



# The GEM 1 $\frac{1}{2}$

Feb. 1922, Vol. 273.

June 30th, 1922.



**"THE HEART OF A HERO!"**



## **PRISONERS IN THE VAULTS!**

*(A Thrilling and Dramatic Scene in the Splendid Long Complete School Tale in this Issue.)* 14-9-19

# The Heart of a Hero!



A Magnificent Long Complete Story of  
**TOM MERRY & CO.** at  
 St. Jim's.  
 by  
**MARTIN CLIFFORD**

## CHAPTER I.

### Declined Without Thanks!

"**B**USBY?" asked Tom Merry.  
 Levison of the Fourth looked up.

He was busy—there was no doubt about that. He was seated at the table in Study No. 2, in the Fourth; and his pen was busily scribbling over the paper. It hardly stopped as he looked up at the three Shell fellows in his doorway.

Tom Merry and Messners and Leather looked at him assembly.

They smiled so assembly, in fact, that it might have been supposed that they had come along to raise a loan in Study No. 2.

Levison did not smile.

He grunted.

"Yes," he answered briefly, and his eyes dropped to his paper again.

"Liam!" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes."

"Much more to do!"

"Yes."

"I hope we're not interrupting—"

"You are!"

"Alas!"

The Terrible Three looked at one another, and then at Ernest Levison. The latter did not look at them. He was scribbling busily, as usual from Virgil, at a rate that would have astonished P. Virginia Maro had that ancient gentleman been there to witness it.

"Absent!" remarked Messy Leather.

"He's!" said Messners.

Levison did not heed.

"The fact is, old chap—," said Tom Merry.

"We've looked in—," said Leather.

"Look out again, will you?" asked Levison, still scribbling. "I've got to get them thousand lines done for Knox, before I go to the station. And the train comes in at six-thirty."

"You'll be late," said Tom.

"You'll make me late, you mean."

"Absent! I'll tell you what, Levison,"

said Tom Merry, in a burst of cordiality.

"We'll go to the station for you, if you like."

"Housed!" answered Levison.

"Leave it to us!" said Messners hurriedly. "We'll be glad to oblige you, Levison. Don't hurry over your lines. If they're done too slowly, Knox may make you do them yet again."

"Do out!" answered Levison.

"Wouldn't you care for us to go to the station for you?"

"Thanks—no!"

"Absent!"

The Terrible Three peered; but Levi-

son did not look up again. They exchanged glances once more, and walked slowly away.

Levison grinned faintly, and went on with his scribbling. He was working against time. Knox, the prefect, had given him that expectation at a most inconvenient moment. Indeed, Levison knew that he was booked to meet his superior at the station, and was giving him trouble on purpose.

The elegant figure of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth came along the passage as the Terrible Three were retiring from the scene. He glanced at the Shell fellows, and they glanced at him, and grinned. They could guess Arthur Augustus' object.

"You fellows see Levison?" asked D'Arcy.

"Oh, yes; he's busy," said Tom Merry.

"Lines, you know."

"I trust he will excuse me for interrupting him," remarked Arthur Augustus, and he walked on to No. 2.

His eyes glared into the study, and Levison gave his new visitor a rather tormented glance.

"Busy!" he exclaimed, before Arthur Augustus could speak.

"Yes, I observe that you look rather busy, dear boy," remarked Arthur Augustus, with a nod. "I have just been speaking to your mistress, Levison."

"Go and speak to him again, will you?"

"I have finished speaking to him, Levison. Young Frank mentioned that your mistress Dewis is coming down to St. Jim's this evening."

"Good-by!" said Levison.

"Is it within time for you, Levison, for your stink to come down as the guest of Mrs. Holmes, isn't it?"

"Yes. To-day!"

"Especially as it is a half-holiday tomorrow," continued Arthur Augustus. "As you are rather busy, Levison, I should not mind going to the station for you."

"Hah!"

"Hi!"

"Bus sleep?"

"Wally, Levison—"

"Can't you see I'm busy?" roared Levison, in great exasperation. "I'm trying to get these dashed lines done for Knox, to get off! Do give a fellow a rest!"

"But I am obliged to welcome you of the Terrible of print to the station—"

Levison picked up the inkpot.

"Where will you have it?" he snapped.

"But Jove!"

Arthur Augustus did not state where he would have it. Apparently he did not want it at all, for he skipped out of Study No. 2 very quickly. He sent his note Arthur Backe of the Shell, who had just arrived at the doorway.

"Look, where you're going, you are!" growled Backe.

"Wally, Wally—"

"Oh, get out!"

Arthur Augustus was about to pass on, but he stopped instead, and planted himself directly in Backe's path. The black sheep of the Shell gave him an angry stare.

"Let me pass!" he snapped.

"I refuse to let you pass, Wally!" answered Arthur Augustus. "You have addressed me with such waddlers. Unless you express your regret at once I shall have no recourse but to give you a fearful thrashing!"

"You silly one!" roared Backe.

Arthur Augustus pushed back his elegant cuffs in a very business-like manner. He did not appear of Backe at any time, being extremely scornful of Arthur's snuffy and stony ways.

"You have addressed me waddly,"

Backe—"he continued calmly.

"Edict!"

"Very well; put up your hands,

Wally!"

Backe of the Shell backed away. With all his elegant ways, the wadd of St. Jim's was much too hefty a fighting-man for Arthur to wish to tackle him.

"I—I—I'm sorry!" growled Backe savagely. "Now let me pass!"

Arthur Augustus dropped his hands.

"Very good; I accept your apology,

Wally. You can go and get out!"

Arthur Augustus walked on with his noble pose in the air, and Backe strode savagely into Levison's study. His face cleared as he entered, however. He continued to grin assembly as Levison looked up through Levison's look was far from agreeable.

"Busy!" asked Backe.

"You're about the worth silly cheap to ask me that question, you!"

"Where's Clive and Carlow?"

"Clive's at cricket, and Carlow's good-ness knows where. I'm busy, I think I mentioned!"

"Knox has given you lines, hasn't he?" growled Backe.

"Yes. Oh out!"

"Well, you'll have to do your lines for Knox. I'd go to the station and meet him if you like."

"I don't like!"

"Look here, Levison, I'd like to go,"

said Backe. "I think a lot of Dore—"

Leslie's eyes glanced at him. "My sister is Davis only to her friends," he said. "She's Miss Levinson to you, Bucky! You won't meet my sister at the station, and you'll never speak to her while she's at the school! If you do, I'll hammer you!" Is that plain English enough for you?"

"He'll-hay!" sneered Bucky. "This is quite a change since we used to play poker together, Levinson."

"There's been a good bit of change since then, in one way and another," answered Levinson. "Now get out, and let me finish!"

Bucky of the Shell did not get out. He stood looking at the Fourth-Former with lowering brows, while Levinson roared off the remainder of his lines. Several Levinson nose to his feet at last with a sigh of relief.

"Done, thank goodness!"

"You're time for the station!" asked Bucky.

"Oh, you'll train me in it till six-thirty?"

"You don't want me to coach?"

"No."

Bucky had been standing with his back to the open door, and while Levinson was finishing his lines he had quietly abstracted the key, with his hands behind him, and inserted it on the outside of the lock. Levinson was blissfully unconscious of his action, so far.

There was a lurking grin on Bucky's ill-favored face as he watched the Fourth-Former.

"You don't think I'm good enough to speak to your sister—what?" he asked.

"No, I don't."

"And we used to be so chummy!" sneered Bucky.

"When I used to be as steady a notice as you are now?" retorted Levinson.

"But, I've no time to waste on you, Bucky. I've got to get off."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Bucky stepped into the passage, and slammed the door after him. The next moment the key turned in the lock outside. Levinson heard the click of the key, and sprang to the door.

Bucky chuckled softly as he withdrew the key.

"Good-bye, old sport!" he called out.

"Let me see!" shouted Levinson frantically, tugging at the door-handle.

"Can't he do it?"

"You rotter! I shall be late for the train."

"That doesn't matter. I'm going to meet dear Davis!" chuckled Bucky.

"What?"

"I'll look after her, you know. I'll entertain her with a history of your old exploits, dear boy, on the way here. Good-bye!"

And Bucky slipped the key into his pocket and walked away chuckling.

## CHAPTER 2.

### Cardew at the Race!

RALPH RICHMOND CARDEW of the Fourth Form, lounged in at the gates of St. Jim's with his hands in his pockets as Arthur Bucky came along. Cardew's handsome face was a little clouded. He was in a disheartened mood, as he often was. His two chums were long just then—Biddy Clara at the nets on Little Side, and Ernest Levinson grinding old lines for Knox in the study. Cardew did not care to join Clara and cricket. He played games sometimes, and played them well, but he tired of them as he did of most things. He peered as Bucky came lugging down to the gates, and nodded to him.

"You're looking very merry, old sport!" he remarked.

Cardew had not spoken to Bucky for weeks. Study No. 4 were not on good terms with the shady black sheep of the School House. But it was like Cardew to speak to him now, as if they had parted only an hour before on the friendly terms of former. But Arthur Bucky was not sensitive. He was willing to overlook a great deal to get on friendly terms with the grandson of Lord Beckenham.

"I'm feeling rather sorry as 'bout!" he explained cheerfully. "I'm going to have rather a treat."

"Something special in the green-gas line?" asked Cardew. "Oh, these deal cups! I spotted one only last week!" Levinson and Clara were frightfully shocked. No was I when my dead cert came in sleeve!"

Bucky laughed.

"If you're getting tired of playing' good Biddy George, why not join in to-morrow afternoon?" he asked. "We're going out—myself and Cooke, and another man or two—and we're going to make the freer. We'll be glad if you'll come along."

"Aunt!" objected Cardew. "I'm booked for to-morrow afternoon. There's an expedition on, and I'm to carry a banner or something."

"A letter?" said Bucky, with a sneer.

"Yes. We're going to explore. What a bore!" sighed Cardew. "But such is life. It seems that Miss Levinson has a fancy for exploring the subterranean passages under the old castle, and we're making up a party—out of Cook's tour, you know—personally conducted by Levinson major and Levinson minor."

"You've got to drag Clara away from cricket by main force, if it can be done! But for that poor engagement, Bucky, it would be delightful to come with your crowd and help us make the freer."

Cardew nodded carelessly, and walked on, leaving Bucky smiling. There was a sallowish reflexion in Cardew's face as he finished his sentence that barred the words, civil as they were. The dandy of the Fourth had the effect, somehow, of making Bucky feel what he really was—a sportsman's sportsman, with more money than he knew how to spend with wit or decency. Bucky smiled, and went on his way, angry with himself for having been civil to Cardew at all. The dandy of the Fourth, without bestowing another thought on Bucky after he was out of sight, lounged on to the School House.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was on the House steps, holding forth to his chums, Bucky and Hervey and Digby were grinning.

"I'm certainly regard Levinson as Jellie's in tact and propah look!" Arthur Augustus was saying warmly. "I should have been very pleased to—"

"To let Miss Davis see your new tie?" murmured Blake.

"We'll see it to-morrow!" said Digby confidently.

"We'll see Digby—"

"We'll see Levinson gone yet, you claps!" asked Cardew, as he joined Study No. 6 on the steps.

Arthur Augustus turned his eyes upon him.

"Levinson has not come down yet, Cardew," he answered.

"He'll be late," said Cardew. "I thought the train came in at six-thirty. He'll hardly do it!"

"He's got his lines for Knox. I have often seen—"

"To do the lines? That was tipped of you."

"Nonsense. To go to the station for him; but Levinson has refused the offer, for some reason best known to himself!" said Arthur Augustus, with dignity.

"Now, I wonder what his reason could have been!" said Cardew, looking at the wrist of St. Jim's with an ill-humored glower. "Miss Davis would surely have been delighted. Could she fail to be?"

"We'll see, Cardew—"

"He, he, ha!"

That unassailable confirmation interpreted Arthur Augustus, as Buggy Trimble rolled out of the big doorway. Buggy seemed to be in a state of great excitement.

"He, he, ha!" he repeated, with great glee.

"But Jove! What is the matter with you, Trimble?"

"He, he, ha!" roared Buggy. "Hammering at his study door like thunder, you know!"

"What on earth is he hammering at his study door for?" asked Blake.

"He, he, ha!" Somebody's locked him in!" chuckled Buggy.

"But Jove!"

"I went along when I heard the row," chuckled Trimble. "He's locked in, and he can't go and meet his sister at the station. He, he, ha! I sold him through the keyhole that I'd go instead, if he liked, and he called me names! So I left him hammering! He, he, ha! I say, Cardew—"

Bug Cardew was gone.

Without waiting for the fat janitor to finish, Cardew's feet hit the House, and scudded up the staircase to the Fourth Form passage.

As he came along the passage at a run, the sound of savage hammering fell on his ears. It came from within Study No. 2. Cardew was smiling as he came up to the door.

"Hallo, Levinson!" he called out.

"Is that you, Cardew? Unlock the door—what's the matter?"

"The key's not here!"

"Oh, the rotter—the rotter!" peated Levinson.

"But who?"

"It's Bucky. He locked me in, and he's gone to meet Davis at the station!" breathed Levinson. "The cad! The rotter! He's gone to spin his yarns about me. Oh, the rotter!"

Cardew whistled.

"So the key of the door was locked in so early as eight!" he remarked.

"What an extraordinary youth! How are you going to get out, Levinson?"

"I can't get out!" yelled Levinson. "Why couldn't you come in before, you see? Cut after Bucky, and snap him!"

"There?"

"You can catch him up if you take out your line, stretch him, and then meet Davis at the station! See!"

"My dear man, consider him stretched!" yawned Cardew. "Does it matter if I meet Miss Davis with a black eye?"

"You are?"

"Or an adorned one?" Bucky may object to being stretched, you know!"

"Yes, am, Cardew! Will you go?" yelled Levinson. He was in no mood then for his study-mate's banter.

"Certainly! Quite a pleasure."

"Henry, then?"

"Oh, go on!" What a life! Bucky's just been offering me a merry time to-morrow afternoon—palaish the town and make! the freer. By, with a chance of winning a heap of his pater's war profits at banker—"

"You chattering fool! Will you go?"

"Oh, my hat! Is that the way you always talk to an obliging friend, Ernest, old tramp!"

"You—you—!" stammered Levinson.

"I'm not wasting time—lots of time, The Gem Library, No. 392.

"If I take my bike," said Cardew, contemptuously. "I'll go all over, old son!—hair on me. I'm sure to pass the state. I'll take the bicycle's distinctive features when I've done with him, and be contented."

And Cardew walked away whistling. Levison was left staring in the locked study. His chair descended the stairs, and in the doorway Arjose Augustus stopped him.

"Is Levison really locked in, Cardew?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then someone had better go and meet Miss Down at the station—"

"Yes! Levison asked me to."

"Oh, hai Jove!"

Cardew went out smiling, leaving Arthur Augustus blinking after him. He ran his nose out in a few minutes, and mounted at the gates. Outside the old gateway the Terrible Throes of the Shell were chattering in a group. Cardew rode through them cautiously; and there was a roar from the Shell fellows as they surged back in various directions.

"You shocky son!" shouted Tom Merry, in great wrath.

"Stop him off that bike!" howled Levison.

Cardew turned his head, and waved a graceful hand at the Terrible Throes as they rushed after him.

"Sorey, dear boys!" he called back. "I'm in rather a hurry—no time to go round you, you know."

"I—I—"

Cardew kept just ahead.

"You see, I'm rushing off to the rescue of beauty in distress," he said, smiling. "At such a time Shell fellows don't count. In my job behold a modern edition of the knight-errant of old, bolting off to break a lance in defence of persecuted beauty. Ta-ta!"

And Cardew dove at his pedals and shot away. Tom Merry & Co. stopped, dusty and wrathful. There was not much chance of running down the active cyclist.

"The silly and! What did he mean?" said Levison.

"Who ever knows what Cardew means?" growled Tom Merry. "He's another one with that. I'll jolly well stop him up when he comes ashore!"

"Yes, rather, too shocky son!"

And with that determination the dozens of the Shell kept an eye open for the return of Ralph Rockness Cardew to St. Jim's.

## CHAPTER 3.

### Blush of Rocks!

**A**UBREY RACKS was grinning to himself as he came in sight of Rylocombe village. He was feeling pleased.

The trick he had played on Levison of the Fourth amused him hugely. Racks had never forgiven Levison for deserting the select circle of "merry blades" of which Aubrey was the great chief and leader. For a fellow who certainly was not rich to turn up his nose at a fellow who was rolling in money seemed unpardonable even to Aubrey-Racks. Racks had been prepared to make it up with Levison for the purpose of "spreading himself" in all his glory, as it were, in Doris's eyes. Levison had refused, in a way that left no room for misunderstanding. And now he was locked in his study, and Racks was on his way to meet Doris Levison.

Doris knew Racks slightly, and disliked him more than slightly, as Racks well knew. That did not prevent the end of the Shell from seeking to force his company upon her; it was, in fact, an added

incentive. And if the girl failed to receive his advances graciously, Racks intended to indignantly himself by accompanying her with some circumstances connected with Levison's rather shady past, which Levison would have given words for his sister not to know. There had been a time when Levison of the Fourth had been a study at Racks himself, or rather not, but he naturally had a strong objection to Doris knowing anything about it.

With those cheery thoughts in his mind, Aubrey Racks was feeling greatly pleased with himself and things generally as he walked on towards the village. He based, without loading, the spread of a possible behind him on the road, while Rylocombe was still some distance ahead. A bicycle-bell rang sharply close behind him, and Racks jumped then to the side of the road.

A cyclist whizzed by, and stopped, dismounting a few yards ahead of him. Racks recognized Cardew of the Fourth.

Cardew alighted his machine against a tree by the roadside, and stood in Racks's path, awaiting him to talk.

"Hello!" he said to surprise.

"Hello, old bean!" answered Cardew.

"I came after you."

"What the thump for?"

"To show the hungry chumbyard with your bones, old top!"

"What's that?"

To Racks's astonishment, Cardew pushed back his cuffs and came forward with evident trouble about. The Shell fellow burst away.

"What the thump are you up to?" he exclaimed.

"Don't you see?"

"Look here—"

"You're going to meet Miss Levison at the station, I think," remarked Cardew, following Racks up as he backed away.

"Oh, you know that, do you?" grunted Racks. "What about it?"

"It can't be done, that's all!"

"Levison's asked me," said Racks.

"My dear man, I shouldn't believe that statement even if I didn't know it to be a fabrication," answered Cardew.

"Levison's locked in his study, and I've hummed after you to stop you. I told Levison I'd smash you! Sorry, old bean, but in the name of my wood! Come on!"

"You silly chump!" roared Racks, jumping backward.

"Now, look here—be reasonable!" urged Cardew. "I've got to meet Miss Levison at the station at six-thirty, and it's close on that now. I shall be late, if you keep on backin' away like a horse. I can't trust after you all the way back to St. Jim's! Be reasonable, and come on!"

"You fool! I'm not going to fight you!"

Racks retreated faster, and Cardew stopped.

"Well, it will have to stand over," he concluded. "You can buzz off, Racks; I've no time to waste on you."

"But I'm not going to buzz off," said Racks, with an evil grin. "I'm going to meet Doris at the station, you see?"

"That's my job."

"Miss, too?"

Cardew made another step towards Racks, who backed away. The chum of the Fourth looked at him rather dubiously. Then he walked towards his bicycle. Racks followed on then.

"So you're comin'!" said Cardew, glancing back.

"Oh, yes, I'm comin'!" answered Racks. "You can put up a fight in Doris's presence, if you like."

"Bad form, dear boy."

"Then we'll share the pain!" grinned Racks. "I'll pitch my tale in one ear while you whisper soft nothings in the other. See?"

Cardew's eyes glinted.

"You've spoken disrespectfully of Miss Levison, Racks," he said, very quietly.

"Go home!" answered Racks.

"As Levison's got, I say's allow, it! And I'll afraid I can't allow a single minute like you to speak to Miss Levison at all."

"How are you going to prevent it?"

"At the risk of kippin' the young lady waitin' at the station, I'm goin' to waste time givin' you a lesson, old bean!"

Cardew advanced again, and Racks promptly dodged and backed. But the chum of the Fourth followed him up foot this time, and Racks had to take to his heels to escape an encounter. Cardew was not to be hindered, however; he put on speed, and caught Racks by the shoulder.

"Hold on, old top!" he remarked, as he span the Shell fellow round.

Racks's reply was a sudden, strange drive at the leaver's hand-piece. His knuckles crashed on Cardew's nose with sudden force, and Cardew gave a yell. There was a spurt of crimson from his nose.

"Oh, you ruffian!"

Cardew was piling in the next moment. Racks had no chance of seeking to escape again, he was busy every second, dealing with the roddy fets that were driving at him.

The Shell fellow was a good deal bigger than Cardew, but he gave ground all the while, as he defended himself savagely. Two of those of his savage blows reached Cardew's cool, handsome face, but it was Racks who received most of the punishment. A powerful drive from Cardew's right wrist was especially at last, and he crashed in the road.

Cardew stood over him, breathing hard.

"Had enough, old bean?" he asked.

"Havin' washed so much time, I'm willin' to put in a few more minutes if you're not satisfied."

"Oh! Wow!"

"Does that mean you're satisfied?"

"Grough!"

Racks set up blindly, clapping his nose and his chin. Both of them felt as if they had had trouble with the hind hoof of a mule.

"I'm sorry to worry you, as you seem to be busy," remarked Cardew blandly. "But may I advise if you are still smokin' of comin' along to the station?"

"Oh!"

"If you are, it is my painful duty to thank you till you alter your mind. Will you oblige me by getting up?"

"I'm not comin'!" howled Racks.

"Oh, good! Ta-ta!"

Leaving Racks gasping in the dusty road, Cardew walked back to his bicycle, jolting his nose with his handkerchief as he went. The handkerchief came away in bits of red as it.

"Oh god!" growled Cardew, as he mounted his machine. "My nose is swollen—I can feel it! What the thump will Doris think of my meetin' her with a nose like this? Oh god! Can't be helped!"

He rode into Rylocombe, letting go a handkerchief occasionally to dab his nose. Fortunately the flow of crimson had ceased by the time he reached the railway station. He dismounted there, seeing that the clock over the entrance indicated six-thirty-five. The train had been in five minutes, and he was late owing to the trouble with Racks.

A graceful girlish form in the vestibule caught his eye the next moment. Cardew hurried towards the girl, making his story last.

Miss Levison—

Doris gave him a bright smile.



A graceful, girlish form in the vestibule caught Cardew's eye. He hurried towards the girl, raising his straw hat. "Miss Levison—" Doris gave him a bright smile. (See Chapter 3).

"Is my brother here?" she asked. "He was to meet me at the station."

"Ernest is unavoidably detained," answered Cardew gravely. "Somebody's gone wrong with the lock of his study, and he can't get out—actually."

"How very curious!" exclaimed Doris, in great surprise.

"It's really curious," agreed Cardew. "The lock's jammed, you know—and there was Ernest inside, in a state of fever, and my handle fell outside, commiserating him through the keyhole."

Doris laughed. "So I came instead," said Cardew. "With your permission, I'm going to see you safe to St. Jim's. I dare say Ernest will have got out by the time we get there."

"You are very kind," said Doris. "Very kind to myself," said Cardew, with a smile. "I must apologise for both him, and for terrify'ng up with a nose like this. I had a slight accident in the bath—"

"Oh—" "Nothing serious—simply ran my nose against something hard," said Cardew. "Do you mind if I wheel you home? I had to bring it, to get here in time."

They left the station together, Cardew wheeling his machine. The justice chatted cheerily as they walked down the old High Street of Hylcombe, his bike in one hand and Doris's bag in the other. Outside the village, in the hush, they came upon a dusty figure seated on a grassy bank by the roadside. It was Aubrey Rucke. He was resting there, and dabbing his nose with his handkerchief, and muttering indignations.

Doris glanced at him for a moment, and caught the savage scowl he turned upon her companion.

Rucke's eyes almost flashed at Cardew. "You rascal! You wait till my trousers come!" he said between his teeth.

"You get a fine view of the wood from here, on top of the rise, Miss Doris," remarked Cardew casually, as they walked on.

Doris smiled assent, in some perplexity. She had a suspicious, now, of what it was that Cardew had run his nose against, and it was clear that Rucke of the Shell had run his nose against something tender. But Cardew did not allude to Rucke. He chatted about the excursion planned for the morrow as they walked on to the school. At the gates

he left his machine leaning by Yaggles' lodge, to be taken away later, and hastened towards the School House with his fair companion. The dusk was falling on the old quadrangle of St. Jim's, and lights were glancing in the windows.

Three figures loomed up suddenly in the dusk.

"There he is—that's Cardew! Collier has."

"By god!"

"Hold on!" ejaculated Tom Meyer, as he perceived Cardew's companion.

"Oh, my hat! How—how—how do you do, Miss Doris!"

"Wait! be not!" asked Cardew. "How kind of you! These fellows have been looking forward to meet you again, Miss Levison, and they've actually been laughing round wait! for us to come in. You leave them, I think!"

"Yes," answered Doris. Her bright eyes glimmered as she looked at the Terrible Three in the dusk. "I am glad to see you again!"

Tom Meyer & Co. were rather red as they shook hands with Levison's sister in turn. Cardew smiled at them brightly, apparently unconscious of how

narrowly he had escaped a bumping. He walked on with Levine's nose to the House, leaving the Terrible Three, blinking at one another.

CHAPTER 4.

Doris' Welcome!

"**B** Al Jove! Are you still going to Franky?"

Frank Levine of the Third was outside the door of Study No. 9 in the Fourth Form passage. Inside there was a sound of a screwdriver at work. The lag grizzled at Arthur Augustus.

"Is it really stuff on Levine," remarked Arthur Augustus. "Pshaw! in his own study, but Jove!"

"And he hadn't a screwdriver there," said Frank. "He let down a string from the window, and I tied one on, and he pulled it up. He's been going it ever since. Is it really off, Ernest?"

"Nearly," answered Levine's voice within. "I'll slaughter Budge! It will be no end of trouble getting that lock put on again."

"Never mind about getting it on again, dash boy, so long as you get it open now," remarked Arthur Augustus.

"He-r-r-r-r!"

"Wee! Levine!"

"Oh, r-r-r!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Ernest's a bit better," announced Frank apologetically. "Don't mind him. He's been stuck in there for an hour or more, and Clive's had to go to his Julius."

The screwdriver was still grinding within.

"Go it, dash boy!" said Arthur Augustus, nobly making up his mind to take no notice of Levine's "ratings."

"Don't worry!"

"Er!"

"He-r-r-r-r!"

"Wee! Levine! I sympathize with you in this wretched unfortunate position, but that is no excuse for actual wading."

"Oh, dry up!" exclaimed the occupied Levine. "You wag your chin too much, D'Arcy!"

"Ernest?" answered Frank.

"You dry up too, Frank!"

"Oh!" murmured Frank.

It was pretty clear that Levine of the Fourth was in a bad temper. That was not to be wondered at under the circumstances. Arthur Augustus decided to look over it, especially as Levine was Doris' brother.

"Levine—" he began.

"He-r-r-r-r!"

"I came here to speak to you—"

"Well, don't!"

"Wee! Levine!"

"Shut up!" roared Levine.

"Bai Jove! I should certainly refuse to utter another word to you; Levine, if I had not told Miss Doris that I would acquaint you with her arrival—"

"What!"

"You stink has arrived, Levine. I came up to tell you so," said Arthur Augustus with dignity. "She is downstairs with Cardew. Budge's eyes were on you with that fact, Levine. I will wait, and trust that the next time I see you you will be in a better temper!"

And the swell of St. Jive's outfit. Frank Levine cut past him in the passage, and descended the stairs by way of the barometer; evidently in a hurry to see Doris now that she had arrived.

A couple of minutes later the door of Study No. 9 swung open, and Levine's THE NEW LIBRARY.—No. 562.

came out, tired, and with a flushed and angry face.

He hurried down the passage, meeting his steady-mate, Sidney Clive, at the head of the staircase.

"Yes, sister's here, Levine," said Clive. "I think she wants to see you before she goes to the Head's House—"

"I know!" growled Levine.

He scolded downstairs, leaving Clive staring a little. But the South African, junior was accustomed to some little uncertainty of temper from Levine, and he smiled, and went on his way.

"Oh, have you are, old top?" said Cardew, as Levine came hurrying down into the hall.

"Here I am!" growled Levine.

But his face cleared as he greeted his sister. Frank had taken Doris' bag from Cardew, and had slung it upon his shoulder in imitation of a railway-poster, for convenience to the Head's house. His change of the Third-D'Arcy minor and Reggie Manners—were observing him from a distance, with some slight disapproval. According to Reggie, Frank was making such a queer fuss of a mere girl, his affectionate delight at seeing Doris amounted to a reflection on the Third Form, in Reggie's valuable opinion.

"Catch me feeling proud my sisters like that!" Manners whispered to Wally D'Arcy. "No jolly fear! Poof!"

And Reggie scouted.

"And he's going out with her and his major tomorrow, instead of coming with me," added Reggie. "Nicksen! I call it!"

"Oh, give him his head!" said Wally tolerantly. "Frank's a bit soft, perhaps. But give him his head. His sister's a nice girl, so girls go, you know."

"Poof!"

"Not so nice as my cousin Ethel; but nice!" said Wally, with the air of a connoisseur. "I dare say Frank thinks she's quite as nice."

"I dare say she is," answered Reggie. "Girls are all alike, aren't they!"

"No fog! Look at your sisters, Fris-stump!"

"What's the matter with my sisters?" demanded Reggie warmly. Reggie did not think much of sisters, merely as sisters; but as family property, so to speak, they were not to be disparaged.

"Well, look at them, and then at my cousin Ethel!" said Wally. "I don't say they ain't nice—"

"You'd jolly well better not," said Manners nicely. "Not unless you want your nose pinched!"

"Who's going to pinch my nose?" inquired D'Arcy minor, with a wistful look.

"I am, if you're cheeky!"

"You couldn't reach my nose," answered Wally.

Wally was nearly half an inch taller than Reggie, and that half-inch had caused trouble before. It caused trouble now. Manners' nose protruded on the spot that he could reach Wally's nose.

"Yarcooch!" came in a sudden roar from D'Arcy minor, as Reggie proceeded with his demonstration.

"What—what is that?" ejaculated Doris, startled.

"Only a fog-light," answered Cardew cheerfully.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Doris, as what appeared to be a stringing handle rolled at her feet.

It was only two lags locked in a deadly embrace.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Frank Levine, in dismay. "Stop it, you silly asses! I'll jolly well hit you—"

Bill! Bill! Bill! Doris' bag came into play as a weapon of offence, and there was simultaneous noise from D'Arcy minor and Reggie Manners.

"Go it," said Cardew admiringly. "Do you care for this kind of entertainment, Miss Levine? I think this is a bang got up for your benefit. Third Form style in hospitaling, you know."

"Oh dear!" gasped Doris.

"Give me that bag, you young ass!" exclaimed Levine. "Come on, Doris! I'll take you in to Mrs. Holmes."

Doris glanced back as she left the School House with her brother. D'Arcy minor and Reggie Manners had jumped up, and they were both jumping at Frank. Mr. Budge came out of his study at that moment, however, probably having heard the uproar. Three dusty fags melted away like snow in the sunshine before the Housemaster could even recognize them.

Cardew grinned, and lounged up the staircase. He joined Clive in Study No. 9, glancing at the lock on the door.

"Dear old Radio!" he remarked. "That'll have to be mended. What price spunk? Radio's good it, with a stick over her—"

Clive laughed.

"Jolly good idea!" he assented.

Levine of the Fourth also thought it a good idea when he came to the study, after bestowing Doris with Mrs. Holmes in the Head's House.

When Backe of the Shell came wearily in, with an aching nose that drew glances from all sides, Study No. 9 were waiting for him. Backe went into his own study, and was greeted with a grin by Crooko, his companion there, answering the grin with a savage scowl. But before Backe had time to shove Crooko, No. 9 followed him in.

"You're wanted," said Cardew agreeably.

"Get out of my quarters!" roared Backe.

"Levine's had to take the lock off the study door to get out—"

"Hug, Levine!"

"You're going to put it on again!" said Levine.

"I'm jolly well set!"

"We'll see about that! Collar him!"

"Basis off!" roared Backe furiously, as Study No. 9 closed round him. "Help me, Crooko, you ratter!"

Grind Crooko roared in an archaic and serious tone that was not looking for a fight. There strong pairs of hands manœuvred the enraged Aubrey out of the room and along to No. 9. There he was given the choice of work or a strapping—and Levine gave him a sample of the stomp to begin with.

During the next hour or so there was an unusual entertainment proceeding in the Fourth Form passage.

Aubrey Backe was at work.

With screwdriver and screw, with scolding hands and a crimson, ferocious face, the black sheep of the Shell laboured at the unexpected man, Levine standing over him with a stomp ready if he slacked.

Fellows came along from all quarters to watch.

As Backe had caused the damage, it was considered quite fair that Backe should do some repair—and he had to. There was no help for him. Study No. 9 meant business, and a few strokes of the stomp quelled all Backe's ideas of resistance to their decree. Not until the last square was driven home was Aubrey allowed to retire, and then he slipped away to his study in a mood that was worthy of a Prussian Hun in his most Franzian mood.

## CHAPTER 5.

## A RILL in the Lute!

TOM MERRY & CO. came out of the Fern-room after lessons the following morning in a cheery mood. It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and the weather was fine, and most of the fellows were thinking of cricket or the river. A junior House match was due that afternoon, and the Co. were looking forward to a great game, and to inflicting a severe defeat upon Figgins & Co. of the New House.

Levison of the Fourth generally played in the House matches; but he was spending out that afternoon. His half-holiday was to be spent with Doris in exploring the old castle near the school—a visit of ancient days that often drew sightseers to the place. But there was plenty of recreation. Tom was in danger of losing another of his players, though he was not yet aware of it. The Fourth were out before the Shell that morning, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was waiting for the junior captain, so he was soon to be aware of it.

"You, Mervey, dear boy," began Arthur Augustus, as the Terrible Three came along the big corridor.

"Hallo! I hope you're at the top of your form, Gassy!" said Tom. "We want all your wickets this afternoon, you know."

"Bal Jovo! D-d-do you?"

"No, rather! Levison's standing out, and I've got in Fellen. He's good, but not so good, if you feel as Gassy," said Tom seriously, "and what will become of the School House?"

"I was thinking—"

"Thinking of a century in each innings?"

"Nagso! I—I was thinking—"

"I fancy Clive's got an idea of standing out, too," said Tom. "Levison wants him in the party, I believe. Cardew's going; but Cardew doesn't matter—doesn't play cricket—"

"Doesn't he?" murmured a tired voice near at hand, and Tom Merry glanced round.

"Hallo, Cardew! Has Clive settled whether he wants to play?" he asked.

"Yes, Clive's playing," said Cardew, with a nod. "I've offered to take his place in the team, but he doesn't seem to see it."

"I don't think I should see it, either," said Tom, rather dryly.

"Then you don't want me in the team?"

"Not a bit!"

"I'm a fairly good player, you know," urged Cardew.

"Fairly good," agreed Tom. "But a bit too uncertain. You haven't touched a bat for a month, I believe!"

"Some fellows don't need so much practice as others," murmured Cardew.

"I've got a feeling that I could play a great game this afternoon."

"How-how! But aren't you booked for the merry excursion?" asked Tom, looking at him curiously. "I thought you were going to the old castle with Levison and his crowd."

Cardew nodded.

"Quite so; but that, of course, would have to stand aside for such an important opportunity as a House match," he explained. "If you wanted my services, I—"

"Sorry, I don't!" answered Tom, rather curtly.

He brows knitted a little. The thought had come into his mind that Cardew was seeking for an excuse for dodging the excursion of the afternoon, and he did not like it. There were few fellows who would not have liked to join the party with pretty, graceful Doris; but it was

like Cardew to be distinguished with something that everybody else would have liked.

"Perhaps D'Arcy would like to resign in my favour," suggested Cardew, apparently not noticing the change in Tom Merry's tone.

"Westly, Cardew—"

"As a square of dimes, D'Arcy is really the man to settle along explain the history as mystery of the merry old riddle," remarked Cardew. "I feel as he might play for the match, D'Arcy; and I would change places with him, for the sake of making myself useful to the House for once!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus. He turned his eyes on the captain of the Shell.

"I was about to remark, Tom Merry, that I was thinking—"

"No good thinking of Cardew's ret!" said Tom decidedly. "Your case's for the match, D'Arcy; and I wouldn't play Cardew this afternoon for his weight in currency notes. That's settled!"

"Cardew is not really a bad player, Tom Merry—"

"Hats!"

"Very well, dear boy!" said Arthur Augustus, sadly relinquishing the vision of playing knight-attendant to Miss Doris that afternoon. "Dutay is dutay, and come before pleaseah. I am at your service!"

And Arthur Augustus smiled away to join Haddock & Co. in the quad. The Terrible Three were gone out, and Cardew walked with them. His manner was urbane as ever as he addressed the captain of the Shell.

"Quite made up your mind?" he asked.

"Quite!" answered Tom shortly.

"Would you like me to score for you?"

Tom Merry passed, and looked Cardew in the face.

"You want to score for us this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes, as fully!"

"That could be arranged easily enough, certainly. But—"

"Then it's a go! You might mention to Levison that I've undertaken to score for you, if he speaks—"

"Here he is!" said Merry Leather dilly. "Yes, can mention it for yourself, old boy!"

Levison came out of the House, looking round him. He came up as he saw Cardew with the Terrible Three.

"You've been looking for you, Cardew," he said.

"You've found me, old bean! Tom Merry's just been asking me if I could score for them this afternoon—"

"I haven't!" said Tom curtly. "You asked me!"

Cardew was taken aback for a moment.

"I—I mean—"

The Terrible Three walked on into the quad, leaving Ralph Redness Cardew with his study-mate. Levison's face had flushed.

"What does this mean, Cardew?" he asked.

"Mean?" repeated Cardew vaguely.

"Don't you want to come to the village?"

"My dear old scout, of course I do!" said Cardew affectionately. "I wouldn't miss it for worlds!"

"Then why did you ask Tom Merry?"

"I'm afraid I was yielding to the temptation to sell Thomas' leg, or to slightly misrepresent. Let's see, we've got to get lanterns, or something, haven't we?"

"That's what I was going to speak about, I wish Clive could get off from

the cricket; but he doesn't always get into a House match, and I don't want him to get into this shabby," said Levison.

"However, it will be all right. I dare say Backs will be glad of your company, Cardew."

"What?"

"He will make it up with you, if you'll play better with him!" said Levison, sarcastically. "You'll be free for the afternoon, anyway!"

Levison went back into the House, leaving Cardew with a rather disgruntled face. The party of the Fourth made a step after him, and then stopped and whistled softly. Levison was confused; and he was not a fellow to forget an offense in a hurry.

"Just my luck!" growled Cardew. "I—I thought I was really been' andly useful! Levison's a good chap, and his sister is a real angel; but fancy speaking an afternoon's game! How disgraceful! old legs! Oh! What queer ideas of entertainment people can get into their heads! Oh, gad!"

Cardew drove his hands into his pockets and walked away discontentedly. He liked the company of Doris Levison; with her he was free from the moody or pedantic-ill-humors that came over him often enough. But anything in the nature of a quiet and homelike occupation was repugnant to his restless nature, and he looked forward with dismay to spending an afternoon engrossing his mind in his utterly uninteresting. He would have ordered it as a patient martyrdom, however, rather than have wounded Levison; but the harm was done now. He could scarcely have expected Tom Merry to land himself in a petty deception; he had acted, as he generally did, without thinking much.

But he was worried now about the rill in the lute with Levison, and he was thinking much more seriously than usual as he lay on his back in the quadrangle till the dinner-bell rang. Clive came in from the cricket-field to dinner with a rosy, cheery face, and Cardew joined him. They met Levison on the way to the dining-hall.

"Levison, old scout—" murmured Cardew.

"Well!" said Levison grimly.

"I've got to get the lanterns ready after dinner."

"I've done that!"

"What time are we starting?"

"Frank and I are calling for my sister at a quarter to three," answered Levison indifferently. He went into the dining-room before Cardew could speak again.

Hidley Clive glanced after him, and then at Cardew.

"Anything up between you two?" he asked.

"My dear chap," said Cardew, with a smile, "what should be up! We're going to have a merry afternoon together."

"Levison spoke as if you weren't going."

"Quite a mistake; I'm certainly going!"

Cardew beamed into the dining-room, followed by his rather perplexed cousin. Levison did not look at him. Clive glanced at one and the other; and then gave his attention to his dinner. The sturdy, straightforward Colonial junior saw quite understood either of his study-mates, though he liked them both. After dinner Cardew joined Levison as they came out.

"Well?" said Levison, in a very dry way.

"Don't get your back up, old scout!" answered Cardew.

Levison gave him a steady look, but his face changed.

"I won't!" he said. "It's all right, Ralph. I'm not sorry. I took it for granted you'd like to come, but it doesn't matter either way."

"But I do want to come!"  
"Booh, old chap! You don't, and there's no need! Don't try to pull my leg, you know; and don't think I'm offended. There's no earthly reason why you should come. Doris doesn't even know it was arranged, and she won't expect to see you. He'll do all right."

"But he isn't all right! I've thought it over, and I want to come!"

"Rais! Hullo, Frank!"  
Levison walked away with his miner, and Cardew could say no more. He remained for some minutes in thought, and then lounged away to the school gates. There he remained, leaning idly on the gate, and examining a time-correctly writing.

CHAPTER 6.

The Explores!

**D**ORIS LEVISON came out of the Head's House with a smile on her face and joined her brothers, who were waiting. Frank was carrying a basket, which contained the materials for tea, and Ernest Levison had a like-bag in his hand. The two brothers were equipped for the expedition to which Doris was looking forward with great pleasure. The girl had heard a great deal about the old castle on Wayland Hill, and the subterranean passages, which Mr. Fin's father had often explored on half-holidays. She was very keen to join in exploring the dusky depths under the ruins.

"All ready, old girl!" said Frank brightly. "I hope you're not afraid of spiders. There's lots there!"  
"No!" said Doris, laughing.  
"It's a nice walk through the wood, by short cuts," remarked Levison, as they started for the gates. "That won't hurt you, Doris?"  
"Not a bit, Ernie!"

"Doris and the two juniors turned out of the gates. A rather elegant figure detached itself from the wall, and a stern but was gracefully repaid to Doris."  
"I've been waiting for you," said Cardew. "Have you got a lantern for the Levison?"  
"No."

"Never mind—I dare say you will do. Can I help you carry something?" Frank inquired.  
"Oh, I can manage the basket," answered Frank. "You'd break something, that's that."

"Quite probable," assented Cardew. "I understand that you haven't seen the inner side castle before, Miss Doris?"

"Not indeed," answered Doris.  
"It's a charming old place—vaults, and subterranean passages, and secret doors, and things," said Cardew. "Awfully interesting, and all that. You're fond of ruins and things?"  
"Yes."

"Stare with me; we've got quite a lot of holes in common—haven't we?" said Cardew, with a smile. "I can think of a happy way of spending a holiday this year—some jolly old ruins, and thinking of the things that might have happened there when the Plantagenets were alive and kicking. It's a very historic place, our old castle, isn't it, Ernest?"  
"Oh, yes!" said Levison shortly.

"Assigned once by the Boardheads, you know, in the reign of—of—  
"When theophilus reign was it, Frank? You fellows in the Third Form are well up in history."  
"Charles the First, of course, but head!" answered Frank. "What right could it be with Boardheads?"

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"Quite so—I stand corrected!" said Cardew gravely. "When I was in the Third Form at Woodhouse I knew all those things. Can I carry that lantern for you, Levison?"

"I can carry it."  
"Nethis' for me to do, as usual," said Cardew. "You haven't even an umbrella I can carry, Miss Doris!"  
"No," said Doris, laughing.

"Hullo! There's Backs!" said Frank. Andrew Backs looked at the party of four with a little awe, as they came along the footpath in the wood. He was idling about, so he generally was on a half-holiday. He was debating in his mind whether to visit the Green Man in Rykman's for a game of billiards, or to call in at the New House for beer in Giuseppe's study, or to walk on to Wayland to look in at the Provost's Mess Hall. Other matters for the afternoon, there seemed none—he did not think of cricket, or rowing, or reading.

But as the Levison party passed him, and went on through the wood, a new idea seemed to come into Backs's mind. He knew whether they were looking, and his eyes glittered as he watched them disappear down the footpath.

When they were out of sight, Backs followed in the same direction. He rubbed his swollen nose and his dimmed eyes resentfully. There was a scheme in Backs's mind now to make Cardew & Co. sorry for that so often nose and dimmed eyes.

Quite unconscious that the red of the blood was following in their track: at a

distance, Doris Levison and her companions walked on. Cardew played so successfully, as if he were enjoying the walk—as indeed he was. Levison was very alert at first; but Cardew's good humour, gained on him, and he was soon talking cheerfully. As for Frank and Doris, they had not the slightest suspicion that there had been any rift in the lace, and they were bright and good-humoured from the start.

They came out of the wood at last, into the Wayland road, and crossed the slope that was crowned by the old castle. Little more than the lower walls remained of the ancient building, which had braved the storms of centuries before Cromwell's cannon had boomed upon it from the adjacent ramparts. The oldest part of the castle was supposed to date from the reign of King Stephen. Above ground, it was little more than a mass of ruins; but below the ancient walls extended a great distance under the earth, hardly touched by time.

"Here we are!" said Frank, as they came in by the shattered gateway. "And here's the way down, Doris!"

In the midst of the ruins a huge and heavy stone was rolled upon its side, leaning open the crevice it had blocked. Doris glanced down, and discovered the dim shape of stone steps, falling away into black darkness.

"Looks inviting, doesn't it?" remarked Cardew.

"Not very," said Doris, with a smile. "Is this always kept open?"

"Not always," answered Levison. "But it's a jolly job, lifting that big flange, and I suppose the last party here left it open. A fellow was lost in the vaults here once."

"Oh!" exclaimed Doris.  
"We've never got lost," said Cardew, with a smile. "We know the vaults like—like anything!"  
"Oh, you have explored them before, of course?" said Doris.  
"Garden enough."

"Well, I-I haven't exactly; but Frank has—hasn't he, Frank?"

"I've been down here with Wally and Reggie," said Levison smugly. "Ernest has been down, too. There's a secret passage here somewhere, that leads to the old castle's ruins in Rykman's Wood. I've never seen it; but I've heard Tom Merry speak of it. He's been through it."

"By gad! We'll look for it, an' search it, an' come out the other end, perhaps," remarked Cardew, with apparent enthusiasm.

Frank shook his head.  
"We looked for it, and never found it," he said. "There's no end of passages, and a chap might easily get lost if he went too far. Ready, Ernie?"  
"Come on!" said Levison. "I'll go ahead with the light."

Levison had lighted the lantern now. Holding it up, he descended the stone staircase. Doris followed him, Frank helping her down the steps.

Ralph Beckins Cardew brought up the rear.

On the first step he hesitated a moment, and looked round him at the silent ruins and the labor, sunny sky. But he shrugged his shoulders, and followed the other explorers. Just as his eyes reached the level of the stone flag he caught sight of a figure that lurked among the masonry near the old gateway. It was only for a moment that he glimpsed the slinking figure; but he recognised Aubrey Backs.

Cardew smiled as he went down the steps.  
"Backs' in, by gad!" he yawned. "What the thunder does he want to watch us for, I wonder? And I wonder

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"What—what is that?" ejaculated the startled Doris. "Only a dog-fight," answered Cardew cheerfully. "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Doris, as a struggling bundle rained at her feet. (See Chapter 4.)

what Ernest would say if I offered Harks to change places with him? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Halls! What's the joke!" asked Lovison, as Cardew's sudden laugh struck the echoes of the vaults.

"Just walk!" the obese, old chap! Sounds weird, doesn't it?"

"It sounds quite ghostly," said Doris, with a rather earnest glance into the deep shadows that surrounded the vaults of light from the lamp.

"You're not frightened!" asked Cardew, glancing a little over to her.

"No, no!" answered Doris, a little solemnly.

Cardew smiled.

"Nothing to be afraid of. Mind your lamp doesn't go out, Lovison! Lead the way for the merry night!"

The explorers started. That wondrous vision of Jubrey Redde lurking and striking among the ruins had already passed from Cardew's volatile mind. He did not know that the end of the Shell had reached the opening of the vaults above now, and was looking down into the black depths, with better results in

his hand face, anger and revenge in his heart.

#### CHAPTER 7.

##### The Fleets in the Vaults!

THE light of Lovison's little lantern glided like a searchlight into the gloom of the vaults. It was an scintillating lamp, clear and bright, and giving a very powerful light. Lovison led the way with it, and Frank held Doris's arm to guide her along. Ralph Rockness Cardew walked with his hands in his pockets, huzzing a truce occasionally. Doris was so pleased with the excitement of exploring subterranean passages that Cardew's ideas it a pretence to keep up an appearance of keen interest; and the girl did not dream of suspecting that Cardew looked of the exploration as a "kid's game."

But Cardew was not sorry that he was in the party; he was not looking on his afternoon as wasted now. His perception was keen, and he realised that Doris Lovison was a little scared by the deep darkness, the shadows, and the lonely

silence of the ancient vaults. When he spoke, it was in a light and amusing vein, to keep the girl's mind from nervous thoughts.

"This way," said Frank. "This is the vault where the skeleton was found, called 'em, Doris—"

"Oh!"

"The bones have been taken away, of course," pursued Frank cheerfully. "I think they've got 'em in some museum. But you can see the exact shape. A lot of scientific old jobbers came down here once, and some of them thought the skeleton dated from pre-Norman days—and never put it down to the later Plantagenets. Just like them, you know!"

"Scientific jobbers are always with Estelle's lot," remarked Cardew. "I like 'em better to a scientific lecture."

"Do you?" exclaimed Doris, in surprise.

"Yes! I find it so end entertaining! Talk of the fairy-tales of science," said Cardew. "'Grimm's Fairy Tales' are not in the same street with 'em!'"

Doris smiled.

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"But science is a wonderful thing, isn't it?" she said, not knowing how to take Cardew's remarks.

"Wonderful isn't the word. Marvellous is the right expression!" answered Cardew. "Listen to a merry old geologist, for instance. If he finds himself in a bit of a fix, he's always ready to check in another million years or so. You can never catch him. I'm him down here, and he occupies you three, putting in another million years to finish you! I pinned down a scientific Johnny once—"

"Did you?" exclaimed Doris.

"Yes. Almost I did it, like merry old Christmas."

"But—how—"

"That skeleton—" went on Frank.

"Frank, my infant, give the skeleton a rest! I'm talking science. Science is a terrific thing!" said Cardew gravely. "I was going to tell you how I pinned down the scientific Johnny after a lecture. I thought I had him fair and square, Miss Doris. I asked him about evolution—the old theory, you know, which lasted so long of time, with a monkey at the beginning and a St. Jim's chap at the end. I don't deny there's some evidence for it. Take Buckle of the Shell, for example. He really looks like a living proof of it!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Doris.

"But I have my doubts," said Cardew gravely. "I know a lot of people believe in evolution—"

"Everybody does!" granted Levinson.

"Leave me out—I don't!"

"Fiddled!"

"My dear chap, let me say my child I've gotten fairly good and Miss Doris is so patient that it's an irresistible temptation to tease her—"

"But I'm not bored!" said Doris, laughing.

"Thank you! That's kind. Now, where was I?"

"Never mind where you were—here we are!" said Frank. "Play's the place, Doc! Show the light, Sam! You can see just where the poor chap was walked to, Doris. There's the shape of his back—"

"Oh dear! The poor fellow!" said Doris, her face changing. "I—let us go on, shall we?"

"Good old times!" sighed Cardew as they walked on. "Lovely old times, when a chap could be walked up underground if he tried on your toes! Remember, I suppose, for the chap who did the walking—"

"But neither a borg for the walls. Did they call him a borg, Frank?"

"Of course they didn't, son! Why should they?"

"Well, a chap who is paid in a penny, and a chap who's employed in an employe, so I suppose a fellow who's walked in a walk—or he ought to be, at least. Where are we going to corrupt?"

"Not tired already?" asked Levinson.

"Nonsense! I'm enjoying the expedition. I was thinking that Miss Doris will be vamping some too."

"We're going to have tea in the end vault," said Frank. "It's no end of a lark, peering underground!"

"Something like a stunt!" agreed Cardew. "Who was it thought of that brilliant idea?"

"I did!" said Frank proudly.

"They think of these things in the Third Form!" said Cardew, in great admiration.

"Oh, rats!" said Frank.

"The explorers moved on, and made the round of the vaults. Several passages were followed, none of which ended in black walls, Frank surmising that there were secret doors hidden among the stone blocks, but failing to discover any. The

THE GEM LIBRARY.—No. 202

rest of the long series of vaults was reached after an hour of exploring, and there they stopped.

Frank unrolled the basket. The scientific lamp was set upon a ledge, where it shed light for the party. A spirit-stove was started, and a bottle of water placed on it, filled from a bottle of water. Sandwiches and cakes and tarts were grandly tossed out by Levinson, while Doris made the tea. It was a very cheerful party, and merry voices and laughter awakes the echoes of the vastness that surrounded them.

There was a camp-stool for Doris, but her companions had to be satisfied with the flagged floor. Cardew did not sit at all down, however. He did not care to risk his elegant "clubber" on the floor.

"You were telling me—" said Doris, as the dandy of the Fourth presented her with cap and spacer and plate.

"Was it? What was it?"

"About the science lecturers."

Cardew made an effort to remember.

"By god! So I was, when Frank headed us off!" he said. "Where was I?"

"You were asking the lecturer questions about evolution," said Doris, smiling.

"So I was!" agreed Cardew. "He had been rather stiff on you, you know! You are aware of the way lecturers pile on facts and figures on anatomy schoolboys. He wanted to be asked questions, so I asked some. I mentioned that as far as recorded history goes back, there hasn't been any change in the human form since—"

"In Egypt or somewhere, that are supposed to date back five thousand years or so. Well, if the merry human figure hasn't changed in five thousand years, I suggested that evolution would have to be a stupor slow business. It would, wouldn't it, if there wasn't any change perceptible in five thousand years?"

"I—I suppose so."

"Wherever," answered Cardew gravely, the dandy old gent smiled superior, and rolled in with millions of years. He was particularly to a million or two. Then I quoted at him something I remembered from a lecture on the Glacial Period. That was a trouble time, you know, when it was so terrifically cold that life wasn't possible on this little planet. I put two or two together, and found that the evolutionist's millions of years pushed back the merry race right into the Glacial Period, when life wasn't possible."

"Oh!"

"And that scientific Johnny," said Cardew sadly, "told me I was a young donkey. That was how he wound up. I didn't tell him I thought he was an old donkey—it wouldn't have been respectful. But I thought it, you know!"

Doris laughed.

"Afterwards I tickled Lathams—he's our Form-master, you know, and a giddy fellow. I thought that as he was my Form-master it was my duty to enlighten him as to keep him from talking rot. I think a fellow ought to be kind to his Form-master. Lathams thought a bit, and then dragged out a big volume by a man named Digges—or Diggs—or something. No, Doris. Ever heard of a chap named Darwin?"

"Yes," smiled Doris.

"On the authority of Diggs—I mean, Darwin—Lathams squashed me. It seems from Diggs—I mean, Darwin—that evolution slowed down and backed up at different times, sometimes going on like a Harley-Davidson and sometimes stopping like the Peace Conference. That's what I said."

"I couldn't stand up to punishment like that."

You see, the merry scientific Johnny has got you everywhere if his theories are allowed to be as elastic as that. You tell him there wasn't room for his millions of years, and all he's got to say is that the process must have looked up some time or other—don't you know. You ask him why, if it breaks up at all, it hasn't looked up and let me see a sign of it during recorded history, and he need only say that for the last few thousand years we've been landed in one of the slow periods. It's like backin' a horse both ways, you know?"

Cardew shook his head sadly.

"So I've given up arguin' with scientific johnnies," he concluded. "I only wonder sometimes whether they really believe in all their fairy-tales, or whether they're laughing at their share while they're pullin' the leg of the public!"

Doris laughed as Cardew concluded. It was not hard to tell whether he was joking or in earnest.

Cardew, old man, you talk like a grammarian!" said Levinson. "Another cup of tea, Doris?"

"Now try the cake!" said Frank.

Doris' cap stepped suddenly half-way from the seat as a deep, distant echo rolled through the vaults.

Cardew started.

"What—that was that!" exclaimed Doris, startled.

Cardew's eyes met Levinson's.

"It—it can't be some idiot doing the stunts!" muttered Levinson.

Frank uttered an exclamation.

"Echo, if it is—"

Ernest Levinson's face had become pale. He took down the lamp hastily from the ledge.

"Let's see!" he exclaimed.

"Enter all go!" said Cardew. "It will be rather a jolly job getting that stone up again. Miss Doris, you're going to see us in the character of Hercules at a third-rate job!"

The girl smiled, reassured by Cardew's tone; but as they followed Levinson Cardew was well aware that if the stone door had been replaced there was no possibility of raising it from below, and that the explorers were helpless prisoners in the depths of the castle vaults.

CHAPTER 8.

Lost!

LEVINSON ascended the stone stair, and flashed the light above him.

Where the opening had been, with a square of blue sky beyond, solid stone now closed the view. The large and heavy flagstone, which had stood upon its side beside the opening, had been rolled back, dropping into its place with a heavy thud, the edge of which had reached the partition in the distant vault. Levinson set up his head to the stone; it was firm and motionless as the walls about him. His face was pale as he looked down the stair at his companions.

"It's closed!" he said.

"We—we shall have to shove it up somehow," muttered Frank.

Levinson gripped his teeth.

"What utter stult could have come along and closed it?" he muttered. "It was easy to shove. It was a lot of trouble for whoever did it. What should anybody do it for, not knowing whether anybody was down here?"

Cardew did not speak.

Back to his mind came that glimpse of Ashby Beck, sinking in the rain, washing.

He understood now why the blackguard of St. Jim had followed them—why he had watched them.

It was Bazoo who had closed the store. Cardew had no doubt about it. This was Bazoo's revenge, and it was only fear that had made him hesitate to close it sooner. He had hesitated long enough, but he had made up his mind at last.

"What did he intend?"  
To seize the explorers, perhaps—to leave them prisoners in the vaults till they were searched for and found. Bazoo's dull and suspicious mind, doubtless, did not realize all the harm he had done. He had little imagination, and did not realize the effect of being shut up in a minute and darkness for hours—long, weary hours. Cardew gritted his teeth as he thought of it.

"Yes—you can move the store, surely!" said Doris, in a faltering voice.  
Her startled eyes looked from one face to another.

"We're going to try," said Cardew. "All together, and up it goes! We've got to get our shoulders to the wheel, my chaps."  
"We can't all get under it at once," protested Frank.

"Let's do our best. Perhaps Miss Doris will hold the lamp."

Levison handed the lamp to his sister, who stood on the lower step, turning the light upward. The three juniors gathered, as well as they could, under the store, on the top step last one; but there was no room for more than two of shoulders to be heaved against it. Cardew stepped down, and Cardew and Levison carried their strength on the heavy store.

They drove upwards at it with all their strength. It was a strain that made them clench their teeth hard. For a moment it moved slightly, but that was all.

Fatigued, exhausted by the effort, the juniors desisted. They could not move the stone upward, and it was useless to expend their strength in the attempt. Levison roared against the store, breathing spasmodically; Cardew's handsome face was pale for some minutes, as the flash of exertion died out of it. Doris watched them in silence.

The girl realized now that the store could not be moved. They came down the steps into the vault again in grim silence.

"We—no shall be searched for," muttered Frank. "That—the fellows know we're here."

"Oh, yes, that's all right!" asserted Cardew.

"But—but when shall we be searched for?" asked Doris.

"We shall be missed at calling-over, anyhow," said Frank.

"When is that?"

"Half-past seven this evening."

Doris looked at her watch. It was a little after five.

"Some of the fellows will come and look for us, of course," said Levison.

"But they will find the store closed," said Doris.

"It can be pulled up from above—three or four fellows. There's a ring in it, you know."

"But if they find the store closed, will they think we are down here at all?"

"Oh!"

The juniors looked at one another. They hardly dared look at Doris. The same thought had already occurred to Cardew's quick mind. It was more than possible that Tom Merry & Co. came to look for them, and they found the entrance to the vaults closed, they would not suppose that the explorers were still below. It would look as if the party had emerged, and closed the store after them.

Bazoo's face was white now.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Doris," said Cardew cheerfully—more cheerfully than he felt. "There's another way out. Frank was wrong about it."

"I don't know where it is," said Frank glumly. "I've heard Tom Merry speak of it—it's a secret passage to the bank's cell in the wood. An escaped convict hid there once, I've heard; but that was before I came to St. Joe's. I—I don't know where to look for it."

"I remember hearing about it," said Levison. "I dare say we shall find it easily enough. Back on Doris!"

"I—I'm not afraid!" faltered Doris.

"Nothing to be afraid of," smiled Cardew. "It's simply a question of looking round for the right passage and bearing it. What a pity Tom Merry isn't with us. This is what comes of playing cricket on a half-holiday. Let's get a move on, Levison."

As the four moved away from the staircase, Cardew dropped behind with Levison for a moment.

"How long does this giddy leap last?" he whispered.

"Three hours."

"And it's been burnt two?"

"Yes."

"Got any more outside for us?"

"No. I never expected—"

"Quite so; naturally, you couldn't. We shall be in the dark in an hour's time. That means that we've got to find the passage in an hour, Ernest, old boy!"

Levison nodded without speaking. His heart was heavy, though he was not thinking of himself. No time was lost.

Levison remembered having heard the Terrible Three speak of the secret passage they had found, long before, but he had never troubled to ask anything about it in particular. It was a question now of finding it. And there were passages to the number of a dozen or more opening out of the vaults. Levison led the way with the lamp, the rest keeping together behind him, for fear of getting separated in the gloom.

For an hour they tramped the vaults and the stone passages, but they found no sign of an outlet. The light was burning low and uncertainly now, and Doris' eyes were frantically upon it, with a scared look. The girl was very silent, keeping down her face.

"A dashed labyrinth, isn't it?" muttered Cardew, as they followed a narrow, stone-walled passage that opened into a long series of vaults. "What we're looking for is here somewhere most likely. Oh, gad!"

There was a flicker from the lamp, and it was plunged into darkness. Sudden blackness descended upon them.

Doris compressed her lips hard to keep back a cry.

Levison muttered something between his teeth.

"All across! I've got matches!" said Cardew.

Match after match was struck, to show the way back to the vaults. Further exploration without a light was impossible; it only remained to return to the steps, and wait there for rescue. The mere thought of being lost in the winding passages was terrible.

Cardew's face became graver and graver. His last match showed a passage branching off at right angles from the one they were following. His eyes met Levison's as the match flickered out.

"Barely we are near the steps now," faltered Doris.

"Can't be far away," answered Cardew reassuringly. "I'm afraid you've gottin' tired, Miss Doris."

"I—I am a little tired."

The poor girl was almost sinking with fatigue, after the long and weary tramp in the heavy, confined air of the vaults. But she moved on bravely. Cardew quietly passed his arm through hers,

"You've got some matches, Levison."

"Yes, thank goodness!"

Levison recalled his matches as much as he could. He knew now that they had missed the way back to the steps. He was almost sure that they were on the right path, when the last match went out.

"You got any matches, Frank?"

"No, Ernest."

Levison drew a deep breath.

"Keep together," he said. "It's all right, Doris. I can feel my way back along the wall. I'm sure of the way now."

"Yes, Ernest."

"Anyhow, we shall be found as soon as they come for us."

"Yes."

Levison groped his way along the slimy wall of the passage. Frank held on to his brother's jacket, to keep with him.

"Keep close," said Levison.

His voice sounded strangely hollow in the darkness.

"All serene," answered Cardew. "I'm feeling my way along the wall, old bean. We're after you."

Doris was leaning heavily on Cardew's arm now, but he hardly felt the weight. He stooped down, as the girl's weary footsteps dragged.

Cardew thought of the sinking figure in the vaults, and he set his teeth hard. He would have given a great deal just then to be within reach of Andrew Bazoo.

His hand, as it groped along the wall in the blackness, came to open space. It was a breach in the passage. It seemed to Cardew that the heavy air was a little fresher there, and his hopes rose.

"By gad! This looks as if we've found what we were looking for!" he muttered.

"Do you notice that the air seems fresher, Miss Doris?"

"I—I did not notice."

"I think it is, Levison!" called out Cardew.

There was no answer.

"Levison! Ernest!"

Only the echo of his voice answered him.

"Ernest!" called Doris, in sudden terror.

But there came no answer. And Cardew, with a throb at his heart, realized that Levison and Frank were no longer within hearing. They were separated in the darkness of the interminable vaults.

"They—where are they?" panted Doris.

Cardew pressed her arm.

"Back up!" he said. "You can't be far away. I'm afraid Levison was mistaken a minute, thinkin' we were below us. I—I suppose he was on the other side of the passage."

He bent again, with all his strength, "Levison! Frank!"

Deep echoes boomed back from the black, subterranean depths, but there was no sound of his chums' voices. Doris gave a sob of utter dismay and weakness.

"Oh! We are lost!"

And she would have sunk to the ground but for the support of Cardew's strong arm.

## CHAPTER 8.

### Missing!

"**B**AI Javal! We really ought to have beaten the brandish!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy made that remark as the sticketeer came off Little Bide at St. Joe's.

The House match had ended in a draw, as the duck was falling. Arthur Augustus was not satisfied with the result.

"Your fault, Garry," answered Tom Merr.

"Well, I had to see how you make that out, Tom Merry!" exclaimed the swell of St. Joe's academy.

"Whose are the curtains you peeped at?" demanded the captain of the shell.

"Had Jove! I did not exactly promise you anything, you know. But I wish Jock I should have taken a century in the first innings if Patsy Wynne hadn't stopped up my wicket!"

"Then it's Patsy Wynne's fault," said Tom, laughing.

"Have the guddy explorers got back yet, anybody know?" asked Sidney Clive.

"They were coming back before dark."

"Most likely," answered Tom. "Hallo, Hacks! Have you seen anything of Levison and his crew?"

Aubrey Racks had just come in at the gate, and was making for the School House, when Tom called to him. He gave a sudden start, and his hand fore and a strange and guffin look, as he threw a startled glance at the captain of the shell.

"Levison?" he repeated. "No! What should I know about him?"

And he stands on without waiting for a reply.

"No need to be so jolly ratty," remarked Mussy Leather, with a stare after the shell fellow. "Racks's manners ain't improving, I must say. And they never seemed that they could get worse, either."

The substitutes followed Racks into the School House, fired hot cherry, after a good game. Sidney Clive went up to Study No. 3, but he came down in a few minutes.

"They don't seem to have come in," he remarked to Tom Merry. "They're staying out rather late. We were going to have tea in the study with Miss Levison, too."

"I think they were peevish at the castle, so they probably won't wait to eat," answered Tom. "If you've no more work, come and have tea with us."

"Right-o!"

The South African junior joined the Terrible Threes at a late tea. He was peevish by the absence of his chums, but he did not think of being alarmed. But when Clive, Levison, and Levison's wife failed to answer to their names at evening call-over, he began to feel uneasy.

"But Jove!" remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, as the juniors came out of Hall. "They are keepin' it up

waitin' late. I suppose that an Archer hasn't lost them in the van. That would be worth waitin' on Miss Davis."

"They wouldn't be such duffers as to get lost," said Tom Merry.

"But why the trump haven't they come in?" exclaimed Clive anxiously.

"They never intended to miss call-over."

"Goodness knows!"

Sidney Clive waited about the doorway for some time in the hope of seeing his chums appear in the dusky road. It was time for prep. But Clive was growing alarmed now, and he did not think of prep. The Terrible Threes joined him at the doorway, and Study No. 6 as well. All the prizes were beginning to be missing.

"They oughtn't to be keepin' Miss Davis out all this time," remarked Arthur Augustus sagely. "Mrs. Holmes must certainly have expected her back before dark."

Kildare came along the passage.

"Hain't Levison come in?" he asked.

"Not yet, Kildare."

"Mrs. Holmes has just sent a message to him. It seems that Miss Levison hasn't come in, either," said the prefect.

"Do you know where they are?"

Tom Merry explained all he knew, and Kildare writted his brows.

"The young duffers!" he exclaimed. "I suppose they've got lost in the van, and Miss Levison with them! They will have to be looked for."

"I will go with pleasant, Kildare," said Arthur Augustus.

"I'll speak to Mr. Bailton," said Kildare shortly.

He went to the Housemaster's study, and returned in a few minutes.

"They are to be looked for," he said. "I suppose I could take you, Tom Merry!"

"Yes, rather," answered Tom promptly.

"Perchance I had better go, Kildare!"

"Hail a dozen of you can go," said Kildare, with a smile. "Get your lanterns, and I shall be ready in a few minutes."

Five minutes later the captain of St. Joe's started, with the Terrible Threes, Clive, and the four chums of Study No. 6. Tom Merry & Co. would have undertaken for question liberally "in their own" but Mr. Bailton had wisely decided that a prefect's presence was necessary.

From a study window a pale and uneasy face watched them as they crossed the quadrangle in the twilight. Racks turned from his window as soon as they

were out of sight, and moved about his study with restless steps. Crooks, his study-mate, looked up from his prep scribble.

"What's worrying you?" he asked.

"Nothing!" snapped Racks.

"None still painful?" grinned Crooks.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Worryin' about Levison and his sister?" asked Crooks, with a broader grin. "You like him or not, I know. Has he found out that you got Knox to plant those lines on him yesterday, to keep him from goin' to the station?"

"Hain't he—and you?"

Crooks shrugged his shoulders, and went on with his work. But he continued to move about restlessly. He could not put his thoughts into prep. He had acted as he had done from malice and revenge, without much thought as to the consequences. But there was a haunting dread in his mind now that something serious might have happened to the party in the castle vaults. He knew they were in the darkness; he knew there were pitfalls in some recesses of the subterranean passages, and a hidden picture was before his mind of a possible disaster in the black depths of broken timber—perhaps of—

But he drove that last and terrible thought from his haunted mind.

"Can't you keep still?" snapped Crooks. "Look here, Racks, if my cousin fellow saw you prowlin' round like this he'd begin to suspect—"

"What?" snapped Racks.

"That you know something about what's happened to Levison," answered Crooks coolly. "By gad! If they've been shut up in the castle vaults—"

He broke off, startled by his own suggestion.

"If they have, I know nothing about it," answered Racks. "Shut up! I've got my prep to do."

And he set down, to make an attempt to work. But he could give little thought to it. He was thinking of the party shut up in the darkness under the ruins, and of Kildare and his companions hurrying to the rescue. Would he be suspected, if there was such a disaster?

Little suspecting how Racks's anxious thoughts were following them, Kildare and the party retraced by the woodland path to the old castle. Arrived at the ruins, the lanterns were lighted, and they looked about them.

"Hallo, the store's closed!" exclaimed Tom Merry in surprise.

"But Jove! They're out, and we've missed them!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"We haven't missed them," said Clive. "We know the way they'd have come back to the school."

"But the store is closed, dash boy. They wouldn't close it 'till dawn—only when they had come out!"

"Ye—er—but—"

"It's odd," said Kildare. "But we'd better look in, at least, now we're come so far. Lead me a hand with this stone, some of you."

The big Sixth-Former bent to the heavy stone, and Tom Merry and Clive helped him raise it. It was lifted and turned on its side beside the opening.

Hail a dozen lanterns beamed upon the stone store.

"Hallo! Hallo!" shouted Kildare. "Is anyone there?"

From the darkness below came a faint cry. The next instant Kildare was rushing down the steps, with the juniors at his heels. The lanterns gleamed on Levison of the Fourth and his niece, their faces pale and haggard in the light.

"Thank Heaven you've come!" gasped Levison.

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"Where's your sister—and Corlew?"

"Lost!" growled Leevon.

"Good heavens!"

"The light gave out. Somehow, they missed as in the passage—I couldn't make them hear, or hear them answer. Doris is—"

Leevon's voice broke.

Tom Merry held up his lantern, and stared into the darkness. From the black depths round the radius of light came no sign and no sound. Somewhere there, far away in the desolate blackness, was Corlew and Doris Leevon—but where?

## CHAPTER 10.

## In Darkness and Danger!

**R**ALPH BECKNER CARDEW breathed hard as he held Doris in the darkness, the poor girl's full weight falling upon his supporting arm. Doris was at the end of her strength; the discovery that she was separated from her brother, and lost in the interminable darkness, was the last straw.

Cardew heard a faint sob in the gloom.

He did not know what to say to comfort her confusion. His heart was heavy. After a minute or two he shouted again—and again and again. But no answer came back.

Probably at that moment Leevon and Frank were shouting to him, but the thick stone walls carried no sound. They might be near at hand, they might be half a mile away—the stone passages were interminable. He was crying softly in the darkness. She tried to restrain her tears, but she could not help it.

"Poor kid!" said Cardew at last, soothing her as if she were a child. "Back up, Doris—back up, my dear girl! We shall get out of this all right!"

"I—I'm not frightened," faltered Doris faintly. "But—but—where is Ernest and Frank? What has happened to them?"

"My luck, I suppose," said Cardew. "It's rotten! I couldn't see Ernest, you see—I thought he was groping along the same side of the passage, and now it seems he must have been on the other side. He must have turned a corner, thinking 'we were following,' and we must have kept straight on, or turned an opposite corner. Just rotten bad luck! But I dare say Ernest's at the stop by this time—he thought he recognized the way before the matchbox failed. No need to be anxious about him or Frank."

"And—and we—"

"Let me think a bit," said Cardew.

Doris drew herself away from Cardew's supporting arm, blushing in the darkness.

"You'd better let me hold you," said Cardew, in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone, more reassuring to the girl than tenderness could have been—though Cardew was feeling very tender at that moment. "It wasn't so for us to get separated; and you're tired, too, poor kid!"

Doris did not speak, but she leaned on his arm again. She was glad of that strong support, for her own strength was almost gone.

"It's not much good trying to find your brother," said Cardew. "He's heading for the stop, and he's found that by this time. I dare say, but I couldn't find him in this pitchy dark. I haven't the faintest idea of his direction, have you?"

"No," said Doris in a low voice.

"There's the other way out that

Franky was speakin' of," said Cardew, vaguely. "The money we're out on the better. You'd be late for supper, anyway, I'm afraid."

"Supper?" repeated Doris. "You are you getting hungry?" asked Cardew lightly.

"I was not thinking of supper," said the girl. "I—I was thinking—"

"Thinkin' that Mrs. Holmes will be vexed at your bein' late? Never mind, you can explain, you know, and she's a good soul—"

"But—but we are in danger here, are we not?"

"Danger!" repeated Cardew, as if that was the first suggestion of it that had occurred to his mind. "My dear girl, there's no danger, but it's dashed inconvenient, that's all. It's a shame you should have to walk on when you're so tired—"

"I—I don't mind, I—I was thinking— I, it's a duck and lovely!" said Doris with a shudder. "What—what two we—what are we going to do?"

Cardew's light tone had reassured the girl. If he could think of supper, and of Mrs. Holmes's possible vexation, it did not seem that there was much that was serious to be thought of. She could not see his earnest, lined face in the darkness. The clunky of the Fourth knew well enough that there was danger—danger of pitfalls in the dark, danger of sinking down exhausted in some black room where they might never be found. Even in his bold, reckless heart there was a chill of dread; but his object was to keep dread from his companion, and in that he succeeded.

"I'm thinkin' what to do," he said lightly. "My idea is that the air seems a little fresher in this passage—let's get into—and that looks like an opening somewhere. It would be no end of a luck to discover that passage Franky was talking about. We should have the laugh of Frank then, when we see him again. It would show that they don't know everything even in the Third—that Sankhef's of wendon!"

Doris laughed faintly. "I suppose we keep going here, following our noses, and looking for the fresh air," continued Cardew. "Unfortunately, my nose isn't up to concert pitch since Rache possessed it yesterday—I must rely on yours. Tell me when you get the scent of flowers, and I shall know we're nearly there. See?"

"Let us go on," said Doris.

They moved on, Cardew supporting the fatigued girl with one arm, and holding his way with the other along the cobble-stony walls. As they advanced, he felt certain that the air was a little fresher, and that argued that there was an opening somewhere, but no gleam of light came to his eyes. He stopped suddenly as he found himself up against a solid wall of stone.

His teeth came together hard; but his tone was light as he said:

"I think we'd better turn here."

Doris did not even know that they had laboured along a long, blind alley, as Cardew moved round. She supposed they were going onward, as the air was good, his way back. Whether they reached their starting-point again Cardew did not know. Another end another passage opened. He was lost and bewildered in the labyrinthine maze. Again and again he thought he felt fresher air on his cheeks, and again and again it seemed that the atmosphere was clean and more refreshing.

Progress was slow, for Doris' weary footsteps were dragging more and more. It seemed to Cardew, strong and steady though he was, that they had traversed weary leagues, and it was a staggering

thought that, in all probability, they were covering the same ground again and again—it was impossible to be certain in the wrapping gloom.

Doris stopped at last, with a faint sound of pen.

"I—I can't go on! I—I can't!"

Cardew's arm closed round her.

"My dear kid—"

"I'm tired—I'm so terribly tired!" sobbed the girl. "Oh, I can't go on—I can't!"

"And you sha'n't, either!" said Cardew solemnly. "Luckily, we're pretty near the end now!"

He passed desperately into the darkness. Whether they were near the end, or the beginning, he could not say. For all he knew they might be exactly at the spot they had started from. The darkness and the windings deprived him of all idea of his bearings.

"I—I—I'm sorry!" breathed Doris. "I can't go on! You can leave me, if you like, and—and try—"

Cardew laughed.

His laugh sang eerily enough. It had a merry ring, however, though Cardew was far from merry.

"That's likely!" he said. "Ernest would give me no end of a chiding, and so for Frank—I worry hellers Frank would punch my nose. And I don't want that, consider! What Rache's done to a stranger, I can't be far from the end now. Miss Doris, I'm going to carry you—"

"Oh, no—no—no—"

"Oh, yes! Your weight isn't much to me," said Cardew. "Bless your little heart, kid, I could carry Frank without feelin' the weight, and you're not so heavy as Frank."

"But—but—"

"I tell you your weight's simply nothing," said Cardew. "Now, then, there's really no choice about it—we've got to get on!"

He lifted the girl in his strong arms as if she had been an infant, and moved on, slowly. It was necessary to feel his way, in case of pitfalls, and he trod with caution. Doris made no movement—she was utterly spent, and her head dropped on Cardew's shoulder. She was only half-conscious as he bore her on through the blackness.

Cardew's heart was like lead; his own strength was giving out, and once or twice he staggered under his burden.

But he kept on grimly.

He was sure now that the air was fresher—more and more sure of it as he kept on. The difference was not great, but it was easily distinguished after the oppressive atmosphere that had troubled his lungs so long. Somewhere at hand there was an opening. It was possible that he had been wandering within a short distance of it all the time in the maze of passages.

"Doris, my dear kid?" he murmured. There was no reply. The girl was unconscious—deep in the sleep of utter exhaustion.

"All the better!" muttered Cardew. "Poor kid—poor kid— Oh, I'll make Rache suffer for this if—I get out of this!"

He trooped on, slow and stumbling, like one in a dream. He was aching with fatigue, but he would not give it. If there was a way of escape, he would keep on till he found it, or till he dropped exhausted.

It seemed like a horrid nightmare to him as he trooped wearily on in the blackness. But the air was fresher now, there could be no mistake about that, and suddenly Cardew felt a breath upon

his face, and he could have wept with relief and joy. It was a breath of night wind!

He stumbled against stone steps in the darkness.

With his last ounce of strength he stumbled up the steps with Doris in his arms. There was night in his face. His head came up through a square opening that had once been creviced with a trap—the blessed starlight glimmered upon his eyes.

He looked round him dimly. He recognized the shattered walls of the old monk's cell in Rylecote Wood as he staggered out into the open air. It was the secret passage, after all, that he had followed. Blessed chance—or Providence—had led his steps into it in the darkness.

With a gasp that was almost a groan, Cardew sank down, exhausted upon a fragment of the old wall, and laid Doris in the grass that grew among the stones. The girl's eyes opened slowly.

"Where—what—where are we?"  
"All serene, kid!" said Cardew lightly. "We're out of the wood. I think you must have needed off, carried you a few yards, you know, shall clap Weaky on and when we see him. We've discovered the sneaky secret passage."

He helped the girl to a seat on the shattered wall. The cyberc came back slowly into Doris' pale cheeks. For some time they sat, too fatigued to speak. There was a footstep in the thicket, and Cardew looked round.

"Heak's the place, Tom Merrey—but Jane!"

"Hallo, old tramps!" said Cardew coolly. "Jolly glad to see you. Knew my risk—dun a bit legged, you know!"  
"Gutter-Scott!"

**CHAPTER 11.**

**ALF'S WAIL!**

**T**OM MERRY and F'Arcy came into the old cell with wide-open eyes. They stared blankly at Cardew and his companion.

"Great Scott!" repeated Arthur Argonnes.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Tom Merrey, in great relief. "We thought you two were lost. We found Levinson and Frank under the castle."

"My brothers!" exclaimed Doris. "They are safe!"

"Quite safe," said Tom. "Only anxious about you. We came to look for you, you know. Kildare's there, and they're searching for you two, and Levinson thought of looking in at this end. Levinson minor said you might have been looking for the secret passage, so we thought—"

"Weally, Tom Merrey, you need admit that I thought—"

"I mean, Gussy thought," said Tom, laughing. "Gussy thought you might be found in this direction; so we're going down to search. But you've got out!"

"Yess," assented Cardew. "We've had rather a long walk. I'm afraid Miss Levinson is rather tired."

"I'll eat back and tell them," said Tom.

Tom Merry ran off through the wood, to take the good news to the searchers of the castle ruins that the missing two were found. Cardew rose to his feet.

"Better be gettin' back to the school," he remarked.

"Howrage Miss Doris will accept my apologies," suggested Arthur Argonnes.

"Thank you!"

They left the monk's cell. Cardew's face was strongly white, but he walked cheerily. Doris looked at him several times as they followed the path through the wood in the starlight. Cardew smiled as he met her eyes.

"I'm afraid you are rather tired, Miss Doris," said Arthur Argonnes gently.

"I am much better now," said Doris. "Here's the merry old school!" smiled Cardew. "By gad, it looks as if there's good to be a reception!"

The gates were open, and there were a dozen fellows there. There was a shout as the three came in.

"So you've turned up!" exclaimed Julian.

"Like the bad penny," answered Cardew. "Hallo, Rack! How very kind of you to wait for us here, Rack! I call that really kind!"

Rack's eyes twinkled that had drawn it was not kindless that had drawn Rado's of the shell to the gate—it was prying noses and unkindness. A loud wail lifted from the wretched young rascal's mind as he saw Doris Levinson coming in. He started as Cardew addressed him.

"I—I'm glad you're back," he muttered.

Cardew's eyes glittered at him.

"Heally!" he said.

"You—you get hot, I suppose?" muttered Rack, almost inaudibly.

"Not at all; some cold about the stone down on us, and start up in the yards," answered Cardew coolly. "Rather a dirty trick—that?"

"Are you—are you sure?"

"Oh, quite! You see, I saw the fellow lurking in the rain just before we went down," answered Cardew.

Rack gave a convulsive start.

"You—you see him?"

"As plainly as I see you, dear boy," answered Cardew lightly. "I suppose I ought to raise the sneaky merchant, and get him his due, oughtn't I, Rack? I rather think the Head would come down hearty—eh!"

Rack licked his dry lips.

"Hallo! How they are!" said Cardew, as there was a tramping of feet, and Kil-

dare and Tom Merry & Co. came in, with Levinson major and minor. "You're not long after!"

"Down!" exclaimed Levinson.

"We were awfully anxious about you, old girl," said Frank, addressing Doris's eyes. "Fancy Cardew finding the way out, too—don't you?"

"It's really surprising, isn't it?" said Cardew, with a smile. "It's a surprising world, though. Here's Racke laugh about, as though as anything's to see to look safe. Who'd have thought it of Racke!"

"Shouldn't," said Levinson shortly.

"No, Jorro! Racke, dear boy—nothing to worry about."

Racke muttered something indistinctly. His eyes were fixed upon Cardew. Almost in amazement, World Cardew speak: Why should he not? Doris looked from one to the other. There was a light, mocking smile on Cardew's wildest lips.

"Better see your sister to the Head's room, Levinson. She's tired."

"Come on, Doris!" said Levinson.

Cardew turned his back on Arthur Racke. The wretched junior drew a sobbing breath of relief. Cardew did not mean to speak; in doubtful chance, he was giving Racke another chance.

The study of the Fourth walked to the Head's house with Doris and her brother. The girl's eyes rested upon Arthur Racke, his hands to the shock hands with him, at the house.

"Why did you look at Racke so strangely?" she whispered.

"Did I?"

"Yes. You believe—"

"Nothing, at all," said Cardew lightly. "Noddy, I assure you. I hope you'll be glad to see Doris in the morning," Miss Doris. And next time we explore those mysterious old ruins we shall know the way out."

Doris smiled; and Cardew, raising his hat, turned away. Levinson and Frank went into the Head's house with Doris, and Cardew strolled to the School House. Tom Merry joined him as he went in.

"You must have had a rather hard time down in the vaults," Tom remarked.

"Not at all. Much obliged to you for looking for us, at all the same."

"You're looking pale."

"Yess, wretched; you are quite pale, Cardew!"

"Merely the shock of seeing you so suddenly, Gussy—good!"

"But Jane! Weally, Cardew, you stink aw—"

"Anything to eat in the study, Clive? I'm famished!"

"Come on!" said Clive.

Cardew was smiling and chatting ever upper in study No. 9 when Levinson came in. Levinson's face was strangely meek.

"Cardew, old guss—" he said.

"Hallo! York is—" said Cardew.

"Clive's provided the fat of the lamb for us—"

"Doris has told me—"

"All about our sneaky wanderin's! It reminds you of Ulysses, doesn't it?" said Cardew. "This covered boat's a regular covered Clive. If you ever want to explore the vaults, you'd better send a few boys wanderin' around in the vaults under the giddy pain. You're not beginning," Levinson.

And Levinson laughed, and began.

THE END.

"SCHOOLBOY AND WORKER" is the title of next Wednesday's Grand, Long, Gorgeous Issue of "The Magnet," edited by WALTER CLIFFORD. Order in Advance.

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## Greyfriars Epitaphs.

No. 6. By BOB CHERRY.

No. 4.—GERALD LODER.

WEEP, WAYFARE!

For Beauty this Spot is Stretched  
—the Lusty Form

of

GERALD LODER,

sometimes priest at Greyfriars School, who took a short cut from this life by means of the bar-window. In his hurry to clamber through he missed his footing; and there, at the foot of Quetby's statue (which grimly stood without).

GERALD LODER FELL!

Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
And you, and I, and all of us fell down  
And chuckled happily when we heard of it!

LODER WAS BORN A DULLY.

and a bell to remain till the end of the chapter. He was also awarded a diploma for dishonour, a certificate for credulity, and a tin cross for tyranny. He visited the willow-ow, to be more precise, the subject; and he wished it so well that some of us did not feel inclined to sit down for days afterwards.

THE BURNING ABERYON OF HIS LIFE

was to become captain of Greyfriars; and to this end he plotted many deep, dark plots, only to be hauled at every turn. He was one

A BOLD, BAD BLADE,

and would his will rule in a reckless warrior. Whilst his schoolfellows enjoyed a nap, he enjoyed nap also—a different variety! His greatest pal was the landlord of the Cross Keys. His greatest enemy was himself. He had no virtues, and his vice was as the stars of the sky in midwinter.

"Beware, ye merry blades! And read  
The legend I tell;  
For breaking bounds at night may lead  
To looking backs at well!"

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YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS.

For Next Wednesday:  
"SCHOOLBOY AND BOXER!"  
By Martin Gifford.

Dick Dicksen of the New Brass in the central figure in next Wednesday's magnificent long continuation of school life. Not since "The Schoolboy Reporter," in which Reddy ran away from St. Jim's and became a journalist on a local paper, have we had such a fine story of the schoolboy life. As the title suggests, there is plenty of boxing in the tale, and a good deal of adventures besides. The comic relief is afforded by Buggy Trinkle, who, after playing a remarkable part, comes a very complete stopper at the Bank. I am not going to give away the plot, which is a particularly strong one; but I feel sure my claims will agree with you, when they have read the work. Every day.

"SCHOOLBOY AND BOXER!"  
claims a place in the very best of this series.

PRaise FROM POMPEY!

I am getting this week a letter from one of my Portsmouth chums—not because it is in any way a remarkable letter; but because it emanates from a keen sportsman and a genuine supporter of the Companion Papers. Here is my chum's letter:

"Dear Editor,—I am a staunch supporter of the 'Gem,' the 'Magpie,' the 'Friend,' and the 'Funny Popular,' and I would say that I derive an immense amount of enjoyment from the above.

"I am sorry the footer season is over, for I like the great winter sport much better than cricket. Of course, better is impossible in the summer, so we have to fall back on cricket. (Don't say 'do him!')

"I am now remember when a team from Greyfriars, and later, one from St. Jim's, toured the South of England. I have never enjoyed stories so much as I did those. I am a great football enthusiast, you see.

"I think I have a good notion to put before you. Could not a team, composed of the best men from St. Jim's, Greyfriars, and Rowdown Junior Schools, tour the South of the country as before?"

"I remember a story in the Gem, entitled 'The Sportsman of St. Jim's,' in which the St. Jim's team came to Pompey and played a genuine team. It was very interesting to me, as it spoke of the Queen's Hotel, the Governor's Green, the railway, and the Victoria—all of which I know well.

"I think the new 'Funny Popular' scheme is top-hole. When we read the 'Pop' now the jests will be up-to-date, and Lewins and Vernon-Smith will not be dead. This will be jolly fun. And I am glad the price is not too high.

"Wishing you and your papers every success,  
"Your sincere reader,  
"A. E. G. (A Local Pompey Supporter)."

Well, A. E. G., I can hardly complain of any lack of loyalty in Pompey, knowing as I do that the famous old support contains such good material as yourself.

With regard to FOOTBALL, I have had a chat with Mr. Frank Richards, and he wishes me to give you the following message: It will be impossible, of course, to introduce football into our stories at this season of the year; but very shortly Harry Wharton & Co., on their tour of the English counties, will come to Hampshire—to Northsea, to be more exact. They will engage a team of Hampshire boys at cricket, swimming, rugby, and other sports.

This story will appear in No. 10 of the "Funny Popular," on sale Friday, June 10th.

A BOOK ON MIDDLESEX!  
What! speaking of English counties, I cannot refrain from driving the attention

of my chums to a little book entitled "Middlesex in W.S.," published at one shilling, by Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son. It is compiled by Capt. K. Pees, who, some years ago, wrote a serial in the Gem Library, entitled "A Bid for a Throne," and it contains contributions from Sir Owen Sounder, the Duchess of Northumberland, Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, and others.

My Middlesex chums will find this chatty little book most interesting. The famous Middlesex Regiment has traditions which are second to only a few martial histories of the British Empire, and an attempt has been made in the book to do justice to this grand corps.

Mr. Pees is to be warmly congratulated upon his patriotic achievement—the acknowledgment of a man who loves his county, and who lets us write as clearly as he.

## NOTICES.

Correspondence, etc., Wanted.

Alan H. Newton, 25, Jewson Terrace, Thelwell Park, Northumberland—with readers, 26-28, St. James Street, London, E.C. 4.  
A. E. Williams, 25, Prescott Road, Fairfield, Liverpool, wants readers for Amalgam Magazine and Correspondence Club, Manchester district.

Arthur Brown, 26, Garrett Avenue, Widdale, Liverpool, wants subscribers for the "British Boys' Magazine," official organ of the British Boy Scouts of America—monthly. 50 copies for post-free.

F. H. McCuskey, 21, Surrey Green, Watlington, S.E. 17, wants readers for Pastime Club and "Pastime," a printed amateur magazine; description enclosed—50 copies.

Miss C. E. Harding, 254, Eagle Road, West Ealing, W. 12—with girl readers in Cuckoo, 1940—members of the G.F.S. or W.C.A.A. preferred.

Miss J. Harvey, 41, Bridge Street, North Lavenham, New South Wales, Australia—girl readers asked.

Norman O'Dea, Farrington, St. Wile Street, Farnham, Victoria, Australia—with readers in Dublin or Toronto.

Harry Street, Glen Ave. 17, Clarence Street, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia—with readers anywhere, 1942.

R. Wilson, 225, Broad Street, Finsbury, Manchester, wants members for the Companion Universal Club.

Leo, Patrick Dixon, c/o Mr. Peter McGill, 25, Orchard Street, Londonderry—Irish readers willing to join Londonderry Branch, Irish Correspondence Club.

Miss E. M. Parr, 15, Murray Street, Penzance, Manchester—with readers anywhere, 1942.

H. Gaskell, 14, Abbey Street, Ardwick, Manchester, wants second-hand girl readers in good condition—as used by Scouts.

Miss M. Thiry, 4, Reda Street, Ipswich—with girl readers anywhere, interested in drawing. All letters answered.

E. Gidger, Leroy de Chambrey, Norfolk, France—with readers, 1943, in England.

J. Bicknell, 4, Market Woodhouse, near Doncaster, wants to read to boy "The Man in the Iron Mask" by Alexander Sumner. Seller's own price given. Write St. 2.

Fred E. George, 16, Mount Pleasant, Scouting, Bristol—with readers interested in Dutton's Horsham.

Special!

A free fortnight's holiday in a pleasant part of the country is offered to a reader and his parents to a boy of 16. Letters to A. E. G., c/o Editor, Companion Papers, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

H. A. H. (YOUR EDITOR).

# READERS' NOTICES.

SPECIAL FEATURE FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.

### Ordnance.—Machines Wanted.

Any printer machines wanted by R. Henderson, 4 Laines Rise, Salford, W., ages 15-17; three copies of Baking Directory, Tulseholme, Salford, W.

J. Robinson, 2 Chester Mansions, Lancelot House, Cumberland, S.E., wants to hear of cricket fixtures for the season.

New Rate Printed A.S. 23-24; any other J. Clark, 64, 100, 101-102, Bell Lane, West Brighton, Middlesex.

Walter Fisher, Junior Athletic Club, 11, 3 miles—See., Arthur Mountain, 28, Drummond Road, Northampton, S.E. 15.

Victoria C.C. Home and 1906; 10 copies; medium—A. Walker, 28, Elmwood Road, Salford, S.

Local Paper's Edited 11, matches wanted—See, 51, Westwick Square, Hammersmith, W. 8.

Milburn C.C., 1444; home or away—P. T. Joyce, 128, Hillcroft Road, Kingdland Road, E. 5.

Parents' Bureau, 1417-4 miles.—D. Walsh, 10, Adelaide Road, Richmond, Surrey.

Table C.C., 14; open to play any club—P. Johnson, 10, Empress Road, Shepherd's Bush, W. 15.

F. A. Hunt, 11, Crayford Road, Holloway, N. 7, desires to join good cricket club within easy distance of his address.

### Books.

Football Experts. Copies wanted for football team for next season; 3 miles—L. Hill, 70, Victoria Avenue, Road Bush, E. 5. Langdale Athletic P.C. for next season; copies of the Paper and Football Rights, 15, and upwards. Total, 100 copies—H. D. Duffin, 69, Turner's Road, Russell Road, West, E. 5.

How best of Football Clubs in South London, average age 18-19. Who would like to join a league next season, should communicate as early as possible with E. J. Foster, 115, Trystle Road, Nunhead, S.E. 15.

Wants to join in New Cross and within a mile radius to form a football club for next season—L. E. Hudson, 58, Florence Road, New Cross, S.E. 15.

Players wanted for next season for League team, 17-4, W. Wright, 31, Russell Street, Mile End, E. 7.

### Correspondence.

Harvard Books, P.O. Box 87, Post Office, South Africa—high readers anywhere, 1906.

Miss Christine Wharton, 11, Thonhill Gardens, West Hertsford—with 201 readers anywhere.

G. Cox, 60, Princes Avenue, Fulford Park, Toronto, Ontario, Canada with readers in any English-speaking country.

F. J. Haddock, 25, Grosvenor Street, Geneva Road, Hammersmith, N.W. 11, wants members for Correspondence and Exchange club, all subjects taken, and post paid. Also requires cheap typewriter 1905.

Norman A. Hall, 11, Mill Road, Post-Newsprint, Man, wants readers and contributors in all parts of the world for amateur magazine, 1905, post free.

Miss Mary Kelly, Box 5, P.O., Hertsford, New South Wales, Australia—with girl readers in Isle of Man and Canada, 17-18.

Miss Mary Cooper, 121, Abbey Road, West Hill, W. 12—with girl readers anywhere. 15-16—Miss Lillian Thomas, 9, Theobald Street, West Hertsford—with girl readers anywhere, 15.

Miss Hilda Minder, 6, Terry Street, Selwyn, Lincoln—with girl readers anywhere, 12-13.

John H. Hines, Castle Hill House, Eastleigh, Hampshire, wants readers for amateur printed magazine; monthly copy sent free, 10-14; three monthly subscriptions, 100.

James G. Duffell, c/o, Herbert Matthews, Fleming Street, Post Elizabeth, South Africa—with readers anywhere.

Leonard E. Adams, Pine Lodge, Van der Meer Street, Gresham, South Africa—with readers, 10-15 in America, and British Empire.

Miss Doris Pottinger, 41, Lancaster Buildings, Chesham, Manchester—with girl readers, 10-15, anywhere.

E. Eddy, Post Office, West Africa, Nigeria, Nigeria, Bar, New Zealand with readers in U.S.A., Canada, and British Isles.

Miss Eva Robinson, 1, Appleton Road, North Tottenham, N. London—with girl readers, 10-15.

Wm. Ingram, 6, Spottedwood Street, Mileburgh, wants correspondents for Amateur Correspondence Club. Readers receive specially printed—monthly—monthly magazine, "The Star".

A. Minniford, 25, Caroline Street, Hall, wants cyclostyle or typograph machine. State latest price.

Miss Bernice Southwell, Barrier Mount Drive, Brighton, H. S.E. 5, Australia—with girl readers forming Pinner's Musicalian.

A. Swanson, 50, Rose Road, West, E. 4, wants to hear of books in his district, 11, to act as subscribers for new paper—most complete, 10. No capital required; most complete typewriter, etc. After school hours.

John W. McKinley, 209, West Young Street, Halifax, S.E., Canada, would contribute to amateur magazine in exchange for copies.

Miss Rose Blake, 20, Bedford Road, Walthamton, E. 11—with girl readers abroad.

A. S. Richards, 11, Upper Winchester Road, Hythe, Hill, Outlook, S.E. 4, wants contributions for amateur magazine, weekly.

Frank Ellis, 108, Russell Street, Moss Side, Manchester—with readers anywhere, monthly 10-15.

George Anderson, 3, Glasgow Road, Balfour, Dundee, S.E.—with an American boy, to correspond with his American correspondents.

Miss Thelma Loop, 25, Wilson Road, Higham Park, Chesham, Bucks, E. 4, with readers anywhere; 10-11.

George Campbell, 20, Station Road, West Hertsford, Hertsford—with readers anywhere.

H. Woodcock, Box 101, Woodham Grove, Woodham Park, Liverpool—with boy readers in France and the Straits.

W. J. Wright, West Aeroplanes' official Librarian, Highgate, nr. Leicester, writes to list of correspondents.

George Graham, 200, Drummond Road, East St. Kilda, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia—with boy readers in England interested in bibliography.

Jack Harding, 21, Gundry Road, East Town, South Australia—with readers anywhere.

Miss E. Futton, 129, Hotham Road, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12—with readers anywhere; these interested in books preferred.

A. Mason, 5, Marine Road, Douglas, Isle of Man, is willing to contribute to amateur magazine—articles or complete ideas, etc.

### Book Notices.

4. D. Weyers, 28, Hammersmith Road, Brentley, Kent—"Mosaic" 100-175, also 220-250; clean, 10 possible; postage paid. 5d. offered. Write first.

Ed. MacFarlane, c/o Municipal Press, P.O. Box 211, Post Elizabeth, South Africa—"Bore's Friend" 1st Library, 1, 11, 14, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 50, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

Jack Hill, 25, Felix Street, Parkland Green, E. 5—any manuscript "1000" or 100-1000 "Moggy" or 100, each offered. Write first.

A. Summers, 50, Rose Road, West, E. 4, wants complete set of "Spectator's Herald"; need not be very clean; good price offered.

J. T. Robbins, 106, Parkfield Road, West Gresham, Essex—"Historical League Signal," "Moggy" "The House of the Heath" 1d. offered. Write first.

E. Elliott, 41, Pocklington Street, Manchester, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia—"The Member of Bertrams," "The Making of Harry Wharton," "A Good Card," "Said King's Dictionary," and "Bob Cherry's Nervous 1901."

E. E. Hawkins, Bromcombe, Sheppey Park Road, Chesham, Bucks—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

E. F. Wells, 27, Essex Road, Edgware, N. W.—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

F. E. Wells, 27, Essex Road, Edgware, N. W.—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

F. E. Wells, 27, Essex Road, Edgware, N. W.—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

F. E. Wells, 27, Essex Road, Edgware, N. W.—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

F. E. Wells, 27, Essex Road, Edgware, N. W.—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

F. E. Wells, 27, Essex Road, Edgware, N. W.—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

F. E. Wells, 27, Essex Road, Edgware, N. W.—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

F. E. Wells, 27, Essex Road, Edgware, N. W.—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

F. E. Wells, 27, Essex Road, Edgware, N. W.—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

F. E. Wells, 27, Essex Road, Edgware, N. W.—"Moggy" 1000, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1500, 1600, 1700, 1800, 1900, 2000, 2100, 2200, 2300, 2400, 2500, 2600, 2700, 2800, 2900, 3000, 3100, 3200, 3300, 3400, 3500, 3600, 3700, 3800, 3900, 4000, 4100, 4200, 4300, 4400, 4500, 4600, 4700, 4800, 4900, 5000, 5100, 5200, 5300, 5400, 5500, 5600, 5700, 5800, 5900, 6000, 6100, 6200, 6300, 6400, 6500, 6600, 6700, 6800, 6900, 7000, 7100, 7200, 7300, 7400, 7500, 7600, 7700, 7800, 7900, 8000, 8100, 8200, 8300, 8400, 8500, 8600, 8700, 8800, 8900, 9000, 9100, 9200, 9300, 9400, 9500, 9600, 9700, 9800, 9900, 10000. Write first.

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