



POING! NEW BOY AT ST. KATE'S.

(Continued from page 2).

"What do you have to say to that, O'Neil?"

"I was writing him, sir."

"You wrote—wrote what?" gasped the doctor.

"Fooling him, sir," said Pat a little abashed.

"Fooling him up, sir. We knew that he was listening at the knot-hole in the wall of the study, and we thought we'd give him something to listen for. So we wrote off a yarn about hearing the doctor, but we never meant to do anything of the kind."

Cunningham's face was a study. So was Mr. Bulkeley's. The headmistress stopped frowning from relaxing into a smile, but she could not succeed.

"So you knew Cunningham was listening, O'Neil?"

"We didn't know it was Cunningham, sir—but we knew somebody was listening, and we thought we'd make a fool of him to teach him not to be a sneak."

"Alone! And you did not load the pistols?"

"Certainly not, sir. We hadn't any bullets, as we couldn't have done so if we had. So we got a good deal of fun out of it, but I don't think I ought to suck a fool at to play with loaded firearms."

"I loaded them with balls of wadded paper," said Pat, and put in just enough power to make a little pop, that was all, sir."

"You hear that, Mr. Bulkeley?"

"Do not believe him, sir," said the form-master, who was white.

"The doctor poked his lips."

"On the contrary, Mr. Bulkeley, I do not see any reason whatever in shooting O'Neil's statement."

"Do you other lads corroborate it?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom Brown. "As a matter of fact, it was I who loaded the pistols, so I know what they were loaded with. I suppose."

"We were all in the joke except Pong, sir," said Dick Fongally.

"Sure and it was meant as a lesson to Pong, sir," said Pat O'Neil. "He was passing out about fighting clubs, and we thought we'd give him a lesson, sir—and faith, I think he's had a lesson too."

"O'Neil's a fine fellow," said Gaston Pons almost toothily. "You'll see that I have sound O'Neil's. I nearly did of so horror, and I say viz myself. I never, never sink of so word dost again."

"Faith, and I—"

"Dr. Biddish smiled."

"It was a well-trick O'Neil. And it must not be repeated. It was meant to take those pistols from the library. You must replace them, and each of you will write out twenty lines for this occasion."

"Thank you, sir," chorused the juniors.

"You may go."

The juniors left the study in high spirits. The Head turned to Mr. Bulkeley.

"This book managed O'Neil again, Mr. Bulkeley. I should take it as a personal favour if you would try to be a little more lenient with that junior, and to understand him a little better."

Mr. Bulkeley did not reply. He could not trust himself to speak. He left the Head's study without another word.

Dr. Biddish turned toward the glimmer of his office upon Cunningham.

A FASCINATING AND EXCITING STORY.



CHAPTER I.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"Hallo! What do you want?"

"Upon my word you don't seem very glad to see me. You might ask me to sit down, and offer me some tea."

The first speaker was David Chesterton, and he was sitting before a polished mahogany table, upon which lay a pile of books, in his study at St. Dunstan's School.

The second speaker, who had just entered without troubling to knock, was the Honourable Bob Berryson, a young gentleman of about twenty-five summers. He was dressed in a fashionable lounge suit, a waistcoat of startling hue, whilst the soles of his yellow boots protruded half an inch beyond the uppers. The Honourable Bob's morning taste in dress and his boy brag seemed to suggest homage, and David Chesterton's slight indignation a favour

paper out of his pocket, which he proceeded to read, but he did not speak again until the fly came to his boots.

"And now what do you want?" the boy demanded.

"They don't teach you manners and deportment here," the other said, smiling. "Here comes to pay you a friendly visit."

"Then when you pay me a friendly visit, I wish you'd knock at the door, and not come in as if the place belonged to you. If it had been anyone else, they'd have been thrown out."

"Did 'um," roared the other, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "Was was little clearly his case, son, and did you get angry with—"

"Stop that, confound you!" David said, springing to his feet. "I'm not in the humour for your fooling. Say what you've got to say."



Three Fifth Form boys walked arm-in-arm across the playground.

of the stables seemed to enter the room with him.

The honourable Bob lived just outside the town of Southport, where St. Dunstan's was situated, and unfortunately, he was a great friend of the headmaster and allowed to come and go in the school and make friends with the boys just as he liked.

He was not at all a suitable companion for the boys of a public school. He was rich and went a higher pace than any of them could maintain, and worse than that, his appearance did not do him injustice when it proclaimed his fondness for horseflesh.

"Since you're so beastly pressin'," the Hon. Bob observed, after he had walked, but received no invitation, "I will take a seat."

He dropped into an armchair, and crossing his legs, lit a cigarette.

"What are you doing?" he inquired, having thrown a spent pipe into the wastepaper basket.

"Sitting!" he said. "I am used to when I was a little boy. You're a youngster to what I was, old chap."

"And then clear out," the Hon. Bob finished for him.

"All right, old sport. But it seems rough turning on an old pal like this, doesn't it? I've come over to have a chat with you about the match."

"I'm sorry, Bob," David said, patiently. "I didn't mean to be rude, but I'm awfully hard for a schoolboy I've just entered for, and I've the truth, I don't want you here. Now, you have come, however, I've got something to tell you, and I should be obliged if you'd listen to me for a minute or two."

"Right be," the Hon. Bob said. "And when you've finished, I'll go—something to say, too. But get what you've got to say off your chest. Have a cigarette; it'll help to clear your head."

David shook his head.

"No thanks," he said. "I've checked smoking now I've taken to working hard. What I want to tell you is this: I don't want to be friends with you any longer. You oughtn't come and visit me or invite me to your home. Your influence isn't good for me, and I've the truth, I don't longer than I can help."

David spoke frankly, it was an effort to say the kind of things you can't afford the school to say you play at cards and billiards, I can't afford to be out as you do, and when you come to see me I can't afford to entertain you in the way

you've used to. Moreover, I've written over a hundred lines to my father, and I must have respectable friends, and I shall be a background!"

The Hon. Bob Berryson was not only a wealthy gentleman, but he had a taste for his end of his cigarette, as if he had received some delicate compliment.

"You're not well," he said. "You require a bit of something of the sort. There's no reason why you should give. You and I get on very well together. You've paid me all you owed me, you know."

"I know," David responded. "But I had to get the money out of my pocket, I have a father or mother, you know. When my uncle sent me the money, he told me to keep clear of bills, as his friend's afraid to pay way so much money for me again. He's a conservative poor man, he said, and it's at such a time he can do me no harm."

"All the more reason why you should begin to do it," he said. "I've got to say," the Hon. Bob responded, impatiently. "If you've got the money, there's really no reason why you shouldn't go the pace a little, and I can put you in the way of making it."

David frowned slightly and turned his eyes away from those of his visitor. He was thinking of a girl he had met in the holidays and how she had looked at him with her eyes. But it was very hard, for the love of a girl ran wild in his blood.

"Go on," he said, "what have you got to say?"

"The cricket match, Southport versus St. Dunstan's School isn't very far distant."

"I know, I know."

"You're a fine fellow, Southport."

"Yes, well?"

"Southport are going to win," the Hon. Bob concluded.

"I don't know," David cried. "St. Dunstan's haven't got a bad team this year, I can tell you."

"Southport will win because you're going to help me to win. Bob went on, with an unpleasant smile."

"I'm playing for the school."

"I'm playing for the school."

"You're beastly dense, or you're pretending to be," David said. "Southport have got to win—honestly or not, they've got to win—and if they do, I will make you a present of fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds! Did the grinning aristocrat understand what a temptation he was putting on the boy's ears. They couldn't be caught by the clank of the gold and the rustle of the notes. And it seemed such a small matter, the selling of a cricket match. Who would be harmed? What difference could it make to anybody?"

"You can understand me now, can't you?" the Hon. Bob observed. "What do you say?"

David was trembling violently.

"I—I don't know," he said. "I must think. Give me time. Why are you so anxious for Southport to win?"

"Well, I've got thousands in Southport with a pal of mine," the Hon. Bob said, smiling. "I'm not particularly hard up, but I should like to win it. All my pals have been dipping in and telling me I'm a play chit for the rest, and that the town are in for a soaking, and we must look you for the sake of the triumph."

"I—I see. If it were for the sake of the money only, it is no easier to be against Southport, wouldn't it?"

"Couldn't it be of it?" the Hon. Bob said, lighting another cigarette. "There's a couple of miles of ground to stay with it, my people. Awfully nice girl, by George! Necessary to make an impression. Another reason why we must win."

"Right be," the Hon. Bob said. "And when you've finished, I'll go—something to say, too. But get what you've got to say off your chest. Have a cigarette; it'll help to clear your head."

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