SPECIAL Specs, the Twins, & Co. LUCK The New Head. Grand School Tale by H. Clarke Hook. Running the Gauntlet. Thrilling Adventure Story by Owen Leach.

ROUGH ON DICK! "IS THERE ANY CAUSE FOR THIS GIGGLING, DORA?" ASKED DICK COLDLY. "DON'T LET ME INTERRUPT YOU IF IT AMUSES YOU, BUT_

NO. 137. VOL 6. NEW SERIES.

SCHOOL TALE.

YOU CAN START NOW

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

When Pat Nugent arrives at St. Kit's an election is taking place for the When Pat Nugent arrives to the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table captaincy of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table captaincy of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captaince of the school between Arthur Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captain and Eldred Lacy, Talbot and Eldred Lacy, Table Captain and Eldred Lac gains the victory. One day a tramp named Black comes to the school bet gains the victory. One day a gains the victory. One day a fact the for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys, who for some reason fear and day at the instigation of the two Lacys are the institute of the two Lacys are the institute of the institute o at the instigation of the this son. As Arthur has never seen his parently Taibot, claims Taibot as included as the Black is warned off the place by one of the country of the school. He was the school. He was the school. masters. Taibot resigns his position as captain of the school. He quarra masters. Talbot resigns him a cowardly trick, but Talbot lets him to with Lacy, and the latter plays him a cowardly trick, but Talbot lets him to with Lacy, the election for the position of captain, which Talbot lets him to with Lacy, and the latter per the position of captain, which Talbetts Soon after the election for the position of captain, which Talbetts Soon after the election for the position of captain, which Talbetts Soon after the electron and Talbot's chums have their doubts as to be vacated, draws near, and Talbot's chums have their doubts as to be result, but they decide to get rid of some of Lacy's backers. "Somehors of the sound that bringing down his fist with a thump that made the other," cried Pat, bringing down his fist with a thump that made the last dance—" somehow or other we are going to get rid of twelve of Leen supporters before seven o'clock to-morrow evening!" (Now go on way

"That's all very well," Blagden remarked; "but it's easier to say than to do, Paddy. And I for one don't see

how you are going to do it."
"I don't either," agreed Pat. "That's what we've got to put our heads together and find out, and the sooner we

do it the better."

The three juniors looked at one another seriously and solemnly. It was a difficult position. None of the St. Kit's electors took this election so seriously as the last had been taken. All agreed that Brooke was a good old chap, and a decent fellow, and that sort of thing, but he certainly had

not the charm about him that Arthur Talbot had.

The general opinion was that Lacy would get in, and then the reign of the fast set would begin at St. Kit's, and all who had been prominent in backing Brooke would find themselves marked down for punishment in the black books of the new captain. That was a serious outlook for seniors who wanted to get into the first eleven and represent St. Kit's in the cricket-field; for the captain of the school was captain of the sports, and in matters of cricket his word was law.

It was still more serious for the juniors, the fags whose lives had been made a good deal easier while Talhot was captain, and who would be at the mercy of the bullies when a captain who was a bully himself was at the head of affairs. Talbot had always been down on bullying, and had carned a great deal of unpopularity in his own Form on that account, and when his place was taken by Eldred Lacy, the fags had a warm time to look forward to. And such of them as had voted for Prooke would get spiteful reminders of it, when Talbot was no longer in a position to protect them.

Consequently, a number of boys who would have been glad to see Brooke get the captaincy, has decided to vote for Lacy, or else absent themselves from the hall and not vote at all. Others, who did not care a rap who was captain of St. Kit's, meant to vote for Lacy, in the hope of getting into

favour with the new captain.

Brooke would no more have been guilty of favouritism, especially in matters connected with the sports, than Arthur Talbot. With Lacy it was different. A fellow who backed him up through thick and thin had an excellent chance of getting into the first eleven, and that was hardly a secret. And so a host of worries had descended upon the busy

juniors of the end study.

They had tried to make Talbot withdraw his resignation, and had failed. Now they had taken Brooke under their wing, and they were determined to get him in as captain by hook or by crook. But how?-that was the question. How was it to be done?

Lacy, at the lowest computation according to Pat's calculations, could depend upon a majority of a dozen or so voters at the election, and the election was to take place in twenty-four

bours.

Lacy's Offer-Pat Plays the Game,

What was to be done?

"A dozen of them," said Pat, drumming resectively met the table. "Trimble, especially, must be got rid of Bo fighting tooth and nail for Lacy, trying to get ith he favour again. Lacy has been awfully rough on his en since he had to own up to that firework trick, which refrightened poor old Lacy out of his wits. Trimble at Cleeve, and Hooper and Jones are the worst-I mean m set on getting Lacy in, among the juniors. They don't lie

him; but it's up against us, you see. Caddishi"
"Yes, they're a lot of cads," agreed Blagden; "but all to same, I don't see how we're going to prevent then be

voting as they choose."

"We're going to," growled Pat. "Ways and means to the only question. Lacy's party are getting up to all ser of mean tricks to get votes. I know Rake has been green half-crowns to fags who have promised to put up their had for Lacy."

"Bribery and corruption," said Blagden.

"Horrible!" ejaculated Greene. "The Head cut a

"Of course, we can't sneak! But it's rotten, and out a be put down somehow. Then some of the fags know the booked for a hiding if they don't vote for Lacy, and the going to do it to save their miserable skins Breed backers don't do anything of that kind. Brooke wouldn't

"Good old Brooke!"

"Yes, good old Brooke; but he won't get in vor at having to shove him in. Still, we must do our day, le pose. But, as I was saying, Lacy's party are getting such a crowd of the dirtiest and meanest sort of trick we shall be justified in any device to get their voters to from the poll. Of course, we wouldn't do it if it justified by the tactics of the other party.

"We've settled that it's going to be done. How are "

going to do it?"

"Blessed if I know," said Blagden.

"Blowed if I do," said Greene. "Lot of use you two are in a giddy council of var. "As I remarked before, you're leader, said Dische inning. "Greene old remarked before, you're leader, grinning. "Greene, old man, ain't you coming down to fives-court? We don't want to miss our game, and our leader is and the himself leader is quite capable of thinking this out by himself

"Right-ho!" grinned Greene, and he took up his car his mighty brain." "Here, hold on!" exclaimed Pat. "You bounders

"Ta-ta!" said Blagden. "I hope you'll have an son, by the time we come in to tea. Come en. Greet. The two juniors quitted the study, leaving Pat No looking very wrathful. As they said, he was leader wasn't all honey to be a shirt for the looking to be a wasn't all honey to be a chief and looked up to feet ideas when none

the Long, Complete. School Tale of Tom Merry in

"THE CEM" LIBRARY.

PRICE 1d

DON'T MISS

"Faith," growled Pat, "I think I'll resign. I've had seeigh of being leader of this study. How am I to get The door opened again, and Pat looked up from his

catellations, talk of the Old One! What do you want,

The lanky captain of the Upper Fourth came into the study with a confidential expression upon his face, and closed

the Cor. Then he came towards Pat.

Copvins

Par stared at him in astonishment. "What the dickens do you want, you bounder?"

"Mum's the word, Nugent. I've got something to say

See it, then, and then get on the other side of the door,"

said Pat politely. "Don't get ratty, Nugent. It's important. Look here, we baren't been on very good terms. I don't want to rake all that up again now."

"Coaldn't get on good terms with you, Trimble. You see, you're such a cad," said Pat-" such a regular, out-and-out, howling sert of a cod, you know,"

Trimble wewled, but restrained his temper with an effort. "I didn't come here for a row, Nugent," he said pacifically. "Look here, you want to be captain of the junior meket eleven, don't you?"

"Of course I do. So do we all." "So do I." said Trimble. " And as I'm head of the Upper Fourth, and you're in the Lower Fourth, you know I've got

more chance. "I dare say you have; but what's all that got to do with

me!" said Pat. " Come to the point." "I'm coming to the point. I've got more chance than you have so have two or three other fellows in the Fourth Form. But it's pretty certain that the chap who is backed up by the captain of the school will captain the junior eleven.

"Very likely," assented Pat. "What about it?"

"I date say you expect Brooke to back you up if he gets .. in as coptain.

"I haven't given the matter a single thought."

"Oh, come, you know, that humbug won't do for me!" said Trimble. "I'm speaking to you confidentially, and I think you ought to freat me in the same way."

Pat's open Hashed.

"If you are hinting that I am a liar, Trimble-"
"Oh, no!" said Trimble hastily. "I don't mean that! Dan' get raity. What I mean is this-that I want you to back me up in getting Lacy in."

"Then you'll be disappointed."

"Lacy knows," went on Trimble, unheeding, "that the election depends on the votes of the juniors, and he knows you have a let of influence. Of course, he's certain to get

"Then I don't see what you're after now."

"Don't cauch a fellow up so. He thinks there's just a alight chance Brooke may win, and he wants to guard

"You don't mean to say that you've come here as an and wader from Lacy?" exclaimed Pat, in astonishment.

"Well, yes, it amounts to that," said Trimble hesitatingly. "To peak right out, I've got to tell you, Nugent, that if you help Lacy to get in, he'll see that you are made captain of the justice eleven after the election."

Par's checks went red.

"Hum! So that's the price of my support, Trimble?" he saked quietly.

Yes, said Trimble, delighted to see Pat taking the rescally suggestion so quietly, "Yes, Nugent. You see, I'm really unselfish in the matter. I'm standing out myself, and you know I've a good chance. I don't mind that. Help the to get our man in, and you're captain of the second

eleten. Honour bright !" "And Lacy would keep his word?" "He'd give you a solemn promise."

"He might keep it. I wonder! I don't think I shall put birn to the test, though."

You mon't refuse an offer like that, Nugent?" "Yes, I shall refuse."

"Look late," said Trimble, becoming eager, "don't be a feel, Nugent: Whet's the beastly election to you? What do you care who becomes captain of St. Kit's, so long as You'll be out for your own interests? Don't be an ass! You'll never get a chance like this again. I tell you right but, that you are the only junior Lacy is afraid of in this theirer, and the only one he would make such an offer to."

the so he's afraid of me over the election, is he. Trimblet asked Pat, with a peculiar smile.

Yer; he knows you carry a lot of the lags with you, and he thinks you may get up to some trick or other at the last pement to feil him. That's the reputation you've got." Sure, and then I shall try to live up to it."

Come, Nugent, just say that you'll take it on, and I'll go

and tell Lacy he can rely upon you," said Trimble porsunsively.

Pat rose to his feet. He was quite calm, but the glitter in

his blue Irish eyes was rather changerous.

"Trimble, old man, you can go and tell Lacy he can rely upon me-to light against him tooth and nail at the election."

"You don't mean that, Nugent? I shouldn't dare to give

him such a message. 1---"

"And did you notice, Trimble darling, as you came in, that there's both a door and a window to this study?" asked Pat, in a honeyed tone.

Trimble stared at him.

"Yes," he said. "What are you talking about? What on earth has that got to do with the matter we're speaking

"Nothing," said Pat, "only I was wondering which you preferred to go out by, that's all,"

Trimble gritted his teeth.

"So you refuse, then, you fool?".

"Better language, please, and get out of my study before I lay hands on you. I'm trying to keep my temper."

"You feel, you think you'll be able to get as much out of Brooke, if he gets in; but he won't, and you'll be sold, I tell you that. You cad-

"Trimble, I've asked you to get out."

"I'll go when I like. I'll tell you what I think of you first. You're a-"

Trimble broke off as Pat seized him by the collar.

"Trimble, old dear, you've got to go."

Trimble, who was furious, began to struggle. Pat grappled with him, and they reeled to and fro in the study, and the table went with a crash against the door, blocking

"You've got to go," panted Pat.

With a mighty heave he twisted Trimble to the open window. Another heave, and the lanky Upper Fourth boy was twisted out upon the window-sill, and only Pat's grip upon him prevented him from slipping down into the close.

"I'll break your neck for this!" roared Trimble. "You look more like breaking your own, darling." said Pat. "Now, if you wriggle, you go down with a wallop."

"Let me get in."

"I gave you the chance to go out by the door, and you wouldn't take it. Now you're going out by the window."

And Pat, still keeping a grip on Trimble's jacket collar, jorked him off the window-sill and lowered him against the wall below.

"Think you can drop it?" asked Pat.

"Let me get in, you rotter!"

"I'm afraid I couldn't, Trimble. Your weight is a bit above my strength. You've got to drop now, and I'll send you down as softly as I can."

"You-you hound! I'll--" "I wish there were something solt for you to fall upon," said Pat, as Trimble wriggled against the wall. "Halle, here's Lacy! If he'd put his head underneath--"

The prefect, who was in the close, had caught sight of the proceedings at the study window, and was coming quickly towards the spet.

He looked up angrily at Pat.

"What are you doing, Nugent? Let Trimble get in immediately."

"Can't be done," said Pat cheerfully. "Would you mind getting underneath for me to drop him on you, Lacy? want something soft. Your head would do."

"Take him in at the window at once!" "Can't. He's too heavy. Do you think he will break his neck?" asked Pat thoughtfully. "It would be a bother to have a funeral here."

The prefect approached closer, his face suffused with anger. The sight of Trimble dangling under the window showed him pretty plainly what answer Pat Nugent had given to the offer conveyed to him by the unhappy messenger.

"Nugent, obey me instantly. Take Trimble in."

Pat grinned. He had not the slightest intention of obeying the prefect's command.

The ground was only six or seven feet under Trimble's boots, and the drop was an easy one, or l'at would never

have acted as he had done.
"Here goes," said Pat. "Are you ready, Trimble?"
"Hang you, I--"

"There you are!"

Pat let go, and Trimble went. He fell upon his feet, and staggered violently into the prefect, as I'nt had intended that he should.

Lacy gasted for breath. Trimble was a heavy weight to come suddenly and victently against his waistcoat, and the shock took his breath away.

"Trimble, you clamsy fool--"

IN "PLUCK." IC. "THE SECOND MILLIOH." A Tariffing This of John Squitte,

NEXT SATURDAY:

"THE BOARD-SCHOOL BOY." A Splendid, Long, Complete School Tale, by Jack North L.

AND

"It wasn't my fault!" howled Trimble. "You sent mo

into the study, Lacy, and-

"Held your tongue!" And Lacy, seizing his unfortunate fag, began to bex his cars right and left. "Lemme go, you "Oh. ow, ow!" reared Trimble.

brate!

"You clumsy dolt. I'll teach you to butt into me! Take

that, and that, and-Trimble, with a desperate wriggle, tore himself away, and bolted across the close. Lacy, whose wrath was not fully wreaked yet, dashed after him in pursuit. Pat was doubled up on the window-sill with laughter.

The Trapping of Trimble.

Election day!

Very different from the last one at St. Kit's. went about their business as if nothing unusual was impending. Lacy and some of his backers were anxious and busy, and the end study were highly excited. The rest of St. Kit's took it quite calmly.

Pat's electioneering had hardly prospered. The general feeling that Lacy would get in took the heart out of Brooke's party, and they had not been very enthusiastic to start with.

In the Upper Forms it was practically certain that at least half the fellows would vote for Lucy, while a quarter, at

least, would vote at all.

In the Lower Forms, where the end study had been untiringly at work. Lacy's majority was The not so large. fags would have plumped for Brooke. as a matter of fact. but for the underhand methods Lacy's backers had adopted to secure votes.

Many of. the youngsters declared that they would vote for Brooke, if they could do so without catching the eye of their masters, so that Lacy's majority on paper was not likely to be wholly realised at the election.

The prefect knew that very well, and he was leaving no stone unturned to get votes.

His attempt to win over Pat Nugent had failed ignominiously, but in other directions he had met with better success.

A totally unserupulous fellow had every chance of getting ahead of a quiet, sober old fellow like Brooke, who couldn't even suspect anybody of sharp practice, let alone plan how to counteract it.

Talbot had very strong doubts about his friend's success, but for the sake of the school he hoped for the best. But Talbot did not take a very prominent part in the electioneering.

(Another long instalment next Saturday.)

Your Editor's Compet

All lettors should be addressed, "The Editor, Public House, Carmelite Street, Land 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, Longon.

"THE BOARD SCHOOL BOY."

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For our second long, complete story I have chosen to SECOND MILLION," another tale of John Smith of Days brow the cool, unruffled detective. & Co. You know the cool, unruffled detective,

This story is by Mark Darran.

My readers have often expressed their approal de school tales that appear every week in this paper, and is I must draw your attention to a very popular and I now appearing in "THE GEM LIBRARY."

This chargeknown as I Merry, and year be certain the not only has a -time, but he and chums leed often very merry drag Sometimes the tax is not exactly to be liking of the p enough to eg-Tom; but the their fault, and ?. your fault if the miss a good thice

The price "The Gem " is my ONEHALE PENNY, but in good!

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