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THE MISDEEDS OF MULVANEY MINOR.

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



A CRACK FOR RACKE!

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A MAGNIFICENT, NEW, LONG, COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY
OF TOM MERRY & CO. AT ST. JIM'S.

THE MISDEEDS OF MULVANEY MINOR.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

Misling!

"D'ARCY!"

"Yes, dear boy!"

Mulvaney major, of the Sixth Form at St. Jim's, frowned. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth had interfered with his usual address (affection); but a prefect of the Sixth did not exactly like being addressed as "dear boy" by a junior.

"You cheeky young ass——" began Mulvaney major.

"Has Jove?"

"Has never mind. Have you seen my missus?"

"Certainly!"

"Oh, good!" said the Sixth-Former, in relief. "Where is he, D'Arcy?"

Arthur Augustus shook his head.

"I really do not know, Mulvaney. Sorry?"

"Didn't you say you'd seen him?" roared Mulvaney.

"Yes; but I saw him every day, as he is in the Fourth," answered Arthur Augustus, in surprise. "I could scarcely fail to see him in class to-day, you know, without his 'bend'!"

"Have you seen him lately?" snapped the Sixth-Former. "Can't you make 'em?"

"I established now that you make your own 'em," replied Arthur Augustus with dignity. "As you merely asked me whether I had seen him, I replied in the affirmative, as I certainly have seen him, quite a number of times. However, I have not seen him since lessons."

"Look for him, then, you young ass, and when you find him tell him to come to my study at once!"

"If you do not send my 'servants' to him, Mulvaney, I have a strong objection to his being added to my class!"

But Mulvaney major was smiling away, intending.

"Has Jove?" murmured Arthur Augustus. "I must remark that I do not think much of the remarks of the Sixth Form in this school. I really think I could give Mulvaney major some tips that would be very useful to him. Now, I would wish you his dashed 'bend'!"

Arthur Augustus did not look pleased. He was going down to help his chores just a half about an 'L' after when the prefect dropped on him. However, even Arthur Augustus, the gem of fashion and the master of love in the Lower School, was called upon to lag at the order of a prefect, and he proceeded to look for Mulvaney minor of the Fourth.

As he came out into the quad he encountered his chums, Blake and Hervey and Digby, all three looking wrathful.

"Has Jove?" I thought you were at football, dear boys!" he remarked.

Jack Blake gave a snort.

"We're lagging," he said. "We've got to find a blessed fag who's been mislaid. Have you seen Mulvaney minor?"

"I am lookin' for him at this very minute!"

"Has he?" said Digby. "If Mulvaney major wants him, why can't he keep him where he can't put his 'bend' on him?"

"We're no time to waste looking for his blessed minor!"

"He's go on strike!" suggested Hervey.

"Notin' of the sort, Hervey!" Mulvaney major isn't a bad sort, and perhaps we ought to do him a good turn."

"Especially as it means less or a kicking if we don't!" groaned Blake.

"I refuse to regard considerations of that sort, Blake!"

"Oh, yes? Where's that wild Irishman that's the captain. Hallo, here are those Sheel-Bahs! Let's ask them?"

Tom Merry and Manners and Leather of the Shell came up to the group of five Fourth-Formers.

"Seen Mulvaney minor?" was Tom Merry's first remark.

"Yes, too!" exclaimed Blake. "Is all the Lower School looking for Mulvaney minor? I'll jolly well search his head when I find him!"

"Old Mulvaney seems to want him very particularly," said Manners. "I dare say the young rip has been up to his looks again, and there's a kicking for him!"

"I hope so!" groaned Blake.

"He's not in his study," murmured Mervyn Leather. "I've looked in there, and Tompkins says he's not been at school to-day."

"And he's not on the 'bend' ground," said Dig.

"Keeping out of the way most likely," said Tom, laughing. "I've noticed he's never anxious to meet his brother. It awfully means terrible. Where are we going to look for him?"

"Hallo, you chaps! Seen Mulvaney minor?" called out Levison of the Fourth, coming along with Clive and Cardew.

"He, ha! You looking for him, too?"

"Mulvaney of the Sixth seems very anxious to see him," answered Levison.

"Some now, I expect. Seen him?"

"We're looking for him!"

"Yes, walloh!"

"Oh, where did he when can he be?" murmured Cardew. "I hope there's a thunder-bolt good 'nuff' upon 'em!"

"That is walloh an' unbecomtable with Cardew!"

"Go 'em!"

"Gee-wit of gales, very likely," suggested Clive.

"Most likely!" agreed Tom Merry. "If he's not at gates we can't find 'em. Let's go and tell old Mulvaney so."

"Hold on!" said Cardew. "Old Mulvaney's rather excited, and he'll only tell us to keep on looking!"

"Can't be helped!"

"But it can be helped!" said Cardew. "I've got a brain-wave. Let's go and look for him in Mrs. Murphy's backshop at Hylton's!"

"Is he there?"

"Should if I know! He might be."

"What on earth's the good of walking a mile on the off chance of the young ass being there?" demanded Blake.

"Lots of good! I've heard from Trumble that Mrs. Murphy has a fresh lot of 'em in!"

"Oh!"

"First come, first served, you know!" said Cardew. "Let's look for him at the village backshop. We shall be carrying out Mulvaney's instructions—it's our duty to obey a prefect, you know; and we can also manage the matter. If young Mulvaney's there, we'll bring him home; if he isn't, we can explain to Mulvaney that we walked a whole mile lookin' for him. Notin' 'll be lost! 'Dashed!' it makes the prefects look pleased with you!"

"He, he, ha!"

"Has Jove! That is a walloh good suggestion!" said Arthur Augustus. "We can't put in any foolish if we're got to look for that young wassal! We don't want to waste time laggin' around!"

"Good egg!" and Tom Merry heartily. "Let's make for Mrs. Murphy's. After all, seeing Mulvaney might be there."

"He might? He, ha!"

And with one accord the party of junior made for the gates, and scattered down the lane to Hylton's, thus carrying out the instructions of the respected prefect of the Sixth.

At the village backshop they did not find Mulvaney minor; but they found the wassal, which was a consolation.

Mulvaney, seeing, in his study, waited for the arrival of his seniors. Having seen so many juniors to look for him, he expected Mickey Mulvaney to arrive in a very short time. But Mickey Mulvaney didn't arrive, which rather puzzled the prefect, though he would not have been so puzzled if he had known whom—and how—Tom Merry & Co. were looking for the wrong junior.

CHAPTER 2.

Mulvaney Minor Turns Up.

"RACKE, old chap!"

"'Cat off!"

"I'm coming with you, old fellow!" said Baggie Trumble affectionately.

Arthur Barks passed on the narrow stair which led up to the top bar-room, and nodded down at Trumble of the Fourth.

He did not look as if he wanted Trumble's company. But that did not matter to Baggie; he was not thin-skinned.

"'Cat off, you fat frog!" growled Barks. "You're not wanted. Is that plain enough for you?"

"Look here, you know——"

"Oh, here are you fat wassal!"

Barks turned to proceed up the staircase, where his chums, Mervyn and Levison, had preceded him. There was a meeting of the block sheep of the School House at that secluded spot, where cigarettes were to be smoked and banter played, and Baggie Trumble was not wanted in the meeting circle. The impression Fourth-Former could not pay his footing in Barks's wheel circle.

"Oh, all wrong!" said Trumble, with a snarl. "I don't care to come! I'll just trot about and speak to Grandy."

Blake spun round.

"You fat wassal——"

"No harm in speaking to Grandy, I

suppose?" grinned Trinkle. "He would like to leave about your smoking-party, Hacks."

Hacks gritted his teeth. Grandy of the Shell, a lanky youth, sometimes took it upon himself to tease Hacks & Co. up in the way they should go. It would be just like Grandy to "wade in" and screw up the smoking-party if he was told about it.

"You get out in if you like," said Hacks at last.

"My dear old chap, I'll join you with pleasure, as you're so pressing!" said Trinkle brightly.

Hacks snarled, and stamped on up the stairs, followed by the grinning Trinkle. They entered the top box-rooms together, Crooks and Scrope greeting Trinkle with frowns.

"What's that fat slag crawling in for?" Gerald Crooks wanted to know.

"Oh, let him alone!" grinned Hacks. "Shut the door, Trinkle. Make yourself useful as you're here."

"Certainly, old fellow!"

The door was shut.

"Better than the boy," suggested Scrope. "That beast Grandy might slip in, were he as did in the steady before."

"No boy here," said Trinkle, looking at the lock. "It's been taken away, Grandy, I expect. He knows you meet here for smoke."

"McDuff's cad!" hissed Hacks.

"Well, we can shove a trunk against the door if we hear him," said Crooks. "That blasted big trunk of D'Arny's will do—it's nearly as big as a house."

"All right."

The big trunk belonging to Arthur Augustus D'Arny was used as a table for the party. The lid did not seem quite closed, but Hacks jimmied it down, and set a box of cigarettes and a box of matches on the lid. As the four young men gathered round there was a sound of heavy footsteps below.

Crooks jumped up.

"What's that? Somebody's cousin?"

"Grandy, by gad!"

George Alfred Grandy's heavy footsteps rang on the parrow stair. Evidently the great man of the Shell was on the war-path.

"Quick with the trunk!" snarled Hacks.

The trunk was a large one, but as it was supposed to be empty it should not have been very difficult to swing it to the door. But as the smokers grasped it they found that it was very heavy indeed. It certainly weighed a good deal more than a handbagweight.

"Push the thing!" gasped Hacks. "All together, or that cad will be here!"

The trunk rolled over towards the door. There was a sound of bumping inside the trunk, as if something was rolling loose. Then, to the amazement of Hacks & Co., there was a wild, muffled yell in the box-room.

"Arrah! Yarrah! Oh, begorra!"

"What the dump?" stammered Hacks, staring round him in amazement.

"It's somebody in the trunk!" yelled Trinkle.

"In the trunk! My hat!"

The trunk had rolled upside-down on its progress towards the door. Inside it there was a sound of hammering and raving.

"Begorra! Looone out! Sure, it's somebody! I see inside! Howly mother ar Massé!"

"Molvasney mineer!" gasped Scrope. "I know that lass!"

"Begorra. Let us rest!"

Back! The trunk rolled over towards the door again, with Molvasney mineer inside it. But as it came right way up a few feet from the door the lid burst up,



Surprising Mr. Railton!
(See Chapter 2.)

catching Aubrey Hacks under the chin. Hacks staggered back with a terrific yell.

From the interior of the trunk rose into view the shock head and arched nose of Micky Molvasney of the Forest.

"Oh, it's only you, bedad!" he spluttered, as he saw Hacks & Co. "Fah! when I heard ye coming I thought it was me worse, and dodged into the trunk entirely. The haste is lookin' for us, you know. Only you, after all."

"You-on-on-er!" came in a wail from Hacks, as he clapped his jaw with both hands. "Goo-hoo-hoo!"

"Shove it against the door—quick!" shouted Crooks.

But it was too late. The heavy footsteps of Grandy of the Shell were outside, and the door opened under as the jimmies heaved the big trunk towards it. Micky Molvasney leaped headlong out, and dodged behind Hacks as the door opened, fully expecting to see his major, whom he was so anxiously dodging. He gaped with relief as he saw that it was only Grandy.

But Hacks & Co. weren't released. Grandy of the Shell was the picture of stizzam wizzam.

"Caught you, haro!" he roared.

"Mind your own business, blow you!" exclaimed Crooks, backing away as he spoke, however.

"Smokes!" roared Grandy, pointing as smoking forefinger at the cigarettes scattered on the floor. "I thought you'd have kept an eye on you, ye bewties. Smokes! Canda, iss, I dun say! Ain't you jolly well ashamed of yerself?"

"Get out, bang you!"

"I've come to stop this!" shouted Grandy. "You don't know what's due to the good name of this school. I'm going to teach you. It's time to see you mixed up in a game of this kind, Molvasney meant. I'd never have thought of you."

"Ye silly dump—" began Micky indignantly.

"Enough said! I'm going to hit the lot of you!" said Grandy.

The black sheep exchanged fierce glances. These were fair of them. But Grandy was so big and so muscular that he was probably a match for the worst quartette together—if they dared to tackle him. But they didn't. Grandy's four-poster-looker porch was not to their taste at all.

Trinkle dodged out of the doorway, but Grandy was too quick for him. He never had a chance to get away as he flew under the fat Forest-Forester west shooting forward, and there was a series of dismal howls, accompanied by heavy bumps, as he went rolling down the stair.

"You snort, Hacks!"

"Keep off, you bullyw' fool!" shrieked Aubrey.

"Bullyw'!" exclaimed Grandy. "Me! My hat! I'll teach you to call me a bully, you low-down rascal!"

He made a rush at Hacks. There was an opportunity for Crooks and Scrope to display their friendship by rushing to their comrade's aid. But they didn't. They rushed to the door, each backed, while Grandy was coloring Hacks.

"Down back!" roared Grandy. "I haven't looked you yet!"

"Come and help me!" shrieked Hacks. But Crooks and Scrope went gone!

Hacks struggled bravely in Grandy's powerful grasp, but it was a good deal too powerful for the student of the Shell. He was swung to the door, and Grandy's foot was planted behind him forcibly.

Aubrey Hacks went down the narrow staircase as express speed, yelling.

Grandy turned back into the box-room. Molvasney minor was sitting on a box, regarding him coolly. The jimmies had retired to their niches, and he dared his escape, but he was not afraid of Grandy.

"Your turn now!" announced Grandy.

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"Go and shut 'em, ye gossamer!" answered Micky disdainfully. "Do you think you can handle me like those spalpeens?"

"I fancy so! You're going through it!" said Grundy. "I'm surprised at you, Malverney miser, for joining in this kind of game!"

"Ye silly swamp!" howled Micky. "I didn't come here to stooge!"

"I'm afraid appearances are against you, said Grundy. "Well, I'm ready to bet your ears, if you like, if we get up. You can explain, if you like."

Micky Malverney gave a snort of utter disdain.

"Mean excuses to you? Who are you, istirely?" he asked. "A silly, intemperate, overgrown son of a bog-rotter, bedad!" said our hero.

That reply was quite enough for George Alfred. He rushed as the junior from Tipperary, and grasped him. But Malverney miser was made of different stuff from Backo & Co. He returned grasp for grasp, with great energy, and the two walked round the box-room.

"Out you go, with my boot behind you!" roared Grundy.

"Begorra, I'll spill your features for ye intirely, ye howlin' shant!" gasped Micky.

With a terrific effort Grundy swung him out to the landing. But Micky did not let go, and Grundy went with him. The landing was too confined for a battle royal, and the next minute the two were rolling down the stairs together. Backo & Co. had retreated, and the two had the staircase to themselves. With a screech of legs, brains, and leader yells, they came down to the lower passage.

Half a dozen fellows came running up the passage to see what was going on. Grundy and Malverney, dusty and breathless, were still pommeling one another with great energy. Wilkie and Gass, Grundy's chums, collared him, to drag him off, and Tompkins did the same for his steady mate.

"Largo!" roared Grundy, struggling. "I haven't licked him yet!"

"Let go!" howled Malverney miser. "I'm going to smash him!"

"Shut-up!" said Wilkie hastily.

"There's a protest coming!"

"How the prefect!"

"Have youse Malverney major?" called out Dick Julian.

"Oh, here an' hoards!" ejaculated Malverney miser.

The din had brought a protest on the steps, and it happened to be Malverney major. Micky looks away from Tompkins, and hid up the passage.

"Stop!" roared the Sixth-Former, pronouncing his minor as he did. "Stop him! Come back, you young rascal!"

But Micky Malverney was deaf to the voice of the chairman. He rushed on, heading for the nearest corner; but just as he reached it Backo and Crooke appeared there.

"Stop him!"

Backo and Crooke collared Malverney miser at once. Micky was struggling to escape when his major arrived and clapped a hand on his shoulder.

"You young rascal!" exclaimed the prefect. "I've been looking for you everywhere!"

"Have you really, bedad!" asked Micky, with an air of great innocence.

"He was hiding in the box-room," said Backo.

"Ye swakin' worm!" muttered Malverney miser.

Malverney stood at his minor.

"You young idiot!" he said. "What have you been hiding for?"

"Oh, go awa!" said the junior sneeringly. "I'm in for it for it now!" THE GUN DISASTER.—No. 56.

Have you got your sashput, or am I to come to your study?"

"You young man! I wasn't going to let you disturb the major, was I?"

"Begorra! Then what for did ye want me, intirely?" exclaimed the minor indignantly. "Fright for did ye make me dodge ye a whole two hours, bedad!"

Malverney laughed.

"It's about Uncle O'Toole comin' here to-morrow, you young scallawag!" he said. "Come along to my study!"

With an expression of some disgust upon his face Micky Malverney followed his brother downstairs. He had taken it for granted that a liking was in prospect, perhaps knowing what he deserved. As the two came downstairs Tom Merry & Co. came in from the quadrangle. They had finished looking for Malverney miser in Rykoonde, having searched Mrs. Murphy's tart.

"Shut Jove! Hook is the young scallawag!" exclaimed D'Arcy.

"Sorry we couldn't find your minor, Malverney," said Gardner smoothly. "We went down to Rykoonde, but he wasn't there."

"Well, I've found him," said the prefect. "Never mind!"

And Middlesley minor was scratched off.

CHAPTER 3.

A POUNDIAL PROTEST.

"HAD it bed?"

Tom Merry asked that question sympathetically about half an hour later as he came on Micky Malverney in the Fourth Form passage. Micky's behavior with his major was over, and he looked dejected to the last degree.

"Oh! Ochoone!" he said dourly.

"Licked?" asked Micky lewther.

"Ochoone! Oh, dear! Sure, it's too bad!" said Micky dourly. "It's too rotten intirely!"

"It's a disadvantage to have a brother in the Sixth," remarked Manners agreeably. "Clear up! Look here, we've got jam for tea! Come in and help us!"

But even that kind offer did not cause the clouds to disperse from Micky's brow. He seemed plunged into the depths of the mire.

The Terrible Three walked him up the passage to their study. They were sympathetic, and they considered that the unhappy victim would feel better after tea; Micky yielded gratefully, and he sat in the armchair in No. 15 while the chums of the Shell prepared an unusually handsome spread. There was jam again, after a fashion in that article; there were pickles from a tin, and plums from a bottle. Altogether, it was rather good for war-time, and the Shell fellows thought that would console Micky if anything could.

"Ho in, bid!" said Tom Merry hospitably. "Pull up your chair! Feel a bit better now!"

"Sure, and it's a miserable taste I am!" said Micky. "It's hot bed!"

"Still feeling the pain?" asked Manners.

"Oh! What pain?"

"What pain! Haven't you been felled?" demanded Manners in astonishment.

"Licked! No!"

"You'ven't haven't?" exclaimed the Terrible Three together.

"Not at all! I say, those pickles are good!" said Micky. "Thank ye intirely for askin' me to try; there was little enough in my study. That see Tompkins left the cupboard unlocked, and somebody pushed our chums and butter—Trimbles, most likely!"

The Shell fellows looked at Micky in a rather peculiar way. It was under the

supposition that he had had a severe licking that they had asked him to tea. Micky did not seem to observe their expression, however. He tucked into the pickles with hearty appetite in spite of his delectful looks.

"If you haven't been licked, what were you gossamin' about, then?" asked Tom Merry at last.

"It's too bad intirely!" said Micky.

"Sure, see Uncle O'Toole is coming to St. Jim's to-morrow!"

"Nothing to great about in that, I should think. I've seen your Uncle O'Toole, and he looks like an old sport."

"He's as good as gold!"

"Well, then—"

"He's fond of me!" said Micky leghysterically.

"No accounting for tastes! But if he's fond of you, and he's coming to see you, that's nothing to howl about, is it?"

"Sure, you don't understand! The odd boy is going to stay at St. Jim's a few days, as a guest of the Head!"

"Well!"

"And whin ye goes he's going to take me with him."

"For a holiday?"

"Necess! For good!"

"Oh, I see!" said Tom.

"Sure, he's a brith av a bog, he is intirely," said Micky; "and I like him up and! But I don't want to leave St. Jim's, with the factor coming on, and all. And how will Tompkins get on without me? He gets obnoxious an' end now; and, sure, his life won't be worth living with me gone! Backo's got a down-bill, and what'll he do when I'm not here to punch Backo's nose? And—and—and I don't want to leave St. Jim's!"

The Terrible Three were sympathetic again at once. They could hardly understand what any St. Jim's fellow would not want to leave.

"You would send you here!" asked Tom.

"No; no matter what me, of course!"

"Then your uncle can't take you away if you don't want to go, can he?"

"No-no! But he will expect me to want to go; and he's such a brith av a boy that a fellow won't like to refuse!" growled Micky. "It's a case of 'Nobblime oblige,' as Gray says. You see, Uncle O'Toole likes me so and, and I'm down in his mill, and he's going to have me home and have a tussle for me."

"Oh-ho!" said Lewther. "And if you offend him you get pushed out of the mill. Is that it?"

Micky gave a snort.

"That's not it! Do you think I care about his money? Sure, I hope the odd boy will live to be a thousand years old!"

"It's his life that's the matter; it will be a good thing for me; and so it will in one way. But I don't want to go home; I don't want to have a letter; I don't want to leave St. Jim's! What I want is to get into the junior dorm."

"I see!"

"But after all his kindness I can't throw him in his face!" growled Micky. "How could a chap do it, intirely?"

"Suppose you tell him, quietly but firmly, that you appreciate his offer so and so, but you want to stay here," suggested Tom Merry.

"Micky shook his head.

"Tippin' about his feelings," he said. "You would offend me in his place on holiday, and I like it well enough; and I get on with him rippingly. I can't tell him I don't want to go for good. I wouldn't wound him for anything. But—but sure, I want to stay at St. Jim's, intirely! I wish he'd ask my major instead of me! But, ye fear! Me major's a colossus of a ferg!"

The Terrible Three smiled. Micky

Melvany was a cheerful youth, and probably it was his unobscurable high spirits that commended him to his uncle. It was impossible not to be cheerful where Micky was. Doubtless the happy-go-lucky youth brought a great deal of sunshine into the old barkeeper's gloomy hours when he was there. And to be the favorite nephew and heir of a rich old gentleman was not a bad prospect. A good many fellows would have jumped at it. But Melvany minor had no eye for the main chance. He was happy at St. Jim's, among his schoolboy friends, and he wanted to remain.

"I'll tell you what," said Monty Lovelace. "You Trade O'Tools seems rather attached to you."

"You?" grinned Micky. "Maks him unattached, or semi-detached," suggested Lovelace. "Put an unworldly look, take to poetry and theologianism, look as miserable as a politician who has lost his salary. Your uncle will get fed up with that before long."

Micky Melvany grinned. "Nere, he would," he assented. "But I can't be miserable if I try. Sure, I can't help being jolly all day long. I couldn't be any more for more than ten minutes at the most, and that wouldn't be long enough."

"What does your major say about it?" asked Tom.

"He's adding me to jump at it," said Micky. "Sure, it's a good thing for me. I know that. He's been warrin' not to be very careful and on the good behavior, and keep in nanky's good graces while he's stayin' here, in case he changes his mind. He says it's very spot if I play any of my tricks on the odd days."

"Wig you young waulang?" said Tom Merry earnestly. "Do you ever play tricks on your uncle?"

"Well, I have," admitted Micky, "and his wig is a great temptation indivvly. But I've always left his wig alone. But sure, Lovelace, w'ra idna's worth thegyp. I'll try to be serious when Uncle O'Tools comes, and get him in low spirits. Then he'll be glad to go away without me. But here on a chap be serious when there's nothing to be serious about! I'll tell you what. Have you been doing any more jokes for the 'Weeky'?"

"Eh? I've just finished my comic columns," said Monty Lovelace.

"And it is to go."

"What for?"

"I'll get it in no time, and look at it every once and then," said Melvany minor, "and every time I look at it, ere, it will keep me serious."

"You cheeky one!" roared Monty Lovelace, jumping up, while Tom Merry and Manners chuckled.

"Thanks for the tip," said Micky, retreating to the door. "You'd best see that comic column, Lovelace!" He opened the door.

"I've had you a thick one!" roared Lovelace.

Melvany minor hurriedly retired from the study. Monty Lovelace glared at his grinning chum.

"I don't see anything to chuckle at in that lug's cheek!" he exclaimed warmly.

"You wouldn't, old chap," grinned Manners.

"Is there anything serious about my comic columns?" demanded Lovelace.

"Lots!—I mean, not at all!"

"Fiddling?"

"None!"

"I'll read you my last jocket," said Lovelace, fumbling in his pocket. "It's a real good one, about German hair-dressers."

Tom Merry and Manners left off snif-

ing at once. They assumed expressions of patient resignation, and Monty Lovelace, instead of reading out his latest jocket, gave a snort.

CHAPTER 4.

A Rank Fallout.

"**B**AI Jove! Is anythin' the matter, dear boy?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, in quite a tone of alarm.

It was the following afternoon, and Arthur Augustus had come on Melvany minor of the Fourth standing in the gateway with a most legible expression on his face.

Micky Melvany seemed to be trying to look as utterly miserable as is possibly could.

He sighed as he glanced at the swell of St. Jim's, such to D'Arcy's advertisement. He had never been heard to sigh before.

"Are you ill?" asked Gussy.

"Is life worth living?" asked Melvany minor, in response.

"Yas, wathah!"

"Fadh, and I agree with you," said Melvany minor, whose irritable propensity to practical jokes did not commend him to Arthur Augustus. But now Gussy was very sympathetic.

"Do you feel the wathins very much, dear boy?"

"Oh, neither the wathins!" said Micky.

"Do I look miserable?"

"Yas, wathah!"

"Right down in the dumps?"

"Yas."

"Good!" said Melvany minor unexpectedly. "That's what I want. Nere, I'm wathin' here for me uncle; he's comin' the 'Weeky'."

"You want to look miserable when your uncle comes?" ejaculated Arthur Augustus, in great astonishment.

"That's his job!"

"But Jove! That is a very extraordinary idea! Is that your uncle?"

asked D'Arcy, as he observed a stout, redly-faced, gold-lamoured-looking old gentleman walking up the road from Ryecroft.

Micky glanced out at the gateway.

"Yas," he answered. "That's me Uncle O'Tool."

He composed his face into an expression as expressive as possible.

"But Jove! You should really try to look a little lighthearted than that to meet your uncle, Melvany."

Micky shook his head.

"Indeed, what's that on your jacket, D'Arcy?" he enquired.

"Is there anythin' on my jacket?" asked Arthur Augustus seriously.

"Fray brush it off. I shall be very much obliged to you."

Micky Melvany passed his hand over the back of D'Arcy's beautiful dinner-table jacket. There was nothing to brush off, so a matter of fact, and Arthur Augustus was kindly ignorant that Micky attached a fish-book there, and that to the fish-book was attached the tail of a kite.

The swell of St. Jim's walked away across the quadrangle with the kite-tail dangling behind him, unconscious of that extraordinary advertisement.

There was a loud cheer from Figgins & Co., who were standing at a little distance, as they spotted Gussy's advertisement.

Arthur Augustus glanced round at them, and walked on lightly. The kite-tail fluttered noisily behind him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from some flag of the Third Force.

D'Arcy looked at them.

His young brother Wally was among them, and roaring with laughter. The swell of St. Jim's frowned. He could see that the advertisement was directed towards

himself, though he could not guess why.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

After a majestic frown at the yelling flag, Arthur Augustus walked on, his nose a little higher than usual.

Goodies followed him on all sides as the kite-tail wagged behind him.

"But Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "This is really extraordinary! Can there be anything unusual in my appearance to excite this worrisome visibility? Tom Mowry, dear boy!"

The Terrible Three had come out of the School House, and D'Arcy hailed them.

"Hallo, old top!" said Tom. "What's all that yelling about? Some joke or?"

"I really do not know, Tom Mowry. I am very surprised. Can you see anything about me to excite this diabolical misbehavior?"

"Only your face," said Lovelace blandly.

"Weally, you are—"

"Blessed if I can!" said Tom, grunted. "But everybody seems to be going off like an alarm-clock."

"I regard it as waste and incomprehensible!" said Arthur Augustus earnestly, and he walked on. Then the Terrible Three saw the kite-tail, and they roared.

Arthur Augustus spun round, the kite-tail whirling round with him, and he became up to the knees with a very bright-colored colour. Mr. Radkin's voice called from his study window.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the three.

"You wath again?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, wath!"

Arthur Augustus swung round again, and walked on the kite-tail sticking behind him, amid shrieks of mirth. As he came up to the House with a very bright-colored colour, Mr. Radkin's voice called from his study window.

"D'Arcy!"

"Yas, sir!" said Arthur Augustus, turning towards the Housemaster's window with another whisk of the kite-tail.

"What is that absurd thing attached to your jacket?" exclaimed Mr. Radkin severely. "Surely, D'Arcy, you know that you should not be guilty of such absurdities!"

"Muss-muss-my jacket, sir?" stammered D'Arcy. "There is nothin' on my jacket, sir, that I am aware of."

"Oh!" said Mr. Radkin, smiling slightly. "Doubtless it has been fastened without your knowledge. Take it off."

"But-but where is it, sir?" stammered Arthur Augustus, scanning off he could see of his jacket in great bewilderment.

"It is fastened behind, D'Arcy," said Mr. Radkin. And he retreated from his window.

"Oh, but Jove!"

Arthur Augustus groped wildly behind him, and found the fishhook fast, and gave a howl.

"Yavvoooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tom Mowry, you cockin' daffad, take this thing off my jacket, you stink!"

"I do not regard this as necessary!"

exclaimed Arthur Augustus in great wrath.

Tom Merry, laughing, detached the fish-hook and the kite-tail. Arthur Augustus jerked his offended manhood into his eye, and stared at them.

"Great Scott! I misapprehend you!" he gasped. "That stick with Melvany minor stuck that howling thing to me when he was pretending to brush my jacket!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It is not a laughin' matter, you daffad! I am gah' to give him a football!"

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thrashed!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus, in towering wrath.

"He rushed you to the gates."
"Malvasey, you wicked wretch!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Micky, in great enjoyment. "Knock off, you possum! Only a joke, bud! You'd laugh yourself if you knew how funny you looked!" Ha, ha, ha!

Malvasey's anger was doubled up with mortification. He had forgotten all about his uncle in his enjoyment of Arthur Augustus' wretched exhibition in the grand hall. The swell of St. Jim's pushed back his ears, and advanced upon the disrespectful practical joker.

"You ought not! I am gain' to thrash you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Micky Malvasey, still roaring, leaped into the road. He backed into the red-faced gentleman who had just reached the gate. Mr. O'Toole dropped his hand on his nephew's shoulder and stopped him.

"What's all this?" he asked, with a smile.

"Oh, begorra!" gasped Micky. "He misapprehended his uncle there. Arthur Augustus dropped his wretched hands at once."

"Nothing," sir," he said, raising his cap respectfully. "Only one of Malvasey's little jokes, sir!"

"Which was really very polite of the young gent."

Mr. O'Toole laughed.
"The same young rascal as ever, I suppose," he said, shaking his nephew playfully. "Always at his little jokes, and always as heavy as a sack."

Micky Malvasey's face was a study for a moment. The diabolical looks with which he had intended to greet his uncle had been a weak, blushing, orange in his countenance. He was rather too late now to think of assuming a woe-begone appearance. Uncle O'Toole had looked him—as he generally looked him—as merry as a lark; and Malvasey's anger gave up for good the idea of being serious.

CHAPTER 5.
A Very Good Job!

UNCLE O'TOOLE attracted a good deal of attention at St. Jim's during the following day or two. He had certainly won a jolly old gentleman, and his hearty laugh was very good to hear. He was the Head's guest, but the juniors saw a great deal of him, owing to his affectionate interest in Micky and his youthful friends. He came down to see the fence practice; he visited the studies; he looked in at the Common room, and everywhere he was greeted with smiling respect. It was clear, as Jack Blake remarked, that Uncle O'Toole had been a boy himself in his time.

As a matter of fact, Mr. O'Toole was a good deal of a boy yet, in spite of his sixty years. He liked to have young faces about him, which helped him to keep young. He was immensely tickled by his nephew's humorous tone, which led him to play practical jokes on his schoolfellows—the incident of the white rabbit in D'Arcy's Sunday topper, and the treacle in Malvasey's saucer's socks, made him mad, though these incidents had not appeared to the victims as particularly humorous. In fact, Malvasey's saucer was hardly to be restrained from sniggering his merry snigger when he put his feet into the treacle; and Arthur Augustus viewed with vengeance when he found the rabbit in his topper. But to Uncle O'Toole the humorous side was what he liked and treacle in his own socks might not have seemed so funny to him.

That consideration occurred to Malvasey's mind. He was rather unfortunate in being his uncle's favorite to such an extent; the more the old gentleman saw him the better he liked him; and with one actually confiding Mr. O'Toole's kind-hearted offer, Micky was booked to leave St. Jim's when Mr. O'Toole's visit came to an end.

Much as he liked his kind uncle, that prospect did not please Malvasey's mind; and Tom Merry & Co. considered, with some amazement, what would be the outcome.

Micky Malvasey looked into Tom Merry's study a couple of days after his uncle's arrival with a grin on his ruddy face.

"Can you find me some socks?" he asked. "Some—what?" exclaimed Tom.

"I dare say there's some in the chimney!" answered Tom Merry. "But what on earth do you want sock for?"

"To please me uncle!"
Micky took up the poker, and began to rake in the chimney. A good deal of soot came down into the grate, and some upon Micky himself. The Shell fellows watched him in surprise.

"I suppose your uncle doesn't want any socks!" said Mammae.

"No; but he's going to get 'em! Here, I'm going to fix up a boot-trap in his room!" explained Micky.

"To catch your uncle?" yelled Lowthor.

"Yes!"

"Well, my lad!"
"You see, my uncle's a humorous old gent," said Micky. "He likes practical jokes no end. You should have heard him once at the house when he heard about the treacle in the major's socks!"

"He won't like practical jokes at his own expense," said Tom Merry warningly. "Nobody ever does, however humorous he may be. The thing's quite different."

"Think so?" asked Micky.
"I'm quite sure of it!"

"But think how funny it will be, a bag of soot dropping on his paper!" urged Malvasey's mind.

"Fussy enough—but not for him! He'll cut you out of his will!" said Mammae.

"How now!"

"I should think he would scold you!" said Tom Merry.

"Not if I explain that I did it to amuse him," said Malvasey's mind. "Sure, it's me duty to entertain the old gentleman while he's here!"

"You young ass—"
"Thanks for the sock!" said Micky, collecting it in a paper bag. "I've got some from me own chimney and some from Talbot's, and I think there'll be enough to trim Uncle O'Toole into a rag!"

The Fourth-Former left the study, leaving the Terrible Three staring.

"Well," said Tom Merry, "if that young ass thinks that his uncle will appreciate humor of that kind he's making a big mistake!"

A few minutes later Arthur Augustus looked in, with a frown upon his aristocratic face.

"I really think that young ass Malvasey ought to be wretched!" he said. "He is in my study collecting sock for his uncle. I have wretcheded with him, and he is only grins. Somebody ought to interfere!"

"Oh, let him rip!" said Mammae Lowthor. "Perhaps the old gentleman will enjoy it—perhaps!"

"I regard it as disrespectful! I have suggested to Blake to wretched him, and Blake only said 'Waste!' If you fellows

will back me up, we will colish the young ass and stop him!"

"My dear lad, you've no time for teaching masters to the Fourth," said Lowthor. "They're a hopeless crowd, in any case!"

"Waddy, Lowthor, you are awch that I am in the Fourth! I warged your wretched as disappawgint!"

"Oh ho!"

"And I really think you should not encourage Malvasey's wretch in those proceedings!" said Arthur Augustus sternly. "I would colish him myself and stop him, only I am afraid of making my colish wretched. I wretch that I think you fellows ought to colish him and stop him!"

"What about our colisher?" demanded Mammae.

"Bei Jove! I never thought of that! However, you are wretched wretched in any case, and it would not wretch very much!"

"Am!"

"Waddy, Mammae—"

"Talking of jokes," said Mammae Lowthor, "I've got one here that I've wretched into my comic column—"

"But we were not waddy of jokes, Lowthor," said Arthur Augustus in surprise.

"Lowthor means that he's going to tell us the joke," said Mammae wretchedly.

"Go ahead, Mammae! Get through it!"

"Mercy!" answered Tom Merry.

"Look here," said Lowthor wretchedly, "if you sily choose—"

"Fwy proceed, Lowthor!" said Arthur Augustus, chipping in with his usual long-winded courtesy. "I shall be very pleased to hear it!"

"You've got some sense, Gusty," said Lowthor, and he gave his sixty-pieces a swirl, and transferred his attention to the swell of the Fourth. "It's really a good one, though I say it myself. You'll be able to see it—you've got some brains."

"Fwy go on, dear boy!"

"Who do so many Germans in England become hairdressers?" asked Lowthor.

"I really do not know, Lowthor. I thought you were gain' to tell me a joke," said Arthur Augustus, surprised.

"That's the joke," explained Lowthor. "It's in the form of a conundrum."

"Oh, I see it, dear boy!"

"Why do so many Germans in England become hairdressers?" repeated D'Arcy thoughtfully.

"Yes—why?"

"I am afraid I shall have to give it up."

"Because they're a barbarous race," said Lowthor.

"Oh!"

"A barbarous race."
"I am quite awch that the Germans are a barbarous wretch, Lowthor, but I really do not see why that should make them become hairdressers. Hairdressing is a very respectable occupation."

Tom Merry and Mammae checked. They had seen the joke, such as it was; but it had not dashed upon the mighty intellect of Arthur Augustus.

"Barbarous—barbaric!" explained Lowthor laboriously. "When they become hairdressing, they become barbarous, don't they?"

"I presume so."
"When they are barbarous, they barbur us, don't they?"

"I should certainly not allow them to barbur me, Lowthor. I should gladly wretch to be barburd by a German."
"I mean, speaking in a general way," said the hapless pastor. "If you go to a barber, he barbur you, doesn't he?"

"Yes, that is very true."
"Well, then, they become hairdressers because they are a barber us race," said Lowthor.

He ran to Study No. 4 in the Fourth. He found Malvany miser there, with his study-mate, Clarence York Tompkins.

"Malvany, you chouse—!" gasped Tom.

Micky glanced at him sharply.

"Anythin' up?" he asked.

"You young idiot! Didn't you hear the raps?"

"Sure. I thought since was a row!" said Malvany, with a nod. "Has any more found out?"

"Yes, and Mr. Raiften knows it was you, and he wants you in his study!"

"Bedad, and I'll go if he wants me!"

"Better put some exercise-books in your traps," said Tompkins. "It will be a swindling at least!"

"It's a duffer ye are, Tompkins! Sure, I'm not going to be arrested for trying to please my teacher! Where's the justice of that?"

"You'll get a jolly good licking!" said Tom Merry. "And I must say it across you right, you fool!"

"Scurry, you'll see!"

Malvany's manner was quite serene as he made his way to Mr. Raiften's study downstairs. He found the Headmaster looking more Rhadamanthian than ever.

"You sit for me, now!" said Micky meekly.

"I sent for you, Malvany minor!" said Mr. Raiften in deep tones. "Someone has told a trap for your study, Mr. O'Toole, in his room, and he has been arrested in sock. You were seen to go there."

"Yes, sorr."

"You admit your guilt, Malvany minor?"

"Certainly, sorr!"

"You played this student out, this atrocious trick upon your uncle, a great of your headmaster?" thundered Mr. Raiften.

"Yes, sorr!" said Micky cheerfully. "I hope the good gentleman is enjoying it, sorr!"

"Is that meant for impertinence, Malvany minor?"

"Not at all, sorr! Me uncle is fond of jokes, sorr, and he's no end amused by a good practical joke, sorr!" and he winked impudently.

"You were seen to go there, sorr!"

Mr. Raiften stared at the junior Micky.

"Yes—yes—you suppose that your uncle will be pleased at being swindled with sport?" he ejaculated.

"Being so fond of jokes, sorr, and his uncle is fond of 'em!" said Micky.

"You'll hear your laughing over it no end, sorr!"

"Blame my soul!" said Mr. Raiften, quite taken aback. "I really hardly know how to deal with you, Malvany minor. Your uncle is naturally very angry."

Micky shook his head.

"That's not his tem, sorr!" he said confidently. "Now, he'll look on it as the joke of the season, sorr! Ask him, sorr!"

Mr. Raiften eyed the junior oddly. But Malvany minor seemed full of cheery confidence.

"I will not punish you, Malvany minor, till I have spoken to your uncle on the subject," said the Headmaster at last. "You will remain in this study for the present. I will ask Mr. O'Toole to come here when he has removed the stool."

"Very well, sorr!"

"You say an' down!"

"Thank you, sorr!" said Micky cheerfully.

He sat down, looking as if he hadn't a worry in the world upon his word. The puzzled Headmaster called in a fax and sent a message to Mr. O'Toole. It was a good half-hour before the Irish

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gentleman presented himself in the Headmaster's study, looking zany except and perturbed, so to speak. His face was crimson with rubbing, but there were still traces of soot about his eyes—reason that the bald gentleman took an extra wig with him when travelling, in case of accidents—which was very fortunate under these circumstances.

If Mr. O'Toole was enjoying the joke at his expense his looks belied him. To judge by appearance, he was feeling quite nervous.

"Mr. Raiften," he exploded as he came in, "this outrage—"

"The perpetrator is here, sir," said the Headmaster.

Mr. O'Toole jumped.

"Not Micky—not my nephew?"

"He has confessed it."

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"Howdy Mussy!" ejaculated Mr. O'Toole. "I beg your pardon! I mean goodness gracious! Micky, you young scoundrel—"

"Sure, and ye're not angry wid me, uncle avrak?" asked Micky.

"What! You maad—you scoundrel—you spalpeen—!" spluttered Uncle O'Toole. "What do you mean by it? Swindling your uncle wid sock trolly!"

"Sure, it was a joke, uncle—"

"What! What!"

"What's it funny?" demanded Micky.

"Fanny!" gasped Mr. O'Toole.

"Fanny! Did you say fanny?"

"Sure, and I did, uncle! As funny as potter, the trouble into me major's sock, trolly!" said Malvany minor.

"Why don't ye laugh, trolly?"

"Tough!" muttered his uncle. "L-l-l laugh!"

"It's hein' yere sense of humour ye are, sock!" said Micky sweetly.

"Sure, if it had happened to someone else ye'd have roared!"

"Blame my soul!" reassured Mr. O'Toole, perhaps struck by that remark.

"You—you're kiddin' young maad! Haven't ye any sense?"

"Sure, I've a sense of humour, uncle, and it's often and often that ye've complimented me on it!"

Mr. O'Toole broadened his eyes.

"The hein' a fool!" he said. "A fool intrinsically! Mr. Raiften, if it is not asking too much, I'd like to beg the young rascal off in this occasion. He's a fool—a born fool!"

"As the injured party, sir, you have a right to ask that your nephew should go, scoundrel," said Mr. Raiften dryly.

"It is as you desire."

Mr. O'Toole turned to his nephew.

"Get out!" he said briefly.

Micky obediently left the study. But he turned in the doorway.

"Uncle avrak, aren't ye pleased!" he asked.

Mr. O'Toole made a movement towards him, with an expression that made Micky avoid the passage without waiting for an answer. Apparently Uncle O'Toole, for once, was not pleased with his favourite nephew.

CHAPTER 7.

Sticking to It!

TOM MERRY & CO. were on the football ground the following day when Mr. O'Toole came along.

School House juniors were playing New Home, and Tom had given Malvany minor a place in his team, partly on his own account and partly to please the distinguished visitor.

Micky was a very good tack, and Harris cheerfully consented to stand on the sidelines, Harris intending to take his brother, Tommie, for a run. Micky rushed to meet his uncle, and conducted him to the ground in the most dutiful way.

Uncle O'Toole had apparently forgiven, if not forgotten, the episode of the sock, and took Micky into favour again.

"Don't let me keep you, if you're in the team, the boy," said Mr. O'Toole gently.

"They're not kickin' off for a few minutes," said Micky. "The referee's not there yet; it's Lafferre of the Fifth. I've got a chair for you here, uncle—an elegant camp-stool I've brought for you."

"It's good bed ye are, Micky!"

Mr. O'Toole sat down on the camp-stool, where he had a good view of the junior ground.

Micky remained with his uncle till Lafferre of the Fifth was in sight, coming down from the Hoops.

He entertained Mr. O'Toole with a story of a job which made the old gentleman chuckle with great amusement.

According to Micky, he had provided a sightseer with a camp-stool on one occasion upon which he had carefully assessed sections, so that when the visitor rose the stool rose with him, and he carried it around with him. That humorous incident struck Mr. O'Toole as very funny indeed, and he chuckled loud and long.

"Malvany?" shouted Tom Merry from the distance.

"Sure, I'm coming!"

Micky cut off to join the footballers.

Mr. O'Toole looked on with keen interest from the kick-off, and he saw a good game, both School House and New Home seniors being in high fettle.

Flintie, a C. J. Mackay's half, hit the School House half their own, and it was Tibbot of the Shell who scored first. Close on the interval, however, Flintie put the ball in for the New Hoops.

Thus the whistle went, and the game stopped for the brief rest. Micky Malvany looked towards his uncle with a very queer expression.

Apparently Mr. O'Toole was still seated where he had left him, in

great good-humour, and Micky hurried to rejoin him.

"A good game, Micky—very good for junior football!" said Mr. O'Toole genially. "And ye've played up well yourself."

"My little best," said Micky modestly. "You remember what I was like? You, crackle quick, about the sticky camp-stool—"

"Ha, ha! You!"

"Don't you think it was a funny trick, crackle?"

"Ha, ha! You're a hothe of a boy, Micky!" said Mr. O'Toole. "It was the best, but please all boys will be boys."

"And if you'd been the gentleman concerned, you wouldn't have been wacky inside!" asked Micky.

"I hope I should be able to take a joke, my boy."

"Sure, I'm glad to hear it, crackle, because you are the gentleman concerned," said Malvaney minor.

"What?"

"Here, that's the stool ye're sitting on now!"

"What-a-ut?"

Mr. O'Toole's expression suddenly changed.

"This—this—what—"

"And sure the stooling will be set, and as hard as ever by this time, and I wish ye'll show get that stool off ye, crackle."

"Yes young scoundrel!" roared Mr. O'Toole.

"Phew!"

The old gentleman leaped to his feet. The camp-stool leaped with him; the scoundrel had done its deadly work, and that camp-stool was as securely fastened to Mr. O'Toole's garments as if it had been strewed there.

Micky backed away.

"Heads avick!"

"Howly smoke, but I'll thank you till ye can't crawl!" roared the enraged old gentleman. "Ye horn fool—ye blathering scoundrel!"

"But you said it was funny, and you could take a joke. Oh, howly rather ay Hoss!" ejaculated Micky, dangling his neck.

"Recked there once the whistling!" Malvaney minor rushed back to the footerfield.

Mr. O'Toole rushed after him in breathless fury; but the whistle was gone, and the game restarting, and he could not rush among the footballers. He stopped, gasping with wrath.

"There's a bowl of mischief from the footerfield!"

The sight of the camp-stool dangling behind Mr. O'Toole sent them into a roar. The old gentleman made a furious clutch at it, but it was too well staked to come off. He wrenched and wrenched, in vain.

"I'll rather him—I'll rather him—I'll I'll I'll—"

Words failed Malvaney's words.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from the crowd. For the moment the battle between School House and New House was forgotten; all eyes were upon Mr. O'Toole. The excited Irish gentlemen, struggling frantically to free the camp-stool, was the centre of attention.

"Come and help me, somebody!" shouted Mr. O'Toole. "Phew are ye looking at intently! Help me, I tell ye!"

Some of the fellows, brought up with laughter, rushed to his aid. Dick Jahan and Deane and Corvay wrestled the stool, and wrenched at it. They wrenched hard, but the stool did not come off; but the wrench upon Mr. O'Toole, who staggered and reeled on the ground.

"O'G, gad!" said O'Casey. "Sorry, ah!"



The Attempt to Place Micky Goes Wrong!
(See Chapter I.)

"Begorra! I'll skin him!" shrieked Mr. O'Toole.

"Tink the blessed three of 'em!" gasped Jahan, seeing the legs of the stool again.

"All right, sir, it's coming!"

There was a sound of reading; but it was not the camp-stool that was being read. Jahan ceased his efforts hurriedly.

"B-b-better keep it on, and get it down, or—" he said very hastily.

Mr. O'Toole, almost suffocating with wrath, abandoned to his foes. He realized that, under the circumstances, the camp-stool had better not be yanked off in public; and with a biting face he started for the School House at a run. The sight of the scoundrel-headed gentleman sprinting for the House, with the camp-stool dangling behind, made the junior shriek. Even the footballers were yelling.

"Tink!" Malvaney minor of the Sixth met his uncle in the quad, and stopped dead in sheer amazement.

"Uncle, what's the matter? What—"

Mr. O'Toole brushed him aside and rushed on, leaving the Sixth-Fourer gaping. But as he looked after him Malvaney major understood. The Irish gentleman wrenched into the House at express speed, and there was a roar and a crash, as he met Haggerty Trivels of the Fourth in the doorway. Trivels was just coming out; but he went in instead, as if a cannonball had struck him.

Mr. O'Toole reeled from the collision, and Trivels spun away and announced his length on the floor, gasping.

"Yerrough!"

"O'G, badd!"

Trivels set up dashedly. Mr. O'Toole, recovering himself, rushed for the big staircase, and went up three at a time. On the first landing Racks and Crooks and Scrape were lounging by the big window, chatting, and the hurried Irish gentleman rushed fully into them. Racks and Crooks did Scrape were roared over the landing, with head down; but Mr. O'Toole did not pause to

give them a glance. He sped away to his own room.

The scoundrel did not part company with Mr. O'Toole until he had removed the garment to which it was attached; and for a good ten minutes anyone within a dozen yards of his room might have heard a furious voice, with a pronounced brogue, making references to Malvaney minor of the Fourth that were inconspicuous in the last degree.

CHAPTER 2.

Four Uncle!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY put his head in at Study No. 4 in the Fourth. The footerfield match was over, with a School House win; and most of the seniors were expecting to see Mr. Toole on the war-path. They were not disappointed. And Arthur Augustus, grossly as he disapproved Malvaney minor's practical joke, had looked in to warn the gaffer.

Micky that his uncle was coming to see him with a stick in his hand.

"Malvaney, you young scoundrel!" he began.

Then he observed that the study was empty.

Malvaney minor was not there, waiting for the wrath to come; he had prudently kept off the scene. The footings of Mr. O'Toole were visible in the passage now, and Arthur Augustus retired.

A good many jokers were following Mr. O'Toole, at a distance, with expectant looks. Mr. O'Toole had a big stick in his hand, and they knew what that stick was for. The old gentleman had forgiven the scoundrel; but he had not definitely not forgiven the scoundrel. Micky Malvaney was going to have a lesson; which, if need be, he admitted, he was ready in need of.

"Now, then, you young wallowing!" exclaimed Mr. O'Toole, as he looked open the study door and strode in.

The moment he was in the study

Mick Maloney emerged into the passage from the next room.

"He slipped along quietly to the door of his own study, and looked in."

"Oh, there you are!" exclaimed his uncle.

"Sure, I'm here, uncle aridh, and there ye are, bedad!" answered Mick, as he jerked the study door shut.

"The key was already in the outside of the lock. Before Mr. O'Toole knew what was happening the key was turned."

He jumped to the door, and shook the handle.

"Have you locked me in, you young rascal?" he threatened.

"You've hit it, begorra!"

"Let me out at once, or I'll skin you!"

"Sure, it's a joke, uncle!"

"What?"

"It's a joke on ye!" chuckled Mick, through the keyhole. "I'll let ye out when I come in. I'm gone down to Kildare now."

Mr. O'Toole gasped.

"Let me out at once, or I'll skin you!" he raved.

"Faith, and I think ye'd skin me if I let ye out, not if I left ye in!" chuckled Maloney again. And he put the key in his pocket and walked away.

There was a wild thumping on the door within. The janitor in the passage simply blinked at Maloney's minor as he ascended along to the stairs.

"You're not going to leave your uncle locked in!" shouted Tom Merry, catching Mick by the shoulder.

Maloney raised his head.

"They not!" he asked.

"You—you—your young idiot! Let him out at once!"

"But sure, it's a joke on him."

"He doesn't sound as if he likes it," grumbled Grady of the Shell. "If I were your uncle, Maloney, I'd walk you."

"Yess, walsh!"

"Let him out, you young ass!" exclaimed Vallet. "You'll have the prefects up here if that row goes on."

"Sure, you made out tell them it's a joke."

"Are you petty?" exclaimed Blake.

Mick Maloney smiled, and walked on, and disappeared down the staircase.

It was evident that he was in earnest, and that his extraordinary joke upon his uncle was to continue.

"Well, my hat!" said Tom Merry.

"That young ass won't be Mr. O'Toole's favorite nephew much longer on this rate."

"Thump, thump, thump!"

"Here comes Kildare—and old Maloney, too."

The two prefects were carrying up the study. Then in by Mr. O'Toole in his nephew's study was deafening. Kildare and Maloney major reached the door of No. 4.

"What's the matter in there?" shouted Kildare angrily.

"Let me out, you mauling!"

"What?"

"Open the door, you rascal!"

"Is that—Mr. O'Toole?" gasped Kildare.

"My uncle!" said Maloney major, in wonder.

"Thump, thump, thump!"

"Open this door! Let me out! My uncle's locked in here! I'll skin him! I'll skin him! Oh, begorra, don't let me get my hands on him!"

"Great Scott!" said Kildare. "The boy's gone! Blake, have you seen Maloney minor?"

"He's gone out, Kildare."

"Gone out? Where?"

"Kildare, I believe."

"Has he taken a walk with him?"

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"Well, he had it in his pocket," grumbled Blake.

"My hat!" Kildare turned to his fellow prefect. "As Mr. O'Toole is your uncle, Maloney, I'll leave this matter in your hands."

And the captain of St. Jim's retired from the scene.

"Thump, thump, thump!"

"Are ye not going to let me out at all, at all?" roared Mr. O'Toole.

"No odds, uncle!" gasped Maloney major. "The young rascal's gone out and taken the key with him."

"I'll skin him!"

"The door can't be opened—"

"I'll—I'll—I'll boll him!"

"Quiet, uncle! The Head will hear!" roared the Sixth-Former, at his wife's end to know what to do.

"I'll have him flogged!"

"Yes, yes; but—"

"I'll skin him!"

"Dude—"

The thumping on the door had ceased, however. Mr. O'Toole realized that it was useless, and that he could not be released till his nephew came in. As soon as he was quiet, Maloney major took his departure, locking quite closed. He felt that his minor was quite beyond him.

In Study No. 4 Mr. O'Toole sat down in the armchair to wait with what patience he could muster. He was not comforted by the sound of frequent shuffles from the passage.

It was nearly two hours later that he heard the sound of a key turning in the lock outside.

Tom Merry, who was sitting in his arm, and grasped his stick. His nephew was coming to get something that he would remember for a long time as soon as the door opened.

Mr. O'Toole approached the door, ready to seize the prefect before he could escape after unlocking it. As the key clicked back, Mr. O'Toole tore the door open without waiting, and sprang out. He gazed the junior outside by the side, open his mouth, and laid on with the stick.

There was a wild yell from the victim.

"You—bump! Oh! Ah! Leave off! Are you—rough—mad?"

It was not Maloney minor!

Mr. O'Toole suddenly ceased to lay on with the stick as he realized that rather important fact.

Shrieks of the Shell wriggled away, and blinked at Mr. O'Toole through his big spectacles in amazement and indignation.

"Sir!" he spluttered.

There was a howl of laughter along the passage. Possibly Mick Maloney had loosened the rascal when he asked the simple Kildare to unlock that door.

Mick was not in sight, however; he was probably loitering at a distance.

"Here, sir!" spluttered Mr. O'Toole.

"I—I thought—"

"How dare you assault me in this extraordinary and unprovoked manner!" howled Skinkole.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I am really very sorry, my boy," gasped Mr. O'Toole. "I—I thought it was my nephew. I—I beg your pardon, Oh, dear!"

"You—no—sir!" said Skinkole.

Mr. O'Toole asked his stick under his arm and hurried away. His feelings were so deep for words. He kept a very sharp eye open for his nephew as he went. But he did not see Maloney minor. What discovery would be a little too nice to be sighted just then.

CHAPTER 9.

Walking Out With Uncle!

"MERRY, you young idiot!"

"Sure, it's polite ye are!"

Tom Merry glared round with a smile. Long ago

over the following day, and Maloney major of the Sixth was waiting for his young brother, when the Fourth and the Shell came out together. The perfect was looking very serious and annoyed.

"I suppose you know that Uncle O'Toole is getting fed up with you!" said Maloney major.

"Not really?" asked Mick.

"If he had found you yesterday I believe he would have skinned you."

"Ochane!"

"You'd find yourself in Queer Street, I warn you, if you play any more of your foul tricks!" growled Maloney major.

"A little more of that, and Uncle O'Toole will leave you here, when he goes, and your chance will be done for."

"You don't say so?" murmured Mick.

"Well, I do say so, and you'd better take it as a tip," said the Sixth-Former.

"New go and get a damn collar on, and try to behave yourself with Uncle O'Toole with him. Wait here till he comes. He will be about a quarter of an hour; he's talking to Ralston now."

"Sure, I'll wait."

"And mind you behave yourself," said Maloney major dramatically.

"Don't always!" demanded Mick, in an injured tone. "Haven't I been behaving myself up ever since he came, bedad?"

"Haven't!" said his elder brother; and he walked away, evidently without much hope that Mick would behave himself.

Mick closed one eye at Tom Merry, as the Sixth-Former departed.

"I want to borrow something of ye," he said.

"Anything up to five bob," said Tom, with a smile.

"Not so. Have ye got a bottle of marking-ink?"

"Yes," said Tom, rather surprised by that question. "There's a bottle half full in my study. You'll find it on the washstand."

"Thank you, old top! I'll borrow it, this."

"Haven't you got to wait here for your uncle?"

"Sure, I'll cross back; but if you see him, tell him I'm coming," said Mick; and he ran into the library.

"That young rascal is up to his ears again," said Monty Leather, with a shake of the head. "What does he want that marking-ink for, Tommy?"

Tom Merry laughed.

"For his uncle, perhaps," he said.

"Hullo!"

The Shell fellows were waiting in the doorway for Maloney, and they observed Mick Maloney coming downstairs.

"Did you find the bottle?" asked Tom.

"Hush!"

"What is there to hush about?" asked the captain of the Shell.

"Not a word!" whispered Mick seriously.

There were several hats on a stand over at hand, and among them was the Henshaw hat favoured by Mr. O'Toole. Mick Maloney cautiously picked it up, gazing round as he did so.

He was busy with it for a few seconds, and a Merry and Monty Leather watched him closely.

The contents of the marking-ink bottle were poured under the inside band of the hat liberally.

Then Mick slipped the empty bottle into his pocket, and carefully pressed back the inside band.

His ostentatious account of purple St. Julian ink was now being behind the

living of the hat, as yet invisible. But a wisp peering out from behind the hat had been long on Mr. O'Toole's head the ink would come through and adorn his forehead and features.

There was a step in the corridor, and Micky hastily picked up the hat-brush, and began to brush the hat.

"Oh, here you are, my boy!" said Mr. O'Toole, as he came up. And it was noticeable that his manner so his favourite nephew was not quite so jovial as of old. Which was really not surprising. The man had gone down upon Mr. O'Toole's wrath. Not since then he had decided to say nothing about the cigarette and the looking-up; but though he said nothing, he thought the more.

"Give I am, uncle avick," said Micky cheerily. "Barr, I'm brooked yere hat for ye, uncle."

"Thank you, Micky!" Mr. O'Toole took the hat, and Micky took his up, and uncle and nephew left the House together. Tom Merry and Lewther looked after them, and then looked at each other.

"My word!" murmured Tom. "Is about ten minutes that blunder ink will be speaking all over his shirt!" murmured Lewther. "The young ass! That isn't the way to treat a rich uncle!"

"It's Melvany's way," said Tom, laughing. "I fancy I can see his little game, too. Mr. O'Toole won't want to take him home with him after a few more experiences of that kind."

"Oh!" said Lewther, and he burst into a laugh. "I see! The deep young villain!"

"He may get out of the old fellow's will at the same time," said Tom, laughing. "But he would never think about that. He has a sense of humour."

"Well, a chap's sense of humor for not having that sort of sense," remarked Lewther. "I shouldn't wonder if that's one reason why the old chap takes to him. But, my fat, what will Mr. O'Toole look like when that ink begins to run down his face?"

"His, ha, ha!" Uncle and nephew passed out of the gates, old Taggles, the porter, giving Mr. O'Toole a rather curious look as he passed his lodge, for a thin streak of purple was already showing on the old gentleman's forehead.

It was a rather warm autumn afternoon, and Mr. O'Toole had a considerable weight to carry, so naturally he grew warm as he walked along the lane to Rykcombe. Little drops of perspiration ran down his forehead; but something else ran down as well, Mr. O'Toole being blithely unconscious of the addition. The warmth of his head helped the marking-ink to ooze through the living of the coat. Finally, when the markings began to appear upon the old gentleman's ruddy face and forehead, and by the time they drew near the village his appearance was very remarkable.

Two or three people they passed in the lane stared at him. Mr. O'Toole in what he could not help thinking was a rade way. Old Mr. Pepper was in his cottage doorway, and he burst into a merry chuckle at the sight of Micky and his uncle. Mr. O'Toole stared at Pepper and frowned; a purple haze that made Edmund Pepper chuckle all the more. With a heightened colour Mr. O'Toole walked on rather quickly.

"How, how, how?" followed him from Mr. Pepper's cottage.

"How my soul," said Uncle O'Toole.

"Who is that man, Micky?"

"Here, he's old Pepper, the village miss, uncle."

"A very bad creature, was it?"

"Yes, he's a regular old croak," said Micky. "Shall I put a stone through his wind?"

"Certainly not!" snapped Mr. O'Toole. "Dear me, there is a boy staring at me! Really—really—"

Grimes, the grocer's boy, of Rykcombe, was coming along from Mr. Bards' shop with a basket on his arm. He stopped as if rooted to the ground, and stared at Mr. O'Toole as if mesmerized. It was not polite, but Grimes simply couldn't help it. He had never seen a gentleman before with a complexion like a sieve. Mr. O'Toole frowned at him majestically; the frown, upon a face streaked with deep purple, had anything but a majestic effect. Grimes gasped.

"Oh, no!"

"Cheeky-ay!" said Micky Melvany indignantly. "Shall I dot him in the eye, uncle?"

"No, no," said Mr. O'Toole hastily.

"The boy is very rude. Really, I am surprised to see such manners in this village. It is not like this in London."

"Barr, pa doesn't care about such a jelly complexion as Ireland!" murmured his dutiful nephew.

"Oh! What did you say, Micky?"

"No-nothing!" No, indeed, here's the vicar!"

Even Micky felt a little dismayed as the party went on. Rykcombe came down the street. Uncle O'Toole had met Mr. Hutton before, and knew him well. The Irish gentleman saluted the vicar politely; but the vicar, instead of returning the salute, looked at him open-eyed.

Mr. Hutton was so astounded that he stood with his mouth open, staring as if transfixed.

Uncle O'Toole's face grew crimson where it was not purple. This find and astounded stare from the vicar put the lid on, so to speak.

"Dear me!" Mr. Hutton found his voice at last. "Is—is that Mr. O'Toole?"

"Yes, remember me, I please!" said Mr. O'Toole quite respectfully.

"My dear, dear sir, we've met!"

"Oh! Certainly not! Do I look ill?" said Uncle O'Toole testily.

"Upon my word, I think you do, sir!" said Mr. Hutton. "Really, I—I should certainly say so! I—I recommended you to see a doctor, at once, Mr. O'Toole. It may be nothing."

"What?"

"Or trench influenza," said the vicar, backing away rather hastily. "Pray excuse me. An appointment. Important."

Mr. Hutton was gone without completing his remarks.

"Goodness, goodness!" said Mr. O'Toole blankly. "Is the man mad? Is it possible that the vicar of this parish is given to indulging in strong liquor? Otherwise, what on this world?"

There was certainly no explanation to be had from Mr. Hutton; he was off so fast that the "appointment" at great speed the "possibility" that Mr. O'Toole's affliction was infectious was enough for him. The old gentleman blinked after him, and then blinked round as a sudden dry chuckle proceeded from Mr. Crump, the village policeman, who was passing. Mr. Crump colored as he met Uncle O'Toole's shifty eyes, and pressed on quickly. From an unclean in the doorway of a shop came a bow!

"Hallo, Jerry face!" Yeh!

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. O'Toole. "Is—is it possible that that dirty little boy is alluding to me?"

"He, he, he! Funny face! Ho, ho!"

"Says, 'I'll kiss him, uncle!' said the dirty little boy."

"No, no! Come on—come on!"

Mr. O'Toole walked on hurriedly, the lavender flush in his face settling off to lavender the streaks of deep purple. His self-consciousness and discomfort increased as he proceeded, for everyone he

passed stared at him, and there was unluckily chuckles and whispered remarks on all sides. The luckless Micky was feeling a little alarmed by this time. But there was nothing he could do. He had done a little too much already.

It had been Mr. O'Toole's kind intention to try his schoolboy nephew into the hat-shop to see. When he reached the hat-shop he was feeling so extremely hot out that he almost hesitated to enter. However, he searched in, and at the same moment caught sight of himself in a large mirror just inside the shop.

Mr. O'Toole jumped at the sight of his reflection, not recognizing it as his own.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, halting suddenly. "What—what—a what a very remarkable complexion that gentleman has! Why—what—who—who—who—?" He recognized his own clothes, if not his own face, and jumped.

For a moment Mr. O'Toole stood staring at his reflection in the mirror, while everyone else in the hat-shop stared at Mr. O'Toole and grinned. The unfortunate victim of the family scene of horror was thunderstruck. But as the wrath burned upon him he removed his hat, and found it slick and clogged inside with fraying marking-ink. Then his grip closed, his walking-stick, and he turned to Micky.

But he was too late! Micky Melvany was fleeing from the wrath to come, and he was proceeding down the village street at a pace he had never exceeded on the under-path. An interview with Mr. O'Toole was the last thing desired just then by his dutiful nephew.

CHAPTER 22.

Only a False Alarm!

"B A L L O V E!"

Arthur Argusmas D'Arcy nearly fell down.

His eyes were closed, and his face remained wide open, fixed in amazement, as a hatless man with a purple face, came in at the school gates with a rush.

It was Mr. O'Toole, but he was hardly recognizable.

His lanky hat remained on the floor in the hat-shop, and Mr. O'Toole had run all the way back bareheaded—save for the marking-ink.

He had hoped to overlook his cheery nephew; but he had's the rumored chance of that. Half-way to the school it had occurred to him that he would have done more wisely to get a wash somewhere in the village; but he did not feel inclined to run back. He pursued his way, breathless, murmuring, only aware to get out of the public view and into his clothes in the bath-room. Rykcombe Lane was not a well-frequented thoroughfare by any means; but people seemed to start up from the earth, like the armed men from the diocesan's teeth down by Cuckson, to stare at Mr. O'Toole as he passed. He left the lane in one continued burst of laughter behind him as he fled.

He crossed the crossbridge of St. Jim's in a series of hops and leaps, for he was tired out, and had hardly energy enough left for a run. From all sides there was a roar as he was seen.

Mr. O'Toole belted into the House, breathless, realizing that he did not meet the Head or Mr. Salloway in his way. He did not breathe freely till he was in his own room.

There he sank down in an armchair and gasped.

As soon as he had recovered his breath a little he used it to make remarks about his friends; and he did that continuously for at least five minutes. Only THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 266.

his reasonable complexion prevented him from seeking out Micky Maloney on the spot. But he dared not leave his room; he was only too glad to have reached it without causing a general sensation.

His chief need was soap and hot water, and shortly of it. He was at last, and pressed the electric bell. Then he waited impatiently for the arrival of the maid.

But the maid did not come. Mr. O'Toole fumed and raged in the bed-room. Every minute that the waiting girl was left in his face made it dolor and more difficult to remove—and it was not likely to be easy in any case; and then, as there was no soap, he kept his finger on it and kept the bottom down, so that it would ring continuously in the regions below.

That, surely, should have brought the maid upstairs; but it did not. There was no footing outside, no sign of a maid. Mr. O'Toole raged, and with wrath. He had found the Royal House a very well-managed establishment, and all his wants had been well attended to. Now he was left in the lurch when he needed attention most. It was embarrassing.

He took his thumb from the bell of his door, after keeping it pressed for a good five minutes.

"The confounded thing must be out of order!" he gasped. "Otherwise they must hear—they cannot all be out. Bless my soul!"

He blinked furiously at the bell-push, as if there seemed nothing wrong with it, he pressed again and again. It was the thought of encountering it and when he did so he made the valuable discovery that the wire had been ripped through, the cutting of the connection. Evidently the bell had not rung once during all the time he had pressed it.

That discovery caused Mr. O'Toole to execute a kind of waltz-dance in his room, calling down blessings on the head of his neighbor. He did not need telling who had disconnected his bell.

As he could not ring, it was clear that if he wanted to wash he would have to call for hot water personally, or get along to a bath-room. He put his head out of the door, and blinked cautiously along the corridor. Mrs. Minna, the house-keeper, had some tin-pails on some household errand, and was returning along the corridor when Mr. O'Toole's emerald face looked out.

Mrs. Minna stopped, with a leaden shriek.

"My dear master," muttered Mr. O'Toole, "pray—pray do not be alarmed, I—"

"Shriek!"

"Madden, I beg your—"

Mr. O'Toole advanced towards the housemaid in his anxiety to reassure her and make her understand that he was not so dangerous as he looked. The frightened lady shrieked again, and bolted for the stairs.

"Madden!" shouted Mr. O'Toole. "I assure you I—"

"Help!" shrieked Mrs. Minna, banging down the stairs at a great rate. "Help! A dreadful Red Indian! Oh, help!"

"Madden!" bawled the infuriated Irish gentleman. "Beggars, it's not a Red Indian I see! Can't you see—? Oh, bawdy Moses!"

"What ever is the matter?" came Mr. Balfour's voice on the lower stairs.

"Help!" shouted Mrs. Minna, throwing herself into the Housemaster's arms, and in her confusion and excitement clapping his hand he started back.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Balfour. "Have you—?"

"Madden—try said Mrs. Minna."

"A dreadful Red Indian, or Hottentot!" muttered Mrs. Minna. "Have you? We shall all be murdered in our beds! Oh, oh, oh!"

"Calm yourself! Calm yourself, I beg!" gasped Mr. Balfour, vainly trying to disengage himself from the terrified lady. "Madden! I—2—"

"See you?"

"Madam! This is most—most atrocious! In fact improper!" gasped the Housemaster. "I—1 boy of you."

The sight of a purple face gliding down the staircase cut short Mr. Balfour's speech. He blinked at it over Mrs. Minna, who was still clatching him, and solving round his neck.

"What—what—who—how—what—?" stammered Mr. Balfour.

"That dreadful Hottentot!" shrieked Mrs. Minna.

"I am not a Hottentot!" roared Uncle O'Toole furiously. "Neither am I a Red Indian, you foolish creature! I am Phloin O'Toole! My face has been taken by a dastardly young rascal, that is all!"

"Mr. O'Toole!" exclaimed the Housemaster. "Bless my soul! Mrs. Minna, pray release me—there is no complaint—no complaint whatever to be alarmed! It is simply Mr. O'Toole! Bless my soul!"

The house-keeper released Mr. Balfour, but not, partially reassured. But she looked away, keeping her eyes on Mr. O'Toole as she retreated, colorless still and without fear that she might run out to be a Hottentot or a Red Indian.

The poor lady was quite first when she reached her own staid bedroom.

"Really, sir, this is—this is—very extraordinary—very—"

Mr. O'Toole did not answer; he was stroking by the bath-room. The Housemaster shook his head anxiously as he went away; what else, Mr. O'Toole, fortunately reaching the bath-room without any further sensation, with frightened feelings, was swelling in hot water and soap.

For an hour or more Mr. O'Toole was rubbing and scrubbing, and scrubbing and rubbing, till his skin felt as if it were peeling off, and his complexion was like white a newly-baked brocked. And when, from some fatigue, he had to do it, he was even still taking like streaks and stripes on his rudely colorless, and he presented a wretched appearance that would have made him the cynosure of all eyes anywhere.

Tom Merry & Co. were not surprised to hear that Mr. O'Toole was confined to his room for the next couple of days by a slight indisposition. He was waiting for his complexion to wear off.

CHAPTER 11.

The Last Show!

TOM MERRY & CO. could not help laughing when they saw Mr. O'Toole about again. During his "indisposition" his older nephew had looked in to see him several times; his younger nephew only once. On that occasion Micky had looked in for about ten seconds, had just occupied a whistling bobbin, and had. For the present, at least, Micky Maloney was content to grin with his amiable. Which, as he told his friends, was "hard humor," after all the trouble he had taken to arrange the "cold jestness."

But when Mr. O'Toole was seen in public again he seemed to have recovered his good-humor. Micky Maloney approached him rather unobtrusively, ready to do a sort of instinctive movement with his walking-stick he did not apply it to his nephew. But he eyed Micky very sternly.

"You young rascal!" he said.

"Oh, uncle avick!" said Micky.

"How dare you play such tricks!" "Thinking of it!" said Maloney minor. "Sure, and it's awfully you I see, sure, to make you jolly daring, you they will as intend!"

"By gad! I've a good mind—"

Micky looked away a little.

"But sure, uncle, haven't you laughed away a token over me little joke?" he pleaded.

"What I give? to keep you alive lively and the high-spirited and lads? I don't care, you'll have no more!"

"What! I begin to think, Micky, that I had better reconsider my intentions in that matter."

"Oh, uncle!"

"I don't know what's come over you, boy!" exclaimed Mr. O'Toole sternly. "Unless you change your way very much I certainly shall seldom pay father that I have been compelled to reconsider my decision. You may take that as a warning. Now you may run away, as I am going out with Mr. Balfour."

"Shall I brush your hat, uncle?"

"No!" roared Mr. O'Toole, so fiercely that Micky Maloney retreated without any farther remark.

Micky Maloney was very thoughtful while he made his way to his walk. He looked in at Study No. 5 to borrow some black-books, and he called on Mallard to borrow his fishing-rod. After that he might have been seen in deep discourse with Buggy Trimble of the South.

"Make it half-a-crown?" said Buggy, after listening to Maloney for some minutes.

"It's a Shyluck you are!" said Micky. "But sure, I'll make it half-a-crown. You get Uncle O'Toole out on the balcony. That's your part."

"Leave it to me!" grinned Buggy.

And when Mr. O'Toole came back from his walk, Buggy Trimble was on the watch for him. Mr. O'Toole went to his room without noticing Trimble's presence. He had to dress for dinner with the Head, and he went to his room at once. At the same time Radio & Co., standing up the upper stairs for a quiet place to smoke tobacco, were surprised to spot Maloney seated at a passage window high up, with Micky's fishing-rod in his hand.

"What the dump are you up to?" exclaimed Radio, stopping in astonishment.

Micky looked round.

"Sure, I'm going fishing?" he answered.

"Fishing!" yelled Radio.

"Yes, my boy!"

"Fishing from a landing window—in the quad?"

"Faith, and I hope to get a stick!" answered Micky, watching keenly from the open window. "It depends on me, uncle, opening out on his balcony, and, behold, it'll be a great catch indeed!"

And Micky Maloney, with the rod and line ready, watched like a hawk from the high window, which overlooked the little balcony outside. Mr. O'Toole's room.

Buggy Trimble was in the quadrangle below, looking about him very cautiously. Several jokers observed Buggy's extremely cautious looks, and wished him with some curiosity.

Buggy had a bunch of guerd in his left hand and a grin on his fat face. Tom Merry tapped him on the shoulder.

"What's the game?" he asked.

"Yes, what's it?" answered Buggy Trimble, with a fat chuckle. "Can you see any beauty prout hanging round?"

Tom glanced round.

"No," he answered.

"Not any blessed master—eh?"

"No."

"Good egg!"

These measured, Raggy Trindle raised his fat paw and barked the handful of gravel up over the lady balcony at the paces of Mr. O'Toole's window. The next instant he was bawling across the street.

There was a crash at the window above, out of the rooms below crashed. The ladies looked amazed, surprised.

"You young wassal!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "How dare you play such a trick on a visitah!"

But Trindle was gone. The French widow of Mr. O'Toole's room opened, and the old gentleman put out an astonished head. The crash of the gravel on the window and the crashing of the pane, had made him jump—when he was shaving. There was words in Mr. O'Toole's ruddy face, and his hair would probably have been stepping on end if it had been seen in the usual way; being artificial, it remained undisturbed.

"Phwat—phwat was that?" exclaimed Mr. O'Toole, stepping out on to the balcony and gazing down into the quadrangle.

He saw the astonished ladies below; and they, looking up, saw him—and he eyed him. Beyond him, higher up, the grinning face of Micky Malrasey looked down over the falling-roof. The line and looks swung over Mr. O'Toole's unconscious head.

"Ba Jeez!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "That awful young wassal—he is fishin' for his uncle's wig!"

"Great pip!" murmured Tom Merry. "Phwat is it?" shrieked Mr. O'Toole.

"Phwat for are ye breaking a windy fishin'?" asked—Oh, sorry snick! He breaks off as he felt a tick at the breech of his own head.

He checked at it—too late! The wig, caught on the fish-hook, sailed up into the air.

Mr. O'Toole stared up at it as it floated away at its destination.

The old gentleman had always looked as if he possessed a very good head of hair for his age. But the secret was not new. As this wig floated up a crown as bald as a billiard-ball, shining like a full moon, was revealed. And from the fallows in the quadrangle there came an irresistible yell:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There are 'corks!" yelled Mr. O'Toole.

"Me hair—me slight wig—ya Malrasey—yo spalpeen! Ockoo!"

Malrasey's mirror's grinning face looked down on the wig floated in the air, and Mr. O'Toole shook an infuriated fist up at him.

"I'll skin you!" he snarled. "Drop it down—give it to me, Micky, ye villain! I'll surprise ye, if ye give it to me as usual. But I've got no other will me in the country, since ye snatched the other wig. Micky, ye villain—yo spalpeen!"

"Catch, ship!" called out Micky.

Mr. O'Toole, almost forgetting his wig in his rage at the prospect of completing his rage, grabbed at it as it was lowered, hoodlum of the hysterical yell of the crowd below. But the playful Micky lowered it only half a foot, and the outstretched fingers, and there suddenly jerked it away. Uncle O'Toole jumped nearly a foot in the air in a desperate attempt to grasp it, and came down again gasping and furious.

"Micky, ye villain—"

"Catch, ship!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Macker, I'll—I'll—"

"Here it is then, intirely."

Down came the wig again on the falling-roof, and Mr. O'Toole made a fierce grab at it. Once more the playful Micky jerked it away in time, and he retired his catch.

By this time half St. Jim's seemed to be gathered in the quadrangle, staring up at Mr. O'Toole and roasting with laughter.

Uncle O'Toole shook his fist up at his nephew, and, giving up all hope of the wig, darted into his room and skinned the window.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar as he disappeared.

A minute later a bald-headed postman was waddling up stairs with a stick in his hand, in frantic search of a nephew and a wig. He found the wig, but not the nephew. The nephew had vanished.

Uncle O'Toole left St. Jim's on the following day, his visit having come to an end.

Whether Mr. O'Toole had exactly enjoyed that stay at St. Jim's was an open question. Certainly there had been no lack of humor on his nephew's part to cheer him up.

But the humorous nephew did not

forget with his uncle. The prospect of having Micky Malrasey as a permanent inmate of his house was not as attractive one to Mr. O'Toole after his late experience. It was, in fact, a dizzying prospect, and one that the old gentleman did not care to face.

He was very kind to Micky when they parted, but he told him, gently but firmly, that he had altered his plan, and

Malrasey's mirror was to remain at St. Jim's. The wassal could go to find as the lady of the Medes and Posters. Even Micky's avuncular looks did not move him. Uncle O'Toole had had enough, and he did not want any more.

They parted good friends—but they parted.

When the train rolled away, with Uncle O'Toole in it, Micky waved his cap above his sporting relative, and they waved back to St. Jim's in a desecrated square. He gave Tom Merry & Co. a cheery grin as he met them in the quad.

"So you're stayin' after all!" said Tom Merry, laughing.

"Ye; no one's left me behind," said Malrasey wearily. "Me major says it serves me right, and perhaps it does. And sure I'll try to bear it, wassal."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ba Jeez!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, turning his eyeglass with great severity upon Malrasey's mirror. "I really begin to suspect, Malrasey, that you did not want to go away with your uncle, and the rest played all these wassal tricks on him deliberately to be left behind."

"Gess, old man, you've had a brain wave!" answered Malrasey's mirror. "You'll make 'em sit up some day in the House of Lords, if your intellid works of that rate! How do you do it?"

And Malrasey's mirror snarled on chairman, turning Arthur Augustus's speechless. Whether Uncle O'Toole ever saw the humorous side of the matter did not transpire; but for a long time Tom Merry & Co. chuckled over the Misdeeds of Malrasey's Mirror.

THE END.

(Don't miss next Wednesday's Great Story of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's—"CAUGHT OUT BY KERR!"—by Martin Clifford.)

The Editor's Chat.

For Next Wednesday:

"CAUGHT OUT BY KERR."

By Martin Clifford.

Two favorite characters play prominent parts in next week's story, both belonging to the New House, which, on the whole, I feel rather an attorney than a school-teacher, though that is very natural, as Tom Merry, the central figure of the yarn, is School House.

The title will tell you who one of the two is. We are all fond of Kerr, even though the great majority of us are English, and one of two Irish readers appear to look up rather an attorney than a school-land amongst us. The other New House character who plays a big part is honest, capable Dick Boffers. He fills under serious pretence, and fights with Tom Merry. Kerr takes up Boffers's case, and—

Enough of the story to be going on with. I think, but you will find Boffers and Uncle and Tom Merry in it. I don't mind telling you that they don't come into it as before.

THE OUTBREAK OF PEACE.

By the time this appears the arithmetic will be nearing its end. We print some time in advance. Most of you know that, there's

some of you do worry me for notices in the next number. The end of the arithmetic will mean the ending of peace, though for now, as peace seems to be back when the armistice itself was signed.

Fortunately, I believe that there will be such trouble in Germany during the next few months as will mean something very like a continued state of war in that country. But we have won the war, what-evil happens in England. In so and our allies must still do the necessary straightening out, which is one reason why the boys will not all come home at once.

I do not set writing as a prophet. What I want to point out here, something very last few numbers of the GEM were produced under war conditions, and will appear, or will have appeared, under the conditions of peace. That will mean a little change in those which may strike some of you as queer. Don't write and tell me that the war is over; I could not have better news than that, but for one thing—that it will not be news!

Just good news when it comes, though, now!

A TESTIMONIAL TO THE "GEM."

I received the other day a very charming letter from a young lady reader, from which I take the extracts which follow:

"I started reading the GEM when I was

twelve, and was going to a secondary school. I had had of some lessons in preparation for exams, but I always found time to enjoy your paper, and to read the GEM. When I went to a college to begin for a teacher, and I still time to read the GEM.

I am a thirty-two now, and my recollection is that the GEM was the last I ever read. But I tell you the last ever standing order, even if I live to be one hundred and two!

"I feel as if I really knew the characters, and sometimes say 'That's just the Tom Merry' or 'Just like Boffers!' Talk to a man resembling character. I have often thought that the earlier Tom Merry could be regarded as a character. Like the a character dealing with the information of Lesson. But I think Cardew is my favorite one. I am the character which you have to judge before the article for the good."

"The 'St. Jim's Gallery' is dear!"

"Many a hearty laugh and many a good lesson, but I had from the GEM. Good luck to it always."

The suggestions made above may be carried out some day. I have long had in mind the notes of some sort of reproduction as longer stories of the best of the series which I have appeared both in this paper and in the "Magpie."

YOUR EDITOR,
THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 166.

trality of all the other dogs in the neighborhood.

Towner once was a fast piper in a dog show. Wally D'Arcy entered Fongo, and was astonished that Fongo did not move. Wally had to admit that Fongo was not entitled to a prize on the question of pure blood, but he did think that Fongo had more than an abundance in the headroom and best-foot dog.

In order to get Towner off Hattie looked on keeping him in the study for a time, in spite of the fact that Towner really was a superior animal. Towner continued to lead no respect for a fellow's trousers, just as D'Arcy said. He had a fancy, too, for gnawing up books and papers, and in his frisky moments he had known to refuse to sit down unless a couple and a pair of trousers. If he could, he would gnaw in a blood-curdling, hair-raising way, if he did not kill.

and he was always being trodden on when he was in a room. He would go to sleep under your chair, with his head just by your feet, or he would satisfy himself in snoring just inside the doorway in the dark. All was well, however, until one day Hattie's order that no dogs were to be kept in the stables, though it had caused some discontent among some of the fellows, had come as a bomb and a blessing to Hattie and Wally and D'Arcy. They had been up with Towner, and they lived in constant dread that Towner would be fed up with them.

But they put up with him for the sake of Hattie, and he was the prize—that for the hunchbacked and best-foot dog, which might be regarded as a leader in the adhesive cap of Study No. 2.

Towner has a queer way of dealing with the things given him to sniff for work. He

usually chews them up. He was probably considerably fed when Hattie saw Merry's old bowl, or he would have devoured that.

Hattie says it is his way of getting the most out of his work, but he is a little bit of a cynic. Towner, after boasting of his habits of perfect obedience, he will turn round and lick his strong will when he shows himself not obedient, unless he is trying to have it both ways with a vengeance.

But I don't blame Hattie for being fond of Towner. Towner is not the perfect dog Hattie thinks him; but the faithful one of a dog is worth any trick. It never depends on what you have of what you are—except on the fact that you are his master. It is loyal through any trial. It has it in far more understanding than those who have nervous dogs and loved a dog could ever believe. A dog's love is pure gold!

Extracts from "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD" and "TOM MERRY'S WEEKLY."

BAGGY AND THE BUNS!

PROLOGUE.

By Monty Lowther.

WHAT the citizens—

It was Tom Merry who uttered this exclamation.

He had just returned from Sister practice, and was preparing tea. He was putting the cloth on the table, Manners was attending to the coffee, and the Harry had gone to the cupboard for the grub.

His started exclamation caused 'em to look up.

Manners dropped the bottle on to his toe, and skinned himself.

But I didn't complain with Manners; I was too busy with my own tea. The coffee was so good as though he had received a divine shock.

"Anything the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing," explained Tom. "I should just think there'd be every bit of grub in 'em."

"There isn't a single crumb left!" said Tom, in an amazed tone. "The coffee, the sugar, the bread, the paste—all disappeared!"

"Then where has it gone?" asked Manners, drawing the door of the cupboard in astonishment. It wasn't empty.

"It must be him, the fat fellow!" I exclaimed. There was really nobody else who could suspect. "Look here," he added, "I'm going to challenge that fat rascal!"

"No use!" said Manners at once. "He was teaching a lesson. It isn't the first time he's punished our grub. I'll march him!"

Manners did not say anything more.

He darted out of the study in search of Baggy Tribble.

It wasn't long that I have ever seen Manners in such a hot temper before.

But he could not be blamed for it. On many previous occasions Baggy had helped himself to my grub, and we had warned him that if he did again, we were sorry about it.

But he had done it again, and we were all determined that to avoid other in consequence.

Manners was slightly more annoyed than we were, but that, so doubt, was due to the fact that he had bought the articles and eaten.

He was the first to arrive at Study No. 2 on the Fourth passage.

He bang the door open, and darted in. Manners was sitting there in a rage.

Manners's thin, fat cheeks" demanded Manners sharply.

"Now the doctors don't I know?" roared Manners, "I'm not his keeper, and—"

said Mollish indignantly. "I'm not exactly born out, but you ought to be."

"And we're not born on staying!" said Tom Merry quickly. "Come on, you fellows; it isn't much good staying here!"

Somebody disappointed, we trooped out of Study No. 2.

No sooner had we got into the passage than we saw a fat form scuffling towards us. It was Baggy Tribble; but instead of laughing, as we expected him to do, he came straight towards us.

"Here he comes!" said Tom Merry.

"He's not here yet," he said, and gave us a lowering nod.

"Anything you chose want?" he asked.

"We want our grub!" said Manners. "Here's my silver and saucers, and the rest of it."

Manners took hold of Baggy's shoulder, and shook him as a dog shakes a rat.

"I say!" said Tom Merry, "you know!—Baggy Tribble. I haven't touched your Fongo's grub!"

"Don't tell her!" snarled Manners. "What have you done with it? What—"

"I say!" said Tom Merry, "you know!—Baggy Tribble. I haven't touched your Fongo's grub!"

"You lying little pig!" roared Manners. "Look at his mouth, you fat rascal!"

We looked, and observed that Baggy's fat lips were smeared with jam.

To our way of thinking, the evidence was conclusive.

"Better give him a good thrashing!" said Tom Merry. "We've got to take him out of his grub!"

"Oh, taking him!" said Tom Merry. "We showed Baggy no mercy."

We were just about fed up with Baggy's thieving propensities, and the mood he was in was a thousand times, if necessary.

But we did not go so far as that. Baggy was given a good thrashing, and he was sent to the dog house.

He went, threatening to do all sorts of things to us when he had time.

The next morning, however, Manners came rushing into our study, an excited expression on his face.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed.

"That's so."

"We've got to get that fat hobnob out of his grub, or he'll ruin us!"

"But we can't take his money," said Tom Merry.

"We're not getting to, said Manners. "We'll get it out of him for the old brass."

"But—"

"Manners!" said Manners, dropping his voice to a whisper. "I'll tell you my idea!"

And he laid us.

We grinned with satisfaction as he unfolded his scheme. It was a ripping one, and bound to bring about Baggy's destruction.

THE SCHEME.

As Described by Baggy Tribble.

The following is not entirely the words of Baggy. To begin with, a large number of letters had to be inserted in order that the words should be spelt properly. These words had to be put in to make sense of the sentences, and others left out for the same purpose. Nevertheless, Baggy's version of the way we got our own back on him for pinching our grub remains. He ought not will have little difficulty in discovering who stole—(E).

BEGGERS I begin to tell you of a visit when Tom Merry & Co. adopted for the purpose of showing their dislike of me, I think I ought to give you a slight insight into my character.

I always believe in getting in a straightforward manner, and everything that becomes a really honest fellow.

I despise a fellow who is deceitful, but I hate still more one who is a thief.

I am rather up, as of course, you all know; but, nevertheless, I am very thin.

Most dogs, I could not more than I do. Nevertheless, in these times, when food is almost impossible to get, every dog should do his best, and so help to finish the war in the shortest possible time.

Many a time have I gone without a meal. I am rather up, as of course, you all know; but, nevertheless, I am very thin.

Some fellows at St. Joe's have a nasty habit of rubbing their fingers' ends.

Now one fellow called me many occasions, and if I could only catch the fat in the act I should have no mercy on him.

Somebody or other the fellows have got the idea into their heads that it is in my hands I should have no mercy on him.

Needless to say, I have been very anxious at such a suggestion.

I remember that my brother's head once for me, and I was forced to do Manners one on the nose for making a similar suggestion.

Needless to say, I have been very anxious at such a suggestion.

Needless to say, I have been very anxious at such a suggestion.

put in my eye, and Tom Merry pulled at my hair for all he was worth. —
 "Get out, steady!" — you may guess, but I had little choice against those three brutes.

"If they had only fought fair, I should have beaten them all!" — they used their feet as well as their fists, a thing I wouldn't dream of doing.

"Let the rascal get up!" said Manners, snarling to me. "He won't show our great muscles."

"I did not take your grub, Manners," I said, indignantly as possible.

"You don't get!" snapped Manners. "There's just an hour more here. That grubs you stole are just gone."

"I insisted that it did not."

"I told Manners that I had been eating the lot left in the canteen, and that he couldn't blame me because a little jam was left on my lips."

"A chap can't always rub it all off with his handkerchiefs," replied that thick-limb. "It's a good business in the long run."

Manners called me a fat cow and, and I went like to the ground.

"This almost worked off all my fat," I believe they were saying. I shall go for them the same way.

"I went into my study and had tea, feeling shamefully gratified that I was not like those fellows who had accused me of planning their grub."

"Thanks, Buggy, for telling me how the jam got on your mouth. We should like to know, however, how you managed to get jam facts on the stomach. It's a case, you told us, for the simple reason that the diarrhoeal produced the making of their some time ago—(20.)

THE next morning I had a very pleasant surprise.

I went downstairs to see if there were any letters for me.

"There was one," I opened it, and lo and behold, there was a postcard handed from the East Coast.

"I suppose you'll go and have a look-up with that remarkable Jack Biddle." "You'd do better to pay some of your debts with it."

I gave Biddle a sharp look.

"Biddle!" I exclaimed indignantly. "How dare you make such suggestions. I am nobody any more; a Trampus would be ashamed to borrow."

"Oh, yes," sneaked Biddle. "Give me that last coin, cow!"

I refused to do so, for the simple reason that I did not owe him any money.

"It's a vulgar thing, but, whatever I get money—and mind you, I got generally not plenty—the fellows are always eager to sponge on me."

"What times they talk very nicely, and will me "My dear Buggy!" But I went through their stiff-necked after a time, and refused to lend my last penny.

"The chaps don't like that, so in order to stir up my good feelings they make up their mind that I owe them money."

One would hardly think that Biddle was

and themselves, don't, would go to and bought and on short good.

But I refused to compromise them. I told Biddle that if he repeated his statements that I owed him money, I should punch his nose.

"Biddle did not want that to happen, so he walked off."

"The bell rang for tea-time soon after, I slipped the postcard under my pocket, and slipped the grub to the East Coast that afternoon."

"This intention was finally fixed in my mind, and some other dinner I left the School House to go down to the village."

I had just reached the gate when Tom Merry & Co. were talking in with a large lot.

"The top lot of the box was broken, so making a number of men inside."

"Tom Merry & Co. walked up with a start as they saw me, and dropped the box to the ground."

"They had every corner to be disappointed, for I had caught them in the act of hoodlums."

"We would you at last!" I said severely.

"Oh, Biddle," snarled Tom Merry indignantly. "I should like to be held up!"

"Based on you," I exclaimed, with indignation. "Do you realize what you're doing?"

"You're hoodlums!" snarled Tom Merry.

"You're hoodlums!" I said with emphasis. "There would be ten shillings' worth of jam in that box."

"Sneak-up there, eh," snarled Tom Merry.

"Biddle!" I said, thoroughly ashamed of my schoolmates. "I never thought you would do such a thing. You deserve to be walked with great severity."

"You—no more than that," Buggy" said Tom Merry, with a grin. "Biddle's happened to be in something of a worse case than these boys with you."

I gave Tom Merry a grin back.

"The idea of making such a suggestion to me! I could hardly—I couldn't dream of doing such a thing. I wouldn't do anything you're hoodlums. You're a set of the poorest young rascals."

"You're hoodlums!" I snarled in their faces. There was no doubt that they were really frightened.

"You—don't be here or me, Buggy," snarled Tom Merry. "Let us off, there's a good chap."

I thought over the matter for a few minutes.

"There was no doubt that Tom Merry & Co. were here, and what they had done, and I would not let it be to be held on them."

"Look here," I said loudly. "It looks like your case, but you need not be held up by me. You're hoodlums."

Tom Merry shook his head.

"We wouldn't think of taking your money, Buggy," he said. "What you're here to find at to let us go. You have the bank."

"No," I said promptly. "I must open paying for them."

"Right!" said Tom Merry. "We'll give the few dollars to the East Coast; if you don't object."

"I don't object in the least," I answered.

"You're sure you don't?"

"Positive," I replied, and handed the five-shilling postcard over to Tom Merry.

He gave me the box, and I took it up in my study.

When I reached Study No. 2, I looked the door in my hand, and I should come along and receive me of hoodlums."

I intended to distribute the box among the poor lads in the village, but when I opened the box I saw the jam lid of the box I had the suspicion of a trap.

"There were six bars in the box, but unfortunately those were nothing but paper and stones."

"I was well-pleas'd with it, I could have given those three shillings a lovely good fellow."

"The idea of them taking me in the last."

"I thought I was going to have a good feed, but—(20) those words were crossed out in Buggy's MS. and we hear them for obvious reasons."

I thought I was going to give the lot in the village a pleasant surprise, but, alas, my paper were dashed to the ground."

Tom Merry & Co. had arranged a great scheme on me, and the village lads had to go without.

"I have come to the conclusion that I should like to be hoodlums and I intend it."

My schoolmates had persuaded me to join Tom Merry & Co. from London by paying for the box.

My parents promised me to give the village lads a surprise, but it was not to be. Tom Merry & Co. notice that they are had been to that!"

EPICURE.

By Henry Matthews.

ONE evening he getting out with Jack on Buggy's trials had wanted like a cheese.

"He came tearing into the shop straight away, but snarling at me when we had just had the box of butter."

He was in a terrible rage.

"You rascals!" he exclaimed. "What are my money back?"

"You rascals!" said Leather. "Why, you gave us here in hand that over to the East Coast?"

"Hand the East Coast?" exclaimed Henry angrily. "You're taking me in. There were only six bars in that box, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" snarled Buggy.

"You bought the box," said Tom Merry. "You've got nothing to grumble at."

"If I thought the box was full of butter I should not have bought it."

"You're hoodlums!" snarled Buggy. "You've got nothing to grumble at."

"You're hoodlums!" snarled Buggy. "You've got nothing to grumble at."

"You're hoodlums!" snarled Buggy. "You've got nothing to grumble at."

THE END.

BUNTER'S WAY. By William Wordsworth (with the Aid of Four Words)

HEAVEN'S NAME—Of course, Wordsworth hadn't anything to do with this, except that he wrote a beautiful—if you think it so—poem I entitled "Bunter's Way." Today, I receive with that poem here (which I copied it, I think, and what's it matter what anyone else thinks?)—H. W.]

At of this Bunter I had heard,
 "What, walking straightly,
 I see, as I am ordered,
 The champion of Bunter."

No such—no such—had Bunter seemed
 When, upon my first day,
 The latest word that ever learned
 Outside a backshop door.

For such some fat chaps in my den,
 And none by the house side,
 They showed if ever I did gaze
 The one to equal him!

"My lad," I said, "I want to stand
 A speech in the House,
 Will you say in the House, and
 Get that which they deserve?"

"No, really, sir, I'll gladly do
 That little job for you!
 It'll save the trouble in my
 No, if that's all?"

At this I stretched his better head,
 And, hunched his gold,
 He combed it, and, smiling, said:
 "Thank!" And off he rided!

I felt some slight pangs when, —
 Not entering the shop,
 He walked towards the gate, and there
 Was of without a stop.

The day grew dark—I thought it odd—
 And cold as well, you know,
 I walked quick across the yard,
 And there—there came the story!

The hoodlums led, but Bunter—
 So towards I did him,
 And, visiting each nook, as
 Leaded he'd tried each one.

"There's no more shop," said Tom Merry,
 "It's over your door."
 "Yes, but the postman, sir, I beg—
 He's there, you say to send!"

I started, and thought what I'd do
 To Bunter.

When in the next I saw the best
 Impulse of Bunter's lot.

Then opened straight from under Church's
 I dashed the hoodlums large
 Some jam with them, and there some more
 Again, a dash of jam.

There came from the money pocket
 I walked without a hitch,
 Until by means of them I found
 A bridge which spanned a ditch.

I followed from the money back,
 These hoodlums, and by me,
 Into the middle of the street,
 And there—there were some!

But from the dark there came a glow,
 And slowly there grew
 A shape made of flesh and bone
 From out the freezing air.

"That grub?" I asked. "You shivered
 Round!"
 "Hand me that grub, please!"
 He turned a steady face toward.
 "I've modified it all," he growled.