

GRIPPING LONG YARN OF THE ST. JIM'S SCOUTS INSIDE!

# The GEM 2<sup>d</sup>



**THE  
CURLEW  
PATROL  
WINS  
THROUGH!**

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THE SCOUTS OF ST. JIM'S AND THEIR FRIENDLY FOES OF  
THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL ARE ON PARADE—

# The CURLEW PATROL



As Tom Merry raised the gold cup aloft, the Curlews offering in the laughs, burst into a cheer. "The cup! Hurrah! Hup, hup, hurrah!" Blake put his eagle to his lips. "To-oo-ra-ra-ra-ra!" The eagle-totter rang through the woods to tell the searching Scouts that the hunt was over.

## CHAPTER I.

### Gray Dawn It!

"**B**BETTAN leave it to me, deak boys."

And the Curlew Patrol replied unanimously:

"Hats!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gripped in his khaki shirt for his eyeglass. An eyeglass is not an essential part of a Boy Scout's outfit; but Arthur Augustus would as soon have thought of going on the warpath without his staff than without his monocle. He found the eyeglass, jammed it into his eye, and surveyed Tom Merry & Co. severely.

"I repeat that you had better leave it to me," he said grimly. "In case of a dangerous bit of scouting in the presence of the enemy, you can't do better than rely on a fellow of tact and judgment."

"More rats!" said Monty Leather cheerfully.

"Besides, I am well up in signallin', and if the mortals are there, I will spot them at once—"

"Heaps of rats," said Tom Merry, laughing.

"I regard you as an ass, Tom Merry—"

Tom Merry, patrol leader of the Tea-Gun Lancers.—No. 1,482.

famous Curlews, raised his hand warningly.

"A Scout is not allowed to regard his patrol leader as an ass!" he said sternly.

"This is insubordination, not to say mutiny. And you can put that game of glass away. It's too funny for serious scouting times. Figgins & Co. have named us the Eyeglass Patrol already!"

"Bothas Figgins & Co.! You've wastin' time in talk in the presence of the enemy. I am convinced that the enemy are there."

Jack Blake shaded his eyes with his broad felt hat and looked down the hill.

"No sign of them!" he remarked.

"All the more reason to suppose that they are there, deak boy. A woolly good Scout never gives any sign of his presence."

The Curlew Patrol were on the warpath. A big Scout contest was shortly coming off in the neighbourhood of St. Jim's, and all the Boy Scouts at the old school were naturally very keen about it. All these spare time of late had been devoted to scouting practice. And, as scouting was taken up with equal enthusiasm at the Grammar School, there was no want of an "enemy" when they went on the warpath.

Tom Merry's patrol consisted of his chums, Manners and Leather of the

Shell, and the four chums of Study No. 5—Blake, Herrick, Digby, and D'Arcy of the Fourth. That made a patrol of seven; and there would have been eight if Herrick had had his way. Herrick wanted to add his bulldog Terence to the patrol; but the other Scouts met upon the proposition with such unanimity that Herrick had to give up the idea very reluctantly.

Tom Merry was leader, and Jack Blake was second-in-command. And Arthur Augustus was administrative, self-appointed.

The Curlews were on Rylocote Hill just now, and on the slopes below them, where the footpath ran among thick trees and underwood, they suspected that the enemy were lying in wait—and in force. They knew that Gordon Gay & Co. of the Grammar School were out on the warpath that afternoon, and they had called a halt on the hill, not wishing to fall into a trap. Hence Arthur Augustus' emphatic suggestion that he should go forward and scout for the foe.

"I want I am not the kind of fellow to put myself forward in any way," Arthur Augustus D'Arcy remarked. "But I really think you had better leave it to me, Tom Merry. I will get out the lay of the land, you know, and signal if the enemy is there."

# -IN THIS ACE-HIGH YARN OF SCHOOL AND SCOUTING RIVALRY AND THRILLING ADVENTURE.

# WINS THROUGH!

By  
**MARTIN  
CLIFFORD**

"Suppose you don't see them!" asked Binks.

"You might not be able to see them, you know, as you have a 'pain' in the eye." Mostly Lowther suggested humorously.

"Pain don't be funny, Lowther! It is not a Scout's history to be fuzzy. Pwag give your orders, Tom Merrey, and I will go forward and spot the women!"

Tom Merrey nodded, with a grin. "Well, I'll give you a trial this time, Guss. Do you remember the signals?"

"Yess, wathah?"

"Well, huss off!" said Tom Merrey. "If the Grammarians are there, you may possibly spot them; and, anyway, it will be training for you—and you need it."

"Wadly, Tom Merrey—"

"Forward!" rapped out his patrol leader.

"Wight-ho!"

And Arthur Augustus, having jammed his eyeglass firmly into his eye, adjusted his hat at the right angle and, taking a businesslike grin on his snarl, strode away down the hill and disappeared into the wood.

The Scouts waited.

Arthur Augustus was proceeding under cover and, so far, all was well. If the Grammarians were lying in wait along the footpath, he certainly ought to discover them and signal their proximity to the Carlews. The half dozen juniors of St. Jim's watched for their elegant scout to reappear in sight, and give the signal with his staff.

Five minutes passed, and there was no signal from the scout of St. Jim's. "I suppose they're not there," Jack Blake remarked. "They'd have jumped on Guss by this time."

Tom Merrey shaded his eyes and looked down the wooded slope.

"There he is!" he exclaimed.

In an opening of the wood the elegant figure of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy appeared in sight, a couple of hundred yards down the slope.

His face was a little excited as he looked up the hill.

"There's the signal!" said Manners, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy held his staff up over his head.

"No enemy in sight," said Tom Merrey, who knew all the Scout's signals thoroughly from beginning to end. "A. A. wrong! They're not there. Come on!"

And the Carlews trotted down the hill.

As they plunged under the trees, Arthur Augustus was lost to sight. In sudden array the Carlews trotted down the footpath—a narrow track winding among the thick bushes and trees—towards the spot where Arthur Augustus had stood to give the signal.

Suddenly from the thickets sprang a crowd of black-clad figures.

Before Tom Merrey & Co. knew that they were attacked they were rolling on the ground, and a dozen Grammarian juniors were rolling over them. Resistance was impossible. The Grammarians were two to one,

and the St. Jim's patrol were captured before they had time to punch a nose or dot an eye.

Each of them in the grip of a couple of grinning Grammarians, they rolled in the grass, helpless prisoners.

Gordon Gay sat on Tom Merrey's chest, and grinned down at him cheerfully.

"This is where we catch you napping," he remarked.

And the Grammarian Scouts yelled with laughter.

"Grough!" gasped Tom Merrey. "My hat! Why, that thundering, thumping we signalled—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's Guss?"

"Here's Guss!" chortled Gordon Gay, as Wootton major and Frank Monk dragged Arthur Augustus D'Arcy upon the scene. "He's a giddy prisoner, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Grammarians were gleeful with triumph. The Carlews had fallen helplessly into their hands at the very

*The Carlew Patrol of St. Jim's had as good a chance as any of their rivals of winning the great scouting contest. But at the eleventh hour, as the result of the scheming of an enemy, the odds were heavily against the Carlews winning through!*

beginning of the afternoon. It was a big success for Gordon Gay & Co.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, struggling in the grasp of Wootton and Monk, glared at the captured juniors, who gave him almost homicidal looks in return.

"You thumping ass!" roared Blake. "You silly crooked!"

"Oh, you bitherer! You joy! You clump!"

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

"You crotch ass!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Tom Merrey, I am surprised at you—a patrol leader walking into a trap like that, affah! I had plainly signalled 'enemy close at hand.'"

"You frubious ass!" shrieked Tom Merrey. "You signalled 'no enemy in sight.'"

"Wah! I held my staff straight up!"

"Well, you chumpion leaver, that means 'no enemy in sight!'"

The Grammarians yelled again.

Arthur Augustus gave quite a start.

"Bad Jews! Does it?" he ejaculated. "You are quite sure of that, Tom Merrey!"

"Of course I am, you bithering jubbercock!"

"Guss! Guss! I meant to signal 'enemy in stwing down close at hand,'" said Arthur Augustus, looking greatly distressed. "You are quite sure that it was not the right signal for 'enemy in force close at hand,' Tom Merrey?"

"Oh, you foolhead!" growled Blake. "You ought to have held the staff horizontally, and moved it up and down quickly."

"You thumping ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Gordon Gay. "You bouncer call yourself! Hey Scout! When we get some time, we'll give you a few lessons in signaling."

"When I get some time, I'll give you a thick ear!" growled Blake.

"Well, if these chaps have done anything one another, we may as well get out of them," said Frank Monk, in a businesslike tone. "There are the other fellows to deal with yet—Figgits & Co., you know. They're in the wood somewhere."

"The 'em up!" said Gordon Gay. "They've all got some oard about them—that's a proper part of a Scout's outfit. Stick their staves up behind them, put their hats on top, and tie their arms."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you rotters, that isn't in the rules!" roared Blake.

"It's in our rules!" Gordon Gay exclaimed, with a chuckle. "It's up to most Scouts, like us, to make an example of a duffer patrol. This is, you fellows?"

The churlish Grammarians piled in. There was plenty of coal and string—the Carlews were well provided with all the accessories. Each of the Carlews was taken in turn, his arms placed behind him, his staff planted upright behind his back, and with plenty of coal the arms and staff were bound in that position.

When the Grammarians were finished, each of the St. Jim's Scouts stood with his staff sticking up behind the back of his head, and his hands quite fast, unable to help himself.

On top of the staves Gordon Gay hung their hats.

Tom Merrey & Co. were red with rage; but their remarks only made the Grammarians laugh the louder.

"Now take 'em down the road and let 'em go," said Gordon Gay.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, you rotters—"

"You frubious wretch—"

"March!" said Gordon Gay. "Tuck 'em up if they don't march, kids!"

"You-our! Leave off, you brown!"

"You frubious! boudah—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The St. Jim's Scouts marched. They were taken out into the high road, and a few more ponds from the staves of the Grammarian Scouts and then marching for St. Jim's. Then Gordon Gay & Co., yelling with laughter, disappeared into the wood.

CHAPTER 2.  
The Rural Patrol!

"**W**HY—what—who— Ha, ha, ha!"

Figgins of the Fourth burst into a wild yell. And the Wolf Patrol of St. Jim's, of which George Figgins was leader, followed their leader's example as, of course, a dutiful patrol should do.

"Ha, ha, ha!" they yelled in chorus. The Wolves belonged to the New House of St. Jim's, and were the doughty rivals, in a friendly way, of Tom Merry & Co. of the School House. Figgins & Co.—that is, Figgins, Kerr, and Paddy Wynne—had joined with Rodgers, Owen, and Lawrence to form the Wolf Patrol. Figgys was leader, and Rocky second-in-command. There was a keen rivalry between the Scouts of the New House and those of the School House; but if the Carletons had been their biggest enemies, the Wolves would not have been yelling with laughter at the sight of them.

A Boy Scout, with his arms tied down to his sides, his staff hoisted upright behind his back, and his hat floating on top of the staff, did not look impressive. Seven of them looked decidedly funny.

"Oh, my only summer hat!" yelled Rodgers. "Ha, ha, ha! They're the School House braves!"

"And they're here for wood and got shoes!" grinned Kerr.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry & Co. were crimson and furious. They had struggled with the cords after the Grammarians had left them in the Rykomba road, but they had struggled in vain. They were in hopes of meeting some St. Jim's fellows to help them out of their predicament. And they did, but not the St. Jim's fellows, belonged to the New House made the meeting less welcome than it would otherwise have been.

The Wolves surrounded them, yelling with laughter, and the faces of the School House Scouts grew redder and redder.

"When you're done letting off steam, you might let us know!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Yes, wait! I regard this whole laughing as entirely out of place. There is nothing whatsoever funny in the matter!"

"Cut us loose, you chumps!" shouted Blake.

Figgins opened his knife, nearly striking with laughter.

"Oh, my hat! Excuse us, but it is really funny. Who served you like this?"

The Grammarian officers, of course! There were a dozen of them!

"They wouldn't have served us like this, if there had been a hundred," grinned Rodgers. "You must have been caught napping."

"Gussy gave the wrong signal—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I gave the signal all right, but it didn't happen to mean what I intended it to mean," explained Arthur Augustus. "The mistake was quite as much in the code as mine. If the signal had happened to mean what I meant—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't cut the cords," said Kerr. "Elastic them. Scouts ought to be able to cut knots, and it's waste to cut them."

"Right-ho!" said Figgins, snatching his knife that.

"Right you are, Kerr! Trust a giddy Scotswoman not to waste anything. File in, and let the little

darlings loose. They mustn't go outside without their scarves after this."

"Look here, you can cut the cords," said Blake. "You'll take a jolly long time untying them!"

"Yes, wait! Cut them!" Figgins shook his head.

"Scouts ought never to waste anything," he said solemnly. "That's one of the rules, or it ought to be. A stitch in time saves nine—I repeat, waste not, want not. Besides, it's good practice, untying knots!"

"Look here, we're not going to stand here like a lot of dunces while you practice untying silly knots!" howled Harries.

"They're not silly knots—they're jolly good ones!" said Figgins. "It will take some time to unfasten them. Whoever tied them knows his business!"

"Cut those!" yelled Digby.

"Can't be did! Waste not, want not. These cords will come in handy for tying up the Grammarians when we catch them. We are going to arrange this band to St. Jim's."

"Certainly!" said Kerr. "It's up to the New House to see that St. Jim's Scout's get the worst of it."

"Cut them, you asses!"

"Rubbish!"

And Figgins & Co., with proceeding leisurely movements, untied the cords that bound the unfortunate Carletons.

It took some time, as Figgins said it would, and meanwhile some interested spectators gathered on the scene. Grimes, the grocer's boy of Rykomba, and Plicker, the butcher's boy, came along with their baskets, and they halted to look on and grin. Grimes and Plicker belonged to the Cat Patrol of Rykomba, and they were very keen on scouting, though they did not have so much time to give to it as the St. Jim's fellows, of course.

"Oh, humph!" said Grimes, as he set his basket down and rolled. "This 'ere takes the cake. Ha, ha, ha!"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Plicker.

Arthur Augustus glared at them wrathfully.

"There is nothing whatever to laugh at!" he explained. "Swag go on your way, and don't stand there cacklin' like hyenas."

Their point of view differed from D'Arcy's; they thought there was something to laugh at, and they laughed.

From the direction of St. Jim's another patrol came along, while the Wolves were still busy untying the Carletons. It was the Kangaroo Patrol of the School House. The leader was Jimmy Noble, the Australian, more largely known as the "Goony," and the signal of the patrol was the "Goony," so well known in the Bush, and taught by Kangaroo to his followers—Dane and Glyn of the Shell, and Reddy, Korrwah, and Lamley-Lamley of the Fourth.

The Kangaroos gathered round and added their laughter to that of Plicker and Grimes.

"Who did it?" almost roared Noble.

"You haven't done it yourselves for a lark, I suppose!"

"Waste!"

"Fathred!"

"Go and eat cake!"

"But who did it?" demanded Clifford Dane, the Canadian junior. "Who's had the cheek to lay sacrilegious hands on the giddy Carletons?"

"The Grammarians!" said Tom Merry solemnly. "They caught us napping, owing to Gussy giving the wrong signal."

"I gave a wondrous good signal, but it did not express what I meant it to express—"

"Awful noise of the Grammarians,"

exclaimed Kangaroo, with a shake of the head. "We shall have to deal with them for this. Can't have even the Deakley Patrol mocked up in this way. We've got to wipe out the stain."

"You leave that to us!" said Figgins warily. "We're going to deal with the Grammarian School cats. It's up to the New House."

"Not!" said Noble, with equal wariness. "It's up to us School House Scouts. They've done in a School House patrol, and we're going to make them sit up."

"Look here—"

"Go and eat cake!"

"We'll jolly well!"

"Bats!"

The outlying of Tom Merry & Co. ceased as the Wolves and the Kangaroos entered into a hot argument. Whether it was up to the School House or the New House to deal with the Grammarians was a question each party solved in its own way, and it was evident that they would never agree.

"We shall never get loose at this rate," growled Tom Merry.

"Look here, you duffers!" shouted Jack Blake. "You're going to let the Grammarians alone. We're going after them ourselves!"

Kangaroo and Figgins turned upon the unfortunate Carletons at once. Whatever might be in dispute between them they were in instant agreement in putting a heavy boot down on that idea.

"You're jolly well not!" declared Kangaroo.

"No fear?" exclaimed Figgins emphatically.

"We are!" said Tom Merry. "They caught us napping, and we're going for them again. We shall smash them this time."

"Bats!"

"Rubbish!"

"I'll tell you what, Kangy," said Figgins. "There are a dozen of the Grammarian School cats—two of their patrols together. We'll join forces against the boundaries, and make the cobbles rattle."

"Well, that's a good idea," agreed Kangaroo. "We'll work in concert. But those Carlew boundaries are dead in this set."

"You, rather?"

"Look here!" howled Blake.

"Fair's fair," said Figgins. "You've had your go at the Grammarian School kids, and you've failed. Now have them to us, and we'll smash them! If you don't agree, we'll leave you tied up."

Tom Merry grinned faintly.

"We don't seem to have much choice about this, now." "I expect you'll make a bunch of it, though!" We agree."

"Hai Jove! We don't agree—"

"Shot up!" said the leader of the Carlew, frowning. "Don't you know that you have to obey the orders of your patrol leader?"

"Yes! But I decline—"

"Silence!" roared Tom Merry. "If you don't shut up, I'll sack you from the patrol!"

"Hai Jove!"

And Arthur Augustus ceased to raise objections. The Wolves and the Kangaroos finished untying the Carletons at last. They retained the cords for the purpose, as they declared, of using them on the Grammarian Scouts when they captured them. Blake, occasionally advised them to try to catch a scound alone, when there would have a chance of performing the difficult operation of sluring its eyebrows. And Tom Merry gruffly suggested that they were counting their chickens a little too early.

But the Wolves and the Kangaroos

only grinned, and they started off in high confidence to run down the Grammarians, and were there as they had served the Caribou.

The Caribou were left standing in the road. Grimes and Fitcher went, grinning, on their way.

Tom Merry & Co. looked at one another with somewhat sickly expressions.

"Well, it has been a giddy make-up!" said Mosey Lewther. "If this is the kind of show we make in the big contest, we shall be grinned to death, and well deserve it, too!"

"Taa, wauhah! The way you fellows were caught nappen" was simply wotter!

"Why, you cheap," roared all the Caribou together, in great indignation. "It was you who led us into the trap!"

"Wah!"

"Gany is going through some signalling exercises when we got back to St. Jim's!" said Tom Merry grins. "Come on!"

And the discomfited Caribou took their homeward way. When they reached the school, D'Arcy was put through signalling exercises until his noble arms were ready to drop off with fatigue. Every signal of the code was learnt, learned into him, and every objection he raised to inconstant practice was stopped by a prod from a Caribou staff. By the time the course of instruction was finished, Arthur Augustus was feeling more dead than alive, but his patrol comrades felt that he was not likely to give a wrong signal again in a hurry.

## CHAPTER 3.

### In the Carl!

**G**ORDON GAY checked. The Grammarian leader was seated in the boughs of a high tree on the border of the wood, and using a small pair of field-glasses.

With the glasses he had watched the release of the Caribou and their departure for St. Jim's. Then he had observed the movements of the Wolves and the Kangaroos. The two patrols, evidently acting in concert, had consulted together as they came up the lane, and then entered the wood at different points. Their object was quite easy for the Grammarian Scout to guess. They were on the warpath, and they were going to attack the St. Jim's patrol if they could. Gordon Gay's opinion was that they could.

Gay chose his glasses over his shoulder, and mumbled described the tree. The dozen Grammarian Scouts were waiting for him below.

"Two patrols of the leaders," said Gay—"the Kangaroos and the Wolves. They're acting together, and the dear little Caribou have gone home to roost."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We've got to take them separately!" said Gay, with a chuckle. "They're going to scout for us and signal to one another, of course, when they're spotted us. But I think I can give a well-boost quite as good as Figgis, and a 'Coony!' as good as Nobs. It comes from the country where they do it. We'll ditch the boundaries, and if we can lay them by the heels, we will pack them into the haystack in Giles' field, and wheel 'em home to St. Jim's!"

The Grammarians checked gleefully at the prospect.

Gordon Gay was an Australian, and had spent many holidays in the bush at home, and he knew woodcraft from beginning to end. He was a Duff-shaw Boy Scout, and he had taught his followers most of what they knew. The Grammarian Scouts were in a state of

high efficiency, and they felt fully equal to dealing with the Wolves and Kangaroos of St. Jim's.

Gay gave his directions in a low, quick voice, and the Scouts disappeared into the wood.

Meanwhile, the St. Jim's Scouts were very much on the warpath.

The Wolves had entered the wood from the south, and the Kangaroos had gone farther and entered it from the north. Gay had seen the movement with his glasses from the tree-top, and understood that his party was to be caught between two fires. The Scouts knew that Gay's troop would be difficult to catch, however, and they were very cautious.

"Keep your papers open, kids!" Figgis said, as they plunged into the wood. "Gay is as loose as a wasp. We don't want to be caught nappen like Tom Merry. It's up to the New House to bring this off!"

"Well, we shan't give any wrong signals!" chuckled Kerr.

"No fear! Now scatter, and look for signs!" said Figgis. "And listen for the signal of the Kangaroos, too! Go it!"

And the Wolves set to work. With great caution, and at a distance from one another, they advanced northward through the wood, looking for "signs," and listening with all their ears for a sound of the coony. But the Grammarians seemed to have disappeared into the earth, or to have vanished into thin air. Figgis, at his crop cautiously on hands and knees through a thick clump of underwood, heard a faint signal from afar.

"Coony!"

Figgis stopped and listened.

"Coony!"

It was the Kangaroo signal.

It came faintly through the thickets. Figgis started to reply a low cry in imitation of a wolf howl.

"Coony!"

Figgis repeated his signal, and there was a rustle in the thickets near him. He saw a staff appear among the foliage, and caught a glimpse of a couple of black felt hats.

"Is that you, Kangy?"

"Collar him!"

It was a quick whisper in Gordon Gay's voice. Figgis sprang to his feet, and as he did so, two Grammarian Scouts leaped upon him and bore him to the ground. Figgis opened his mouth to shout, but a compressed handkerchief was thrust into it, and the intended shout died away into a gasp.

Figgis went on his back in the branches, with Frank Monk kneeling on his chest and Gordon Gay grinning his arms, and Weston major jamming the gag into his mouth. The New House janitor of St. Jim's was perfectly helpless. In the grasp of the Grammarians he could scarcely wriggle, and he could not cry out to warn his comrades.

Gordon Gay grinned down at him, and went through his pockets in search of something to tie him with. He found the cord Figgis had taken from Tom Merry, which had been preserved, on Kerr's economical recommendation, to bind the Grammarians—when captured. It served now the purpose of securing the unfortunate Figgis.

With a few snick and cleft hants, Gordon Gay fastened his hands and feet, and then tied the handkerchief in his mouth. Figgis could not express his feelings towards the enemy in words, and was reduced to glaring at them silently. But his ferocious glare



The New House juniors, yelling with laughter, surrounded Tom Merry & Co., and the faces of the Scout House Scouts grew redder and redder. "When you've done letting off steam, you might let us loose!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Oh, my hat! Who served you like this?" asked Figgis. "The Grammarian robbers!" said Tim.

only made the Grammarians chuckle softly.

"That's one!" murmured Gordon Gay. "He's the leader of the giddy Wives. Figgis, old man, I'm sorry to tell you up like this, but we've got a big collection to make—a regular magazine of Wolves and Kangaroos."

Figgis simply wriggled with rage. He comprehended his fully Gordon Gay had initiated the Kangaroo—"Cooey!"—and thus led him to reveal his whereabouts. And he realized, too, that his comrades would most likely fall into the same trap.

From the thicket came a low wailing, and Figgis recognized the peculiar note of Kerr, Gay, Monk, and Wootten jumped up from their prisoner. With perfect accuracy, Gay initiated the cry; and then Figgis heard Kerr come creeping through the bushes towards the spot.

There was a sudden rustling of the bushes, and Kerr went down under the three Grammarians. A startled gasp escaped him, but that was all. He was gagged before he could call out. In a couple of minutes he was laid beside Figgis, helplessly bound. The two jokers looked at one another with longings to drop for words—even if words had been possible.

"Two lagged!" murmured Frank Monk, with a soft chuckle.

The three Grammarians moved away into the wood, and disappeared from sight. Figgis and Kerr struggled savagely with their bonds. It was not only the fact of their capture that agitated them, but they knew how the Carless would haul with laughter when they heard of the result of that expedition to avenge the defeat of the School House. Figgis & Co. had been, as a matter of fact, a little cocksure about their success, and this was the result.

Two minutes later they heard approaching footsteps, and two Grammarians appeared, bearing a bound prisoner between them. Another New House junior had been caught napping. This time it was Redfern. Redfern started as he saw Figgis and Kerr,

but he could not speak. He was dumped down in the grass, and the Grammarians grinned and vanished. They were, as Gordon Gay had declared, making a collection, and it looked as though they would have a complete "bag" of St. Jim's juniors.

"Cooey!"

Whether it was a Kangaroo or a Grammarian giving that signal, Figgis and his companions could not guess. If it was given by Gay, the intention was pitiable. A couple of minutes passed, and then there was a sound of crashing bushes and branches a short distance away. A desperate struggle was being waged there, and Figgis & Co. wriggled desperately, indubitated at not being able to go to the aid of their comrades. The struggle ceased at last, followed by gasping and panting. Then they heard Gordon Gay's voice:

"Here! That was warm!"

"Three of them, anyway!" said Frank Monk. "That makes six!"

"Half 'em along!"

The prisoners crowded round their heads to see fresh captures brought in. They were Kangaroo, Clifina Dane, and Holly, of the Kangaroo Patrol. Half a dozen Grammarian Scouts—all of whom showed signs of damage in the struggle—were then along and dumped them down under the tree with Figgis & Co.

Gordon Gay delisted a streaming nose with a handkerchief that became very red, and grinned at the frowning, gasping row of prisoners.

"Six!" he said cheerfully. "And all the leaders! It won't take us long to rope in the giddy rank and file!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cooey!" came faintly from the thicket.

Kangaroo's followers missed him, and were signalling to him. The Grammarians crept cautiously in the direction of the signal.

For the next half-hour Figgis and Kangaroo and the rest lay in the grass, and wriggled in their bonds, and almost wept with rage. One by one the Wolves and Kangaroos were brought in by the Grammarians and dumped down. Fatty

Wynn was the last, and he made the dozen complete.

"The whole giddy bag!" grinned Gordon Gay. And then he heeded his Scouts' call, to bring the whole Grammarian troop together.

From all directions the Grammarian Scouts came in answer to the call, fifteen or sixteen of them gathering round the prisoners. Then Gordon Gay unloosed the latter.

Figgis & Co. could use their voices at last, and they used them loudly. They told the Grammarian jokers what they thought of them, and the victims' own enemy answered with yells of laughter, silence being no longer necessary.

"Sorry!" grinned Gordon Gay. "But this is where you got it—where the children got the chopper, you know. We've lagged the whole army!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's all right, kids," Gay went on blandly. "We're going to look after you. You must be tired after your exertions—getting caught in traps and things—we're going to save you the trouble of walking down to St. Jim's. Monkey, old man, cut off and fetch Giles here with the haycart—to the road, I mean, as near as possible, and we'll get these boondocks along to the road while you're gone."

"What-oh!" said Frank Monk.

"Look here! What's your little game?" demanded Kangaroo heatedly.

"You ought to be grateful to us, Kangy. We're going to provide you with a free ride home. And top Giles a couple of lads for the job," said Gordon Gay. "It isn't everybody who would do that for a captured enemy."

"We're not going home in the haycart, you retters!" howled Figgis.

"Well, you may be right, but my personal opinion is that you are," said Gay. "But we'll see. Bring 'em along, you chaps, and prod 'em a little if they don't lap it."

The unfortunate Wolves and Kangaroos were compelled to "lap it" it. They were taken out into the road, where Frank Monk and Giles quickly arrived with the haycart. Giles was a solid country yokel, but his stolidity melted away at the sight of the captured Scouts, and he grinned. The captured Scouts were bundled into the cart, upon the hay, and Gay gave Giles his instructions.

"You understand? They're to be delivered at St. Jim's—this side up with care. You're not to let 'em loose."

"Yes, sir," said Giles.

"Here's a couple of lads, and mind you don't let 'em loose."

And as the haycart drove slowly away, the Grammarians stood in the road and howled with laughter. St. Jim's fellows were most inclined to heel with rage. They were "in the cart" in a double sense; and all the way to St. Jim's they strove to corrupt the fidelity of the solid Giles, but they strove in vain. Giles drove on serenely, apparently deaf to the voice of the charmer.

#### CHAPTER 4.

##### The Return of the Vanquished!

"I WONDER how those boondocks are getting on!" Monday Lovelace remarked.

The Carless had gone down to the nets and done some cribbeting, after putting Gassy through his exercises, and then they strolled to the school shop and refreshed themselves



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with ginger-beer, and discussed plans for arranging their defeat.

"Oh, I expect they're making a hash of it," said Tom, in answer to Lewther's remark. "They can't handle Gay, if we can't."

"We can, if we get another chance!" growled Blake. "I wonder what'll become of the Wolves and the Kangaroos, though? It's time they were back at St. Jim's—unless they've been caught napping, too."

"Let's go down to the gates and look for them," said Digby.

The juniors scattered out of the back-shop. It was time something was seen of the Scouts, and Tom Merry & Co. were curious to know how they had fared with the enemy. For the honour of the school, they hoped they had been successful. But perhaps they would not have been, wholly disappointed to learn that the Kangaroos and the Wolves had found Gordon Gay & Co. too big an order.

"Nothing in sight," remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, turning his famous monocle in the direction of Blytheisle.

"Nothing!" demanded Tom Merry severely. "And you call yourself a Scout! Look again!"

"Well, nothing, but an old happenet."

"No sign of the Scouts," panted Blake. "What is Giles grinning at, I wonder!" said Monty Lewther. "He's got a grin a yard wide on his olivary. Hallo, Gilbert! Where did you dig up that face?"

Giles grinned more broadly than ever, and brought the cart to a halt outside the gates of the school.

"Afternoon, gentlemen!" he said.

"Afternoon!" replied Lewther sharply.

"I got something to deliver 'ere," said Giles.

"What's that?"

"Master Gay of the Grammar School sent it," said Giles. "You young gentlemen can take 'em over the cart if you like. They belong 'ere."

"They?" said Tom Merry. "What are they?"

"From the hayrack came the explanation.

"Don't stand there jawing all day!" said the voice of Figgins of the Fourth.

"Get us out of this before the whole school comes round!"

"Figgins!" shouted Tom Merry.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Master Gay's 'ave sent them 'ere with 'is commissions, young gentlemen," grinned Giles.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry & Co. crowded round the cart, and looked into it. A dozen bound juniors were crammed together in the hay. They looked at the Curlews with red and ferocious faces. Tom Merry & Co. shrieked with laughter.

"So you've come home!" roared Monty.

"And that's how you've done the Gramscians! Ha, ha, ha!"

The cause of laughter brought a crowd to the gates at once. Levison of the Fourth was the first to arrive, and then came Mellish, Goss, Crooke, and Hamstead, and then Guts and Levers of the Fifth, and Kildare of the Sixth, and then a crowd more. And all of them, seniors and juniors, howled with mirth at the sight of the wretched Kangaroos and Wolves crammed in the bottom of the hayrack.

"Oh, crumble! This takes the giddy side!" roared Levison. "How did you get into that, Figgins?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bal dove! They don't seem to have



done much better than we did!" grinned Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "It was very kind of the Gwasman School oaks to give you a wide home, Kangy!"

"Are you going to let us set you cackling idiots?" demanded Redfern.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get those blessed cords!" shrieked Figgins.

"Tom Merry shook his head, laughing.

"No fear! We're not going to waste the cord. Besides, it's our cord, and we're not going to destroy our own property. Wants not want not," yowled Figgins, yowling words.

"Yas, watah! It would be a wicked waste to cut the cords, wouldn't it, Kerr?"

"Rathad!" growled Kerr.

"Ha, ha, ha! Besides, it will be awfully good practice anytyle!" the knots" chuckled Arthur Augustus gleefully. "Figgins said as himself."

"And there's no hurry," said Monty Lewther. "No hurry at all. Tuzie the knots, and don't waste the cord!"

Tom Merry & Co., shaking with laughter, fumbled with the cords, untying the knots as Figgins & Co. had done on a previous occasion. They had not the slightest intention of using their knives. What was worse for the game was that for the greater, as Blake smilingly remarked.

Giles stood stolidly by his horse while it was going on. One by one the unfortunate Scouts were released, and rolled out of the cart, with whips of hay sticking all over them.

As fast as they were released they scattered away and disappeared, anxious to escape the circle of grinning faces. Yells of laughter followed them.

Figgins was the last. Red and flushed and ferocious, Figgins slipped out of the cart. He glared at the crowd of howling juniors. The defeat of Tom Merry & Co. had struck Figgins as lousy earlier in the afternoon, but his sense of honour seemed to be somewhat wanting now.

"You cackling asses!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was all through Gay instigating our signals."

"He wouldn't take us in by instigating our signals," chuckled Jack Blake.

"You were caught napping, Figgins, old man. I watah think the laugh is

up against you just now. They wouldn't have taken the Curlews in that way. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, rats!" said Figgins crossly. And he bolted after the rest, leaving the crowd screaming with merriment.

Giles drove away in the hayrack, and the St. Jim's fellows streamed back into the stand shrieking with laughter. The Kangaroos and the Wolves did not appear in the quadrangle again that afternoon. They preferred to hide their blunders from the public eye.

CHAPTER 5.

No Taken!

THE Terrible Three were going down to cricket practice after lessons the next day, when Levison of the Fourth met them.

Levison had been looking for them. There was an unusually friendly expression upon Levison's face, which was a plain enough intimation that he wanted something. Like the Greeks of old, Levison of the Fourth was to be feared when he came with gifts in his hands.

He gave the Terrible Three a very cordial nod, and they stopped politely. They did not like the end of the Fourth, but as he evidently wanted to speak to them they obliged him.

"I suppose you chaps are thinking about the Scout contest that's coming off soon?" the Fourth Former asked.

"Well, we're thinking about cricket at the present moment," said Tom Merry. "But we're giving the contest our distinguished consideration."

"It's going to be a big thing," said Levison. "Mr. Algerous Fane, the District Commissioner, is coming down, you know, to superintend, and to award the cup. He's standing the cup himself, and there are other prizes. The old chap is awfully keen about Bay Scouts. That gold cup will be worth something. The paved or troop that gets it could keep it if they liked."

"I suppose they would keep it," said Monty. "It's to be kept."

"Yes; I mean they could sell it if they liked. It must be worth a good bit," said Levison. "That would be an easy way of passing a good sum of money. I shouldn't wonder if it's worth twenty quid."

The Terrible Three looked very progressively at Levison. But Levison did not notice their looks; he was on eagerly.

"Of course, it's not worth the bag simply for pot-hunting, but a sum of money is worth awfully oneself for what do you think?"

"I won't tell you what I think," said Tom Merry dryly. "You wouldn't understand."

"I'm speaking to you as lambentlike chaps," said Levison. "There's no reason why a St. Jim's Patrol shouldn't walk off with that pot. There's plenty of glory to be reaped, though I don't care for that, but the pot itself is invaluable. Lots of troops are entering—every blessed patrol in the district, I think. What I was going to suggest was that I join the Curlew Patrol, and help you, and that we have a whack in the cup!"

"We're going to have a whack at it, anyway," said Tom, "and I don't see that you could help us. You're not a Scout."

"I can become one, I suppose. It's easy enough."

"Not quite so easy as you think. There's something more needed than

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shoving on a shirt and a felt hat. You've got to get in and to train, and to be a decent chap—to say nothing about doing a good turn every day. How many days is it since you've done anybody a good turn?"

"Of course, that's all rot, Lesison, you'd better be the Scouts show, and keep out of it," said Tom dryly.

"I'm after the cap, not after playing the glidy goat," said Lesison disdainfully. "If I do myself a good turn by raising the wind, I shall be satisfied. And I can go into business really enough, and I'm gut bustin', too—I shall be able to help. I don't ask for more than a fair share in the tin when the cap's sold."

"The cap won't be sold if we get it." "Going to stick it on the study wall, for fellows to stare at?" sneered Lesison.

"Better than selling it, anyway. Besides, the Curlew Patrol is full up; we don't want any more in it. I want to put it quite plain, Lesison, and if you change your ideas about the Scouts, we don't want you!" said Tom Merry bluntly.

"Well, if you won't agree to sell the cap, of course I shan't come into your gang," said Lesison. "I thought you might be willing to look at the matter sensibly."

"My dear chap," said Monty Leather, "if you wait for us to look at things as you do, you will have to wait dozens of years. Go and eat cake!"

And the Shell fellows walked on. They went to the pits, and forgot all about Lesison and his latest scheme.

Lesison remained in deep and seething thought for some time, and then banged away with his hands in his pockets, looking for Kangaroo. He found the Cornstalk somebody in his study, and propounded his scheme to him.

"Sell the cap?" said Kangaroo witheringly. "You mean rotter! We're going into this thing for the honor, not to make money!"

"Of course, that's jille!" said Lesison.

"Perhaps you think so. But if the Kangaroo got that cap, they're going to keep it," said the Cornstalk. "You can clear off, Lesison! I don't want any of your precious schemes for the Kangaroo Patrol. If you're keen on the cap, you'd better raise a patrol yourself, and go in for it. You can call it the Skunk Patrol!"

"So you won't take up the idea?" said Lesison, with a scowl.

"No, I won't! But if you don't clear off, I'll take you up and drop you out of the window!"

Lesison scowled darkly and banged away. There were other patrols in both Houses at St. Jim's, but Lesison did not carry out his proposition to them. He felt that he would not be able to get the Scouts to look at it sensibly. But Kangaroo's humorous suggestion that he should form a patrol himself took root in his mind, though he did not intend to call it the Skunk Patrol.

After all, why shouldn't he try? And he might be able to find half a dozen fellows of his own kidney to back him up; and even if they couldn't win the cap themselves, they might be able to "muck up" the chances of the other patrols as a punishment for refusing to co-operate with him. And that evening Lesison of the Fourth was very busy looking for recruits.

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## CHAPTER 6.

### Lesison's Lites!

"MY only hat!"

Jack Blake uttered that exclamation in tones of astonishment.

It was Saturday, and after dinner the afternoon being free, the juniors of St. Jim's were mostly thinking of scoring practice. With the big contest organized by the District Commissioner soon to come off, the St. Jim's Scouts had given even cricket the go-by for the present.

The Curlews had just come out of the School House, and Blake's exclamation drew their attention to a group of five juniors in Scout costume in the quadrangle.

They were dressed like Scouts, with wide felt hats, and staves complete; but they did not look otherwise much like Scouts. They hunched instead of holding themselves up; their countenances did not radiate of health or fitness, and there was a lack of looseness about their bodies.

"Lesison, by George!" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"But Jove, a new patrol!" said Arthur Augustus, turning his eyes upon the group of juniors. "I am very glad to see Lesison taking this up. It ought to be a very good thing for him. Details than hang about smoking cheap cigarettes behind the woodshed—what?"

"Yes, rather, if he means business," said Tom Merry.

Lesison glanced towards the Curlews and sneered. His patrol was composed of himself as patrol-leader, and his class Mellish of the Fourth, and George and Crooks of the Third, and Piggott of the Third Form.

Lesison had looked in vain for a sixth recruit, so the patrol was formed of five members. Fellows did not seem anxious to join Lesison's patrol; even the Third Form lads had not been keen, and Piggott was the only recruit he had been able to draw from the Third—Piggott being a young rascal of the same kidney as Lesison and Mellish.

Wally D'Arcy, the younger brother of the great Augustus, was patrol-leader of the Jackal Patrol in the Third, and he declined to have anything to do with Lesison & Co.

Lesison and Mellish, George, Crooks, and Piggott, were a decidedly "awkward squad," and they realized it. They registered as they caught the eyes of the Curlews upon them.

"But Jove, I congratulate you, Lesison, dear boy," Arthur Augustus exclaimed. "This is a rather a new departure for you, isn't it?"

"I dare say we shall do as well as you in the contest," said Lesison, with a drop of the shoulder.

"I dare say you will, dear boy," said D'Arcy cordially. "It is very gratifying to see you fellows taking it up. I had regarded you as wretched hopeless slacks!"

"We're after the cap," said George. "And we're jolly well going to get it!" declared Crooks. "I dare say we shall have a chance as it without grubbing about in woods and places, getting ourselves tired and dirty picking up what you call scoundrel!"

"If we can't get it without that, we jolly well shan't get it at all, I know that," remarked Frey Mellish. "I'm not looking for anything in the shape of work."

"No fear!" said all the new patrol together.

Tom Merry laughed. "If you don't work hard and get fit, you won't have much chance in the

contest," he remarked. "Why not pile into the thing in real earnest, like the rest of us?"

"Rats!"

"We're going to have a good time if we can," said Piggott. "Come on, Lesison! We can't smoke till we're outside."

"Smokes?" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Are you starting smoking with cigarettes in your pockets, you silly chumps?"

"We're going our own way, not yours," said Mellish.

"And what do you call yourselves?" demanded Jack Blake. "The Cigarette Patrol?"

"Or the Monkey Patrol?" asked Digby.

"Or the Rotter Patrol!" asserted Herrion.

"What's the signal of the patrol?" inquired Monty Leather. "Do you make a noise like striking a match?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You mind your own business!" said Lesison. "We're jolly well going to put you in the shade, anyway! You fellows have been beaten hollow by the Grammar School chaps. We're going for Gordon Gay this afternoon, and we undertake to beat him hollow!"

The Curlews sneered with laughter. "Why, Gay will make ships of you!" exclaimed Monty. "You'd better let the Grammarians alone. They'll track you down by the scent of tobacco, for one thing!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you'll see. If you want to see how we deal with Gay and his fellows, you can come along to the old barn presently," said Lesison. "We're going to capture the boulder and make an example of him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up! March!" exclaimed Lesison.

And the Lion Patrol, as Lesison had named it—believing in a good name, at all events—marched. They disappeared over the gates of St. Jim's, leaving the Curlews laughing.

"I'm afraid those youngsters are going to look for trouble," said Tom Merry. "The ascent! To think that they can capture Gordon Gay! The Grammarians will wipe up the ground with them!"

"Yeah, wathah!"

"We'll look in at the old barn presently to see what they've done," grinned Blake. "We're more likely to see that they've been made mincemeat of than that they've captured Gay!"

"I should jolly well think so. Why, Gay was too much for us," said Leather.

"Yeah, wathah! And if he beat us, that's the last word," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I was thinking of going for the Grammarians this afternoon myself, if you fellows would back me up."

"Rats! We're going out for practice, and we'll give Lesison a chance with the Grammarians," said Tom Merry. "March!"

Half a dozen St. Jim's Patrols were turning out for scoring practice in the woods that afternoon. The Wolves were given a start, and the other patrols were to track them down. The Scouts were soon hard at work, and they forgot all about Lesison & Co. But later in the afternoon—when the Wolves had been duly captured, and all the Scouts were enjoying a feed round a camp-fire on the common—Tom Merry remembered the Lions.

"I wonder how Lesison's getting on?" he remarked.

"Gone home long ago, I should say,"



remarked Blake. "They've smoked all their cigarettes and checked it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Well, we'll look in at the barn on our way back," said Tom Merry. "Levison isn't much of a Scout, but he's awfully deep, and there's a slim chance that he may have done something."

"If he has, he's done it by some rotten trick that's barred to a real Scout," said Kern.

"Yes, wadiah!"  
The old barn lay off the lane, at some distance from St. Jim's, and it was on the homeward way of the Scouts. They scattered homeward and crossed the field where it was situated, and as they approached the barn they heard the sound of voices.

"They're there!" said Figgins.  
"Hi Jove! They are there, at any rate!" said Arthur Kangeroo, as he caught sight of a figure in Scout costume in the doorway of the barn. "There's Gabe!"

"And there's young Piggot," remarked Wally. "But I bet you they haven't captured Gordon Gay."

"Wadiah, Wally, so your majah, I expect slow you to bet."

"Oh, don't you begin, Gumpy!" implored his minor. "Come on, and let's see what Levison & Co. are up to."

The Scouts quickened their pace, and here down on the barn. A loud voice broke upon their ears.

"You rotters! Check it! My hat! I'll make you answer for this!"

It was the voice of Gordon Gay of the Grammar School.

Evidently he was a prisoner in the hands of Levison & Co.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Blake.

"They've got him! What an awe it is that the age of giddy miracles was past!"

"But Jove, they've really got him! I really do not comprehend this."

"Yarosh!" roared the voice of the Grammarian. "Check it, I say!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a roll of laughter from the Lions in the barn. Tom Merry's brows contracted.

"They're rapping him!" he exclaimed. "I really think it's lucky that we came back this way. I fancy we're wanted here."

"Yaaa; I was just thinkin' so, doh boy. They have no right to wag a prisoner. That is not in the wales at all."

Tom Merry & Co. hurried to the barn. As they ascended in at the doorway, a peculiar sight met their gaze. The Lions were all there, and in the midst of them, bound hand and foot, lay a figure in Scout costume—the figure of Gordon Gay. Levison was bending over the prisoner, but he turned his head quickly as the Scouts came crowding in.

"Hallo! Here they are!" he exclaimed. "Well, Tom Merry, what price this?"

"Shot up!" said Levison, menacing the prisoner with the belt. "Do you want some more?"

"I wish I had my hands loose—I'd make you sorry you've touched me with that belt!" gasped Gordon Gay.

Levison raised his hand; but Tom Merry sprang forward, caught the belt from his hand, and tossed it away.

"None of that!" he said grimly. Levison scowled.

"Mind your own business!" he exclaimed savagely. "Look what that rotter has done to my nose! I'm going to make him suffer for it!"

"You won't touch him!"

"Who'll stop me?" howled Levison.

"I will!"  
The end of the Fourth glowered his hands for a moment. But Tom Merry's hands were clonched, too, and his eyes were blazing. Levison shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course, you're rattly at our doing what you couldn't have done!" he

"We won't stay to be taught," sneered Levison. "Come on, you chaps; it's time we got home."

And the Lions all made a movement towards the door. They were anxious to get off the scene now. Gordon Gay's expression showed that if he had a chance of getting at them there would be no more trouble for the Lions.

"Don't let them get away," said Tom Merry.

And the Scouts blocked the doorway. Levison cast a furious look round.

"You've no right to keep us here," he said.

"And we're jolly well going!" exclaimed Gooey.

"Better try it!" said Kangeroo grimly.

But the Lions did not try it. They did not care to attempt to rush the Scouts in the doorway. They remained in a very uneasy mood, while Blake finished releasing Gordon Gay, and some of the Scouts chased him-named him. The Grammarian junior groaned as Tom Merry helped him to his feet.

"It's the beastly cramp!" he gasped. "Those cords were horribly tight, and I've been tied some time. It'll be all right in a few minutes."

"How did they capture you?" asked Tom Merry.

Gay's eyes glowered.

"It was a rotten trick. I had a postcard this morning—they must have sent it yesterday—asking me to meet you here. It was in your handwriting."

"Miss?" exclaimed Tom Merry.

"Yes; asking me to come here and meet you—to talk over some of the arrangements for the big contest next week," said Gay. "I thought the card was from you, and I came without suspecting anything. Those rotters were hidden in the barn, and they possessed on me as I came in."

Tom Merry turned his blazing eyes on Levison.

"You wrote a card in my hand?" he asked.

"Find out!"

"I don't need to find out. I remember your old trick of imitating fellows' writing," said Tom Merry.

"You were nearly caught from the school for it once. So that was your previous scheme for capturing Gay; forging another fellow's hand, and taking him prisoner by dirty treachery?"

"All's fair in war," said Levison sulkily.

"Dirty tricks are never fair," said Blake.

"Wadiah not! You are a foolish old, Levison!"

"When you've finished jawing us, perhaps you'll be kind enough to let us go," said Levison, with a sneer.

"It's time we got home to tea."

"You, we've finished here," said Mellich scornfully.

"You're not quite finished," said Tom.

"You've disgraced the school you belong to and the Scouts! If you can't be decent Scouts, you won't be Scouts at all!"

"It's not your business!"

"I am chief Scout of St. Jim's, and I sack you!" said Tom. "Let us find you in Scout rig again—that's all! If you had any other offer here, I'd make you step that off now! You've disgraced it!"

"Vaaa, wadiah!"

"And now if Gordon Gay wants to deal with you on fair terms, let's actually do it, and we'll see fair play!"



HELPFUL HINT!

New Gazette: "By the way, wadiah, I always sleep with me dear nose!"

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swore. "You fellows were licked hollow by the Grammar side. We captured the rotter quite easily."

"Yes, rather! Caught him tapping and nailed him," grinned Crooke.

"Only by a rotten trick!" said Gordon Gay fiercely. "Dirty tricks like that are banned among Scouts, as you'd know if you were anything but a beastly cad!"

Blake kept over the Grammarian and began to release him.

"Let my prisoner alone!" shouted Levison furiously.

"Hats!"

"Don't let him loose, Blake!" exclaimed Crooke savagely. He did not wish the prospect of Gay being released, with so many Scouts there to see fair play afterwards.

"Go and eat cake!" snorted Blake, his fingers working rapidly on the cords. "You cad! You've tied him so tightly it's stopped the circulation."

"Werre him right!" growled Levison.

"You've got lots of old scores against him. And he's our prisoner, not yours."

"He's nobody's prisoner now," said Tom Merry. "If you each are going to take up something, you've got to learn to play the game, or we'll teach you."

"Hear, hear!"  
 "Right, you are!" exclaimed Gordon Gay. "I know you shape wouldn't have a hand in rotten tricks like this. As soon as the odds favored me, I knew that card hadn't come from you, Tom Merry. Levison, you were mighty handy with that ball while I was tied up. Now let us see if you are as handy with your fists."  
 Levison backed away.

"I'm not going to fight you," he said solemnly.

"You, you are! Put up your pants!" "I won't!"

"You'll fight Gay, or you'll take a licking with that ball, the same as you were giving him," said Tom Merry quietly.

Levison gritted his teeth. He could not see that the St. Jim's Scouts meant business. There was no escape for the cowardly leader of the Lions.

He threw off his hat suddenly.  
 "I'm ready!" he growled.  
 "Make a ring," said Tom Merry.

Willingly enough the juniors made a ring for the combatants. They stood round to watch Levison take his licking. And there was no doubt that he would get one. Gordon Gay was determined, and he acted in with grim energy. Levison put up the best fight he could, as there was nothing else to do; but in five minutes he was completely knocked out, and he lay gasping on the floor of the old barn.

Gordon Gay had hardly recovered a second.  
 "Now your turn, Crooks," he said pleasantly.  
 "I—I don't want—" stammered Crooks.

"It isn't a question of what you want, but of what you're going to get," said Tom Merry. "You can fight Gordon Gay, or take fifty strokes with the belt."

"Yes, withah! Try and find a little courage, Crooks, dear boy, and walk in."

Crooks waded in very reluctantly. He was lashed in three minutes.

Then Gordon Gay signed to Gore to come forward. Gore stood up to the Grammarian better than the others had done, and the fight lasted ten minutes, and Gordon Gay received some damage. But it ended with Gore gasping on the floor, with both eyes closed, unable and extremely unwilling to go on.

"Mellish, dear boy, take your turn with—"

"I won't!" howled Mellish.

Gordon Gay laughed.

"Never mind Mellish or Piggott," he said. "They can't get up a fight. If Levison would like to begin again now he's had a rest—"

"Go it, Levison!"

"File in, dear boy!"

But Levison shook his head with a wail. He had had enough. Indeed, he felt as if he had had too much.

"Thanks to you chaps for seeing fair play," said Gordon Gay, putting on his hat. "I feel better now. So long!"

And the Grammarian Scout took his departure. Levison turned a savage look on Tom Merry.

"I suppose we can go now?" he said, between his teeth.

"You can come with us," said Tom Merry early. "You've disgraced the Scouts, and you're going to be turned out. You are under arrest now."

"Look here—"

"March them out!"

And the unfortunate Lions, looking like the Grammarian Scout, were led by the

extremely unwillingly and dismayed, were marched out of the barn in the midst of the Scouts.

## CHAPTER 8.

### The Order of the Bell!

T-A-R-A-I-I-A-I-A!

Jack Blake's hoarse wail woke the echoes of the old quadrangle of St. Jim's.

Followers were coming off the playing fields in crowds, and they gathered round to gaze at the procession that was marching in at the gates.

The Carletons and the Wilsons and the Kangercons and the Jackals were marching in order, and in their midst marched the Lions—under arrest.

The Lions did not look very nice-like. They looked sulky and bad-tempered, and their faces were discomfited. Their staves had been taken away, and they were prisoners.

Fifty voices demanded to know what was the matter, but the Scouts did not utter a word until they had reached the middle of the quadrangle. There Tom Merry gave the signal to halt.

Blake sounded his hoarse again.

"What on earth is the little game?" asked Kildare of the Scouts, who had just come away from the cricket field, with his hat under his arm.

Tom Merry raised his hand.

"Gentlemen and Scouts of St. Jim's, look at these rascals! They call themselves the Lion Patrol. They have disgraced the Scouts' uniforms, and broken the Scouts' law. All St. Jim's is called to witness that they are hereby turned out of the organization of Scouts, and forbidden to wear the uniform again."

"But what have they done?" demanded Kildare.

"We haven't done anything," growled Crooks.

"We're quite prepared to go into that," said Tom. "If you fellows want me to explain to Kildare what you've done, I'm ready to do it, and leave it to his decision."

Levison gave his comrades a quick look. That was the last thing he desired. If the head prefect of his House had known of the trick by which he had lured Gordon Gay into the trap, he knew it would have gone hard with him.

"Don't say a word," Levison whispered. "Let them have their way."

Kildare fixed his eyes upon them.

"Well, what have you to say?" he demanded.

"Nothing!" said Levison. And the rest of the Lions were solemnly silent.

"Do you admit that you have broken the Scouts' law?" demanded Tom Merry. "And disgraced the uniform?"

"Just as you like!"

"Yes or no?" demanded Tom. "This has got to be settled in public. We want all the school to know that we've done justice."

"Yes, then," said Levison between his teeth.

"That's enough!" said Kildare, and he turned away.

"Gentlemen and Scouts of St. Jim's, you are all witnesses that these chaps are turned out. They will now be marched to the dormitory and made to take off the uniform they have disgraced."

"Hear, hear!"

"March!"

And the Scouts marched the hapless Lions into the School House. They were marched into the Shell dormitory, followed by a crowd of curious fellows.

Levison clenched his fists convulsively.

"I'll make some of you pay for this!" he muttered.

"Well roared, Lion!" grinned Mooty Lovelace.

"Take off that uniform!" commanded Tom Merry.

"My clothes are not in this form!" howled Levison.

"Wally, go to the Fourth Form dorm and fetch their clothes, kid! Get Piggott's things, too! Now, you rascals, off with that uniform!"

The furious Lions stripped off the Scout costume.

There was no help for it; they had to obey. The garb of the Scouts was taken off. Wally went returned with the clothes of Mellish, Levison, and Piggott, and the infuriated Lions dressed themselves in their ordinary attire.

Tom Merry & Co. left them to dress. Their duty was done—the patrol had been disgraced and existed no longer. The Lions would not be seen again among the Scouts of St. Jim's.

Levison & Co. were in a savage humor as they dressed. Their school was by no means pleased by the proceedings, and they were disgraced and humiliated in the eyes of the school; and they were out of the big contest.

Levison's fury was against Tom Merry & Co.; but the other Lions were more incensed against Levison himself. They regarded him as the cause of their misfortune. He had persuaded them into taking up scouting, and had led them into disaster the first time they had donned the uniform. They gave Levison bitter looks.

"We'll make those Nighters smart for this," Levison said, gritting his teeth. "If we can't enjoy the contest ourselves, we can make up Tom Merry's chance. I've got an idea—"

"We've had enough of your rotten ideas!" growled Crooks.

"We're fed up with them!" snarled Gore.

"Keep your rotten idea, and boil it!" growled Piggott. "It was a rotten trick luring Tom Merry's name."

"You didn't say so before!" roared Levison.

"It was a bad trick, too!" said Mellish. "You might have guessed that they would be down on it when they came to know about it."

"You didn't think of that!"

"Well, I wasn't setting up as a leader." "I thought it was rather rotten," said Gore, "and ragging Gay, too, when he was tied up; I was against that!"

"Why didn't you say so at the time?"

"Well, I say so now!" exclaimed Gore angrily. "You've led us to a pretty snark up, hasn't you, with your rotten schemes and plotting. As for spoiling Tom Merry's chance in the contest, you can do as you like, but I won't have a hand in it!"

"Some here!" said Mellish.

"And here!" granted Piggott.

"You'll only make a snark of that, too, I expect."

Levison's lip curled in a bitter sneer.

"So you're all going to take this lying down?" he demanded. "You're going to let Tom Merry lick you out of the Scouts, and say nothing?"

"Not much good saying anything!" said Crooks savagely. "Besides, I'm fed up with scouting, anyway. Gordon Gay's given me a black eye."

"He's given me two!" granted Gore, feeling his damaged cheek tenderly.

"To say nothing of being shown up before all the school."

"It's all Levison's fault," said Piggott, "and even now he's not satisfied, and he wants us to back him up in some more jolly rotten schemes. I vote that we give him a good ragging!"

"Good say!"

"Hands off, you rotten!" exclaimed Levison, as the angry Lions surrounded

him, with threatening looks. "If you want trouble, you'd better tackle Tom Merry, not me. You were tame enough with them!"

"Bump him!" growled Gore.  
 Levison made a rush for the door. But his exasperated followers collared him before he could escape and swept him off his feet.

"Help!" yelled Levison.  
 Bump, bump, bump!  
 "Yarwood! Help! Owt! Leggo!"  
 Bump, bump!  
 "Yah! Owt-ow-ow!"  
 "There!" panted Gore. "You were fast enough to tag Gordon Gag, and now there's a taste of it for yourself. And if you spring any of your rotten schemes on me again, I'll give you some more!"

"A jolly big thing," agreed Tom Merry. "And the Head's a bricht! The contest will last over two days, and all Scouts have leave from lessons to attend."

"That's wiggin'!"  
 "I saw Grumpy to-day," remarked Lumsley-Lumsley. "His patrol—the Gate—have leave from their employers for the contest. Lots of the patrols are fellows in work, and most of them have leave. I guess that's how it ought to be. Bigger fun a chap to be struck out of it because he's in business."

"Yess, wotab!"  
 "The first contest is on Wednesday," said Tom. "That will thin down the competing patrols. It's going to be bare and hoarse under the eye of Sir Algernon Fane himself, and all

Co., he would be almost as satisfied as if he had won the cup himself.

And the rest of the ill-fated Lion Patrol shared his feelings to a great extent, with the exception of Gore. Gore adhered to his determination to have nothing further to do with Levison and his tricks. But the other three members of the disbanded patrol were with Levison again.

Molish, Crook, and Piggitt looked on at the keen preparations of the Scouts with bitter eyes. Levison had been severely handled by his followers after that scene of disgrace into which he had led them. But after a time they had come round again. They felt the need of Levison as a leader, if they were to effect anything against the Carbons.



Tom Merry & Co. crowded round the barrier, and the red and ferocious faces of the Mangaroes and Wolves looked out at them. "So you've come round," said Wessner. "And that's how you've done the Greenmartians, is it, Figg?'" grinned Leather. "Ota, ho, ha!"

And Gore swung out of the doorway, followed by the rest of the Lions—Lions no longer—leaving Levison gasping for breath.

The end of the Fourth picked him self up, black with fury. Levison's star was certainly not in the ascendant just now. He had failed ignominiously, owing to his invincible preference for dark and toadish ways, and his lingering hope of laying hands on the coveted cup had vanished. He had one hope left of spoiling Tom Merry's chance of winning the Scout's cup—and that hope was all the consolation that was left to the deposed and disgraced leader of the Lions.

CHAPTER 5.

Levison's Little Game!

"**B** All Jove, it's going to be wotab a big thing!" Arthur Augustus remarked to his chums a few days later. "All the patrols in the district are takin' part—some-thing like a hundred of them. We shall have plenty to do, deak boys, if we are to bring it off for the Carbons."

winners will be eligible for the second day's contest. Mind, you fellows have got to do the running of your lion."

"Yess, wotab! I intend to wear like anything," said Arthur Augustus.

"We're all positiv' fit!" Blake remarked. "Piggitt has been keeping his patrol in hard training. Even those blessed legs in the Third are very keen. Not that they've got any chance of course."

"I should like to see Levison & Co. go in for it," said Horrie. "They wouldn't last long in the run. They're lucky to be out of it, considering the form they're in."

Levison & Co. undoubtedly were out of it. Indeed, when they heard the nature of the first day's contest, they had no particular desire to be "in it." A hard run across country, lasting hours, was not exactly in their line. Levison had hoped to be able to score somehow by trickery, but these did not seem much room for trickery on the lines of the contest as laid down by the District Commissioner.

But Levison felt that if he could prevent the success of Tom Merry &

And Levison's brain was busy.

When the day of the contest was fixed, and its nature was made known, Levison & Co. met in Crook's study to talk it over. Levison had learned all the particulars, and he explained them to his previous allies.

"It's a kind of hare and hounds, on a big scale," he said. "I understand that there will be a whole troop for hares, and the rest of the troops will be the hounds. All the hares who get home and all the hounds who make captures will be eligible for the second day's contest. That's when the cup will be won. Any Scout not turning up for the first day's trial will be out of the whole business, of course."

"They'll all turn up, right enough," said Molish.

"Not likely to miss it," said Crook. "Every blessed Scout in the school will be there the first day, and all the winners will be there the second. And we shall be grinding lessons in the Form-room, owing to the way you've nicked up things."

"If Tom Merry misses the first day  
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he will be out of the contest," said Levinson.

"But he won't."

"He ought to be made to!"

"Oh!" said Crooks, with a deep breath. "But—but that's no good unless the rest of his patrol sees it, too. If the other Carlews turn up they've got a chance all the same, and the patrol may lag the cap."

"The whole patrol will have to be kept away, of course," said Levinson. "That's the idea. It won't be any use their complaining afterwards. The thing will be decided and done with. I don't care if Figgies gets the cap, or Kangaroo, though if the Carlews miss it, I think it's more likely to go to the Grammar School. And that would be one in the eye for all the rads who've been down on it."

"I don't care who gets it, so long as Tom Merry doesn't!" said Crooks. "I'd rather that grocer fellow in Rykomske had it."

"But how are we going to keep the Carlews away?" asked Mellich anxiously. "There are seven of them and only four of us. We can't handle them."

"No blessed fear!" said Figgies promptly.

"I'm not thinking of handling them by ourselves," said Levinson. "But we can work it. The whole St. Jim's troop have been early on Wednesday morning to go to the place where the first trial is to be held, on Wayland Moor. But they won't all be going together. Each patrol will start on its own. It's a good long way to the place on the moor where Sir Algernon Fans will be to hold the review. There's going to be a review before the trial. Lots of things may happen to the Carlews before they get there. If I had as much money as you have, Crooks, I wouldn't ask for anybody's help in dealing with them."

"So it's my money you want?" said Crooks emphatically.

Crooks, who was the son of a millionaire financier, had plenty of money, but he was not disposed to let Levinson of the Fourth have the spending of it.

"It will cost some money," said Levinson. "I'll pay my week, though I haven't much tin. We'll all do the same, but you'll have to pony up most, as you've got the dice, otherwise the whole thing falls through."

"I haven't any tin to pony up," said Mellich.

"And I'm nearly stony!" roared Figgies.

"It's up to Crooks," said Levinson. "First class will be enough, and you were talking about three or four from the other day. Crooks, that you had from your father."

"Let's hear the whole first," said Crooks. "I've got plenty of money. I know, but I've got some enough to look after it, too!"

"You know there's a fellow named Ticky Tapp in Rykomske a billiard sharper," said Levinson. "He's got his knive into Tom Merry & Co. So croaking his gambling den at the old Manor House. Ticky Tapp would jump at a chance of going for Tom Merry and the rest, and we're going to give him the chance. My idea is to ask Ticky Tapp to get a gang of roughs together and collar the Carlews by main force while they're on their way to the review ground."

"My hat!"

"Ticky Tapp would jump at it for nothing, only to get even with Tom Merry & Co. But his gang will have to be paid, but a quid each would be Tom Merry's share.—No. 1,482.

enough. As a matter of fact, I've spoken to Ticky Tapp about it already. I was playing billiards with him yesterday at the Green Man. He's keen to get a chance of going for those ruffians, and he will fit it up with some of the Wayland roughs. What do you think of the idea?"

"And you don't take a hand in it at all?" said Crooks thoughtfully.

"Not at all. We shall be quite safe; we shall be in Form-rooms while the roughs are bagging the Carlews. There won't be anything to connect us with it, even if anything came out. Ticky Tapp will have nothing to gain by giving us away. Besides, he wouldn't be believed. And the others won't even know about us. Ticky Tapp will take them on for the job without mentioning us."

"Sounds pretty easy," said Crooks. "But I don't see why I should stand all the tin."

"It's up to you, Crooks; you've got the dice," said Mellich.

"Certainly!" chimed in Figgies. "Don't spoil a good scheme by being mean, Crooks."

"Three or four quid might do it," said Levinson, "and I'm willing to stand ten shillings; it's all I've got."

"There was a warm argument for some minutes, but Crooks finally gave in.

"All right!" he said. "But I'll come with you to fit it up with Ticky Tapp, Levinson. I'm not going to have you make anything out of the transaction! I know you, you see!"

And Levinson nodded and assented.

After lights out that night Ticky Tapp received two visitors at the Green Man in Rykomske, and the arrangements were made.

Meanwhile, Tom Merry & Co. were sleeping the sleep of the just, quite unconscious of the scheme that was at work for spoiling their chance of the Scouts' cap.

## CHAPTER 10.

### Wayland

**T**OM MERRY jumped out of bed at the first clang of the ringing-bell on Wednesday morning.

That day was a joyous occasion for the Scouts of St. Jim's.

There were no lessons. After morning prayers all members of the St. Jim's troop were at liberty for the rest of the day.

The review on Wayland Moor was to take place at eleven o'clock. After the review by General Sir Algernon Fans, the first contest, or trial, was to take place. The Scouts were required to take provisions for the day in their haversacks. A day's hard work was to be looked forward to, and no true Scout shrinks from that prospect.

On the review ground they were to meet the other troops—a troop from the Grammar School, another from Rykomske village, with the Cat Patrol prominent among them, and others from various towns and villages in the district, as well as a patrol from Abbotsford School.

In the New House, Fatty Wynn was supervising the packing of the Wolves' haversacks with anxious care. Fatty Wynn did not seem to run the risk of going hungry during the contest.

The Carlews also made their preparations with great care. As the meet was not to be till just before eleven, there was no hurry. Some of the patrols started quite early, however, in order to be first on the ground. Figgies, at the head of the Wolves, was the first to march out of the gates of St. Jim's, and soon afterwards Waddy led out the

Jacks. Then Kangaroo & Co. departed in great spirits.

The Carlews were not quite ready—Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was postponing extreme care upon his attire. D'Arcy was as careful with his Scout gear, as with his elegant dress, and as a Boy Scout he was valued the last word in elegance. Finally, Jack Blake dragged him by force out of the Fourth Form dormitory, where he was giving the finishing touches to his attire before a glass.

"Pray don't hurry me, dear boy," said Arthur Augustus plaintively. "I am not at all sure that my ward is quite straight. In fact, I have a hazy feeling that it is quite crooked—waddy!"

Jack Blake jerked his scarf out of place.

"You can be quite sure of it now," he said cheerfully. "Come on!"

"I willing to appeal before a general in the British Army with a crooked ward, Blake?"

"Come on!" repeated Blake. And he ran Arthur Augustus out of the dormitory and rushed him down the stairs.

Arthur Augustus arrived in the quadrangle breathless and in a state of great indignation. The rest of the Carlews were there. The other fellows were already in the Form-rooms, surveying the Scouts from the bottom of their hearts.

"Fall in!" said Tom Merry.

"My scarf is not straight!"

"Fall in!"

"Waddy, Tom Mewey!"

"March!"

"In the circus!"

"Silence in the ranks!" said Tom Merry.

The patrol was already on the march, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had to march with them, making no propitious efforts to get his scarf straight as he went.

The Carlews stepped out down the lawn. They turned into the woods, to take a short cut to Wayland Moor. On the stile, as they passed it, a man was leaning—a man in shabby clothes, with a face marked with heavy drinking and with a glare between his discoloured teeth.

Tom Merry recognised him as Ticky Tapp, the billiard sharper with whom he had had trouble not so very long ago. Ticky Tapp, surveyed at the Carlews as they walked lightly over the stile in turn and walked away down the footpath. As they disappeared into the wood Ticky Tapp's scowl vanished, and he grinned.

"Walkin' fair into it," he murmured. "I fancy I'll get even with them to-day."

And Ticky Tapp, in his turn, plunged into the wood, running.

"That was the woddah who was that gaspikin' den at the old Manor House," Arthur Augustus remarked, as the Scouts marched down the footpath. "We might have spent a few minutes givin' him a lesson!"

"No time to hang blackguards this mornin'," said Tom Merry. "Back to the haversack in hand—that's the motto of a Scout!"

"Yaaa! but—"

"Geez, old man, you talk too much. You'll never be a good Scout unless you learn to hold your jawing tackle," said Blake. "Cheese it!"

"I was givin' to say that I heard somebody waddin' in the wood," said Arthur Augustus, turning his eyes upon the thick foliage along the path. "I suppose those Grammarian boardwalks won't be playin' any tricks on a day like this!"

"Of course not, an'! Eyes front!" Tom Merry turned from the footpath and led the way by a slight track into the wood. He was taking the shortest cut towards Wayland. The track brought the Carlowes out upon the bank of the Fenway, a stream that ran through the heart of the wood, and which was crossed by a single plank. A quarter of a mile away it flowed into the deep, wide Rhyl, opposite the island. Tom Merry uttered an exclamation as they came out by the stream. The plank was missing from its usual place.

"What rotten luck!" exclaimed Tom. "Some one has taken the plank away! We've got to wade it. It would take too long to go round."

Boaks bent down by the ferry bank of the stream.

"That plank hasn't been moved long since," he remarked. "Look here, you can see by the signs that it was here not long ago. Somebody has spotted us and shifted the plank on purpose."

"I told you I feared somebody wain't in the wood—"

The Scouts regarded the stream dubiously. In late summer it was generally very shallow, but at present the waters ran deep between the ferry banks. But there was no help for it. It had to be crossed, or at least half an hour wanted in going up-stream to find a place where it could be jumped.

"Come on!" said Tom Merry. "We shall make our obbath wathah wet, dash boys."

"It will dry in the sun before we get to Wayland," said Tom, "and anybody who's afraid of wet clothes can go home and get some!"

And Tom led the way, plunging in. The water came above his waist as he strode out into the stream. The current ran fast, but the patrol-leader waded steadily across, and the patrol followed him. They crossed the stream and clambered up the steep bank on the other side. There they passed in the thicket to shake the water from their clothes. They were quite off their guard, an omission on the part of the Boy Scouts, though no danger was to be anticipated. There was a sudden shock in the thicket and a rush of feet.

Before the Carlowes knew what was happening half a dozen halting roughs had rushed upon them, and they were borne to the ground.

**CHAPTER 11.  
Stranded!**

"BUCK UP!" gasped Tom Merry. But the Carlowes had no chance to buck up.

They had been taken utterly by surprise, and they were sprawling in the grass and branches, with the roughs gripping them.

The seven boys would not have had much chance against six grown-up men, in any case, probably. But, as it was, they had no chance at all.

But they struggled bravely. For the moment they fancied it was an attack of the Greenman's Scouts. But a second glimpse of their assailants undid their fears.

The assailants were men, and they were roughly clad, and each of them had a coarse red handkerchief over his face.

One of them, a very powerfully built ruffian, had grasped both Digby and D'Arry, and the two juniors struggled in vain in his grip. The other Scouts each had one too to contend with, and found him too much. Thrown down in the grass, with their assailants above them, they had no chance whatever.

**JUST  
MY  
FUN**

**Monty Lowther  
Calling!**



Hullo, everybody! When did the police begin using electric lamps? When it was dark!

I hear railway companies lose 50,000,000 tickets yearly. Yet what a fun they make if you lose one!

Chap I know is becoming a successful entrepreneur. He takes a tremendous interest in his work!

"Did you ask the new cook for her references?" Dame Taggie asked the matron. "No, I asked her to submit samples," replied the matron.

The girl who used to be in the village laundry says she never in the upper circles now. Selling programmes!

The Head's gardener is getting everything ship-shape. He's leaving "see"!

Many ex-Army officers have grey hair, we read. Old soldiers never dye!

"How can I stop water coming into the house?" writes a reader. Don't pay the water bill! "Fire Insurance Club Match." Both players made "quick returns."

Showing underlines the health, says a doctor. Yes, it's terrible something listening to Malish in the dorm.

I hear a Wayland man has sold his Alsatian dog and bought a baby car. He will use the "bussel," of course!

"Knock 'em on the 'ead if they give trouble," muttered one of the rascals, who seemed to be the leader.

"Get Jove! I—"

"Let us go, you heards!" roared Horro.

"What does this mean?" gasped Tom Merry indignantly. "Who are you?"

"What are you up to now, Monty Lowther demanded, as the rascal made no answer. "If you are thinking of robbing us there isn't much to get, you scoundrels!"

"Don't you jaw!" said the leading ruffian. "This 'ere is a little joke, and we ain't robbing anybody. But if you give us any trouble, you'll get 'er, Harry!"

"Let us go!"

"No bloomin' fear. 'Oid you jaw!"

Tom Merry made another offer to throw off his captives. He was awfully angry with them, and with himself, for being caught napping, though the most wide-awake Boak might never have looked for that sudden attack. But he understood now that the plank bridge had been removed by these rascals when they laid their ambush in the thicket beside the stream. The juniors had then walked right into the trap. But what the trap had been laid for, and who the rascals were, was a mystery.

It was easy to guess that they were roughs from Wayland town, but why they had taken the trouble to waphy

A mad dog created a stir by dashing into a Wayland haberdasher's shop. He needed "makin'." Ow!

Everybody is heading for the coast, we read. Where there's a school they're "avrag."

Stimpole tells me there is a fish that barks. I understand most anglers prefer one that bites!

Did you hear about the stoop-jack who sent his son to a high school? And the carpenter who sent his son to a board school?

Gore says he's ought to be banished from the road. But what about starting on the "avenue"!

Play the maintenance. He always has his ups and downs. And the leaving taken. His is a "only" occasion.

I hear four brothers have just been sent to goal. The "quadraglets"!

"I've tried every key on this piano," said D'Arry, at the seaside hotel. "Well, try this one," suggested a visitor. "It looks it!"

"I can't see this income tax business," complains Gore. Some of us can't even see our incomes.

Crooks says there are fortunes to be made in the City. E.C.-money!

I hear a gangster has formed a kindergarten. Still "attracting 'em up"!

They guess that Gov's uncle went round the Rykcombe golf course in 164 strokes, including one apple-pie.

Many larks start keep fit by sending the ball over the top for a lower at a time, I hear. So do a lot of footballers.

"Time for one more. "What is a lake, Billy?" asked Mr. Laitoom. "A lake, sir!" answered the Irish junior. "It's a hole in the bottom of a kettle!"

"That 'ere one out," chaps.

the Carlowes in Rykcombe Wood, was not easy to guess. And how had they known that the Carlowes went out of school that morning? Who had told them that Tom Merry & Co. were free from home that day, and on their way to Wayland Moor?

"Keep quiet, will yer?" Tom Merry's captor growled. "You'll get 'er, I warn yer. Keep quiet and you won't get 'erred."

"What are you doing this for?"

"It's a little joke," chuckled the ruffian. "Don't you ask no questions. Now then, get out the boat, Billy."

The rascal so named had tied Blake's hands with a rope, and, leaving the junior thus helpless, he went down the stream and dragged a boat from its place of concealment under a drooping willow.

He pulled the boat up-stream to where the roughs waited with their prisoners.

"Now, you get in—sharp!"

"Into the boat!" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes, and quick!"

"What for?"

"You'll find that out quick enough. Tumble in!"

"I won't!" said Tom Merry determinedly. "Look here, we're on our way to the river of the Boy Scouts by Sir Algebrum Fane. You'll get into trouble for this."

The rascal made no reply. But he

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grasped the shell below, and pitched his body headily into the boat. Tom Merry rolled over in the bottom of the craft, gasping. One after another the rest of the juniors were tumbled in, and the roughs followed them. They pushed off into the stream.

The juniors sat in a listless group in the boat, two or three of the roughs watching them, with daggers in their hands, ready to quell any attempt at resistance.

The other roughs took the oars and pushed the boat away down the little stream, it being too narrow for rowing. The boat glided into the Rhyll, and there the oars were put into the sculls, and the roughs began to row.

The Carbons were more astonished than angry. The intention of the roughs they could not guess. What they could mean by their carrying off bodily a whole patrol of Scouts, was an extraordinary mystery. But the juniors began to suspect that they were to be kept from the service on Weyland Moor, and they felt desperate. But a struggle was out of the question. The force against them was overwhelming. The roughs had daggers in their hands, and were evidently prepared to use them if needed.

"Where are you going?" Tom Merry demanded at last, as the boat was pulled out into the middle of the wide, shining river.

There was no reply.

The boat pulled on.

"We're being taken to the island," said Monty Lewtzer, in a low voice.

Tom Merry compressed his lips. Ahead of the boat now lay the island in the middle of the Rhyll. It was the lower island. The other—the Hermit's Island, as it was called—was far up the river. But the lower island was in the middle of the river, where it was widest, and on each side the stream ran deep and wide, too dangerous for a swimmer.

If the juniors were landed on the island and left there, they would be prisoners as secure as if they had been bound hand and foot. They could not doubt longer that it was the intention of their captors to keep them from the Scouts' meeting.

The boat bumped into the mud on the shore of the island.

"Get out!"

"Do you mean to leave us here?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Yes."

"Look here!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "I tell you we're going to the Scouts' meeting. If you keep us away you'll be made to suffer for it."

"Yess, wathah! You will find the police lookin' for you, you wretches wathah!"

"We'll chance that! Git aboard!" The juniors exchanged glances. The thought was in their minds to risk a combat for the possession of the boat. But the chances were too much against them. There was nothing for it but to submit. They stepped ashore, and the roughs pushed off in the boat, chucking. The Scouts' staves were thrown ashore after them.

There had been no attempt to rob them of anything. Robbery certainly was not the object of the attack. It was a trick to keep them from the Scouts' meeting, that was clear, and it was pretty certain that the roughs had been put up to it by someone else, someone who was "up against" the Carbone Patrol.

Tom Merry clamped his hands as he looked after the boat. It was pulling away downstream.

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"Well, this is a go," said Jack Blake. "Untie my paws, Big old man. We are fairly in the cart now."

"Yess, wathah! It's wathah!"

"Well, we couldn't do anything," said Monty Lewtzer philosophically. "There's no disgrace in yielding to superior force."

"I fancy I know one of these," growled Lewtzer. "I couldn't see any of their faces, but I think I know the voice of that rotter who led them, though he tried to disguise it. I believe it was 'Toby Tapp.'"

"Bai Jove! And he was waiting for us to spot us as we came by, and it was Toby Tapp I heard wathah" through the wood," exclaimed D'Arcy.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Tom Merry. "Toby Tapp has his knife into us. You remember how we dished his gambling den. But if it's Tapp, he didn't plan all this by himself. Somebody at St. Jim's must have got him up to it, or he wouldn't have been on the watch day in just at the right time."

"Somebody at St. Jim's," repeated Blake. "Then it's not very hard to guess who it was!"

"L a v i s o n!" said Marnon.

"Yess, wathah, the wathah! When we get back—"

"There's no proof," said Tom Merry quietly. "There are several letters in the school who'd be glad to see us down in—Lewison, or Mellish, or Crooks, or Cuts of the Fitch, perhaps. But who's done it isn't so important as how we're going to get out of it!"

"Doesn't look as if we shall get out of it at all," said Blake dimly.

The juniors looked after the boat. It had disappeared round a bend of the river. Their captors were gone, evidently without any intention of returning. The Carbons were straddled.

## CHAPTER 12.

### A Gallant Attempt!

"STRANDED!" said Tom Merry, between his teeth. "And in an hour or so Sir Algernon will be holding the review!"

"Bai Jove! It's wathah!"

"Honestly!"

"No good sitting down and grumbling about our lack of luck," went on Tom Merry briskly. "We're in a fix, and we've got to get out of it!"

"Yess, wathah! But how, dash boy!"

"That's what we're got to find out." The Boy Scouts were hewn straight to find a way out of the fix; but it wanted some thinking, as Monty Lewtzer remarked.

They were stranded upon a lonely island. On either side of the river deep woods grew down to the water's edge, far from the island. The winding of the river shut out the upper and lower reaches from sight. Round the island the river rippled, flowing very fast. Before the island was the deep and dangerous Pool, in which more than



Round hand and heel, Gordon Gray lay listless in the one unobtrusive prisoner. Tom Merry & Co. hurried to the rescue when the Carbone

one swimmer had met his death, as the juniors knew.

The boat swimmers of St. Jim's never ventured there. And an attempt to cross the channel on either side of the island was to risk being swept into the Pool. For the current ran fast, and on either side of the island the channel was wide.

"Let's look over the island first," said Tom Merry. "People sometimes come here, you know. There may be a boat here. It's possible."

"But not likely," said Blake. "Still we may as well look."

And the juniors explored the island in the faint hope of finding a boat, but there was no boat to be found. The island, save for themselves, was utterly deserted—and the deep, wooded shores were deserted, too.

As the day passed on, perhaps they would sight someone on the shore, and by signals of distress obtain help. But that would not help them, so far as the Scouts' review was concerned.

The review was to begin at eleven o'clock, and immediately afterwards the contest was to take place. If the Carbons were not on the ground by twelve, at the latest, they would be excluded from the contest. And it was already ten o'clock.

"There's only one thing to be done," said Tom Merry, after thinking the matter out, with contracted brows, for some minutes.

"File in!" said Blake, not very cheerfully.

"I'm going to swim for it."

"Bai!" said Monty Lewtzer warningly. "You can't. You'll get swept away. Better miss the contest than get drowned."

"Yess, wathah! I could not swim



Tom's Lions, while Lovelace himself retained a hold on the shore of the old lake. It would go hard with Lovelace what was happening!

that myself, dead boy!" said Arthur Augustus, with a sage shake of the head. Tom Merry smiled.

"I think I might do it," he said. "I'm going to try."

"Don't run if you do it, we can't," said Horace. "and you'd have to go a big distance to find a boat to get us off. We should be late, anyway."

"You could swim it with a rope to help you," said Tom.

"But we haven't got a rope."

"What's the good of being Scouts if we can't make a rope? There are plenty of willows here, and we know how to make knots of willow, I suppose. We've got plenty of cord and string about us, too, if we straighten it. Fibs in and gather the willow and we'll make a rope long enough to reach to the bank. Tom'll tie it on to my belt, and pull. If I can't do it, you fellows can pull me back."

"And supposing the rope broke?"

"Must risk that."

"You're jolly well not going to do it, it's said Massens' guess." "There's too much Massens' risk about it."

"It's up to us to get out of this fix," said Tom quietly, "and it's up to me, as leader, to try to swim across. Fibs in and get the rope made. There isn't a minute to lose."

"But I tell you—"

"They order!" said Tom.

And the Scouts, with very uneasy feelings, stepped. There were plenty of willows growing round the shore of the island, and the Carletons were all skilled in rope-making and knot-tying. There was no difficulty about that part of the business. But a swimmer in the grip of the fast current might be swept away, and the strain on the rope might be too much for it. And in that case—the

Scouts did not care to think what would happen.

The juncos were jerked quickly, and the willow ropes grew rapidly under seven pairs of dilt and bare hands. It was strengthened with string and cord, of which the Scouts had plenty with them. Forty yards of rope—ample for the purpose—was finished in a very short space of time.

Then Tom Merry took off his boots and shirt and hat. He fastened the end of the rope to his belt. His face was calm and resolute.

"You shape keep the rope and pay it out," he said. "If I can't stand the current you'll have to pull me in again, that's all. But I'll do my best!"

"It's horribly sticky!" Lovelace muttered.

"Yess, I wish you'd let me try, Tom Merry!"

Tom laughed.

"It's the leader's place to lead," he remarked. "Now, stand ready!"

From the upper end of the island Tom Merry plunged into the river.

The six juncos on the shore payed out the rope as he struck out into the stream.

For a dozen yards or so he swam steadily, breasting the current, the rope trailing behind him through the water.

Then the anxious juncos on the island saw him struggling hard to resist the current that sought to sweep him away down the river.

Tom Merry was a splendid swimmer, and with all his strength he fought against the current that gripped him. In a shining line he pushed on towards the bank of the river.

The rope was payed out steadily. He was in the middle of the channel now; but the slant towards the land had become sharper. The current was harder, and the feet strength of the swimmer was spent.

Still he fought his way onward.

The juncos moved along the shore of the island, downstream, to keep level with Tom Merry as he slanted away with the current.

They reached the lower end of the island, and could go no farther. The current had swept Tom past the island, and he was still far from the shore.

But he struggled on gamely.

As these occur and nearer the land, the rope payed out behind him, and the Carletons could see that his gallant fight was growing weaker.

The fast current was too much for him.

His progress towards the land ceased at last. In spite of his efforts, a swirl of the current swept him back.

Instead of gaining ground now, he was receding, and the current was sweeping him back round the end of the island.

"It's no use go!" Mostly Lovelace muttered.

Evidently the gallant attempt was in vain. Tom Merry was now past the end of the island, in mid-stream. Every look that he had gained had been lost, but for the rope fastened to his belt,

the swimmer would have been swept away towards the end of the Pool.

Tom Merry realized that it was useless to struggle farther. A couple of sharp pulls on the rope gave the signal to the Scouts to draw in.

They were on the extremity of the lower end of the island now, and Tom Merry was thirty yards from them, in mid-stream.

The two channels, sweeping round the island, met with a whirl and many eddies, and in the swirling currents it was difficult for a swimmer to win his way back to the island. Without the rope, Tom Merry could never have returned.

The Scouts drew the rope in slowly and steadily.

The boat was in every heart that the rope might break—that the willow might give out at some point; and if that should happen, the exhausted swimmer would be instantly swept away to death.

Tom Merry was not swimming now; his strength was spent. He contorted himself with keeping afloat, while his chains dragged him in.

Steady, steadily, Tom Merry was pulled back to the island. The rope held.

When he was a few yards from the shore, Massens and Lovelace plunged in and grasped him, and dragged him to safety through the rushes and willows.

Tom Merry sank down on the grass, streaming with water, and utterly exhausted.

"Thank goodness we've got you back!" Lovelace muttered.

Tom Merry smiled.

"I did my best, you shape! The current was too strong for me!"

"You did jolly well!" said Blake. "You came near doing it, too. It can't be helped. By George, you look quite done!"

"I feel quite done!" gasped Tom.

He sat on the grass, leaning heavily against a tree, breathing hard, waiting for his strength to return. And the anxious Scouts crowded upon what was next to be done. The best swimmer in the patrol had tried to cross to the land—in vain. The attempt could not be made again.

Tom Merry rose at last to his feet, still breathing hard, but pulling himself together with a determined effort.

"We're not finished yet."

Blake grinned widely.

"It looks to me as if we are!" he said. "Have you got another idea?"

"Yes; a raft!"

CHAPTER 12.

Not Broken Yet!

"A RAFT!"

"Not done!"

Tom Merry nodded. "Tom Merry's going to build a raft!" he said. "We've plenty of wood here, and we've got axes and knives, and the rope will come in useful for fastening the raft together. We can make a raft and get away on it. It will be risky, but—"

"My only hat!" said Digby. "It will be risky enough! If we push off in a raft we shall have to float past the Pool before we can make a landing. And if the blessed thing capsize then—"

"But we won't let it capsize," said Tom Merry. "That's just this man's case of giving orders. I don't want to drag you fellows into danger. If you don't care for the idea, every fellow

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who'd rather stay on the island is free to do so. But I shall try the raft."

"Oh, rate!" said Blake. "If you do it we all do it!"

"Yes, that's settled."

"You fellows are all game!" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes, rather!"

"Then pile in and cut wood for the raft. Never say die!"

The Scouts lost no time. To navigate a raft through the boiling currents of the Pool was a task of deadly danger, and they knew it. There would have been danger for a boat. But they did not lack courage, and they felt that it was up to them to make the attempt. Already they would be too late for the Scouts' review, but if they could be in time for the contest, all would be well.

It was worth some trouble and risk to shame the rascals who had stranded them on the island, and to take their chance in the Scouts' contest held by the District Commissioners. And there would be all the more honour to them if they won their way to the field of action through so many dangers and difficulties.

The blows of the Scouts' axes rang through the wood on the island.

The juniors worked with a will. A pile of timber grew rapidly on the shore for the making of the raft. Close by the island the water was shallow, and they began building the raft about. Saplings and big branches bound together with the willow rope formed the foundation. The Scouts were very busy on the work, and they began to enjoy the task as the raft grew under their hands. Seven busy hands made light work of it.

The raft, large and strong enough to carry the seven juniors, was finished at last, and it floated in the shallow water where it had been built.

"Now for it!" said Tom Merry.

The Curlews embarked.

With their Scouts' staves they pushed off from the bank.

The raft, rocking on the swirl of the current, floated out into the river.

The Scouts' faces were very grave now, but they were quiet and calm. They knew that they were taking their lives in their hands.

Their hearts beat faster as the raft swirled away, and they leaned themselves in the middle of the broad, rushing river.

The raft was well built, and it floated well. But it was at the mercy of the current. It swept on down the river, gathering speed every moment, the juniors crouching on the mass of bound logs and holding on.

The wide, deep Pool glowered ahead of them now, and the current was whirling them into it. The raft tumbled completely round several times, and swirled violently. The water washed over it, and the juniors were soaked, but they hardly noticed it. Discomfort was a slight thing when life itself was in danger. Even Arthur Augustus D'Arvy gave no thought to his clothes at that moment.

"We're fairly in for it now," muttered Blake.

Two or three of the juniors held branches in their hands, attempting to steer the raft, but the attempt was of little avail. The current swirled them round and kicked and thither. More than once, in the swirl of the meeting currents, the raft was in danger of being sucked under. But still it floated.

Caught on the swirl of the current, it started away towards the bank, and then again swept into the middle of the river. But it was beyond the Pool now.

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and the violent oscillation of the raft ceased.

Tom Merry gasped with relief.

"We're through the worst part!" he said, as he gazed back upon the wild whirl of waters they had left behind. "All plain sailing now."

"Yes, walloh!" said Arthur Augustus.

"I think we can guide it now a bit," said Lother.

The raft was floating more evenly on calmer water. They steered away under the stone bridge of Rycomb, two or three people looking down at them from the bridge in astonishment. Then they swept on down the river.

In the calmer water they found that they could guide the raft. Carefully, slowly, they brought it to the shore on the Wayland side.

The raft ran into the rushes close to the river bank.

"Here we are, dear boys! Here we are!" Tom Merry plunged through the mud and rushes to the bank, and grasped the raft and drew it close in.

Then the drenched and dripping Scouts assembled ashore.

They gave a cheer as they found their feet on firm land once more.

"Hurrah!"

"But Jove, we're done it, dear boys!"

"But are we in time, after all?" said Blake grimly.

That was the question now. Hard work and shock had won a way out of the grasp of their imprisonment. But the time had been passing. Had they gained their freedom for nothing, after all?

Tom Merry looked out his watch. It was a quarter to twelve.

"My hat! They start the contest in a quarter of an hour at the latest."

"They may have started now!" said Herrie dimly.

"And we're more than a mile from the review ground!" said Digby.

"We reckoned the river would take us home," said Tom Merry. "And it was to begin at eleven. We have a good chance yet. We've got to sprint, that's all!"

"Yess, walloh! Wan like anything!"

The Curlews, after their hard experience, were not feeling so fresh.

**SOMETHING TO BE SORRY FOR!**



Mr. Brown: "I'm sorry to see, Willie, that you have a black eye."  
Willie: "You'd better go home and rest, sorry for your son—he's got two."

Half-a-crown has been awarded to T. Grant, 24, Priory Avenue, North Clarendon, Surrey.

But there was not a minute to be lost if they were to save their last chance of competing in the Scouts' contest.

"We've got to run for it," said Blake.

"If any of us drop out, the others had better keep on. It's all right so long as some of the Curlews take part. Whoever gets in is time can represent the patrol."

"Yes, walloh!"

"That's the idea!" said Tom Merry.

"If only one of us gets in it will be all right for the Curlew Patrol. Come on!"

And the Curlews started.

They ran fast down the bank of the river, and turned off into the path to the moor. The moor was half a mile distant, and by the time they reached it Tom Merry and Blake were well ahead, and the other fellows were straggling at various distances behind. They were still half a mile away from the review ground.

In the clear morning air, over the moor came ringing the notes of a bugle.

Three short, strong blasts.

"That's the signal for 'leaders come here!'" Blake gasped.

"Yes. The contest hasn't started yet."

"No. But it's just going to begin."

"There's time yet."

They did not speak again. They wanted all their breath for their race across the moor. Tom Merry forged ahead, but Blake caught up again, and pressed on in front. Tom Merry was still feeling the effects of his swim, and was not at his best. Blake glanced back. The leader of the Curlews was half a dozen paces behind.

"Keep on!" panted Tom. "Keep it up! You'll get it in time, Blake. Don't wait!"

"Right ho!"

And Blake ran his hardest. He drew farther and farther ahead of his leader, and disappeared among the wild bushes of the moor.

Tom Merry panted on.

#### CHAPTER 14.

##### Just in Time!

SIR ALGERNON FANE was a satisfied look. The bronzed old soldier had reviewed a hundred patrols on the broad expanse of the moor, and the result had pleased him.

The St. Jim's Patrol had been well to the fore. The Wolves and the Kangaroos and the Jackals and the rest had done very well. But they were pleased to note that the Curlews were not in the ranks. Kangaroo and Figgins and their comrades had looked round many times for Tom Merry & Co., without finding them.

When the review was over and the commissioner was consulting the Scoutmasters, the St. Jim's Scouts' next anxious looks were for the Curlews. But there was no sign of them on the moor. Tom Merry & Co. had missed the review, and it looked as though they were going to miss the contest as well. Gordon Gyg, who was there with the Grammar School troop, had missed his old patrol, too.

And Fisher and Grimes, with the "Cats" of Rycomb, had also looked for them in vain.

"Isn't Tom Merry coming, Kang?"

Gordon Gyg called out to the Cornstalk.

Kangaroo shook his head.

"Honest if I know," he said. "I thought they were leaving soon after six. I knew they intended to come. But they haven't turned up—Blake, there's the signal!"

(Continued on page 14.)



## The Editor's Chair

Let the Editor be your pal!  
Drop him a line to-day,  
addressing your letters:  
The Editor, The GEM,  
Fleetway House, Farring-  
don Street, London, E.C.4.



**H**ALLO, chums! I have just finished reading the gripping story of the chums of St. Jim's which you will have in your hands next week, and really it is one of the best yarns from Martin Clifford's pen I have ever read. That's no idle statement, chums, and every one of you will fully agree with my opinion when you read:

### "THE MYSTERY OF TOM MERRY!"

It is a speculative yarn of dramatic school adventure, with an unusual mystery theme, which has as its central figure Tom Merry of the Shell.

Tom's worst enemy would never dream of even thinking of him as a black sheep—a worse black sheep, it may be added, than Lovison or Catts of the Fifth.

The leader of the Shell has an unimpeachable record, and it would be quite foreign to his nature to commit any action that would be likely to bring disgrace on the school. So it comes as a big shock to St. Jim's when a sensational splash through the school that Figgins & Co. have seen him the worse for drink! Tom Merry strongly protests his innocence, but it's only his word against the word of Figgins & Co. And when later Chassy says something that confirms the story of the New House jokers, Tom Merry, unable to establish a convincing alibi, finds himself up against it. Can it be true that Tom has suddenly taken the downward path? You will find the answer in the masterful story which appears next Wednesday.

### "HARRY WHARTON'S CHALLENGE!"

In the next lively chapters of Frank Richards' great story, the newcomers to the Boreana, the French and German boys from Buchwald, make it clear to Harry Wharton & Co. that they don't

intend to be anything but top dogs in the Boreana. Hence there is no lull in the trouble among the rival factions, and the school is in one continual uproar, due to the ragging and fighting between the French, German, and English boys.

You will thoroughly enjoy this full-stop instalment of our best-ever serial, so look out for it. But don't forget to order your time early.

### THE FROG FARM!

Some little time back I told you about a man who eats frogs, and who attributed his long life to his queer diet. But did you know that there is a frog farm in Cornwall, where frogs are specially reared for table use? You have doubtless hundreds of them every week during the season, and Turkish dogs go as far afield as France and America. So, apart from the French, who are partial to frogs, there must be many folks in England and the States who also favour them as a diet.

When the season closes at the end of June, this frog farm rears hedgehogs, newts, and snakes for edible use. Apparently there is a big demand in particular for hedgehogs, which, when roasted, form a tasty dish.

### STARVATION DIET!

But not even the most succulent fried frog, or roasted hedgehog, could tempt Mrs. Nauch, of St. Paul, Minnesota, for she claims that no food has passed her lips for seven years! And, not only this, she hasn't drunk anything, or been to sleep for a like period! It seems hard to believe that anyone could live so long without food or sleep, but Mrs.

Nauch is evidently an exception to the laws of Nature.

While on the subject of living against Nature, there is a man in Massachusetts who hasn't been to bed for several years. And he is firmly convinced that he is much better in health as the result of going without sleep. He passes the right-time reading and writing, and only dozes for an hour in the armchair. There must be something in what this sleepless man says, for he started his experiment when he was sixty-four, and he's still going strong.

### CANOEING TO AUSTRALIA!

From England to Australia by canoe—that's a voyage which might appeal to adventurous chaps, but they might think twice about actually doing it. At any rate, it appeared to two young Englishmen, Harold Penn and Colin Sullivan, and they are doing it! Each of them is paddling his own canoe, keeping close to the coast all the way. They will therefore make a voyage of about 15,000 miles, which they anticipate completing in two and a half years.

Canoeing trips seem to be popular, for an Englishman has planned to canoe up the Senegal River, in Africa. Starting from Livingstonia, he hopes to penetrate into Darkest Africa on a journey never before made. He has already had one attempt, but crocodiles and bands compelled him to turn back. Well, here's wishing the canoeists the best of luck!

### TAILPIECE.

"There is a mendicant at the door, madam," said the superior maid.

"Well," replied the less superior mistress, "tell him we've got nothing that needs mending!"

## THE EDITOR.

### PEN PALS COUPON

11-7-38



A free feature which brings together readers all over the world for the purpose of exchanging topics of interest to each other. If you want a pen pal, post your notice, together with the coupon on this page, to the address given above.

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It was the signal for the patrol leaders to join the Scoutmasters in a group around the commissioner. They left their patrols, and gathered round Sir Algernon. Grimes tapped Figgins on the elbow as they went.

"Who's Tom Merry's patrol?" he asked.

"Can't guess," said Figgins. "They seem to be missing it."

"I know they were going to have a shot for the cup," said Kangaroo. "It's jolly queer. Something must have happened to them."

"They wouldn't stay away if they could help it," said Figgins. "It's jolly hard lines on them."

Mr. Bailton, the School House master at St. Jim's, who was among the Scoutmasters, signed to Kangaroo.

"How is it that Merry and his patrol are not here, Noble?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir. I know they meant to come."

"Is it very odd. Unless they arrive immediately they will be excluded from the contest," said the Scoutmaster. "Nearly nothing can have happened to them."

"I don't see what could have happened, sir; but I know they'd be here if they could. I—I suppose it's not possible to delay the contest for them?"

"Quite impossible," Sir Algernon answered, giving instructions.

"Hallo!" shouted Figgins. "Look there! Old Blake!"

"Blake, by Jove!"

"This way, Blake! Where are the others?"

A crimson-faced and panting Scout came dashing up to the scene. It was Blake, second-in-command of the Carleton. General Sir Algernon Fane and the whole group of Scoutmasters turned their heads to look at him as he panted up.

"Are we in time?" gasped Blake.

Then he caught sight of Sir Algernon's glance upon him, and stilled.

"What is this?" asked the general.

"Another patrol—late, sir!"

"We couldn't help it, sir," said Blake breathlessly. "We're in good time."

The other fellows are just on here, if there's a minute to spare. Here comes Tom Merry, our patrol leader, sir!"

Tom Merry dashed up and stopped, breathless, saluting the commissioner.

"We're in time," he gasped.

The general looked at him grimly.

"Scouts should not be late," he said quietly, "and you have missed the review. Are you a patrol leader?"

"Yes, sir. Tom Merry, of the Carlew Patrol of St. Jim's."

"And you are late."

"It wasn't our fault, sir. A gang of roughs collied us and stranded us on the island in the river to keep us away," gasped Tom Merry. "It was a rotten trick by some fellows who wanted to make us miss the contest. We had to build a raft to get away, and it took a bit of time, sir."

"Do you mean to say that you left the island on a raft, Merry?" asked Mr. Bailton. "You risked your lives?"

"We had to get here, sir."

The general's face relaxed.

"Well done!" he exclaimed. "If your patrol is here, you will certainly take part in the contest, though you are hardly fit for a run now, I should say."

"Oh, we shall be all right, sir!" said Tom eagerly.

"Very well, you will take your chance with the rest. Now, patrol leaders!" said the general. "These

are the conditions. For the first trial there will be a cross-country run. Thirty patrols will be selected for the honours, the rest will be the reserves. The run will be from here to Abbotford Hill, a distance of five miles, then across country to the ruined castle near Weyland, and then here again. All the honours who succeed in getting home without being captured will be eligible for the contest to-morrow. All the honours who succeed in making captures will also be eligible.

"The Scoutmasters will now select the patrols who are to run as honours. They will have a start of exactly five minutes. Every Scout is to cross Abbotford Hill before making for the old castle. Scoutmasters at different points of the run will superintend it. Captains will be selected by a tap on the shoulder, and the captured Scout will walk back with his captor to the nearest Scoutmaster to report. I think that is clear."

And the patrol leaders returned to their patrols.

Thirty patrols were selected for the honours, and this took some little time, and while the Scoutmasters were busy, Tom Merry and Blake sat down to rest and to watch anxiously for the arrival of the rest of the Carletons.

They were not very far behind Arthur Augustus was the first to reject his leader.

Tom Merry waved his hand to the oval of St. Jim's, and Arthur Augustus came up panting.

"Is it all right, dear boy?" he asked.

"All wrong, Guss!"

"Not Jerry, that's wippin'!"

"Here come Manners and Lawter! And Dovesy and Dig, too!" exclaimed Blake. "They'll be in for the start; but by George, they won't have much running left in them!"

"Favourite we could suggest Sir Algernon Fane to get the whole thing off for an hour or so," Arthur Augustus suggested thoughtfully. "He's a decent old chap—my patrol knows him."

"If you mentioned to him that your patrol knows him, I've no doubt that he'd do it like a shot," said Blake solemnly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's the signal," said Blake.

"The honours are starting. Five minutes more, and we've got to be on the run again."

The Carletons were all in now, tired and dusty. The run in the hot sun had dried their clothes, but they looked anything but spilt-and-soap. But that was a matter of small account to the Scouts. They sat on the grass and rested, and watched the honours start.

The "horo-and-honours" run was not on the lines of a paper-chase—there was no "scout." It was chiefly a test of pluck and endurance and skill in tracking. There were nearly two hundred honours and among them were the Grammar School boys, led by Gordon Gay, and the Cat Patrol of Hylcombe. All the St. Jim's juniors were in the pack.

A sharp signal rang out for the honours to get ready. The honours had already disappeared over a swell of rising ground, going at a good pace in the direction of Abbotford Hill. The Carletons lined up with the rest.

A blast on a bugle gave the signal to start and the contest began. And well ahead in the pack was Tom Merry & Co., in time to take part in the mounting contest, and to try their hardest to win the Scouts' cup.

## CHAPTER 15.

## The Trial!

SEVENTY or more patrols of Boy Scouts went sweeping across the moor as the signal rang out. The St. Jim's Troop kept together, the patrols in line. But as the chase went on the patrols separated, and then the members of the patrols drew apart.

It was every Scout for himself now. The Carletons were labouring under a disadvantage. They had been hard at it in one way or another, ever since leaving St. Jim's, and they were naturally not so fresh as the rest of the Scouts. But they held heavily on the chase. There were several hours of work before them, tracking and running.

The hardest of the honours could not have held out at top speed for the whole run. After the first burst of a mile or two they would slacken down, and then the honours would have a chance. The whole pack came sweeping off the moor upon the high-road, and then swept through the woodland paths towards Abbotford. And in the wood a good many of the honours were captured, having halted to rest, or incidentally slipped down in the shade.

Kangaroo and Figgins were both seen leading away prisoners, both of them Greenmans. A little later, Wally, the hero of the Third, was seen marching Filcher away to report to a Scoutmaster. But by the time the wood was passed a good many of the honours had tailed off.

Digby was the first of the Carlew Patrol to give in. The hard run to get on the ground had taken it out of him, and he dropped behind, after holding on as long as he could. By the time the juniors were breasting the slopes of Abbotford Hill, Manners was also among those who had tailed off.

As the pack came sweeping over the hill in full cry, it could be seen that their numbers were greatly reduced. But there were fully two hundred Scouts still on the trail. And some of those who had ceased to run hard were coming on at a slower pace, leaving the country for stony hares.

It was permissible for the honours to second themselves if they chose, and allow the Scouts to pass, and then follow on in safety so long as they reached, at some time or other, the two turning points of the chase—Abbotford Hill and the ruined castle near Weyland.

Manners and Digby limped along, breathless and tired, but resolved to see the run through, far behind the rest of the honours. When the pack swept over the crest of the hill, the two Carletons were on the lowest slopes.

"They're gone!" Digby said, shading his eyes with his hat, and scanning the bushy slopes on the hill before him.

"There's a chance for us yet," said Manners, opening his field-glasses. "I'll bet you there's a good many honours still on this side of the hill. Get into cover."

Digby grunted and stepped out of sight into a bush. Manners drew himself into the branches of a tree, and scanned the hillside through his glasses.

The pack was gone, the shouts had died away, and the wide, bushy hillside seemed deserted. Five minutes passed, and then Manners grinned as he saw a Scout's hat born out of a thicket a hundred yards away. A face followed.

And through the glasses he recognized the red cap of the Grammar School. Another moment, and the face of Frank Mook appeared beside Wootton's.

The two Greenmans grinned, and

came out of cover. They had fired in the run, and being now behind the pack, they felt themselves secure. All they had to do was to walk in a leisurely way after the pack, stroll round the old castle, and stroll home, taking care to dodge stray members of the pack as they came. They did not know that one of these "strays" now had his hold-fosses on them.

The two Grammarians walked cheerfully on over the hill path. Manners slipped down from the tree.

"Spotted any of the bandsters?" asked Dig.

"Yes—Mook and Wootton major."

"Good egg?"

"Come on," said Manners. "Keep in the bushes here, and we'll get ahead of them and cut them off. They're only walking; they don't want to overtake the pack, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two Carlews started off at a run again. They did not need to sneeze—there was nothing to sneeze. Keeping the bushes between them and the path taken by the two Grammarians, they ran up the slope of the hill, and were soon well ahead. Then they stopped, and lay in wait for the approaching hares.

Mook and Wootton came on carefully. Behind the two trees close to the footpath, Digby and Manners watched and waited for their.

As the two Grammarians came ahead, the Carlews suddenly jumped out into the path, and two silver flashes in the air, and the two Grammarians felt themselves tapped on the shoulder.

"Get you!" said Manners cheerfully.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Wootton major.

"Fairly caught!" grinned Digby.

"Come on, you scoundrels. We've got to report our giddy capture."

And the dismayed Grammarians were marched away. Two of the Carlews at least had made good their rights to take part in the squire's contest, and they were the two who had fallen behind in the race. Meanwhile, how was it faring with their comrades?

Tom Merry & Co. crossed the hill well ahead, not more than a score of Scouts being level with them. Many of the hares were in full view now, scolding down the slope of the hill. Fields and meadows lay before the Scouts when the hill was passed, and it was necessary to keep to the path, as trespassing was forbidden by the rules of the contest.

In the field footpath a good many of the hares were lagged and led off. The pace had settled down now to a steady jog.

The ruined castle of Wyland came in sight at last. It was a mile outside the town, and on the border of Rylands Wood.

Upon the old masonry of the ruin good many of the hares could be seen sitting and nesting as the hounds came in sight. But they started off again at sight of the pack.

With a whoop the leaders of the pack came into the ruins. Among the old ruins several of the hares were captured before they could get away—Koor, and Redfern, and Gibson Dore, and Billy making captures.

Arthur Augustus jammed his monocle into his eye, and surveyed the ruins for a victim. His eye glanced behind his eyeglass as he sought sight of a Scout's hat just showing over a mass of old brickwork.

Some tired Scout was sitting down to rest, and was evidently off his guard, as he had not been alarmed by the whistling of the hounds as they searched the ruins.

"Bad Jove, that's our man!" said Arthur Augustus, looking Blake on the

arm. "You can have him if you like, deak boy. You've more tired than I am, and you won't have to run after you've made a capture, you know."

Blake snorted.

"Who's tired?" he demanded.

"Waddy, Blake—"

"You can bag that chap, Coxy!" said Minty Lawther, with a shake. "I don't suppose he'll be much use to you, but bag him."

"Oh, all right!"

Arthur Augustus stepped cautiously among the broken masses of masonry in the direction of the hat. The Scouts grinned as he went. Minty Lawther had recognized the hat, and knew that it belonged to Fatty Wynn, a member

all my ginger-beer!" roared Fatty Wynn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You've captured Fatty!" roared Blake. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I can't be captured, you silly duffers!" shrieked Fatty. "I'm a bound!"

"Then you're a laxy bound!" shrieked Lawther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bad Jove! I'm awfully deak boy! I took you for a hare!" said Arthur Augustus. "However, it serves you right for slacking!"

Fatty Wynn breathed hard through his nose. He had been taking little "snacks" from his haverack all



There was a sudden rank of hat in the woods, and before the Carlews knew what was happening, half a dozen roughs, with handkerchiefs tied over their faces, were attacking them. Tom Merry & Co. struggled fiercely in the grip of the ruffians, but they had no chance against their assailants.

of the pack, and, therefore, of course, not likely to capture. But Arthur Augustus was unaware of that little circumstance.

The wall of St. Jim's reached the shattered wall beyond which the hat showed, bent suddenly over it, and jabbled his staff down on the resting junior's shoulder.

"Get you!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"Goo-oo-oo-oo!"

The captured Scout jumped up with a gasping gasp. He had been drinking ginger-beer from a bottle, and the sudden jab had started him. The ginger-beer had swamped over his fat face, and Fatty Wynn looked as if he were weeping ginger-beer. He dabbed his hands over his eyes, and glared at Arthur Augustus over the wall.

"You silly ass!" he roared. "What do you mean by jabbung me in the back? You've jolly nearly punctured my shoulder, you frabjous clump!"

"Bad Jove!"

"You—you fathead! You've wasted

through the run, and that, combined with the heat, made him very thirsty—and now his ginger-beer had been taken externally instead of internally.

"You wait till I get over that wall, and I'll give you slacking!" he roared.

But Arthur Augustus did not wait. He rushed on in pursuit of the hares.

CHAPTER 18.

Well Run!

TOM MERRY was still well to the fore as the pack swept away from the old castle, and took the path through the wood to get back to home—the curious ground on the rear. There Mr Algeron Foss and his companions were disposing of a picnic lunch.

On the slope of the hill outside the castle Herries made a capture, grabbing Wootton minor of the Grammar School. A few minutes later, Blake captured an Abbotford Scout, and led him off in triumph. The Carlews, Tom Cox (Learner)—No. 1, 682.

after all their troubles, were doing very well.

Gordon Gay was seen for a moment as he dodged into the wood, and Tom Merry was on his track. Tom Merry had marked Gordon Gay as his special victim, but the Grammarian leader was giving him a hard run.

The numbers of the pack had thinned down very much now—some from successful captures, but most from exhaustion. As Tom Merry dashed into the wood on the track of Gordon Gay, there were no more than twenty hounds left.

In the wood more captures were made, both Rodden and Leother accounting for prisoners. The trees thinned as they drew nearer to the open expanse of the moor. The pace was much slower. Arthur Augustus was level with Tom Merry as they jogged down the foot-path.

"Bal Joo! This is a wooooed way, deah boy!" the swell of St. Jim's gasped. "Most of the fellows have checked it."

"No wonder!" grinned Tom. "We've been a good three hours on the run."

"I am resolved to capture that hound," Gay. I have spotted him three or four times, but he always disappears. He had the awful cheek to kiss his hand to me the last time I spotted him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry and Arthur Augustus came out of the wood at last on the open moor. Two miles more of gorse and broken lay between them and "home."

Many of the hares were home by this time, but others could be seen still on the run. A dozen were all that were left of the once numerous pack.

Gordon Gay had stopped on a knoll, and was looking back coolly. Lase, Carboy, and Grimes could be seen with him. They grinned at the panting hounds, as the latter came out of the wood.

Gay put his hand to his mouth and shouted.

"Come on, you lary bounders! Now's your chance!"

"Bal Jove! The cheery bounder! Put it on, Tom Merry, deah boy!"

Tom Merry put on a spurt and forged ahead. He made directly for the knoll. Gordon Gay and his comrades disappeared beyond it, running for home. The hounds came over the knoll; not a hundred yards separated them from the hares now.

Gordon Gay and Grimes were running easily. They were evidently still fresh, even after the long run; but Lase and Carboy were being ground. Tom Merry came level with Lase, and could easily have captured him; but he generously left him to Arthur Augustus, who was labouring on behind, very nearly at the end of his strength now.

"Get him, Gassy!" Tom Merry called back.

And Arthur Augustus panted:

"Yess, wathch!"

A minute more, and his staff topped upon Lase's shoulder, and the Grammarian was a prisoner, and D'Arvy was in the list of the successful.

Home was in sight now, though still at a good distance. Gay, Grimes, and Carboy were running hand in hand, and Tom Merry was drawing closer behind them, but the rest of the pack were nowhere.

Tom Merry put all his remaining energy into that last leg. Unlike he captured one of the three hares ahead of him, he was "out."

Gordon Gay was the one he wished to capture, but the Australian junior was running well. He could have left his companions behind, but for the present he was content to keep pace with them. Tom Merry drew closer and closer.

Sir Algernon Fane could be seen on horseback, in the distance, watching the exciting chase through his glasses.

Under the eyes of the commissioner, the last of the hares and hounds were determined to do their level best.

Closer and closer Tom Merry came. He was almost spent, but with iron determination he kept on, his teeth set, and his hands clenched hard.

Closer and closer!

Only fifty yards from home, and only a couple of yards between the runner and the pursued. Then Gordon Gay and Grimes put on a spurt. Tom Merry could have tapped Carboy on the shoulder with his staff, but he refrained—he wanted Gordon Gay.

He passed Carboy unperceived, and hung on the back of the Grammarian. Grimes, panting and breathless, got home. Gordon Gay was still just out of reach of Tom Merry's teeth. Tom understood his little game—he wanted to keep the leader of the Carboys on his track, and thus give Carboy a chance to circle round and get in.

As Tom Merry realized that, and saw that Gay had a good run left in him, he gave up the Grammarian leader, and swerved off after Carboy. Carboy dodged; but Tom Merry was too fast for him, and the end of his staff tapped on the Grammarian's shoulder.

Carboy halted, the perspiration pouring down his face.

"You've got me!" he gasped.

"A close thing, though," puffed Tom Merry.

And they walked in, panting.

Gordon Gay was "home."

"Well run!" exclaimed Sir Algernon.

"Very well run indeed!"

And Gay and Tom Merry finished with pleasure. Praise from the bronzed old veteran was praise indeed.

"Well, you nearly had me!" grinned Gay, as he threw himself on the grass to rest. "It was a near thing. We're both in the game to-morrow!"

Tom Merry nodded cheerfully.

"And Grimes, too!" he said.

Grimes grinned as he stopped his streaming brow.

"It was a 'hard run,'" he remarked.

"There ain't more than fifty of the 'ares got 'ome. There was close on two hundred started!"

"One hundred and eighty, to be exact," said Gordon Gay. "And that'll be the number of winners—either hares who've got in, or hounds who've made captures. Here come the stragglers!"

As the tired Scouts came in three all quarters, the patrol was called together. All the Carboys gathered at their leader's call.

"Savvy about you two chaps," said Tom to Ingly and Manners. "Dat never mind—the rest of us have lagged the bounders!"

"So have we!" grinned Manners.

"I thought you were left behind!" exclaimed Tom.

"So we were; but we found straggling hares behind, too. We lagged Monk and Weston major of the Grammarian School!"

"Hurrah!"

"Yass, wathch! That's wippin'! Then all the Carboys have made captures!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

"We're all in the final to-morrow!" Hurrah!

"Good news for Levison!" grinned

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The commissioner and the Scout-master proceeded with the examination. Of the hundred and eighty hares who had started, a hundred and thirty had been captured. Among the victors the juniors of St. Jim's were well represented. All the Carboys were there, and a good number of the Kiangaroes, the Wolves, and the Jackals.

After the examination, the Scouts who were eligible for the improve's contest were lined up, very tired and dusty, but very pleased with themselves generally. Then Sir Algernon Fane coolly explained the terms of the final contest, to take place on the morrow.

"To-day there has been a test of grit and endurance. To-morrow's test will be in motorcraft. The task will be to find a hidden object, and that object will be the Scout's cap itself. The cap will be hidden in a garden, within the area of Bylandton Wood. I warn you that it will be very carefully concealed, and that the clue left for finding it will be of the slightest, and will exercise your skill in motorcraft to the utmost. The cap, when found, will belong to the patrol which succeeds in finding it. The contest will begin at the same hour to-morrow. Before that hour the cap will be hidden in the wood. Here is the cap!"

The general held up the prize for all to see.

The Scouts gave a cheer, and then the signal to "Dismiss!" was given, and the troops broke up. Tom Merry & Co. scrambled home to St. Jim's, tired and dusty, but in great spirits.

As they entered the school gates they met Levison of the Fourth, with Mellish, Crookes, and Piggett. Lessons were over, and the on-duty Lions were waiting for the Scouts to come in, quite certain that the Carboys were not in the number of the successful.

"Hallo! What luck for the Carboys?" asked Levison, as he sighted Tom Merry & Co. among the dusty crowd of Scouts. Tom Merry looked at him steadily.

"The best," he replied.

Levison started.

"The—the best?" he repeated, taken off his guard. "What do you mean? You—you—?"

"Yes, you potter!" said Tom, in a low voice. "I guessed it before, and I know it now. You were at the bottom of what happened to us this morning. You hired those rascals to waylay us and shove us on the island!"

"Yass, wathch, you stink wathch!" Levison covered himself with an effort.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he said. "If you've been slinking and missed the contest, you need not try to put it on me. I don't know anything about it. I suppose you've failed—that's what you really mean!"

"But we haven't failed," said Tom Merry coolly. "If we'd missed the trial, we'd give you such a ragging that you'd take a week to get over it. But we didn't miss it!"

"Wathch out!"

"And we're all winners!" chuckled Blake. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it, you old, instead of cigarette next time!"

Levison's face showed the chagrin he felt. He turned away without another word; and his previous comrades looked nearly as sick as Levison. Crookes stared at the unfortunate witness when they were out of hearing of the Scouts, and told him what he thought of him.

"You precious chavvy," he said. "It's a muck-up, as usual! And what have we got for my quids—eh!"

"Hang your quids!" snarled Lewison. "I don't care a rag about your quids! How did they get off the island? I saw Ticky Tapp in-day and he told me—" "Hang Ticky Tapp!" said Crookes. "You've cracked it up, or he's cracked it up somehow?" "There's still a chance," said Lewison eagerly. "To-morrow—" "I've had enough of your rotten schemes!" said Crookes, in disgust. "You won't get any more of my tin! Go and eat cobs!" "But, I say—" "Rats!" And Crookes stalked away. And Lewison, filled with angry disappointment, had to realize that the game was up, and that it was beyond his power to "chip in" again to prevent the success of the Carlew Patrol.

CHAPTER 17.

Victory!

**T**OM MERRY & CO. turned out cheerfully on the following morning for the final contest. When the St. Jim's Scouts started, they left the school in a body, and if Ticky Tapp and his friends had sought to make any attempt on the Carlews, they would have met with a warm reception. But nothing was seen of the search, and the Scouts arrived on the scene of action in great spirits. By eleven o'clock all the participants in the final contest were on the scene. The commissionaire gave the word to start, and the hunt for the hidden cup commenced. The woods swarmed with eager Scouts, keen and untiring on the quest. The Carlews kept together. That the cup was securely hidden, and that only faint clues were left to the hiding-place they knew, and all their skill in scoutcraft was required.

Arthur Augustus turned his eyesless steadily to and fro in search of a clue. He discovered footprints frequently, but they always turned out to be the footprints of other workers of the police. The Scouts, as they ranged through the extensive woods, felt "sign" enough. In the very heart of the wood, amid tangled thickets, a track was found, and Arthur Augustus was on his knees examining it at once.

"I wish I could think we've got it at last, dear boys," he remarked. "There hasn't been anybody this way yet. Look at this, Tom Merry."

Tom Merry glanced down at the track.

"Rats!" he said. "Come on!"

"But what about this track!"

"How that track!"

"Well, Tom Merry—"

The only track we want to spot is Sir Algernon Fane's track, if he left any," said Tom Merry.

"How do you know that this isn't the commissionaire's track?" demanded Arthur Augustus warmly.

Tom Merry laughed.

"Because it's a little too short," he replied.

"Wait! I suppose you don't know the exact length of the commissionaire's boots!"

"If I didn't, I'd assign from my position as patrol leader," said Tom Merry calmly. "I've taken measurements of Sir Algernon's footprints on the moor."

"Ha! Jove! I never thought of that."

"My hat!" exclaimed Blake admiringly. "I didn't think of that, either. It was a jolly good idea. The old sport couldn't have gone through the wood



without leaving a track or two somewhere."

"Vaux, wauah!"

Arthur Augustus roared reluctantly from the thicket. But the sound of a "Cooley" from the woods showed that one of the Kangaroos was there, and explained the track. It has been left by Noble of the Shell.

The hunt went on without slackening, and the Carlews camped in the green glades of the wood to eat their lunch. After a hurried midday meal, they resumed the hunt again. It was arranged that a bugle-call was to be given as a signal when the cup was discovered, but as yet the bugle had not been heard. The hopes of the Carlews were still high.

"Any luck?" asked Gordon Gray, coming along with a party of Grammars.

"Not yet," said Tom Merry, with a laugh. The general said he was going to hide it carefully, and he's been as good as his word."

Gordon Gray & Co. went their way, and the Carlews resumed the search. They scattered in the wood, hunting for "sign." The Carlew call was suddenly heard from a deep glade, and the Scouts hurried to answer it. Tom Merry was on his knees in the grass, his eyes gleaming.

"What is it?" asked Leather eagerly.

"A track!"

Tom Merry was measuring the track carefully. The sun was exact. The print was faint in the soil, and would have escaped any but the eyes of a very keen Scout.

Bending low, scanning the grass with sharp eyes, Tom Merry swept forward, the eager Scouts following close behind him. Some of their rivals were near at hand, though through the distant woods could be heard at intervals the calls of the various patrols.

"Here's another!" said Tom breathlessly.

"Good egg!"

It was a second track, farther than the first. Whoever had trod there had trodden lightly and cautiously. Beyond the second track no sign was to be seen. Thick bushes and brambles lay before them at the end of the stretch of grass. Tom Merry, on his hands and

knees, scanned the grass, and raised his head with a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

"Look at that!" he exclaimed.

"No footprint there!" said Blake.

"No; but there are several broken stalks of grass. The chap who walked here a few hours ago stirred up the grass after him with a stick, the same as the Indians do in hide a trail. All the way here he's left two footprints, but those broken stalks are as good as a track."

"My hat! Tommy, old son, you ought to be Chief Scout of the golden universe!" said Monty Leather, in great admiration.

Blake looked doubtfully at the great mass of theory buster before them.

"If the trail came up to this point the cup's hidden here," he remarked.

"Them bushes don't look as if anybody has been through them."

"We'll see!"

The Scouts parted the branches carefully, scanning them for sign. A tiny fragment of bucki cloth, caught on a thorn, was discerned by Tom Merry's watchful eyes.

"He came through here!"

But a few yards farther on the tangled thicket was impenetrable, and the Scouts halted among the thorns, in doubt. Tom Merry looked round him and above him. Over the thicket stretched a great low branch of a big tree. It was barely within reach of the Scouts' finger-tips.

"Give me a hand-up!" said Tom.

"My word!" said Digby. "You think—"

"Sir Algernon is tall. He could easily have pulled himself up by that branch if he'd wanted to," said Tom. "I'm going to see, anyway!"

Tom Merry was hoisted on the shoulders of Leather and Blake. He gripped the branch and drew himself upon it. Then an exclamation of triumph was heard.

"Sign!"

Blake scrambled up after his leader.

"What is it?"

"Look at that!"

It was a broken twig on the bough, cut off right from the ground, but plainly to be seen now.

"He pulled himself up here," said Tom, his eyes ablaze with excitement. "Come on!"

He crested along the bough. In a few moments he reached the main trunk. Below, growing thickly round the huge tree, was an impenetrable mass of thickets. The general had certainly not descended there. If he had been there at all he had gone back the way he had come. Then where was the cup? The Carlew felt that they were close upon success now.

Tom Merry & Co. crawled into the branches of the tree. Every roomer was swayed in vain. Then Tom crawled back to a low branch, and scanned the massive trunk below. He reached down as low as he could, and dragged back the branches that hid the trunk.

His hand had found a hollow in the old trunk, hidden hitherto by the branches. His eager fingers glided into the hollow, and closed upon a hard object of metal. He drew it out and held it aloft, and there was a glimmer of metal in the sawrags that glistened through the foliage.

The Carlew, clinging to the boughs, burst into a cheer.

"The cup! Hurrah! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"The bugle, Blake, old man!"

"Scound the loud blunder!" grinned Monty Leather.

(Continued on page 22.)  
THE GUY LORRAINE.—No. 1,432.

THE AMAZING FOREIGN INVASION OF GREYFRIARS, AND HARRY WHARTON'S BIG FIGHT WITH THE BULLY OF THE REMOVE—

# HARRY WHARTON'S CHALLENGE!

## WHAT HAPPENED LAST WEEK.

Marree Junner Ram Singh, Nabob of Bismarck, comes to Greyfriars with Herr Rosenblum, the new German master, who, for financial reasons, has had to raise the Bismarck Foreign Academy, where Marree Singh was a pupil. Many of the Herr's other pupils—French and German boys—are also his disciples.

Marree Singh is put in Study No. 1 in the Remove, with Harry Wharton, Nugent, Hunter, and Balstrode. His letter repeats the invitation of the Rhine and tries to throw him out, but it's Balstrode who is thrown out! The bully therefore chooses Marree Singh to a fight, which the match accepts, and it is to take place the following afternoon.

The next day Harry Wharton & Co., at the suggestion of the genial Herr Rosenblum, go to the station to meet the foreign boys from Bismarck. When they arrive at the station they find the French and Germans, who have always been deadly rivals, crowding on the platform. To stop the row the Greyfriars juniors promptly collar the two leaders, Adolphe Messier and Fritz Hoffman, and dock them in the village bare-knught. They succeed in stopping the fight, but then the foreigners write against them! So Harry Wharton & Co. beat a strategic retreat up the village street.

[Now read on.]

## Something Like a Row!

F RITZ HOFFMAN gave a hoot as he saw the four Greyfriars juniors turn and walk away, and he pointed after them. He had been trying to wring the water out of his thick, curly, brown hair. Messier was similarly engaged with his black locks, and a babel of tongues raged round them.

But at Hoffman's pointing to the retreating figures of the Greyfriars juniors, the contention ceased, and the allies rushed at once in pursuit.

"Ach!" muttered Hoffman to his chum, Karl Lutz. "We shall have to prove that we are to be top of the school, to name us at Barchwood, and to say as well begin now."

"Ach! That is true, Fritz!"

"We will get down your trawling, ain't it?"

"And to march of to frog!"

"Set it right!" exclaimed Messier. "We will give you no march of so long into an school, and show no English garters not to come nothing for soon!"

"Out, out!" said Gaston Artois. "But my are going—"

"Catch you!"

"Gone! Run quick, ain't it?"

The allies quailed their pace. The Greyfriars juniors looked back at the rapid patter of feet, and saw a dozen excited faces behind.

Harry Wharton frowned.

"Come on!" exclaimed Nugent. "We're got to run for it!"

Wharton shook his head.

"I'm not going to run!"

"They're a dozen to four!"

"I don't care!"

"Don't be an ant, Wharton!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Fear can't do the Old Linnar.—No. 1,482.

## By Frank Richards.

(Author of the grand long yarns of Greyfriars appearing every Saturday in our companion paper, the "Magpie.")

anything against twelve, and we don't want to start with a licking."

"The advice of the Cherry is both wise," said Marree Singh. "What is the usefulness of waiting to be smited with the powerfulness of the right arm?"

"We don't want to start by running away like a lot of frightened rabbits," said Harry Wharton decidedly. "From what Marree Singh has told us, it seems clear that the allies will try to make themselves racks of the walk in the Remove at Greyfriars."

"That's pretty certain."

"They'll quarrel among themselves, but they're pretty certain to unite for the purpose of getting the upper hand of us."

"Yes, and so—"

"No we're not going to start the rivalry by running away from them."

Twice before has Harry Wharton taken a licking from Balstrode, the bullying leader of the Greyfriars Remove. But the third fight has a very different result—further strengthening Harry Wharton's challenge for the leadership of the Remove.

"Better than starting it with a licking?"

"That's not necessary, either."

"What are we going to do, then?"

"Lick them!"

"Four against twelve?"

"Stop here," said Harry Wharton quietly. "It's a question of ammunition. So long as they don't get to close quarters it's all right."

"Here we are—help yourselves!"

They were outside the village grocery's when Harry Wharton called a halt. Displayed before the shop were large boxes of eggs exposed for sale, as well as hams and bacon, and other articles.

Harry Wharton took an egg in each hand and faced round at the pursuers. The chance at once caught on in the idea. In a moment every hand had an egg in it.

"But what will the esteemed grocery's say to the proceedings?" said Marree Singh doubtfully.

"Anything he likes."

"We shall pay for all damage done," said Harry Wharton quietly. "Keep your eye on those allies' retreats."

"They're stopping."

"Ha, ha! They don't like the look of the egg. I fancy some of them are a little bit whiffy."

"All the better for the purpose."

"Look out, my worthy friends! Here comes the grocery's person!"

The grocery's person, as Marree Singh called him, was indeed coming. From within the shop he had seen the juniors stop and supply themselves with ammunition from the egg-box, and he could hardly believe his eyes. He was gazing with rage and amazement as he came running out of his shop.

"You young rascals!" he roared. "How dare you! Put those eggs down!"

"Keep your wool on!" said Nugent, with a pacifying wave of the hand.

"You young rascals!"

"Pray do not play the sentimental, see of the apologeticness to us," parroted Marree Singh. "There will be punishment for all damage done."

"Get out of my way—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Harry Wharton. "Can't you see there's a row on?"

"I'll see you! I'll—"

"I tell you we'll pay for all the eggs we use!"

The grocery advanced a little, and something like a grin came over his fat face.

"Of course, that alters the case, young gentlemen," he remarked.

"Of course it does! Get out of the way."

"I'd rather you pay in advance, please!"

"I will perform the performance with glorious feelings," said Marree Singh. "Take his worthy note and get out of the way."

And the nabob handed a ten-shilling note to the grocer.

The amazed dealer in eggs and bacon examined it carefully to make assurance doubly sure that it was a good one, and then retired into his shop.

Meanwhile, the allies had halted at a dozen paces distance.

They had seen the Greyfriars juniors' preparations to receive their charge, and the ammunition was not of a kind they cared to face if it could be helped. They stopped and muttered to one another in French and German and broken English.

A crowd of villagers was fast gathering round, but neither the allies nor the Greyfriars juniors cared for that. As a matter of fact, the Greyfriars juniors were quite accustomed to rows in the village, and the gathering of a curious crowd was no new sight to them.

"We had better rush down," said Fritz Hoffman.

"Out, out!" said Messier.

But they did not load the way.

Four determined juniors, eggs in hand, with an unlimited supply of other ammunition at their elbows, were not to be lightly changed.

The allies muttered together, but they did not come on.

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh. "They've had enough of it before they start!" he exclaimed. "I fancy we shall be able to keep our end up, you chaps."

"Looks like it," agreed Bob Cherry.

"Why not take a leaf from the volume of the Roman and carry the war into the allies?" suggested Marree Singh.

"What are you driving at?" Bob Cherry demanded.

"I mean, let us attack the enemy instead of waiting for the attack to come from them."

—ARE BUT TWO OF THE GREAT INCIDENTS IN THIS LIVELY INSTALMENT OF THE EARLY SCHOOLDAYS OF THE GREYFRIARS CHUMS!



Harry Wharton's smashing blow to Blustrode's jaw had felled the bully. He dropped like a log and lay motionless on the ground, beaten to the side. Bob Cherry counted off the ten seconds. "—Seven, eight, nine, and!"

"It's a good idea," said Harry Wharton. "Mind, don't advance too far from our base—we must keep pretty near the egg-beans."

"Right-ho!"  
"Nay, then, fire when I give the word."

The Greyfriars juniors advanced towards the group of angry and undecided alms. The latter shifted uneasily on their feet. A dozen of them did not care to retreat before four English boys, and yet they certainly did not care to face the eggs. Before they could settle made up their minds what to do, the Greyfriars leader gave the word. His hand went up as a signal.

"Fire!"  
And the eggs flew with deadly aim.

"Ach!"

"Clid!"

"Mein goodness!"

"Gooch! Ach! Hissel!"

A variety of exclamations rose in a chorus.

The Greyfriars juniors quickly retreated to the egg-beans again to renew the supply of ammunition. The eggs had smashed all over the alms, and they were furious. The attack ended these indecisions. Hoffman gave a yell to his followers and dashed forward. The Germans were quick after him, and the French led, not to be outdone, followed fast.

"Stand to 'em!" shouted Harry Wharton.

And the Greyfriars juniors hoarsely responded:

"What-ho!"

As fast as they could seize them, they pelted the enemy with eggs, and the state of the alms when a few seconds had elapsed was ghastly. Eggs smashed all over them, and their faces and clothes wore masses of yellow and white stickiness.

Some of them retreated, and some of them dodged; but the leaders and the more determined of their followers came

on gallantly. They felt that they could not get much stickier than they were already, and so they came on to a finish.

The eggs flew thick and fast.

But Hoffman, Meander, Lutz, and Artie charged on, and the Greyfriars juniors had to retreat into the shop.

It was not fear of what the alms could do with their fists that made the quartet retreat. But they had a natural desire not to come into close contact with the fearful men which smothered the French and German boys.

But the retreat into the shop took these away from their ammunition, and left it in the hands of the foe. Hoffman and Meander were not slow to take advantage of the capture. Eggs flew from their hands now and came whizzing into the grocer's shop, and the fat grocer was waried with wrath. He waved his fat hands excitedly as the Greyfriars juniors.

"Get out of my shop!" he roared.

"With that lot outside!"

"I can't help it! Get out!"

"Can't be did."

"You must. They will wreck my shop!"

"Don't be an an!"

The grocer seemed to be beside himself. He waved his arms in the air wildly. Eggs were whizzing into the shop from the excited and reckless alms and smashing everything. The Greyfriars juniors were getting some of them, and unfortunately there was no similar ammunition at hand for them to reply with.

Hoffman and Meander had a rush into the shop. But they were met by whirling eggs and driven out, and they retreated to the street again and resumed the pelting with the eggs.

Harry Wharton laughed excitedly.

"They can't get at us in here!" he exclaimed. "The door's too narrow for a big rush, and as long as these horns hold out we can knock them out faster than they come."

"My horns—my finest quality English horns!" groaned the grocer. "Help! Police!"

"Oh, keep your whiskers on!" said Bob Cherry. "We've got a millionaire among us, and he'll pay, won't you, Inky?"

"I shall have extreme pleasures in reimbursing the grateful gentleman," said Harrow Singh.

"Good! And we'll have a whip-round afterwards and stand our share."

The rabble turned to the excited and exasperated grocer.

"Take yourself, my worthy grocer!" he exclaimed. "I shall have extreme happiness in performing the pleasure on this auspicious occasion."

Harrow Singh's English was a little mixed, but his meaning was clear, and the grocer took comfort.

"If I put the damage at five pounds I should be underestimating it," he said. "You must not do that, my esteemed friend. I should have too great regretfulness if you were put to any injustice in the matter."

"Bats!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Make it thirty bob, and that's too much!"

"We will say two pounds ten."

"Very good; here are the notes," said Harrow Singh.

The grocer beamed upon the juniors once more.

"I will drive these young rascals away so that you can go out," he said, and he advanced to the door.

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "I don't envy him the job. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go away!" shouted the grocer, waving his arms. "Go a—"

Several eggs smashed on his face. He staggered back into the shop and sat down with a bang.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Help! Police!"

There was a sudden sound outside the

step, a sound of alarm. The village constable was approaching. Foreigners as they were, the French and German boys had been long enough in England to learn a wholesome respect for the law. They scampered off instantly at the sight of the familiar uniform.

"The grocer staggered to his feet."

"What's all this 'ere?" demanded the constable, coming up to the door of the shop.

"Better out of that," Harry Wharton muttered. "We're paid for the damage, so the grocer won't complain; but we don't want it to reach the Head's ears. Come on!"

### The Arrival of the Allies!

**T**HAT was very thoughtful of you, Herr Rosenblum."

Dr. Locke, the Head of Greyfriars, spoke in a satisfied tone, and there was a pleased expression on his face.

Herr Rosenblum, late headmaster of the Bechwood Foreign Academy, now German master at Greyfriars, nodded assent.

"Ja, ja, Herr Locke. I think myself it a good idea."

"It certainly was."

"There are certain to be some difficulties," went on the German. "At Bechwood, you did keep that school, there was continual war you call rows between the boys."

"I am not surprised at that, considering the different nationalities."

"Of course, it was natural that to Germans should wish to be head of the school, as they was most fitted for it."

The Head smiled. He knew that Herr Rosenblum, who was a just man, would have held the scales well balanced at Bechwood; but he had a natural leaning towards his own nationality, and felt that the desire of Hoffmann's party to be at the top was a most natural and laudable one.

"I don't say the French lack had the same idea, Herr Rosenblum."

"Ja, ja; I know they had, Herr Locke. But as I was saying, there was continual war as to the head of the school, and I think to maintain that it very likely to never at Greyfriars."

"Quite likely."

"Of course, you note that there was no real ill-doing; it was more in the way of shirk the anything else."

"I quite understand that."

"Good! But as there will be that you call rows, I think to maintain that it a good idea to give to new boys a welcome, such it, and have no rows for to last."

"I hope not, also." The Head looked at his watch. "It is surely time they were at the school, Herr Rosenblum, even if they have walked all the way and left their luggage to be sent on."

"Ja, ja. But it is possible that to keep are showing slow to country a little, said Herr Rosenblum, who had a way of always looking at the best side of things. "They was nice boys, and I am sure they would do very well. And as I have told you, Monsieur Moray, who you to have brought main boys to Greyfriars, voted me that he was kept pack till tonight to attend to some business at Bechwood."

"So the boys have come down without a master with them?" the Head remarked thoughtfully.

"Ja, Herr Locke."

The Head looked a trifle worried. "Well, I dare say they will soon arrive safe and sound," he said.

"Ah, I am sure of that! There being no manner but them, to Greyfriars boys was showing slow round a little, but it all."

"Well, I dare say that in the case, dear me," went on Dr. Locke, rising from his seat, "what a dreadful noise there is in the Close."

"Ja, I have noticed it for some minutes. It was sound as if some of the boys was left with themselves after."

"It sounds really as if the whole school had turned out to laugh itself hoarse," the Head remarked, with a puzzled look.

"Ah, boys will be boys!"

"No doubt. But really—" The Head crossed to the window and looked out. Then a sharp exclamation fell from his lips. "Goodness gracious!"

"Was it no matter, Herr Locke?"

"Dear me! Bless my soul!"

Herr Rosenblum, his curiosity excited, joined the Head at the window. Dr. Locke's study window afforded a good view of the Close and the gates of Greyfriars. The Herr, too, uttered an exclamation of amazement as he beheld what the Head had already seen.

The Close, towards the gates, was crowded with boys, yelling themselves hoarse. They had come for excitement. A dozen strange-looking figures had just entered the gates of Greyfriars—a dozen lads clothed with smudged eggs from head to foot, their faces yellow, and their clothes sticky, and their whole aspect unwholesome.

Herr Rosenblum stared out of the window as if he could hardly believe his eyes. The newcomers, their faces crimson under the coating of broken eggs, marched in at the gates and straight towards the House. As they came nearer the German uttered an exclamation.

"Main goodness! It is dem!"

Dr. Locke frowned.

"Dear me, who can these horrible-looking hoodlums be, and what can possibly be their motive for entering the premises of Greyfriars?"

"Certainly, Herr Rosenblum. What do you wish to say to me?" asked the Head of Greyfriars courteously.

"These wretched hoodlums who have had the unpeakable impertinence to enter the premises of Greyfriars—"

"My dear Herr Locke!" exclaimed the distressed Herr Rosenblum. "They was not hoodlums—"

"Oh! How do you know, Herr Rosenblum?"

"Precisely I know dem."

"You know them?" said Dr. Locke, in utter amazement. "You know those wretched-looking ruffians, Herr Rosenblum?"

"They was not ruffians, said it—they was main boys!"

"What!"

"They was main boys from Bechwood."

Dr. Locke stared at the German master.

"Herr Rosenblum!"

"It was true, sir."

"But—how you assume me! Surely you did not allow your pupils at Bechwood to go about in such a state as that, Herr Rosenblum?"

"Noin, nein—"

"I cannot understand this. Why—"

"There has been vat you call a row, I think—"

The Head stared.

"Ah, you think!"

"I think they have been pecked, since it, with eggs," said Herr Rosenblum. "I am afraid it was not as they were out at station, after all, such it."

The Head looked very grave.

"I am sorry this has happened, Herr Rosenblum. I have not the slightest doubt that, as you say, the present condition of the boys is due to a quarrel between them and the Greyfriars lads."

"Ah, I am sure of that."

"Ah, here is Robert!" The Greyfriars page-boy entered the room. "Robert, you will kindly show in here at once the lads who have just arrived at Greyfriars."

Robert was grinning broadly.

"They are in rather a dirty state, sir," he hinted.

"Never mind. Show them in."

A minute or two later the new arrivals at Greyfriars were shown into the Head's study.

### True Blue!

**H**OFFMANN and Mowley came in first, with the rest of the well-known allies at their heels.

It was no wonder that the Head of Greyfriars had mistaken them for a crew of hoodlums.

The dust of the road had clung liberally to the stickiness of the broken eggs, and the Bechwood boys were dirty and sticky from head to foot.

Dr. Locke stared at them through his gold-rimmed pince-nez.

"Bugs! How come you in this state?" Hoffman and Mowley exchanged a swift glance.

"They were about as wild as they could be at the greeting which had been extended to them by the Greyfriars masters, but the good old rule of never telling tales or making complaints was a maxim with them."

"How did you come into this state?"

"Ah! 'Vy you need answer to headmaster" said Herr Rosenblum.

"If you please, sir, we could not help it ourselves," said Fritz Hoffman.

"Oh! It was quite accidental," said Mowley.

"You have been pecked with eggs?"

"Oh!"

"Ja."



"Who pelted you?"  
 "Some—some boys, sir."  
 "Did they belong to Greyfriars?"  
 "—I did not ask them, sir."  
 "Clad! That is true! We did not think of asking them, sir."

"You know perfectly well whether they were Greyfriars' boys without having asked them," Dr. Locke said sternly.

The silms were silent.  
 "Now, then, answer my question. Were they boys belonging to this school?"

"—I think so, sir."  
 "Oho, I also think so, sir."  
 "And you could identify them again?"  
 "Nah."  
 "Nah."

"Do you mean that you would not know their faces if you could see them again?" demanded the Head.

Hoffman and Messier were silent. They knew perfectly well that they would know their adversaries again when they met them, especially Harrow Singh, their old acquaintance. But they had not the least intention of betraying the scheme of the Remove.

The Head controlled his anger with an effort.

"I suppose the fact of the matter is that you would consider it unjustifiable to tell me who your assailants were?" he exclaimed.

"Oho, monsier."  
 "Ja, mein Herr."

The two boys replied at once, with evident relief at feeling themselves comprehended. Herr Rosenblum gave the Head an appealing look. He was proud of his boys for risking punishment rather than doing what they regarded as mean. Dr. Locke's severe look softened in its expression.

"Well, I will not press a point against your consciences," said the headmaster of Greyfriars. "If that is your motive I will not ask you the names of the persons who treated you in this scandalous manner. I have other means of ascertaining. You may go, and, first of all, you will get yourselves into a cleaner state."

"Certainly, sir."  
 The boys fled out. Hoffman and Messier lingered.

"Well, have you anything more to say to me?" asked Dr. Locke.

"Ja, ja, sir."  
 "Out, out, monsier."  
 "Say it, then, and be quick."  
 "If you please, mein sir—"  
 "Still your plain, monsier."  
 "Speak one at a time, please," said the Head.

"Ach! If you please, sir, I think that boys who throw eggs at us are not only in fun, and I think that we not wish any punishments—"

"I am the best judge of that. You may go."

"Ja, ja, but—"  
 "You may go."

Fritz Hoffman unwillingly left the study. Dr. Locke fixed his glasses upon Adolph Messier.

"Well, have you anything to say?"

"Oho, monsier. I think that as garious act only in fun, and we pay you out ourselves, and think that we could not be any—"

"That is my business. You may go." And Messier followed Hoffman from the room, and closed the door.

Dr. Locke looked at the German master with a smile, and Herr Rosenblum smiled, too.

"They are loyal lads," said the Head. "It was sporting of them to speak up for their adversaries, and I shall remember it. Of course, it is pretty certain



As fast as Harry Wharton & Co. could seize them, they pelted the silms with eggs, and in a few seconds the Rosenblum boys were in a gleaming state. Eggs smacked all over them, and their faces were reduced to masses of yellow and white stickiness!

that the boys who pelted them with eggs are those who went to the station to meet them.

"Undoubtedly, Herr Locke. I dare say that they had no best intentions, but eggs will be eggs," said Herr Rosenblum, shaking his head of eggs.

"Yes, I have observed that myself." The Head looked out of the window. There was a sound of cheering in the Close and he guessed what it meant. Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Nugget and Harrow Singh were coming in, and the Messiers were cheering them enthusiastically. The reason was not far to seek.

Dr. Locke leaned out of the window. "Wharton!"

The Removees looked up. The cheering ceased and the heroes of the Remove exchanged uneasy glances.

"Wharton, come into my study at once with your companions."

"Yes, sir," said Harry, as cheerfully as he could.

"He George, that means a row for them!" said Rosenblum, as the four juniors entered the School House.

"Serve them right!" said Rosenblum. The four delinquents entered the House, and in a few moments were in the Head's study. They did not seem very much alarmed, though they knew that the matter might turn out seriously for them. Harry Wharton was calm and quiet as usual, Bob Cherry and Nugget looked sad, and Harrow Singh wore the expression of sultrious politeness and cheerfulness that never departed from his dusky countenance.

"You were in the village, I think, when the foreign boys from Rosenblum arrived at the railway station?" said the Head severely.

"Yes, sir," said Harry Wharton.

"We had the pleasure of welcoming them to Greyfriars, respected and venerable instructor sahib," said the nabob.

The Head smiled in spite of himself. "And you greeted them, I understand, with a volley of eggs?"

"Oh no, sir! That came afterwards," said Bob Cherry.

"Then you admit that it was yourselves who put the foreign boys into that horrible state?" exclaimed the Head.

"You see, sir—"

"I shall have the pleasure to explain—"

"It was like this—"

"In the regretful circumstances—"

Dr. Locke raised his hand for silence.

"One at a time, please. I suppose that one of you is leader. Let him speak."

"With great pleasurefulness, sir. Although I am not yet the leader of the party youths who belong to my study, yet I have anticipations that in a short time I shall become so, from the superabundance of my superiority in the various abilities," said the nabob.

"Therefore—"

"Therefore that up," growled Bob Cherry, "and let Wharton speak!"

"But I must explain—"

"You're interrupting Wharton."

"I have great regretfulness, but—"

"Silence, Harrow Singh! You may speak, Wharton."

"Certainly, sir," said Harry. "We meant well by the foreigner, sir, but somehow they didn't like us kicking their heads into the horse-drogh—"

"Ha, ha! Shocking! Do you seriously mean to tell me, Wharton, that

you ducked their heads in the horse-trough with the idea of pleasing them!"

"Well, sir, they were quarrelling, and we thought it would cool their heads."

"The coolness was—"

"Silence, Harroo Singh. Go on, Wharton."

"Then there was a row, sir. They were not to blame, but—"

"But you were not to blame either. Is that it?"

"Exactly, sir."

"The propensity of the instructor who is marvellous," said Harroo Singh. "He jumps to the correct conclusions with extreme lucubrations."

"The foreign boys," said the Head severely, "have asked me not to visit punishment upon you for your treatment of them—"

"That was very decent of them, sir," said Bob Cherry.

"The discipline was only equalled by—"

"Therefore, I shall pass over the regrettable affair. But it must not occur again. I trust you will use every endeavour to mix on peaceful terms with the foreign members of your Form."

"Certainly, sir."

"Then you may go."

And the Removés fled out. They were glad to escape so cheaply.

### Facing the Bully!

**B**ALSTRODE was waiting for the chance of the Removés, and he came towards them at once when they appeared in the Cloak, Harroo Singh, Turner, King, and others of the Removés were with him, evidently looking for fun.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "What do you want, Balstrode? Is it a feud?"

"No, it isn't," said Balstrode grimly. "I'm going to thrash that nigger!"

"The thrashings will probably be a best of the other foot, as your English proverb says," said Harroo Singh.

"Ho, ho! Are you ready, nigger?"

"The readiness is only equalled by the eagerness I feel for the opportunity of inflicting the severe chastisement."

"Well, the opportunity's come. Follow me."

And Balstrode led the way with a swagger towards the gates of Greyfriars. Most of the Removés had got wind of the coming fight, and were gathering round. Quite a crowd followed Balstrode.

"Come on!" said Harry Wharton, linking his arm on Harroo Singh's. "I suppose you feel up to it, Harroo?"

"Certainly."

"Mind, as soon as you have had enough, just call out, and we shall stop it," said Bob Cherry. "You know as well as we do that you are not a match for the bully."

The mob nodded.

"To adhere to the strictest truthfulness," he said, "I know that I cannot bestow the thrashings upon one so much more huge and hideous. But I shall fight like a Nubob of Bhamiper."

"I wish you'd leave it to me," said Harry Wharton abruptly.

Harroo Singh looked at him.

"A few wishes to perform the thrashings yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, I have an old quarrel with Balstrode."

"It would be a good idea," said Nugent. "Suppose you leave the matter in Wharton's hands, larky?"

The mob looked reflective.

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"But I cannot have the respectful youths of Greyfriars saying that I am afraid of the bully," he replied.

"That's all right. Nobody would expect a man as little sharp like you to face a hulking cetter like Balstrode."

"I suppose that is tactful."

"Better leave it to me. I ask it as a personal favour."

"Oh, in that case, I cannot refuse," said Harroo Singh politely. "The refusalness of a favour is impossible to the Nubob of Bhamiper."

"Good!" grinned Bob Cherry.

The Removés arrived at the battleground, a secluded spot sheltered by fives, where no interruption was likely to occur. It was a quiet spot, with turf as soft as velvet, and the sunlight filtering through the green branches overhead.

Balstrode stopped and turned swaggeringly towards the Indian.

"This is the place, nigger."

"Good!" said Harry Wharton, stepping forward. "I think I remember your saying, Balstrode, that after you were finished with Harroo Singh, you were going to give me a licking!"

Balstrode grinned.

"Yes. Would you like yours first?"

"Yes, would. That's exactly what I was going to say."

"Oh, no! I'm going to lick the nigger first!"

"You're not! You're going to lick me, or else be licked by me," said Harry Wharton, a hard, determined look settling round his mouth.

"Stand out of the way, Wharton!"

"I will not!"

"Get aside!" roared Balstrode, turning red with anger. "I'm a'ying you to settle with Harroo Singh now, and I'll fight you after—er tomorrow!"

"No, you won't!"

"If you're sheltering yourself behind you—"

Stank! Harry's open hand caught Balstrode across the mouth with a smack like a pistol-shot, and the bully of the Removés reeled back with a cry. The next moment he sprang forward, and the combat would have commenced there and then, but the Removés thronged between them.

"Let me get at him!" roared Balstrode.

"All in good time," said Bob Cherry, pushing the frantic bully of the Removés back. "All in good time, my son. Take your coat off first."

"Let me get at him!"

"Take it calmly, Balstrode, old man," said Nugent. "There's plenty of time for you to take your licking."

The bully of the Removés satfully submitted. Harroo Singh helped him off with his jacket and waistcoat, and he tied his hair up in a bun. Harry Wharton followed each, and then the adversaries faced each other.

Balstrode's face was red with rage, and his eyes were gleaming. Harry Wharton's eyes were gleaming, too, but to was much cooler than his adversary.

"Come on!" hissed Balstrode between his teeth. "Come on, and I'll smash you, and then I'll give the nigger his licking!"

"I shall have great pleasurefulness in—"

"Wait a minute," said Harry Wharton quietly. "You have been a beastly bully to me, Balstrode, and a bad, ever since I came to Greyfriars. I've had enough of your company in Study No. 1."

"Charge out of it, then!" sneered Balstrode.

"If you lick me, I'll do so," said

Wharton. "But if I lick you, I shall expect you to do so. That's only fair."

"I shall do as I choose!"

"You will do as I choose in this case. You have made yourself obnoxious to everyone in the study, and you've got to go out."

"Well, I won't!"

"You will—if I lick you! You'll charge with Bob Cherry and go into Study No. 4, and let him come into Study No. 1 with us. If you don't, I'll lick you every time I see you in the study. That's the only way to deal with a fellow like you!"

"You seem to be pretty certain that you're going to get the best of the scrap," sneered Balstrode.

Harry Wharton nodded.

"I feel pretty certain about it," he said. "I've been training hard, while you've been slacking about and smoking cigarettes. Training tells."

"Oh, then up, and come on!"

"Shake hands," said Bob Cherry, who had contemplated himself reflexly, and then got to business.

"I shan't shake hands with him!" said Balstrode savagely.

"Cut it, or I'll get to business."

"Come on, then!"

"Go it, ye cripples!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully.

And the great fight, which was to mark an epoch in the history of the Removés at Greyfriars, commenced.

### Fairly Licked!

**T**WICE before Harry Wharton had faced the bully of the Removés, and on each occasion he had had the worst of the encounter.

Balstrode had no doubt as to the result now.

But during the past few weeks Harry Wharton had not been idle. He had trained assiduously, and he had produced his boxing.

There were very few fellows in the Removés who could box better than Wharton at the present time, and he was very active and lively, and though not so bulky as Balstrode, he was probably harder and sounder in the wind.

Balstrode was inches taller than his opponent at this second encounter, and he had inches in the good 'ole in his reach. But Harry Wharton faced his foe coolly, and Balstrode, try as hard as he would, found that his savage drive would not pass his opponent's guard.

Nugent, Bob Cherry, and Harroo Singh looked on with satisfaction. They saw Harry Wharton holding his own from the start, in spite of his superior size and strength of his foe.

"Harry will pull it out," Nugent remarked.

Bob Cherry nodded in assent.

"He'll pull it off if he's careful," said the cottonmouths who remain with our friend," sneered Harroo Singh. "Balstrode will receive only the thrashings."

"Go it, Balstrode!" called out King. Balstrode endeavoured to go it. The big bully was disappointed to find so great a change in the fellow he had twice beaten. A feeling was borne in upon him that, instead of an easy task, he had heavy work before him which might prove too much for him. He thought more than furious. He pressed Harry savagely.

Wharton was driven round the ring, but still none of the heavy drives which were aimed at his face succeeded in reaching him.

His friends looked on in delight. Wharton had practiced boxing with

Frank Nugent till he had stilled his instructor in the noble art, but Nugent had never expected him to shape like this in an encounter with the bulky bully of the Remora.

No one had expected it, either, and the crowd of punters looked on with the keenest interest.

Although Harry Wharton was not exactly popular in the Remora, he was growing better liked as the time passed on, and it was certain, at all events, that Balstrode was unpopular. Many feared him, few liked him. Even his own friends would not have been sorry to see him receive the lesson he deserved.

"Time!" called out Bob Cherry. The combatants ceased, and Nugent peered Harry Wharton on the shoulder.

"How do you feel, Harry?"

"Fresh as a daisy and fit as a fiddle."

"Good! I fancy Balstrode is feeling anything but fresh!" grinned Nugent.

"Look at him! He's got bellows to cough already!"

Harry Wharton glanced across at his enemy.

Balstrode was seated upon the knee of Haseldene, and he was certainly puffing and blowing.

"Vaseline is seconding him," Bob Cherry remarked. "But he'd be as glad as anybody to see him loked. You've got to look him, Wharton."

"I shall do it if I can, you may rely on."

"The lesson will be extremely instructive to him," said Harrow Singh. "He will be all the better for a good licking. I shall have pneumonia in—"

"Time!"

Harry Wharton stepped bodily forward again. Balstrode met him promptly enough, but most of his swaggar was gone. He realized very clearly that the task he had in hand was not an easy one.

The second round was more eventful than the first. Harry Wharton was the first to get in a good drive, and it landed on Balstrode's chest and made him stagger. Then the bully of the Remora countered effectively, and Harry Wharton reeled back from a heavy drive on the chest.

Before he could recover his guard, Balstrode rushed in and landed a fierce blow full on the mouth, which hung Wharton on his back.

The bully of the Remora stood ready to hit out again as soon as Harry Wharton rose.

Harry had been dazed by the blow, and he lay for some seconds before he could pull himself together. Like one in a dream, he heard the counting:

"One, two, three, four, five, six—"

He sprang desperately to his feet, only to fall again before a savage blow. Up, again, and down again, and then:

"Time!"

Balstrode retreated to his corner. But for the call of time, he would have knocked Harry Wharton clean out.

Wharton was white and strained in his look as he sat on the knee Nugent made for him, while Bob Cherry fanned his face.

The champions looked serious now, and there was an expression of deep concern on the dusky countenance of the Nalab of Bhamapur.

"Good St. Harry!"

"Yes," said Harry Wharton. "I hardly looked for anything of that sort. He wasn't able to do it again."

"I thought you were a gunner," remarked Bob Cherry, taking a deep breath. "Mind your eye this time, Remember his wind is falling, and don't let him hit you."

Harry Wharton smiled faintly.

"I'll remember."

"Keep coolish in the head," said Harrow Singh, "and snipe the boundary with the powerlessness of the right arm."

"Time!"

Balstrode grinned as he faced Wharton again. His doubts were gone now. What he had done, he could do again. He came on to the attack with a rush, his feet thrashing out savagely.

Somewhere he never quite knew how, his heavy feet were knocked into the air, and knuckles that seemed as hard as iron came with a crash upon his chest.

He staggered back. His arms went flying wildly, and his guard was gone. Harry's left came home upon his other chest like a hammer, and then his right came again, smashing on the bully's jaw.

Balstrode gave an heartrending cry.

The last blow had finished him, and he dropped like a log. There he lay motionless on his back on the ground, staring upward, while Bob Cherry, watch in hand, counted:

"Seven, eight, nine, out!"

Bob Cherry finished counting, but if he had counted fifty, Balstrode would not have moved. He was incapable of it. It was two minutes at least before he sat up, with the assistance of Haseldene. The latter was grinning as he assisted his chief.

"You're done, Balstrode!" he remarked.

Balstrode moaned.

"I know I am! Shut up!"

"Shall I help you?"

"I can help myself."

"Oh, all right!" said Haseldene, with perfect indifference.

And he turned away and left the

fallen bully of the Remora to his own devices.

Balstrode staggered to his feet. His head was swimming, and he reeled as soon as he was standing up. It was Harrow Janset Ram Singh who put out a helping hand to hold him erect.

"That's better," said the nabob.

"The goodliness will soon pass off, and then you will feel chipperish again."

"Let me alone, you confounded nigger!"

"Gad!" said three or four voices.

"Better!"

Balstrode glared round him. He slowly dragged on his jacket. Harrow Singh had stepped quietly away, and no one else offered to help the bully of the Remora. Harry Wharton stepped towards him.

"It's over now, Balstrode," he said quietly. "I'm willing to shake hands, if you are."

"I'm not," said Balstrode, between his teeth.

Wharton shrugged his shoulders.

"You can please yourself about that, of course; but bear in mind what I told you. You are going to change with Bob Cherry, who is coming into my study."

Balstrode was sullenly silent. He had realized clearly enough that this defeat was too fatal, that he was no match for Harry Wharton, and that if he tried his fortune a second time the result would be only the same. His fall was just retrieving. Harry Wharton had taken his place as cook of the walk in the Remora.

"You understand that, Balstrode?"

"Yes!" moaned Balstrode.

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