# JACK BLAKE'S HUN!

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



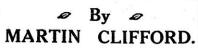


A RAIDER DOWN!

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## ACK BLAKE'S HUN!

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



#### CHAPTER 1. Unparliamentary!

Y ENTLEMEN!"

Hear, hear!" "Bow-wow

"Bravo!" Rats :"

There seemed to be a difference of

Pepper's barn was crowded with St. Jim's juniors.

Tom Merry, the captain of the Shell, was mounted upon a bench addressing the meeting. He was manfully supported

the meeting. He was manuful supported by his chuns, Manners and Lowther. But the harmony of the occasion was somewhat marred by the fact that Grundy of the Shell was mounted upon a tub, also addressing the meeting. Grundy was backed up by Gunn. Wil-

And, to make confusion worse confounded, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth had perched himself upon a box, addressing the meeting, too; and Blake and Herries and Dig. his loyal chums, were resolutely cheering him.

were resolutely cheering him.
Moreover, Figgins & Co. of the New House had stationed themselves outside the window, and were yelling at the top of their voices, certainly not with the in-tention of adding to the harmony of the meeting. Figgins & Co. were the Opposi-tion, and seemed to prefer for the present to oppose from outside, probably as being more annoying to the "Government."

ment. "St. Jim's "Parliament" was, in fact, labouring under difficulties, and, at this rate, seemed likely to get through even less real business than the genuine article

less real business than the general at Westminster.

"Gentlemen!" roared Tom Merry.
"Pway, give me your best attention, deah boys," shouted Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Under the circs—"
"My opinion," boomed Grundy of the Shell. "is this—"

Shut up! "I wepeat-"Hurrah!"

"Yah! School House duffers!" roared Figgins & Co. at the window, "Go home! Go back to Colney Hatch! Yah!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Orde!"
"Rats!"

It was the ambition of Tom Merry & It was the ambition of Tom Merry & Co. to make the St. Jim's Parliament as like as possible to the respected and revered institution on the banks of the Thames. And, indeed, there was a certain resemblance, inasmuch as the meeting was rich in voeiferous voices, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. "I wegard these interwuptions as bein' in the worst possible taste. Undah the circs—"

circs-

"Hear, hear!"

"I appeal to Mr. Speaker-"
"Yah!"

"If honourable members will not keep order, order, honourable members will be chucked out on their necks!" roared Tom Merry. "Wats!"

"Dry up !" reservant i "Go it, Gussy!"
"Go it, Tommy!"
"Order!" bellow

der!" bellowed Grundy of the "Can't you listen to a chap who's talking sense? Gentlemen, my opinion "Rot!"

"Piffle!"
"Yah! Go home!" yelled the New House crowd at the window. Tom Merry looked round in great

exasperation. Gentlemen, let's clear off those New House bounders first! I move an adjournment while Figgins & Co. are mopped up!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Hear, hear!"
The meeting was unanimous at once. It was felt by honourable members that the New House interruptions detracted from the dignity of the proceedings.
Tom Merry jumped down from the bench, and led a rush to the door. At the same moment the door was flung open from without. A queer figure rushed in breathlessly, colliding with the inniors.

juniors.

It was Mr. Pepper, the old village miser, from whom the youthful Parliamentarians rented the barn.

Mr. Pepper was breathless and wildly excited.

"Cover!" he panted. "Cover! Oh, gosh! Cover!" What is the potty old duffer driving

"Get out, Pepper!"

"You've no business here, you old

"Hallo! Here come the New House! Sock in to them!" Figgins & Co. were dashing in after Mr. Pepper. They looked very excited,

Mr. t eppen too.
"Go for the wottahs, deah boys!"
"Mop 'em up!
"Pax!" yelled Georgo Fig.
"Cover!"
"House" shouted Kerr. George Figgins.

"Huns!" shouted Kerr.
"Prussians!" yelled Fatty Wynn.
"What?"

"It's an air-raid!"
"Oh, my hat!"
"Bai Jove!"

Hostilities ceased as if by magic. The New House juniors crowded into the barn, and Redfern slammed the door. Tom Merry ran to the window and

looked out

It was a clear, frosty winter day. Over-head the sky was like steel. From above came a dull sound of droning, evidently proceeding from Gotha engines. And from the direction of Wayland Hill there came a sudden, deep roar. Boom !

"By gad, a gun!" cjaculated Cardew.
"It's the Wayland battery!"

Boom, boom!

"Can you see the beasts, Tommy?"
Tom Merry craned his head out of the window, for the moment forgetful of the falling shrapnel.

In the steely sky several black dots appeared. One, flying lower than the rest, was clearly visible. Tom Merry knew the German aeroplane at a glance. It was

a daylight raid, and the Gothas were in

force.
"There they are!" said Tom quietly. A dismal howl came from Baggy Trimble of the Fourth, who had no right there, not being a nember.
"Yow-ow-ow! We shall be killed!
Boo-hool-hoooop!"

Boo-hooh-hoooop!"
"Shut up, you funk!" shouted Herries.
"You feahfully disgustin' wottah,
Twimble, how dare you be afwaid of the
Huns?" demanded Arthur Augustus Huns?" D'Arcy indignantly. "Bump him!" suggested Levison

minor of the Third.
"Yaroooh!" yelled Trimble, as two or

three indignant juniors seized him.
"Leggo! I ain't afraid! Yow-ow! I'm
as brave as a—yoop—lion! Oh, crumbs!" Bump!

Baggy Trimble descended on the floor

Baggy Trimble descended on the floor with a wild yell; and, as the poet re-marks. "The subsequent proceedings interested him no more." A deep and heavy drone seemed to pervade the air. From the battery of big guns on Wayland Hill the booming was almost incessant. Against the steely sky could be seen the flashes of the bursting

she'ls.

Silence fell on the St. Jim's juniors. They crowded at the window watching the German 'planes and the bursting shelis. The war had suddenly come home to them.

Mr. Pepper shoved his way frantically

to the windows.
"Close them shutters, you young fools!
Do you hear? Do you want the shrapnel

Do you hear? Do you want the shraphed in here? Shut them up."

"Bai Jove! That's wathah a good ideah, though it is not expwessed vewy politely," remarked Arthur Augustus thoughtfully.

Tom Merry closed the shutter. It was no use running unnecessary risks. There was a clatter like thick hail on the roof, and they knew what that meant.

and they knew what that meant. Ine danger was close enough. Mr. Pepper. "The hounds! Rotters! They'll damage this barn, and who's going to pay for it? That's what I want to know. Til lay a claim against the Government! If they damage my barn! In going to be paid

oaniage my oan in it is a function of it! I know that!"
"I wegard you as a funkay wottan,
Mr. Peppah! Dwy up!"
Grundy of the Shell displayed a knuckly

fist under Mr. Pepper's prominent nose, and the old fellow jumped back.

"Shut up!" commanded Grundy.
Mr. Pepper thought he had better
obey. There was a breathless silence in
the barn, while outside the booming of the guns grew in intensity.

#### CHAPTER 2. Shell Out !

TRASH! It was a dull, grinding roar from the distance. The juniors looked at one another with startled faces. They knew that a bomb

had been dropped.
"Oh, the rotters!" muttered Blake
"The howwid wascals!"

Baggy Trimble gave a wail. Two or three boots immediately admonished him

that it was no time for howling.

The booming of the guns died down.

Tom Merry waited a few minutes, and
opened the window again. The German
'planes had disappeared in the direction of St. Jim's. Far in the distance a dull booming told that more distant guns had taken up the firing.

Mr. Pepper was sitting on a bench, All. Pepper was sitting on a bench, nursing his knees and shivering. He did not show the self-possession of the juniors. Perhaps he was thinking of the possible damage to his property. Grandy of the Shell was staring at Mr. Pepper, with a thoughful wrinkle in his brow. The powerful brain of the

great Grundy was working. He spoke at

st.
"Pepper!"
Mr. Pepper blinked at him.
"What are you doing here?"
"Doing here?" repeated Mr. Pepper. "I've come in for cover from the beastly

Huns, of course, you young idiot!"

"This barn is our property, so long as we pay the rent of it," said Grundy firmly. "You've no right here. You're

a trespasser "Weally, Gwunday-

"Shut up, D'Arey! I know what I'm talking about. Pepper swindled us over the rent of this barn," said Grundy. "He let it to me, and then he let it to Tom Merry, and bagged two rents, and

tom Merry, and bagged two rents, and left us to settle it between ourselves."
"Well, we've settled it!" said Tom.
"I know that! That don't after the fact that Pepper swindled us and bagged our money for nothing. Now, Pepper is trespassing in our barn."
"We sept them layers feeled."

"We can't turn him out, fathead;"
"I don't want to turn him out, so long as he pays a fair rent for the use of the barn," said Grundy. "What?"

"Bai Jove, Gwunday---"

"Boi Jove, Gwunday—"
"What a rippin' idea i" exclaimed Cardew. The chums of No. 9, all of whom
had been defeated in the elections, had
been giving Figgy & Co. their moral
support outside. "He's makin' us pay
twice over for the barn. Let's make him pay for usin' it!"
Ha, ha, ha!"

"Pay!" shouted Mr. Pepper explo-yely. "Pay! Why, you young sively. villains-

George Alfred Grundy pointed to the

"There's your way, Pepper!"
"Do you think I'm going out, with a confounded air-raid on?" roared Mr.

Pepper. That's your business. You can stay

"That's your business. You can stay if you like, but you'll pay rent for the use of the barn, if you do."
"Hear, hear!" chorused the juniors. They had almost forgotten the distant booming of the guns in their delight in catching the village miser.
Mr. Pepper had been guilty of the sharpest of sharp practice in letting the ham. Letting the same place to two

barn. Letting the same place to two different tenants, for two rents, was not exactly honest, and it was perilously near offending against the law—if Tom Merry & Co. had felt inclined to invoke the law in the matter. Grundy had turned it over in his mind.

It appeared to him that this was an excellent opportunity of getting even with the sharper, and the other fellows agreed. Wilkins, who had come in with the New House crowd, and Gunn looked the New House crowd, and Gunn looked at their great leader in admiration. Grundy was most kinds of an ass, but certainly he had a good idea once in a way. This was one such. "You can pay rent or go, Pepper!" said Grandy decidedly. "Take your chairs."

"You young idiet!" rasped Mr. Pep-

per. "Pay gent for a quarter or half an hour, p'r'aps. How much would that be, at ten shillings a week—or a pound, either?"

"Your rent for the use of this barn is ten shillings a minute," said Grundy

"What?" shrieked Mr. Pepper. "Ten shillings a minute!"

"Why, you-you-"
"Bai Jove! Isn't that wathah exorbitant, Gwunday?"
"Not at all, considering that he has

swindled us right and left. "Yaas, that's so!"

"But we can't touch the fellow's oney," grunted Manners,

"I'm not going to touch his money.

Mr. Pepper's rent for the use of the barn
will be paid into the Cottage Hospital
box in Rylcombe."

"Hear, hear!"
"Yaas, that's wathah a good idea!

Grundy took out his watch.

Grundy took out his watch.

"The rent commences from minute," he said. "You savvy, Pepper? Ten shillings a minute for the use of the barn! Take it or leave it!"

Mr. Pepper's face was a study.

The juniors gazed at him to face the commence of the comme

light. As a matter of fact, Grundy was doing the best thing possible under an air-raid, diverting the attention of his companions from the danger by occupying their minds with something else. But that was not really what Grundy was thinking of. He was only thinking of justice on the village miser.

"One minute gone, Mr. Pepper!

"Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Pepper rose from the bench, and took a step towards the door. came heavily from the distance.

Afr. Pepper stopped as suddenly as if the distant shell had landed under his nose. He dropped on the bench again.

"I ain't going!" he gasped.
"Don't' agreed Grundy. "You're quite welcome in our barn, so long as you pay the rent."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Why you you're extensional!"

"Ha, na, na:
"Why, you young extortioner!"
gasped Mr. Pepper. "At that rate, I
shall be handing you back all you've ever
paid me, in ten minutes or so."
"Well, why shouldn't you, as you
"Incl." ""

"Shell out, Pepper!"
"I won't!" shrieked Mr. Pepper.

"A quid now!" said Grundy, looking at his watch. "Pay as you go, Pepper—we can't trust a man like you to settle accounts, and it wouldn't be convenient to sue you in the County Court."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, na."
"I ain't paying anything!" yelled Mr.
Pepper. "That is, I—I'll give you
threepence, if you like."
"Are you going to pay your rent, Mr.

"Are you going to pay your rent, Mr.
Pepper, or are you going to be ejected
from the premises you are now occupying?" asked Grandy calmly.

"I-I-I-you-you—" stammered
Mr. Pepper helplesly.

"Cluck bim out!" roared Gore.
"It's only fair," said Talbot of the
Shell, laughing.
"Pay or quit, Mr.

Pepper!"
"How can I quit, with those rascally
Huns dropping bombs?" yelled the un-

happy miser.

happy misor.

"Thut's your bizney!" smiled Monty Lowther. "Now, then—is it pay or go?" He took hold of Mr. Pepper's collar. Sidney Clive laid a grip on Mr. Pepper's arm. Herries took him by one car.

"Open the door!" said Tom Merry.

"I—I—III pay!" yelled Mr. Pepper, as the guns boomed again. "I'll pay, you young villains! Oh, dear!"

"Thitty boh!" said Grundy. consulting his watch again. "Look here, we'll go easy with you, Pepper: Two pounds

for as long as you like to stay this after-

noon. Can't say fairer than that! "I wegard those terms as genewous.

Yes, rather!"

"Yes, rather!"
"Two pounds!" moaned Mr. Pepper.
"Two whole quids! It's best part of a fortune! Young gentlemen, don't be fortune! hard on a poor man-

"We know how poor you are!" grinned Grundy. "Didn't I show up your hoard, you old hunks? Besides, the your noard, you du nums: Desaues, and money's going to the Cottage Hospital. You ought to be pleased at that." Mr. Pepper did not look pleased. "Make up your mind at once," added

Mr. Pepper did not look pleased.
"Make up your mind at once," added
Grundy. "If you hang it out, I'll make
it ten bob a minute all the time you're
here, and stick to it."

Mr. Pepper half rose. Boom! Boom!

Mr. Pepper sat down again hurriedly.

The tortures of the Inquisition were mild and pleasant compared with what Mr. Pepper felt when he had to part with any money. But there was no help for it. The miser was fairly caught.

With a deep groan, he pulled out a With a deep groan, he pulled out a shabby purse and opened it, his fingers shabby purse and opened it. Still groaning snapov purse and opened it, his ingers trembling with emotion. Still groaning dismally, he extracted two pound-notes from a wad of others. For a poor man, Mr. Pepper was remarkably well provided

with currency notes.

with currency notes.

With an expression of anguish, he handed the two pound-notes to Grundy of the Shell. Grundy took an envelope from his pocket, slipped the notes into tit, and sealed it, Mr. Pepper watching the disappearance of his ill-gotten cash with sad and mournful eyes. Grundy addressed the envelope to the

local Cottage Hospital, and stuck a stamp

local Cottage nospian, and some an it.

"That goes into the post, as soon as we get out of this!" he remarked. "You fellows agree, of course?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"You, bet!" chuckled Tom Merry.
"Pepper's money is rather too unclean for us to touch, but he ought to pay up, and the hospital gets the benefit. You much to feel happy about this, Pepper!" Groan !

Groan:
The juniors chortled. Mr. Pepper had been fairly paid back in his own coin.
"If there's an air raid to-morrow," said Grundy, "you can use our barn as a shelter at a reduction of rent."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bob a minute will be the price, and that's reasonable. By the way, we shouldn't have chucked you out, if you hadn't paid up!" added Grundy.

hadn't paid up: added trungy.

The expression on Mr. Pepper's facewhen Grundy made that announcement caused the juniors to yell. The old miser sat plunged in the depths of misery.

Tom Merry looked out of the window again. Across the fields came the sound

of distant shouting. "One's down!" he shouted.
"Bai Jove! A Hun down! What

luck!"
"Come on!"

The firing was still going on, but it was so distant now as to be almost inaudible. The St. Jim's juniors rushed out of the

### CHAPTER 3. Well Hit !

URRAH!"
"Well hit!"

"Well nit:
"He's coming down!"
"Huwwah!" yelled Arthur
Augustus D'Arcy, waving his eyeglass
frantically. "Well hit, gunnahs! frantically. Huwwah!"

The juniors had their eyes on the sky as they ran, wildly excited. Overhead THE GEM LIBRARY. No. 514. Overhead

## THE BEST 30. LIBRARY THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 30. LIBRARY, NOW PER

the German aeroplanes had disappeared, with one exception. There was one still visible, and that one was in great difficulties.

It was flying so low that the schoolboys could make out the pilot and his com-panion, and it was sweeping down in One of the bursting shells erky spirals. had evidently inflicted serious damage.

The delight of the juniors was boundless. It was, as Figgins remarked, simply gorgeous to see the beast coming down.

"Bai Jove! He will land with a smash!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "The howwid wottahs will bweak their Hun

"Good egg!" "I could pick off those scoundrels if I had a rifle!" gasped Grundy. "By gad,

had a rife! gasped Grundy. "By gad, I'm going to buy a rifle!"

"Jolly glad you haven't one!" grinned Wilkins. "I don't think it's the Huns you'd bring down!"

"Look have Wilh..."

"Look here, Wilkins—"
"Oh, bother the mist!" exclaimed Tom

Merry. From the distant coast a grey mist was rolling up, and it was dimming the aero-plane from view, low as it was.

The juniors ran down the lane towards the school, keeping the 'plane in sight,

however.

A few minutes before the countryside had been deserted under the hail of shrapnel. But now it had suddenly become alive. Labourers appeared in the fields, villagers from Rylcombe, Wayland people, excited lads from everywhere. Even Mr. Pepper crept out of the barn Trimble was following the track of the sinking Hun 'plane.

From St. Jim's, as the crowd drew near the school, there came a roar of shouting. The Hun 'plane, fighting against its fate.

was passing over the school.

The quadrangle was swarming; there was a face at almost every window as the stricken aeroplane, struggling like a wounded bird, passed on.

Taggles, the porter, shook a knuckly fist at it. Mrs. Taggles came out of the

school shop and stared upward. German raiders had passed over St. Jim's before, but there had been nothing like this.

There was no pity for the two rascals in the Hun plane. They had come to that quiet countryside to murder and destroy. and there was a fierce satisfaction in sec-

ing them getting justice in this way. They were doing their best with the crippled 'plane, but it seemed inevitable that when it landed it must land with a crash; and that meant instant death to

the two Huns.

But even the tender-hearted Arthur Augustus could not feel sorry for them.

That fate was not so terrible as the fate they had intended for others.
"Bai Jove! They'll biff into the School House woof!" gasped Arthur School House woof!" gasped Arthur Augustus, as he came breathlessly in at

the gates.

But the sinking aeroplane disappeared behind the school buildings.

There was a race round to pick it up again. The mist was growing thicker now. But there was no escape for the Huns. The mist, had it gathered twenty minutes earlier, might have saved the raiders; but now they were hard hit by the accurate number. the accurate gunfire.

In a few minutes Tom Merry & Co. a few minutes from Merry & Co. were scrambling through the fir plantation beyond the school, seeking the sky for the raider. But the German 'plane was not to be seen.
"It's down!" said Tom.
"Yaas, wathah!"
"Hark!"

There was a distant crash.
THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 514.

"Bai Jove! It's landed in the twees!" "Hurrah!"

The juniors plunged on through the wood. There was a whooping crowd following; but Tom Merry & Co. were first in the field.
"Heah you are!" yelled Arthur Augus-

"Heah are the wottahs!"
Look out, the beasts may shoot—

"Oh, wats!

The juniors panted up.

The juniors panted up.
The aeroplane was down, in the heart
of the wood. A shivered tank lay halfburied in the grass. The aeroplane,
smashed by the crash in the trees, lay in
an almost unrecognisable mass, broken an almost unrecognisable mass, broken and twisted. Part of the planes hung and tangled round the branches above.
"My hat! What a smash!" exclaimed

"Where are the Huns?" panted

Lowther. "Bai Jove! We'll capehah them, deah

boys Look out!"

"Phew!"

"Dead!" said Tom Merry.

In the wet grass a still form lay at the feet of the juniors, and they paused suddenly.

It was one of the Germans-either the pilot or the observer they had seen on the sinking plane. He lay crumpled up in the grass, his head at a strange and ghastly angle with his body. It was evident that his neck had been broken by the fall, and that he was quite dead.

The juniors shuddered a little as they looked down on him. After all he was a human being, though a Prussian.

"Poor rotter!" murmured Tom Merry.

"Yaas, wathah!" mutered for Merry,
"Yaas, wathah!" mutered Arthur
Augustus. "I suppose the w'etch was
doin' what he considered his dutay in
comin' heah to bomb us."

Grundy snorted. "Jolly good catch!" he said. "But there were two of the rotters. "Where's the other beast? He mustn't get away!" The juniors searched round the smashed aeroplane.

But there was no other body to be found. Neither in the wreckage of the Gotha nor in the grass round it was there any trace of the other German airman.

Arthur, Augustus turned his eyeglass upward, with a perplexed expression.
"He must have come down!" he

marked doubtfully. "Go hon!" murmured Lowther. "Per-haps he's suspended midway, like Mahomet's coffin.

"Weally, Lowther-

"He's landed safely, the bounder, and taken to his heels!" said Grundy. "This is a job for us! Let's get after him!"

The juniors stared round into the

misty fir wood.

It seemed indubitable that the Hun airman had landed unhurt, as he had disappeared from the spot. The desperate rascal was evidently lurking somewhere in the wood.

"Yeas, this is a job for the St. Jim's scouts!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "We'll twack the boundah down!"

"Follow my lead!" said Grundy. "Wats!

"Fathead!"

"Hallo, here comes the bobbies!"

Two mounted constables dashed up, and drew rein beside the wreck. They dismounted, and waved back the juniors. "Clear off!"

"Clear off!"
"Weally, you know—"
"Clear away, please! Now, then!"
"Bai Jove! I object to bein' cleahed off like this! I considah— Pawy let go my arm, Blake! I am not leavin yet!"
You are!" grinned Blake. "Mustn't argue with giddy authority, my infant! Kim on!"

"But I considah-"This way!

Three or four more constables arrived, and some military cyclists, and the crowd

was cleared off.
Tom Merry & Co. returned to the Tom Merry & Co. returned to the school in a state of excitement and satis-faction. One, at least, of the daylight raiders had been accounted for—one of the fearsome Gothas lay a smashed wreck

within two hundred yards of St. Jin's. And that was all to the good.
Grundy stopped at the school letterbox as he went in, to drop in the letter addressed to the Cottage Hospital. That addressed to the Cottage Hospital. Linus meritorious institution was to benefit to the extent of two pounds, which pro-bably came in quite useful. It was likely that Mr. Pepper would groan for weeks over the rent he had paid for the use of barn, but nobody minded Pepper.

In the junior Common-room that evening Tom Merry had an announcement to make. He mounted on a chair to make

"Gentlemen-

"None of your Parliamentary gas, now!" interjected Grundy. "Fathead! Dry up! Gentlemen, to-day there has been a daylight raid, and a bomb was dropped near St. Jim's—"
"Tell us something we don't know!"
suggested Crooke of the Shell.
"Order!"

"Also, one of the Hun 'planes was dropped near St. Jim's," continued Tom Merry. "Bravo!"

"I wish to point out that, though the Hun 'planes are dangerous beasts, the Hun planes are dangerous beasts, we can have every confidence in the anti-aircraft defences. The authorities are not asleep, and our merry gunners are looking after us."

"Hear, hear."

"Moreover—"

"Good word!" said Blake.

Moreover, one of the Boche airmen got away after the 'plane came down. Probably the bobbies will nail him before

"And probably not!" snorted Grundy. "That's what I'm coming to. Gentlemen, unless we hear by to morrow that the escaped Boche has been collared, it's soult. All the soul for the St. Jim's soults. All the soul for the St. John st. will be called out, for trail down that Hun, and bag him." him

Bravo!" "Jolly good idea!" exclaimed Grundy eartily. "You can depend on me to heartily. lead you-

"Shut up, Grundy!"
"Look here——"

"Look here—"
"Gentlemen, you will be prepared for
a hunt to-morrow, if the Boche hasn't
been captured by then," announced Tom
Merry. "And not a word outside the
House! The School House are going to bag that Hun-not the New House! It would be just like Figgins & Co. to chip in, if they thought of it—you know what cheeky worms they are. But that Hun is our Hun, and we're going to nail him!"

Hurrah!" "Yaas, wathah!" "Hear, hear!"

And there was not a dissentient voice.

#### CHAPTER 4. Rival Scouts !

OM MERRY & CO. were anxions for news the next day.

anxions for news the next day.

It seemed most unlikely that
the escaped airman would remain long at liberty, with the whole
countryside alert and looking for him.
But if the police and the military
failed to run him down, the scouts of St.
Jim's were quite prepared to take on

the task. As a matter of absolute fact, those cheery young gentlemen had more confidence in themselves than they had in the authorities. Indeed, Grundy had often remarked that the war would have often remarked that the war would nave progressed in a very different manner with a St. Jim's chap at the head of affairs—Grundy himself, for instance. It was Grundy's fixed opinion that, if he were Prime Minister, the war would be done with in three weeks. Monty Low-ther supprised Grundy by agreeing with him on that point, but Grundy was less videored when Lowther added that the pleased when Lowther added that the

British Empire would be done with, too.
There was news that day—good news!
The Hun raiders, fleeing from the gunfire, had been attacked and dispersed by British airmen, and three of them had gone to their last home in the sea. daylight raid, at all events, could not be called a success. But there was no news of the escaped Hun from the wrecked

'plane.

Tom Merry cycled down to Rylcombe police-station to inquire. But he only learned that the Hun was still at large.
"Time for us to chip in!" Tom Merry

remarked, when he came back from the village. "The St. Jim's scouts are wanted in this act."

wanted in this act."
"They are—they is!" agreed Monty
Lowther. "But I say, it's pretty dark
after lessons. Are we going to ask the
Head for a special half-holiday, to track down the cheery Hun?" "I can see him granting it!" grinned

Manners.

Manners.

Tom Merry shook his head.

"Better not let on to the Head," he iemarked. "Dr. Holmes mightn't think we were up to the job."

"He mightn't—la, ha:"

"In fact, he might order us to keep within gates, if he kendal."

"In fact, he might within gates, if he know..."
"I rather think he would."
"But that would be rot, of course.
The Head's bound to be pleased when we come in bringing the Hun along with

us, a prisoner."
"When!" murmured Lowther. "The scouts will meet immediately after lessons," said Tom. "But there's

after lessons, said Tom. "But there's no time to change,"
"What about tea?"
"Blow tea!" said Tom forcibly.
It was agreed that tea should be blowed. Lessons were a bore that afternoon to the enterprising scouts of the School House. Jumediately the Fourth and the Shell were dismissed, there was such the teacher week. a rush to get ready.

Innumerable patrols gathered in the quadrangle in the falling winter dusk. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy wore a thought-

ful expression.

"Wait for me, deah boys," he re-arked suddenly. "I am just goin' to tourked suddenly. "I am just goin' to dwop in on Wailton—"
"What on earth on you going to drop in on Railton for?" demanded Jack

Blake.

"To bowwow his wevolvah,"
"Wha-a-at?"

"Mr. Wailton has a wevolvah in his studay, I believe. You see, that Hun is sure to be armed, and he may cut up

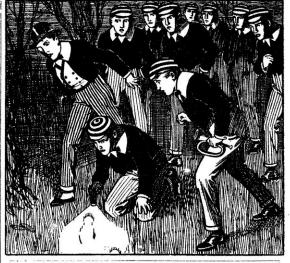
wusty-when we wun him down. It will be only pwudent to have a wevolvah."
"You—you last word in chumps!"
gasped Blake. "Let me catch you with a revolver! There's not going. gasped Blake. Let me catch you with a revolver! There's not going to be any St. Jim's casualties, if I can help it."

"I am wathah a cwack shot, Blake."

Rats

"Weally, Blake--"
"Ready!" called out Tom Merry,
"Pway wait a minute, Tom Mewwy,
Leggo my ceah, Blake! I shall stwike you if you do not welcase my ceah im-mediately !"

"You funny ass!" said Blake. "Railton's not to know anything about this game. He would gate the lot of us."



Blake on the Track! (See Chapter 6.)

"Bai Jove! 'I nevah thought of that. Howevah, pewwaps I could bowwow the wevolvah without Mr. Wailton's noticin', and weturn it quietly afterwards." It would be bound to come out,"

said Digby. "Why would it be bound to come out,

Dig?"
"Well, Railton would be bound to notice it, if three or four of the chaps came home dead," explained Dig.
"You uttel ass—"
"Yourch!"

"But I-

"Help that idiot along!" called out Tom Merry.

"I wetuse to be called an idiot. Tom Mewwy! I— Yawooh! If you dig me in the wibs again, Hewwies— Yawwoooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"March!"

"March!"
The scouts swung away, Arthur Augustus in great wrath. His devoted chums were heading him off from the School House with their hands. Baggy Trimble of the Fourth was heading for Dame Taggles' shop slyly. Monty Lowther brought him to a halt by jamming the end of his stick on Baggy's fat waist-coat, and there was a gasping yell from Trimble. Trimble.

Why aren't you in khaki?" demanded wther. "I mean, where are you Lowther.

going? "Yow-ow!"

"Bring that shirker along!" grinned Blake.

"Yarooh! I'm not coming!" roared Trimble, "I-I don't like Huns!" "Murch!"

Baggy, enclosed by the scouts, had to arch. Several prods helped him along, march. Several prods helped him along, in a breathless state of rage.
"Look here, you fellows, I—I'll go and change!" gasped Trimble.

change!" gasped Trimble.
"I'm afraid you'd have to be posted as missing, if you did!" grimmed Low-ther, "Get on! There's some assistance for you!"

"Yarooop!"

"Anoop: "Anoop: "Anothere"
And there
"Yoop! Stoppit! Yow-ow! I'm
narching, ain't I?" howled Trimble.
And he marched.
The School House scouts reached the
gates, and to their surprise and wrath
they found another army of scouts march-

ing out in the mist.

Figgins & Co., of the New House, in garb, had turned up in great force.

scout garb, had turned up in great force.

"Hallo! What do you want?" demanded Tom Merry warmly.

"We're after the Hun!" said Figgins blandly. "What are you chaps up to?"

"We're after the Hun, you cheeky bounder!" "Yaas, wathah!"

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Figgins.
"You fellows can't track down Huns for toffce!

"Leave things to chaps who can do nem!" suggested Kerr. "Go home!" was Fatty Wynn's advice. them '

The New House army swept out into the road. The School House scouts marched out after them, considerably excited.

Tom Merry & Co, started for the fir wood, with the intention of picking up the trail of the missing Hun there. But Figgins & Co. had the same intention,

Figgins & Co. had the same direction.
The rival scouts, exchanging glances of wrath and defiance, arrived at the wood

together. "Look here, this won't do!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "We can't pick up a trail with this gang of silly kids hanging

about!" "Just what I was thinking!" said Figgins wurmly. "You School House kids clear off! You know you're no good at scouting! You'll admit that your

selves!" "You cheeky waster!"

"You New House ass!"
"Now, then, clear off!" exclaimed
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#### THE BEST 3D. LIBRARY THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 3D. LIBRARY. NEW ON 6

Blake. "That Hun is our Hun, and we don't want any assistance from civilians!" "Civilians!" yelled Figgins, in great

"I'll give you civilians!" yelled Red-

"Get off the grass, you New House duffers!"
"Clear off, you School House dum-

mies! Look here-"

"Go and eat coke !" "I tell you-

"Yah!"
"Charge!" roared Tom Merry.
"Back up, New House!"
Give 'em socks!"
If the lurking Hun was still in the
wool-which was very doubtful—he had
little to lear from the St. Jim's scouts
just then. The scouts, in fact, had forgotten all about the Hun for the moment. The old rivalry of the two Houses had awakened, more lively than ever, and a terrific combat raged among the leafless trees and frozen thickets.

"Go it School House."

"Go it, School House!"
"Back up, New House!"

"Hurrah "Yaroooh!"

In the confusion Baggy Trimble fled, unnoticed. But the rest of the army were engaged in terrific combat, and the wood rang and echoed with the din.

#### CHAPTER 5.

#### Kerr is Equal to the Occasion !

IGGINS & CO. put up a great fight. If they had been engaged in com-bat with the Huns they could hardly have put more energy into
it. But the odds were against them.
The School House scouts outnumbered them almost two to one. In spite of their valiant defence, the New House were driven back into the road, with terrific bloodshed-chiefly from the nose !

In the road the School House made a final charge, and the enemy were scattered. They went scattering, and Tom Merry's bugle called his followers together.

Many of them were looking considerably damaged. But they were victorious,

and they rejoiced. "March!" was t was the order.

And the scouts started once more for

the wood.

Figgins & Co. gathered in the misty road, in great wrath and chagrin. Figgins was for attacking again; but a good many of his followers had retired to attend to their damages, and it was "No good husting again; but only the series of the serie

"No good butting against a brick wal!, old chap," said the cautious Kerr. "We're done this time!" "Groogh!" murmured Figgins, dab-

"Groogh!" murnured Figgins, dab-bing his nose with his handkerchief. "The checky rotters! They ll muck it all up, too! They can't scout!"
"Yow.cw.ow!" muttered Fatty Wynu. "I'm going to bathe my eye!" re-narked Redfern.
"Samo here!"

Same here! The scouts were dropping away; but Figgins was reluctant to retire defeated. He dabbed his nose, and frowned in

"They'll crow over us no end, if we chuck it!" he growled. began Fatty Wynn sav

thoughtfully. "Got anything to suggest?" grunted Figgins. Well, yes."

"Go ahead. What is it!"

"Go ahead. What is it:
"Let's go and have tea."
"What?" yelled Figgins.
"I'm jolly hungry, you know!"
"Words

"You-you-you-" Word THE GEM LIBRARY.-No. 514. Words failed

"It's teatime

"Br-7-r-r-r !

"I think you're a silly ass, Figgins!" grunted Fatty Wynn.
"We'vo been licked by the School

"That's because we've got such a jolly good leader!" snorted Fatty Wynn. "Wha-a-at?"

"I'm going in to tea, I know that."
And Fatty Wynn went. Fatty's opinion was that a House licking was bad enough, without missing his tea in addi-

Kerr grinned, but he became serious again as Figgins' wrathful eye turned on

"What are you sniggering at?" de-

manded Figgins gruffly.
"Was I sniggering?" murmured Kerr. "Yes, you were !

"Ahem!

"Perhaps you think I'm no good as a leader!" snorted Figgins.

teader!" snorted Figgins,
"Everybody's gone in but us, old
chap," said Kerr. The two chums were
alone in the dusty read now.
"Oh. rats! Let 'em! You can go in
if you like!"
"Ahem!"

"We've been downed!" growled Figgins. "They were two to one. But if a chap backed up a chap, instead of grinning like a Hun over a dish of sauer-kraut, a chap might be able to do something!" thing!"
"Ahem!"

"Why can't you think of something?" demanded Figgins aggressively. "What's the good of being a dashed Scotsman if you can't think of anything?"

Kerr grinned. "I've been thinking, while you've been jawing," he remarked. "I've got a wheeze. Come in!"

"I'm not going in!" said Figgins ob-inately. "I'm going to dish those chool House bounders somehow. "I m. stinately. "1. House They're in the fir wood now, picking up the trail-not that they can pick it up, They're after the Hun, and the duffers! there'll be no standing their swank if they bag him-not that they will!"

Come in !

"Br-r-r-r !"

"It's a wheeze, you ass! I want to borrow a pair of Taggles' old boots--" "Eh?

Kerr linked his arm in Figgy's, and

marched him away to the school gates.
"What on earth do you want Taggles' old boots for?" howled the amazed Fig-

"Because they're the largest size at St. Jim's."
"Are you off your rocker, Kerr?"
"Not at all!"
"neat, amazement, ac

Figgins, in great amazement, accompanied Kerr to the tuck-shop in the corner of the quad. Dame Taggles came out of her little parlour to serve them; but it was not tuck Kerr wanted. astonished Dame Taggles by asking her if she could lend him a pair of Taggles' old boots.

The good dame smiled.

"Some of your amachoor theatricals, Master Kerr?" she asked. "Yes, I can find you a pair—very old, Fm afraid!" "That don't matter a bit, ma'am." Mrs. Taggles found the boots and

George Figgins. He gave his fat chun a prod that caused Fatty Wynn to sit down suddenly in the road, with a gap, "Yow-ow!" roared Fatty. "Wharrer you at? What did you do that for?" "Don't you talk to me about tea!" growied Figgins. "Talk about Nero fiddling while Rome was burning! Talk about politicians gassing while the Hun is at the gate! You fat villain, this isn't a time to talk about tea!"
"It's teat-ine—""

school gates again, Kerr taking the boots under his arm. He turned off from the road by a path that led to the fir wood, at a point some distance from the footpath where Tom Merry & Co. had entered it.
"Look here, Kerr, what's the game?" demanded Figgins at last.

"Can't you see?"
"No, I can't!"
"You will in a minute," smiled Kerr. Listen!

"Listen!" Are was a distant buzz of voices in the fir wood. Tom Merry & Co. were evidently hard at work, though it was doubtful if they had found a trail yet. Trails, certainly, would have been easy to find, as hundreds of feet had tramped round the wrecked aeroplane that day, but not the trail they wanted but not the trail they wanted.
"They're coming this way!" said

Figgins.
"That's it!"

"Well, they'll bump us if they catch us here. Are you looking for another licking from the School House?" snapped Figgins.

Wait and see, old scout!" Kerr sat on a log, and drew on Taggles' boots over his own. Figgins fairly blinked at him. The porter's boots were quite large enough to go outside

were quite large enough to go outside the Scots junior's own footgear. "Wha-a-at's that for?" gasped Figgtis. "To leave a trail, fathead! They're looking for a trail! When they find one made with boots this size they'll be satisfied and follow it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Figgins. He understood at last.

"The ground's wet, and it will leave a good trail. The crowd that's been round the Hun plane hasn't been in this part of the wood. When they hit on this trail they'll know it's the Hun's!"

trail they'll know it's the Hun's!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
They're getting closer!
They're bound to find this. You know how thorough Tommy is. He won't leave a stone unturned. Now, then! You walk in front of me, and tread as hard as you can. I'll tread in your steps, and make fem. General Haggles size!
General Charles and the state of t

Go anead: Figgins chuckled spasmodically. It was a secluded part of the wood, far away from footpaths. There was no doubt that the School House scouts would be overjoyed to discover a trail there-the trail of a big man's size in boots. Kerr dragged down a tree-branch, leaving it drooping, to give an impression that the Hun had been hiding up a tree. He struck three or four matches, and dropped the burnt sticks on the grass. Then he followed Figgins.

Figgins tramped away heavily, taking a roundabout course into the wood, and out of it again. Kerr followed him, crushing down the wet grass with Taggles' heavy boots, and deepening the foot-tracks.

In Indian file the two grinning juniors proceeded, leaving only one track winding through the wood, and that a very well-marked one.

ing through the wood at last on the side of the school. Here there was a stretch of the school. Here there was a stretch of the school allotments, deserted, of course, after dark. The New House juniors tramped on in the deep dusk, through wet mud, squelching out a trail, till they arrived at the wall in the rear of the school buildings.

"Up you go!" murnumed Kerr.

He bunked Figgins up from behind, and the chief of the New House juniors drew himself on the wall. He leant down Grew hunselt on the wail. He leant down and gave Kerr a hand up. The Scottish junior scrambled up, taking care to leave plenty of traces of mud on the wall. They dropped down lightly within. Kerr kicked off Taggles' books. "We'll leave these here for them, with a note," he remarked. "I fancy they'll

come over that wall simply bursting with excitement at the idea of the Hun taking refuge inside the school walls

Figgins gurgled.
"And they'll find the boots, if not the

flun!

"Oh, dear!" gasped Figgins.

Five minutes later the chums of the
New House joined Fatty Wynn in their
study. Fatty had tea ready, and Figgins
and Kerr enjoyed their tea immensely. They felt that they deserved well of their country.

#### CHAPTER 6. On the Track !

"BAI Jove, they're guardin the place, deah boys!"
Arthur Augustus made that remark as the School House scouts arrived on the spot where the Hun

aeroplane had fallen.

acropiane had failen.
There was a balt.
The wrecked 'plane had not yet been removed, and it was guarded by a couple of men in khaki. The body of the German airman had been taken away. Tom Merry & Co. looked at the sentries. One of them made a sign to them to keep The place had been swarmed that back. day by sightseers, and it had been necescary to take care that the Hun plane was not removed piecemeal for souvenirs. "We've got to keep off the grass om remarked. "Never mind! W couldn't pick up the trail there anyway; there have been hundreds of hoofs over that spot to-day."

"The Hun isn't likely to have stayed very near, either!" grimned Cardew.

"Miles away, most likely," remarked

Grundy.

"Well I don't think he's likely to be miles away," said Tom. "He's got to keep under cover somehow, and that neans keeping to the woods. He's most likely to look for a hiding place somewhere, and not risk being seen on the roads."

"May be only ten minutes' walk from here, in that case," said Clive.
"Bai Jove!"

Cardew laughed.

"A hidin'-place wouldn't be much ood without any grub," he remarked. Huns can't live on air." good without Huns can't live on air.

"May have had some German sausages about him," suggested Levison. "Any-way, we know he's hiding somewhere, because he hasn't been caught."

"We've only got to pick up the trail," said Blake briskly. "No good looking for it in the trampled ground here, but farther on-

"Which direction?" grinned Cardew.
"All directions. We'll scatter, and
search every corner of the wood, now that
those New House bounders are cleared
off!" Which direction?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

- "Yaas, wathah!"
  "That's the game!" said Tom Merry.
  "Scatter through the wood, and keep
  your eyes open, and the chap who discovers 'sign' is to give the Curlew call
- "How are you going to discover sign in the dark?" Cardew inquired.
  "Weally, Cardew, a good scout ought to be able to work in the dark!"
  "But how?"

"I've got my pocket electric-lamp,"

said Tom. "Everybody has brought it, I suppose? "Everybody who's got one

"That's because you're no scout!"

"Oh!" said Cardew. Under Tom Merry's directions, the scouts separated, taking different sections of the wood for search. The different patrols scattered; and, as at least one member of each patrol had a pocket-lamp. the search was easy enough.

The juniors ranged through the wood, calling to one another, flashing their lamps on the ground, and thrusting into thickets in case the Hun might be lurk-

ing there.

It was slow work, as it had to be done thoroughly. Tom Merry's intention was to leave not a yard of the fir wood unex-plored. If the Hun had left a trail bepiored. It the flun had lett a than be-hind him the previous day the scouts meant to find it. And, as the ground was damp and soft, they had high hopes of its retaining traces of the ficeing Hun.

Ta-ra-ra-ra !

The search had been going on nearly an hour when a bugle-call came echoing through the dusky shadows of the wood. Answering calls came from the scouts, as the signal told them that a trail had

been found. Tom Merry & Co dashed through the bushes. Jack Blake was standing among the wet trees, winding his bugle in great

style. "Found anything?" shouted Tom.
"Yes, rather!"

"What have you spotted?" "Only the Hun's trail,"

said Blake, with studied negligence.

The Terrible Three joined Blake, and Herries and Digby and D'Arcy came up gathered round. Jack Blake waved his hand to wave them back. Blake of the Fourth was a most important personage at this juncture.

"Don't muck up the trail!" he called out. "Keep off the grass! Look where you're treading! Mind your hoofs,

You checky fag -

"Shut up, Grundy!"
"Bai Jove! There's weally a twail!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, turning his eyeglass upon the well-marked ground in great surprise.

"Didn't you expect to see one when I gave the signal?" snorted Blake.
"I considered it pwob that you had made a mistake, deah boy!"

Fathead!

"Weally, Blake-"Order!" rappe "Order!" rapped out Tom Merry,
"Stand clear, you fellows, and let's
examine the trail. This looks like real

business !

Tom Merry dropped on his knees in the Tom Merry dropped on his knees in the grass to examine Blake's discovery. They were in a socluded part of the wood, far from the footpaths, and certainly no chance pedestrian was likely to have passed that way.

The trail, deep and well-marked, was evidently made by boots of a large size. Tom Merry's eyes gleamed as he flashed

Tom Merry o cyling the light upon it.
"The real thing—what?" smiled Blake.

"Dashed if it doesn't!" said Cardew. "Dashed if it doesn't: said cardew.
"It's the weal thing wight enough,
deah boys! The only thing now is to
win down that wascally Hun."

win down that wascally Hun."
"Must be the theory four hours since he passed here," remarked Clive.
"Not necessawily, deah boy. He may have been lurkin' in the wood last night."
"Must be the Hun," said Herries.
"Nobody ever comes along here—there's no path. It's close on the school allotments, only there's a fence."

"We'll follow it, anyhow," said Tom ferry, jumping up. "Come on!" Merry, jumping up. "Come on!"
"Hold on!" said Blake firmly.
"Eh! What is there to hold on for!"

"I fancy I take the lead this time, as it's my trail.

"Your trail;" said Cardew. "Isn't it the Hun's trail;" "Don't be a funny ass, Cardew! I found this trail, and the credit belongs to Study No. 6."

"Yaas, wathah!" Tom Merry laughed.

"All serene go ahead, Blake! try back a little."

Tom Merry ran back along the trail, with his light on it. He wanted to find the beginning of it, to see where the Hun had started; and, like a true soout. he was quite prepared to suspect that the Hun had walked backwards, in order to deceive possible pursuers. A few minutes later there was a loud shout from the captain of the Shell, and the scouts hurried to him.

"What is it?" exclaimed Blake.
"Look here!"
"Great pip! That settles it!"

A dozen electric lamps gleamed on the

spot. The scouts scanned the broken, trailing branch of the tree and the three matchsticks that lay visible in the grass. There was a buzz of excitement.

"Bai Jove! He was hidn' in the twees at first!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "He got down heah to wun for it." "And struck matches to see his way!"

said Digby.
"Well, this is the start of the trail."
Said Tom Merry, looking round. "My hat! He must be a heavy bo He must be a heavy bounder, to What a thumping size in feet, too!"
"Germans have big feet."
"That's so."
"Come on!" said Blake loftily. "Follow your leader!"

low your leader!"

And Jack Blake led the way, with Herries, Digby, and D'Arey at his heels.
Study No. 6 were well to the fore, as was only fair. After them came the Terrible Three, and Levison & Co., and a crowd of excited scouts. There was keen satisfaction among the School House army, Every "sign" seemed to point clearly to the fact that the missing Hun had passed that way, and they had. Hun had passed that way, and they had high hopes of running down the elusive miscreant. And that would be a tre-mendous triumph for the School House. The New House would have no resource but to sing small and hide their diminished heads. With great eagerness the School House crowd pressed on the trail.

### CHAPTER 7. "With Kind Regards from the New House!" REAT Scott!"

Blake halted on the edge of the wood, with an exclamation of surprise, scouts had followed the trail a

good distance, winding through the wood, hardly losing it for a moment, and always picking it up again with ease. It had led them a good way, but it had wound back quite near the spot where it had started. It was evidently the trail of someone unacquainted with the wood, ignorant of his surroundings in the dark agnorant of his surroundings in the data—at least, it seemed evident enough to the juniors. The trail left the wood at last, and, to the amazement of Blake & Co., it led away across the school allotments to the school walls.

"The rotter's headed for the school!"

"The rotter's warding gasped Blake," Bai Jove! He can't have gone in," "Bai Jove! He can't have gone in," "He would have said Arthur Augustus. been seen, you know!" "Go hon!"

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#### THE BEST 38 LIBRARY THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 30 LIBRARY, NOTICE 8

"Weally, Lowthah

"Wealty, Lowthan "Follow on!" said Blake.
With his light shining on the ground before him, and his eyes on the deeply-marked trail in the mud, Blake led the

way among the allotments.

The old stone walls loomed up ahead at last.

The juniors halted at the wall.

There the trail ended, right under the wall. But the muddy marks on the old, mossy stones showed that someone with muddy boots had climbed there.

Tom Merry & Co. gazed at one another

breathlessly.

irreathiessly. "Well, this beats everything!" mut-tered Jon. "Whoever made that trail has climbed this wall, and gone inside." "Yaas, wathah!" "But—but the Hun can't be within the walls of St. Jim's!" gasped Man-ners. "That's not! I must be some-ners. "That's not! I must be some-

ners. "That's rot body's else's trail."

Jack Blake gave Manners a glare. Blake had discovered the trail, and he was certainly not prepared to admit that it could belong to anybody but the miss-

it could belong to anybody but the imsting Boche.

"You silly ass!" said Blake, in measured tones.

"Well, the Hun wouldn't go inside the school wall," said Manners.

"Why should he?" queried Cardew.
"Why should anybody else, if you come to that?" retorted Blake. "Sometools own slows here seemslood why." body came along here—somebody who'd been hiding in a tree, and struck matches to find his way in the wood. Who could it have been but the Hun? I don't say Is suspected that the Hun would get inside St. Jim's. But nobody else would think of doing it. Why should anybody?"

That was a poser. Really, it was more likely that the fleeing Hun should climb the school wall in his flight than that a chance pedestrian should have done so. The latter

"But—but—but—" said Tom Merry,
"if he went into the school grounds, he
must be there still!"

Gweat Scott !"

"He would be spotted!" said Julian. Blake uttered an excited exclamation.
"I see it all!"
"What—the Hun?"

"No, ass—his little game, I mean!"
No, ass—his little game, I mean!"
Blake was greatly excited. "Don't you see? He knew he'd be hunted for over the open country, and he scudded into the school grounds to hide—at night, of the school grounds to hide—at high, of course. There's lots of places within the walls where he could lie low—and, of course, nobody would dream of looking for him there. The old chapel—and the tower, too! Just the places for a sneak-ing Hun to hide in."

"Phew!"

It was a startling thought that they had slept the previous night with a lurking, savage Hun within the walls of "I say, that's rather thick!" remarked

Manners.

"He wouldn't know there was a place to hide in, would he?" remarked Car-dew. "Unless he's an old St. Jim's chap, of course."

What do you mean, you silly idiot? How could he be an old St. Jim's chap— e filthy Prussian?"

a fitthy Prussan?"
"There have been Germans at St.
Jim's, I believe."
"Well, yees." admitted Tom Merry
voluctantly. "Before the war, of course.
I—I suppose there have been some Germans at most English schools, before we
have what vortiers they were. But—"

knew what rotters they were. But—"If you say that filthy baby-killer is an old St. Jim's chap, I'll jolly well punch nose, Cardew!" your growed Herries wrathfully.

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"Might have been in the New House!" remarked Digby.
"By Jove! That's likely enough!" admitted Herrics. "Yes, I shouldn't be surprised at that!"
"He he he!"

Ha, ha, ha!

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Anyway, he's gone in," said Blake.
"He may simply have hidden among the buildings, and cleaved off later, or he may have stayed there. We're going to follow this trail to the end! Give me a bunk up!"

'If we wan him down, Blake, you will be wathah sowny that you did not let me bowwow old Waitton's wevolvab." "Don't start your funny turn now, Gussy! Give me a bunk!"

Gussy! Give me a bunk!
"Weally, you uttah ass"Bunk!" roared Blake. Two or three fellows bunked Blake, and he clambered over the wall. There were more and more bunkings, and scout after scout dropped within the wall. Blake turned the light of his lantern round him, scanning the dusk eagerly. There was a kitchen garden stretching there was a kitchen garden selecting to a considerable distance towards the school buildings at this point. Dim cab-bages and beets loomed in the gloom. bages and beets loomed in the gloom. But the ground was not so muddy here, and the trail seemed gone.

"Lost it?" gasped Tom Merry, as he dropped within.

Blake snorted.



"Lost your grandmother!"

"Well, where's the trail?"

"I'm finding it. It puts a good scout out a bit to have questions pelted at him by silly fatheads," explained Blake.

Bow-wow! There's no trail here!"

"There's some loose mud," said Manners.

"The chap went this way!

But—My hat! If the trail was made yesterday, or last night, it's queer that this mud is so jolly fresh!"

"Hallo, here's something!" shouted

"Hallo, here's something!" shouted

Herries.

They ran on.
"What is it—where—what?"
"Great Christopher Columbus! He's taken off his boots!" yelled Herries, in

astonishment.
"His—his boots!"
"Look!"

"Great pip!"

There they were! Tom Merry & Co. gathered round the boots, in blank amaze A dozen electric torches flashed ment. on them.

They were a pair of very large boots and very old, and somehow did not look like the boots a German airman might have been expected to wear. In fact, there seemed something familiar to the

eye about those boots.
"Wh-wh-why should he t-t-take off his

"Perhaps he was goin' to shin up one of the cabbages, and hide?" suggested Cardew, apparently attempting humour.

"Shut up, you ass!"
"It—ji's folly funny he should take his

"It-it's jolly funny he should take his boots off!" said Blake, eveing the articles

as if he could scarcely believe the evidence of his sight. "Anyway, that proves it was the Hun. Even Manners wouldn't suggest that a stranger would climb into the school and leave his boots here."
"I don't see why the Hun should!" re-

marked Manners.

"That's because you're a silly ass,

Manners!

"Well, do you?" "Well, do you?"
"I've no time for jawing—I'm after that Hun! There might be a trick about those books—an explosive hidden in them, or something. You know these fithy Prusians are full of dirty tricks."
"Bai Jove!" Arthur Augustus, who was about to pick up one of the boots, jumped back quite suddenly. "Oh, deah!"

deah!"

"Better be careful with 'em," said

Better be careful with property of the propert coverers."

"You silly chump!" said Blake witheringly. "Are you suggesting that old Taggles has led us this dance, and left his boots here, and gone to his lodge

"A bootless task!" murmured Lowther

"Shut up, you funny chump! isn't a time for fool jokes!" isn't a time for lool jokes!" Well, let's look at the boots!" said Lowther. "As there may be a bomb hidden in them, Blake had better examize them. I think he mentioned that Study No. 6 was taking the lead in this bizney." "Hear, hear!" "Go it, Blake!"

Blake hesitated. The whole thing was so strange that he had a natural uneasiness about touching the boots. If the Hun fugitive had really left them there it was very probable that some cunning

it was very probable that some and cruel trick was the reason. "Leave it to Study No. 9!" grinned Cardew, making a sten forward. Blake shoved him back, frowning.

Keep off the grass, you interfering

"Well, are we goin' to stay here all

Blake grunted, and strode towards the oots. Then he gave a yell as he bent boots. The

"My hat! There's a note--"A note?" "Yes."

"Not a banknote?" asked Cardew. "Not a banknote; asked canden-"You burbling idiot, no! A note pinned inside one of the boots," said Blake dazedly. "This beats me! That Hun must be a madman!"

"They'll all mad, more or less. Let's see the note," said Carden. "Jolly polite, for a Hun, to leave us a note along with his boots. Perhaps it's his address, for us to send them on by parcels post."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, ring off, you dunmy!"

Blake unpinned the note, and unfolded He turned his light upon it, and read what was written, the juniors eyeing him breathlessly.

"Oh! Ah! Oh!" ejaculated Blake 'A startling change came over his face as he read the note. He crushed it in his

"What's in it, deah boy "Show it to us, Blake!

"What are you crumpling it up for, on ass? Let's see it!" shouted Herries. you ass?

Blake's face was crimson.
"It--it's only some rot!" he stammered.

"Let's see it."
"I—I tell you— . ., .

"Hand it over, you cheeky ass!"

The note was fairly dragged from Biske's hand. Tom Merry smoothed it out, and a dozen fellows tried to read it at once. And then there was a gasp. For the note-in a well-known, sprawling handwriting-rap:

"Dear Duffers,—When you've finished tracking down Taggles' old boots, would you mind handing them to Mrs. Taggles? She only lent them to us. With kind regards from the New House.
"Gronge Froms."

#### CHAPTER 8. Down on His Luck !

"IGGINS!" "Oh!"

"Bai Jove!"
Tom Merry & Co. simply

gasped.

They had come to the end of the exciting trail, and they had found—

Blake's face was a study. The dis-

offer just now about his achievement.
"Figgins!" nurmured Levison. "I—
I thought these boots looked a bit
familiar. Not like a Hun airman's familiar. boots."

boots."
Cardew chuckled.
"The credit of this discovery is entirely due to Study No. 6." he said solernnly.
"I trust that no fellow present will think "Ha, ha, ha!"
"No. 9 won't dispute it!" grinned

Clive.

"Weally, you asses—"
"I—I—I'll scalp him!" gasped Blake. "The beast must have sneaked into the

wood on this side, and—and laid the trail for us! Oh, dear!"

for us! Oh, dear!"
"It was wathah bwight of Figgay; but
weally—— Oh, deah!"
Blake snorted.
"Bright of Figgy! I'll bet you it was
Kerr—that confounded Scotsman! Figgy
asn't the brains!"
"Well, the New House have dished
us!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "We'd
better get in to tea, I think. Must be
close on call-over."

better get in to tea, I think. Alust be close on call-over."

"Oh, crumbs! What a sell!"

"Gentlemen," suggested Cardew, "propose three cheers for Study No. 6!"

"Shut up!" roared Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Some of the scouts chuckled as they dispersed; but some of them looked very exasperated. It was extremely irritating for the trail to end in this absurd fashion And the worst of it was that they had used up the time in which they might have found the trail of the real Hun perhaps!

Blake's startling theory that the fugi-iive Boche had taken refuge within the ancient walls of St. Jim's had ended in

-Taggles' old boots! Arthur Augustus picked up the boots

as the scouts dispersed. as the scouts dispersed.
"What do you want that rubbish for?"
shapped Blake. "Going to hang them
up on the wall in the study, as a tropby?"
"I am goin' to weturn them to Mrs.
Taggles, deah boy, as Figgay wequests
in his note," answered Arthur Augustus

Taggles, dean boy, we have a fellow in his note," answered Arthur Augustus mildly. "No weason why a fellow shouldn't be obligin', even if he has been dished owin' to the was stupidity of his studay-leadah. "What?" st "What?" stuttered Blake.

The swell of St. Jim's marched off with the boots, which were duly returned to Dame Taggles.

Tom Merry & Co. were a little tired, and very wet and muddy, and not in the best of tempers, when they arrived in the

School House.

They found Racke and Crooke, and



Taggles is Equal to the Occasion. (See Chanter 11.)

Mellish and Trimble and the other slackers chortling. Apparently they had received information from the New House.

"Here they come!" roared Racke.
"Have you caught the Hun? Ha, ha, ha!

"Did you find him hidden in Taggles' ld boots?" yelled Trimble. "He, he, old boots?"

he!"
"Have you been dished by the New
House?" chortled Crooke. "What price
the School House scouts now? Yah!"

The Terrible Three went to their study without replying. They were hungry, and

they were late for tea.

Study No. 6 gathered in their quarters with morose brows.

with morose brows.

Blake was inclined to lead a raid upon
the New House, and scalp Figgins & Co.
in their own tronghold, but Blake was
quite off as a leader. Even his loyal chums
were sniffing. Study No. 6 had to hide were sniffing. Study No. 6 had to hide its diminished head; there was no mistake about that.
The four Fourth-Formers were sitting

at a somewhat morose tea, when the door was opened, and George Alfred

Grundy stared in.
"Oh, here you are!" snorted Grundy.
"What do you want, fathead?" "What do you vershapped Blake crossly."

snapped Blake crossly.

"I want to tell you what I think of you," said Grundy. "If I'd been leading, we should have captured the Hun by this time! I feel sure of that. You saily chump, you've wasted our time, and the New House are killing themselves laughing about it! Redfern's making up

a song about it!"
"Blow Redfern and blow you! Get ont 1

"You thumping idiots—"
"I wefuse to be called a thumpin' idiot, Gwunday! I admit that Blake is

"Yaas, old chap: it's no good denying obvious facts, is it?" asked Arthur Augustus innocently, "But I considah

-yawoooh! What did you thwow that howwid kippah at me for, you wuffian?"
"Shut up!"

"I wefuse to shut up! I considah-"I wefuse to shut up! I consident "Do you want the other kipper?" howled Blake.

"Bai Jove! I—"

"Precious set of idiots!" snorted Grundy. "Perhaps you'll be willing to take a back seat after this! Pertake a

Blake jumped up.
"Lend me a hand," he snapped.
"Wighto!"

"Here, hands off! I'll—yah!"
Study No. 6 seized Grundy of the Shell
as one man. They rushed him into the
passage, bumped him there, and left him

They returned to their quarters feeling somewhat solaced. As they sat down to tea again, there came a sound from under the study window in the dusky quadrangle. It was the sound of many voices raised in a chant:

"Has anybody here seen Fritz?

Has anybody here seen Fritz?

Have you trailed him down,
And done him brown?

Has anybody here seen Fritz?"

Blake rushed to the window and threw it open. George Figgins waved a hand from below in cheery greeting, and tho crowd of New House fellows bawled again:

"Has anybody here seen Fritz?"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Bai Jove! The checkay wottahs."
"Pass me the tea-pot!" breath breathed Blake

What for, deah boy?"

"What for, deah boy?"
"For Figgins' napper, fathead!"
"I wefuse to be called a fathead, and
I stwongly object to wastin' tea in wartime, Blake."
"You howling idiot, there's only water
in it!" hissed Blake.
"Oh, vewy well. But pway allow me
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## THE BEST 30. LIBRARY THE "BOYS' FRIEND" 30. LIBRARY. "SME"

to wemark, Blake, that I object to bein' chawactewised as a howlin' idiot."
"Will you shove that teapot this way?" said Blake, in tones of concentrated wrath.
"Gratiolle Ald Abor?"
"You young lunatic?" roared Kildare.
"You young lunatic?" roared Kildare.
"Oh!"

"Certainly, old chap."
"Wait a tick-I'll put the ink in it,"

said Digby.
"Isn't that wathah a waste, Dig?"

The teapot, full of water and ink, was passed to Blake. He looked down at the grinning New House crowd.

"Has anybody here seen Fritz?"

yelled the New House juniors. Swooosh!

The teapot was inverted over the sere-The seapot was inverted over the serenders, and there was a terrific splashing of water and ink over upturned faces. Blake slammed the window, as a well of wrath rose on the evening air.

"That settles them!" he remarked, with some satisfaction.

The study door opened. It was Racke this time. Four lurid glares were turned on Racke

of the Shell

"Got out!" "Got out!"
"Only come to inquire," grinned Racke. "How did you get on with the Hun! Have you got him in your trouser's pecket? I—yooopp!"
A cushion smote Racke, and he departed with a crash. Blake kicked the door shu!.
"I'm getting feel up with this." he

door shal.

"I'm getting fed up with this," he growled. "The next idiot who comes will get a cricket-stump!"

The "next idiot" numbered four—wally D'Arcy, and Manners minor, and Frank Levison, and Joe Frayne, of the Third. Wally threw the door open, and the four fags grinned into the study. They seemed highly amused.

"Did you find the Hun?" queried Wally.

Wally.
"What have you done with poor old Fritz?" asked Levison minor.

He was search-

Blake did not reply. He was searching in the emboard for a stump.
"You didn't call on the Third Form scouts!" jeered Manners minor. "You'd

better have asked us to help. have Taggles' old boots!"

" Ha, ba, ha!"

Blake whirled round, stump in hand, and charged. There was a sudden flight of the fags, and Blake chased them in vain to the stairs.

vain to the stairs.

As he halted on the landing four voices yelled from the landing below:

"Yah! Call yourselves scouts!
Where's Fritz? Ha, ha!"

Jack Blake was almost in a suffocating state when he returned to the study and alloyed the dow. closed the door. He sat down to the table, and laid a cushion ready. The next time the study door was opened the newcomer was to get that cushion before he had time to retreat.

the had not long to wait. There was a step in the passage, and Blake laid down his fork. A tap came at the door, and he grasped the cushion. The door opened, and as it opened the cushion flew, with unerring aim.

Crash:

Crash! Bump!

Oh "Ha, ha!" roared Blake. "Got him!
Oh-alt—! My hat!—Kildare!"
"Bai Jove, you've done it now, deah " Got him!

Kildare of the Sixth picked himself up, Amourt of the Sixth pieces dimised up, and glared into the study, gasping. Blake stood frozen. He had certainly not intended to bowl over the head prefect of the School House, but he had

You-you-you-" stuttered Kildare.

1-I'm sorry!" mumbled Blake.

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"I've a jolly good mind to skin you!" growled the captain of St. Jim's. "I came here to speak to you, you young rascals. I hear that you have been out looking for the German airman who escaped yesterday. You're not to go again. Mr. Railton has heard of it, and it's to stop. You young duffers, the fellow might throttle you if you found him—not that you're likely to. Remember!"

And Kildare strode away, with great forbearance overlooking the incident of eushion. He proceeded to Tom Merry's study to repeat his announce-

Blake snorted when he was gone.

"That finishes it!" he growled. "No looking for the beastly Hun now. We should have found him sconer or later.
Br.rr-r!"

Berster, P. "Pewwaps," remarked Arthur Augustus thoughtfully. "But pewwaps you would only have found some old boots again, Blake!"
"Woally, Blake..."
"Do you want this median or again.

"Do you want this cushion on your potty napper?" yelled the exasperated Blake.

"Pway do not woar at me. Blake! It thwows me into a fluttah when a fellow

woars at me. I considah...."
Biff! Arthur Augustus got the cushion. By the time he had sorted himself out of the fender Jack Blake had departed from the study, slamming the door after bim with a terrific slam.

#### CHAPTER 9.

A Dog with a Bad Name! RIMBLE!"

It was the following morning, and the School House juniors had just come down. The voice of Darrel of the Sixth was heard calling

for Trimble.
"Not down yet, Darrel," said Levison.

"Fetch him down.

" Righto!"

"Righto!"
Levison ran up to the dormitory again.
Baggy Trimble was generally the last
down, as he never turned out of bed till
the last possible moment. He was finishing dressing when Levison looked in.
"You're wanted, Trimble."
"Whete "greened Trimble."
"Whete "greened Trimble."

"You're wanted, trimble, "Brek-ker isn't ready yet!"
"Darrel wants you."
"Oh, bother Darrel!"
"Shall I tell him that?" grinned

Levison. No! He might be waxy. Ahem! I'll go if Darrel makes a point of it, said Trimble.

And he went. In the lower passage Darrel dropped a hand on Trimble's fat

shoulder.
"Come with me, you young rascal!"
"I—I say, what's the matter, Darrel?"
stammered Trimble. "Come along !"

Come atong!

The prefect led Trimble to Mr. Railton's study, followed by glances from some of the other fellows. It looked as if some of the other fellows. It looked as if Baggy Trimble, the champion food-hog of the school, was in trouble again. The Housemaster's face was very stern as the fat junior was marched into his presence. "Thank you, Darrel! Trimble?" "Yee-es, sir!" gasped Baggy. "Did you leave your dormitory last night?"

night?

"No, sir!"
"Did you descend, and make a forcible entrance into the pantry by the window, and take away a quantity of foodstuffs's exclaimed the Housemaster sternly.

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Baggy. "I-I never thought of it, sir!"
"What?"

"I-I mean, I wouldn't have done it. sir, if I had thought of it

Mr. Railton looked at him searchingly. "Trimble, on several occasions you have been punished for robbing the larder, in reckless disregard of the food regulations. This offence is even more larder, in the frequency of the pantry window has been forced from outside, and a large amount of the pantry window has been forced from outside, and a large amount of the pantry window has been forced from the pantry window has been forced from the pantry with the pantry window with the pantry with t

of rood taken i"
"I-I didn't do it, sir!" gasped
Trimble, greatly scared. "I-I never
knew the pantry window could be opened
from outside, sir."

It was forced, some instrument being used. Do you assure me, Trimble, that you know nothing about the matter?"
"On my word, sir!"

"On my word, sir!"
Mr. Raiton uttered a sound that was
very like a grunt. He knew how much
Baggy Trimble's word was worth.
"Gery well, Trimble. There is no
proof against you, at present. If you
deny the action, I shall report the matter
to the Head for investigation. Vol. 18. to the Head for investigation. You understand, I presume, that your punishment will be very severe if Dr. Holmes should discover that you are the guilty

party? '
"B-b-but I ain't, sir!" gasped Baggy,
"I-I was celeep all last night, sir, dreaning about Hun raiders, sir."
You may go for the present."
Baggy Trimble went gladly, He fairly gasped as he rolled down the passee.
Bagery's requisition in the facel-Baggy's reputation in the foodsage. hogging line was bad. He had often run risks to raid the larder, though he was not fond of taking risks, as a rule. He had been kicked out of innumerable studies for raiding the cupboards. And it really looked, this time, as if Trimble was going

to suffer for his bad reputation.
"Bai- Jove! What's the wow,
Twimble?" asked Arthur Augustus, as

Awimble?" osked Arthur Augustus, as the dismayed Baggy came away from the Housemaster's study. "Oh, dear!" groaned Baggy. "I'm in trouble! I'm perfectly innocent, of course!" "You always are!" said Ton. M. "You always are!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "What is it you are innocent of this time?"

of this time?
"The pantry's been burgled, and Railton thinks I did it!" gasped Baggy.
"Bai Jove! You uttah young

"Bai Jove! wascal!"

Food-hog!" snorted Grundy. "You fat young rotter!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "You'll get a flogging for that, and serve you jolly well right!" "Yaas, wathah!" "But I didn't do it!" yelled Trimble.

"Rats!"

"Yaas, wathah! Wats!"
"I didn't—I wasn't—I never—I didn't
"I had been done till Railton
told me!" wailed Trimble. "I didn't know the pantry window could be busted. Never even thought of it. I've always tried from inside—I.—I mean, I've never even thought of robbing the pantry—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tain't a laughing matter!" gasped Trimble. "Railton's going to report it to the Head, and the Head's sure to think it He's bound to remember one or was me. two little things I've been licked formere trifles-

"You fat villain!" said Monty Lowther. "You ought to be scalped. Food-hogging in war-time-and robbing

the pantry!"
"I tell you I never—"
"Don't tell whoppahs, Twimble!" said Arthur Augustus severely. "It is wotten enough to be a food-hog, without tellin' feahful whoppahs, like a beastly Pwussian!"

"I tell you-"
"Wats!" "Oh dear!" groaned Trimble.
"They're sure to think I did it! Even you fellows think so, and you know me to be a perfectly honourable chap—"
"Oh, my hat!"

"I shall be flogged, I know!" moaned

Trimble.

"Serve you wight!"
"You'll be bumped, too!" said Grundy rathfully. "I don't hold with food

"You'll be some wrathfully, "I don't hold with room hogs! Collar him!"
"Hold on!" said Jack Blake, who had been listening, with a thoughful brow, without speaking. "Perhaps Trimble

didn't do it!"
"What rot! We know he did!"
"Who did, it Trimble didn't!" demanded Wilkins. "Somebody did!"

"Give him the benefit of the doubt."

said Blake.
"Rot! There isn't any doubt!" "Rot! There isn't any gouds:
"Weally, Blake, I fail to compwehend
why you are standin' up for that wascally food-hog!" said Arthur Augustus severely.

Herries indulged in a snort.

Herries indulged in a snort.

"Oh, Blake's thinking of tracking down
the giddy burglar!" he remarked. "He
thinks he can track him down by his
hoots—or Taggles' boots!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Good!" said Cardew. "Let's follow
Blake's lead, and we'll trail down the
pantry-robbet! After all, even an old
porter's boots are valuable in war-time, if
Blake makes anotice discovers with their Blake makes another discovery with their

Blake glared.

"You silly, cackling asses—"
"Let's bump that fat burglar!"
rowled Grundy. "Never mind Blake,
Blake's a silly chump! Now, then—" Blake's a silly chump!

Blake's a silly chump! Now, then—"
Blake pushed him back, "Timble," lesaid, and he took the fat junior's arm, and
ied him into the quad. Trimble was willing enough to go. It was bad enough to
have to face the Head, without being
handled by Grundy of the Shell, in addi-

Gundy made a stride after them, but the Terrible Three lined up smilingly in his path.

"Keep off the grass, fathcad!" suggested Tom Merry. "Leave it till the Head's been into the matter. Trimble's a dog with a bad name, but he can't be hanged

"Rats! I know---"
"Bow-wow!"

And as Grundy made a rush to pass. Tom Merry & Co. seized him and de-posited him on the floor forcibly. D'Arcy and Herries and Dig followed Blake out, wondering, and a little exasperated, by his championship of the food-hog of St.

## CHAPTER 10.

Doubting Thomases!

RIMBLE, you fat villain—"
"Look here, you know——"
mumbled Trimble. "Did you rob the pantry?"

demanded Blake.

demanded Blake.

"No.1" yelled Trimble.

Jack Blake looked at him searchingly.
Certainly Trimble looked as if he were
telling the truth. But he often did look
like that when he was prevaricating in a
manner worthy of a German Kaiser.

Blake's chums joined him in the quad,
giving Trimble wrathful and scornful
glances. They had no doubt as to the
guilty party.

glances. They had no done as a service guilty party.

"Look here! Let that fat frog alone, Blake!" growled Herries, "You know jolly well that he's a food-hog, and, of course, he was the chap who sneaked down last night and scoffed the grub. Grundy's right for once!

Yaas, wathah !"

"Yaas, wathan!"
"Honest Injun, I slept all last night
without waking up once!" protested
Trimble, almost tearfully. "Wats!"

"I think he's telling the truth," said

Blake deliberately.
"He couldn't!" grunted Dig.
"He never has, so far!" said Herries— "Never nind Trimble," said Blake.
"You fellows come with me! We're going to investigate on the spot!"
"And follow the trail?" snorted Her-

ries. "Yes!"

"Fed up, old chap."
"Oh, go and eat coke!" howled Blake.
"If you want a dot on the nose, George Herries---

"Peace, deah boys!" interposed Arthur Augustus. "Pway don't let your angwy passions wise! But, weally, Blake—" Blake strode away, with knitted brows.

His chums exchanged glances, and followed him. Blake was morose that morning, which was not surprising, considering the amount of chipping he had received on the subject of his great discovery in the fir wood.

The chief of Study No. 6 halted under the pantry window, in the rear of the

house.

The window was at a good height from The window was at a good neight from the ground, and Blake could only reach the stone sill. He scanned the window very carefully. It was plain that it had been forced from outside, considerable damage having been done. Blake scanned it as if he were a detective engaged on a burglary case, and his chums

gaged on a burgiary case, and his chui watched him with suppressed grins.

"Well?" said Arthur Augustus, last, with great urbanity. "Hare y made a discovewr, deah boy?" "Yes!" growled Blake. didn't burgle that window." Have you

"Trimble

"Bai Jove! How do you know?"

"Bai Jove! How do you know?"

"I'm taller than Trimble, a good bit, and I can't reach it. How could Baggy Trimble have reached it?"

"Bai Jove! I never thought of that!"

"Stood on something, I suppose, said

"Where could be have got a ladder?" demanded Blake.

Might have stood on anything. "He hadn't anything here. Do you think he sloped out of a window with the study a truchair in his pocket, and brought it round here?" asked Blake,

deep sarcasm. "Oh, rot! He could have got some-ing—a bench from the wood-shed,

Frinstance.

"It rained last night," said Blake. "Trimble wouldn't mind the rain, if he was after grub," shake of the head. said Digby, with a

"I don't mean that. I mean that the rain's made the ground soft, and if there had been a bench here, with Trimble's weight on it, the legs of that bench would have made pretty deep marks in the ground. There's no marks."

The point was well taken, and showed nat Blake had not been a scout for nothing. There were vague signs of foot-

nothing. There were vague signs of noo-steps on the spot. but nothing more. But Blake's followers were fed up, as Herries expressed it, with Blake's scout-

## TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT.

IF you are unable to obtain this publication regularly, please tell any newsvendor to get it from Messageries HACHETTE et Cie., 111, Rue Reamur, PARIS. craft. The trailing-down of Taggles' old boots had been too much for them. Three sniffs sounded as one.

"It it wasn't Trimble, who was it?" demanded Herries. "Only a chap in the Sixth could reach that window—and not all the Sixth, either—only a specially big chap. Are you suggesting that Kil-dare or Darrel did it?"

"Ha, ha!"
"I don't think it was one of the chaps

"Oh, a master?" said Herries, with increasing satire. "Railton, perhaps—or the Head! Most likely the Head what?

There was a chortle from Digby and

Arthur Augustus. But Blake did not heed.

He was scanning the ground now, evidently in the hope of picking up a trail. His chums watched him, grinning. The Terrible Three strolled round the house, and found the Fourth-Formers thus engaged. What's the name of this

game?" greeted Monty Lowther.
"Blake's picking up a trail," se said Her-

piase's picking up a train, said Herries, in his new role as a satirist. "He's going to track down the chap who burgled the partry. He thinks it was most likely the Head!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You have the Head! stall growth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You see, the Head's tall enough to reach that window, and Trimble isn't," Herries explained. "That settles it, doesn't, it? Herlock Sholmes couldn't work it out better than that." Blake rose.

"When you've done your funny turn. Herries, I've got something to say!" he remarked.

"Go ahead, old chap! Brekker will be ready soon, and if we're going to trail down Taggles' boots again, we've

trail down saggies no time to waste!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yosterday," said Blake calmly, "the idea came into my head that Fritz might have dedged in over the school

might have douged in over the same wall after dark—"
"There's no accounting for the ideas that come into your head, old chap. I should see a doctor about it."
"It turned out that the New House

were spoofing us--"
"Spoofing you, you mean!" said Man-

hers warmly.

"Spoofing me, if you like that better,"
said Blake, with unexpected moderation.

"But the idea stuck in my head, all the

same—"
"It would!" commented Herries.
"The chap hasn't been caught yet—so far as we've heard. If he's not caught, it's because he's lying awfully low somewhere. He can't be wandering about the country, or he'd have been spotted before this. Now, the bobbies naturally think he ran for it when his plane was smashed, but I've been think-

"What with?"

"What with?"
"I've been thinking," went on Blake, unheeding, "that about the safest place for that Hun to lie low, till the lue and cry was over, would be close to the place where his 'plane came down—if there was a hiding-place at hand. Later or, very likely, when the hue and cry was over, he would be able to scoot off, and perhaps get in touch with some of the naturalised Germans who are spying for naturalised Germans who are spying for Germany in this country. But while the whole place was hunting for him, he would have to lie low. Well, suppose he skulked about in the mist till night-fall, and then sneaked in over the school wall!" "Phew!"

"Lots of places here where he could lie low," said Blake. "He might have thought of getting into a shed or loft
THE GEN LIBRAR.—No. 514.

or something—or he may know the place. I believe a lot of German airmen know I believe a lot of German and England better than we do, from living England better than we do, from living Well,

here before the war and spying.

suppose—"
"Anything amiss with your supposer,
Blake?" asked Monty Lowther.
"Ob, shut up a minute! I'm only
saying suppose," growled Blake. "Suppose the Hun cad did sneak in, and found
a deep corner to hide in—about the last
thing the police would think of would
be to search a crowded school for him."
"Quite right there!" said Tom Merry,
laurhing.

laughing. "Yaas, wathah! They may be asses, but not such asses as that!"

'If he found a deep corner somewhere, he could lie low for days without being found or suspected," said Blake. "But there's one thing he would need-food."
"Oh!" ejaculated Tom.

"And now we find that somebody was nosing round the house last night, and busting in the pantry window and collar-

ing grub."
"Yes-Trimble!" remarked Herries, with a nod.

"Trimble says it wasn't."
"He would!"

"Might have been Fatty Wynn, of the New House," suggested Dig. w House," suggested Dig.
And it might have been the Hun!"

said Blake.

Ha, ha, ha!" Blake stared angrily at the hilarious juniors. His suggestion was a startling one, but it did not startle his com-panions. It only caused them to burst

into a roar of laughter.
"Bai Jove! That's weally too wich, Blake, gasped Arthur Augustus.
"Couldn't you think of somethin' a little
less steep, deah boy?"
"This beats Taggles' old boots!"

grinned Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jack Blake did not laugh. He frowned wrathfully.

"Well, I think it's possible—in fact.

probable-

"Probable! Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I'm going to search every corner of the place," said Blake grimly. You fellows can stand here and cackle,

if you like."
Blake marched off, his nose in the air.
Tom Merry & Co chortled, but they followed him. Blake on his new trail was quite entertaining, as Monty Lowther remarked.

remarked.
"Poor old Blake!" sighed Aithur Augustus. "He is watty ovah comin' such, a nuckah yestahday, you know—that's why lie is playin' the giddy ox now! But give him his head, deah boys!

And the juniors cheerfully gave Blake his head!

> CHAPTER 11. The Finding of Fritz!

ACK BLAKE'S steps led him in the direction of the old tower, at a considerable distance from the school building. Save by "sport-fellows who retired to that secluded spot for a smoke, the old tower was seldom entered. It was more than half in ruins. Blake strode into the dilapidated old building with knitted brows.

Possibly it was a desire to wipe out his defeat of the previous day that made Blake so determined on his new theory. Make so determined on his new theory.
It was certainly rather steep, and yet
it was quite possible, if the escaped
Boche had had the cubning and resource
to reason the matter out quietly and
calmly. Certainly, he was hiding somewhere—and certainly he was not searched for in the school grounds, and nobody THE GEN LIBRARY.—No. 514.

dreamed that he had lingered so near the scene of his disaster. He would pro-bably be safer there than anywhere elso -if he was there.

It seemed quite probable to Blake. Perhaps the wish was father to the thought. The robbery of the pantry in the night came to Blake's mind as proof, for the Hun, if he was there, could not live without food. It did not seem like live without food. It did not seem like proof to the other fellows, who were pretty well satisfied that Trimble was the guilty party. If the food-thief did not belong to St. Jim's, they surmised that it was some hungry tramp. They fol-lowed Blake into the old tower, grin-

"Pway take care of those steps, deah boy!" chirped Arthur Augustus. "They wathah wisky!

Blake paused. "If he's here, "If he's here, it will be a bit difficult tackling him with our bare hands!" he said slowly.

My dear chap, if he's here, I'll eat

"Yaas, wathah!

Yaas, watnan;
Blake snorted, and began to mount
the steps. It was a long, spiral flight,
that led to the summit of the old tower, that led to the summit of the old tower, and the steps were in a decidedly shaky condition. But Tom Merry & Co. followed in Blake's footsteps, still grinning. The loopholes in the old walls let in a dim, misty light. Blake peered into every room he passed, but there was no sign of Fritz. But, as he had nearly reached the summit of the stairs, there was a sound in the circular room at the top of the tower. top of the tower.

"Hark!" muttered Blake.
"Bai Jove!"

"Somebody there!" said Tom Merry, laughing. "Some chap in want of exer-cise, I should say, to climb all these blessed stairs before brekker!" "Bai Jove! The brekka be goin' in a minute or two!" "Blow brekker!" snorte "Come on!" "Oh! All wight!" The brekkah-bell will

snorted Blake.

Blake strode up, with knitted brows. There was certainly somebody in the top room of the tower, but who? Fellows sometimes climbed the tower, though seldom; and on a misty winter morning there was no view to tempt a climber. Blake set his teeth as he tramped up to the top step.

"My hat!" he ejaculated.

Blake had thought-at least, hopedthat the German airman was hidden within the precincts of St. Jim's. But he stopped, and stood rooted to the stone step at the sudden and startling confirmation of his surmises.

For a burly figure loomed before him —a savage-faced man, in thick garb, with eyes of pale-blue that gleamed and glinted at the intruders.

Blake stood, almost stupefied, for a

moment. The-the Hun!" he panted

There was a laugh below on the stairs. Tom Merry & Co. could not see what Blake saw.

Blake saw.
"Pile it on!" chuckled Digby.
"Pway, don't twy to pull our leg in
that widiculous mannah, Blake!" chided
Arthur Angustua. "It is weally too Arthur Angustus. "It is weally too steep, you know!"
"Come on!" yelled Blake desperately. "Wats!"

The German airman, with a face like a demon, was striding at Blake. He had been discovered, and his hiding-place was a hiding-place no longer. He muttered savage German curses between his teeth as he strode at the junior. He was thinking only of renewed flight now. and a schoolboy was not likely to be able to stop him.
"Help!" shouted Blake, and, with the

courage and determination of a buildog, he leaped at the burly Boche. "Ha, ha, ha!" came from below. Crash!

Crash:
With one sweep of his powerful arm
the Prussian swept Blake aside, and the
junior rolled and fell on the stone floor.
The Hun rushed down the steps,
his teeth set, snarling like a wild animal.
"That you, Blake? My hat!"
A yell burst from the juniors on the
stairs as the gigantic Boche rushed down
on them.

on them.

The sight of him astounded them too much for them to be able to move a finger. They could only blink at him,

frozen.
The burly ruffian charged through them, scattering them right and left on the narrow stair.

In a twinkling be was through, and speeding down the lower stairs.

Tom Merry staggered up.

"The Hun! Oh, my hat!"

Blake came tearing down.

"You silly idiots! Why didn't you stop him?" he yelled. "After him?"

"Bai Jove! I—I weally—" stuttered

Arthur Augustus. "It's the Hun! After him!

Tom Merry & Co. rushed after Blake down the stair. It was the Hun, right enough, and they were after him with a

enough, and they were after him with a vengeance.

But the German airman had a start. He streaked out of the tower like a hunted fox, and ran. Blake & Co. came streaming out after him, yelling.

"The Hun!"

"The Prussian :"

"Stop him!"
"It's Fritz! Stop him!"

"It's Fritz! Stop him?"
There was a roar of voices from all sides. The Boche, uncertain of the way, ran into the quadraugle, where a yell of amazement greeted his appearance. "Stop him!" roared Bake. "It's the German airman! Kildare—stop him. Kildare."

Kildare was crossing towards the School House. The breakfast-bell was ringing. He stopped, as if suddenly rooted to the ground, at the sight of the racing Boche. with the frantic juniors tearing on his track.

"Stop him!" "Stop thief!"

"Stop thief!"

The Hun swerved to dodge Kildere; but the captain of St. Jim's, recovering from his amazement, headed for him. Fritz eluded him, and ran for the gates, with Kildare speeding on his track. From the direction of the New House Monteith of the Sixth came speeding up. Taggles had just opened the gates; the wide road and the open country lay beyond, and the Boche was straining every urrye. Taggles, the norter, stood petriurrye. Taggles, the porter, stood petriurrye. Taggles, the porter, stood petriurrye. Taggles, the porter, stood petriyond, and the bother was submitted in the porter, stood petrinerye. Taggles, the porter, stood petrined at the sight. But as the big Boche came sweeping up to the gates. Taggles recovered his presence of mind, and hurled his big bunch of keys at the German

Clink! Crack!

The keys smote Fritz full in his red, furious face, and he reeled. Before he could recover, Kildare and Monteith were upon him.

With a coar like that of a wild beast the Boche went down in the grasp of the two powerful Sixth-Formers.

"My heye!" gasped Taggles. "My heye!" gasped Taggles. "My heye!" gasped Taggles. "My

"My heye!" gasped Taggles. "My honly heye! A blinking 'Un! Jump on

im! The Hun was struggling madly on the ground. Tom Merry & Co. came, up, and they piled in promptly. Tom Merry & Co. came racing

The ruffian had dragged a revolver from his belt, but a kick from Tom Merry struck it from his hand, and the Hun yelled with pain. His fingers had taken most of the kick.

Kildare's knee was on his che-t now.

are responsible for the capture of this dangerous rascal. You have shown great

cleverness, Blake, and great credit is due cieverness, Dieay, sono or to you!"
"Oh, sir!"
And Mr. Railton shook hands with Blake, filling the cup of his elation to the very brim.

"Thwee cheeals, deah boys!" shouted Arthur Augustus.

And the cheers rang through St. Jim's

"Surrender, you secondrel!" he ! panted.

The Hun still struggled. But there were too many hands on him. He had no chance. A few minutes more and his strength was exhausted, and he lay panting and gasping in the grasp of his captors.

"Got him!" trilled Arthur Augustus.
"Got the wascal! Bai Jove, he has reashly flattened my nose! Ow! But we've got him!"
"Hurrah!"

"In Heaven's name, what is this?" exclaimed Mr. Railton, striding on the scene. "Who-who is this man?"

ene. "Who—who is this man."
"The Bode, sir!"
"The baby-killer!"
"The drity Hun!"
"It's Fritz, sir! We've fritzed him!"
"Yaas, wathah!"
"Yaas, wathah!" exclaimed the "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the amazed Housemaster. "Silence, please! Hold that man securely, Kildare! One of you boys fetch a cord from somewhere; "Bless my soul!" exclaimed the amazed Housemaster. "Silence, please! Hold that man securely, Kildare! One of you boys fetch a cord from somewhere; he must be tied up! Silence!" rapped out Mr. Railton, as a stream of savage German curses poured from the thick ips of the prisoner. "Silence, you scoundre!" boy!" said the Housemaster kindly. "You " Bless

The Boche lay muttering.
"How did you find him, Kildare?"
"Suddenly spotted him streaking across
the quad, sir! I think these juniors routed
him out from somewhere."

nim out from somewhere."
"Bless my soul!"
"It was Blake, sir!" said Tom Merry at once. "Blake suspected that he was hidden about here, sir! He guessed that it was Fritz who burgled the pantry—"
Mr. Railton started.
"Ah! Doubtless that was the case. And you, Blake, discovered that the man was likhan here."

hidden here?

Blake blushed.

Biake blushed.
It was a great moment for the chief of
Study No. 6.
All eyes were upon him.
Half St. Jim's had gathered about the
spot, and every eye, was fixed upon Jack
Blake of the Fourth. Arthur Augustus

The captured Boche went behind barbed wire. But he was not soon for-gotten at St. Jim's. Study No. 6 plumed themselves on the capture—which was rather cool of three of them, at least. But Blake was forgiving, and in the hour of his triumph he forbore to rub it in. Like a true hero, he bore his blushing honours, thick upon him, with becoming modesty.

from end to end.

THE END.

(Don't miss next Wednesday's Great Story of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's-"RIVALS IN SPORT!" by Martin Clifford.)

#### The Editor's Chat.

For Next Wednesday:

#### "RIVALS IN SPORT!" By Martin Clifford.

By Martin Clifford.

This is a story of the rivalry between the school House and the New House, and it tells of a series of sports contests between them, engineered by a gentleman who for a brief space acted as locum tenens for Mr. Rat-diff. You could not quite imagine Ratty organising footer matches and a Marathon, organising footer matches and a Marathon, or follow does not like him, however, and the story turns in part on this dislike, and tells how it was overcome. The readers who have been clamouring for another sports yarn should be more than satisfied with this? should be more than satisfied with this!

FRAGMENTS OF "GEM" HISTORY.

FRAGMENTS OF "GEM" HISTORY,
"Miss Prissibla's Peril "told of a visit paid
to St. Jin's by Tom Merry's dear old governess and guardian, who, for all her queer
ness and guardian, who, for all her queer
the part of the part of the part of the part of the
rerible Three's Test "was a sequel to this,
and chronicled a visit paid to Huckleberry
Heath by the Terrible Three, the chums of
Study No. 6, Skimmy, and Kangaroo. "The
later the chums visited Paris. Them there
later the chums visited Paris. Them there
are the chums visited Paris. Them there
in France, this, and full of exciting happenin France, this, and full of exciting happenings at the Chateau Cernay. "Skimpole the
Dirid" told of the rival inventions of Skinmy
and Bernard Olyn, and was full of mirth and
merriment. In "Honour Bright" and "The
Swell of the Circus was fold the story of Ings at the Charleso Cernay. "Skingy beings at the Charleso Cernay." Skingy Third Tool of the rival inventions of Skingy Interest the Charleson Ch

characters who have since become popular irst appeared.

In this connection I may mention some

first appeared.

In this connection I may mention some queer mistakes which are constantly being made by readers who send in back number months. The send of the s

"Magnet":

By the way, it would be possible to insert more back number notices if senders would rive numbers of the paper wanted instead of titles of stories. A dozen numbers can be got titles of stories. A dezen numbers can be got into a line; a dozen titles make a long notice. But I observe that my readers, for all I have said on the subject, are disposed to act as though the space I can give to notices were unlimited. On the contrary, it is very limited indeed, and it may be months in some cases the desertion of the man of the contrary of the

#### NOTICES.

Back Numbers, etc., Wanted.

By A. E. Hamblin, 4, Prospect Road, Hungerford.—Christmas Number of "Magnet,"

By A. E. Hamblin, 4, Prospect Road, Hungerford.—Christmas Number of "Magnet." 1814. Any other double numbers "Magnet." 1814. Any other double numbers "Magnet." 1814. Any other double numbers "Magnet." 1814. The state of the st

"Magnet." Nos. 248-260, and "Shunned by His Form." By W. Thacker, 37, Queen Street, Lincoln.— GEM and "Magnet" issues before Christmas, 1916. Please state price. By A. Lee, The Grange, Utley, near Keigh-ley.—"Figgins' Fig.Pudding," "Bob Cherry's

Barring-Ont," "Schoolhoys Never Shall is Slaves," "Butter the Boxer," "Butter Chance," "Multy" Secret, "Fishly Fig Agency," "Great Postal Order Conspiracy,"—d. each offered. "Worst House at Ravenshill" and "The Black House"—4d, each offered. "Worst House at Ravenshill" and "The Black House"—4d, each street, "Fishly Fig. By Alexander Macintyre, 18, Windgor Street, Glasgow, N.W.—GSM Christmas Nov., 194 to 1916; also "Rivals and Chums" and School and Sport,"—clean Jetoria Terrace, Dudley,—l/- each offered for "Great Postal Order Conspiracy," "Alonso's Marvellous Mixture," "Slackers" Eleven," "Bunter's Bust-Up," "Fill of Fitth," "Figgins Febly," "Box Windgow, "More Williams, "Rivals Sport," "Box Williams, "Alonso's Marvellous Mixture," "Slackers" Eleven," "Bunter's Bust-Up," "Rivals Mixture," "Rivals Mixture, "Rivals Mixture," "Rivals Mixture, "Rivals Mixture," "Rivals Mixture, "Rivals Mixture, "Rivals Mixture, "Rivals Mixture, "Rivals Mixture, "Rivals Mix

Football-Matches Wanted by :

St. Alphonsus Juniors—15—5 mile radius.— 3. Lewis, 129, Great Mersey Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool.

PARK UNITD—16—4 mile radius—ground.
Tottenham Marshes.—Weetman, 2II, Fark
CAREDMA F. WINDRS—13.45—5 mile radius.—
G. CAREDMA F. WINDRS—15.45—5 mile radius.—
MCNEIL TNITED—15.17—5 mile radius.—A. T.
Ross, 46, Brunswick Street, Stamford Street,
S.E. L.

NGS, 30, Blues S.E. L. WATSON'S ATHLETIC—17-18-5 mile radius.—C. Watherley, 5, Queen's Road, St. John's Wood, N.W. 8.

WENTHERSON, QUEENS ADOM, St. Johnson, St. Johnson, St. Johnson, St. Johnson, St. Johnson, St. Johnson, Altoft, Burwer Road, New Barnet.
CARLTON RINORES—15—7 mile radius.—C. Lane, Westholme, Gedling, Notts.
ALDERSON JYMORS—15—16.—E. Hulme, 10c.
Lawrence Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
Lawrence Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
Jeffreys Road, Clapham, S.W. 4.
BRIXTON RINORES—15—6 mile radius—four good players also wanted—Frank Lees. T. Suffolk House, Rusheroft, Road, Brixton, S.W.
CITT OF LONDON ELECTRIC LIGHTING Co.
COTT OF LONDON ELECTRIC LIGHTING Co.
LIGHT CONTROL CO.
HAMMION ATHLESTIC—16—5 mile radius.—Thos. Bond, 67, Scott Street, Warrington.

T. Welsh, 13, Monmouth Street, Salford, Manchester, wants to hear of two places in team within 3 miles—any position except goal.



THE GEM LIBRARY.



## Our Great New Serial Story.

### THE CHIEF CHARACTERS OF THE STORY.

PHILIP DERWENT The twins from Tasmania—Philip (Flip) at Higheliffe, Philippa (Flap) at Cliff House. PHILIPPA DERWENT PONSONBY The leader of the Higheliffe nuts. One of the nuts, and Flip's enemy GADSRY VAVASOUR Another of them—an empty-headed swell—hand in glove with Gadsby. Yet another—sulky—disposed to the Gadsby faction. MONSON MINOR MERTON Two more of the nuts-chums of Flip's-they share No. 6 Study with him. TUNSTALL FRANK COURTENAY Captain of the Fourth at Higheliffe—a fine fellow. His chum, known as the Caterpillar. For further information see the "Magnet" RUPERT DE COURCY THE GREYFRIARS FELLOWS MARJORIE HAZELDENE CLARA TREVLYN Cliff House girls and friends of Flap. PHYLLIS HOWELL MOLLY GRAY

MOLLY GRAY

A little, red-headed Cliff House junior—knows Merton at home.

Ponosoby inelsis on being one of a Higheliff party which is going to test cliff House. That jets he hard her know that the girls would rather not have Ponosoby as one of their guests, and Gadoby monuses that the postscripe of her letter, in which she says this, reaches Pon instead of Filp. Pon contrives to persuade File, that Fily has shown him this, and gets on something like a friendly footing with her. On the way back he and Merton quarrel.

(Now read on.)

Flip the Peacemaker.

Filp the Peacemaker.

O casy, Derwen!" said Pon warmly,
"We're good chums, but you can't
lead me by the nose, you know!"
replied Flip. "But it ain't because it's not
big enough, Pon, old scout. There's nothing
time Butter button kind about your illustrious conk

trious conk."
Tunstall laughed. Merton didn't; he did not feel like laughing.
Pon did not know whether to be angry or not. But, on the whole, he decided that it was best not.

It was no good trying to treat Flip as he treated Gaddy and Vav and Monson. Flip did not take orders. He was an equal, not

It was no good trying to treat Flip as he treated Gaddy and Vas and Monson. Flip did not take orders. He was an equal, not have not been as a constant of the property of the

"I don't fancy you'll do a dashed lot of that, d'you know? I rather think I can get inside your guard, dear boy!"
Was there a double meaning in Pon's speech?

speech?
Tunstall thought so. Merton thought so.
But Flip failed to see it.
"Makin' up your great mind, Tun?"

"Makin' up your great mind, Tun?"
seecred Pon. I stick by Aley.
We've been chums too long to go uitferent
ways now. You an' I have been pally, too,
Pon. I'm not goin' to say much about your
little ways. I don't know that mine have
been a heap better. But I'm with Algy, an'
I'm da-bed well goin' to second the bounder
when he starts in to thrash you. An' I hope
The hear a good job of it, by Jupiter: "The

The four stood there in the darkness that made each of them see the others' faces as mere white blurs, and anger raged in three hearts of the four. Tunstall was hardly less hot than Merton, though he had taken longer to get up steam.

But there was no anger in Flip's heart; only dismay and something that would have been consternation had be been less plucky and less hopeful.

He did not want to quarrel with any of them. He liked Frank Courtenay and the Caterpillar, but not as he liked Merton and Funstall.

Funstall.

Frank and De Courcy might have been his chums. But these two were his chums, tried and true. It was but a short time, but in it they had shared grub and jokes, chuckled at Cocky's sayings in friendly concert, been did not be a support of the course of the c come very close together.

But there was Pon!

Flip could not see Pon as those two seemed suddenly to have come to see him.

you're not! I can see that now, an in future I've done with you!".

"That's where you're off it, Merton! You have I state that the haven t snywhere near done with me yet!" said Pon, in tones of concentrated venom, "I'll keep you at arm's height, anyway, by "I'll keep you at arm's height, height have fought like that! "I had jumped after Fin when you have the said Pon, was it that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you had you had you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you had you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you had the said that had jumped after Fin when you have the said that had jumped after Fin when you had the said that had jumped after Fin when you had the said that had jumped after Fin when you had the said that had jumped after Fin when you had the said that had jumped after Fin when you had the said that had jumped after Fin when you had the said that had jumped after Fin when you

Who was it that had jumped after Fiip when Gadsby had hurled him and Cocky out of a moving train?
Why, Pon, the fellow Merton called a

funk

tunk."

In his cock-sureness Flip forgot how much more Merton knew of Pon than he did. Pon could have told tales of Merton that Flip would have found it hard to credit, but the tales Merton could have told of Pon would have made Flip gasp with amazement. For quite a minute they stood there in the darkness without a word.

It had come to the parting of the ways. Which way would Flip take?

Which way would Flip take?

Which way would Flip take?

To him it seemed but a temporary splitthat would soon be over.

But Merton and Tunstall knew it for something very different from that.

that would soon so.

But Merton and Tunstall knew it for something very different from that.

Fon would never forgive them, and they did not want Pon's forgiveness.

It was Tunstall, less choked by rage than Pon's forgiveness.

Algy sut I are goin on waitin' back a bit-just which suits Ponsonby. He can take his choice. What's yours, Flip?''

The question was friendly for all its abruptness; and Flip took it as friendly, and did not realise how much hung on his answer.

"Go on, you two silly asses!" he said "Go on, you two silly asses!" he said. "Go on, you two silly asses!" he said lightly. "I'll trot along with Pon, and within a couple of hours I shall expect to see you shake hands with him."

"You won't see that," said Tunstail, "Good-bye, Derwent!" was all M was all Merton

said. But the simple words had a queer, hollow

But the simple words had a queer, hollow ring in Flip's ears.
What did the silly chump say "Good-bye'." for? It want any sort of thing to say at such a time to a pal whom you would be meeting again within twenty minutes.
The same and the same and the same "That does it is said Fon. "The sorry in a way, but more for your sake than my own. Flingt." suddenly to have come to see min.

He did not believe that Pon would cheat
at cards. Pon gambied, of course; but there
way, but more for your sake than my own.

Hind howeld:

"Can't see it. "Tain't me that's going to
And a lunk! Why, the thing was absurd!"

tunk him, of course. But I can tell you he's come on above a bit lately. There's no duffer about Algy now,"

"It means they'll cut you in future, unless you cut me, by gad!"

"Beaus

"It means they'll cut you in future, unners you cut me, by gad!"
"Rats! There isn't going to be any foolery of that sort. See here, Pon, you took a tone they didn't like. Come to that, I wasn't gone on it myself. I know it was only your silly way—you don't mind compliments, do you?
And Merton called you a cad. He may have meant it at the moment, but he won't when he's coulded fit."

"But I shall dashed well mean what I said to him!"

to him!"
"Thrashing him within an inch of his life—
ch? Don't be potty, old chap! You haven't
got it in you to do it. You're the better man
of the two, I fancy, but not by near such
long chalks as that comes to."
"You'll see her mad't

long chalks as that comes to."

"You'll see, by gad's even are not going a constant to the constant to the constant tell in the constant tell in the constant tell in the constant tell in the constant to make the constant to something for me? I suppose it's too much to ask aligy to apologise; but the constant as you next time the same as usual—""

"He'll get a thick ear on the spot, that's hat!" snapped Pon. "I don't want any

"He'll get a thick ear on the spot, that is what!" snapped Pon. "I don't want any more to do with him, except for giving him the hidding he's asked for!"
"Oh, hang it all! There's something behind all this. Surely you and Algy haven't. general air this. Surely you and Algy haven't gone and got spoony on the same girl? Being spoony is rot, anyway; and if Algy's taken with the complaint, I'm dashed if I know with the complaint, I'm dashed if I know I'd never have helieved it of you, Pou! I'd never have helieved it of you, Pou! I'd not that, Pilo. It's— Dashed if I is to rell you!"

Pon's crafty mind had seized on a new

For a crass, device.

He had used that postseript to get on friendlier terms with Flap.

Why should he not use it to embroil Flip

Why should he not use a with Merton with Merton?

He felt sure now that it was Merton who had put it on the martels-helf for him to see Merton had heen so much more bitter than Tunstall—mutil the loss moment, anyway. There had been nothing underded about Fred Tunstall then. But he had always had more Tunstall—must hen. But he had always had more Tunstall then. But he had always had more than Merton. There had been nothing underded about Five Tunstall then. But he had always had more decision than Merton. Pon was sure Flip had not been guilty. He never even thought of Gadsby, the real

culprit.

culprit.
"Oh, hang it! Speak out, man!"
It was a dashed, dirty, low trick of Merton's, letting me see that P.S. to your sister's note!" snarled Pon. What

tt are you drivelling about? What The note the note your sister wrote you about our this evenin', of course." but there wasn't any P.S. to that.

But

"You're wrong. There was, It's in my pocket now!"

"But-My word, Pon, that's a bit too thick! I can't swallow it.

three; I can eswagos to "I thought you were about to say that you can't understand my havin' it. But I can easily explain that. An'I think I've a right to fasten on to it, considerin' I found it stuck up on the mantelshelf in my den."

"But there wasn't any P.S., I tell you! The letter was on one side of a half-sheet of paper. Nothing round the corner at all."

wYou may be satisfied now that there wasn't, You won't be when you have seen it. An you're dashed well goin't o see it as soon as we get in. I'll put an end to all this schemin' an' plottin', by gad!"

Pon was quite virtuously indignant about the scheming and plotting, such low deeds being, of course, out of the line of Cecil Ponsonby.

Ponsonby.

"But it licks me to the wide, Pon. Who could have put it there? And how could anyone have got a postscript from a letter that I'll swear hadn't one when I read it?"

"I think I can explain that. I think I can dashed well put my finger on the sneakin' hound who played us both false!"

"If you mean Merton or Tun, all I've got to say is that I wouldn't believe it of either of them if all Higheliffe swore blind they were guilty. They couldn't be such cads!"

"You're too innocent, old chap. You don't know what eads fellows can be."

That was true-in which it differed from most of the things Pon said.

But Flip was to learn, though not through Merton or through Tun was the enlighten-ment to come,

No Hope of Peace. 'Good-bye!' to

Y. did you say 'Good-bye!' to Flip, Algy?" asked Tunstall, as they walked on together. "Because it is 'Good-bye.'"

"Oh. rot!"

"Oh, not!"
"You'll see."
"You'll see."
"Bet you you will! Pon's got him; there's
"Bet you you will! Pon's got him; there's
no help for it. I don't know that Pon can
make a rotter of him—Flip—oh, well you
know he's not a Gaddy or a Vav. He's got a
dashed long way to go before he could get
dashed long wher to go before he could get
them."

them."
"He never could, old chap!"
"I hope he won!. I'm not the prayin' sort, but I could almost pray for that. But things will never be the same again, Tun. Study Number Six is busted up. Cocky's gone, an' Flip will go next. He has a right to his choice. I'm not grumblin'."

choice. I'm not grumblin'."
"You don't know that he has chosen. I'm

sure he didn't mean that."

"An' I think he did, Tun. But if he hasn't he will. Trust Pon for that!"

he will. Trust Pon for that!"

"By Jupiter, I wish—I wish—"

"What, old fellow?"

"What, old fellow?"

"What, out fellow?"
"That we'd never got chummy with him; that Pon never had. Flippy would have fitted in with Courtenus an' De Courcy like—oh, like anythin'—an' he'd have been all right-ho

Ill wall Courtemy as Its and the control of the con

expect a welcome.

Pen and Gaddy and Vav and Monson-they Pen and Gaddy and Vav and Monson—they could part company with those four and never regret it. Drury and Blades and the rest of the nuts—well, they meant precious little to these two. Only Drury could ever mean much, and Drury was sure to be on Pon's side, they thought.

They were silent all the rest of the way. But they walked arm in arm, and perhaps they had never been better chums than in that dark hour when they dreaded that they had lost for ever the fellow who had drawn

had lost for ever the Fellow who had drawn them closer together. Prep was a burden to the soul than night. But they settled down to it grimly. Meanwhile Flip and Pon had reached the school, and had gone straight to Pon's study, Gadsby and Vavasour had started prep. But they looked up with interest as the two

"You chaps had better clear out!" growled

"I'm dashed if that ain't pretty cool;" returned Gadsby, "This is as much our study as yours, Pon; an if you want to talk secrets with Derwent, you can go an' do it in Number Siy by ead!"

with Derwent, you can go an do it in Aumber Six, by gad!" said Vavasour, though a trifle tremulously. Bucking against Pon did not suit the dandy Adolphus, "As a matter of fact, we can't," said Flip

"Well, that ain't our dashed affair! We don't see bein' turned out as if we were nobodies!"

"Come along to the Common-room, Flip," suggested Pon. "There won't be anyone there; an' that little bounder Mobby won't

there; an' that little bounder stoney won e-interfere with me-confound him!"
"I don't care much for that. It don't suit me to be protected from Mobby by any-one-mot even you, Pon. And if he caught me there in prep time he'd have a handle against me at once."

me at once. "
"Oh, dash it all! Look here, Gaddy an'
"Oh, dash it all! Look here, Gaddy an'
Yav can be trusted. I'll answer for them.
Let's thrash the bizney out here."
I'll did not like that either. But to refuse
would have looked as if he shirked an ex-

He nodded.

Pon took a half-sheet of paper cut of his pecket-book, and handed it to him. Flip glanced at it. It was easy to take in those few words at a glance.

They were in Flap's writing beyond all question. And it was not at all to be won-dered all that they flapd incremed Pon. Art is

not a nice thing to gather in this mysterious way that one is emphatically not persona grata in a quarter where one would like to

"There isn't any dashed doubt about it-

"No, there isn't any doubt," answered Flip.
He was looking very keenly at the carefullycut edge of the paper. And Gadsby, out of
the corner of an eye, watched him.

the corner of an eye, watched him. Vavasour was quite in the dark. But Gadsby knew what was going on, and he did not feel too comfortable.

It was not working out quite as he had expected, either. Pon and Flip still seemed

"Only one chap could have got hold of that, y know." Pon said.
"I don't see that," Flip answered. "The letter was tampered with before it reaches.
I know that. You don't. You've got no proof that it wasn't me."
"Rot'! I don't need any proof of that. The you wouldn't do such a dashed dirty thing."

Gadsby scowled. He could not help it. Simple faith in the suspicious Pon was surely enough to make any plotter scowl. Who would have dreamed that he would take it this way?

this way?
"I certainly wouldn't," answered Flipslowly, "But no more would other fellows. There are not not for the first work. They were looking straight at one another. Pon believed Merton guilty, and his eyes were not shifty, as they usually were.
But Vavasour had his eyes on Gadsby, and he saw something that made him feel and he saw something that made him feel and the safety, knew more than he did about this affairly knew more than he did about this affairly show more than he did about this affairly knew more than he did about this affairly show more than the did about this affairly show more than he did ab

that Gaddy knew more than he did about his affair. "Oh, isn't there, then! I'm not goin' to spare the rotter! Merton did it!" Gaddy breathed a sigh of relief. So Merton had done it? That proved Gaddy badn't— which suited Gaddy very well indeed. The was an error in the proof somewhere, but Gallin to the sight of the sight of the interval of the sight of the sight of the Gallin to the sight of the sight of the ding before these fellows:" snapped Flip, losing his temper for the first time that evening.

"It's no odds, dash it all! The whole Form, if not the whole school, will know! I'm not goin' to keep it dark, by gad!"

gom to keep it dark, by gad!"
"You'd better, every way," Flip said, regaining his coolness, "I shouldn't say my-self that it's the kind of thing that any self that it's the kind of thing that any fellow has a right to drag out for all High-cliffe to chuckle over. It's not fair to—to other friends of ours. And— Well, see here, Pon, you don't get much change out of it if it is made public, do you?"

Pon's eyes flashed. He know what Pii:

it if it is made public, do you?"
Pon's eyes flashed. He knew what Flip
meant. It would not be pleasant for him
for him
himself into the company of girls who said
plainly they didn't want him.

"If I don't say anythin' about it, Merton
will, hang him!" he snarled.
"Merton won't. Why on earth should

will, hang him!" he "Merton won't.

he?"
"He was dead against my goin'. Dashed

"The was dead against my goin. Dashed reften jealousy, of course—"
"H'm! Seems to have been a bit out of place, too, all things considered." Flip said. That was a direct lat. But Pon chose to disregard it.

disregard it.

"Merton was dead against my goin'. He wanted to stop me, dash him!" Pon said doggedly. "So he—"Oh, drop that! It wasn't Merton, and you simply haven't a scrap of proof against him."

"It was either Merton or Tunstall," Pon persisted. "I know which—the chap gave himself away!" "Rats!"

"Ratist have been one of them—"
"It needs t have been. It might have been one of cadeby here."
"It needs t have been. It might have been me—or Gadeby here."
"Keep my name out of it, hang you!"
snarled Gaddy, going crimson.
"Or Vavasour," went on Flip, faying no heed to Gatsby. "Or—oh, anyhody! Any-body that's mean enough—but Merton ain't!"
"Do posked at him critically."
"Do posked at him critically."
"Do posked at him critically."
"How have the said slowly. "But I'd soomer believe that har I'd believe Alay was. I never saw him kick a chap's shins in a fight, anyway!"
"I've known him do worse things than

"T've known him do worse things than that!" fumed Gadsby.
"Oh, absolutely!" said Vavasour.
"Shut up, you two!" cried Pon flercely.
"This is no affair of yours. Flippy..."
"T've had enough of ; berwent's dashed

insolence! Either he goes out of this room. or I go!"
It was not a very awful threat. It made

Every Wednesday.

It was not a St. Flip smile the door, Gaddy!" said Pon, and Flip's smile became a broad grin.

Flip's smile became a broad grin.

But he was not grinning when he made his way to No. 6 a few minutes later.

That was not because of Gadsby. The day of the because of th

wrath of Gaddy was merely amusing. It had not occurred to Flip that behind Gaddy's wrath lay fear—fear of being found out:

It was because of Pon. There was no hope making peace-that was certain.

Pon was taking this hard. His self-pride had been wounded, and he meant to avenge the wounds upon Merton.

is this the End?

UNSTALL looked up when Flip came in. But Merton went on with his prep.

Prep. "Pon still wantin' to kill Algy?" asked Tunstall, trying to speak lightly. "That's just about what he does seem to want," answered Fip.

want." welcome to—if he can!" growled "Two can play at th t game, by welcome Merton. Jupiter!"

"But it isn't worth playing, Algy," said Flip quietly.

y quietly, you wherton looked up, you chaps," said This is a nasty attair, you chaps," said p, plunging into the matter without waitness his words. "Pon's raving about heart, took some Flip,

Fig. plunging into the matter without waiting to pick his words. Ton's raving about it, and I won't say that he hasn't got some show of excess it." s id. Tunstall blundly, "Don't see it." s id. Tunstall blundly, "Don's been called a cad often enough. Pon is a cad, come to that, I don't make it any more pleasant for him to get it checked him more pleasant for him to get it checked him.

his face, I dare say: but——"It's not that," said Flip.
"What on earth is it, then?" demanded
Tunstall. "That's what Pon was on his ear

Tunstall. "Thit's what Pon was on as ear about, y'know."
"Not really. He didn't like it, of course. But there was something behind."

Dust there was something behind."
"Dashed if I understand you, Flip!"
"You wouldn't, Tun. You haven't the
clue. It's about the post-cript to my sister's
letter."

lette "Hang it all. Merton ain't responsible for

that, anyway! "Didn't even know there was a postscript," said Merton, looking puzzled. "You showed us the letter—there wasn't anything private in it." ou showed

"There wasn't any postscript, by Jupiter's aid Tunstall. "I could swear to that, turned it over. Half-sheet of paper—"
"The P.S. was on the other half," sai

But we didn't know there was another

hadt."

I didn't till just now, Tun. Then Pon

"Dash it, old How could Ponold scout, don't talk riddles!

Involuntarily Flip frowned. It had been so; and to anyone with faith less strong than is it might have seemed a suspicious

Beyond all dispute Merton had handled the letter before it came into his hands. There was nothing to prove that he had not done what Ponsonby accused him of having done.

Nothing at all! But Flip asked for no roof. Merton wouldn't have done it. He new that. That was good enough for him. "Weil, there was a P.S.," he said. "Pon as it. Some rotter got it, and steek it up a him matched the said." proof. has it. Some rott

on his montelshif."

"But what in the wide world for 2" asked Tunstall. "Your sister's letter to you hadn't maything to do with Pon."

Filip grinned. He would much have pre-brred that Pon should not have seen that P.S. But he could not help seeing the humorous side of the matter. It must have been a narly shock to the clegant and the country of the country of the country wanted so very plain a hint fact he massed; wanted so very plain a hint.

fascinating Pon to get so very plain a hint that he wasn't wanted. "But it had—lots!" he said. "Flap—of course, she never dreamed he would see it— told me that the girls didn't cotton to Pon, and would much sooner we brought Drury, or anyone else, instead!"
"Whew! I don't wonder Pon was mad!"
said Tunstall. But he, too, could not help

grinning. Merton's face was still grave "You're sure it was your sister's writin', Derwent?" he said. Flip started. "You don't mean that— Oh. come off

That's too thick! I Algy! Pon Never what? I didn't suggest that Pon d done anythin'."

You were going to, though, if I hadn't chipped in.

chipped in."
"Well, what do you think I meant?"
"Well, what do you think I meant?"
Flip did not like Merton's tone. It was rather hostile.
"You know what you meant. I'm not guessing riddles," he said.
"What did you mean, then?"
That rather cornered Flip, and he felt that

That rather cornered Fip. and he felt that he was being cornered unfairly. He began to speak with less coolness.
"I'm not in any sort of temper to be cross-examined," he said.

"By Jupiter, d'you think I am?" snapped Merton.

"By Jupiter, d'you think I am?" snapped Merton.

Tunstall tried to fill the growing breach.
"Don't jump down each other's threats, you two asses." he said. "I know what you I want to the said of the said to the said the sa

Merton's face went pale. had seized bim. A new thought

"Derwent," he said, and all the friendli-ness had gone out of his tenes now, "you said Tunstall hadn't the clue. Do you mean that

I had?"
"Great Scott, no! What an ass you are!"
snapped Flip. "I don't go about accusing
my pals of dirty tricks! They aren't my
pals any longer if they do dirty tricks, and
that's all there is to it." "You mean—"
"Just what I say!"

"You mean you're fed up with us," put in Tunstall, though it had been into Merton's speech that Flip had broken.
"He means more than th t: He means

"Oh, chuck it, Algy! Derwent may be an ass, but he isn't an ass of that size!"
"But I might have done it. I handled the

letter first. "What's that to do with it?" snapped Flip.
"When I want to occuse you of anything it sha'rt hint at it. I sha'll speak out straight. I don't any more believe you'd play a trick the that than I do that from would be in the shall be in the

"If you faith in me hasn't any better foundation than your faith in Pon, I con't say that I set a dashed heap of value on it!" and Merton Bercely.

And Tunstall could understand that. But

the life of him Flip couldn't.
hey were all his pals-Pon and Algy and

They were all his pais-That was simple creed. He might believe too easily; but it came hard on him when two of them were in direct conflict, and both could not be right.

He saw but one solution. They must be mistaken, both of them. Unfortunately that was a long way from

Infortunately that was a long way from solving the whole problem. "Gadsby was the real answer to the equation. But Flip nover even thought of Gaddy-in connection with it. He was slow to think eyil of any-

"I don't understand you, Merton," he said.
"He's as though you wanted to pick a quarrel with me because I don't care to throw over Pon, seems to me. Well, I think that's pretty rotten!"

When you know Pon-

"Hang it all, Tunstall, it wasn't yesterday I got friendly with him, was it? You fellows didn't warn me before that he was such a bad lot as you say he is now. How can you expect me to believe it now?"

"I don't care a hang whether you believe it or not!" snapped Merton.

But he did. Both he and Tunstall were regretting that things had been so that they had found it impossible to choke the growing triendship between those two.

"All right?" said Flip. "I'll clear out of here!

here!" In slience he gathered together the books which he needed for his prep work. In slience he work, a him into Pon's arms, by Jupiter!" said Tunstall bitterly.

But 'the\_Litterness was not for Merton. Even as he, space Fred Tunstall's hand dropped on the should got of him who was an other heads and the should be the space. older chum than Flip, after all!
Merton's face was buried in his hands. He

sat motionless The same thought was in the minds of them both.

Was this the end?

Fighting It Out. the dim light of a winter's morning Merton and Ponsonby faced each other in the gymnasium

Neither had wanted to delay the fight; but it was Tunstall who had suggested, on Merton's behalf, that it should take place

on Merton's benalt, that it enough that probe before breakfast.

Monson minor, whom Pon had chosen to second him—after another fellow had refused—had demurred at first. It was a bit too thick, fighting without gloves before brekker, he caid. A chair couldn't be expected to he said. A chap couldn't be expected stand that, by gad! But Tunstall had reforted that Meri

stand that, by gad!

But Tunstall had retorted that Merton
reckoned himself fit to stand all that Pon
could give him before brekker or at any other
time; and when Pon heard that from Monson he agreed. Merton glanced round.

He was looking for a face that was not

Flip was absent. It was not easy to stay away; but he had made up his mind that it

away, our was been and Tunstall had thought.

He had not gone to Pon's study the night before, as Merton and Tunstall had thought. He had gone down to the cold Form-room; and when Mr. Mobbs had driven him out of and when Mr. Mobbs had driven him out of the best of that light must not that, under the pretext that light must not be wasted, he had taken refuge in Study No. 5, where Benson and Jones minor made him 5, where Benson and Jones minor made him welcome and asked no questions. Smithson and Yates had looked in from No. 7. They had been surprised to see Flip there—they could not help their looks show-ing that—but they also had been decent

there—they could not help their looks snow-ing that—but they also had been decent enough to say nothing. The rank and file of Courtenay's brigade liked Derwent, and would have welcomed him at any time. But just before bed-time Pon had found p, and had asked him to be his second.
'Can't!" was Flip's brusoue reply.

"Can't!" was Flip's brusque repty.
"Then you've promised the other chap, by
gad! I didn't think—"
"I haven't! I'm not going to be there.
The whole thing's rot, and if you can't see

it I can!

it I can!"
That was all. Pen did not like it; but
that could not be helped.
Not many were there. The nuts were in
full force; but at the start there was only
a sprinkling of the rival section of the Form, Not many we full force; but

as prinking of the rival section of the form, and the only senior present was Monson major, who had been asked to referee. Merton looked pale, but very resolute. He had slept little. But it was no dread of Pon that had kept him awake.

that had kept him awake.

Pon was very much his usual self. He
might not have been a hand properly
might not have been a hand properly
But Pon had not yet come to see that
Merton was hardly the lazy slacker of old.
He had bucked up, especially since the fight
with Greyfriars, and Flip had given him
boxing hints that were to stand him in good stead that grey morning. "Five to one on Po Five on Pon!" said Gadsby.

"Five to one on Pon?" said Gadsby, leering.
"Ten to one!" amended Vavasour.
"Done with you, Vav! Quids?" answered Drury unexpectedly.
"Oh, asy, Drury, you ain't bettin' against "Oh, asy, Drury, who had not expected this.
"Well, you expected someone to, didn't you, you dashed fathead? An' you couldn't you, you dashed fathead? An' you couldn't you on's the sort of thing a sportsman's to ono's the sort of thing a sportsman's You don't get ten to one a two-hore race every day in the week!"
"Anybody would think you wanted Pon to be licked." growled Gaddy.

"Anybody would think you wanted ron to be licked," growled Gaddy.

"Dare say I shall when Var's booked my bet," replied Drury coolly "Shall we say twice, Vav? Or three times? Thirty quid would be quite a tire little whack, an' if Pon should pull it off—well, I've got three to

(To be continued next- week.)