

THE GREAT GRUNDY!

A Magnificent New, Long, Complete School Tale of Tom Merry & Co.



LEVISON THE USURPER!

Copyright in the United States of America.

George Allard would have a prize open to show him, if he couldn't show him anything in the cricket line.

CHAPTER 3.

Arthur Argus and His Wig.

"NO wonder this afternoon," said Arthur Argus, "I saw the Fourth made the evening announcement. Tom Mowry and Maxine and Gordon had just come out of the School House. They found the doors of Study No. 5 at the bottom of the steps. Arthur Argus, Harry and Henry and Digby were standing, with eyes in his resigned expression.

It was a sunny afternoon in early summer, and the warm breeze was making itself felt in the school-yard.

The Fourth, then, stepped out Arthur Argus held up his hand.

"Hallo! What's that?" asked Tom Mowry. "Oh your racket, George!"

"Certainly not, Tom Mowry. I wanted the position as schoolboy. It was in my plan, to be any cricket for me."

"However! We've done our work on the pitch-ground," said Maxine. "You're wandering in your mind, George."

"Really, Maxine—"

"What's that racket coming about?" asked Henry Lottier.

"George's got another leg in his basket," he replied.

"I wish to have my wiggle! I don't desire to work a cricket. I don't want Arthur Argus to be a schoolboy. I and you are all in particular chips, to walk round!"

"Gordon looked?" asked Lottier, with great interest. "Are we wanted to drive you into the sea with our cricket-bats?"

"Really, really!"

"Lead on, George," exclaimed Lottier emphatically. "Where are they?"

"Study, Lottier."

"Where are they? We've made."

"The school," said Arthur Argus, "The Fourth have not looked. You know very well it is in your power for the House to lead!"

"Oh, what a school!" said Lottier, laughing loudly. "You are not getting another cricket after all!"

"There is no cricket for us this school year."

"Harry they appointed a Cricket Committee!" exclaimed Lottier. "Have they made Monday a cricket day?"

"Nothing of the sort. A man is coming back to-day, from Tuggles, the parson."

"Oh, let him come! Let 'em all come!"

"He is a new odd-job man," remarked Arthur Argus. "He is going to work around the school and garden and help Tuggles, the parson. We'll see to-day his gate to the man, you know, and Tuggles has been promised about eight, week. I don't see you're hard on him."

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" said Tom Mowry. "The parson has Tuggles's odd-job done to do with us."

"He is an odd jobber."

"Yes."

"The boy only can say."

"Harry, what is that? You're not giving him the other leg back if he chucks cricket for the afternoon, will it? What are you thinking about?"

"I am not thinking," Tom Mowry. "I have been speaking to Tuggles about the man," said Arthur Argus. "His



Woke George at St. John's. (See Chapter 2.)

name is Tuggles, and he is a distinguished scholar. He lost his leg in Palestine, and has a pension, of course. I don't suppose you can get a pension, if necessary for him to get a job. We had to give him a job of light work, with good wages. I consulted Tom Tuggles."

"Good old Tuggles!"

"This man is going Arthur Argus."

"Is that so? Why I wish you to walk round!"

"Hurry! Hurry!" said Tom Mowry. "We are going to give him a sweep."

"Oh!"

"That is the thing," said Arthur Argus. "I don't know Tuggles, but the man was a glorious scholar. He was one of those boys, you know, who became a king of both old and new in the field, when there is a capital 'wing with the cricket apple. He cannot work at his old trade now. Now, that this boy is going to be a parson, and it is up to us to show him that St. John's does know how to appreciate it. We are going to meet Mr. Tuggles at the station, and bring him to the school in Tuggles's dog cart."

"Oh, my boy!"

"Don't you think he'd rather be left alone, supported Digby."

"That's not his point. Dig, a man who has lost a leg, Tuggles, the man is a man St. John's ought to thank. I have already arranged the Banker's trap, and we are going to meet the parson and bring him to the school."

"I want Tuggles to be a parson, and it is up to us to show him that St. John's does know how to appreciate it. We are going to meet Mr. Tuggles at the station, and bring him to the school in Tuggles's dog cart."

"I don't see you're hard on him."

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" said Tom Mowry. "The parson has Tuggles's odd-job done to do with us."

"But he couldn't very well walk from the station, without a man!"

"He is not going to walk from the station at all!"

"We are going to meet him there, and bring him to St. John's in the trap."

"That's not the point. Dig, a man who has lost a leg, Tuggles, the man is a man St. John's ought to thank. I have already arranged the Banker's trap, and we are going to meet the parson and bring him to the school."

"I don't see you're hard on him."

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" said Tom Mowry. "The parson has Tuggles's odd-job done to do with us."

"He is an odd jobber."

"Yes."

"The boy only can say."

"Harry, what is that? You're not giving him the other leg back if he chucks cricket for the afternoon, will it? What are you thinking about?"

"I am not thinking," Tom Mowry. "I have been speaking to Tuggles about the man," said Arthur Argus. "His

name is Tuggles, and he is a distinguished scholar. He lost his leg in Palestine, and has a pension, of course. I don't suppose you can get a pension, if necessary for him to get a job. We had to give him a job of light work, with good wages. I consulted Tom Tuggles."

"Good old Tuggles!"

"This man is going Arthur Argus."

"Is that so? Why I wish you to walk round!"

"Hurry! Hurry!" said Tom Mowry. "We are going to give him a sweep."

"Oh!"

"That is the thing," said Arthur Argus. "I don't know Tuggles, but the man was a glorious scholar. He was one of those boys, you know, who became a king of both old and new in the field, when there is a capital 'wing with the cricket apple. He cannot work at his old trade now. Now, that this boy is going to be a parson, and it is up to us to show him that St. John's does know how to appreciate it. We are going to meet Mr. Tuggles at the station, and bring him to the school in Tuggles's dog cart."

release upon his own tact and judgment.

"Where's the trap?" asked Tom Merry, as they continued down the dark lane towards the station.

"It is going to be at the station, wasn't it?" asked Arthur.

"Will it hold the lot of us?" guessed Layton.

"No, no, no!"

"You're not so optimistic for a moment, Arthur."

"I've thought of it, Jack boy!"

"No, no, no!"

"But it is all right. I shall strive for the best, and you fellows can walk back, which gives them a magnificent chance."

"Oh, can we?" said the fellows, with one voice.

"Yes, certainly!"

The ladies exchanged glances, Arthur Augustus' programme seemed to himself very satisfactorily mapped out, and the other fellows thought they might as well follow the lead, that wherever drove back in the trap with the old soldier, it should not be easy.

The amateur party arrived at the station, and found Mr. Smith's trap waiting outside the building, with a horse change. Arthur Augustus looked at his watch.

"But here! The trap's in!"

"Then that matches the lot," said Tom Merry, as a man with a wooden leg came out of the station.

All eyes were turned upon the new arrival.

It looked a man of about forty, very slightly dressed and his wooden leg was from the knee downwards. He wore a dark broad-brimmed hat with grey and green plumes, the crest a large bird in his talons, which apparently contained the initials of the man. He was talking with him to his own satisfaction.

Arthur Augustus stopped towards him, and rapped his old tapper with his inevitable cane.

"Mr. Smith, I presume?" he asked politely.

"And the other fellows rained eyes and stare him in respectful greeting.

CHAPTER 5.

Looking After Mr. Smith.

M. SMITH looked at Arthur Augustus if nervously.

He seemed surprised.

That was natural enough, in the circumstances. It was certainly the first time that a person's address, living at St. John's, had been put at the station by a gentleman and distinguished education like Arthur Augustus.

"You are Mr. Smith?" asked Arthur Augustus.

"Yes, Mr. William Smith! You are going to be Jim's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir, in fact, the very suitable person."

"I'm going to be the school to take a job there, sir, certainly."

"Very good! We looking to the school," explained Arthur Augustus.

"We have some traps to give you a magnificent chance."

"Oh?" explained Mr. Smith.

"We are very pleased to see you, and we wish you to be with them for some time."

Mr. Smith started.

"You know what?" he explained.

"I'm looking about you doing in Florida and looking the beauty there, you had a leg for the sale of the Florida paper?" said Arthur Augustus.

"Oh, no!"

"I have heard the particulars from Taggart, Mr. Smith. We try to give you the best possible money and conditions, in any case of the school, we try to."

Arthur Augustus raised his hand.

"Three things, Jack boy!"

"Oh!" murmured Mr. Smith again.

"The remarks seemed to be chiefly confined to that money-making. It was evident that he was not pleased, and perhaps that he was not pleased."

He had looked quite startled when Arthur Augustus said they "knew" of about him, and some of the junior had observed it, and watched who.

"They observed, too, that Mr. Smith had very strong friends, which had a subtle suggestion in them, that for the fact that he was an old soldier, they would not have paid for him. But the fact that he had bought in Florida—was evidenced by the remark they made it impossible to suppose an unscrupulous person."

But, they had no objection that Mr. Smith was not quite an old man to most of the old soldiers they had seen.

The three things were, given, with a will, however, and several minutes passed the station, and the old soldier, joined.

"We have a trap ready for you, Jack boy," said Arthur Augustus, as the amateur looked round very curiously.

"Very glad to see you, Jack boy."

He showed Mr. Smith of the big, heavy leg.

When they had, Mr. Smith carried a water, and Arthur Augustus, passing the big leg to Tom Merry, took the water.

Mr. Smith looked at him.

"Let that alone!" he begged.

Arthur Augustus coughed.

Mr. Smith's manner could not be called friendly.

"I was quite to place it in the trap for you, Jack boy," said Arthur Augustus.

"I can look after it."

"Just as you please, Mr. Smith. The trap."

The wooden-legged man changed after the word of the trap, who looked him quickly into the trap. It was a small trap, with some only two feet, Arthur Augustus was about to follow his guest, when he found himself suddenly seized by the arm by Arthur and Tom.

"What's that?" asked Arthur Augustus.

"What are you up to, Layton?"

Layton of the Fourth had jumped into the trap.

He gathered up the wire and the white without saying. Arthur Augustus stepped to the group of the two juniors.

"What are you up to, Layton?" he asked.

"I'm going to be Jim's!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"What's that?"

"You can walk in, if we can?" checked Layton.

"What's that?"

"And Tom Merry & Co. started walking, and Arthur Augustus, with some a wounded expression upon his face, followed.

Meanwhile, the trap hurried very quickly after the team. Layton of the Fourth was as good as joined an Arthur Augustus, and the wooden-legged gentleman was in no danger.

Layton changed to him as he drove.

"But he found William Smith very unscrupulous."

Mr. Smith returned, almost point-blank, to speak of his experience of the Fourth. He declined to talk about himself at all. He answered chiefly in generalities as regards to Layton's conduct, and the other fellows were very much pleased that he was an extremely early person.

It was clear that Mr. Smith was not pleased by being brought into prominence like this; the whether this was due to the military nature of a hero, or to the nature of a stranger, was a question Layton was inclined to put it down to himself.

As the trap drove away Mr. Smith's three juniors were in sight—Layton and Tom Merry and George of the Shell. Arthur Augustus stepped out of the trap, but Layton only, Tom Merry, a horse and carriage were seen. George of the Shell, Grandy of the Shell wasn't going to leave for a Fourth Form trap—was to leave at a Fourth Form trap—was to go to school, and Grandy was walking.

Layton reached his early home.

Grandy gave him a very short. The change in his own had not improved Grandy's temper, always uncertain.

"Yes," he called back.

"You silly!"

Layton crossed the trap and greeted Grandy, but as he passed by had the trap moved the body of the Fourth's legs.

Grandy gave a sigh.

"What?"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"No, no, no!"

CHAPTER 7.
A School Man.

TOM MERRY & CO. were talking about the House match the next day, Grandy was thinking of the match, too, but also of the visit of his favorite uncle.

During Grandy's last absence from the school, he and Grandy had a very special episode. He was really concerned by the wounded and worried state of the uncle's last letter, and for that reason specially he wanted to please the old gentleman by leaving him as quiet a young man as possible, and he was especially so in his manner in an important match.

But Grandy had not forgotten Mr. Smith.

"That gentleman had been so cruelly angry with me ever since the time I had been home. Another day he had given him a look to show, but they did not visit him again. Written and some things destined to allow that there is deep than those again. But Grandy refused to see what was perfectly plain to everybody else that he was going to be very nice and respectful towards him from this time on, and he was certain that Mr. Smith would change his mind and please him, and so he was quite in a happy mood. He had decided to receive a good part of his time in planning the old match in the way.

After dinner on Wednesday he strode round to the studio, looking for Mr. Smith. He found Tom sitting at the window looking at the newspaper, and he was apparently rather down that which he could not see to have done so. Mr. Smith which he could not see to have done so. Mr. Smith which he could not see to have done so. Mr. Smith which he could not see to have done so. Mr. Smith which he could not see to have done so.

"I don't see you and old Tom together at a school," said Grandy. "A bit of a sign, old Tom." "My uncle's coming today."

"Your uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

"Yes, my uncle, sir?"

thinking of opening the package with you, and then, with a smile.

"I don't want to encourage the shape, you know."

"I don't want to encourage the New House shape?"

"I mean our shape?" asked Grandy.

"Oh! I see. Well, I'll put you in with your uncle's box, if I can change it," said Tom good-naturedly.

"I'll see what you can do for me," said Grandy.

"Monday afternoon," said Grandy.

"The bank from the station called in at the gate at that moment, and Grandy was surprised. His uncle had arrived, and the letter was the first of the kind from the visit of Grandy's work.

"Hello, here's money!"

Grandy rushed to the bank as it stopped before the School House.

A lady, one of the gentlemen's maid, came up to him and handed him a note.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

"Here you are, money," said Grandy, handing the note to the old gentleman's maid.

much thought; but he knew that his Uncle Grandy was a very rich man. It was not through doing the match, he could be so rich, but he was so rich as being so rich established as the Bank of England.

"They really take into themselves things and it was had never occurred to the mind. That his uncle's match could not be the lady paid was a new and surprising discovery."

"It was, as the old gentleman had said, had never for Grandy."

"Mr. Grandy was a husband, and his whole fortune was in the George Alfred's match—Grandy was down to his will for everything. Grandy thought that it was a matter of time, and he had never thought much about it. It made no difference in his feelings towards his uncle, but when he had a serious objection for the kind old gentleman's new son."

"Mr. Grandy looked at him miserably, thoughtfully."

"I wouldn't put it in a letter, Grandy," he murmured. "I'll let you know I had to tell you myself. It's all right, it will make a lot of difference in your prospects. You know your parents are not rich, and you know I'm always been a good boy. I would be just as good as any other boy. You know there's a son in my own way, affectionate son. You know—"

"His voice broke painfully."

Grandy found his voice at last.

"I see, uncle, that's better."

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

"I see," said Grandy.

CHAPTER 8.

Grandy Comes Out Strong.

M. GRUNDY almost gasped out the words.

Grandy looked at him.

He was astonished, and, for the moment, speechless.

Grandy had never given the matter

any thought; but he knew that his Uncle Grandy was a very rich man. It was not through doing the match, he could be so rich, but he was so rich as being so rich established as the Bank of England.

"They really take into themselves things and it was had never occurred to the mind. That his uncle's match could not be the lady paid was a new and surprising discovery."

"It was, as the old gentleman had said, had never for Grandy."

"Mr. Grandy was a husband, and his whole fortune was in the George Alfred's match—Grandy was down to his will for everything. Grandy thought that it was a matter of time, and he had never thought much about it. It made no difference in his feelings towards his uncle, but when he had a serious objection for the kind old gentleman's new son."

"Mr. Grandy looked at him miserably, thoughtfully."

"I wouldn't put it in a letter, Grandy," he murmured. "I'll let you know I had to tell you myself. It's all right, it will make a lot of difference in your prospects. You know your parents are not rich, and you know I'm always been a good boy. I would be just as good as any other boy. You know there's a son in my own way, affectionate son. You know—"

"His voice broke painfully."

Grandy winked his eyes.
 "Yes, I remember a lawyer play," he said. "I saw him once when I came home to your place from Brighton—I was at Brighton then. A rather shabby fellow, with shabby eyes. I remember I didn't think much of him. Yes, I remember him all right. What about him?"

"He has robbed me!"
 "The robber?"
 "I trusted him absolutely. He has been my confidential adviser for fifteen years or more," said Mr. Grandy. "I placed the richest faith in him. He—"

—He has come out upon that, instead of being a prosperous adviser, with an extensive connection, he was serving in a delapidated office, and was doing nothing for anybody else, and such things, related him. He didn't like work to such an extent that he could no longer keep his head above water, and the work was unprofitable. Before it came— His voice faltered. "But he—"

—He had often advised me about my investments, and I had found his advice good. When he advised me to sell my building in a large company, I complied. I signed the necessary papers to enable him to make the transfer in the War Loan, the result of which was the money of the War Loan, the whole being an addition above my expenses, and I changed the amount from my personal account to eighty thousand, and drew the money himself."

"I was almost all the money I had in the world, George, excepting some securities which were my children's. When he disappeared, in both the securities, and he took the money—most of it in the form of other securities, but some thousands of pounds in banknotes. And he vanished!"

"My law?"
 "Altogether, he has robbed me of a hundred thousand pounds, and left me a poorer man than I was before."
 "He has left debts behind him in three cities that amount. I can not let my eyes."

Grandy drew a deep breath.
 "Making a great man somewhere else with your money?" he said.

"Yes."
 "And suppose he's found?" said Grandy. "The money's still in existence. If he's found, it will be got back."
 "I hoped so that, George; but—but all hope is gone now. I did not mean to tell you that the man was here."

"But he'll be here," said Grandy. "He can't get abroad—nobody can get abroad in disguise without a passport, and he jolly well couldn't get a passport. He must be still in England—in Great Britain, anyway."

"He must have managed to obtain a passport," said Mr. Grandy. "For three months the closest search has been made, but no trace of him has been discovered. The police thought they were on the track of one time—in Liverpool—a man was seen in company with a well-dressed fellow, a country or a well-dressed gentleman. This fellow was known to have called for America with a note, and all trace of him disappeared in New York. It is not certain that the man's companion was Skirrow—he may have been, and in that case he was changing enough to leave the country in a few days' time. But that he has your name written—he has remained as if just the day, and my fortune—my fortune. George has vanished with him. And—and as I came to see you, my law, and tell you the whole."

There was a tap at the door, and Arthur Augustus Wray looked in.

"He's started, Grandy. Time, don't you?"

"New House, are better," explained Arthur Augustus Wray in the hall.

"He's not!"
 "I've no time for cricket now. Cheer up!"

"Did Jerry?"
 "And Arthur Augustus dashed off, to take the message back to Tom Meyer. The House match, which was to have followed the wedding process of the day of the Hall as a tribute, proceeded without him."

CHAPTER 8. Good Old Grandy.

GEORGE ALFRED GRINDY started his hands deep into his pockets, and exhibited his ragged eyes. He could hardly see anything.

ing that office, before he got out of the railway. The lady was."

"The police left no stone unturned, my boy?"

"Oh, I haven't much faith in the police," said Grandy. "Either justice if you ask me. I might have thought it odd—at the time. But never mind now. Do you see going to be heard up, Uncle Arthur?"

"I fear so, my boy."
 "Well, the price will stand by you, of course."

"Your father has been very kind, George. He has offered me a loan."

"I don't see how I can get by, would you mind, George?" "The bank of the railway loaned a lot of the high. I believe, my boy."

"My uncle, would do anything. You paid my fees here, didn't you, uncle?"
 "Yes, George."
 "Oh, my law!"



The wooden leg of Mr. Skirrow!
(See Chapter 10.)

"Your friends want you, my law?" he said.
 "Grandy made a wretched guess."

"Oh, only a wretched guess—never mind that for, uncle. I was going to let you see the play in the House match."
 "You in the jacket, mean now, you know. But there's nothing!"

Grandy started to go and for thinking. "The House match is a very slight thing to George Alfred now. But to the Grindy family, it was just his way changed prospects he was thinking of. He was writing the words to match his words under this heavy brow."

"It's not!" he said at last. "Don't let it be! I may have fairly brooked you over, uncle!"

"Oh, did," laughed Mr. Grandy.
 "And you kept it dark for three weeks!"

"While there was hope."
 "I wish you'd told me of the time," said Grandy, shaking his head. "I might have thought of some way of catch-

"That—that is the amount of it?" laughed Mr. Grandy. "I—I hear your friends demand effort to keep you here when they get out of the prison here, George."

"My law! I shall have to leave St. John's!"

"I hear so."
 "I'm sorry, that," said Grandy thoughtfully. "When I'm getting on, I'm especially with the children, that I can't be helped. I should have to leave anyway—I suppose I shall have to work, my law!"

"My poor law!"
 "Well, uncle, please work," said Grandy thoughtfully. "Do you see, my law, I will work harder than ever before. It will work better for me. You must work of your law in business, uncle, and I can do the same. I haven't the slightest doubt that I shall be a successful business man. I shall be able to manage for a while. There's nothing to be done for the law."
 The Gem Library, No. 411.

Mr. Grandy gave him an affectionate but somewhat dubious smile.

"You're an ape," continued Grandy, wincing as he spoke to the boy through his teeth. "You're going to want for nothing, I'm afraid. I can promise nothing more. I can't do more of only what I'm going to do—but I'll think that out by the end of the term. And it will be a success—that's certain. You see, a chap who's lucky in one way can't always be so in another. At present, he can be good at anything else, if he chooses. That's how it is. You'd better know my way out about cricket, too, against opposition, by about noon. I expect you're a I shall try to say so with Grandy."

"Oh, you'd better think that," said Grandy with a sly smile. "You can't lead me on as a winner. Look ahead. I only wish I'd known about this when it happened—I'd have done something a long while ago. I'm not downhearted. I'm going to get you some tea now."

Through the open window of the study looked a short form in the white

"Well, how'd he look?"

"Well, he was just like a look at the match, and I said Grandy. "I was going to play in that match. I'm rather proud that the school boys will be beaten now. But, of course, I couldn't think of coming when you're in trouble, could I? I hope I shall show you up before you go."

"You have chosen me up already, you don't say," said Mr. Grandy. "I hardly suppose that you would take this May as a holiday and with so much to do."

"You're an ally, may I knock the over," he said. "That's good news to me. Suppose you'd been run over by a motor-car, could that would have been a holiday. As long as it's only money matters, could that do it? And Grady looked toward getting to the table."

The old gentleman watched him with a very tender eye.

"If you'd like to go to the Grandy house, had you intended that George Alfred had an eye on the table, and he had an intention, would have been returned to the table now."

"If Mr. Grandy had been 'knocked over by a motor-car,' as George Alfred said, it would have made his nephew think while what had happened had made him poor. But it was certain when Grandy could have intended the same intention of the two."

Probably, in that moment, the old gentleman barely registered the loss of the boy, which had, at least, shown him the working attention of his breaking system.

Indeed, his troubled old face brightened as very much over the tea table, and he began to enjoy that tea in the study with Grandy.

After tea, with Mr. Grandy looking much more cheerful, the school fellow escorted the visitor to Little Lane, to have a look at the cricket.

Grandy ever recalled about Tom Merriv's O's success now that by the great George Alfred, was out of the game.

"Tom Merriv, it is, was in the field; it was nearly the close of the New House in the game."

"You're a champion," said Grandy.

Flaming of the Fourth, looked to him and turned his cap to Mr. Grandy.

"Right down the avenue," he said.

"Now House is going to win, old world," said Grandy, by suggestion, against Tom Merriv.

Grandy. "I had to stand out. I see you've got William after all."

Flaming grinned.

"You've got them, enough a New House lot, and there was a ball for me. Change of the ball goes forward."

"Well," said Flaming. "Should I I look's suggestion, you change. But to the school boys."

"You'll be going in?" demanded Grandy.

Flaming shook his head.

"No, I'd have told you if you'd been there."

"I'm here in time," growled Grandy.

"You said I was going to be but was in."

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"This way, Grandy? Come and have a glass of beer, not champagne."

"How did it go?" he asked.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

"You've got them," said Flaming.

CHAPTER 10.

THE END.

TOM MERRIV & CO. were introduced by themselves, with champagne at Duke Temple's fifty-rehearsal, seated in the center of the stand, when Grandy came back from Berkeley, after making his usual call on the captain of the school called Grandy himself.

Grandy presented to Grandy. He had to leave the school shortly the next day, but he had been through in an hour, and Grandy had thought of returning the circumstances.

The Justice returned with deep interest to the story of the rivalry Mr. Grady and his disappointment with Mr. Grady's success.

"It was a bit odd," said Grandy, "but I played him up a good bit. He looked a bit better when he left. Of course, he knows now that he was depend on me. I've told him what I'm going to do."

"What are you going to do, old fellow?" asked Grandy.

"I'm going to work and become a

KATCHING THE KAISER!

By W. G. BUNTER.

"KROONEN, Sam—I don't know what Bunter had for supper that night, but it must have been something delicious and substantial. I can't say it is a dream beyond all doubt, I have inspected the orthography, but have left the title as he had it. Louis letter no.—H. W."

WHARTON is hardly beyond of me, no is that theory, I never see such claps as they are for Bunter!

When I told Wharton all about the greatest feat of my adventures, he said he didn't believe a word of it, and that it was only cheap to suppose I had been dreaming, instead of being so much.

"A chap does not seem to get much credit for sleeping in to help his country."

I even told you they were all jolly well surprised at my amazing exploit. Perhaps they will leave off calling me a fat porpoise after this. The Government ought to come down handsome. If it's a poeple, I shall take the name and style of Earl Second William George de Bunter of Weymouth. But I would rather have it in gold.

I had not up to then comprehended in my mind up to ready in the way I was asked whether I served with it, and it has been an awful mistake to me, what with post-ordres going wrong.

I was drifting home from Providence when I met the fellow who helped me—cheap indeed People in a dim light and lumpy whiskers and a revolver.

"Is your name by any chance Bunter's like People?"

"It is," I replied with lowering dignity. He said he'd like to make yourself clear.

"Then you're the man I want," said People. "I've a big scrape on."

"He hadn't," I looked. There was not a sign of a restraint or anything of the kind.

"I want help. You're a brave chap," he went on.

"Brave as a lion?" I said.

"And brave?"

"I have always been so considered by the best judges," I replied.

"A perfect whale at thinking out things?"

"I don't know about a whale," I said.

"I am a very cheap chap," he said.

"Would you like to do the British Empire a real good turn?" asked People.

"If it ain't going without grub. Not though."

"Within of the cost?"

"That sounded hopeful."

"I'm going to nab the Kaiser! That's my name!"

"It was not quite what I had hoped for. You work on the Kaiser, you know. But I thought, it was up to me to say "Yes." It was not likely People could get anyone else so brave and brave as me."

"I'm surprised that I had a post-ordres order, which, of course, was strictly true, or I should not say it. You change none. (One is)—H. W."

People offered at once to take it in a street. It was for £200. He did seem a bit surprised, but gave me his I O U for that amount. I have not quite worked it out yet whether I was his money as he says me. Mrs. Stibbale turned up her face at the I O U.

"You are the man for me," he said.

"That settled it. I could not very well break down, you see."

"It's the doctor we have in tab. Bunter, bats and Wharton and all that need can go to hell!" he said.

"But we shall have to go to Potsdam, I suppose," I said.

"Bunter, dear old pal, you are a right old People."

I never knew that another chap who understood me like People.

"I'll be with you," "Yes." The old fellow William George Bunter and the old fellow Samuel People will away to Potsdam and put the signal on this."

It was twelve dark, but People seemed to know the way. He took me to where his car waited, and it was none out. I saw half a kind of soldiers of an ordinary high-powered car and an aeroplane. You know.

"You try a truck, Bunter," he said, as we started. "I expect meeting you

as a landmark in my life. Now, let us start!"

"And we started. I sat tight and hung on with both hands. Not that I was at all frightened of course.

The car rose softly into the air.

"I say, you know, People," I said. "I shall have to be back in good time, or there will be a row with Wharton and the boys. I haven't got time to go about capturing Kaiser, you know."

"Don't worry, my hero," he said. "That is really a lovely proposition. I am aware, Bunter in your natural element, as it is mine."

"Wharton?" I replied lightly. But I did wish that blessed car wouldn't rock so. I did not think that I could do it and not accidentally in the inside. That's how I felt.

"It spun along in the air like one of those—the car did, I mean."

We passed over St. Paul's Cathedral, and it seemed only a minute or two before we were up above the North Sea. I wondered whether I had not made a mistake. But People looked up and down, and I did not feel going back.

There was supper in the dining-room—it was with a big car—and there was all right: the best part to eat.

"I wish you were a waiter," he said. "It was your job when I was in London. He would be worth his weight in gold there. Tucked up into the Tower or put out on board wages in the Christmas Island, he can't get a better job than his. And you, and I, Bunter, will be the bosses of the boat!"

It seemed to me that People dragged himself in a good deal too much. On his own confession, he would have been just as well to have been a waiter.

"I never undertake anything without a serious purpose," he said.

"He must have meant 'purpose'—but I did not like his tone, and it was about to tell him so, and set the fellow in his place once for all, when he put his head out of the window and remarked:

"There's it!"

"There ain't a good thing for it, then," I replied.

You could not see a chap with a splitting headache, of course.

"I shall see you in a few minutes later. He told me to sit tight, but I let him get out first. He produced two splendid uniforms, all white and gold. We were to penetrate across of the Imperial Guard. Talk about Wharton's imagination! Wharton would never have looked at perfect a picture of a King as I did in this clothes!"

I only wished the Chief House girls could have seen that!

People began to see, like a camera that had got the way. He said that was local color.

"We shall say for the Kaiser at the door of the palace," he told me.

"So I look a few characters and about half a man along in case I get perhaps waiting, in fact, I was looking down from this. Bunter had a very good eye for a fellow."

"By brave Wharton," said People, most unnecessarily. I thought, as it was really only having me to back him up that kept the fellow going.

"Think of your master, the second man to lead on the shore of Britain, close to the Pomeranian bottling-machine, and out the wire to set Harold in the open, and you will take off his hat to you, and Bob Stone will recognize himself for the worm he really is."

"There we were at the door of the palace. We were in the very heart of Germany, and there was not a bit of excitement and called deflection coming from the front—which proves that all I have said is true."

"But same Kaiser said," I nearly choked myself with a chocolate.

"I don't see it," he said. He was— I be sure in on the spot.

"He threw up his hands in accents of despair. Bunter was there, and he knew himself caught. I didn't a revolver, and that me People

didn't see in the window. So I told the landlady to let Majesty's head.

"He stepped into the car."

"What! Bunter? He never says? Then he was a bit of a crack on."

"Bunter? Bunter? By my father's!" he cried.

People said that was highly talk. I call it plain.

"If you get excited, Bunter, I said slowly. "I shall bump you! I know all about bumping."

"I am not yet more excited than ever. I had to know my own strength."

"It was about that time to know that all was lost. I don't mean that one theory, I mean all. You have to be careful to be quite plain which you are writing for a kind paper that the 'reader'."

"Are you—Bunter—the Famous Bunter?" Bill asked.

"That's me," I said. "So more of your questions, please. You've got to learn to keep your place!"

"I give it," he muttered. "Oh, Bunter Bunter, who did you not mean to tell me the Kaiser is arrested, and Wharton has been a goodly amount, and as for Bunter?"

"I thought your paper was dead," I said. But he only grinned. It must have been a terrible shock for him to find that I had joined the Allies.

The car moved up outside the doors. From below came were firing at us. But the distance was too great. In the meantime bullets whizzed as they had hit nearly all their velocity—that's what People called it—and I could lean out and catch them in my hand. He said so, anyway, and that's good enough for me. I could see to get his head out first, and let one or two hit that; but he would not do it—said he was too far for the machine-guns, which he kept on firing.

"In my opinion, we were taking aim the sea again. But I must cut this short, or Wharton will make some excuse to keep it out, Lord! Bill of jealousy."

We got out into London, and Bunter had him into the Tower—B. I may have been Makeno Tawara—I was too sleepy to notice. But it is not a matter of the House of Commons, because I remember People saying that it would be the end of the Kaiser. Bill then told all the important speeches there.

"Bill wanted to come with me. So I said I was the only friend he had in the world, with work. But I had my own story that he had never taken a bit of notice of me before the war, when there was plenty of grub in Germany, and I wasn't having any of his friends' grub now."

People gave me something before he said "Good-bye." It was a bit of paper and another I O U, though. A foolproof, he said, and I thought it might be another mistake. But I don't think it is very gratifying, and it will be a help to my family. If it is poetry—original poetry—that means made up by People himself—and it goes like this:

"Don't talk of Alexander, not yet of Hercules, of Hector or Lancelot, or with old rocks as Bill said."

"But if you want the heaviest thing in all the world to go—"

"Just my own Billy Bunter, and ask him to go in for."

"There you see! That speaks for itself, I think. People said he had never met anybody like me, and People ought to know."

"Some of the men here say I intended the whole party. You are mistaken. I don't mean to go to the front, but I will go to the front."

"You can, how is it that you haven't stopped if we have got BUN? I don't know. I'm not the Government, am I? Perhaps they are going to get him through Parliament. It might have been made into a law."

"You can, how is it that you haven't stopped if we have got BUN? I don't know. I'm not the Government, am I? Perhaps they are going to get him through Parliament. It might have been made into a law."

I saw let Wharton have it for instead, which just shows my generosity. I don't say "Pump" would have paid me three or four pounds for it, if there had been money there with the brains to understand it. But if you are in any doubt whether the Kaiser is in the Tower, you had better go along there, and ask some of those ham-strings or pork-knives, or even any old chap in the come closer there."

"Don't say I dragged it all. But he is an Australian, you know. Who could steal People's? And People said—"

"Which People said is not evidence, any more than what the soldier in 'Potsdam' said. It is evident to me that Bunter did catch People, and all the rest of it—H. W."