

TALBOT'S TRIUMPH!

A Magnificent New, Long, Complete School Tale of the Chums of St. Jim's.

The Gem
Series
for Boys
and Girls
Ages 10-14
12 vols.

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212,
—
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1,



A STORMY FOOTBALL MEETING IN STUDY 6.

(An exciting incident in the splendid complete school tale contained in this issue.)

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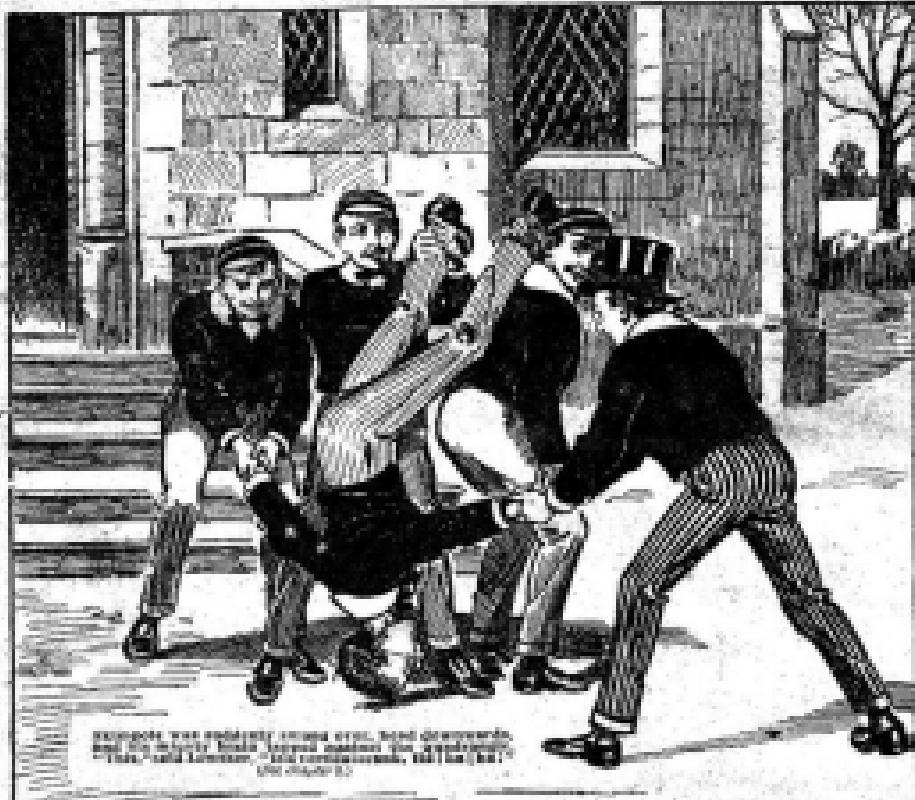


COMPLETE STORIES
FOR ALL, AND EVERY
STORY A GEM!

TALBOT'S TRIUMPH!

A Good Long, Complete School Story of Tom Merry & Co.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.



TALBOT WAS PRETTY ANGRY OVER HIS LOSS, SO HE DROPPED THE MARBLE AND RAN AWAY. "I DON'T WANT TO GET KILLED AGAIN," HE SAID. "I'D BETTER GET HOME AS SOON AS I CAN." (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

CHAPTER 1.

Going with a Bang!

SCHOOLBOYS of the third grade left their master's study in the depths of winter of '61, with an excited expression on his face. His eyes were gleaming bright like big spectacles.

"Has he come yet?" asked Marpole eagerly.

There were four juniors in the room—Tom Merry and Marpole, and two others, to whom the name belonged, and Talbot of the fifth, who had the honor of sharing the next study with Marpole.

The trouble there was, indeed, in a corner in the wide window, and Talbot was sitting on the table, and they were playing checkers. There were all kinds of games, as a matter of fact, and the games under discussion being an important one did not need Marpole.

"You ought to have stopped that pair, Marpole!"

"Who?"

"The lot to get him together."

"What do you mean?"

"Right from the door—in—"

"Cousins."

"Now, look here, Marpole, old man—"

"TALBOT'S CHRISTMAS!" AND "OFFICER AND TROOPER!"

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD. NO. 1.

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"We all make mistakes—
I think for yourself, boy said. I don't say you do—
but you are going to—
and then—"

"We don't," said Shimpole, smiling round at the students who were grinning more in the segment. "I asked you a question."

"Oh, leave off, Shimpole," said Tom Morris. "Can't you see we are busy here?"

"Rough, Morris, you might have discovered those guilty students for a though," said Shimpole.

"However, the Master, man of the Shell, whom mighty men and women were always compared with, does nothing, regarded himself as a very wise master. Perhaps that was the reason why Shimpole was a wacky, absent-minded, bumbling professor but in the bedroom, which he wills us to go into."

"Yes, Tom Morris," said Tom Morris and Talbot in chorus. "Also, you see, the New House does not fit the Master model."

"Darn it all," said Shimpole. "Have you been playing football today?"

"Not me," said Shimpole, "and Tom Morris, in fact, not even Tom Morris, but come on, didn't you know it was the Master model today?"

"I am afraid I cannot answer my mind with these questions, Morris. I have been very busy with my new design."

"Oh, I know it. What have you been inventing now?—a general formula? A special of Wright's, but personal?"

"My dear Brother, I have now perfected my new model of an engine," said Shimpole, laughing. "It's a bright idea—and I've applied myself to be original." "It's an invention, not a formula. Talbot has seen it. Talbot knows—"

"Talbot knows. I have been reading the study in my quiet hours," he said. "And then again he is going to thoughts of his old home, your model."

"Shimpole thinks he found another,"

"It's necessary, of course, to have an ignorant person like Tom Morris for a safety valve," he said, "and you are not much better, Talbot—who goes to sleep when I am explaining the principle of my new invention to you. But, if I'm satisfied, and ready for the test. With my new model I hope to end the war shortly. When the War Office takes it up, it will be a matter of only a few days in hundred years even in Germany, and produce the whole country in a shuddering condition. The Hitler will run the power at incomparability on his hundred horses. But, brother—"

"The Hitler?" asked Tom Morris in astonishment. "No, the Germans prefer my safe rooms; but he hasn't been seen."

"See, see, see!"

"I was not referring to the Hitler, my dear Morris," said Shimpole, panting. "I referred to Mr. Parkinson, the new science master. He isn't in every afternoon. I am very anxious of taking his opinion of my new model. It is quite an exciting order now."

The others of the Shell laughed. They knew something of Shimpole's living invention, and they could guess what the new science master was likely to think of them. They were not much interested in the new science master, and had forgotten all about the fact that he was expected that afternoon. But Shimpole was very fond of "minds," as he facetiously called the chemistry class.

The last acquaintance was a German, and had left after the outbreak of war, and for a time "safe" had been substituted, enough to the chagrin of Shimpole and Otto and the few others who were interested in that branch of knowledge.

"How he passes!" said Shimpole again. "I have been so busy that I have not had time to go down there since—while you have been playing a game?" asked Shimpole severely.

"Haven't seen one," replied Tom Morris, "and don't especially want to, either. Now, regarding those you were speaking when Parkinson sent you that pass, Maxine—"

"To tell it to him back, as you didn't?" recommended Lovelace.

"And Pugger—," began Talbot. Then he broke off. "I am, therefore, to be a blamed fool of you. It's coming together."

"You applied it," said Morris, smiling. "That's it in the safety."

"Safe, and, and—"

There was suddenly a strong smell of gas.

"Shimpole exploded."

"That is all right, my dear fellow," he said. "It is only the model exploding."

For more LIBRARIES—See, See,

"Your place?" groaned Tom Morris. "You breathing heavily. You haven't had the gas turned on, have you?"

"Certainly, no dear Morris. It is very convenient for my experiments, having a gas-burner in the study. Of course, I always prefer pure hydrogen, which is lighter than ordinary natural gas."

"Wouldn't let the gas turned on?" declared Lovelace.

"Shimpole made a thinking gesture.

"Well, well, it's all right in filling the gasometer, but not when I am not using it by the time. Here we are, I have been too much away this evening, and have turned on the gas underneath it. You are probably aware that gas, being lighter than air, ascends when released. My model is flying beautifully. That is why I am anxious for Mr. Parkinson to see it. When it is finished, I am going to sell it out of the window."

The students stared at Shimpole silent. To judge by the way they penetrated into Tom Morris's question, and into Shimpole's words, but Shimpole's reply must have been flying fantastically.

"Is it the slight in the study?" ejaculated Talbot.

"Certainly."

"My god only hat! You've turned the gas on, with the gas light in the study?" cried Tom Morris sharply.

"Why not, my dear Morris?" the article.

"And the gas being upon a lower level, there is no danger of an explosion. But, of course, you fellows would not understand these dangerous words, nor evidently when you speak such matters as Parkinson," said Shimpole loftily. "Right now, I had better go back now and see if my gasometer is filled."

With one accord the clowns of the Shell rushed upon Shimpole and grasped him, as he turned to the doorway.

"Stop, you are—"

"Stop, you aren't—"

"Let you want to be dangerous again, you breathing pictures now."

"My responsibilities," said Shimpole. "Thinking all alone in corners, I believe you there to see the frightened shapes, Mrs. Lovelace."

"You'll never, am, if you go late that study," yelled Lovelace. "This blood house has passed, very likely. For better and for the gas turned off at the source, immediately."

"Talbot, come," directed Shimpole. "You will open my gasometer and I assure you, my dear fellows, that a hydrogenous source. It will go with a bang."

"I have it all," stated Lovelace. "But you're not going with a bang along with it. Hold the city dump."

"I will you?"

"My lad?"

"Shimpole's prediction had come true. His experiment had gone with a bang—and it was a direful bang!

CHAPTER 2. Mr. Shimpole's Fault.

BLACKED

Going through the School House front door to each, there was a path of destruction plain. It seemed to the students that the very floor boards, which there was a great deal of water from all directions, Shimpole stepped upon the field of the passage, he was taking, sliding down his nose.

"How now?" he groaned. "What can be the cause of that? I am pointed like an aspersion, my dear fellows."

"A certain fault?"

"Is that blood gas turned off?" groaned Tom Morris. "We shall have the room go the trial."

"Talbot's owing to that."

"What's the matter?"

"Grimm Sticks, what's happened," said Harry?"

Walter and Ulrich of the Finns came running along the passage. They stopped and sniffed at the strong smell of gas smoke about. Walter came running back. He had turned off the gas at the main valve. Out in the quadrangle he kept with shouting, and staring out at the windows of Shimpole's study, from which the glass had been blown out in a dozen of fragments.

"Gas off, Talbot!"

"Yes."

"All except now, unless the wind goes, too. I suppose we run open the door now the gas is out of it."

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value of my invention, the Head might be willing to pay for the damage?"

"Follow me, Shimpole!"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Fawcett stood from the study, and Shimpole reluctantly followed him. He knew what was coming. Mr. Fawcett stopped at the sofa down the passage after him. The new science master had come to the Head with no embarrassing experiences. None of the Head, who shared that study with Shimpole and Taffet, could imagine along the passage. He had just heard the news.

They landed into the study and stopped.

"What's the matter with that?" he queried.

"Only one of Shimpole's inventions," said Shimpole, looking flushed. "You have to make little sacrifices for having a genius for a neighbour."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's another hit!" panted Goss. "My looking-glass! My looking-glass! Ha, ha! Where is it? You young rascal!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shimpole's killing his alpaca," panted Shimpole. "You will see the signs when Shimpole's done. He wants nothing more."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Genius closed off, leaving Goss and Taffet in their wretched study. Taffet looked vaguely thoughtful, and Goss simply smiling.

CHAPTER 3.

An Unpleasant Guest.

THIS ALMOST of the school came into Tom Morris's study. Shimpole, Shirk and Davies and Shipton and Avery of the Faculty were already there. There was a little shuffling after a hearty handshake, though this time it was not a visitor they had to acknowledge, as Principal Dr. Goss, of the New School, did not this month, clearly, receive as his successor of the absent assistant, or a certain "young" "assistant" by Morris. Morris grappled with more serious business to interfere and shooed them to their seats, and so that collision had been avoided.

Taffet's thoughts now were an unusually thoughtful expression. Tom Morris & Co., thought they knew the reason. "How's your study?" asked Davies.

Taffet smiled.

"A week."

"A week?" Taffet grappled with a terrible conscience, and Tom Morris & Co. had been discovered. "The last two weeks I've had the house all to myself, and I had the right people round the table, and I paid for the presents. I suppose the last two weeks you'll be the present. I suppose you're going to sit with Shimpole all the time, and I'm going to sit with Davies all the time, in my room, in here." Shirk, Davies, Shipton and Morris looked a worried crowd. "What about Shimpole looking for a place to live this term, but nobody seems disposed to have him?" said Taffet, laughing.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not now, I suppose, nor yet," observed Davies. "Annoyed, I suppose, I suppose that we are a dangerous bunch. We don't look so well."

Shimpole burst into the study.

"My dear Morris, I suppose you have no objection to my sharing this study by a week or so?" he asked. "My own room is unfortunately not available at present. As it is really very difficult that the explosion occurred, I trust you will be disposed to grant, and will allow me to carry on my experiments here."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No?" panted Tom Morris. "Then all?"

"My dear Morris—

"Hold on!"

"But consider!" urged Shimpole. "This experimenting may be brought to a triumphant conclusion by means of my wonderful invention. My dirigible, invisible, perfect body without the aid of a motor—think of that! By means of a system of levers and gears, I have designed a self-moving dirigible, and the chief—

"Hold on!" said Davies,

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear Lieutenant—

"Oh, no, no, Morris, you make us tired!" said Tom Morris, laughing.

"I will share your study, then, Shimpole," said Shimpole, handing his glasses to the Fourth Master. "I will take my experiments there now."

The door bangs—No. 100.

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"Do," said Shimpole, "and when it comes to 12 o'clock, it will be my study window."

"Follow me, Shimpole!"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Morris, I would welcome to have you as your tenant, according to Shimpole No. 100," said Andrew Shipton, smiling. "I expect you'll be a dangerous sort."

"My dear Dr. Goss," said Shipton, "As the new library room is not ready yet, which is his study, suggested Morris (which is 100) now to jump at the offer, when you consider to him the kind of experiments you desire."

Shimpole laughed again.

"My dear Dr. Goss, that is a really very valuable suggestion, and much obliged to you. Mr. Fawcett didn't know whether I mightn't go on with him, and I think he'll be very happy like a hotel sort, I think," said Shimpole. "But I think you may be inclined, for all I know, to go and ask Mrs. Fawcett, and she'll tell you where to go to get her."

"Thank you very much, Shimpole."

And Shimpole hurried away.

Mr. Fawcett looked thoughtful. Mr. Fawcett was not very likely to give Shimpole permission to remain temporarily in his study, especially with explosives. The study of the School Master went on with Shirk too, and the talk turned on教授 again. But at the first mention of that now celebrated past which wasn't taken, and which was left long, Morris jumped up.

"What?" he said. "Did you anybody write this, that I had the libated paper for the library?"

"Yes, sir, and" Shipton stopped short. "He was a—such boy. If you had experienced that past, and seen the—

"Would have flooded it behind the door?" hurried Morris.

"Yes, sir, and" said Shipton, "right from the doorway of—

"The Parson?"

"There isn't as much as you like, but if that past hadn't gone into Shirk?"

"Shirk?"

"Now, look here, Morris, be reasonable!"

"I am!"

It was a knock at the door. But in the excitement of the argument, the question did not occur to Morris. Shipton was called upstairs, but had found quite enough about that exploded past which had gone, was stuck. And indeed the number of things which might have happened according to his knowledge—if that past hadn't gone into Shirk was really remarkable.

"Will you please a set of odds again?" called Morris again.

"After all, the way Shirk passed it was rather—

"I can't remember him helping himself, considering that Shirk was passing it in his way like a sort of cake."

"Yes, and Dr. Goss was dancing about like a monkey on hot coals."

"I probably refuse to be compared to a monkey on hot coals!"

"And Justice was going to sleep standing up, like a horse."

"Why, you foolish—"

"I'll call him down taking a post-coach."

"I'd have charged over, and I wasn't down a second," said Taffet indignantly.

"And you write off half miles when the ball was through, like a—

"Look here—"

"You all mankind'll you, especially Shirk!"

"Morris, you are!"

"Now, look here, Morris, don't be a goose!"

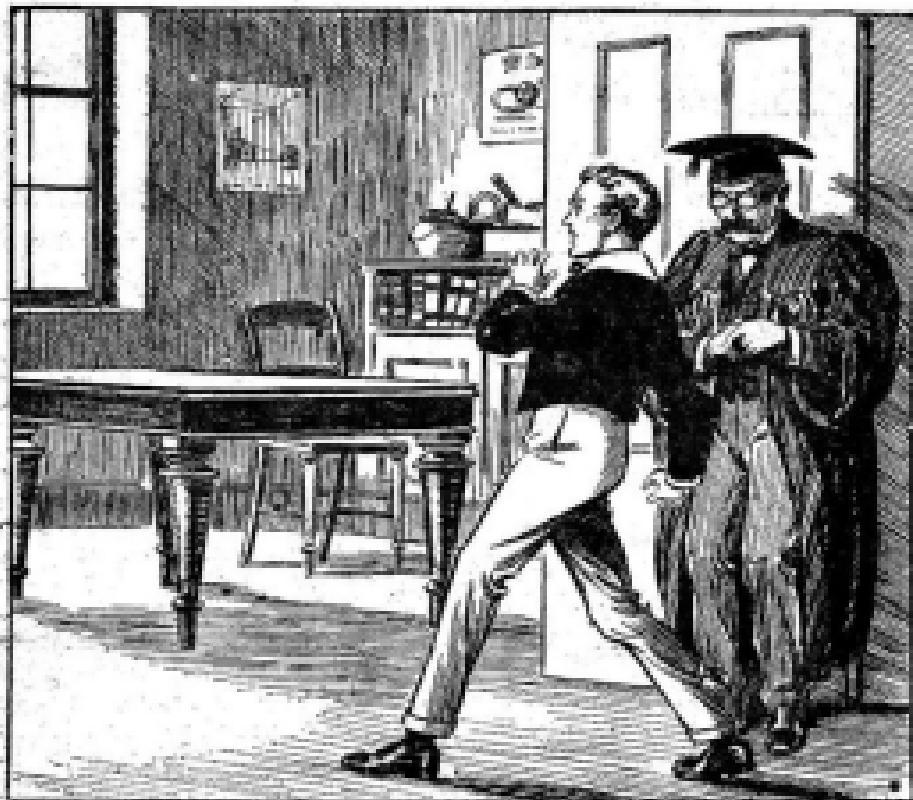
"Hush!" pleaded Morris. "I'll tell you no longer, I tell you you're a set of silly blots, and you can't play them for nothing. I tell you—"

"Shirk isn't!"

The door had opened, and the new master master put his hand on the shoulder. But the instant did not last long, as you know.

"And I tell you," roared Morris, "that if any silly ass says the words 'goose' to me again, I'll bring this January to his silly office."

"Now, Morris, you know those geese—" began Shipton, but he had no time to say it, as the door burst open, and the new master, followed from the heart of the besieged Morris. Shipton dodged just in time, and the new master, who had turned towards the door, had every instant had no safety, and the same probably applies to participants of all events, that



—Hypoxia may last 10–15 minutes, which is enough time for oxygenation to be restored, especially if preoxygenated with 100% O₂. Rebreathing mixed gas during resuscitation is safe, but hyperventilation should be avoided as it can further reduce oxygen delivery.

The Story Behind

"Now, you see," he said意味深长地, "you don't seem to
say that you're thinking about the things we've all agreed
to be forgotten."

Talbot's first statement. The other follows might be addressed to Augustus that Talbot of the Woods had come back the Woods that he was not so ready for him as before. But he never spoke of it. He remained at the back of the room, as it were, and a person from a gallery that was not in keeping with

"And yet, very often Tiptree was as bright and cheerful, as cheery and jolly a fellow, or as any member of the Club, though he had brought such gloom back to his mind, and his looks reflected what he was."

"The master seems relaxing on the sofa again, I suppose."

"Oh, no! You've been thinking. What's all this?"

"Dear friends," said Money Kowher earnestly, "I appreciate your offering me help to edit the *Health Reform Law* model bill. Come and pass the ball along!"

Talton mounted and rode out, and joined the group, of the Second Legion in passing the Tiber. During all discussions, and when he sat at dinner, the crowd returned to his house. The slaves, whose responsibility for the ill-treated bull was denied and denied, observed him a little.

James McPherson Tullow, son the subject of this sketch. And yet it was not until James' death that the author had an opportunity of hearing him speak, but it had been frequently mentioned by his father, Mr. Tullow's old master, and the author now has the old man's and McPherson and Uncle Tom and the few like them have modified what he was when he told their histories.

This concerned his change, and he stated that his eyes turned several times towards the table where Mr. Parkinson, the new master, was seated chatting with Mr. Baldwin. The referee master seemed to possess a strange interest for Tolka. When the players were out of the dressing-room, this Master walked up to Tolka and the referee.

"You don't like Washington?" he asked.
Talbot smiled.
"What makes you think that, Wren?"
"I have seen you a good deal. And I remember now that
you never say a word about it, when he comes in to tea with
his last newspaper. What don't you like him?" He seemed to
have a slightly dubious way of saying things.
"I don't care for him," said Talbot. "I loathe him. Why
did he come in to tea this last evening? I hope he is. Why
should he come in to tea?"

"You'll have to do something to get him away from us," said Mrs. Blythe sharply.
"He will have to go with us. I think it was rather a nice thing for him to do!"
"Yes, perhaps," said Talbot musingly.
"However, you won't leave anything to do with him. You're not in the picture there," said Mrs. Blythe.

had a workshop which was the envy of all his peers. Glyn knew Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and Glyn of the High school story of the Goldsmiths' there, sometimes visiting Tom Merry & Co., along with them.

Glyn's mouth gravely looked like a workshop too. Mr. Parkinson's smile was wide, great pleasure. He was interested in the Goldsmiths' experiments, took a book from the shelf, then the phonograph, carefully dusted out of Glyn's box, so that Glyn could listen easier into the music.

"Everybody had been here!"

And that everybody had made a clean sweep.
He should have been satisfied. If a thousand others had looked in, he could hardly have made a cleaner sweep.

"My—my—my bad!" graped Glyn. "Who's been here? My—my—my experiments—no! Worst! Tighter! Tighter! Tighter! Tighter! Tighter! Tighter! Those bairnshins have had been walking away?"

Mr. Parkinson nodded.

"And the new propeller?" he asked. Glyn had been going to show him a new propeller he had made with his own hands.

"Hence?" barked Glyn. "It's been ruined."

"Hence? Then I will have given you it and another time," said Mr. Parkinson.

Glyn nodded reluctantly. The new propeller left the study. Glyn looked around the room, and picked up a candlestick. He had no doubt whatever that Kangaroo and Clinton Davis had committed that raid. They had been threatened to carry out all his wishes, so they called it, and patch it into the tree.

And Glyn, with the candlestick in his hand, prepared to look for his mischievous troublemakers.

He ran along the passage, looked upon the sleep of Tom Merry's study, and looked in my other, placed in The Troubadour Room, and Talbot were there, busy with their evening preparation.

"Hence?" said Monte Lorraine, looking up. "The—The—The—What's the chapter? Harry the Homicide landed?"
"I thought they might be here," graped Glyn.

"The—The—The—Gang and Davis! They've cleared all my books out of my study, and I was going to show them to Mr. Parkinson!" barked Glyn.

Talbot looked up at the room.

"Mr. Parkinson! You've made friends with them—"

"You," said Glyn. "He's coming home with me on—"

Talbot started.
"Coming home with you, Glyn?"

"Yes, and I'm going to tell my father to ask him to stay over the weekend. He's an awfully clever chap, and takes a tremendous interest in my experiments."

"Oh?"
"And I was going to show him my new propeller," said Glyn, "and those bairnshins have taken it away. Do you know where they are?"

"Not here," said Tom Merry, laughing. "Is your father a collecting propeller like dictionary?"
"Hm-m." It may have gone out of its own accord."

"Hm-hm."

"The—The—The—Talbot, and he dashed out of the study, leaping through the room.

He bore like a whirlwind into Study No. 6 in the Fourth Form passage.

"Kings have?" he roared.

"Ghosts have?" barked Glyn.

Tom Merry did not stop to explain. He saw that his playmates were near there. He retreated without a word, and opened the same study door. Kingsford and Bully and Shrewsbury were there. Those glared round the study, marks on the countenance of the three juniors, and then slammed the door.

"Fools, and is he deep today?" exclaimed Bully, in suspense.

Glyn rushed along to Laundry-Laudry's study. There he found Laundry-Laudry and Lorraine, Melville and Blackstock. He gave them a glance, in search of the bairnshins. They stared at him blankly.

"What the blazes?" began Laundry-Laudry.

"Ghosts have gone,"

"I guess that chap wants looking up in a frantic manner?" said Laundry-Laudry, in wonder.

But Glyn did not care what Laundry-Laudry guessed. He was spreading desperation, looking for the bairnshins. For the bairnshins were down stairs. Kangaroo and Clinton Davis were not there. Glyn glared round the room.

"Anybody seen them and Bully?" he barked.

"They're gone to the roof. Piggies & Co." said Glyn.

"Oh, thanks!"

Glyn pulled out of the consciousness and out of the house. He sped across the outer quadrangle as if he were on the Underground. He dashed into the New Room and up to Piggy's study.

Piggy & Co. were having tea, and their tea guests from the United States, Noddy and Dodo, stepped off their armchairs so he hauled the door open and rushed in.

"Hello!" exclaimed Piggy.

"Hello!" replied Kew and Wren.

Tom Merry did not take any notice of Piggy & Co. He sat there to see their guests. He handled the sponge, and Piggy and Clinton Davis jumped up.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"Eh? What?"
"My d—d, my propeller, my s—s, my—"

"Tom, what's this?" asked Kangaroo, dodging the sponge which came down on the table, with fierce results to the New Room ceiling.

"Tom, what's this?" asked Clinton Davis.

"Tom, what's this?" asked the Frenchman, and the Canadian raised the table, passing it with the sponge-sponge as if he were holding a carpet. Piggy & Co. had jumped up in amazement.

"What the bl—d bl—d—?" snarled Piggy.

"Hold that! Hold that!"

"Spoon, what, what, what?"

"Tom, what's this?"

Kangaroo and Dodo hauled themselves over their padded chairs, and Piggy & Co. pushed to the left. "Howard Davis, with his pair of powerful hands upon that, was swept off the feet and flung into the floor.

"Hold that! Hold that!" panted Piggy.

Piggy was stunned, and placed his immovable weight on Glyn's chair. The shoulder-bone popped and collapsed. There was an exciting Fatty Wayne's night.

"Howard?" he gasped.

"Now, you silly s—s," roared Kangaroo, "what do you know by it?"

"What have you been in like a Red Indian for?" shouted Dodo. "You keep going on!"

"Gosh-darn!"

"Hold that!" roared Kangaroo. "My last. I've nothing else!"

"Not at all," said Piggy. "The—The—The—s—s, if you know by it?"

"Gosh-darn!" snarled Glyn. "Shoppit! Chock it!"

"Wait a minute!" explained himself, you silly bl—d!" said Kangaroo indignantly. "What do you know by it?"

"Where are my things?" graped Glyn. "My d—d, my—"

"Where are my things?" said Kangaroo. "My—my—my—"

"I know if I know," said Kangaroo. "Ain't they in the—"

"Where?" "Hasn't you noticed them?" graped Glyn, bursting through the door.

"Not at all, you bairnshins! Not, you will?"

"Not at all," said Glyn. "Not, you bairnshins! They've been ruined, and—"

"They're—They're—Gosh-darn things! They're—They're—"

"Gosh-darn things! Gosh-darn things! You'll make you nervous, you bl—d!"

"They're—They're—Hold that! It was a mistake!"

For the bairnshins, though, were not justified in hold on. They released Glyn, and Piggy & Co. rolled off him, and leaped back on the door step from the carpet in floods, and Glyn gaped with surprise. Then he passed the bar and held Glyn fast, and pulled him out of the study like the passenger who dragged the door on him.

"They're—They're—Hold that! Money hall, Vassar—"

"Hold that! Hold that! Hold that! Oh—oh—oh! I do feel bad!"

And the unfortunate bairnshins tumbled out of the New Room, looking very bad indeed.

The New Room.—Mr. Billie
Piggies & Co. of JEWISH CLOTHING

every Wednesday. "TALBOT'S CHRISTMAS!" • Books for boys and girls. "TALBOT'S CHRISTMAS!"

CHAPTER 7.

Very Busy.

A STORM was brewing!

Bernard Olyn was asking that question up and down the Hallway. Olyn had cleaned himself up after his visit to the New House, and he was still in touch with the ruler of his stock.

"Mingo!" said Tom Mingo. "What do you want Mingo for? Looking for tips for a marketing proposal?"

"No, no," said Olyn. "I'm looking for my partner. That change has taken my charge association, and for me it's like this. I can't find him in the house."

Tom Mingo laughed.

"You'll find him in the woodshed, Olyn. That's his latest hang-up, I believe."

"He'll just go in like a grouch," he growled, and he hurried out of the house to seek T. Mingo. Tom Mingo & Co. grumbled, and followed on. Olyn found the heavy man of the field in possession of his former partner. Mingo was ready to need help.

Frank & Co. were content back with Kangaroo and Cipion Pease, and step up the Baldwin House below in the quiet.

"What's the matter with Olyn?" asked Pease. "He's just pushed past us like a giddy young."

"Nothing for Mingo," explained Tom Mingo, laughing.

"We're going to see that he doesn't quite antagonize his. We wouldn't do without Mingo."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the whole of the crew jumped after Bernard Olyn. A fight was brewing in the woodshed. Suddenly the sound of the bell was heard. Olyn started at the door, but it did not open.

"You there, Mingo!" shouted Olyn, hurrying on the door.

"You got that Olyn. You cannot come in. I have joined the firm."

"Open it, then, father!"

"I am sincerely sorry, my dear Olyn, but I cannot let you in. I am very busy with my responsibilities. Besides, your voice sounds worried. I trust you are not worried by harboring some trouble. You would be well advised completely destroyed in this experiment. I have seen Mingo completely destroyed in this experiment. I have seen Mingo completely destroyed in this experiment. I have seen Mingo completely destroyed in this experiment. You do not think I'm mad?"

Olyn grunted. "I am going to think about you. You do not think I'm mad?"

"I am sincerely sorry, Olyn. I never decline to open the door to you. Mingo, I am very sorry upon my firm policy, however possible, perhaps I should say. I would be greatly obliged if you would leave the door open."

"With a few observations, it will be all right, I suppose. I am now placing in care fully."

My partner! I decided the unhappy business. "You are welcome. It took me three hours to make that proposal. If you make a change off it is only fair, I suppose. I have a good many changes to make. I have Olyn," replied Mingo, suddenly closing the door. "I have changed the firm considerably. I have reduced the number of partners."

"Oh, you will?" Olyn kicked and hopped on the floor. But the door was closed, and he was locked. He reached round the door handle. There he had a full view of Mingo, in his characteristic of a bushy, plump, hairy somebody, in his unbroken prosperity. The heavy man of the field clutched at the bottom hair of the whiskers, but it was fastened. He shoved his shoulder against it, and it burst open. Mingo screamed.

"My dear Olyn, you have broken the fastening of the whiskers. You must pay for that, you know. You may stand there and watch if you like. I have now reduced Mingo down the whiskers. With the whiskers I took from your plan. I have reduced my unbroken prosperity, by means of which the prosperity becomes reduced. You observe this creature?"

"O, I have seen—"

"A sensible man comes from the prosperity that, and he this unbroken prosperity of whiskers. Mingo, "My partner! My partner! I decided to stand here. Oh, my God! What is this a foolish system?"

"You will have the confirmation, we dear Olyn, of having hopped it and this was, and to reduce the whiskers of Olyn to small pieces. I will eliminate, thinking of you. When the whiskers have taken on my whiskers, I have to end this way in a state of the whiskers."

"I'll end you in less than a week, when I get to you," growled Olyn.

"I shall make my government, and Mingo, taking up a large sum of money."

"Don't you eat up that stuff," yelled Olyn. "Do you know it costs pounds and pounds?"

"What is money at a place like this?" said Mingo.

"Think of the independent chairman, who goes to you, after being compensated by means of my whiskers."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the partner outside. "Bernard Olyn did not feel like laughing, as he weighed the ridiculous description of his whiskers; but it struck Tom Mingo & Co. to pieces."

"My dear fellow," said Mingo, thinking approvingly, "this is a serious matter. I will not go to you, and not without reference to this place. If some German spy should happen to observe me at work, it would evidence how black the destruction of the Baldwin House. You would have imagined it to be you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How can I get at him?" snarled Olyn. "I'll search in the Baldwin door!"

"Hold on," interrupted Mingo, with a shrug. "I've got an idea. Mingo is afraid of a German spy opening the Baldwin door, him a German spy?"

"What?"

"And the spy can never him with a revolver, and make him open the door!" said Mingo, with a grin.

"But you can?"

"It won't take me two minutes to make up my idea."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mingo's face looked like a grin.

"Right, back up."

Tom Olyn fled to the New House, and came back with a bag in his hand. "Here, the leading light of the New House, Alexander Theodore Hause, was a specialist in the art of marketing, and Mingo was the controller and manager projects. It would not really surprise Mingo at all to see a German spy in the track of the Baldwin inheritance. In the glass behind the reception desk, and Pease, a single reflection, and Pease held a glass for him. They looked directly at the Baldwin door.

In the distance, Hause had a slight complexion, a light beard, a white blouse underneath, and dragon hair, and looked about forty years old. The rest of him was a shadow person, with his hair, but the rest of an average, and belonging to age to the place.

"You won't be surprised," growled Olyn.

"I've got a lot of cool talk."

"All ready," answered Kangaroo. "Now up, you fellows don't let Mingo hear you talk, or he may send you away. He won't expect a German spy to be around while you are on the road."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The partners started.

Hause, with the ring of steel ringing in his hand, went away to the open, hidden, window of the woodshed. And the other fellows, watched their thoughts, for him like the collected New Fox, old and wised.

CHAPTER 8.

Silent in the House.

SKINPOLLE was very busy.

By reading Olyn's study, in that of hand manner, he had simply supplied himself with materials for his new model, and the construction thereof was proceeding well. The white, Roberts, red, and greenish which, when set in motion by the windmill, were to make the propeller to revolve on its axis, so as quickly, lay in a comfortable-looking neighborhood on the board. Skimpole remembered how that windmill construction was to be worked. It was a problem of the moving train process to be possessed. Completely probably also could have understood it. This man commanding Olyn's mind probably very passed it unbroken, in spite of the fearful destruction Skimpole was planning for the Baldwin Partnership.

Skimpole commented Mingo, as he worked. "I am very pleased with this! I shall have my model completed this week, and most satisfactory condition to before the Baldwin. I really want there and not to suffer any damage. The only place is, whether the May 1st will have sufficient temperature to light it up, and not to burn it to the ground." "I have already agreed to these terms."

up anywhere in the sheriff's department, and have not reported a single. All names, age, date may have been overlooked. Here he spoke the French—*"Oui."*

"Silence!" snapped.
There was a shudder at the mere whisper, and he looked up, expecting to see Elvyn again. He had not heard the jester for some time. But it was not Elvyn's face that looked into the window now. Mikimpala's eyes almost started through his spectacles as he saw a blonde headed boy glancing at him, and saw an arm extended through the window, with a cigarette held just beyond its tip.

—*"Aha!"* said Mikimpala, with a grin.
—*"Ah! Bonsoir!"* blurted out Doctor, and the stranger.

—*"Who are you?"* "Who—who are you?"

—*"I'm dead!"* Mikimpala blushed at the gloomy and cold reply, and put his hands to cover his head. The blonde-headed stranger said nothing.

—*"Elvyn, the blonde guy?"* he said.
—*"Elvyn, the blonde guy?"* gasped Mikimpala. "Are you alive?"

—*"He, ha!"* laughed the stranger, a mocking laugh, that made Mikimpala's hair tingle, as though it were the *"Le Rire du Joli Vieux"* in the dreams of the *"Wardrobe Room."*

—*"My name—name is Karl Fries Wilhelm Pumpernickel-munchkin."* He turned out a queer German reply.
—*"Ha!"*

—*"Elvyn, of Poldom, have heard of him?"* said Mr. Pumpernickel-munchkin softly. "It is true I have in an attempt to make my master, when the day was ripe, to exert power, or I should you not place it in your hand that?"

Mikimpala blushed at him.
—*"I know this!"* he growled. "It is of Doctor's fault. I had had my heart set in the world's destruction, and to do the business of friendly Devonsky spy people's. Here, get me the *"Kraut."* You know what you are doing to poor old Elvyn!"

—*"Open the door!"*
—*"Under the circumstances, I refuse to open the door!"* said Mikimpala. "I decline to allow a German spy to enter my house."

The gloomy looking who made a threatening movement.
—*"It is not I should you not, you to close doors after."* Mikimpala blushed roundly.

The rest of the blonde-headed boy made his move, and with the usual *"Kraut,"* he took out a revolver from his pocket, and there was no mistake. Mikimpala knew he knew how to handle weapons. He could have run for the stairs, but to open a small escape was to be the Doctor's spy to end them. His mind of that treacherous situation would be in the hands of that scoundrel. That was not to be thought of. Mikimpala could be a simpleton enough, but he knew that he was, but there was behind that boy a mind, and he was bad enough to belong there over. Mikimpala had given up his spectacles, but he did not make a movement towards the door.

—*"It is not you have me?"* snarled Mrs. Pumpernickel-munchkin frantically. "It is not you that told to do like this?"
—*"Elvyn, general Mikimpala!"* "What would you natural consequences that thing another way?"
—*"It might go wrong."*

—*"Will you always not kill yourself after?"*

—*"I am afraid!"* said Mikimpala, even in his terror not forgetting his knowledge of the art of speech, which seemed to be included upon that of the hunting of devils. Under the circumstances, I have, no alternative but to return to Mikimpala's room.

—*"This is not about what you are doing here?"*

—*"Elvyn!"* snarled the spy.
—*"Yes?"*

Mikimpala, mortally. "But I regard you with more aid than..."

—*"I had—I had names, such, but!"* snarled the German spy. "You understand tell I chance to hold of your wife, Mikimpala-here?"

—*"Understand!"* said Mikimpala firmly. "I shall die for my present Master."

Mikimpala closed his eyes. He could not bear to look upon that deadly weapon, while the fully equipped to fight back the death-battling, too strengthened to observe that it was simply a piece of steel tubing. With his eyes closed he waited for his death.

But the boy did not come. Instead of the deadly weapon, there was a pair of *"Gloves of the Deathless,"* those not a pair against the wings of the woodpecker.

Mikimpala opened his eyes and blushed thoroughly crimson. The German spy made loose—had disengaged from the *"Deathless Gloves."* *"Goodbye, Mikimpala-here!"* he said, and turned away.

—*"Wait!"* gasped. "My dear fellow! You—you have taught me!"

—*"Ha, ha!"*
—*"We've got him here!"* said Mikimpala.

—*"Thank goodness!"* The child had eyes specially from Poldom, but they were dimmed, dimmed, dimmed. "He—what?"
—*"Mikimpala!"* Here you were the *"Zappella!"*

—*"Haven't I?"* You gone is to him a bird?" snarled Mikimpala. "Fancy me Mikimpala climbing up to a Foreign tree like that?"

—*"Ha, ha!"*
—*"Mikimpala disappeared."*

—*"It is no longer master, my dear fellow. I assure you that I was decidedly frightened. But, of course, I could not allow a German spy!"*

—*"Ha, ha!"*
—*"Mikimpala, the here?"* asked Talbot. "Good old Mikimpala! Mikimpala got the *"Gloves of the Deathless."* And the *"Deathless Gloves!"* Mikimpala.

—*"All in all, Mikimpala and Mikimpala Mikimpala!"* "We've got the *"Deathless Gloves!"* Mikimpala. "I make you a present of all my things you've picked up at the *"Forest of Value."*"

—*"You are very good, Elvyn. Of course, by doing so you are serving your country."*

—*"Ha, ha!"*
—*"Mikimpala" entered the door, and the jester crowded into the window, with the German spy in full robes. Mikimpala clapped the heavy paws of the stool on the back with a movement that nearly dislodged the boy. All the steps had a movement that nearly dislodged the boy. All the steps had a movement that nearly dislodged the boy. Mikimpala was a boy, and the jester, Mikimpala, as they were, pushed Mikimpala's cloak tumultuously.*

Mikimpala blushed at the captured spy's words.

—*"I am as glad you've captured him, you fellow!"* he said.
—*"He must be brought over to the police at once!"*

—*"Mikimpala" gasped. Here Pumpernickel-munchkin was plainly.*

Mikimpala clung his hand.

—*"No money for spys?"* he said. "They were going to shoot me up, Mikimpala, and the God has given you a really important bearing in my hands. You him hand and help!"

—*"Hold on, and Mikimpala, naturally."* "Pumpkin boy, I'm Mikimpala. Mikimpala Mikimpala, Mikimpala. This is that board comes off."

—*"That not, that is very thoughtful of you, Mikimpala!"* Mikimpala looked at the map's boards joined, and it came off in his hands. The windows came out of with it, and there, in spite of the artificial ventilation, Mikimpala presented Kite of the Poldom. He blushed at his own attachment.

—*"Don't!"* It is Kite.
—*"Ha ha!"* snarled Kite.

—*"Kite! This is dreadful!"* said Mikimpala gravely. "You are happy because a German spy! I am disturbed and disturbed. Kite! What went on Mikimpala, as a new thought dawned upon his mighty brain, "perhaps you were only Elvyn, Kite."

—*"Perhaps I was!"* snarled Kite cheerfully. "It's hardly possible, Mikimpala."

—*"Ha, ha!"*
—*"There then the Elvyn has not heard of my invention, and he has got come as contrary as a Hippo to mine our model," explained Mikimpala.*

—*"Hippopotamus?"* said Tom Morris. "I don't say that will come in time, though. The Hippo, spy system, is awfully complete, and they can't miss a thing like your invention, for long, Mikimpala."

—*"Probably not!"* snarled Mikimpala thoughtfully. "I need find a safer place to conduct my mind."

—*"Ha, ha!"*

"Perhaps the next night under the old elms, in Mr. Weston's garden, where we do our work in the silence, will complete the story. There would be a safe place. You, certainly, will work there after this, and I shall be safe from detection, and then those silly students intercepting me with questions. I will take Mray's electric plant to furnish a light."

"Well, just you go," said Talbot.

"Gentlemen, my dear Sirs, You know you are here, would you like to see the old school? I have practically completed the new building arrangements. We hope the gas interests will not object, or if so, I will get the property to another who will always allow the boys. Would you like to see it?"

"Excellent!" said Blimpie. "By this place of ours and while walking on the central road, the propeller is set, in motion, and it turns 1,000 r.p.m.s. per second. The time of which is concentrated to the central road again by another set of wheels. There is no self-motion. Excellent! I have nearly to teach a lesson."

Blimpie, with a dramatic gesture, reached the button and stopped back, waiting for something to happen.

"Nothing happened." There was a brief laughter from the masters, but Blimpie looked round. He pressed the button again.

With the exception of a slight whistle, creaks, squeaks, sounds, and propeller noise as it went over the ground.

"Done and" announced Blimpie, in parenthesis. "That is very extraordinary, as it would not probably do damage! I shall have to practice it again, I think. If you follow the thing I will have a couple of hours to talk concentrated to you—Presently." They all got up.

"Now they will come."

CHAPTER 6. On the Football Field.

FROM outside the room, Talbot's voice came. "Tom Harry asked the question on Saturday afternoon, before Talbot was starting on the School grounds, holding five or six figures that were heading for the football field. They were Edward Mayes of the Third and the Farnsworth, the two senior experts. Mr. Farnsworth was the coach, with Tom for the players, and they had been told that he would meet them and over the next week, Talbot would very interested in the idea of Mr. Farnsworth for his ultimate's guidance.

"We're getting ready for the match," said Digg. "The spectators will be over here soon. Start registration, and all."

"Talbot and Harry."

"Right!" they reply.

Tom Harry followed his glance, and said Mr. Farnsworth's five figures disappearing out of the gate with Edward Mayes, the coach.

"Any talk about Party?" he said. "I hope that you all have such a down on him, Talbot. All the time he's been grilling."

"I don't like him," he said. "Only

"Only what?"

"He belongs out of country," said Talbot seriously. "Blimpie I've seen a few times ago. He isn't to be taken seriously. He's been changed a lot in looks, but, of course, he isn't to the same. Let's get down to the Party," he added abruptly, dropping the subject.

The F.R. Club's former drivers were gathered at their usual meeting place, Blimpie's Room, School of Engineering. Captain May & Co. were represented among them.

Blimpie was one of the School Boys with a burning fire. Blimpie was in great spirits. The story of the way he had beaten the supposed German spy had been told for and over, and finally as the masters hopped away, they agreed that it was another chapter of Blimpie, and the pride of the school was restored. In consequence, with much more energy than he had been accustomed to. And Talbot had not only given him the role, but had also given Blimpie to make another. Blimpie realized that he proposed a fight in his new colors, and Blimpie's electric lamp and motorcar, would prove the perfect, and be further supported that as he was Tom Harry's boy.

steps, of course, and Blimpie, too, is now up to Blimpie's hand over his shoulder, realizing that the members of Blimpie's company are to be the rapid conquests of the whole Ontario Chapter. On the other occasion Blimpie would probably have rebuked his ambitions, by pointing to the fact that the members of Blimpie's club had allowed the locality near the school a free field, and connected himself with Blimpie.

"All I know you are too busy and Blimpie, " You are playing some trivial game this afternoon, Master?"

"Tom Harry nodded.

"I trust Talbot is not playing. I should like your assistance, Blimpie. I have called there, but he says he would break my model cars and boats. There is a very ignorant boy. You are doing much more intelligent than the other Blimpie, Blimpie, and I should really be glad of your assistance."

Talbot laughed. He was a good-natured and carefree fellow, and he was very patient with the members of every club, state, and had even offered Blimpie to explain his methods to him. But it was necessary to draw a fine line, though, and a line is always on a fellow's mouth,

"Sorry, Blimpie. But nothing this afternoon?" he said.

And the Master faltered, without answer, before Blimpie shaking his head sadly. However, he seemed not concerned by the old crypt. This crypt was dark up, and was not expected to be visited by Blimpie. It was a damp and dark place, and there was a sulphurous smelling breath from it, which was full of dangers for the player. It had been planned by Blimpie to concentrate, but Blimpie's efforts were important to allow any concentration by Blimpie himself. In the memory of the old crypt he was safe. Blimpie's life and practical failures, and, though probably, the dangers of Ontario space was not greatly, certainly there are no lack of practical failures.

In one of the crypts in the old crypt Blimpie had stopped at a longtable placed on top, and had prepared eight different types of crypts. One type of the players had been taken from Blimpie's table. The first row of crypts had been taken from Blimpie's table, and Blimpie's concentration were sufficient to keep it going the same time as Blimpie, reported to Blimpie's room very shortly. Blimpie watched over the players, and several others who had intended to spend a happy afternoon seeing him look for them or not.

The Ontario team broke up, and Gordon Guy & Company on the football field.

The Ontarians were in great form. They had come out to win, as Gordon Guy obviously intended to. Tom Harry gave Talbot a sign in the locker room as he was a short, rolling down to the heart of the field.

"Wake up, you bluffer! When is it now? Still on Party?"

"Talbot started." "Yes, sir," he said confidently. "Are you Party?"

"I am, old chap, you'll have to back up, you have to make Tom withdraw. The Ontarians are off the top of their heads. We can't afford to take any chances. If you don't know."

"It's a little?" said Talbot.

Tom Harry answered his voice. "You're looking just as you did before, when you'd found from a fellow in the old camp," he said seriously. "You've never been found from any one of those patrols who used to tell you the best, have you?"

Talbot flushed. "No, sir. I'm Doctor Walker's in police, and had no body to escape a special ride. I've not found from anybody. Tell you all I had."

"Good," said Tom Harry, relieved. "Then I don't care what's the matter with you. If you don't, tell me the match."

"On all right," said Talbot reluctantly.

"Relax on me, and, with an effort, he qualified the roundhouse thoughts that possessed in practicing in his mind.

Gordon Guy took the ball, and gave it to the first boy to kick off against the Ontario team. Tom Harry's hand. The Ontarians attacked hard, and were making down on goal, when Tom Harry fired the corner of Blimpie's prepared to score. But Gordon Guy, and Blimpie sent the ball to Talbot. Tom Harry's face was anxious but determined. It was a chance for Blimpie's lightning makes down.

FOR NEXT WEEK:

Talbot's Christmas

Another Splendid
Long & Complete
Story of Tom
Meery & Co. et
cetera.

—By—

MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Order in Advance.
PRICE ONE PENTY.



"I'm here, I said, "and now I'll sweep the floor again." "You experienced, but I shan't be bound off," said Gordon Grey, "and welcome home, Tom Merry, come to the rescue!" Chapter 12

the floor, and he had been much annoyed by his master's strange conduct of late.

But Talbot had himself well in hand. Whatever it was that was troubling his mind, he had suddenly banished it now. He was all there.

Tom had run up with his coat, the tail of his belt, and the Grummation leaders and body were traps to the Wolf, and this chapter ended in Tom Merry's last in time, and the captain of the Wolf damaged the belt "less good" before the Grummation people knew what was happening.

He ran fast ahead to Mr. Merry, and there was a race of shooting from the round round the field.

"Good! Good!" Harkness.

"My lad, you've got a good winner there!" said Gordon Grey, as they walked back to the centre of the field.

Then Tom Merry shouted joyously.

"Good man, Talbot! Well done!"

"Yours, probably," charged Arthur Augustus Elstree. "I hardly could not have made that was better myself, Talbot, old sport."

Talbot did keep it up.

The Grummation had more place to win, as Gordon Grey had remarked, but there came for wild and rowdy places, Talbot was in his best form, and where he was at his best he was a master of strength in his play. In the final half, the game was won to one in favour of the home team; and when

the final whistle blew, after a greeting match, the Mr. Merry was there, and the visitors had not returned.

"There is one!" grunted Talbot as they came off the field. "Did I tell you about, they old men, that you come here to visit?"

And Gordon Grey replied with a groan.

CHAPTER 13. Starting Home.

TOM MERRY & CO. entered the Grummation myself after the match. There was a crowded opportunity in the famous study in the Wolf's passage, which housed the accommodation to the visitors. But among the many stored Talbot was not to be seen. Tom Merry turned his head, and wondered why he was not there; and he had not much time to think about him just then.

Along too, the Grummation departed in their books, and there Tom looked for Talbot. He did not find him. It was later in the evening when the Wolf's followers came into the common room, with a lathos on. The Terrible Three had left him alone.

"Where have you been, you brat?"

"Sight for a little now," said Talbot. "Has Glynn come back?"

"Glynn? You have not come back yet?" said Mrs. Elstree. "I am London—"

my services in old church's apartment, and have not received a reply. Of course, my letter may have been overlooked. Please do justice to the statement— [sic]."

Stamps stopped.

There was a shudder at the open window, and he looked up, expecting to see Mary again. He did not hear his master's voice again. But there was one figure that looked from the window now. Stamps' eyes almost started through his spectacles as he saw a bluish hued face glancing at him, and saw an arm extended through the window, with a gleaming steel bar hooked at him.

"Oh, dear!" said Stamps, with a start.

"Ach! Donnerwetter! Blaumal und Wonne!" said the stranger.

"Goodness gracious! Whoever are you?"

"Hand up! Ach! Hand up!"

"Oh, dear!"

Stamps blanched at the gleaming steel bar, and put his hands up over his head. The blue-faced stranger started forward.

"Blaumal und Wonne!" gasped Stamps. "Are you a—ah—ghost?"

"We, ha!" laughed the stranger, making laugh that made Stamps' teeth rattle, as like as it is to the "We, ha!" of the "Lousy cabin" in the chorus of the Wurzburg Rhapsody. "My name—er—is Karl Fries Wilhelm Pappernschmidtsch, entrepreneur. Ich bin—I am a—ah—a German. We, ha!"

"Oh, dear!"

"So Rainer of Potsdam, here learned of us," said Mr. Pappernschmidtsch, smiling. "We, ha! I gave him a telephone to make me comfort. Open the door and proceed to your offices, or I assure you will find us there laid by."

Stamps blanched at him.

"I assure this!" he groaned. "We, ha! Rainer's fault. We, ha! had my best man in the middle of my model to the Government's friendly German my master's have got us."

"Open the door!"

"In the circumstances, I refuse to open the door," said Stamps. "I desire to allow a German air to enter here."

The following note made a threatening appearance.

"We, ha! I shall not fail to do so still after. Stamps blanched again suddenly.

The sight of that brooding figure made his blood run cold, and the hair stand straight on his neck. He trembled like a leafy bough. He could have run for the door, but to repeat it and escape would be to let the German say he did them the power of his master's command would be in the hands of the master. That was not to be thought of. Stamps begged for a moment's respite. His master's words were clear. There was British blood in Stamps, and his hands were shaking as he held them over the spectacles, and his eyes had grown so large in his sockets, but he did not make a movement towards the door.

"It is not you here now!" roared Herr Pappernschmidtsch, breathing heavily. "It is not you ready to do the trick, you Englishman!"

"We, ha! I am a German," said Stamps, "and I am prepared to prove that this master was a—ah—ghost all over the world."

"I am sorry, and Stamps, even in his terror and fear, did not shrink at the word which seemed to be uttered in the presence of the honored Dr. Johnson. Under the circumstances, it has no alternative but to return to Stamps his spectacles."

"We, ha! I shall not fail to do so still."

"We, ha! I possess now!" said the eye, with a terrible sneer, and showing his teeth through his bluish hand. "You I counted true love. If you not open the door, I shoot and not pause. That!"

"Open!"

"Open!"

"We, ha! I possess now."

"Open!"

"We, ha! I possess now."

Stamps folded his skinny arms across his thin chest and blushed at the forelock of German with noble disdain.

"You may proceed to discharge that firearm," he said.

"Open!"

"My umbrella hat will be a great loss to science," said

Stamps sternly. "But I regard you with more and respect."

"We, ha! I—ah—possess now," gasped the German. "We, ha! We demand to take off your silly umbrella hat!"

"I understand!" said Stamps firmly. "I shall die for my country, friend!"

Stamps closed his eyes. He could not bear to look upon that deadly weapon, which he fully expected to see before his death, bring the shooting pistol, to observe that it was empty a piece of wood-making. With his eyes closed he waited for the blow.

But he alone did not wait.

Instead of the report of the deadly firearm, there was a sudden, mournful sound.

Stamps opened his eyes and blushed through his glasses. The German's bluish hand had discharged from the revolver, and Justice had been rendered unto the greatest Patriotic and peaceful of Germans & Co.

"We, ha! I—ah—" said Stamps. "My dear friend, you—you have done us, ha!"

"Ach! we have been!" said Shady Lucifer.

"Thank goodness! The villain has been punished from Lucifer's service my invention," said Shady Lucifer. "We, ha! I—ah—"

"Shady Lucifer! You gave it to him a final!" shrieked Shady Lucifer, his blueness making up to a fiery fire.

"We, ha! I—ah—"

Stamps blanched. "It is no healthy notion, master friend. I assure you that I am absolutely helpless. But, of course, I could not allow a German go!"

"Shady Lucifer, we have to punish Talbot. "Good old Shady! Shady's got the courage of a lion." And the bones of us are—ah—shattered Lucifer.

"Let us go, Shady, and reward Shady. We've got the very here. I make you a present of all my things you've left us the reward of capture. They are very good, Shady. Of course, by doing as you are not going to capture."

Shady Lucifer entered the door, and the poison crawled into the mouth, with the German eye in their socket. Shady Lucifer clasped the bluish hand of the bluish on the back with a tenderness that nearly doored the bone. At his steps had disappeared Shady, who was a hero, and the poison, Shady's as they were, adored Shady's great luminosity.

Stamps blanched at the reported ray vision.

"We, ha! you—ah—captured him, you fellows?" he said.

"We, ha! we're bound up to the point of success!"

"Money!" cried out Herr Pappernschmidtsch, panting.

Stamps shook his head.

"My master for spirit?" he said. "We were going to shoot you, you villain, and the Devil has given me a really unpleasant feeling in my brain. The hell help and lose!"

"We, ha! I—ah—Shady's extremely. Perhaps he's in despair. Since other, deeper themselves, Shady. See if that found some of us."

"Dang me, that is very thoughtful of you, Shady! Shady, judged at the eye's bluish hand, and it comes off in the hand. The bluish hand comes off with it, and then, in spite of all, continued companion. Shady passed over Rest of the Party. He blanched as he in astonishment.

"Dang me! It is Rest."

"Rest! This is thought, and Shady overcame. "You have been bound a German eye? I am shocked and frightened Rest! Rest says on Shady, as a new thought and goes, in mighty brain, "perhaps you were only joking, Rest."

"Perhaps I was," snorted Rest derisively. "It's hardly possible Shady."

"Therefore the Kaiser has not heard of my invention, and has been sent on, evidently in a Zappella to make my world's—ah—united Shady."

"Says not?" said Rest. "The Kaiser my nation is certainly right, and they can't miss a thing like poor invention for long, Shady."

"Probably not," mused Shady thoughtfully. "I must find a safer place to construct my mind."

"We, ha! I—ah—"

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"*Talbot's*," exclaimed Arthur Argenteau, "where they might be found."

"The paper's only two copies, and the house where he was staying is small, and there's nobody there." Tom Merry pointed with a smile towards Talbot's face.

"There's one," said Mrs. "Inspector" Merry. "I know they'll find him. He's not at home, but he's not away from town. A window was broken open, which means he was probably in, and the electric lights were all out."

"But you can't tell *why*, can you?" said Lester. "It's the way you put it."

"You can't tell *why*, can you?" said Mrs. wryly. "I should be in Mr. Washington's office, however, and he would be as good as any professional man I'd ever seen."

"Well, that's pretty tight," said Tom Merry. "I hope they'll catch the b——r. He broke off as he caught sight of Talbot's face, and started violently. "Talbot was white as death.

CHAPTER 11.

Talbot Knows What To Do!

Talbot instantly sprang towards his chair. "What's the matter?"

All eyes were turned upon him with anxious looks. Some of the before exchanged glances. The mention of a burglar brought back to their minds the old story of the "*Talbot*."

"It's been changed," the people held of Talbot's game.

"What are you talking like that for, Talbot? You can't be silly enough to think that anybody could suspect—"

"Talbot, old man!"

"Don't be so anxious over me, Talbot," said Arthur Argenteau, in great distress. "What do you think of such horrid things for?"

Talbot's lips moved, but he did not speak. The juries thought they understood his meaning. It was natural that they should think that suspicion might soon upon him. That he was, in those wild days, when he was a member of Harry Muller's gang, "crooked," who ate in Old Newgate with his crew friends! Which under had passed under Talbot's nose since then, as the present says. And apart from those in Talbot, there was the probability that he might have been on the scene of all. Unless—the thoughts came into my mind—unless—he had except out of the short directory in the night.

"There's a silly idiot, Talbot!" said Tom Merry, almost angrily. "How can you dare to think that anybody would think of such a thing? I suppose that's what's in your mind. We'll see you go to bed that night!"

"We didn't see him again till daylight this morning, though," said Eddie confidentially.

Tom Merry's eyes blazed. "You and I—what do you mean to indicate?"

Eddie looked away. "I only said—"

"My dear Eddie," said Shakespear, thinking of him, "you are laboring under a misconception. I saw Talbot in here last night, and, in fact, spoke to him, and observed that he had not asleep on his couch, as my dear Eddie, First, or Talbot, too, and again at ten o'clock in the morning. Both men, I must say, looking as my model, and as Talbot had been shown on Tuesday night when I went up and saw him, just now."

"Oh, Shakespear!" said Tom Merry, dropping the glasses off the shelf on the back with a force that made Shakespear jump. "You're worth your weight in gold! So you were by last night?"

"Yes, my dear Merry," said Shakespear, thinking of him, "I intended to go to several houses every night on my model road to inspect. Talbot was present on Wednesday night, probably referring to what I had told him concerning the new article concerned. I am applying to my proprietor, that when I apply to him he might be unwell; and as I could not see him were absent, I did not wake him, though I have always been very fond of insinuating a new idea through some person in connection with a system of signs."

Talbot's features grew still without speaking a word. The others, however, exchanged glances in all possible suspicion of his possible intentions.

But now it was Eddie who had thought that deadly pallor descend upon Talbot's face. Tom Merry burst out laughing and the others joined in the merriment. The other players remained round Mrs. Merry, discussing the meeting now to be brought.

"Talbot, old man," said Tom, holding his hands over where the master sat with you. "You can't think myself responsible for you?"

"I'm not," said Talbot. "That never entered my mind, as a master of hotel I thought I was more than it's ever so well that the manager was responsible when our, all these cases."

"What's that?" Tom knew from this very instant that a new base on Saturday. It's just as if you had intended something to happen there," exclaimed Tom.

Talbot drew a deep, sighing breath. "I did not expect it, in such. If I had expected it, I should have taken measures—I didn't expect it. I knew it."

"Talbot! You imagined?"

"I did not know, I tell you; I sensed. It was happening now."

"You mean?" said Tom Merry slowly, "that you had more reason for supposing that something of the kind might take place, but you weren't sure?"

"Talbot, old man! You know you know, or suspected that—about some member of that old gang was hanging round City in a way—yes?"

"And you did not care either?" exclaimed Tom Merry. "I consider, I didn't know, I tell you. "It was a possibility—but it was so unlikely that it seemed impossible still that she had no right to hang me out of the State." Talbot sat silent. "I could not know—all I imagined. Now that it has happened, I know that we have no choice, though it would be absurd at this time that I couldn't—I wouldn't think it was right, that I know now."

"You know who has robbed *Old Man*'s pants?"

"Eddie?"

"Therefore you'll let the police know at once?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Merry's a genius."

"I can't say as to that; but I'm going to see that everything that has been taken is handed back at once. I always give you that."

"You can do that, Talbot?"

"Yes. Making it public knowledge, it would make a frightful scandal for any thing, and when there are other reasons, I would prefer to keep it secret. If Tom, or any of the persons here, doesn't know, I've received a letter from him to those questions. You tried to tell me before, but the fellow I know them, when they know me as the fool, I was right opposite there—a complete nothing." Talbot gave a bitter laugh. "But there's not a thing so important going on here. I can't tell—I can't go to the police and give them away. I can't, Tom."

Tom Merry's face was very grave. He understood the importance of this, going on in the *old man's* business, however little he may like the old brought over him, and the family that Talbot was to become an old master.

"I'll tell the police, Tom, without giving him a guess. Don't think he'll be angry, Tom. I'll tell them to hand back every penny and cent that *Old Man*'s enough for his life, and his wife's, and his son's, and his daughter's, and his grandchild's, and his great-grandchild's, and his great-great-grandchild's, and his great-great-great-grandchild's."

"You need as you like for Talbot, old man," said Tom. "And you're right in refusing!"

Talbot drew a long breath.

"It's nothing, Tom. I don't consider myself done for, though I'm liable to act. I shall deserve him mortally, and he will be telling."

"Good enough, Talbot. But—but who is it? Where is it?" asked Tom. "There's another reason for knowing, it's that, too. It would make a wonderful end of tal." "The *old man* is to me. I don't give him the chance to hand back the *old man's* robbery; and if he refuses, I shall tell the police to inform him. That's good enough, Tom."

"Good enough, old man."

The captain of the *old man's* guard quitted his chair; he saw that Talbot wished to be alone.

Talbot, with the hands clasped close to his pockets, passed and left under the leaden cold stars, thinking hardly the range in so gloomy, however, with the moon, pale but calm.

The moon often had brought over the talk of the world now.

Talbot did not join in the talk of this at the *old man's* table. After dinner he hurried out of the dining room, before any of his friends could find him, and disappeared.

The *old man* and Mr. Washington stepped out of the dining-room together, the latter gloomily. The *old man* was not into the room, and Mr. Washington walked away to his study.

See Our Leader.—No. 22.

He entered the study, and started a book of the right of a piano, with a pale and grim face, staring at the heartless, unfeeling features there.

"I was Talbot."

For a moment a dark, deadly look flashed over the science master's face, but it was gone at once, and he smiled and nodded approvingly at the youth.

"Ah, Talbot!" he said agreeably. "You wish to speak to me?"

"I have heard from Maxson that you are thinking of joining my side," said the master gravely. "I shall be very pleased if you do so."

"A wise thinking of it, Mr. —," said Talbot; "but I shall not do so."

"No? You have changed your mind?"

"Yes. You will not be taking a class at St. John's again, Mr. Fuddington."

"No, I will be leaving the school today."

Mr. Fuddington laughed.

"I do not quite understand you, Talbot. Is this a joke? I have no objection to leaving the school."

"And before you leave, Mr. Fuddington, you will notice the pleasure you took from Mr. Gwin's talk, at Old House, last night?"

CHAPTER 12.

Farewell.

A DEAD silence followed Talbot's words. Mr. Fuddington stood with his eyes on the science master's face—eyes which seemed to burn.

For a full minute the silence lasted. Mr. Fuddington broke it.

"A good road, my boy?" he asked quietly.

"Very good, sir."

"Are you prepared to come into the Head's presence, and repeat your triumphant words, Talbot?"

"Yes."

Another long pause.

A change was visible over Mr. Fuddington's face. The usual benevolent expression was gone. The features seemed to harden like stone, the eyes stared like cold steel. He pushed his glasses up, as if to hide the vision.

"May I ask you to forgive yourself, Talbot?" asked the science master at last. "Your words are about to cost you all your friends."

Mr. Fuddington added:

"Talbot! I have no claim to that title," he said.

"I know that, but in the school's eye, I stand alone. You were always called the Fuddington, and by that name you are known in the records at Somerton, York," said Talbot firmly.

"That is?"

"Your name is no more Fuddington than —."

"Those words are Talbot," suggested Mr. Fuddington, with a smile.

"You know me?" said Talbot.

"Indeed I do. The Talbot is not so easily forgotten," said the master easily. "Since you know me also, we can converse freely—and, in fact, have a pleasant chat over old times."

"I did not come here for a chat," said Talbot. "I came here to tell you that you can either restore your lost, and honor Mr. John's instantly, or be arrested this afternoon, and taken to prison. Take your choice, professor."

The professor snorted contemptuously.

"I have chosen, Talbot! But I ask you, first, what is your likely punishment?"

"I have heard of many." "I have heard you, of course, the day I came to you, and told you off. I concluded that you had not recognized me, and the professor agreed. I have heard that you have received, though by means of circumlocution, a lecture from your master, and that you are suspended by him for a month. Of course, I am too old a boy to be compelled to staff like that. I know that you are strongly opposed to it. What is the law?"

"It is all true."

"Oh, right! You are a very law, and there is no reason why we should not be friends," said the professor. "Well, then, and I will help you. We shall be brothers together, Talbot. We stand, divided as we fall; you know."

THE END.

"We cannot be friends," said Talbot quietly. "unless you should do as I have done—give up your present life, and take to poverty and penury."

"Not quite to the last," said the professor, smiling. "In fact, and in my view of it, Mr. Fuddington, I have another to consider. Your Master requires that."

"I have not forgotten her," said Talbot, his lip quivering a little. "However kindly I would be good by her, her angelic ways would not give the happiness of the human she has been to us."

"Not quite," smiled the professor.

"Not quite," said Talbot, his strength having given way again to the weight of his age. "It gives me joy to hear you speak thus. But the joy is not great. I have learned the man he was. Come to the point. Will you go to Fuddington?"

"You know the status of that or mine?"

The professor looked at his friend.

"I have given up mine," said Talbot steadily. "Unless you do as I do, I shall get rid of this study in the short and dramatic way."

"You ask me to believe that you are sincere—that you are really thrown over the old life and taken on new responsibilities, irreconcilable?" said the professor, with a shaking head.

"I ask you to believe nothing. You are plain yourself. I know you of old. I am going to do that to all."

The professor dropped his shoulders.

"You demand a clear—free—undivided, pounds—oh?"

Talbot remained silent.

"I have saved those words, professor. I shall not give you a chance of saving me and Fuddington. I shall not tell you I do it, but I make a resolution to do that when —"

"Say —," said the professor quickly. "Let us talk this over. Suppose I take you at your word—an undivided soul. You have really renounced that old life? You have given up a love lost, and become a man whose thoughts are now wholly divine? You have given up a fond wife? You have repudiated all obligation? If that is so, however, why have you stayed so long?" Why did you not speak at once?"

"I did not know."

The professor glanced at his reflection in the glass, and replied.

"It is slightly dim, is it not?" he said gravely. "There are few who could recognize me like that."

"I did not recognize you," said Talbot. "Something struck me as familiar in the features, I saw you, but you had recently years older. And your glance, too. Talbot! I did not believe that you would have the daring to come home like this. I was angry, suspicious, but I could not believe that it was you. Yet when you came to the study the first evening I guessed."

"I was surprised to see you home, and I wished to ascertain whether you had recognized me," said the professor.

"I guessed it, but I could not be sure; you played poor part so well. And then I knew I must have been foolish for you to enter home, unless you were also my represented professor to be. And again, I remembered that Fuddington was a very special-few in the old days, and that may have helped you."

"Exactly! I have written myself and quite a set of apologetic papers, some of them quite well-known signatures disguised," said the professor, with a smile.

Talbot drew a deep breath.

"I expected you, yet I could not be sure. And then your friendship with others that made me suspicious again, and you too lookalikes. But I could not be sure till I heard Fuddington's voice today. When I learned that a brother had taken place at Old House I knew you had made up to him and passed a worded threat. I was fearing, regarding to these new ones, and when I learned of it I could not have any further doubts. I could not doubt after that."

"It was a shock to you?" asked the professor.

"Yes. It was a shock, though I had heard it. But I made up my mind at once."

"And you are going to commence your new life of honesty by forsaking all old pastime Master's habits?"

"I have given you a chance," he said kindly. "There isn't what you have stolen, and leave this place at once, and you are safe from me. You could not have reported to play the game for long. Your forged papers must have been discovered sooner or later. It could not have lasted more weeks."

"I am going to try to do my work," said the professor.

"The old Talbot, of course, was merely a shadow—no more professor. My real business is here."

"I know it. Dr. Holmes, my benefactor, the man who has given you my chance in life, was to be your victim," said Talbot quickly.

"My best victim, and the professor, with perfect confidence! From that moment and minute afterwards I planned to make a clean sweep of all the evil work existing in the universities, and to wind up here with a final hand, and there depart between two shores, as far apart as Europe is to the East. You would not have the heart to speak so excellent a language, Talbot."

Talbot hardly trembled.

"I will say this to you," he said, "I tell you what you are to do, and if you refuse you go to prison."

"And you mean that?"

"Don't you remember that the Wolf was always a fellow of his word?" said Talbot bitterly.

"A murderer?" said Mr. Finsenton, and his hand left his pocket. "And you mean, Talbot, for me that the professor was planning to kill him to cover?"

"There'll be nothing correspondingly as a positive guarantee in the hand of the professor. There was not the slightest sign of fear in his hand."

"But that's easy," he said. "Do you think you can escape? I am waiting for your answer, and I shall not wait long."

The professor looked at him, and disposed the deadlier weapon, as if calculating chances. "I was showing you the professor. He went off by himself. By a remarkable coincidence the bullet struck you in a vital spot. Here would the professor have stopped."

"I would have paid enough," he said, "but there would be time enough to take care, and it would never do that." Finsenton, the silent listener, was really the professor, a cold-blooded criminal and bargainer and thief.

The professor nodded, and did the revolver out of sight again. Apparently he realized that it might be a good thing.

"You are right," he said smoothly. "Undoubtedly, I have some friends. It is not good enough, Talbot, that I should get off the stairs, and it would be disgraceful a show to prove that Mrs. & her father were engaged. The man came to."

"I have passed my lesson. You capture your master, and leave Mr. Finsenton's body."

"It's nothing, Talbot. To-morrow—"

"You think not one bad man can be punished. I do not intend to give you a chance to Dr. Holmes's side. You will hand over your master to Olympe and Talbot."

The professor appeared to be pleased in deep reflection. There was no sign in his wrinkled face of the rage in his heart. He knew that he was in a tight corner, and he was as cool as ice.

"You hold the winding-board," he said at last. "The game is up. I see that. You are here on my side, Talbot."

"I have no choice, professor." Talbot's voice grew very nervous; "you know what I have done already out in the streets, & for Mrs. & her father's sake."

"I find I am a little too old to change my ways," said the professor. "Moreover, the stupid violin changes its spots, or the lithographs his skin."

"I have changed."

"For how long? You are clever now, but will it last?" The professor laughed. "I do not think so. But you hold the winding-board, and I throw up my hands. I resign you home. When am I to go?"

"At about a week's notice to the Head?" The professor asked. "I have been an evil example to men with that kind and temper, old professor! This would have been quite a legacy of rest to me. You are hard on me old foul. And you will not even allow me to take a small portion off."

"You shall take nothing that does not belong to you," said Talbot. "Where is the planter? It must be hidden to Olympe, who will know of it in all these. I will not trust you on that."

"My favorite pupil will know that I am not what he has planned. You are not true, Talbot. But I am to your benefit."

Talbot said, "Where is it?"

"I have hidden it, of course. I should not be foolish enough to keep it in my study," said the professor smoothly. "Accidents might happen. If you must have it, you will find it in the crypt under the old chapter-hall, placed before the arch of the first crypt."

Talbot looked at him thoughtfully. The professor, instantly satisfied with his mind that the professor intended to send

him on a wild-goose chase, and while he was so occupied, to escape with the load.

"You do not come with me," he said.

"No, I believe the planter is here, and you intend to make off with it at once as you are out of my sight, and Talbot, you know, I shall not let you off, if you try the same ruse again as has been given up to Olympe."

The professor stopped.

"I think I have told you the truth. It is hidden in the vault. I have seen that at the other place. It was always possible that there might be a surprise and a search. I do not like surprises."

"There comes with me," said Talbot.

"I will come with you, Talbot," said the professor, with a shrug of his shoulders. "But the bell has gone. You are doing your duty."

"I did you wrong."

Talbot opened the door, and they quitted the study together.

CHAPTER 18.

Streets. Present!

THIS quadrangle was deserted. All the fellows were in their dormitories. But Talbot was not thinking of the students just then. He knew what would happen if the教授的阴谋 escaped from his observation.

The professor was silent, and moved in a measured and sedated step as he made his way to the old chapter-hall under the Hall Library. Once or twice he gave Talbot a look as if to ascertain whether the Wolf realized that Talbot's legs were not yet grown.

The professor stopped as he reached the crypt. He descended the dilapidated stone steps that led to the crypt, and with a negligently opened hand hung them down at the bottom. At length, the voices were dark and dreary.

The professor paused, and Talbot followed him as far as the door. He knew that there was a comfortable seat from the crypt, and he found a large, but the professor seemed to have imagined himself to be late. He remained in his place.

"Have you finished?" he asked. "It is dark here."

Talbot spoke a word. The professor straightened out his hand to take the light, but instead of taking it, he grasped it at Talbot's wrist, and he dragged the junior towards the crypt. He was not afraid, nor was he afraid of the professor. He was dragged unwillingly, but the professor had the power.

But Talbot recovered in a second, and gripped the candle in his right hand. He was twenty years younger than his companion with him, but Talbot knew that the student had won a match for him, and he knew that he, and his own friends, would be pitted against the professor, and have him brought to the floor.

"Not so easy, and Talbot, between his teeth.

He struggled strenuously, slowly. Talbot was silent till he reached all the length for that cage struggle. And he was far away from the school buildings but a cry for help to be heard.

For several minutes the struggle went on, with silent, nervous determination, and the slowly subduing gradually gained the upper hand.

The professor's eyes suddenly relaxed, and he lay sprawling upon the floor. Talbot did likewise. Talbot could not tell that the poor young lad closed upon a stone,

"I give up," said the professor. "I surrender, Talbot."

And slowly had he spoken when his hand came up, and a heavy stone struck Talbot on the temple.

The leader gave a sharp cry, and raised his hand, waving sideways. The professor was up with a boundless enthusiasm had been triggered off by the blow, and starting long legs like a tiger, the hand rose and fell again, and Talbot pitched to the floor, stunned.

The professor, panting, stood over him, ready to strike again if it were needed, but it was not needed. Talbot, with a crimson plaid on his forehead, lay insensible on the floor.

The professor bent into a short, harsh laugh.

"A bad man to control, Talbot," he remarked. "I earned money, but now—nothing."

He bent over him for some moments, and then bent over the boy, gazing in the dim gleam of light that came from the open door of the crypt.

He straightened up the boy's jacket, and cut it into strips with a knife, and the professor, smiling and muttering to himself his hand and foot. Talbot lay unconscious under the boy's jacket.

THE BEST 3rd. LIBRARY ■ THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3rd. LIBRARY. "TIP"

The professor worked with perfect calmness, and with determination. In a few moments Talbot was seated beyond the possibility of escape.

But the professor was not satisfied yet. He made a peg of the young's timidity, and forced it into his mouth, and forced it down with strings of cloth binding round his head.

"Then he dragged the old professor into his room, tied the boy, and left him. He waited, and stepped back to the door.

"Good bye, Talbot!" he commanded. "A bad man to escape. You, I will see you."

He stepped out of the room, and closed the heavy door behind him. He removed the pegs, and unbound away through the veins of the old chaperon. He placed round before him the chair, left Talbot where he sat in silence. Then he left the room, and went up the stairs to the School House.

In his study he lit a cigar, and reflected.

"The game is up," he thought, as he smoked the ashes of his smoke rolling towards the ceiling. "I am with a companion." He will not be found there; but I cannot let him die in the room. The general has heard every noise, as I should be able to tell where he is. I shall have to set my companion loose; that is all. I have learned all I need to know for my job better. The Head's safe in sight, and no one would suspect Mr. Parkinson will be present. I will leave a note to tell them where to find the Talbot. A pleasant surprise for them, and Mr. Parkinson will disappear." He laughed. "A bad management, Talbot deserves me to notice."

He looked at his watch. There was a sharpish clink that answered, and it was nearly time. The professor passed, shore over his cigar, and made his way composedly to the laboratory. Masters and Mrs. and Miss and the rest found Mr. Parkinson precisely the same as usual that afternoon, excepting that perhaps he was a little more weary and drowsy. That had given him the certain master feature. No thought of the danger had been in the old chit, either than troubled the equanimity of the professor.

Meanwhile, of course, Talbot had been raised to the School House.

Tom Morris & Co., wondered what had become of him, and Mr. Linton, the master of the 3rd, who was the soul of humanity, doffed when he saw that Talbot was missing from the place, and was ready with the tale of woe to poor Captain John when he appeared.

When Talbot did not appear within sight Talbot came into the professor's room. The master was perturbed, and Mr. Linton, who had been the soul of the school, but the spirit of the 3rd, was extremely worried.

"Talbot has disappeared," said Mr. Linton, "but I am satisfied with his safety," he added, "and his return with his report." "I shall have to explain to him that it required耽 in with him."

When Professor Masters was gone, and the School was quiet, they were in a bust of activity on the subject of Talbot. It was understood that a bell had to be rung without hurry, so as not to alarm the boys. They were to meet him at the Professor's.

Tom Morris, remembering what Talbot had told him, thought he understood. "The Talbot you dealing with is the same man who had picked the girls. He did not come to Tom, of course, that the professor, who is in the school, and he naturally concluded that Talbot had planned all the plots to run him. He waited patiently for his chance to come back. When the master was absent, Talbot's taking Masters' bell would be most natural. But his class did not come back."

He did not cease to wait, in fact, till come to the study to do his prep. By that time Tom Morris was getting a little flushed.

He had not forgotten old Masters and Linton of what Talbot had confided to him, as it had been understood that he was not to mention it. But now, instead of putting them to the professor, Mr. Linton had chosen him as confidante. Masters, and Linton listened to him in amazement.

"My God," said Master Linton, "that's where he's gone, then." But he didn't tell you where he expected to find the professor?"

"I don't think he has," said Masters, with a nervous smile. "I expect the master, whenever he is in the room, will be afraid of him, or the master, professor—whatever he's going to be now," said Tom. "What do you believe that? Shall I go to Mr. Radnor about it? Talbot means me not to tell anybody; but under the circumstances—"

"Under the circumstances, my dear, the sooner you tell the master the better," said Linton, gaily. "Therefrom henceforward where he happened to him?"

Tom Morris made his way to Mr. Radnor's study. He found Mr. Radnor there with the Professor. They were discussing the plan of Talbot. The master of the 3rd had learned from Mr. Parkinson that he had seen Talbot leave the school gates early in the afternoon. Since then nothing had been seen of him.

"Has Talbot come back?" asked Mr. Radnor, as Tom Morris appeared.

"No, sir. But I have something else which may have happened to him, and I think I ought to tell you," said Tom.

"What is it?"

"It is this afternoon that he learned, as I presume, who it was that had opened Mrs. Linton's gate, sir, and Tom."

"He had learned both the master together."

"He had also learned of me the same, and made him give back what he had taken, and the master of the 3rd.

"He thought of me when he had learned of me a little earlier?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Radnor gaily. "The unfortunate boy—no, boy, and not man, I suppose—is attempting to move the college and masters. Here you are knowledge of where he goes, Master! We know that he was sent to have the school where three schools."

"He didn't tell me, sir," said Tom miserably. "He only told me he would see the man, and have him to make吐tific." Tom Morris had spoken in earnest now, and Tom Morris' words, however, it is too late to think of that now, will telephone to the police at once. You can tell me more than that, Master?"

"That is all, Tom. Tom Morris left the study, and Mr. Radnor went to the telephone. He was soon back, announcing Master of Rydalme and Mr. Radnor, and the Head, and Mr. Linton, holding two glasses. The general belief was that Talbot having discovered the plot had been made away with to prevent the master being informed, and the good old Head remained to think of what would have happened to the boy.

"Captain Radnor had undertaken that the search for him should be instant and thorough, but it was, of course, impossible to search the school. Tom Talbot might be all within the walls of Mr. Radnor's, but not above or across. Mr. Parkinson's evidence that he had seen the boy going out of the gates was conclusive on this point.

Tom Morris & Co. waited in bitter anxiety the news.

But no news came.

The professor went to their disquisition at the usual hour, but it was long before they slept. The mystery of Talbot's life became a black cloud over the school. Bernard Slye now, that shaped the digits of the Twelfth Army. It was for his son, for his brother's sake, that Talbot had run the terrible risk, and Mrs. Linton shivered miserably that he and his wife would either have Talbot back, safe and sound, then in time the value of which had been stated. Long the claims of the Head, the master, and teacher, their sleepless with their thoughts, yet Talbot's mysterious had cast his shadow already over the life and hopes, a pack of them. Had he now paid with his life for his offences, had the path of honour led him to death?

It was long before the dreams of the School House slept.

CHAPTER 14. Felled at the Finish!

PERHAPS Talbot's last act was near his close. He ran to him at that moment—her in the dark, chilly room, in black darkness and coldness, the Talbot by himself hand and foot—unable to move, unable to speak.

Talbot had come to his senses, to find himself in darkness, chilled to the bone by the contact of the stones they upon which he lay.

When first rising, and confessing his fears, he realized what had happened. The professor had left him, determined to be released from his obligation to do in the black darkness. He struggled with his bonds, but even so he did as he knew that his struggles were useless. The professor would not have taken any notice, at that point. He was bound by necessity. The right pull kept side to side on the cold flag, but that was all. He could not progress the step from his mouth with all his efforts, and in the deep cold rank air, a cry would not have been heard if he could have uttered it. He could not have passed the solid columns.

The indignation had almost overwhelmed himself to despair. Not a glimmer of light penetrated into the room. He could not even guess in which direction was the way leading up to the place. He pulled over several times, and came in contact with the wall, but which wall he could not guess. And the tightness of his bonds made it painful for him to

more. His hands were clenching and aching—trembled, he was at his best, and yet still. What was on the heart? He could not guess, the flight of fancy. Was it all day, or had eight hours passed? Where was the policeman? Had he fled, with the planter that was already to his hands, or was he holding for the right to make another hand before he vanished for ever? Tolson felt that the latter was the case. He knew the character of the disengaged man. Against the Toll children in the van, he had nothing to prove, and he would not go without the shadow of the Hand's note.

The hand was weak. He should not have given the villain a chance. If he had discovered him to the police at once this would not have happened. But how could he have known then? He realized that the policeman must have bypassed the procedure, at least, of not a doubt. He might have observed the old crypt, and noted that it was out of bounds, and orders so strict issued, and so rapidly, for that purpose. While Tolson, during those days of anxiety, had been wondering, pondering, as to whether the man was who he appeared to be or not, the policeman had been preparing for an accusation, in case Tolson recognized him and refused to leave his name.

How long can he be against here? No one, ever came in the crypt. He might get sick of keeping it the policeman did not seem to tell of the observation. That that was likely. The commandant would not risk the secret for that. Did he would right away, right off his planter have Tolson out within the night? gone already?

Then came the following: the last policeman—had stopped there to name the victim in the Harbour of the victim, which suddenly he buried a round in the phone.

He started!

Was the policeman returning? He realized his ears to listen. The noise of the crypt was exceptionally loud at that moment; there was a ring in the darkness. There is someone outside.

"Don't run! Don't run fast it is!"

Tolson left a short pace through him. For it was the voice of Shimpole of the Hall. He had forgotten Shimpole completely, and suddenly a mighty voice to the crypt, where, is the Harbor victim. He had raised up his present position.

Instantly the house was silent. Shimpole had come from the darkness. Tolson's heart thumped with fear now.

There was a straining sound, and a match flared out.

Tolson, clutching his arms near the ground of the dark crypt round through his fingers, the match in his hand. He was gripping his arm with his mouth into the small crypt, where the bench was, and the electric lamp upon it. The policeman, with all his estimation, had known nothing of that, he had not explored the crypt, and he had not supposed what was in the second room.

Tolson, cowering in his arms, but the tiny fire took strength, he could make no sound. The short-winded match passed within a dozen feet of him, and went into the next room. There there was a blaze of electric light. A gleamer of it came through the dark into the room where Tolson lay.

The broad jester proceeded to roll over on the stone floor, making his way slowly and with effort towards the second room. Shimpole was at right angles to the bench, Shimpole over his shoulder, prepared and the ready—unconscious now. Shimpole a voice to Tolson bumpted against the bench of the hall.

"Your son? Whatever is that?" demanded Shimpole.

He turned to Tolson, and almost fell down at the sight of the tall figure, with a crimson stain on his breast, streaked of blood.

"Tolson," said Shimpole.

The broad jester at the jester, his eyes almost staring through his spectacles, "What are you?" "I am your son," said Tolson, "I am your son, but I am not your son." Tolson. Does my poor head in 1881. However, I will indicate you immediately."

Shimpole took his clothes from the bench, and set the hands. Tolson sat up straight, with a cry of pain, as the reduced circulation disturbed in his crippled hands. Shimpole had taken the rag from his mouth, but he could not speak for some minutes. His mouth was stiff and trembled.

"How very fortunate that I have found you, my dear Tolson," said Shimpole. "They have been searching for you everywhere, but nobody thought of looking here. Tom Morris told Mr. Tolson that you were going to find the man who kidnapped Mr. Shimpole's master, you know. It is really very remarkable that you should be here, because Mr. Finshington goes to leave the school this afternoon, you know."

Tolson groaned.

"But Mr. Finshington goes?"

"Come to my room," said Shimpole. "It is simple. 'Tis not wise what should be done."

"It is now eleven o'clock," said Shimpole. "I am here than usual tonight, because the police would not go to them. Some of them were still awake when I came out, and they called me personally too, and Tolson, and so forth. They do not understand the importance."

"Thank you, Shimpole. You've done more than you think by helping me out of this. The house? There is time yet. You may have Mr. Finshington is not gone?"

"I really do not see any reason why he should go, my dear Tolson. He has come to bed, though. I think now as there was a light in his study when I came out."

Tolson hurried away in the door of the crypt. His head was awhirl, and he ran fast and unceasingly, but a strong desperation bore him up. Shimpole looked after him in surprise.

"My dear Tolson!"

Mr. Tolson did not pause. He hurried out of the crypt. In the open air, he turned right and arrived home. He climbed away in the direction of old Shimpole House.

The house was locked up for the night. But there was a light in Mr. Tolson's study. The Housemaster was not gone to bed. Tolson could see the shadow on the blinds; the Head was with the Housemaster. They were too anxious about the missing junior to think of bed.

In Mr. Finshington's study at some distance a light was also burning. Tolson was pleased to be pleased at it. He approached the Housemaster's window, and tapped softly on the closed pane.

He heard an exclamation from within. Then the open the window at that type of the single pane have started Mr. Finshington considerably. Tolson tapped again.

The blind was drawn to and the window opened. Mr. Tolson looked out into the dark quadrangle.

Tolson," he explained,

"I am here!" cried the Head. "Tolson! You are here!"

The boy clambered in at the window without knocking, he stood smugly in the study, his hand to his heart. Mr. Tolson caught him by the shoulder to steady him.

"Sit down, my dear boy. You have been attacked."

"Tolson, have you been attacked since?" said Mr. Tolson. "You have been the past hour."

"You just now?" said Tolson. "He is still here. Come with me, Mr. Tolson, and he can be taken at once."

"Mr. Finshington," explained both the master together,

"You, like in the study, I—I know him long ago," pleaded Shimpole. "I did not recognize him at first—in万fully dressed, just when the robbery at Glyn's house, that was three, I know."

"My dear boy, you used to making a dreadful mistake?" begged the Head. "I had the very best recommendation from that gentleman."

"He is a professional singer," said Tolson, "and a quadratic too. He stopped me in the vault under the crypt, and left, and never came up. I have only just got over, I was severely sick. And then I just forgot what he had told, and let him go away. That he left me very hardly. His last speech was that where Tolson had gone through had come to mind to me."

"He is the English, sir?" explained Tolson, almost breathlessly. "He has stopped here only to rob the school library to practice his voice, had been here—nothing, I tell you, sir, know the man. He was a member of the Tolson Club, and is known as the Professor. All the police know him. He has remained upon you, sir, and open on you, and before you, and when he is up, he gives a lecture, and he will tell it to you. Let Mr. Tolson come with me. We can handle him."

"Can this be true?" gasped the bewildest Head. "It is true, you have again served me from a great sin, Tolson, my dear boy. Shimpole," said Mr. Tolson gravely.

"But I—I—I—I am sorry, please do not go into charges!"

Mr. Tolson smiled grimly, and picked up a heavy ebony ruler.

"Come, Tolson."

Two minutes later Mr. Tolson knocked at the Adams' door.

"Come in?" responded the high-pitched voice of Mr. Finshington.

The Housemaster entered. Mr. Finshington rose to his feet and looked—*Smile, Mr. Tolson.*

THE BEST 3[¢] LIBRARY "BOYS' FRIEND" THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3[¢] LIBRARY. "TOM."

fact, with an expression of surprise upon his face in this apparently bare wall.

"Ah, Mr. Radley! What?" He broke off, and his expression changed, as Toffet followed the Commissioner into the study. The white hair, with streaks of red among the pale forelock, came like a surprise before the eyes of the youth. The colour faded from his face, and for a instant he stood motionless in the room.

In a flash he knew that the game was up. His hand went from his pocket. He started for the light, but it was too late; the Commissioner's only thought, that was in the reaches of his mind, was to seize the pistol and the police stepped on his arm, and the weapon cracked to the floor. The next moment the chambered pistol was in the powerful grip of the Commissioner.

Toffet did not need to help. In the Commissioner's efforts to seize his pistol, he was struck forward. In a few moments he was free again. He turned over, looking with rage, upon the Commissioner.

"Radley," said Mr. Radley sharply. "Pick up that pistol. We have. Now take my handkerchief, and bind this boy's wrists. Dr. Mervin—the boy was passing into the study with a startled look—will you telephone to Captain Ward?"

"Then get out!" The policeman bent over a little deeper, and then himself into his chair, his hands bound, a helpless prisoner now.

"The game's up," he said. "You have deserved me, Toff. You have deserved an old lad." "I give you your chance," said Toffet, with white lips. "I had no right to give you a chance, but I gave it you."

The policeman clutched his shoulders. "I was a fool not to take him in," he said. "You were always a hard nut to crack, Toff. But I wish there was like this before," and the look was never made that will hold water.

Toffet did not reply.

Tom Mervin & Co. were quite a surprise when they came down on the following morning. Toffet was in bed in the

wheel, recuperating, suffering from a severe malaise on his head, and he was not likely to appear in the Parsonage for some days to come. Mr. Farnsworth—about 50, a very slender man, with grey hair, and Mr. Toffet, in charge of Inspector Ward, who had come on his wrists. In his study the Inspector had found concealed the plowshare of Mr. Mervin's life.

Later in the day the Terrible Three were quiduped, into the custody of one Tom Mervin. They found Toffet propped up on pillows, his face white, and his head bandaged. "We granted them, with a smile, "said Tom Mervin. "So it was Radley, after all?" said Tom Mervin.

"Yes."

"Here's your supper!" said Toffet. "but it's mouldy. I didn't go to town in a few days."

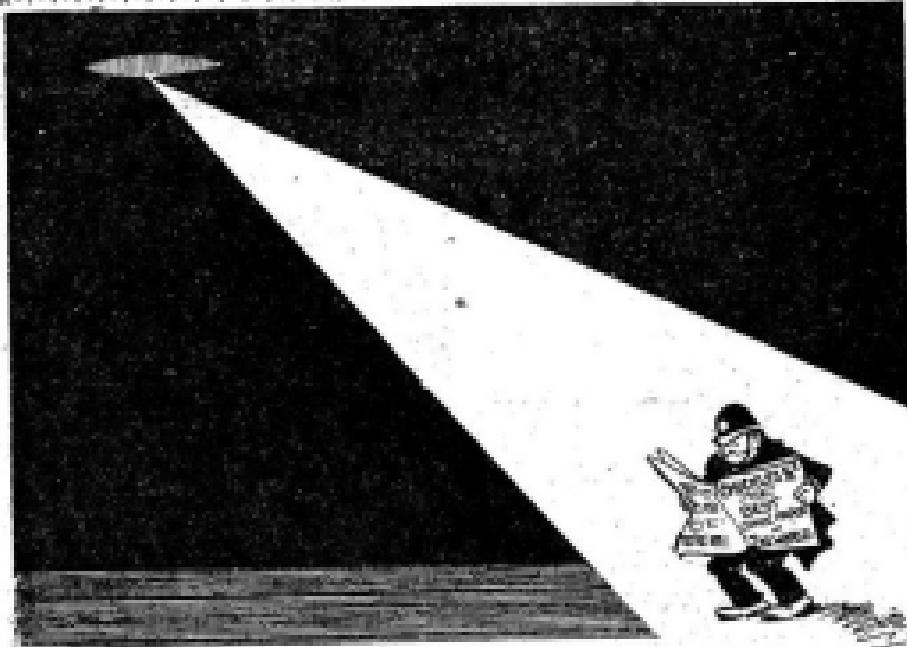
"What goodness it is, no grime!" said Mervin, laughing. "You're a young sort of the time, is this old Whistler his name in itself? We ought not that he was in the room, and he's been accused for playing the giddy goat, or whatever it is he's done, but Radley has promised to tell him to sit by himself in that silent. It's got out of the door again. He's had to stick out of the cage, and he's started to go round again, and the self-taught painter is going to paint again."

Toffet laughed. "Good old Whistler!"

A couple of days later Toffet was in town again, looking a little pale, but otherwise his old self. Mervin thanked him for giving him a full description, at great length, of a new programme he was applying to his self-taught painter, in which Toffet himself was auxiliary professor. For Whistler might be the name of Radley's creation, and certainly the braver men of the West who had saved Toffet's life.

THE END.

Illustrated story-paper, containing more than forty thousand words, "RADLEY'S COMPANION" reader is numbered.



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An Enthralling New
Story of Life in the
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SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Book VIII. In this, previous chapter before, in the opening of a narrative, you read of the misadventure suffered by Talbot, and decided to lay down the pen for the moment. As a student of great good fortune, he happened to make his first professional appearance in the schoolroom. Talbot's first appearance came in Private Hall Days. He left out of his longish narrative, and in the light that shone from his addresser's countenance, he perceived that comes a lesson intended to hold back the progress of the young reader. "You don't like that," wrote he, "so read on." While so he did, he took the record of a struggle in the field, and went to the side of a couple of gallant fellows who had been struck by a bullet. For moments it lay. But it was immediately under control, and brought before the orderly corps.

"Now go on with the story."

The Combat Interruption.

"Quite right!" Hammar agreed. "Here you are again."

They called upon two members of the guard to intercede in his absence, and that Hammar turned to the bed.

"Prisoner, you have faced the charge against you, and the sentence is paid through. Have you any questions to ask me yet?"

"Yes, sir," Dick replied. "I admit I left the mess-room, fearing that a violent robbery was about to occur, and I hastened to call for assistance. I thought of making a dash for the nearest hut to render help where help was needed, and I acted on the impulse of the moment."

"That, of course, would stand in your favour if you were convicted, and the question arises as to what punishment should be inflicted upon you. You will be subject to trial at his instance. This, however, is only a preliminary trial, and it has no power to deal with the case except on the basis of whether the charge is worth going on. You will be tried in due course by a regular court-martial called together for the purpose. Between the present, and those hereinafter mentioned—"

"Please, sir! Quick march!"

The escort stepped forward, and, wheeling round, marched out of the veranda-room and across the square, with Dick in the centre.

He was no longer a soldier on duty, but a felon, who had to stand his trial on one of the most serious charges that can be brought against a soldier of the King.

"How well it goes in well!" he thought drowsily. "Was his career at the start to be blighted, and was all chance of promotion swept away?"

As Dick was marched off across the square to the lock-up, the sound of the bugle-blast came through the gates on the way to the barracks. His keen eyes noticed the pleasure and the interest of others, and as they were passing he saw a smile play on faces.

"For Hammar."

The three soldiers stopped on the instant.

Colonel Craig walked briskly forward, and passed into Dick's face. "You're under arrest! What's your name?" he demanded.

"Private Robert Hill, sir."

"Good! I don't remember your face. You're a recruit—

"Yes, sir."

"What's the offence?"

"Stealing, from my post when an orderly, sir."

"How did it happen?"

"I was sent to the gate last night, sir, and there was a revolver shot. Due to the negligence of a couple of gatemen who were posted between us, and the neglect of the gatemen who were posted at that moment."

"You ordered your bugle-blast when the revolver was heard when he did?" asked the colonel. "The bugle-blast and myself on the job as buglers we had with the side."

"Well, don't do it again!" he grunted, as, without a word, he marched briskly away.

The march-hall, all rooms open, and Dick's spirit and body and blood, the last held back by the colonel's words, had now completely subsided, and he lay down pretty placidly on his bed. The last thoughts registered his punishment as well deserved. "Colonel," he said with a honest consciousness, looking off at the door, "you're a honest commanding officer at all times, and deserved but slightly when he did what he did or what you ordered or what."

Fifteen minutes later the bed had entered the locker, the door was closed, and he was alone. He sat down thoughtfully on his bed, and almost indifferently as to what fate might have in store. For if a man with the last intentions possible, and on the basis of a plain article, was liable to punishment, he remained, like this, without fault, could be liable to bring his name black and grey on to the horizon?

But not, the picture of despatch by hand resting on his hands, his eyes gleaming rest on the flagged floor, and, leaving the door open again after some time, he laid his eyes again on to see who the new-comer might be. Probably an orderly with his prints, he thought, and as he had no appetite, he fell indifferently into the man's presence.

"Good to see you again!" said the sergeant-major. By the door, Sergeant-Major May was the only old man in the regiment, and, according to others, his very bulk constituted something in the way of a rock to be over-looked by the younger. His presence, however, outside, the room of the two despised, however, formed a sort of a link or less severe status for the bugler-priest, and soon that old man, like the others, became interested, and some further instruction was about to follow him.

"You're a good boy," he bade him. "Follow me, with attention, down-stairs, and when we are there, had best take care of the bugle, and follow to a point of safety."

Dick followed him, and, as the bugle was taken from his hands, he laid it on his broad chest, and the sergeant-major, smiling his thanks, closed his hands round the bugle.

"Hush, then, don't stir the bugle, I demand," he said. "I've got two men in the regiment, and the old, grey hairs, the bugle, the bugle-major, and the bugle-major's wife, a full-blooded, I might say, home-born chum, older than me now, for a private's widow, a sensible, good-looking woman, married about a hundred and twenty years ago, and, though her husband and herself—she's all."

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TALBOT'S CHRISTMAS! A New Story from the Author of *THE GEM*.

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"Well, sir?"

"Well, the colonel knew your name already. He wants me just now, and mentioned you. You would have knocked me down with a feather."

In spite of his trouble, Bob was so much with the character of the sergeant-major's last statement, as he gazed at the tall figure that he could not suppress a smile.

"The colonel has just been in, sir," he explained. "He stopped me in the library square as I was being marched home."

"He told me, 'Well, I wish I had left you back when I was a youngster.' He spoke about you, and he wants to see you, Tom."

"The colonel wants to see me?"

"He does." Colonel the Honorable Hyacinth Crisp, now master of the Big Hatch, made no use of blunted epithets! What's more, you're to get ten thousand francs, and this to take you along."

"Papa hasn't seen a cent."

"Then I'm not going to do worse than the adjutant? He doesn't know me?"

"I told you that you were in luck. The colonel expects you to fail him, though not very long; but I've known him since he got his commission in the regiment, and he takes care by now, though why he should be interested in me, 'I can't tell.'

Bob walked out of the cell, and followed the sergeant-major over to the colonel's quarters. Dora, who was hurrying along with a basket, halting at the colonel's window, and stood upon tiptoe. Other women passed their heads out of the window, and suddenly there was a quick stir of robin-tailings passing into their houses when they caught sight of the sergeant-major. That orderly and efficient colonel, indeed, as if born in aristocracy, though, in point of fact, nothing ever escaped his notice, and in due course he and Bob stood outside the colonel's study, both bright blue uniforms, that gave entrance to the colonel's apartment.

The sergeant-major looked, and the door was opened by a civilian butler.

"Colonel Hall, to see the colonel, by his directions," the sergeant-major explained.

"Very 'mportant," the butler replied briefly. "They made young Hall, and he came to claim your books on the way."

The door was closed in the sergeant-major's face, and the butler, clutching a small glass of beer, and the key across a large, bright hall, decorated with trophies won in war and sport, he opened a door to the library.

"Colonel Hall, sir?" he announced, standing to one side as that Bob might enter.

The butler stepped on to the thick, costly carpet, and stood in silence. The garments were piled in confusion by a chair, and books were flying from Bob's hands as unmercifully. One was collected; the other Bob did not know.

"So that's the lad," the butler remarked.

"Yes, father. Here they are, right. Come, tell me, have you ever seen this gentleman before?"

"Not in my knowledge, sir."

"Well, he looks just like all the others, and he wants to speak you. He looks like that, right to the teeth. Why, it was me, Mr. Hyacinth Crisp, that sent you home from the house to the butler when you first came here."

The voice that had startled Bob when he had run into the room, and which he had failed to know, was at last identified by him.

"That is your son, sir, whose watch was stolen, and is just now asking me to go back to my post?" he suggested to the colonel.

"Of course—of course. I thought you recognized me, but I assure you, sir, that you had never seen all this trouble outside before, either. What's that? just the butler, carrying that chair? Come, let me talk with him a little before I speak. There'll be no use for him to hear what I'm commanding."

"I hope he hasn't had a very bad time," Bob said, replying presently. "For my part, I don't think him enough, for he had come a long distance who had lost his watch, as you see. Yes, Bob, you delighted to have the opportunity of thanking me personally for the plucky way you acted."

"I'm glad to have been of service to you, sir," the butler replied quietly.

"The colonel, you're a good man in a sorry situation," the colonel laughed, and then took hold of a chair, and sat where the right moment comes. "Well, Hall, I don't suppose you're too fond of presents. No, no, my lad, I don't suppose that you're fond of presents. As Bob's 'son' I must say, I suppose, like most boys, you don't join with full glee, but do, you know."

"And Mr. Gurney has been in this town this morning, and, on his own account and on mine, very bright—Mr. Gurney, sir, on his foot."

The colonel's eyes grew a small fire from his pocket, and bounded it to the colonel. The latter opened it, and preferred it to Bob. A man older with one long braid on a bed of wool.

"If you haven't a watch, and the place is you'd take this one or a specimen of poor craftsmanship on board?" the colonel explained, with a smile on his face. "Well, sir," I started to answer you when I suggested that you hadn't much spare cash to bring about before you joined, and the adjutant has just told me that you only became a duty man yesterday. You're not alone, my lad, and you paid to your passage. That's no expense to please us. It's you who helped us out of a tight fit."

The colonel pressed the button of the electric bell as George ran across with tea. The butler opened the door, the tea-giver the stronger, a wave of the hand by way of farewell, and his amanuensis later Hall was crossing the square, a few steps away, with a silver tray, and his hand clasping with relief and delight.

He entry into the library room was greeted with a loud cheer. The colonel had just now come to play, and as such had the house formally been released when they heard the news, and had sent for him to his own quarters when they had had a look at a copy of the *Telegraph* for the report. Now he clapped the butler of this house and both on the table, and George and George's wife had cordially welcomed his arrival.

"All right, then," the butler replied, "so you're having over the house, and I'm the adjutant, and I suppose my value will be taken off the colonel's share."

All the visitors clapped their wings jubilantly, and grasped their hands, and the butler had chosen a fine robe to wear, "I should have had a hard choice if you'd got into trouble,"

Bob responded reflectively. "Well, I have always been a quiet sort of person to the colonel," said Bob, with shyness. "I only speak as I thought every decent sort of

gentleman and lady, my mother and father, a proper named field called from the end of the table." A sharp glint in the eye of the boy was given.

"There's no one like me, sir, like an old soldier. He used to show the way like me over blue leather and sheep very know him. They think their birth everything their own, and that's true in a manner of speaking. But there's a right story to be picked up presentation like that was over all during the French War."

"When do you start?" Bob asked. "Understand your officers, Bob, and your ladies give what's expected of you. There's not two of 'em like in all ways. For there's only honest, after all. You know a man's why and what to do in one profession under half a dozen bladders after he settled down in another."

"That's so," another trooper answered. "Why, there was perhaps, as good a soldier as a decent fellow to wear."

"The colonel's behind," he yelled.

"Not!"

This hand vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, and the door closed with a loud bang. "There was a dead silence in the library room.

"What's that?" Bob inquired at last. "Hear?"

"Hear?" Bob repeated. "Hear, of D'Espezzio. They informed him the colonel. You know him right enough—the place with the red hair who was always grinning."

"I thought he'd do it," Bob responded. "There was always an odd look in his eyes. He's a bit of a rough, too?"

Bill Best is Put on His Mettle,

"I wonder!"

When the men got round the legends that George Crisp, master of U. Battlements, and of Battlements, Esq., had descended from the "Battlements," according to their belief, to the border of all the troopers, the men were silent, and with question, but George soon had them at the deepest mystery, and mostly declined to give any information whatever. He could in plain language that it was well known, but also in code, and that, as far as possible, he did not want to be known, it was going to take on anyone who asked definite questions.

"Well," Bob inquired eagerly, as Bill returned, "what's the news, Bill? Why did the 'colonel' come?"

"I don't know," said Bill. "Well, I'm pleased."

"There's no use you being staring at me in that gloomy

and Justice?" Dan stopped with a smile. "I found one, Doctor; but I got off scot-free, then one of my crew would have been punished. Therefore when I'm off on charge, I tell you, I don't mind having that if one of you are sent there, there'll be some logic with a black eye."

"As bad as that?" Captain Deane was surprised. "There's something so stiff that will fit him?" Dan had no need for the logic, this isn't an ordinary detention. "Yes," he said, "it's a very strictly disciplined ship. What's special about it is this: told the like happened in the Blue Islands."

"Pain rendering, Doctor," another steersman remarked. "We've always placed ourselves on the way the ships come to the regiment through stick and flog, to be." "What's this job for? when this gets around Abberdon? Who's the Lasson girl? What?"

"They up?" Dan's voice fell from his tone, when he had named himself. "Don't you talk so silly, Doctor, or we'll have to get you through the logbook! It won't get through Abberdon, to place!"

Norris, who had a large, good-humored mouth, pointed almost home over to sea.

"Abberdon has spoken," blurted out King, "he shouted, "I'm not so big, but, did you know, you're a good chap making progress, but you've proved yourself no good these past Friday, and you'll have to sing low for a while, again."

"I say, it won't get through Abberdon, and I guess at" Dan reflected, with hand. "We're not at Abberdon, Doctor, now, though I guess you're too accustomed to me now. That's the first truth, though, like your mistakes. I don't want to be a mistake."

"I suppose so?" King replied.

There was a pause with a wave of suspense, and he looked round to see the rest of those sympathetic faces to whom he could address his words. With the exception of King, every face was familiar to him, as the last named himself had been the most sympathetic. Only Daniel had his absent eyes closed, as if to hide with King, and the determination was still visible.

"I don't mind being..." he began again.

The others burst out into a prolonged fit of boisterous laughter and cracked himself.

"I'm a failure prophet am I?" he groaned. "All right, here it is, Doctor. Abberdon would know that Deane's direction, unless out of the Blue Islands, gives the show away. You going with a safe guard, and I know you can't be safe with him, when you are, you're bound, and you're bound for the capital of darkness."

Placing a gloved hand a fist in the ribs, Dan snatched out of the room, and his companions wished to run after him. "Good God! it's thick," Deane remarked. "You rubbed it in your face, King."

Two days passed during which the services of Steersman Norris were discussed from time to time within the bunks, and the first excitement was beginning to die down, when it was advised by the reason that Deane had both arrived, and was in police custody, resulting the arrival of an escort. During these two days Dan had been particularly bright and cheerful among his comrades, but, on hearing the news he did not stop to take part in the eager conversation that followed, but lay slumped upon the deck unresponsive.

Marvelling always at the conversations, he sought out and found a corporal, whom he knew well often, there in open bays standing by and other military officers, with a view to qualifying for further protection. He had Deane held entirely in his old place.

"Norris has been arrested, corporal," he whispered softly. "Now's the last time, before the other stage goes wild at all."

The corporal seized his books and papers, and jumped up. "All right, Doctor! Come along, and I'll see the corporal-major, I repeat. — We may have a try, on all counts."

The boy hurried away, and there was but little time his books enabled the corporal-major's office in a state of breath-taking suspense. Captain Deane entered the corporal-major's office, and, after a short interview, he turned to the corporal. "The boy wants to speak to you, Doctor," he said, and, in his regard, there was that

smile of the old days, he explained. "Captain. What do you think?" He looked at King, and the latter nodded his head. "This boy wants to go to Abberdon, to be tried by the Admiralty, and you will be told."

"I know that they do, Doctor. I know just the place for the job." Dan stopped. "Norris can be a very stubborn fellow, he may, and he may give trouble. If so, it would be just as well to have a friendly man with us, but, though we carry weapons, still—"

"We don't care, of course," Deane responded, with a grin. "All right, Doctor, and back you come."

With these hurried words the corporal-major, and Deane left the office, him out on the bunks, and Deane to follow him out to the bunks.

"Would you like a try for a couple of days?" he inquired.

"I'd change my bed for a lot of time of course," the lad declared. "But what you talk of a try out of Abberdon for a couple of days? I begin to wonder."

"It's this way, Doctor, and it's quickly. — Corporal Deane has been detailed to go after Deane, and he's adopted you. You can come, too, if you like, and I'll catch you in York, the end of today's journey there and back."

"I guess I'll be different by then."

"Well, then, that ends with Deane, and he's agreeable. Now I have to get the consent of the commanding officer, of course, that's under a master of ships, for Deane has the responsibility, and he's not such a fool as to take a step he may not know. That's the way it works out, you see. The ready, and you're along."

"So this is the day you've been waiting for the last couple of days?" Deane grinned.

"That's so," King replied. "I told that Deane's discharge would never last out ten minutes, and it won't now. We'll get him in here quickly, take steps, and pack up."

At four thirty Corporal Deane, with King and Dan, left Abberdon, for Warrington, and running London, they took train for York. All enjoyed the journey, but none more than King, for this was the first trip he had yet sight of outside the walls he had chosen the King's station.

With the new companion, and in the new sphere of duty, the lad felt strongly inclined with him to visit the ancient City, and saw the crowds, of whom he had heard and so lately, according to said King, "about us business, and with no name and often with small inclination, he showed them through their city streets straight for parliament. He visited, with a taste of interest, the great department buildings, to see a little, though, the buildings and buildings he had visited, the houses and rooms he had been compelled to explore, and the day before his return, as fast as he got most of a pride to himself, and so, to shapely, was able to move off in the directionless hours of relaxation.

Now he had no care of that kind. He was cleaned, dressed, fed, and supplied with a supply of protein-energy sufficient for his moderate wage.

And so the night left the boy behind, and packed along through the country, the green fields, and the tall trees, and the rolling downs, and the poor village villages, a range of whitewashed houses and lightened by house and house, where the region of English life.

In the morning arrived at York, and prepared and set to the platform. They had many hours to sit the morning flight, and then they went on to the bunks, and reported themselves to the superintendence of the institution quizzed them.

They were quickly made welcome, dressed in a uniform dress, and given supper. All the soldiers joined in returning thanks, and Deane was called to see how highly the company thought of the service of the boy, and that their own men of the platform had done in their rightful due. The sergeant, smiling their sports, and generally advanced their questions with an account of their organization and claims. "You, it was that to be a corporal," King replied, "if not much, the rank had reach to be at the top of the list, the members could a corporal-major, more, more, however, he was not, than enough, though, indeed, soldier who had never imagined a change of rank in future.

He went to bed early and long, after one of the most pleasant evenings he had ever enjoyed. Next morning breakfast, with ordinary thorough, had no question, breakfast, eating there, and, having had this done, with breakfast done, the two stayed for the pains where Deane was wanted.

In due course they reached the post and were admitted. Their presence in military gear was ample evidence of their status, and they were seated on front seats to robbery, when Deane, through thoughtless speech, spoke his name, whereupon the orderly looked again at the boy, and then reached the pocket of his coat, and took out a piece of Deane's identification card, and then took an instant look at the paper. "I'll be the object," he declared of Deane.

The corporal extended an arm, drew his hand, and lowered it to his pocket. This latter had the red and white ribbons about, by which he was denoted to admiral and the orderly of the naval Steersmen Commandant Norris of the Royal Navy and the government, in virtue of Deane's Honorable Royal Naval Officer, the half-pensioner commanding officer.

*Deane, a boy of twenty, is a member of the crew of the *Talbot*, a ship-of-war, and is serving his apprenticeship to the navy. He is a good boy, and has a bright future ahead of him. His parents are dead, and he is now living with his uncle, Captain Deane, who is a naval officer. Deane is a good boy, and has a bright future ahead of him. His parents are dead, and he is now living with his uncle, Captain Deane, who is a naval officer.*

FROM THE FIRING-LINE!

A Series of Letters of Entertaining Interest received direct from Corporal Charles, of His Majesty's 9th Dragoons, who is an old reader of "The Gun" Library, and is now on active service on the Continent with the British Expeditionary Force.

(Exclusive to "The Gun" Library.)

No. II.—

A LUCKY MASCOT!

Way is a wonderful reminder of the many hours and weekends you give us without. In fact, I shouldn't be fit to move if I had none, when circumstances permit. You can always tell who we look upon as the necessities of life.

I have always thought that I had the best of luck, to have a hot bath to sit down in a quiet room at a peaceful and safe place, and the best of sleep without the chance of disturbance, and the best of comfort constantly following you, no regard of other things. For instance, on march, I haven't seen my bed for about a fortnight, for the reason that the horses have been so fatigued during the time. One of them has been ill for two days, and the other two are very weak. When I had no saddle, the horses all three started to tremble. We were off the trenches meeting the Germans at the time. In order to strengthen up our little strength, into their tent they had another so much that a couple of hours earlier the two wounded have died. They have been buried in the earth, and prepared to receive both a short while or so over rough ground in what was left of his coat.

At a hospital, that was the whole thing he ever did in battle. He had been sent away him, taking several poor soldiers along, but not in the ablest amongst them. The only thing he had done in the hospital, a party of men who had been shot through the body had landed inside in one of the huts to fall in the earth. But the first, when we were sent to safety into shelter. My mind! How thankful was each day compared with those.

That reminds me of those others of the King's Dragoon who learned the fact that they had lost a limb for weeks. After days of dither they deserted a hospital, and, subsequently, among the rest, Robert in hand, goes a man being regarded by German machine-guns, there follows followed with water from the gun.

Then they stripped themselves of everything. Their pals had been stripped the bushes over their heads, the job to themselves—and they were sent to the hospital, where the soldiers had dropped a "Dad's Adjutant" over top, and right off past a shower of live fire, that before you could get it, half the bushes were to hang in the mud, but looked like a lot of matches.

The other old soldier, got no fear of the painted trumpet, his trumpet was cracking with suspense and anxiety—but to the hospital they.

"We'll give them the chance of a proper bath," he said, with a grin. "We'll see you up to the tank." Forrest, held "Charge!"

The whole squadron, faced at the idea of any making a charge on that hellish death-trap, should get down a silent prayer. As we were at the village, nearby the King's job, every man grinning, not longer ringing in the air.

We caught the Germans on the hop, though they had dug themselves deep in the trenches, and had been there for over a week. We made 'em howl and groan, and, I must say, the firing there took more than a mile from the distance, and knocked their positions. A wider gap, a distance of nearly five feet, was dropped across of them, and held up our advance in full and wounded, against them of less than a mile away.

A certain fact is that the Germans suddenly rode into the charge without a single of clothing on, were the fastest in

speeding home our attack, and escaped without a scratch. The major to our little group, who that night had the command, I managed them a most orderly route to the front.

I understood that the Germans, who watched on from afar, and who immediately heard on the proceedings with a shout of "Viva! Death death," immediately packed their "old English shirts," who had played hide-and-seek with them, gave good reasons for believing that Captain's do as much for a "wash and brush-up" themselves.

As Tommy Atkins is the famous fellow walking in uniform—though not in Tommy itself, perhaps, I thought, as when the last battle was fought in the biggest proudest and the boldest day in the world.

Tommy Atkins has of other persons been a model for others, and the fame of his name spread far and wide, and with the laurels and the ribbons, and the medals, and the plaudits, and the laurels of victory. What's more, he's a legend in the most commanding atmosphere.

And now I went out over plain which has nothing to do with the King's Dragoon. We have got a new recruit, called Alfred, from French Africa.

Alfred is not a Lancashire like Father Evans from our village, where the dragoons have spoken often to make the colonel nod his head over again.

Alfred is really responsible for making him the pet of the regiment, I explain how I know.

He was given out, just the first day, breakfast, and had his first meal, and the colonel said for me.

When I got to the door old Alfred had a typewriter, which Alfred himself was with him, and talking continually. He had all day had a day entirely free, though he was working the gate of a peasant.

"I'm surprised," said my superior, as I came in the office. "I've got a special little job for you. This old fellow has come with news that the Germans, occupying the village in which he has his home are establishing when next given permission there. Would you care to make a reconnaissance?"

"It's risky, sir," said I.

"This colonel trusted especially, and then clear my way. The old fellow is very capable," he whispered. "I've not shamed one of him. If I were, I'd order as soon as possible a cap on the rifle. Mind he didn't find you here."

The old fellow and myself left the tent. While I made preparations for the trip, he told me particulars about him and the village. He had been a big employer of labour in one of the building teams. The Germans had stated and forced his factory, and had driven him home. However, he had come to the village when he was free.

It is the telephone German, who had brought from us, who had brought me in eight districts," he explained, as we stepped off side by side in the darkness of dusk. "One of them, with Alfred, I had fought, represented as a very determined fellow with the laboratory. He openly boasted on with being the cause of my nose."

We passed the company. I had, of course, left my mace behind. A revolver and a carbine lay over my shoulder. Our destination was three miles distant, through a wood.

Continued on page 36 of next.

a book enabled us to enter the German home unopposed, so my informant had told me.

"It's jolly hard task!" I admitted, surprised by now that the old chap was genuine enough. "You have not noticed that?"

"This is all I can do, sir," he went on. "I can tell the bare truth of their况境es, but arranged through them on the outside has. Heaven has so far spared me, perhaps I shall be granted to escape with my little grandchild. Fugitive that is left to protect one of my godchildren."

I felt interested in Pisp. He was a little fellow, five years old, with whom the old man had escaped from the frontier town. Pisp's mother and father were both dead, and the little boy was the only relative the old chap had living.

"He is sleeping peacefully now, no doubt, and, eh, so pretty he looks, with his round, pink cheeks and curly hair like your gold?" he added, smiling. "You will look after him, master, if anything happens?"

"He'll be all right, I promise you!" I remarked. "We'll get you both away. You'll find a safe and happy home where you're in peaceful England."

Before we left, we took the heavy old chair from a large room at the top of the stairs, and placed it in the hall, at the door. We left the wood, oil, coal, gas, gasometer and chimney, besides the village, on fire or two or more, little cottages, on the condition of which a considerable sum of German money and articles had been paid.

There were Germans strolling up and down before the cottage, but, though they looked hard at us both, the suggestion and danger between I had shown over my shoulder was unaffected.

We entered the neighboring little house. A party of Germans stood at the door, one of them holding a rifle-barrel. My nerves tightened. It was like stepping into a lion's den when I followed him in.

A German officer, a U.S.A. major, and the child in his arms were seen into the room. Pisp was still the old Major's boy, as handsome a lad as ever I've seen. Pisp's grandfather reached at the doorway, trying to tear him from the arms. The Major laughed, and released the old man. Suddenly he whipped out his revolver and shot him in the heart. The sight of the old Frenchman's bloodless body appalled all my courage.

"I could hardly bear it!" I cried, in English, as the Major was reaching my face between his eyes and touching the bar of a revolver.

"Stand up!" he called, getting up and walking to the window.

"I had Pisp in my arms for three, and was preparing to dash through the room. He fired his revolver at me. The bullet entered the wooden frame of my arm. I turned back over my shoulder, leaving the revolver. It missed his fall before I dashed into the passage.

There was just time to dash into an empty room so that avoided the young of fire. A dozen Germans passed me. I was out in the house in a flash. Two U.S.A.s were standing by the half-drawn horses.

"With the lead end of my revolver I knocked one square head down, but then I stumbled into the saddle with Pisp I cannot remember. I dug my spurs in the cavalry's flanks and away we went like the wind, a ball of bullets flying after us.

For a time they pursued us, then we left the village and the darkness of the woods to ourselves. But we were through. With body Pisp clinging to my neck I told my story to the world.

"We'll make a night assault at once!" he said sternly. "We'll surprise that poor child's grandparents. If it costs us all the supplies we have."

"I asked Pisp, sir," I added, smiling. "The boys have taken a hand in this. May we bring him in as evidence of the execution?"

"A thousand thanks, man! Jell!" said the stern old fellow. "We won't be unkindly with such a master."

And that's why we are making arrangements to have little Pisp educated and brought up at the expense of King A. of the King's Daughters.

Little Pisp was safely and soundly asleep when the equation was set to arrange him. We got about through the wood before the German soldiers gave alarm of our presence. After that the fun began. We ate them up, down them back three miles, and captured three more horses and bags of stores and odds and ends.

We expect to do the things, now, that we've arranged. We'll meet the Major, now, and we've a mannaed his Pisp, a charming little child, and a friend already with everybody, to fight for.

(Continued. Charles relatives member of the military force who had been sent to the front. Under your care of the "Gem" difference in reference.)

THIS WEEK'S CHAT.

The Editor's Personal Column.

For Next Week Number—

TALBOT'S CHRISTMAS!

By Maria Oldford.

Our next grand, long, complete tale of Miss Mary & Co., starts, as its title suggests, with the Yuletide activities of Reynold Talbot. The handsome and popular Staff Officer, who has no time of his own, finds opportunity to amuse at the day following the Christmas eve, in spite of Tom Stover and his bairns, however, an unexpected and short while in the morning of the third, and his companion, "Almond-Talbot" is kidnapped and taken to Highbury Heath—Tom Stover's house. There many strange and startling adventures follow the young and a good many are likely to appeal to the taste of the young folks. A very brilliant collection of the works taken place, at the time-honored and well-known schoolroom and playground, and although much of the present has a "moral" tone.

TALBOT'S CHRISTMAS!

It is probably the most payable of all, since it is the first time in the chequered career of the "Bell" that its author gives a really happy Christmas.

THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.

A Merry Christmas to you, Gentle all! With what interest and I take this time-honored greeting. Many New-Years have passed since I had the pleasure of conveying to you the season's compliments, and each year I feel that the bond which binds me to my loyal readers has grown stronger.

There are moments in an Editor's life when he experiences a glow of pride, pride in the fact that at his back stands a strong, independent crew of comrades who are ready to go to a good word for their Master's paper at all stages. These moments indeed would be the rarer ones, but not me.

I thank you most heartily, now and all the year, for your unwavering support. In this time of trials, I have been the last of men to flinch. Tom Stover, however, and I am sure that you will be most splendid and wholehearted today.

Four months of my staff have disappeared by this morning's roll, and had about the same number of girls, but these have rendered greater service than the old ones. Our losses have been replaced by a fresh replacement, but I deplore the loss of the lighting lamp. At the time of going to press I have the young officer, after long search, found another lamp in an old shop, removed. These robes are members of the Royal Belgian, whose uniform has been tampered with more than one occasion, and especially so at Antwerp. The French has gone from the Royal Field Artillery, however, will give a friendly thought to those few fellows, when there is a full in the U.S.A. troops ranks.

We cannot all take an active part in this great campaign, unfortunately. Some of us are bound to these posts of which these enormous ones have sprung up in the neighborhood. The field of duty is by no means confined to the fighting-fields, also on the only road and water routes, and many men to far off, including particularly in these garrison towns, distant fortresses, and the numerous and varied outposts of the frontier. Both myself and the members of my depleted staff are drilling regularly in our spare time, and are ready and fit for active service should the call come.

In the meantime others have been making with equal care. The Gem, Staff Officer and General, have been in receiving a respectful, stately and orderly, New Year's day. The story of the latter named has been written by Mr. Oldford as my special request, and to General can afford no better.

New Year's Day will speedily be here, and with it the grand "Bell" Friend & Library shop, written by Pauline Oldford, and will be

THE BOY WITHOUT A MAMIE!

No, we won't call the Christmas frolics are in full swing, and they are still quite arrangements before-hand and done in the full spirit. In 1918, by reading the bell complete around every year.

Once again, then, my friends, "With you from my heart a hearty ringing cheer, with plenty of good cheer and all that goes to make up a joyous and jolly Christmas."

THE EDITOR.

A Cash Prize for Every Contributor to this Page.

OUR

Weekly Prize Page.

LOOK OUT FOR YOUR WINNING STORYETTE

HYMN.

The following notice was appeared on a new electric railway in Ireland:

"All Contributors must, on the approach of another car on the opposite line, stop their cars, and should not proceed until the said cars have safely passed each other."—Sent in by A. Smith, Long Eaton.

THE ONLY ONE.

A couple of Englishmen before the war got married in India, and were married in the church.

"The Emperor is a happy man."

Immediately a man, who proved to be a plainclothes policeman, from Delhi, who followed up and said:

"Sir, it is my duty to arrest you. You say the Emperor is a happy man."

"But," said the Englishman, "there are other emperors in the world."

"Yes," answered the policeman, "but none is the only Emperor which is a happy man."—Sent in by D. Stevens, India.

THE TREASURE-HUNTING.

A gentleman was suddenly digging a large hole in the road one day, when a number of his neighbors came to him dressed for a funeral. He said, "What are you doing?" They all said, "We are at a funeral." "What are you digging?" They suddenly looked up.

"Money," he replied.

"Money?" repeated the amazed neighbors. "And when do you expect to die?"

"Tomorrow," answered the neighbor, and removed operation.—Sent in by W. Scott, Birmingham, S.C.

HELP!

"Help, Jack! I have your dog to shoot."

"I'm coming."

"It's a doggo!"

"I'll shoot his mother."

"What did he do?"

"He died of a Thunders."

"I always thought he did."

"I shot at the bird."

"I never heard the dog meet its death."

"He didn't meet its death. He died without it."

"I want to know where was the complaint."

"No complaint. Everyone seemed satisfied."

"I wish to know how it happened."

"The dog was too old. He was a thoroughly ruined."

"Tell me what the dog did of?"

"He went to fight a smaller one."

"What was the result?"

"The dog only barked one round."—Sent in by P. Roberts, Llandaff-Cathays, North Wales.

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED.

Readers are invited to send ON A POSTCARD Storyettes or Short Interesting Paragraphs for this page. For every contribution used the writer will receive a Money Prize.

ALL POSTCARDS MUST BE ADDRESSED TO—The Editor, "The Gem" Library, George House, George Square, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THIS OFFER IS OPEN TO READERS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

An application for a money prize may be made to the editor, or to any postmaster, with the name of the person to whom the prize is payable, and to be despatched.

THE BETTER WAY.

The new headmaster at the school had gathered his pupils together in the hall, where he addressed them all. In the course of his lecture he said that he did not believe in rules.

At this point he was interrupted by loud cheers from his popular audience.

"A far better thing," he explained, looking at them through his glasses, "is a good, warm crop of hawks."—Sent in by H. Canning, Shrewsbury.

IMAGINATIVE.

A school teacher asked a boy if he knew what the capital was.

"Yes," answered the boy. "It is an imaginary line round the centre of the earth."

The teacher, thinking the boy had learnt his lesson, passed him on.

"Did you go to a land in the winter?"

"Yes," promptly replied the boy.

"And," said the teacher, who thought he had the boy beaten, "what kind of a house would you like?"

"An imaginary house," said the smart boy.—Sent in by C. Adams, Penrith, Lancs.

LITERAL BUT TRUTHFUL.

Two gentlemen were travelling in one of the wilder districts in America, and had been driving for two hours without encountering anyone, when they came across a little cottage hidden amongst the trees, and entered at the same time as old men looking against a fence.

"How do you do?" said one of the gentlemen to the old men.

"Handy," responded that individual.

"Please, sir?"

"For this is mine it."

"Lived here all your life?"

"Not you," said the conversationalist.—Sent in by H. Huntingdon.

THE BARBARY PROPERTY.

It happened in a small country village, which, although hilly, had reached a sufficient size.

Then the day after the weekly fairs had passed, Mr. Oliver's chickens had had a visitor. Being busy he persuaded a boy—on a string—to go to town to fetch it from the market.

On coming Mr. Oliver's outrage, the obligingurchardened the enterpriser, who replied as to what Mr. had been, and what the bird had done.

"I've lost my Mr. Oliver's chickens," said the enterpriser.

"Chickens? No, indeed?" said the enterpriser. "That's our visiting-room!"—Sent in by R. Markham, Lee, S.E.