may have guessed, was the name by which the Chief was known in private life, and the Squire had actually come to Chestnut House to take charge of the supposed dead Chief's papers and effects. And now he learned that "Stephen Meredith," alias the Chief of the Order of the Ring, was still alive, and was hiding at Finsbury Grange.

As soon as he had recovered from the shock of this glad surprise, he asked Sir Philip with eager questions in reply to which the latter told him of that had occurred.

"This is the letter which the Chief gave me," he showed. "He said that if Mr. Meredith was not at home, I was to give it to his secretary." He also said I was to be sure to take him on my way back.

The secretary took the letter, and broke the seal. Whilst he was reading it, Sir Philip turned to the Squire.

"By the way, who is this Mr. Meredith?" he asked. "Is he a member of the Order of the Ring?"

"Never you mind about that," said the Squire, with a significant glance at the secretary. "He is a friend of the Chief's, that's quite enough for me. If the Chief had intended you to know more about Mr. Meredith, he would, doubtless, have told you more. What's in that letter?"

"This last sentence was addressed to the secretary, who promptly handed him the letter to read for himself."

"Thanks," said the Squire, after reading the letter. "You'll better write a line or two for Sir Philip to take back with him. Tell the Chief I am here, and that I'll see that his instructions about the yacht are faithfully carried out."

The secretary retired to a writing-table, and the Squire turned to Sir Philip.

"You're nothing more to tell me, I suppose?" he said.

"You don't know what's become of Nelson Lee, do you?"

"He's at home by now, I expect," said Sir Philip. "I told you about his coming to see me at the Grange last night, but I didn't tell you that he travelled up to London in the same taxi as myself."

"He did?" exclaimed the Squire. "I hope to goodness he didn't see you?"

"Why, of course he did," replied Sir Philip. "How could he help seeing me at a little station like Porters'! As a matter of fact, he tried to shake me when the train arrived at Paddington, but I gave him the slip by taking a taxi to the Klansman Hotel, where I passed out through the

billiard-room into Glossy Road, and took a second taxi home."

"The Squire's face grew dark and troubled."

"If Nelson Lee had made up his mind to shake you," he said, "you wouldn't shake him off with a simple trick like that. As a man-tracker, he hasn't his equal in the world. I guess he is to stay at once!"

He rose from his chair and left the room. Five minutes later he returned, a gleam of light in his eyes.

"Just what I expected!" he cried. "He has tracked you here, and is at present standing in a doorway on the opposite side of the road waiting for you to come out!"

### Followed

For several minutes the Squire paced the little room with rapid, agitated strides, alternately cursing Nelson Lee and commiserating his Philip. When his anger had somewhat abated, he swung himself into an easy-chair, and looked at his face in the hand.

"It's the only way," he muttered at last. "Now that I have tracked the Philip to this house, the sooner we make away with him, the better."

He raised his head, and addressed the secretary.

"Is there any objection to the house?" he asked.

"None, sir. There's a bottle in Mr. Meredith's study."

"Fetch it."

The secretary left the room, and presently returned with a small glass bottle—three-parts full of absinthe. The Squire thrust it into his pocket, examined his watch, opened his door-light, and tested the blade by drawing his thumb along the edge.

"Have you finished that letter for the Chief?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

He took the letter from the secretary's hand, and gave it to Sir Philip.

"It's your choice—twenty-five," he said. "You've ample time to walk from here to Paddington, and catch the mid-night train. If Nelson Lee continues to shake you, as he will unless you don't take any notice, but simply walk on as if you were unaware of the fact. And remember, you will be walk to Paddington; you are not to take a taxi."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to do a bit of shuffling on my own account. That is to say, I'm going to shake Nelson Lee, and if you take a job he will do the same, and my task will be gone all right."

"But supposing Nelson Lee decides to follow me back to Porters'?"

"He won't. He'll simply shake you until he sees you get into the train, and then he'll go back to his room at Gray's Inn Road."

"What time follow there?"

"About ten."

"Look in the papers to-morrow morning, and you'll see what he," was the Squire's grim reply. "But we're wasting time. Away you go!"

Sir Philip accordingly left the house, and started up for Paddington.

The Squire stationed himself at one of the lower windows, and saw the detective glide after him. Then the Squire glided away Nelson Lee.

In absolute ignorance of the fact that he was being followed, the detective stroked Sir Philip to Paddington. He saw him take his seat in the train, and then, as the Squire had foreseen, he abandoned his quest and drove to his room.

It should have been mentioned that the detective rented a suite of rooms on the first floor of a small and unpretentious house in Gray's Inn Road. The only person who resided in this house—besides the servant, of course—was his landlady, an elderly, motherly widow, who resided in the not uncommon name of Jones. He had lived to her here for thirty years, and he was returning to London by the train which arrived at Paddington at a quarter-past ten, and although he had said that he might not stop up at his lodgings until the following morning, the good old soul had nevertheless decided to sit up for him. The consequence was, that when the detective arrived at his rooms, he was welcomed by the landlady, who, as he had discovered, had a key to his door, and that key would be ready in half a tick.

The detective thanked her, and gratefully accepted his way upstairs. Mrs. Jones retired to the kitchen—the maid-servant work was not done up to work to get something together for the dining-room she had prepared for her husband's debauchery. He and by those going a ring at the breakfast table. Mrs. Jones put down the frying-pan, and stepped behind the kitchen-door.

"Well, it's the end," she said. "Having a detective for a lodger is as bad as keeping house for a doctor. Night or day, there's always somebody bugging at the bell."



"She went to the door, and opened it. The shabby-looking figure of a man stood on the step. At the reader has doubtless guessed, it was the Spyrite."

"In my last number," he cried, "I told you that Mrs. Jones had said 'I don't think he'll see you.' He's only just come in, after a long and tiring journey. Can't you call again to-morrow morning?"

"I can't," said the Spyrite, as he stepped into the dimly-lighted passage. "My business brooks no delay."

"All the same, I don't think he'll see you to-night," persisted Mrs. Jones.

"Nevertheless, you will perhaps be as good as to tell him it is here," said the Spyrite, and he calmly and softly closed the door.

"All right," said Mrs. Jones, in a resigned voice. "Just step in here, and take a seat, while I go upstairs and see what he says."

She led the way into a small room on the ground-floor. She lit the gas, and drew the blind.

"What name shall I say?" she asked. "I'll give you one of my initials, and the Spyrite. And he came from his pocket what looked like an ordinary visiting-card, but which was really a blank of parchment.

Supporting nothing, the landlady held out her hand for the card, and in the twinkling of an eye, the Spyrite gripped her by the throat, and forced her back into an easy-chair. The next instant, before she had time to scream for help, he had slipped out his handkerchief, and he had irresistibly descended with determination, and stamped it over her face.

Held powerless by the iron-like grip on her wind-pipe, staggered by the intense heat of the steam-bath, the landlady never offered but feeble resistance to her powerful assailant. In less than a couple of minutes she had passed into a state of profound unconsciousness, and the last part of the Spyrite's business was now successfully accomplished.

"So far, so good," he murmured to himself, as he thrust the landlady back into her pocket. "Now to settle accounts with Nelson Lee."

He dropped, and extinguished his lights. He took three off, and was just in the act of leaving the room, with the phoebe of a couple of minutes, when he heard the detective's voice at the top of the stairs:

"Is that somebody in our no, Mrs. Jones?" the detective called out.

The Spyrite held his breath in an agony of apprehension. The detective, receiving no reply in his question, began to descend the stairs. The Spyrite whipped out his knife, and crept behind the door.

Nelson and never came the footsteps of Nelson Lee. He reached the foot of the stairs. He hurried along the passage towards the room in which the Spyrite was lying so wait for him. Outside the door he suddenly paused. His face went as usual detected the voice of the man.

Quick as thought, his hand flew towards his pocket in which he carried his revolver, but ere his fingers could grasp the weapon, a shadow had been suddenly flung over his head, something bright flashed in the passage, and an agonized cry went echoing through the silent house.

The cry came from the Spyrite. Knife in hand, he had rushed at Nelson Lee, and had aimed a lightning blow at his head. With matchless presence of mind the detective had caught the descending arm in a vice-like grip, and had given it a desperate twist that had almost dislocated it. With a burst of pain the Spyrite had fallen, dropped his knife, and the two men now stood face to face in fairly equal terms.

Not for long did they stand thus, however. As soon as the Spyrite perceived that his surprise attack had failed, he writhed his arm free from his captor's grasp, and raised his weapon high. Nothing less, the detective promptly closed with him, and, after a short but exciting bout, the two men were both bound in each other's arms. As they stood here in the detective came down upstairs, and in less than a minute he took to tell, he placed one knee on the Spyrite's chest, and fastened his hands on his throat.

By that time the Spyrite's agonized yell, and the help



There was a thump, sharp scuffle, then an ominous click, and the Spyrite was a prisoner. The constable drew his revolver, but the landlady on his back, and glared up at him in anger, to come here. (See last page.)

of the subsequent scuffle, had produced the usual effect—work; and a moment or two later the detective found his whistling at the top of the stairs.

"It's all right! Don't be frightened!" he shouted. "Sit on your things and come downstairs. I want you to go for the police."

At the sound of the word "police," the Spyrite made a frantic effort to regain his liberty. With feet and with feet, with teeth and with nails, he kicked and struggled, scratched and bit, with terrific ferocity. But it was all in vain. Never for an instant did the detective's hands relax their grip; never for an instant was his dimly-planted knee removed.

Quietly yet inflexibly, he held his struggling captive down, till the man had no last thing—and she felt the knee for the police—till she was finally returned with a heavy, red-headed constable of the Workhouse.

"This is a rum job, Mr. Lee?" said the constable, as he whipped out his handcuffs. "What is it—burglary?"

"I don't exactly know what it is at present," said the detective. "Just take a peep into that room."

The constable stopped across to the door of the room in which the landlady lay. He put his head in at the door, and started back, with a hoarse cry of horror.

"It's murder!" he gasped.

"That's what I heard," said Nelson Lee. "On with the business!"

The constable stopped, and asked the Spyrite's name. There was a short, sharp scuffle, then an ominous click, and the Spyrite was a prisoner.

"One him?" passed Nelson Lee, when he heard the click of the handcuffs.

"State as he comes?" said the man in blue.

The detective sprang to his feet, and whipped out his revolver. The constable drew his trusty bow. The man noticed behind Nelson Lee. But all their preparations were useless. The Spyrite made no attempt to rise. He lay on his back and glared at them in silent, silent fury.

He darted into the adjoining room. Even his professional ear—his capacity to track the intonations of his unknown language—was overthrown by his anxiety for the family still seated with whom he lodged. One glance sufficed to show him that she had not been molested, but only startled. Already she was beginning to show signs of coming round.

He hurried her across the room, and laid her gently on the couch. That was all he could do, all that was really needed. In five or ten minutes, if all went well, the effects of the chloroform would have passed away. Beyond the shock to her nerves, the old woman would be no wiser.

He returned to the passage outside. By that time the Squire had apparently regained himself to his feet, and was sitting up with his back against the wall. The constable was standing over him with his footman to his hand.

"Now, what's the meaning of all this?" asked Nelson Lee, addressing the Squire. "What are you? What's your name?"

The Squire's eyes lit up as he recognized the constable. He made a loud remark, in spite of the doctor's orders to which he found himself, he was cool to the verge of impudence.

"My name?" he said. "Adolphus Augustus Montemorency Howard."

- "Bubbick?" said Nelson Lee.
- "Correctly," said the Squire. "Bubbick! But if you will ask any questions you must expect to receive silly answers."
- "When you please to tell me your name?"
- "Naturally."
- "What was your object in coming to here to-night?"
- "Oh, what?"
- "Yes, what?"
- "In your wish to know?"
- "Of course."
- "What had you?"

The detective hit his eye. The constable walked behind his eyes and heard the muffled-of-voice remark. The Squire looked on these with an air of kindly benevolence.

"He hasn't the air of a connoisseur or a young lawyer," murmured Nelson Lee to himself. "Yes, if possible wasn't his object, who is he here? Can it be—"

He started as a sudden thought flashed through his mind. A thrill of suppressed excitement that through his nerves. A gleam of triumph lit up his eyes.

"I am Bubbick!" he exclaimed. "You're a member of the Order of the Ring, and you've been told off to investigate me as a reward for my share in committing your theft. Can you deny it?"

- "I deny nothing," said the Squire coolly.
- "Then you will not?"
- "Oh, deny not! Admittance is not in my line."
- The detective shrugged his shoulders.
- "He was only making time," he said, turning to the constable.

"That's what I'm thinking myself, sir," said the constable. "If you'll kindly send your servant for a cab, I'll take him to the station. He'll probably tell his tongue when he's had a night in the cell. What shall I charge him with?"

"I'll go with you to the station, and lay the charge myself," said Nelson Lee.

He turned to the maid, and instructed her to go for a cab. When she had gone he turned to the constable again.

"I'm going upstairs for my hat and coat," he said. "Don't be long for me up till I come back. For let's a slipper confound, and he might be tempted to make a dash for the door."

"All right, sir! I'll look after him," said the constable.

The detective speedily left them together. Before proceeding upstairs he glanced into the little room, where he found that the old woman had recovered, beyond all the apprehensions of chloroform, and had, within a day or two, passed her usual time. Having ascertained that she was all right, he turned on his heel and went upstairs for the purpose of securing his overcoat and hat.

The instant he had disappeared, the Squire raised his mangled hands to his breast, and described a very comic walk to the top of one flight. The constable gave a sudden start, and immediately repeated the sign. The Squire uttered a low, triumphant whistle. He had expected it all along. The constable was a member of the Order of the Ring.

"Great Scott! I never expected this!" said the constable, in an agitated whisper. "Mr. Lee was right, then? You're the man?"

- "The Number Two," said the Squire quietly.
- "What! The Squire?" gasped the constable.
- The Squire nodded, and suddenly dropped himself to his feet.

"Remove these landmarks," he whispered. "Quick, as Lee will be here before I've time to clear out."

"But what about me?" murmured the constable, as The Old Lawyer—No. 20.

He unfolded the handkerchief, and replaced them in his pocket. "This means imprisonment for you."

"Good!" said the Squire, picking up his hat. "You don't suppose I'm going to give you in the dock, do you? That's the way of the Order of the Ring. Are you married?"

"No."

"Then you must come with me. I'll take you until the affair has blown over, and then I'll find you some employment under a different name, in a different part of the country."

He glided into the little room, and picked up his hat and his hat. Then he stealthily opened the door, and remained for the darkness of the night, with the constable at his heels.

Very different ideas Nelson Lee's mind resulted from the strange, open door, told him when he had happened, and the active wit supplied the explanation. He rubbed out with the sand, and eagerly glanced from right to left. There it came rattled up, and the maid stepped out. The next instant the detective was in the cab, and was driving to the Marlborough Police Station as fast as the horse would gallop.

Upon reaching the station he left the cab outside, and hurried into the office, where he passed out his tale to the Inspector in charge.

"Now, it's perfectly clear to me," he said, in conclusion, "that the man who attempted to murder me, and the constable who arrested him, are both of them members of this infamous society. While my head was turned, they were here unpermitted some agents were which resulted them to investigate each other, and then the constable captured the prisoner to escape. If I am right, it's hardly likely that the constable will ever dare to return to his duties as a policeman. Without a doubt he'll clear out of London at the earliest possible moment. But before he clears out, it is quite possible that he'll get on his knees, to bid good-bye to his wife, if he has one, and to pack up some of his belongings. Consequently, if you'll give me his name and address, there's just a chance that I may be able to rub him at his home before he gets clear away."

"I'll do more than that," said the Inspector. "I'll give you his address, and I'll send a couple of our men with you to help you to capture him."

He gave the detective an address in Charles Street, where the constable lodged, and five minutes later the tale was on its way to the address, with Nelson Lee and a couple of plain-cloth constables inside.

It was before in rain. When they reached their destination they found the house in darkness, and all the windows lit. They roused the landlord, and ascertained that his lodger had not been seen since six o'clock in the evening. They started out from the house on the opposite side of the road, and searched the house for an hour and a half, on the off-chance of his hiding away. Then Nelson Lee gave up all hope, and returned to his room.

But before there was the house was kept under the strictest observation; but neither then nor since was anything more ever seen or heard of the man who had helped the Squire.

Christmas came and went. The New Year dawned, and still Nelson Lee was as far as ever from accomplishing the task he had set himself to perform. Still success was the end of mystery in which the Order of the Ring was undoubtedly still continued its constant work, unperceived and unperceived in the month of December alone there were to be seen three thousand burglars in various parts of London, all of which bore the impress of this infamous league.

Needless to say, the detective was by no means idle during these long and weary weeks. On the contrary, he spent his night neither night nor day. On the morning after the Squire's attempt to murder him, he presented himself at Scotland Yard, where he told his story, and received the Chief Commissioner's promise of co-operation in his task. Then he paid a visit to the clerical offices of the Friendly Clothing Company, limited, in the hope of picking up some useful information. But nothing came of his visit; the police had already taken the officers, and had arrested the collector and laid a charge against him. All these, as a matter of fact, were members of the Order of the Ring, but it is needless here to mention in the most important cases, and all were subsequently released for want of evidence against them.

For the whole of the week the detective kept watch on Redwood House. He had no idea, of course, that this was the residence of the Thief, whom he truly believed had been drowned in the wreck of the Dolphin. He merely kept watch on the house because Mr. Philby had visited it, and any house in which Mr. Philby was a visitor was invested in the eyes of Nelson Lee, with a certain amount of suspicion. But nothing came of his watch, and the only result of the Squire's investigations was the information that Mr. Nelson Lee had given him.

(Another thrilling installment of this epic novel next Wednesday.)

## GRIMES OF THE FOURTH.

*(Continued from page 15)*

and pulled his teeth. There was a roar of laughter from the crowd.

"Yes, what? *Wharrah!*"

"Yes, he's good, *Levison!*"

"How is it? You can't stop your feet for ten?"

"*Levison* runs straight out of the goal.

"I'm not keeping your feet from the goal, anyway?" he ex-

claimed.

And he swung away. *Grimes* kicked the ball out, and

dropped it up, and looked after *Levison*. He dropped the ball,

knocked it on the rebound, with his toe. It was as hard-

ly as a brick, and he had eyes been seen on my *Shaggy* field,

the ball whizzed after *Levison*, and straight into the back-

of the head. *Levison* gave a wild plunge forward, and

dropped on his hands and knees.

"No, was that?" yelled *Levison*. "Who jumped my

head?"

"*Levison* gave you that!" he howled. There was an

outcry as though to have touched him, head of all *Grimes*.

The jostle subsided with laughter at the bewildered expres-

sion on *Levison's* face. Tom *Merry* passed the ball back to

*Grimes*, and it dropped at the new boy's feet. *Levison*

knelt down, and swung off with his hands thrust deep into

the pockets of his baggy shorts. *Grimes* picked up the ball.

"*Wharrah!*" yelled *Merry* loudly.

"What?"

"It was another dropkick, as clean and as accurate as the

last. *Levison* bowed the white of the ball, and swung round,

and he scooped the ball as she saw this time.

"The jostle ceased."

"How is that for the goal, *Levison!*"

"*Wharrah!*"

*Levison* sprang up, his face red with rage. He understood

his mistake on the field in both hands, and rushed at

*Grimes*, and hurled it at his face. If the heavy ball gave

him with as much force upon it, *Grimes* would have been

knocked out of the game. He made a quick leap back-

ward, and drove up his foot, and the ball whizzed back at

*Levison*, and thumped on the chin.

*Grimes* groaned, and sat down.

"*Wharrah!*"

"You've not got 'em, *Martin* *Levison!*" he said. "You

can't possibly play, you know, and I thought you'd like to

see how I could kick!"

*Levison* scrambled up, and moved off the field without

trying to make an excuse. It was being known at once he

meant that *Grimes* was an adversary whom it would be more

profitable to let alone.

Tom *Merry* stopped *Grimes* on the field.

"Good old *Grimes!*" he said. "Look here, you're going

to practice with us now. I've got an idea in my head about

you. I didn't know you were a goodly *Grimes* in disguise."

And *Grimes* practiced with the team from his first

hour; and when the game was over, the jostle, with

some real modifiers on each body being set, dropped off to the

background for hot drinks and sandwiches. Tom *Merry* had

nothing to say. He put *Grimes* on the shoulder in the

second half, and then shed his glass.

"Gentlemen of the St. Joe's Junior Football Club," he

said.

"Here, here!" said *Mike*. "Fill the bottles!"

"And the sandwiches!" said *Fatty* *Wynn*.

"*Grimes*, allow me to present *Grimes*, the latest recruit

to the St. Joe's Junior Eleven," said Tom *Merry*. "*Grimes*

is going to play for the school in the next match."

"*Wharrah!*"

"And when we spill him on the Greenmarket, I fancy

the Greenmarket will be surprised. It will give us a chance

of paying back *Harold* Gray for coming here disguised as Dr.

*Harley*."

"*Wharrah!*"

"Good men!"

And the jostle filled their glasses, and drank here and

there with enthusiasm to the new recruit of the Junior Eleven.

As for *Grimes*, he could only drink and stupor. His cup of

happiness was full. In all St. Joe's that day there was no

happier fellow than *Grimes*, of the Fourth!

THE END.

A NEW FREE  
CORRESPONDENCE EXCHANGE.

The only names and addresses which can be printed in these columns will be from those readers living in any of our Colonies who desire Correspondence in Great Britain and Ireland.

Coloured printing in their names and addresses for insertion in the columns of this popular weekly may also state what kind of correspondence is required—boy or girl, English, Scotch, Welsh, or Irish.

Would-be correspondents must send with each notice two stamps, one taken from "The Gem," and one from the same week's issue of its companion paper, "The Magnet" Library. Stamps will always be found on page 2 of each paper, and requests for correspondence must accompany these for insertion with the notices. Correspondents inserting in these columns must prefix to the addresses direct. No correspondence with advertisers can be undertaken through the medium of this office.

All advertisements for insertion in this Free Exchange should be addressed: "The Editor, 'The Gem' Library, The Printing House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C."

W. Evans, Jun., 20 Seaside & Ariel, Limited, Melbourne, Australia, wishes to correspond and exchange with a boy or girl reader interested in stamp-collecting.

A. G. Howard, Burgess Road, St. Kilda, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with a boy reader, age 14 or 15, living in England.

E. F. Shiffin, 78, Gordon Street, Tottenham, Middlesex, South Africa, wishes to correspond with a girl reader, age 15, living in the British Isles.

G. Scott, Vancouver Heights Post Office, Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, wishes to correspond with a girl reader, age 12 or 13, living in England or Scotland.

R. Rogers, 28 Light Street, Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, wishes to correspond with a Scotch African (coloured) girl reader of "The Gem."

J. H. Hines, 4 Greenmarket, Glen East, Kingsburgh, wishes to correspond with a boy reader, 17, living in England.

G. H. Kelly, 46 Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with a girl reader about 12 or 13 years of age.

A. Stevenson, 24, Victoria Street, Hastings, Montreal, Canada, wishes to correspond with a girl reader, age about 14 or 15, living in England.

S. J. Grant, 21, Millington Street, Murray Point, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, would like a reader, age 12 or 13, to correspond with him.

Miss E. Veary, 1, Eastern Street East, Birmingham, Orange Free State, South Africa, wishes to exchange postage or correspond with a boy reader, age between 12 and 15.

H. B. Hanks, 46 Glenferrie Road, Glenferrie, Victoria, Australia, would like to correspond with a reader.

J. Tatham, c/o Mrs. Mollie's Marvel Look, Southern Cross, West Australia, wishes to correspond with a girl reader, age 12.

W. Wood, 425, High Street, Perth, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with a reader, age 14 or 15, living in England.

H. J. Wain, 15, Lyndal Street, Ballarat, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with boy and girl readers, about 12 years of age, living in the British Isles.

E. Stinson, c/o T. Harris, Bourke Street, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, wishes to correspond with a reader, of either sex, living in Ireland.

Miss V. Turner, 12, Service Street, Glades, Robert, Tasmania, wishes to correspond with a reader age 12 or 13, living in the British Isles.

A. McMillan, Marvel Look, Western Australia, wishes to correspond with a boy or girl reader living in England.

The Editor specially requests Colonial Readers to kindly bring the Free Correspondence Exchange to the notice of their friends.

## OUR SPECIAL WEEKLY FEATURE



## For Next Wednesday.

**"ONE OF THE BEST!"**

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Our grand, long, complete story of Tom Merry & Co., next Wednesday, glaze together with the career of Grimes, the sea-gunner's boy of Biscanora, as a junior of St. Jan's.

Grimes looks like to have a hard row to hoe, and that while many of the fellows make a point of being pleasant to him, others are not so particular, and after their unjust prejudices fall away. Recent lessons, the black sheep of the Fourth Form, goes to the aid to increase the seriousness of striving, with results that are so interpreted as they are pointed-to lessons! In spite of being unobtainably

**"ONE OF THE BEST."**

Grimes feels that he is not of place in his new surroundings, and wishes up his mind to return to his former sphere in the wretched world.

**Something New.**

This week's issue of our companion paper, "The Magnet" Edition, contains a splendid and most entertaining novelty, consisting of

**"THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S WHEEL."**

By cutting out and pasting the two parts of this novelty upon paper will enable you to read the "Wheel of Fortune" can be used for a number of years. It is a most interesting novelty. This weekly Gem goes with the week's "Magnet" Library, and so "Gem" should have getting it.

**Helping the "Gem" Along.**

"Laverock Road, Southall, Middlesex.

"Dear Editor, (Herald), Just a little to tell you that I shall be able to send a "Gem" and "Magnet" Library after all. Already I have a dozen numbers of readers, and lots more letters being received. Writing you and post paper every season.—Your loyal reader,

"Aunt J."

"Buckley, N.S.W., Australia.

"Dear Editor, I will give you an idea of how the Australian people enthusiastically appreciate our popular papers. First, I want tell you about the ship I have ordered—"The Gem" and "Magnet" Club. I have done this to induce more girl readers to partake in the enjoyment which I so very often find in them. We simply read the "Gem" and "Magnet" as if we were reading gold! I have now numerous numbers on my list—of girls. It is a wonderful for both papers to be read. I have most of the books of my own girls reading to me. I have now had my club three months, and of course every day I expect more members. My word, and don't we enjoy every Tuesday! Why? "Gem" and "Magnet" day? We never forget that, I hope this plan will induce others to do the same. Writing both papers, Editor and Silver-readers, life-long success.—Your ever constant reader,

"Gwen J."

The above two letters are samples from my postbox, showing how "Gem" and "Magnet" Libraries are springing up all over the Empire under the guidance of love and loyal readers.

Kindly inquire at those which my others are expanding steadily "on their own" in every direction, from a splendid means of bringing enthusiastic teachers of the grand companion papers into closer touch with one another, I am always glad to hear from any of my friends who have formed their libraries, and am most interested to hear how they are progressing, and all the details of their expansion too. Will "Lancers" therefore please write to the Editor!

**Number Eight.**

Our latest little companion paper—the proudest number of "The Lighthouse" Trip—"is now some months old. It will be out next Friday. These seven weeks of "The Penny Popular's" life have been seven weeks of triumphant progress. In that short time the wonderful little paper has won a grand position for itself amongst the crowded ranks of weekly story-papers. As time goes on, and "The Penny Popular" gains the heart more firmly, specially for the children, it will grow more and more successful. I can see no logical change of the "Magnet" and "Gem" Libraries, whose grand editors the unparalleled success of our newest companion paper is due. The only way I can repay the gratitude of my change is to make still further efforts to give them really "good stuff" in the three companion papers.

With this end in view, I have done my level best to make No. 8 of "The Penny Pop" a real "bonnie," as some of my Colonial friends would say.

"The Mystery of St. Jan's," a splendid, long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co., by Martin Clifford. "The Lost Lander," a grand, long, complete tale of British Blakes, the world's most detective, and "By the Water's Edge," an exciting, suspenseful, complete story of the adventures of Jack, Gordon, and Peter, by E. Clark. These are the contents of No. 8, which I am confidently relying upon to add still further lustre to the already famous name of

**"THE PENNY POPULAR!"****Expanded Yorkshire League.**

Will all readers interested in forming a "Gem" and "Magnet" League write to N. Knapton, Publisher, at Leeds, Yorkshire, enclosing stamped envelope for reply!

**Interesting Moral Customs.**

Every British boy is interested to learn more about that famous "way they have in the Navy," and the following information about certain naval customs will doubtless be generally appreciated by the majority of "Gems," in addition to those readers who have written up and splendidly supported me to publish it.

In harbour at anchor in most ships the masts on the fore-berth has in the fore end of black from his ribs, and when the masts are it is hoisted down. After that he is moved from that berth down on to the fore-berth, where his quarters are slightly different. When deck order down, it is hoisted, but only things to "hoist"—in, discharge—and hoist accompanying the ship.

There are a great set of answers laid down, which have to be made by the boat's occupants according to their rank, etc. The hall is always the same—"Hoist aloft!"—rolled at the top of the masts's poles; and when he receives the answer, it is repeated to the effect of the work, but except for him to keep on the quarter-deck.

If an admiral is in the boat, on being hoisted his reverend responds with "Plas," which is answered by the masts, who call out "Answer him, etc." When the captain of the ship is hoisted, his answer calls out "Welcome to the ship."

When some officers reply "Aye, aye," answered "I-I," and other replies, belonging to the lower deck, "No, no," etc.

It is the same of a boat passing, belonging to another ship, the same answer is "Pass me!"

For instance, the answer was "No, no," when proceeding to or from the Major's ship; and "Passing"—if going to another ship or other.

Ship's time is marked by "watches," afternoon watch being from midday to 4 p.m., fore-day watch from 4-8 p.m., second day-watch from 8-12 p.m., and watch from 12 to midnight; midday watch from midnight to 4 a.m., morning watch from 4-8 a.m., and forenoon watch from 8 a.m. to midday.

THE EDITOR.