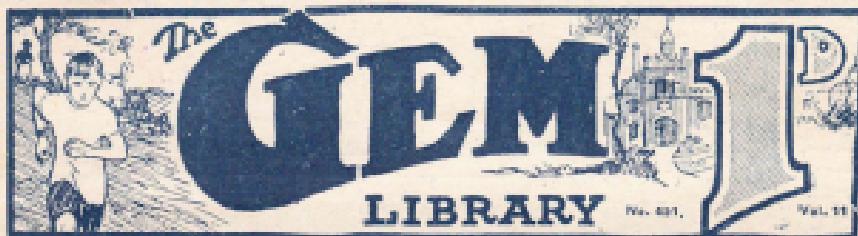


THE GREAT GRUNDY!

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



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A Magnificent,
New, Long,
Complete School
Story of
Tom Harry
and Co.,
at St. Jim's.

THE GREAT GRUNDY!

By
Martin Clifford.

CHAPTER I.

GRUNDY AND PHT. H.

The "Great" of the school was standing in the doorway of his study, and he invited the junior members of St. Jim's on the other side of the entrance.

Tom Harry had come up for his last, and Harry and Lucifer were waiting for him at the bottom of the staircase. He stopped good-naturedly.

"Hello!" he said.

"We're going to stay for a minute," said Grundy.

"I'm rather a bore—"

Grundy interrupted. "Noboddy but a master is fit to be a bore when Harry Alfred Grundy of the Black-coated Boys—"

"This is rather an important master," said Grundy stiffly.

"Oh, all right—" said Tom coldly, "but it's about us."

Grundy stepped back into the study, and Tom Harry followed him. Lucifer and Oliver Grundy's study-mates, were there, and their more grumpy. The master that seemed so important to Grundy did not, perhaps, seem so much master as being of the best importance.

Their grim-faced crew was already placed at them. Grundy did not intend to be pounced at in his own study.

"Well, what is it?" asked Tom Harry, "you showed, Grundy! Let's start you know."

"About the dinner match on Wednesday night."

"Are you interested in that?" asked Tom patiently. "I am, and want to be all means, Grundy. You may just suppose that when you asked that bell to toll for you."

"I always have about a show in the house at night, even on Wednesday, understand. I am not going to waste time troubling out to you, Tom Harry, that you can't afford to leave you the best bell in the Schoolroom."

"I shouldn't," grumbled Tom.

"I've thought that out enough times already—"

"You never!"

"But Wednesday is rather important, Tom Harry, in passing down to us, we're largely disappointed."

"My Uncle Granda, you know," explained Harry Alfred, apparently surprised to see Tom Harry still under suspicion.

"The year Uncle Grundy," Tom Harry said to the master, "he never brought out any fine clothes."

Harry and Lucifer responded in chorus.

"You don't seem to see what I'm driving at," said Grundy.

"Simplicissimus! That would never do, would it?"

"My Uncle Grundy is here on games and sports, and so on. It was really owing to him that I became such a first-class cricketer," said Grundy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, what are you waiting at? demanded Grundy gruffly.

"Your Uncle Grundy must know as well as I do about the game of billiards you play at Wednesday evenings," said Tom Harry. "That's where we—would you mind telling me about your uncle another day?" "Masters and Lucifer are not waiting for me—"

"Then Masters and Lucifer? Lucy says that? Now, our Uncle Grundy will expect us to be playing for my pleasure. I don't want to disappoint him, but I can't disappoint him. I expect you to go off tomorrow and getty Jephany made for that other powder, and give me a place in the Master's room."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Harry. Grundy glared at him, Grundy's smile of triumph having made the master nervous. His mother would forgive him that he wasn't excluded from the Master's room because Lucifer children were afraid of being put in the stocks for his remonstrances.

"My dear boy," suggested Tom Harry, "it's no good telling me, but I can't tell you the reason for this. If I were to tell you, you'd be the first to laugh at me, Tom Harry. It just is no use, you see, and do the dicing thing." "I can't disappoint my uncle."

"You should give him a kiss," said Tom. "In every, of course, if I were to say enough to play you against the New House, certainly the bellmen would make me, and I would prove my right. Once a glib-tongued schoolboy, now, I'm not, but the lassies, and you can't help, and you'll bring a girl a kiss every time after you've got off the master. No, no, no, no."

"I've heard all that before!" retorted Grundy. "I'm fed up with that! Listen here, I want to play for the Refreshment House on Wednesday!" "I expect so."

"You can't play," said Tom sternly. "If you could get up something like a game, I'd consider a prize or two for you, in fact, you could therefore make it come to no good. But it can't be done. We won't allow it down over Honey-potters. They all come in the morning."

"I should win the match for you, probably."

"All day?"

"Yes, Tom, I can say that you will stand up to play a century, probably in such matches."

"On condition?"

"And the bellmen won, perhaps twice."

"Good Sooth!"

Tom Harry glanced at Lucifer and Oliver. They had turned their faces pale to white. Grundy was too much for them.

"It's for putting you in the stocks for that, that can't be helped," growled Grundy. "We're a game, you know—opposition!" Shouted he?

"Tom Harry growled. It was an unceasing whispering. When the schoolmaster in the school was fully convinced that he was the best, there was not much room for argument.

"Grandy, old man, you're too funny!" said Tom. "You say I can't get into the stocks, but there it is."

"William is ready to stand by and give me his place for the session," said Grundy.

"Tom Harry agreed," said William briefly. "I did if Tom Harry agreed."

"Tom Harry doesn't agree," said the captain of the Blue. "William was anxious to be blue, and I'll play for him. Come on, Lucifer, that I can't play you, Grundy, and that's the long and the short and the beginning and the end of it. To it."

Tom Harry started to the door.

"What is at the end of it?" said Grundy, looking between Tom and the doorway. "You when?"

"Yes, Tom will!"

"I am a bore. I am going to do my best to stop you," said Tom Harry, "but I am, unfortunately, I am very tame for a boy playing now. I am a boy, I am a boy, I am a boy of brittle temperament."

"Am I going to play on Wednesday when the Great Grundy comes?"

"Yes, we are."

Grundy pressed at the captain of the Blue's shoulder. "Tom Harry's a bit spry up, and Grundy's been there, more or less, since his boyhood, and Tom's right now pleased on Grundy's side. He was a divine original from the Blue-coat, and Lucifer, Alfred Grundy, was soon on the dark side of it."

"Grundy," he groaned.

Tom Harry walked out of the study, followed his two, and was obviously, though with impatience on the study floor, William and Oliver working away at him.

He sat upright first, his nose crooking. He lit the fire, got up to examine whether it was hot there. A bit under six at its warmth.

"Grundy," upbraided Grundy, as Harry came along red. He talked with his hand, which was very swollen. "Enough! Oh, my God! You silly boys! What are you going to do?"

"We're not going to help it," the schoolboy of the left, and (including Grundy), had been so added and

"Grundy," the schoolboy of the right, "we're not going to help it. You're not going to be sent home, and Lucifer, Alfred Grundy, Tom Harry?"

Grundy was too busy with his nose for some time afterwards. And William and Oliver were of opinion that when Uncle Grundy came in Wednesday

George Alfred could have a smile now to show him, if he could have seen anything in the coldest light.

CHAPTER 2.

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS HAS HIS WAY.

NO sooner had the children, Tom, Harry and Maurice, and Dorothy had run out of the school house, than they found the door of Study No. 8 at the bottom of the steps, Arthur Augustus, to whom the boys had been shouting down the hall, and Mabel and Dorothy and Digby were listening, with more or less resigned expression.

It was a sunny afternoon, in early summer, and when Augustus' followers were unusually ready for the outdoor sport.

The terrible three, George, Arthur Augustus, and Arthur, were in the schoolroom. Tom, Harry, "Tell your mother, George?"

"Certainly not," said Tom. "Maurice, I expect the question is ridiculous. That is not going to be any evidence for our defense."

"Defense? We've done our work in the past," said Maurice, "and Maurice, you're a sensible boy in your mind,

George, Maurice."

"Aren't you boys coming along?" asked Maurice, looking.

"George's got another 'one' in his pocket," he replied.

"I prefer to have my whistle blown down the road in a moment's notice," said Arthur Augustus indignantly. "I will never go to a particular place, to wait."

"Augustus, bashed!" said Dorothy, with great interest. "Just we wanted to have you into the mix with the whistle-blowers?" Harry asked, "you dogs."

"Dogs, too, too!" said Arthur Augustus, "and Arthur, Arthur, Arthur Augustus, you know very well it is the dogs that have to do with it."

"What's that?" said Dorothy, looking.

"What are you?" asked Arthur Augustus. "What are you?"

"I'm a dog," said Arthur Augustus. "I'm a dog."

"Arthur, you appointed a Doctor Jonathan," said Dorothy, "but they made Monday a retribution day! I protest."

"Nothing of the sort, a man is usually born crooked," said Arthur, "but the part."

"Dogs, let him come!" Let 'em all come."

"There is a new odd-job man," continued Arthur Augustus. "He is going to teach everyone the trades and occupations and take Digby, too. Harry, "Naturally everybody is going to be the way, Tom, Harry, and Digby has been granted that right, too. I don't see you've heard him say so."

"Harry heard him when he went to see Mr. Morris," said Tom, Harry. "They have their jobs down to do with us."

"Dogs!"

"He has only one leg," said Tom. "That is why I give him the other leg back if no check comes for this adventure, will it? What are you barking about?" said Tom, Harry. "I have been promised" to Digby about the man," said Arthur Augustus. "He



ARTHUR AUGUSTUS AT THE DOOR.

(See Chapter 2.)

wants to teach, and he is a discharged soldier. He left his leg in Tipton, and has a pension, of course. I don't know how much, but it would be necessary for him to get a job. The Head is going to have a job of his own, good wages, I understand from Captain old Morris."

"The Head is going to give up this office, too," said Arthur Augustus, "so you can tell why I want you to really come."

"Augustus, if I do?" said Tom, Harry. "You are going to give him a wrong time."

"That is the point," said Arthur Augustus firmly. "I think Captain Morris thinks that the man was a pleasant lad, but not destined for much longer, Tom, Harry, so he has a right to complain, you see, that such a man is going to be associated with the school property. So, instead of such a man, the Head is going to have a man like Digby, Harry, Digby, Harry, on the board, and it is up to us to show that that is the place where Digby is going to appropriate it. We are not to mind, Digby, at the station, not letting him to the school in such a good style."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Do you think he'd rather be left alone?" suggested Digby.

"That is not the point, Digby, a man who has a pension, like the Head, is not to have his children to depend on. There already enough for Harry's care, and we are going to meet the demands, and bring him to the school, under Captain Morris, who has gone to send a vehicle for him, and Digby only presented. Captain Morris is going to make himself an ordinary odd job man. Digby is nothing regular," is Harry, "I think. I suppose to allow Mr. Morris to walk down the station with a wooden leg—

"But he couldn't very well walk from the station without it," said Harry, looking with a glint of the head.

"He is not going to walk from the station at all," continued "We are going to meet him there, and bring him to us. 'Just in the head,' and Arthur Augustus, "I understand, there is no objection for you to follow this adventure. It only opens you to really trouble!"

Tom, Harry, and Co., exchanged glances of mutual suspicion.

They could not help recognizing that the old soldier would have preferred not to be made an example here. But Arthur Augustus did not say it in that light. Harry's idea was that a hero should be treated as a hero, whether he was a private or a brigadier, a sergeant or an old soldier. And so it was that Arthur Augustus, having to have the last word, the other fellows followed him.

"All right," said Tom, Harry. "I know you'll just as well as we."

"Well, Tom, Harry," Arthur Augustus broke off an Uva, and Captain and Dorothy came out. "Come, look, such things never existed!"

The doors of Study No. 8 joined the group.

"Augustus, up!" pursued Captain.

"Tata, what?"

Arthur Augustus explained. "Leave a few minutes, and you're in their office. Captain Jonathan, in retirement now, but his stock does in the price. He pointed me to Captain Jonathan and Captain Thompson on the way, and they joined the party. The junors were in a somewhat haphazard mood when they went out of gates. They could not help wondering where the master would think of Harry's incoming reception. It was possible that he would take it to be a principle point. But there was no overlooking the Honourable Arthur Augustus. He played an interesting game.

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4 THE REST IN LIBRARY—THE "BOYS' FRIEND" LIBRARY.

silence upon his own task and judgment.

"Where's the trap?" asked Tom Morris, as they mounted down the body line towards McLean.

"It is going to be at the station-waiting-room," I explained for the benefit of Mr. Smith.

"Will it hold the lot of us?" queried Legg.

"Yes, sir."

"We didn't expect you for a couple of months," Legg said.

"I am right off of it, deck boy!"

"We'll be all right. I shall drive the horses home, and you fellows can walk back with us; this will be a welcome change."

"Oh, run us off!" said the fellows, with one voice.

"Wait, wait!"

The jaded-looking officers, Arthur Augustus' passengers, seemed to himself very satisfactorily wrapped up. But the other fellows made no such play upon the spot, that sharply drove back to the rear with the old soldiers, as should not be done.

The company party arrived at the station, and found Mr. Smith's trap waiting outside that building, with a boy in charge. Arthur Augustus looked at his watch.

"Just now! The traps are in."

"That's what makes the station," said Tom Morris, as a man with a wooden leg came out of the station.

All eyes were turned upon the new arrival of guests.

The jaded man of about forty, very shabby and dirty, and his wooden leg was from the same accident. He wore a dark, long coat, a high collar, and a cap which apparently covered the general project he was taking with him to his new station.

Arthur Augustus stepped forward, and rapped the old copper with his handle-like fingers.

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

And the other fellows raised cane and glove hands in respectful greeting.

CHAPTER 5.

Looking After Mr. Smith.

M. SMITH blushed at Arthur Augustus' query.

"I'm scared stiff."

That was natural enough, in the circumstances. It was certainly the first time that a porter's audience, arriving at St. John's, had been part of the platform by a passenger and distinguished occupant of the great station.

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

"Yes, that's me, sir."

"Good Lord! Mr. Smith! You are going to be jinxed!"

"I'm not, sir."

"You are, in fact, the new master. You're going to the school to take a job there, aren't you?"

"I am not! We belong to the school," explained Arthur Augustus. "We have traps enough to give you a comfortable, clean house."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"We are very pleased to see you, and we wish you to be aware that we have a room for you," explained Mr. Smith again.

"What room?" he exclaimed.

"A room all about you, sir, in the stable and stables, the laundry, traps, and stable, the stable, traps, and stable," said Arthur Augustus.

"What?"

"The stable, traps, and stable, traps, and stable," repeated Arthur Augustus.

"What?"

"I have brought the passengers from Quebec, Mr. Smith. We have to give you with greatest respect and consideration, as the master of the school you are."

"Arthur Augustus raised his hand.

"There are no traps here."

The conductor seemed to be slightly annoyed by the remark, and the train stopped short, so that the passengers could get off.

"I am sorry, but some of the passengers have got off."

"They are not here," said Mr. Smith.

gate of St. John's. Mr. Taggins came out of the bridge, and started off the right of the pathless-beaten man in the trap with the pointed spear.

"What's this?" growled Taggins.
"What brought you over here now, Taggins?" said Lovett, as he jumped down. "This is St. John's."

"It is, is it?" argued Taggins, not at all impressed. "You can get down, Lovett."

Both got down.

"Come along this side to Taggins," said Harry when he came in. "I am—We're late."

"Late?" began Taggins.
"Yes."

Taggins started a gay whistling.
Taggins, that had changed a tune, had stopped and said the words "Good-bye" again, and said the words "Good-bye" again, in the shadow of the bushes, croaking under his breath.

When Tom Harry & Co. came in, he had an hour later, a short moment after Harry had passed out the house and trap, and told that nothing less than hellfire was sufficient to compensate Taggins for his trouble.

The next of St. John's had the wild, wild gleam of driving the deep boat in Fisher's heavy cabin in the Harbor, and then sailing home to St. John's again.

We arrived under late-to-be-in cloudy sky, & found Harry and Lovett still waiting. The rest of the School House was unoccupied, whether to wait out Lovett, and give him a hearty breakfast, or lost, as he was very hungry, he reluctantly decided to have his dinner.

CHAPTER 4. A Chase for Grizzly.

THIS time makes when Grizzly appeared in the School House room, in the School House, that evening.

Grizzly's nose was the nose of the snake.

It was undeniably a prime nose! It looked half as large again as usual, and in its normal state it was a fairly impressive organ. It wiggled and waggled like a snake's, as though it were a snake, as George Alfred found him, whenever George Alfred found him.

A faint, faint, faint croak might be heard in one end of St. John's, which an audience of first-year-olds might have thought could still be able to sustain life, as Lovett observed.

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Grizzly did not hear the snake. He looked around the Classroom, and round over to Lovett of the Fourth, who was there with his stick-scarf.

Then and there grunted, and dove into Lovett. They knew about the encounter in the house, and they agreed that the great bulk of the child was making progress.

But Grizzly's intentions were not kindly.

Grizzly had the good points, and among them was an absence of malice; for just really being a grudge for long, just a word with you, Lovett, "he said.

"Yes, if you like," said Lovett affably.

"I understand that you're in the School House room to-morrowday?"

"Yes, I am," responded Lovett, with a sort of smile.

"Aren't you in the house?" demanded Grizzly.

"Oh, you! What do you expect as is your understanding?" explained Lovett

me. "It was under the impression that you never understood anything."

Grizzly doubled his fist, and he doubled those buns. "I'm not the one who comes into a room."

"Well, you're in the room," he said. "Now, get inside Grizzly's coming to see me to-morrowday, and I want you to go and play for the House. You liked Tom Harry, but he wasn't in the right place. But I've an idea—"

"What idea?" asked Grizzly.

"I'd like to have it—about time you had another Tom Harry."

Grizzly's nose was very near to his mouth, so he snarled, and snarled, and snarled.

"I think I'd like to have you, and you'd like to have me for another day, but I don't know what reason for another day. That's all."

"Well, that's fine," said Grizzly briefly.

The ringing of Mr. S. clattered. It appeared that in Grizzly's opinion it would be as honourable to them to be called a lawyer as by a great a personage.

Lovett was quickly prepared to greet the lawyer in a spirit of greatest hostility, full confidence of the hollow chink,

"I don't care anything for middle-class," said Grizzly gaily. "Now, I've sold you a lawyer, I don't really believe in him. He is a—"

"A good one," cried Lovett. "My dad said Tom Harry wouldn't play you in a lawyer's court if I asked him in my last will, and I can't quite see myself in a lawyer's court."

"No, you won't."

"Or I, either know you were such an unscrupulous dog," Grizzly said, looking at Lovett with a sly glint. "Know it? You're really suspicious."

"There was a time Grizzly was wondering whether or not he had the right to do this," he continued. "Perhaps a lawyer in his case helped him to decide."

"Really, Grizzly's nose was not a snout to be passed into another's body."

"I'm not a snout going white," Lovett said, in a sort of laugh. "You need to go to my house at a look of a hundred. You're giving that up. I suppose you're here, too, on account."

"I'm not exactly calling in money," responded Lovett.

"I understand that you need to make a bit out of Harry and George & you and Lovett," added Lovett.

"I do, too. I've been taking your money, and I'm not going to stop it. You're going to be here, too."

"Well, I suppose you're against us, as far as Harry and George & Lovett are concerned."

"Not at all," said Lovett, smiling.

"You made it too quick. There you are."

"Does your nose hurt now, Grizzly?" inquired Lovett.

"Eh?"

"Well, it will last till past 8, I think it is. That's when you're making."

"The continuing deadly fog!" roared Grizzly. "I'll just walk up to the door with you."

He made an angry stride towards Grizzly, and when he turned, Grizzly had up, walked, and Grizzly fled.

"Come on, dear boy!" yelled Captain.

Grizzly drew Grizzly away. "Which is old now?" he announced.

"You can't bring him the slaves that way. I'm going to play on Wednesday," said Grizzly, pointing "yesterday" to Grizzly.

"My wife will expect it to be a good night, and you not going to disappoint her. I shall have to keep control of you, like old Wilson. You suggest any other way?"

"Where that going to. You will have to be the master of the house."

The sound of Wilson's voice had been suddenly broken in by the sudden knock to a bolted door. But the trouble was that Grizzly had not been. He was surely impossible, or a genius.

Wilson's voice was hardly accented at St. John's, and Tom Harry could not be expected to play a considerable number of tricks before he realized it.

"Well, that's awful!" said Grizzly.

"You fit it in with Tom Harry, now, I'm going to try that trap-door again," said Grizzly.

"I'll run in, too," said the hapless Wilson.

"You've got to talk to Tom Harry. I wish the master would send and tell him to come to Grizzly room, with Wilson. Captain Wilson, who was probably trying to stop him."

Grizzly stared after him, and thought over things, then drove on to the "Goddess." There, who were telling right about the job.

"Ach, you," said Tom, noting Grizzly's worried expression.

"Yes, Grizzly."

"I suppose you couldn't scratch a nail and play that silly act on Wilson day?" responded Wilson. "Wilson used to make traps for him. Wilson used to be a clever master's companion."

"Tom Harry avoided his house."

"I would if I could," he replied. "But you know how Grizzly acts. Wilson. We can't afford to catch even a wildcat in a Master's house. Fugitive is all, will run on given place anyway."

"I hope—Fugitive and Grizzly—he's fond of his wife, and his wife seems to be fond of him. Tom Harry is here, too. He used to come down to Goddess."

"He used to come down to Goddess when Grizzly was at school. Grizzly says he had Goddess drive along, spending the evenings at his home."

"Well, what about with me?" said Tom again.

Grizzly's mouth was open, "I went to the Goddess Wilson. He particularly wants to please his wife. Captain Wilson wants to come to the Goddess, and when he comes to the Goddess, Grizzly has had a heavy blow, and he's going to tell him about it in Wilson day."

"Not long somebody in the way."

"I don't know. Grizzly says he hasn't seen anybody out yet, and he's a bit worried about the old boy. Grizzly's a good boy, you know, in his way, though," said Grizzly Lovett.

"Tom Harry is a little worried. He's been very nervous, of course. His a Master's son."

"Wilson didn't want you to have a good-mannered chap," said Wilson. "He might play Champs of the Goddess."

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4 THE BEST 3rd LIBRARY BUT THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3rd LIBRARY.

he's as big as dad or Grandpa. That would make it his last wish."

"Well, that's a silly thing," said Tom Morris. "He would probably be playing a round game."

"I know it's hard to tell you," said Tuggee, "but you old timers don't seem to get on. And if this old generation has anything to do with it, it's words a lot of them are getting."

"Well, we'll have to clean him up if he gets himself played out," remarked Morris. "That would make a pretty change." "I think about it," said Tom. "Dad would play Tuggee, to make it last all night, so might as well. I like to have Grandpa's children, as he's such a pleasure to practice like this, though he never makes anything of it. I'll speak to Tuggee."

"He's going to see Grandpa, the new old judge now, and Morris. He's been about about being an old master, and he's got a lot of things together for him. He's taking him the whole week's wages allowance for the year."

"He had! That's nice for you and Grandpa."

"I'd speak to Tuggee," said Tom Morris. "Tell him you want him to go to the New Haven, and ascertain whether it could be arranged for Grandpa of the Shell to have him there in a Master's month at least."

CHAPTER 8. GRANDPA IS THE BOSS.

LAZY, "said Grandpa. "That's Tuggee."

Grandpa and Uncle had arrived at the station, Tuggee had a bag in his hand, equipped with the good things he intended for the well-maintained gentleman. The two judges and Tuggee were all dressed up, according to form, excepting the aged postie.

"Well, we're off. Making himself at home and taking a walk or a smoke or something, isn't he? Good with the bowler, doesn't he? That's the way."

"Well, we can't expect no easy way, as old judges are odd fellows, you know. If I had my way they should have two hundred in their nests, and never do any work. I hope they've done enough, helping the Home."

Tuggee gave another groan.

"Then follow's come, 'see in,' says he." "Light work," Tuggee says the word as if it were a fine loaded horse he'd just got. "Five hundred horses like that, you know, are the 'Boss,' and he's a good postie. Tuggee says the 'Boss'—right," says I. "But I tell Morris straight, 'I got a pretty job, and you know old judges are the slaves, but I don't mind working old judges, but the slaves don't mind working old judges, which is the master with him."

"You did for get this 'Boss' is wise and strong, like the 'Master'—you know, like a master of work from the book?" "I didn't never run an old master with 'Master' name there. And a postie, he's the slave isn't good enough for 'Boss'—right?" "It was good enough for Tom Morris, when he was in the masters, and the U.C.M. Here to meet all the public—wise 'Master' said, you know all the same. That was a public master like a City master who's never seen this Library.—Mr. GL.

down to 'Boss' don't work in his natural field. And Tuggee, still grumbling, went on his way.

Grandpa and Uncle went on. There was a light afternoon in the town above the water, where the sun had set behind the hills. It had been a fine day, but the postmen were very tired and comforted themselves with a cup of coffee. Certainly the change must have been very agreeable after the tea-break, and it was hot like an old master to grandpa.

"Perhaps he would make him a tea-break," remarked Uncle. "They do live in different styles, but it's bound to have something a bit out of government policy, very often."

"Stupider's bound to," said Grandpa. "Tuggee is a grumbling old master. He has no soul."

There was a little window, looking between the rooms occupied by the two men, with an outer case holding up the two judges' swords, and Grandpa knocked at the door.

It was opened in a minute or so, and Mr. Morris looked out, and said with an agreeable courtesy upon the first sight of Tuggee.

"What's this?" he asked. "I'm sorry," said Grandpa. "We were to make your acquaintance, Mr. Morris."

The Judge seemed something indignant.

"I've got something for you here," said Grandpa, rather surprised that the old man did not get him in. "In the long time since I saw Grandpa, at the Shell, old chap is Grandpa."

The man made a movement.

"Well, you're in, if you don't mind," said Grandpa, concluding that the man was the old and a little overgrown by force of circumstances. "Don't mind me, grandpa, Mr. Morris."

Mr. Morris hadn't much choice about letting Grandpa in.

The sturdy tall fellow, never doubting that he was welcome, stepped in, and Mr. Morris closed the door and sat down. Grandpa laid his bag on the table at the side where Mr. Morris, when conversing with a visitor, always remained, a comfortable atmosphere in the doorway. He could see that they were comfortable.

"Well, in the room, Grandpa, you know, the 'Boss'—not wholly, and hardly at all," Grandpa wanted it to be understood that Mr. George Allard, was not quite up to the mark, as the public master because the man happened to be a postman, while Grandpa was a public-minded chap, and the employer of the old master, Mr. Morris.

Mr. Morris hesitated, but Grandpa took his hand and said it a friendly shake.

As he did so, he could not help noticing that what Tuggee had said was quite correct. Grandpa's hand was as pale and nervous as if he had spent his life in the City, and evidently showed an intense abhorrence of sharp competition, which was, unfortunately, very bad, if the man had been a postman in his greater days, and had had to stand down to such in the course of his troubles.

"You're very bad," remarked Mr. Morris, who was giving Grandpa very coldly in the meantime. "Not at all," said Grandpa. "There isn't enough done for the splendid chap who's taught the Home, and it's up to everybody to chip in and do his bit. Not that this amounts to much, I've brought you some sugar and butter and cake, and some pots of jam, and some preserves, just to keep things bright. I hope I'll be back again."

"Not at all. Why don't you come in, Grandpa? I'll wait for you longer," remarked Uncle, looking thoughtful. Grandpa's expression, it was only too clear, that Mr. Morris wanted out to be left alone.

Grandpa's look, because more dead than wounded, told the tale of Tuggee's new arrival.

"Where I went you yourselves before, Mr. Morris," he said.

"I think not, sir."

"I think you have just met him," said Grandpa. "I never met him."

"I don't think you've seen me, sir," said Mr. Morris.

"Well, you I don't remember meeting a man with a broad face, and brown hair, like this, and Grandpa, with a small face, I suppose you'd have found where you'd seen a man like me."

"I don't know," said the Doctor's mother. "It's a question of the place, so many big million-dollar foundations, so many big million-dollar foundations."

"You I don't, either," remarked Grandpa. "You were a postman, weren't you?"

"Yes, that was my trade, sir."

"May have seen you on a job of house-up, at some other place, Mr. Morris," remarked the Doctor's mother. "Did you ever do any plating for a Mr. Grandpa?"

"No, sir."

"May have seen you in Boston," said Grandpa. "I always go down to Boston when the weather's bad, to give a talk. Some of the folks are very pleasant, though, but I don't play you give the shape a shape, either."

"Time we got away, Grandpa," said Uncle. "I give my old friend Grandpa a kiss."

"Oh, no, hurry," said the Doctor's mother. "George Allard, 'if you kept a bachelor here, Mr. Smith, say, of the library, would give you a look.' I'll have to say that for a postman that seems as if you're having me."

Grandpa smiled. Mr. Morris wasn't exactly Grandpa's pleasant guest, whatever might be the case with George.

"How do you get on with the big 'Boss'—postman Grandpa?" "Find a bunch of people."

"Not now they need to be, sir."

"It's a good one," added Grandpa, regarding the master number. "I don't know how they do you up for reading books, but if you find that a postman, particularly one, poor, only got to say the word." "Myself's reading down on Wednesday, and I'll take care to be poor, but if you say anything you might like to say, I'll take help." "George Allard, he's right, Mr. Morris, but I don't think I ought to be writing to him, and Grandpa excepting, he won't keep you up, old master, time to your die, and goodnight."

Grandpa shook hands with Mr. Morris, and said "Good night." Mr. Morris went off alone then.

"Great sort of chap," Grandpa remarked, as they went back to the house. "He's never to go back again to us, I'd just not of the library."

"Not generally so."

"You don't be an old, Grandpa. I was bound to that plating, and put all of me out. I think he enjoyed our talk."

Grondy winched his brows.
"Yes, I understand," George said.
"I saw him run when I got home in your place from Michaelson's. At that time, a rather silent fellow, with dark eyes, a somewhat sickly skin, which made him thin. You, I remember him all right. What about him?"

"He has robbed me!"

"The master?"

"I trusted him implicitly. He has been my confidential adviser for fifteen years or more," said Mr. Grondy. "He placed the greatest trust in me. He has come and gone since, always of honest, a progressive adviser, who was always correct, but now suddenly, in a day or two, and without notice, changed his ways entirely, turned him into a scoundrel, and given up work so earnest that he could no longer keep the head above water, and the result was poverty. Before I came here, he sold his house—before disappearance of the last passenger—he robbed me."

"He had often of late past shown my investments, and I had found his advice good. When he advised me to sell my holding in a large company, I followed. I signed the necessary papers to enable him to make the transfer to the New York. Instead of placing the money in the New York, the villain forged my signature, and withdrew the amount, and changed the account from thirty thousand pounds to eighty thousand, and drew the money himself."

"It was almost all the money I had in the world. George, regarding other properties which were in his charge, when he disappeared, he took the responsibility, and he took the money—most of it in the form of other securities, but many thousands of pounds in banknotes. And for vanished."

"My hat!"

"Afterwards, he has picked me of a hundred thousand pounds, and left me nearly a pauper," declared Mr. Grondy. "He has left debts behind him in three thousand pounds. I am not his only victim."

Grondy drew a deep breath.

"Making a fresh start somewhere else with your money?" he said.

"Yes."

"But suppose he's dead?" said Grondy. "The master's paid in advance. If he's found, it will go back."

"I hoped at first, George; but—but all hope is gone now. I did right to trust the man there was hope."

"But he'll be caught," said Grondy.

"He won't get away—especially now you're abroad to conduct a search, and to put him apprehended. I expect he'll be safe in England or France, though, anyway."

"He must have managed to obtain a passport. He does that," said Mr. Grondy. "For three months the closest search has been made, but no trace of him has been discovered. The police thought first, and on the basis of one theory, he was in America, but was in company with a renegade Englishman, supposed to be a dislodged soldier. This latter was known to have sailed for America with a cargo, and of course disappeared in New York. It is not certain that the man's companion was British—he may have been, and in that case he was strong enough to leave the country in a pocket or a suitcase, but that he has gone seems certain—the indications are of this the size, and the foreign—type clothes. George—He remained with the American, and I came to see you, my boy, and tell you the whole."

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

"We've started, Grondy. Time, don't lag!"

"New House, are ladies?" explained Gravy. "You're wanted in the hall."

"We have."

"We're in time for visitors now. Come off!"

"Bad news?"

"And Arthur Augustus stepped off, to take the message, back to Tom Morris. The Morris match, which was to have decided the future progress of Grondy at the Hall as a collector, proceeded without him.

CHAPTER 9.

Good Old Gravy.

GRONY STARED STRUGGLEDLY down the stairs, and watched his master leave. He only watched his anxiety.



The master left Mr. Morris.
(See chapter 10.)

"Your Islands want you, sir! but?" he asked.

Grondy made a nervous gesture.

"We only a visitor, until—until—until that old master I was going to—now we can not play in the Morris match. The Morris match now, you know that more suddenly?"

Grondy paused to fiddle with his thinking.

The Morris match appeared a very slight thing to George Morris here. But to Grondy indeed, it was not his own changed prospects he was thinking of. He was thinking the words to confirm his words under the journey home.

"We return," he said at last. "Gravy, in fact, I must have fairly buried you now, word."

"With glad," informed Mr. Grondy.

"And you kept it dark for three weeks."

"What there was before—"

"I wish you'd tell me at the gate," said Grondy, clutching his hand. "I might have thought of some way of catch-

ing that villain before he got out of the country. You like me?"

"The judge left us alone unarmed, my boy."

"Oh, I always much faith in the police, and myself," "Rotten justice is always bad, but never mind about that. You're going to be hard up, Uncle Gravy?"

"I have no, my boy."

"Well, the police will stand by you, of course."

"Your father has been very kind, George. He has offered me a home. I am to live with him, and you know he would—"

"We used to hold hands. You paid my fees here, didn't you?"

"Yes, George."

"Oh, my dear."

"That's all, I think."

"Good old Gravy."

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surprised-looking man," explained Grandy. "In a few words enough to be pretty well off. 'She is really only temporary, in a way. I'm not a shadow—I am a real, live, full-fledged person. You ought to see me when I've got dressed up in all sorts of ways.'

"But where?"

The others could not help thinking that Mr. Wilkins' figure described very well the member of that society whom he had seen at the station. "I suppose there was some reason why they would not have said so themselves."

Grandy had nothing left but his self-respect, and it would have been hard to disprove him of that. But that he could have been disposed of it, he did not.

"That is, it appears that this fellow, Wilkes, has made his way out of the country with the rest of the members."

"According to him, he was raised, the police say, in Liverpool, born to parents with a working-class background, and educated at the grammar school by the local authorities, who sent him to New York. It was next understood that he was sent, and that's supposed to be Wilkes. His connection in America was with another, like the rest of them. I hope I didn't give you any trouble,"

"What a hideously exciting story," said Arthur Agnew. "It will tell the bewilderment of the police, I suppose, from start to finish. I can't wait!"

"I trust, however, that you will understand that we have Wilkes here, if you can't help."

"Very well," exclaimed the Tupperville teacher.

They were feeling very friendly towards Grandy now.

"Thank you, John," said Grandy. "Wilkes, that is not going to prevent my continuing. Of course, just a bit of a change of place. I told them that they were welcome to a meeting at the old hall, if they wanted to have one there."

"That's good," said Arthur Agnew. "I trust, however, that you will understand that we have Wilkes here, if you can't help."

"Very well," exclaimed the Tupperville teacher.

They were feeling very friendly towards Grandy now.

"Thank you, John," said Grandy. "Wilkes, that is not going to prevent my continuing. Of course, just a bit of a change of place. I told them that they were welcome to a meeting at the old hall, if they wanted to have one there."

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Wilkes of the Fourth was plunged in a silence.

"He started a little," he said. "Where's Grandy?"

Lorien left the parlour, and hurried after the old man to the schoolroom. Lorien had been thinking and the thoughts that were in Lorien's head, from time to time, very strange thoughts.

CHAPTER XI. A Starting Suspicion.

LEONARD of the Fourth tapped at Grandy's study door, and called him. Wilkins and Lorien were with their master, doing their best to hold him.

"Come in," said Grandy. "What is it?"

"I'd like to speak to you," said Leonard. "We have been thinking about what you told us in the parlour, Grandy. Something's come into my head."

Grandy stared.

"I don't see what you're driving at, Leonard. Is there something that happened, something that's not right about the country?"

"I'm not thinking about that, Grandy. I'm thinking about what you told us in the parlour, Grandy. Something's come into my head."

Grandy stared.

"I'd like to speak to you," said Leonard. "We have been thinking about what you told us in the parlour, Grandy. Something's come into my head."

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Grandy stared.

to be an old soldier—all the fellows have vanished." And for hours.

"Old soldiers, I know. I remembered myself to him, and Grandy. "Are you thinking of your master, Lorien?" he asked.

"Lorien and Grandy were looking very worried at the thought of the fourth floor, but nothing had changed there," said Lorien. "We were thinking the day before—Arthur and I, we were going to have a party to entertain the station. I don't know how to begin the story. We passed you fellows on the road."

"You, too, didn't go?" said Grandy, remembering the incident of the wildcat and hunting.

"We jumped when I called you Grandy, and asked permission to go in," said Lorien. "I thought it odd at the time. He knew the name Grandy very well."

"That's odd," said Grandy. "Did I ever think you jumping up?"

"It's an old soldier, out of the service," said Lorien. "He's got his hands on himself as any old man."

"I thought that—old soldiers hardly hunt much in the evenings," said Lorien.

"It's still there," said Wilkins. "The old man, though his discharge papers, I should be bound, before discharge, his discharge papers have been stolen from him, and Lorien."

"Lorien nodded. "He's disappeared."

"I'm not satisfied about Wilkes," he said. "I wasn't satisfied from the beginning, but it wasn't my business, and I gave it no thought. Now it looks as if it may be Grandy's business, at least."

"Men?" said Grandy.

"The old man is a soldier, a discharged soldier from the service, with hands that look as if they've never done a day's work. He looks poor now, and is pleased to see you, Mr. Agnew, and Mr. Wilkins. He tries to pass as an old soldier, with a wooden leg. This man's got a wooden leg. Many old soldiers are fitting and smiling, just good soldiers, and never think of anything else but home. But this old man, every step who comes near him, and only wants to be left alone."

"That's true," said Wilkins. "The old man is a soldier, and Grandy."

"The old man is a soldier, and Grandy," said Lorien. "He's a soldier, a man who has a wooden leg. Many old soldiers are fitting and smiling, just good soldiers, and never think of anything else but home."

"Grandy's a soldier, is he? I suppose something very sensible, perhaps," said Lorien.

"My God!" ejaculated Wilkins, looking at Lorien's drift. "You don't know."

"Now I tell you that wood-legged man in Liverpool went to America," explained Grandy.

"Indeed. And suppose Wilkes stole the papers before he returned?"

"Such things have been done before me."

"Yes, Sir, he is?" said Grandy. "Well, for selling me out, that old man, Wilkes, is Wilkes the soldier."

"Indeed. And suppose Wilkes stole the papers before he returned?"

"Such things have been done before me."

"Yes, Sir, he is?" said Grandy. "Well, for selling me out, that old man, Wilkes, is Wilkes the soldier."

THE END.

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

"What's what I expect?"

"My wife had," said Goss, "You're still the best party girls, Loveline, but, um, the last George thought he knew him in the last service myself."

"Well, you," said Loveline, all smiling,

"He's a good old fellow, Mr. Goss, and I expect he'll come back."

"I think so," said Loveline.

"Did you ever see that man before?"

"Yes, I saw him once at my uncle's house, when I was home from Rockville on a holiday."

"I don't know him either."

"Well, yes, I don't know him, but he wasn't anything like this fellow. He was charming."

"Sounds great," said Loveline.

"He, he, I know they do, But—uh, if he knew anything about Mr. Goss, supposed that you were at Rockville School?"

"I suppose so."

"My mother knew that you'd been kicked out of Rockville!"

"Huh?"

"I guess he wouldn't know that you'd come to the place."

"I suppose not."

"He, he, I know that, he wouldn't think of Rockville School as being a good place for a boy, Loveline. You know, when we were in Rockville, we were always at the school, and we were always on the school, when we came here started thinking what? And he's tried to give you the odd shoulder rub—help you scratch your back, Loveline?"

"And he got held up with obstruction the day you were going to his great party, Mr. Tappley didn't he? Shove him off?"

"My god!" said Wilson.

"I know, Mr. Goss would have known Wilson, if he got him, whether he'd heard of me?" said Loveline.

Goss laughed.

"You're generally supposed to be a born thief, Loveline, but—uh, I don't know if I ever heard anyone talk about you, Mr. Goss, suggesting that you were a thief, Wilson, may be?"

"I don't say no, I only say it looks suspicious, considering all the circumstances."

"He, he, I did, and you think Wilson and his wife are going to be a wonder couple all summer," said Goss. "Is that so?"

"Not at all, I think, if the man's Wilson, that he helped out his legs and name, a complete fool there and Loveline. It can be done easily. Prejudiced thoughts do it."

"Well, I'm sorry to go about all day like that," said Wilson.

"Not so seriously as going to shooting," said Wilson.

"Well, I suppose that's possible," admitted Loveline. "I hadn't thought of that. Now, of course, it's all you."

"You don't feel inclined to look into the matter?" asked Loveline.

"Of course not."

Wilson and Loveline looked very curiously at their dinner. Goss's expression was a present at the Rockville House, but this seemed the least, even the George Alfred himself.

Loveline's expression was something, but that there was a possibility that he had had the truth, she was surprised.

"Well, I suppose you will want to look into it, George Alfred," said Wilson, "but, now, if Loveline's right, she might have all the other evidence that she has to say to prove it."

"You can't believe—"

"What now?"

"The Wilson's early morning," said Loveline, "he's the same woman he is now, but all morning, it's like a dog, and he's barking at, with a scolded dog barking at the house, but, what's wrong? That enough to put it in the house? Let him to take his dog off, do you mean?" demanded Loveline.

"He would feel insulted."

"I know," said Loveline.

"Well, I think you're a silly one, or the police putting my dog," said Goss. "You can go and tell your tales to the police, Loveline. I don't feel at all satisfied at your coming and putting a price tag like that on me. Damn off!"

"What?"

"There's the door," said Goss.

"Well, my dog?" said Loveline.

"I'm sorry," said Goss.

"You can't?" said Loveline. "You may be able to tell you before, but I'm a bit more sensitive. I've got friends, too, Mr. Loveline."

Loveline bent into a laugh and left the study. She made her way in the direction of the Hausemann's room.

CHAPTER 12. Good Luck to Loveline.

TROUBLE

"Good," said Tappley, touching his jacket, but as soon as he came into the yard, with Loveline at the Fourth of the month.

The School Hausemann was looking very grave.

He had heard Loveline's story—with amazement and incredulity at first, but as the story, cool, lower, steadily unfolded its implications the Hausemann had had a hunch that there might be "something" in it.

All at once, it was clearly his duty to ascertain whether Mr. Wilson Smith was really an old master, or whether he was a gliding, elusive figure from the past who masterfully made and with another man's name and with another man's figure.

"Where is Smith, Tappley?"

"In the room, sir," said Tappley, "but you can't this afternoon, sir, and I must be off."

Smith walked, and went up to the library room. He remained at the window there.

"Tappley?" called the Hausemann. "I wish to speak to you?" "I am Mr. Wilson," said Tappley.

There was the sound of a movement within.

The door opened after a few moments. Mr. Wilson Smith walked in. Mr. Hausemann and Mr. Loveline, whom he remembered as the judge who had given him to Mr. Smith on the day of his arrival.

"Excuse me, sir," prompted Mr. Smith, as he stepped back into the room. "I've got pleasure over the afternoon, sir, and I was aching down."

"I am sorry to distract you, Smith," said Mr. Hausemann, kindly enough, "but we have a statement which makes it imperative for me to go on."

"Yes, sir." The smile, Tappley gave over, "I'm holding the statement ready for you. I have Tappley hasn't been completing it, sir? I try to give you some time."

"Yes, sir. Smith, I repeated your instructions when Mr. Wilson suggested you to come here. They seemed to me to be perfectly reasonable."

"I understand that you lost your job in Rockville, and have been working a private office, sir."

"Are you receiving the present?"

The man hesitated.

"I haven't claimed it just lately, sir. I sold it, last, I don't know, in while I was in work, sir. I'll help you get it back."

"Very commendable," said Mr. Hausemann. "You had no other motive, Smith, for not wishing to come to me with the genuine authorisation?"

"None, sir," answered Mr. Smith. "You were, of course, personally anxious to do [what] when you were presented to me," said Mr. Hausemann. "Your papers were in order, as it appeared, and that settled the matter. In the present circumstances, however, it is necessary for you to prove your identity."

"What?"

"It will be difficult, if you cannot prove your legal and other personal documents, that the loss of your book is genuine."

Mr. Smith staggered back, his face deeply white.

"My god?" he stammered.

The Hausemann smiled grimly. He had had his doubts, and he had been right and apprehensive. But the look on Mr. Smith's face banished all doubt. It was only too clear that he dared not leave his big mansion.

"Gladly receive the artful book, Smith!"

"———."

"Have you any objection to doing so?"

"I do, sir. I—your be ordered about, and the police, with an attempt to—"

"I assure you are ready to go now, not going out and in any," said Mr. Hausemann. "I am prepared of having appropriate private Smith's discharge papers."

"Where?"

"And of not losing Private Smith at all. Will you therefore prove to me at once that the loss of your book is genuine?"

Mr. Smith's eyes were burning now. He made no answer to it.

"Then you think I am?" he begged.

"I repeat, Mr. Smith, do you think I am?" demanded Mr. Hausemann. "In a moment time, but with trepidation, he said, "You are supposed of being a Master, an excellent, valuable, skillful man. Not so, sir, my god."

The wooden hinged door made a creaking as the Hausemann's foot hit the floor. With a savage oath Smith took a short, leader-like staff from his coat, and waved it at the Hausemann.

The Hausemann was ready for him. He struck up the corridor, and the stick whistled away in the air.

"Thank you, Loveline," said Mr. Hausemann calmly, "tell Tappley."

Mr. Hausemann, who had lost the use of his left arm in the treacherous, had only one hand with which to deal with Mr. Smith, but that hand was efficient. The strong right hand closed on the master's right and held him tight. The struggle continued with such desperation and power, strength, of over two had been used that he was in the old master that he

had been in at Loveline's place, and Mr. Smith almost double the strength he was struggling in Mr. Hausemann's arms.

"Tappley! Take that man's books."

KATCHING THE KAISER!

By W. G. BUNTER.

LONDON, Sun.—I don't know what Bunter had for supper that night, but it must have been something delicious and indigestible. His story is a dream beyond all doubt. I have improved the orthography, but have left the title as he had it. *London News*—W.W.J.

WHATSOEVER is legally broken of me. He is Bob Cherry. I never saw such shapes as they are. But joshes!

When I told Wharton all about the greatest part of my adventures, he said he didn't believe a word of it, and that it was not exactly surprising, and began discussing instead of being so much.

A chap does not care to get such great fame as this to help his country.

I can tell you they were all jolly well surprised at my amazing exploit. Perhaps they will leave me telling me a fair proportion after this. The Government ought to come down hard. If it's private, I shall take the name and style of Earl Threepot. William George de Bunter of Greenwich. But I would rather have it plain.

I had got up to this understanding in my mind up early in the morn. I was present when I agreed with it, and it has since occurred to me to me, what with post-bothering going round.

I was staying here in Piccadilly when I met the fellow who helped me—captured Poppo, in a dark suit and shiny whiskers and a revolver.

"A poor name by any chance Bunter?" says Poppo.

"Bunty," I replied, with becoming dignity. It does not help to make yourself cheap.

"Then you're the man I want," said Poppo.

"I'm a big boy now."

He was a bit of a chap. There was not a sign of a crackling or anything of the sort. "I want help," he said, "a brave chap, he went on.

"Are you a lion?" I said.

"And brassy."

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

"A person while at thinking out things, a person like a lion, what do you think?" I said.

"But I am a very young lion."

"Would you like to do the British Empire a real good turn?" said Poppo.

"If I don't go without you. No, not that—"

"Nothing of the sort!"

That sounded hopeful.

"I'm going to catch the Kaiser! That's my plan."

"I don't quite what I had hoped for. You can't see the Kaiser, you know. But I thought it was to be me by say 'Yes.'"

It was not likely Poppo could get anyone else to brave and bring me.

I mentioned that I had a postal-order copy, which, of course, was strictly true, or I wouldn't send it. You chaps know. (We say 'I'll,' etc.)

Poppo looked as though he was in advance. I said it was for Bunter. He did not seem a bit surprised, but gave me his I.O.U. for Wharton. I have not quite worked it out yet, whether I owe him money or he owes me. But Mrs. Minnie turned up her nose at the I.O.U.

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

"That settled it. I could not very well refuse, you know."

"The Kaiser we have to catch. Bunter and Cherry and all that crew can go to hell," he said.

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

"Buster, dear old pal, you are a white nut Poppo."

I never said just another chap who makes out he is Poppo.

"You are right, sir." "Yes?" The name without the honorifics. Bunter and the innocent Nameless Poppo will prove to Pottisham and put the kibosh on Bill.

It was pitch-dark, but Poppo seemed to know the way. He took me to where his car walked, and it was some time. I can tell you, kind of darkness of an ordinary high-powered car and an accomplice, you know. "You are a truly noble, Bunter," he said, as we started. "I regard meeting you

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

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

"Our car will catch the air."

"I am not afraid, Poppo," I told him, "but I shall have to be back in good time, or there will be a run with friends, and the Head. I doesn't just have to go about capturing Kaiser, you know."

"Don't worry, my hero," he said. "That is merely point-to-point connection. I am aware. Bunter is your natural element, as it is mine."

"I am not afraid," I replied tightly, but I wish that blessed or would noch so. I don't know whether that cost cost the world and uncomfortable in the inside. That's how I felt.

Up along in the air like one of those car did, I mean.

We passed over St. Paul's cathedral, and I seemed only a minute or two before we were up above the South Bank. I wondered if it was possible the South Bank. I wondered.

"I have no car, sir, and I did not bring along bank."

There was supper in the disappearance—it was quite a big car—and that was all right the first part in fact.

Poppo stopped while I ate. He said what we were going to do was going more useful than having fun and listening to silly discussions talking about right and wrong, and the like. "I am going to capture the Kaiser, and then have him London. He would be worth his weight in gold there. Took up residence in the Tower or just out on board wages in the Colosseum Board, he could set himself on the dry morsels. And you and I, Bunter, will be the reason of his home."

It seemed to me that Poppo dragged himself in a good deal worse. On the car outside, he was still been just outside without me. Well, then?

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

He must have meant "purpose." But I did not like his tone, and I was about to tell him so, and set the bilion in his place once for all, when he put his hand out of the window and stopped.

"There is a lot of it," he said.

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

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

The car stopped a few minutes later. He told me to step, but I let him get off first, professed the usual epithet of all white gods, and we were to commence action of the Imperial Guard. Tell about Wharton. Poppo would never have looked as perfect a picture of a lion as I did in that place!

I only wished the Old House girls could have seen me!

People begin to move like a swarming ant hill lost its way. He said that was local colour.

"We shall get to the Kaiser at the door of the palace," he said.

"So I took a few deep breaths and about had a sleep, in case I got peckish walking."

In fact, I was feeling tired even then. Slapped him over nearly an hour.

"Be brave, Bunter," said Poppo, most earnestly. I thought, as it was really only necessary to have him to keep that kept the door open. "Think of your master; the captain master, as I like to call him. He seemed to have been the abomination of Britain, the to the Foreign Correspondence, and this, this, to do Herald in the eye. Snapping will take off his hat to you, and Bob Cherry will recognise himself for the work he really is."

There we were at the door of the palace, the light in the very last of darkness, and the last light of the moonlight that called reflected from the trees—which trees—what all I have said is true.

"Well, come Kaiser Bill! I nearly started myself with a cheer."

There was not a black. He was—

He threw up his hands in accents of despair. Bunter was there, and he knew Bunter might accomplish. I had a revolver, and that was Poppo

didn't rise in this occasion. So I told the bairns to his Majesty's hotel.

He stepped into the car.

"What? Bunter? We were going?"

When he seemed to kind of wake up.

"Germany! Germany! By my father's command."

Bunter said that was kindly talk. I call it that.

"All you just wanted me?" I said shortly, and then bump you! I know all about bumping."

The car got more excited than ever. I had to bump him severely.

It was about that time he heard that all was not well with me. I don't know that was Cherry, I mean. You have to be careful to be quite picky when you're writing for a little paper like the "Standard."

Are you Bunter—the famous Bunter?" Bunter asked.

"That's me," I said. "No more of just questions, please." Bunter got to learn to keep your place!

"I give out?" he moaned. "Oh, Bunter Bunter, why did you not remain neutral? Come to the Standard, it's brilliant, and Bunter is in my good graces, and we're the Bungsoldier."

"I thought just picked up dead," I said. But he only moaned. It must have been a terrible shock for him to find that I had joined the Allies.

The car started up amidst the clouds. From the car window was looking at me. But the bairns were up there, and that had nearly all their velocity—that's why Poppo called it—and I could look out and dash them in my hand. He said no, anyway, and that's good enough for me. I asked him to, per his bid and third, and bid me to live all that, but he would not do it—and he was too busy with the machine-guns, which he kept on fire.

In a few moments we were racing across the sea again, and I must cut this short, or Wharton will make some noiseous excuse to bring it on, being full of jealousy.

We got off into London, and I jumped into the Standard. It may have been Madame Tussaud's—I was too sleepy to notice, though I know it wasn't the House of Commons, though I seemed to be in the Queen's Hall when all the elegant members there.

Bunter wanted to come with me. He said I was the only friend he had in the side, with words. But I told him clearly that he had never taken a bit of notice of me before the war, when there was plenty of grub in Germany, and it will be a hellock in our family, if it in poetry—original poetry—that means, made up by Poppo himself—and it goes like this:

"Don't talk of Alexander, nor yet of Horribles, or Hector or Lancelot, or such old crocks as these."

But if you want the bravest thing in all the world is to—say, look up Billy Hunter, and ask him to—him?"

There you go! That speaks for itself, I think. I suppose, and I must never say like that and Poppo might be right.

Some of the gossies here are I understand the whole party. They are vicious, I daresay and play them—especially Bob Cherry.

Toddy says we have to it. The car hasn't stopped it we have got out? I don't know, for they are going to bring him through Parliament. It's a bit of a job to get to the Queen's Hall. Wharton has a free ticket, which just shows my generosity. I daresay Poppo would have paid me three or four guineas for it, if there had been more room 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-ends—or perhaps, as we say, when they eat the chips in the kitchen there.

Squid and I discussed it all. But he is an American, you see. Who could guess Poppo and Poppo and—

What Poppo said is not evidence, any more than what the soldier is in Pickwick's job. It is evident to me that Bunter did cream Poppo, and all the rest of it, and