BUNTER LOSES HIS MEMORY! (SEE INSIDE.)



Three Complete Stories of-CO.-JIMMY SILVER & CO.-TOM MERRY & CO.



DIVES INTO THE EMPTY BATH!



THE FIRST CHAPTER. Hurt!

SAY, you fellows—"

Harry Wharton & Co., of the Remove at Greyfriars, grunted in the swimming-bath, when Billy Bunter came ambling after them.

"Well, what is it now?" asked Harry.

"I'm coming for a swim with you," said

"Well, what is it now?" asked Harry.
"I'm coming for a swim with you," said
Bunter, blinking at him. "You know, I'm a
dab at swimming. I'll tell you what I'll do.
I'll give you some tips about swimming, if
you'll stand a feed afterwards."
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Oh, really, you know—"
"You ass!" said Harry Wharton, laughing.
"You can't swim for toffee, and you know
you can't! You can just keep afloat in calm
water."

Oh, of course, it's no good arguing with a chap who's jealous of what a fellow can do!" said Bunter loftily. "But I'm willing to give you some tips. Anyway, I'm going swim-

"Better keep out of the bath; you'll be in

"Better keep out of the bath; you'll be in the way."
"I suppose I can do as I like."
"Yes; bub—"
"Oh, rats!"
Bunter stamped away.
As a matter of fact, he was an extremely poor swimmer, but he meant to swim that afternoon, if only because he knew that he would be in the way in the bath.
He went into the House and changed into swimming costume, and came out again with a big coat wrapped round him.
The chums of the Remove saw him as he made for the swimming-bath and grinned.

made for the swimming-bath and grinned.

"We're going to have an exhibition, I suppose," said Wharton; "and somebody will have to fish the fat duffer out."
"I suppose the ass knows the water isn't in the bath yet," said Nugent. "He's not duffer enough to jump in without it."
"Well, I suppose he can see!"
"I don't know—"
"Butter!" called out Wharton. "Bunter!"

"I don't know—"
"Bunter!" called out Wharton. "Bunter!"
He ran towards the fat junior.
Bunter had reached the door. He blinked round at Wharton, and went in.
The fat junior imagined that the chums of the Remove were going to stop him, and he could be very obstinate when he liked.
He hurried in, and threw off the cloak, and took off his spectacles. He could not, of course, keep his glasses on in the water, as they became onague when wetted.

course, keep his glasses on in the water, as they became opaque when wetted.

But without his glasses Bunter was terribly short-sighted. The atmosphere became as a fog to him, and the things he could see he could not see clearly.

He ran to the swimming-bath.

Harry Wharton & Co. came running in.

Wharton was really alarmed about the fat junior.

It seemed hardly possible that Bunter would not notice that the bath was empty and plunge down on the tiles; but there was no accounting for what Bunter might do. "Bunter!" called out Harry. THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 3.

A Magnificent Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Early Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., the Chums of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS:

"Oh, rats!"

"On, rats!"
"Don't jump in!" roared Harry. "There's

— Oh, he's done it!"
The fat junior had dived from the side into the bath.

Crash!
"My hat!"
"Good heavens!"
"Poor old Bunter!"
There was one cry from the swimming-bath The juniors' hearts stood still for a moment. They advanced with faltering steps to the

They advanced with faltering steps to the side of the bath and looked in.

Billy Bunter lay extended on the white tiles, without sound or motion.

"Good heavens!" muttered Harry Wharton, his face blanching. "He's hurt!"

"Bunter! Bunter!"

"There was no reply from the fat junior. He lay quite still, without a sound.

The Greyfriars fellows were accustomed to Billy Bunter's "spoofing." He could pretend to be seriously hurt on the slightest occasion. But this time they felt instinctively that it was not spoof. Bunter was hurt!

Harry Wharton jumped down into the bath.

He bent over Billy Bunter, and raised his

Billy Bunter was deadly pale, and there was a large bruise on his head, and his eyes were closed.

were closed.

"Bunter, old man!"

But Bunter could not speak. Bunter was insensible. It was genuine this time!

"Is it very bad?" called out Nugent.

"Yes; he's stunned!"

"Oh!"

"Poor old Bunter!"
"We must get a doctor to him!" exclaimed Harry. "Or, rather, it will be quicker to take him to the doctor. Tell Gosling to get his trap ready!"
"Right ho!"
"The doctor of the Cherry joined."

Nugent dashed out. Bob Cherry joined Harry, and they carried Bunter up out of the swimming-bath.

wimming-bath.

The fat junior neither moved nor spoke.

"One of you had better call in Mr. Quelch,"

tid Harry, in a low voice. "He—" said Harry, in a low voice.
"I am here!"

"I am nere!"
Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came quickly up.
His face was dark and concerned.
"I have just met Nugent," he said. "He says that Bunter has been hurt—that he jumped into the bath without noticing that it was empty..."

says that Bunter has been hurt—that he jumped into the bath without noticing that it was empty—"

"He dived in, sir."

"Poor lad! But how—"

"He had his glasses off, and I suppose he couldn't see," said Harry, in distress. "I never knew the poor chap was so short-sighted as that, sir. Shall we take him down to the doctor's? It will be quicker than sending for Dr. Whirter."

"Yes, yes, by all means!"

Nugent came dashing in.
"The trap's ready!"

"Let me help you carry him," said Mr. Quelch. "So far as I can see, he is simply stunned, and there is no great injury done. But I will come with you."

"Yes, sir."

Bunter was carried out to the trap.
As he was placed in the vehicle Bunter's eyes opened, and he gave a groan.

"Oh, my head! Ow! It aches! What's the matter?"

"It's all right, old son," said Harry softly.

"You've had a bump, but we're looking after

you."
"Lemme alone!"

"We're not going to hurt you, old chap. Just lie on the cushions." "Who are you?" "Eh?"

"Who are you?" said Bunter previshly. "Lemme alone!"

"Lemme alone!"

"He does not recognise you without his glasses," said Mr. Quelch. "Lie quiet, Bunter, You have bruised your head, and we are taking you to the doctor's."

Billy Bunter did not reply.

His eyes were closed, and he seemed to be unconscious again. Harry Wharton and Nugent sat with him in the trap, and Mr. Quelch took the reins.

The vehicle deshed out of the gates of

The veh Greyfriars. vehicle dashed out of the gates of

A crowd of juniors stood round, and while some of them were touched and sympathetic, the general feeling was one of suspicion and scoffing.

Billy Bunter's humbug was too well known. There were few among the fellows who heard of the accident who believed that Bunter

of the accident who believed that Bunter was really hurt.

But the fat junior was not spoofing this time. Bunter was hurt, and his injury was destined to have peculiar consequences, for himself and for others.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Bunter Loses His Memory.

EN minutes later, Billy Bunter was in Dr. Whirter's surgery, and the little medico was leaning over examining him.
"Do you feel much pain, my lad?" asked

"Do you feel much pain, my lad?" he physician.
Bunter blinked at him.
"He wants his glasses," said Harry.
"Eh? What's that?"
"I've got your glasses here, old chap."
"Glasses?"
"Yes; here they are."

Bunter blinked at the pair of spectacles that Wharton held out to him. He was sitting up, with a somewhat wild expression on his face.

He made no motion to take the spectacles. "Look here, none of your larks!" he exaimed. "I'm not going to wear those claimed.

"But-but they're yours!"
"Rats!"

"Rats!"
Harry Wharton stared at him. He could not understand Bunter in the least now. Some strange and inexplicable change seemed to have come over the fat junior.

Dr. Whirter took the spectacles and placed

them on Bunter's nose.

The fat junior blinked through them, and evidently found himself seeing better with the aid of the glasses, for he allowed them to remain there.

the and of the glasses, for he answed their to remain there.

Dr. Whirter drew Mr. Quelch into the next room. The master of the Remove was looking a little anxious.

"Well, doctor?" he said.

"The boy has had a severe shock, and he has a very large bump on his head, which must be kept bandaged for some time," said Dr. Whirter. "Otherwise there is little the matter with him. Had he been in good condition he would have steed the shock much better. But he is in a low state from overfeeding and want of exercise. He will not be able to take his place in the class for a week, at least; but I see no reason why he should be confined to the sanitorium. But you will use your own judgment about that."

"But he seems very strange in his manner."

"That is because he is still dazed from

the shock. I have no doubt that his manner will become normal in a few hours."

Mr. Quelch nodded.

"Then I may take him back to Greyfriars with me?"

with me?"
"Certainly!"

Mr. Quelch rejoined Bunter.
"Do you feel strong enough to move?" he

asked.

Bunter blinked peevishly.

"I'm all right!" he said.

"Does your head ache?"

"Of course it does! There's a big lump on it!"

"You shall have a good rest when we get back to Greyfriars," said Mr. Quelch. The fat junior stared at him.

Greyfriars?" Yes, Bunter."

"Where's that?
"What!" excla exclaimed Mr. Quelch, quite

staggered.
"I don't know what you are talking about.

Who are you?"
"I! Surely you know me, Bunter—your Form-master, Mr. Quelch?"
"Form-master?"

Bunter blinked at him, and then closed his eyes. He seemed to be grappling with some mental problem. Mr. Quelch seemed very much perplexed.

much perplexed.

"He is still suffering from shock," said Dr. Whirter. "It will pass off."

Billy Bunter was taken out to the trap. He did not speak a word while he was placed in it.

During the drive to Greyfriars he looked round him curiously several times, as a new boy might have looked round upon wholly new scenery.

Whatton and Nugent watched him. They

new scenery.
Wharton and Nugent watched him. They were vaguely uneasy, and vaguely alarmed.
Bunter's manner was strange. It would have been dike the fat junior to talk on in an endless stream, and make the most of his injury. But he did not.

He did not open his lips, but only looked about him, with that strange expression upon his face, as if thoughts were passing in his mind that he could hardly grasp, and could not utter. not utter.

What was the matter with Bunter?
Wharton felt that the injury had gone deeper than Dr. Whirter imagined. There was something odd, something alarming, in Bunter's look

Bunter's look.

The trap arrived at Greyfriars, and stopped outside the School House.

Billy Bunter looked at the grey old building, and at the crowds of fellows in the Close, with a new and startled look.

"Here we are again!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, as cheerfully as he could.

Bunter blinked at him without replying. Wharton descended from the trap, and helped Bunter down. The fat junior looked round him with an odd, scared expression.

"Look here!" he exclaimed suddenly. "What's this place you've brought me to, you fellows?"

you fellows?' Bunter

"What's this place, I say?"
"Don't you know Greyfriars again?"
"Greyfriars!" said Bunter, with a puzzled

"Bon't you know they that's again?"
Greyfriars!" said Bunter, with a puzzled look.

"Yes, your cld school, Billy?"
Bunter looked round vacantly.
"Gammon!" said Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove. "We know Bunter. He's trying to spoof us again. Come off, Bunter!"
Bunter blinked at the burly Removite without speaking.
"Shut up, Bulstrode!" said Wharton quietly. "Bunter's not well. He's had an awful crack on the head, and it's just upset him. Come in, Bunter!"

He led the fat junior towards the door.
Bunter resisted.
"Look here, I'm not going in there!" he exclaimed angrily. "I don't know the place, and I'm not going in!"

There was a buzz of amazement from the juniors crowded round.
Bunter's words took their breath away.
"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.
"He's lost his memory!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Not Spoof!

OOR old Bunter!"

That was what Bob Cherry said as the fat junior passed into the house, with his arm linked into Harry Wharton's.

His words were echoed by several fellows, but Bulstrode burst into a laugh.

"You surely don't believe him!" he ex-

claimed centemptuously. "He's spoofing! I think we've had enough of Bunter's spoof to know it when we see it."

"What-ho!" said Skinner.
Bob Cherry shook his head.

"I don't think he's spoofing now," he said.

"It looked-genuine enough. It was that biff on the bottom of the bath that did it. He's hurt his head somehow."

"More likely to hurt the bath."

"Oh, rats! I tell you he is hurt, and he's suffering from shock to the system. He's lost his memory."

lost his memory.
"Bosh!"

"Bosh!"

And Bulstrode put his hands into his pockets and walked away, whistling. Bulstrode's opinion was shared by more fellows than was Bob Cherry's. They knew Bunter. Meanwhile, Billy Bunter was taken into the house by Harry Wharton.

With his head bandaged up, and a still dazed and bewildered expression upon his

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BUNTER'S GENEROUS MOOD!

face, the fat junior looked very curious, and it was evident that he could not quite get his bearings.

Familiar objects seemed new to him, and he did not seem, even, quite sure of his own name, for on more than one occasion he paid no attention when addressed as Bunter or no attention when addressed as Bunter or Billy.

If the fat junior was spoofing and acting all the time, he was doing it remarkably well. But Wharton did not think so. He was

convinced that the unfortunate Owl of the Remove was sincere this time.

The bump on his head had done it, and for the present, at least, the terrible shock half shattered Bunter's memory.

shattered Bunter's memory.

It was not an uncommon occurrence, and
the question was—would it last? Would the
Owl of the Remove ever be himself again?

"I can leave him to you, I think," said Mr.
Quelch. "Under the circumstances, he will
require looking after, Wharton."

"Yes, sir; I'll look after him."

"Very good!"

"You'd like to lie down for a bit, Bunter?"
sked Wharton. asked

Bunter blinked at him.
"No, I wouldn't!" he said.
"Will you come into the study?"

"Will you come into the study?"
"No, I won't!"
"H'm! Will you have something to eat?"
asked Wharton, playing what he considered
to be a trump card.
Billy Bunter had never been known to
refuse an invitation of that kind.
"I'm not hungry," said Bunter.
Wharton almost staggered.
"Ww-what!" he gasped. "Not hungry?"
"No."
"Sure Billy?"

"Sure, Billy?"

Bunter made a peevish gesture.
"I suppose I ought to know whether I'm hungry or not?" he exclaimed.
"Ye-e-s, but—but——"

"Well, I'm not. I've got a headache," said Bunter, passing his fat hand over the ban-dage. "How did I get this lump on my

"You dived into the swimming-bath when there wasn't any water."
"Oh, did 1?"

"Don't you remember, Billy?"
"No, I don't."
"My word, it's genuine enough!" said
Nugent, as he joined them. "What are you
going to do with him, Harry?"
Harry Wharton rubbed his chin thought-

Harry Wharton rubbed his clim thought fully.

"Blessed if I know!" he exclaimed. "It's pretty clear that he's lost his memory—for the present, at least. I've heard of such things before. I suppose it will come back again; but for the present—"Yes, that's it! It's a jolly curious thing; but we shall have to look after the poor bounder—he hasn't any chum!"

"Wall that's his own fault—I mean,"

bounder—he hasn't any chum!"
"Well, that's his own fault—I mean,"
added Wharton hastily, "we should have
been his chums if—if things had been
different. Still, we'll look after him. I
think we'd better get him to bed. He may
be better after lying down for a time. Then
you and the fellows can clear up the study a
bit, and get a fire going, in case he wants to
come down."
"Birkt you are!" said Nugant cheefully "Right you are!" said Nugent cheerfully.

The chuns of the Remove were giving up their half-holiday to the Owl, but they did not even think of that.

They were quite willing to make any sacrifice for a fellow in poor Billy Bunter's state. Bunter was taken up to the dormitory. He made no resistance as Wharton put him to lead

hed.
As a rule, Bunter was always prepared to go to sleep. After eating, his greatest pleasure lay in sleeping.
But he was very wakeful now. He lay in bed blinking at Wharton through his big spectacles, and so, evidently, trying to puzzle out something in his mind, that it was painful to watch the changing expressions of his face. Several juniors came into the dormitory, impelled by curiosity or sympathy.
When they looked at Bunter their doubts as to the genuinefless of his malady were dispelled.

nelled.

He could never have acted like this if he

He could never have acted like this if no had been shamming.

"I say—what's your name?" said Bunter.

"Wharton!" said Harry quietly.

"I've heard that name before," said Bunter.

"Yes, I dare say, old fellow," said Harry. cheerfully. "I'm an old friend of yours, you know. I've known you a long time."

"Have you?" said Bunter doubtfully.

"Yes, quite a long time, kid."

"I've been here before." said Bunter, blink-

"I've been here before," said Bunter, blink-

ing round the dormitory.

"Yes; it's the dorm."

"The dorm?" repeated Bunter.

"That's it—the Remova dormitory, you

know."
"Oh!" said Bunter.
"My hat!" said Bulstrode softly. "He can't be spoofing to that extent! He'd have given himself away before this!"
"Yes, rather!" THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 3.

"Then it's genuine! Poor old Bunter!" said Bulstrode, and his voice was unusually

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Amazing!

RANK NUGENT came into the Remove dormitory with a bag in his hand. Nugent's face was grave and quiet. He was sorry for Bunter—as the others were—and anxious about him. He came up to the bedside, and Harry Wharton glanced at the bag.

"Is he any better?" asked Frank Nugent.

"Is he any better?" asked Frank Nugent.
Wharton shook his head.
"He doesn't seem to be in much pain,"
he replied, "but his memory's gone. He
doesn't know me. He doesn't even know
the dorm."
"Poor old Bunter!"
"I say, you fellows—"
"Yes, Bunter?"
"I-I-I-"
"Bunter byoks off. A gleem of intelligence.

Bunter broke off. A gleam of intelligence had flashed into his dazed face, but it was gone again. Had it been a momentary glimmer of returning memory? If so, it was gone, and it did not recur.

Nugent stepped to the bedside.

"How do you feel, Bunter?" he asked.

"Eh?"

"Don't you know me?"
Bunter blinked at him.
"No, I don't! Who are you?"
"Em Nugent!"

"Mm Nugent;"
"Oh, don't be funny!" said Bunter
peevishly.
"I—I'm not being funny," said Nugent,
rather taken aback. "I'm Frank Nugent, you
know! But never mind that. I've brought
you something to eat, Bunter."
"I'm not hungry!"
"Eh?"

"En?"
"I'm not hungry!" said Bunter.
"Oh, draw it mild!" murmured Bulstrode.
"We can't quite swallow that!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Shut up, you chaps!" said Wharton,

"Shut up, you enaps. said whateon, frowning.
"Look here, Bunter," said Nugent, opening the bag. "I've got some of Mrs. Mimble's latest in tarts, and some cream puffs, and—and pork-pies! Look!"
"Here's a beautiful saveloy!" said Ogilvy.
"Look at this plum-cake!" added Bob Cherry.

"Look at this plum-cake!" added Bob Cherry.

Billy Bunter blinked at the comestibles. They would have made his mouth water at any other time. But he seemed to have lost his appetite along with his memory.

He shook his head and turned away.

"I don't want any!" he said.

"But—but they're ripping!"

"Look at these tarts!"

"And these doughnuts!"

"Oh, take 'em away!"

"What?"

"I don't want them!"

"My hat!" ejaculated Bulstrode.

"The hatfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurrec Singh. "The esteemed Bunter has completely changed his spots, like the Ethiopian leopard!"

"My word, he has!"

"Ohiet van chans!" said Wharton. "Look

Ethiopian leopard!"
"My word, he has!"
"Quiet, you chaps!" said Wharton. "Look here, you'd better buzz off. I'm going to try and get him to sleep."
"Hush-a-bye, baby!" sneered Snoop.
Wharton's eyes gleamed, and he stepped

towards Snoop. 'Get out, you cad!" he said, in a low voice.

oice.

And Snoop got out.

Most of the juniors followed. Harry
Vharton tucked the bedclothes in round
unter, and the fat junior blinked at him Wharton Bunter, and the fat junior blinked at him the while. "You'd like to go to sleep, old fellow?"

said Harry.

"No, I wouldn't!"
"But-but-"

"I'm not sleepy!"
"But-"

"But—"
"Look here, I'm not staying in bed."
said Bunter, suddenly sitting up. "It's not night-time! What the dickens should I go to bed for?"
"You're—you're ill, you know!" said Wharton fachly.

ton feebly.
"I'm not ill!"

"I'm not ill!"
"Well, you see—"
"Who says I'm ill?"
"You—you've got a lump on your head,
you know, and—"
"Well, I'm getting up!"
"Better lie down a bit," said Wharton
urgingly. "It will do you good, Billy, old
The Penny Popular.—No. 3.

chap! Lie down and go to sleep a bit, and I'll stay with you in case you wake up, and—and then we'll go and have a feed in the study."

"I don't want a feed in the study."
"Oh!"

"I'm going to get up!"
"Well, if you really want to—" said Harry hesitatingly.
Bunter settled all doubts upon that point by putting a fat leg out of bed. He blinked

by putting a fat leg out of bed. He blinked round him peevishly.

"Where are my clothes?" he exclaimed.
Wharton handed him his clothes and helped him to dress. He did not utter a further word of remonstrance.
Under the circumstances, he felt that it was better to allow Bunter to have his way uncuesticed.

unquestioned.

Bunter was soon dressed, and he rolled towards the door.

Wharton followed him, and with a curious uneasiness and anxiety in his heart which he had never expected to feel on account of Billy Bunter, he accompanied the fat junior downstries.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Bunter Must Be III.

Harry Wharton drew the armchair towards the fire in Study No. 1,
Bunter had not forgotten that an armchair was comfortable. He sank down into the well-padded armchair with great comfort.

"Comfy, old son?"
Bunter grunted. The grunt could be taken

"Now, what about tea?" said Wharton. "I suppose you're ready for tea, Billy?"

"Getting peckish?"

Bunter seemed to consider.
"Oh, I don't know!" he said. "I've no appetite."

"Poor old Bunter!"
"Suppose we chat with him," suggested Bob

Cherry,
"Oh, don't jaw!" said Bunter,
Bob smiled a sickly smile. Bunter's
peculiarly gracious manners had evidently
undergone no change.

undergone no change.

Bunter blinked at the juniors.

"I say, you fellows, why don't you sit down?" he asked. "I should think you'd get tired, standing up all the time."

The juniors fairly gasped.

It was the first time, since any of them had known Bunter, that the fat junior had ever expressed any concern for anybody but himself.

"My only hat!" murmured Nugent.

"My only hat: murmurea Nogeno.
"Bunter, old man—" began Bob Cherry,
but his voice fairly failed him.
"Oh, sit down! Would you like the armchair?" "Eb?"

"Any of you care to have the armchair?"
"My hat!"
"Great Scott!

"Great Scott!
"Can't you naswer?" asked Bunter.
"It's all right, old chap!" gasped Wharton.
"The armchair was brought here for you, because you're rocky. That's all right,"
"Oh, all serene!"
"Ready for tea, Bunter?"
"Well, I'm getting peckish, I think," said Bunter, rubbing his fat hand over his forehead, as if he were not quite certain of it.
"I den't know. Is this my study?"
"Yes."

"I den't know. Is this my study?"

"Yes."

"See if there's anything in the cupboard."

"Oh, we're standing treat!"

"You're not standing treat," said Bunter.

"If you're coming to tea in my study, I'm standing treat."

"We shall hear about the postal-order next," murmured Rob Cherry.

"Eh?" exclaimed Bunter, whose ears seemed to be unusually quiek, in spite of the shock his head had received. "What's that?"

"I—I—I wondered whether you were expecting a postal-order, that's all," stammered Bob Cherry.

pecting a postal-order, that's an, standard Bob Cherry.
Billy Bunter wrinkled his brows. The words "postal-order" seemed to touch a chord in his shattered memory, but the effort to remember was evidently too much for him.
He shook his head.
"No; I'm not expecting a postal-order," he replied.
"What!"
"I'm not expecting a postal-order," said Bunter peevishly. "I never get postal-orders.

Bunter peevishly. "I never get postal-orders. There's nobody to send me postal-orders that I know of."

The chums of the Remove stared at him blankly.

Billy Bunter, all unconsciously, was telling

Billy Bunter, all unconsciously, was telling the truth for once in his life.

The juniors knew that Bunter was not himself just now, but they had never expected this, or anything like this.

"My only hat!" Bob Cherry murmured.

"Bunter sick is better than Bunter well."

"What-hol"

"Hat-no!"
"I don't think I have any money about me,"
said Bunter, feeling in his pockets. "I'm
afraid I sha'n't be able to stand treat, you
chans."

arraid I sha'n't be able to stand treat, you chaps."

"It's all right. We're going to stand a feed."

"Not to me."

"B-b-b-but why not?"

Bunter shook his head. The juniors gazed at him, and then at one another.

Billy Bunter picked up the poker and stirred the fire. Even that slight action added to the amazement of the chums.

Bunter had never poked the fire before of his own free will. He had always left that task for somebody else to do.

He would never replenish the fire even; and even if he were the only fellow in the room, he would sit calmly by it and let it go out, unless somebody else put on coals.

Bunter had become considerate; Bunter had become independent; Bunter was thinking of others instead of wholly of himself.

Certainly, Bunter must be very, very ill. That was how the Greyfriars' juniors looked at it.

"You Bunter, this he cour treat" exist.

at it.

at rt.
"No, Bunter; this is our treat," said
Wharton. "You can return the compliment
some other time."
"Oh, very well!"
And Billy Bunter sank back in the arm-

chair

chair.

The juniors prepared tea, and, to thely surprise, Bunter hardly glanced at the food on the table. Moreover, he showed no desire to start on the meal. Even when he did sit up to the table he are very little.

His usual custom was to eat sufficient, for five or six healthy fellows, but on this occasion he ate barely sufficient for one.

Which was all very puzzling to the

juniors.

They were convinced that Bunter was really ill, after all.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Another Surprise from Bunter.

Another Surprise from Bunter.

ALLO, hallo, hallo! Who's that?"
Bob Cherry asked the question an hour or so later.

"That" was a regged tramp who was walking up to the School House across the Close of Greyfrigrs.

He was decidedly dirty and unkempt, and had evidently been on tramp for a long time, but what he wanted at Greyfriars was not clear, unless he had come in to beg.

And in that case he must have been very keen to dodge the vigilance of Gosling, the porter.

And in that case he must have been very keen to dodge the vigilance of Gosling, the porter.

A group of juniors on the School House steps stared at him. Bulstrode, who was among them, burst into a scoffing laugh.

"A blessed beggar, and no mistake!" he exclaimed. "Gosling ought to be sacked for letting him get in at the gates!"

"Yes, rather!" said Skinner. "Let's rag him! Look here, we'll make the rotter run the gauntlet in the Close! Give him a lessen about coming here to beg!"

"Good!" exclaimed Snoop.

"No, you won't!" said Bob Cherry.
Bulstrode & Co. glared at him.

"Who'll stop us?" demanded Bulstrode belligerently.

"I'll try," said Bob Cherry, facing the bully of the Remove calmly. "Yes, I know you can lick me, Bulstrode, but I can put up a jolly good fight every time, and if you want to take it on again, I'm ready."

"Look here, Cherry—"

"And I'm ready to back you up, Cherry!" exclaimed Tom Brown, of New Zealand. "Nobody is going to bump or rag that poor bounder while I'm here!"

"Mind your own business, young Frozen Mutton!" snapped Skinner.

"It's my business, too," said Harry Wharton, coming out. "Hands off that kid, Bulstrode, or there will be a row! I suppose he has no right here; but he's not going to be ragged! He looks as if he's had a hard time of it, anyway."

"Of course, you are bound to interfere!" sneered Bulstrode.

"Yes," said Wharton quietly. "I'm bound to interfere to stop any rotten cowardly bullying, whenever I get an opportunity!"

"Yes," said Wharton quietly. "I'm bound to interfere to stop any rotten cowardly bullying, whenever I get an opportunity!" Bulstrode turned crimson.
"I don't want to hurt the chap—" he

"Let him alone, then!"
The ragged tramp had come up the steps.
His keen eyes were looking out sharply and
suspiciously from a dirty face with shaggy

brows.

Probably, if the juniors had wanted to rag him, they would have found it difficult to catch him.

"What do you want here?" demanded

"What do you wall."

Snoop.
"If you gents will 'elp a poor man—"
began the tramp, in the regular whining voice
of the mendicant.

"Rats! Buzz off!"
"Begging isn't allowed here," said Bulstrode. "You ought to be locked up! Get

"Here!"

It was a voice calling from a window. The beggar looked up, and so did the Removites. The fat face of Billy Bunter appeared at the window.

The fat junior blinked down at the beggar.

"This way!" he called out.

The tramp was not slow to take the hint.

He ran towards the window, and stopped under it, holding his hat to catch what might

ne rant towards the windov, and stopped under it, holding his hat to catch what might be thrown out.

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir!" he said.

The juniors stared in amazement as Bunter felt in his pockets.

During tea Harry Wharton had generously slipped a shilling and some coppers into Bunter's pocket, in case he should feel inclined to partake of a feed at the tuckshop. Billy Bunter, in a state of health, had never been known to give anything away.

In losing his memory, Billy Bunter seemed to have lost his original nature as well.

He was feeling in his pockets for money. The tramp looked up eagerly.

"Ere y'are, sir!" he called out, holding out his cap.

Bunter threw out a coin.

It clinked on the ground, missing the cap, and there was a gleam of silver as the tramp picked it up.

and there was a gleam of silver as the tramp picked it up.

Another and another coin followed.

"Thank you, sir!"

Bunter blinked at the beggar.

"I'm sincerely sorry I can't give you any more," he said. "That's all I have about me. And I'm not expecting any, either, unfortunately."

"Thank you kindly, sir! You're a gent, sir!" said the tramp.

And he slipped his unexpected gains into some recess of his rags, and started towards the gates.

the gates.

the gates.

Bulstrode made a movement to follow him.

"Look here, he can't be allowed to get away with that money!" he exclaimed.

"It's only a few pence."

"But Bunter is off his rocker, or he wouldn't have given it to him."

"Hallo, Gossy's after him!" exclaimed Skinner, with malicious glee.

Wharton compressed his lips.

As the beggar neared the gates, Gosling had come out of his lodge, with a big stick in his hand.

had come out of his lodge, with a big stick in his hand.

Gosling had been careless in allowing the tramp to enter, but he evidently meant to make up for it as the intruder went out.

The burly porter stood beside the gate, with the stick grasped in his hand. The tramp could not escape without passing within reach of him.

The begger helted

The beggar halted.
"Gossy's going to make him sit up!"
chuckled Snoop.

"Oh, shut up, you cad!" said Wharton.
"What harm has the tramp ever done you?
I suppose he couldn't help being born a
beggar, could he?"

"Oh, you're always siding with some rotter, Wharton!"

"I never side with you!" said Wharton.
And there was a laugh at Snoop's expense.
"Well, he's going to get a lamming now, at any rate!" said Bulstrode, with a spiteful sneer at Wharton.

at any face: Sand substicted, with a spiteful sneer at Wharton looked towards the gates. The tramp had halted, evidently afraid to pass Gosling. The porter, after waiting for him a few moments, started towards him. The beggar stood ready to dodge.

Harry Wharton ran down the steps and ran across to the gates.

"Gosling!" he called out. "Gosling!" The school porter looked across at him.

"It's all right, Master Wharton! I've got the 'ound! You see that he don't dodge, Master Wharton, and I'll paste 'im! I'll teach 'im to come in 'ere with his beggar's tricks! Wot I say is this 'ere—he's goin' to get a 'iding!"

"Hey?" said Gosling.

"Let him alone!"

The school porter stared blankly at Wharton. Why the handsome, well-dressed captain of the Remove should interfere on behalf of a ragged tramp was a mystery to the

porter.
Gosling's principle was to "chivvy" anybody who had the misfortune to be at his mercy, and any other course of conduct he was wont to regard as "humbug."
"Look 'ere, Master Wharton!" he exclaimed. "Wot I says is this 'ere—that chap is goin' to 'ave a lickin' for comin' in 'ere, and if you interferes, I'll report yer to the 'Ead!"
"Report away!" said Harry. "You're not going to touch him!"
"Look 'ere!"
"Cut off, old man!" said Harry, pointing

oing to touch him."
"Look 'ere!"
"Cut off, old man!" said Harry, pointing of the gates. "I'll stop this chap!"
The tramp looked at him queerly.
"Thanky, young master!" he said. "You're good sort!"

a good sort!"
And he cut off towards the gates.
Gosling ran straight at him with brandished stick. Harry Wharton ran in, caught the porter's wrist, and twisted the stick away, flinging it to the ground.
"Master Wharton, I'll report yer!" roared

Gosling.

"And I've been here a long time?"

"You were here before I came."

"I can't understand it. What were those fellows down there staring at when I was throwing some tin to the beggar?"

Harry Wharton hesitated.

"Well, you see, you used not to—to give much money away," he remarked slowly.

"Oh, I see."

"You must be stony now. Billy. Shall I

much money away," he remarked slowly.

"Oh, I see."

"You must be stony now, Billy. Shall 1 lend you something?"

"Money, do you mean?"

"Yes; a few bob!"

The Owl of the Remove shook his head. Accustomed as he was by this time to the vagaries of the new Bunter, Wharton was staggered.

"No, thanks," said Bunter. "You see, I don't know when I should be able to repay it. I don't expect to get any tin."

"You might get a postal-order?" suggested Harry.

"I'm not expecting one."

"Oh!"

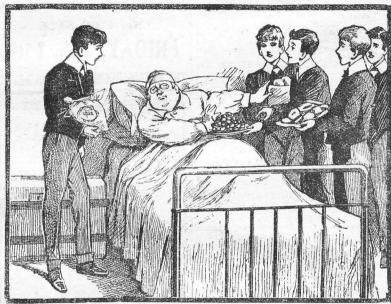
"So I won't take a loan, thanks. Hallo, who's that?"

Hazeldene of the Remove looked in at

Hazeldene of the Remove looked in at

the door.

He watched Billy Bunter curiously, and the



BILLY BUNTER REFUSES FOOD!

"Oh, report, and be hanged!"
"Wot I says is this 'ere—"
"Rats!"

The tramp had vanished. Harry Wharton walked back to the School House, leaving Gosling staring after him, dumbfounded.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Bunter Does Not Know Marjorie!

ARRY WHARTON looked in at Study No. 1 a little later. Billy Bunter was still staring vacantly out of the window.

He turned round, and blinked at Wharton as the latter came in. His brows were puckered up in a puzzled, perplexed expression.

pression.

"Feel better, Bunter?" asked Harry.

"I'm all right."

"Hungry?"

Bunter blinked at him.

"How can I be hungry when we've only lately had tea?" he said.

"I can't keep or eating all the time, can I?"

Harry Wharton smiled. It was clear that Billy Bunter's memory had not returned yet.

Billy Burser's means, yet.

"I—I say, this place seems familiar, somehow," said Bunter, looking round with a bewildered expression.

"It's your study, Billy."
Bunter passed his hand over his head. He winced as his fat fingers came into contact with the bump there.

"Oh, you say I belong to this school?"

"Yes, rather!"

fat junior blinked at him with equal

fat junior curiosity.
"Who's that?" he asked.
"That's Hazeldene."
"Oh, is it? I don't know him."
"Well, I'm Hazel," said Hazeldene, with a laugh. "You know me now. Isn't he any Doesn't he remember wen, i'm hazz, a laugh. "You know me no better, Wharton? Doesn anything yet?" Wharton shook his head.

wharton shook his head.
"My sister's come over to see me with Clara," said Hazeldene. "Look here, Bunter knows her. He's a rotten little cad, and I never liked him speaking to Marjorie, but under the circumstances I think perhaps she may help to recall his silly memory."

memory."

"Good!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.
Billy Bunter started a little. The name of Marjorie seemed to recall something to his mind. Wharton was watching him.

"You know Marjorie, Billy?" he said.
Bunter looked strangely perplexed.

"Marjorie!" he repeated.

"Yes; Hazeldene's sister of Cliff House, you know."

"N-n-o."

"You don't remember?"

"I seem to know the name," said Bunter, with evident distress. "But—but——"

"Let him see her," said Hazeldene.

"Good! Where are they now?"

"In my study."

"Come on, Billy!"

Wharton linked his arm through Bunter's, and led him down the Remove passage.

THE PENNY POPULAR.—No, 3.

Marjorle Hazeldene and Clara were in

Marjorle Hazeldene and Clara were in Hazel's study.

Bulstrode and Tom Brown, who also shared that room, had left it to Hazeldene for the occasion, as was the general etiquette among the Greyfriars fellows when a fellow had lady visitors.

The two girls looked very fresh and rosy after their walk in the cold wind from Cliff House. There was a kettle singing on the fire, and a cloth on the table.

Marjorle and Clara had been told about Billy Bunter's misfortune. They looked curiously at the fat junior as Wharton brought him in.

They knew the untruthfulness of the Owl of the Remove so well that, without being suspicious, they did not believe in his sincerity this time, unless it was made clear to them that it was genuine.

Miss Clara, indeed, was smiling with open seeptieism.

"Se poor Bunter is jil?" she said.

scepticism.

seepticism.
"So poor Bunter is ill?" she said.
"Yes," said Harry. "He dived into the
swimming-bath, and bumped his head on
the tiles. There wasn't any water in it, you

"Poor Bunter!" said Marjorie softly.
"What a dreadful bruise!"
"The worst of it is that the shock has made him lose his memory," said Harry.
"Doesn't he remember anything?"
"Nothing."
"Poor Bunter!"
"I dare say it will come back," said Harry. "I hoped that seeing you would make a difference. Don't you know Marjorie, Bunter?"
Bunter was blinking band at the soft was soft to soft the soft was blinking band. Bunter was blinking hard at the fair face

Bunter was blinking hard at the fair face of the girl.

He shook his head.

"Is that—Marjorie?"

"Yes, I am Marjorie," said the girl, with a sweet smile. "Don't you know me, Billy? You surely can remember me?"
Another shake of the head.

"And don't you remember me?" asked Miss Clara

Clara.

I'm sincerely sorry."

Clara.

"No. I'm sincerely sorry."
Miss Clara's eyes danced.
"Don't you remember that I owe you five shillings?" she asked.

"Oh, Clara!"
But Bunter shook his head still.
"No," he said. "Do you? Did I lend you five shillings?"
Miss Clara was nonplussed, if not convinced. The old Bunter would have claimed those five shillings without scruple, whether they were due to him or not.

It was quite clear that a great change had come over Bunter.
"It's genuine enough," said Hazeldene.
"It looks like it," admitted Miss Clara.
"But Bunter was always such a—a—a—"
"Liar!" said Hazeldene cheerfully.
"Story-teller!" said Miss Clara.
"But you can see that he is ill now," said Marjorie gently. "I am very, very sorry, Bunter. I hope it will soon be all right."
"Thank you," said Bunter.

"Thank you," said Bunter.
"Thank you," said Bunter.
"Tea will be ready in a minute," said
Hazeldene. "You fellows are staying?"
"Well, we've had tea," said Wharton.
"Have another one then," said Hazeldene.

"Sit down!"

A very cheerful party sat down to tea in Hazeldene's study. Billy Bunter was looking very cheerful, quite as much so as the others.

the others.

There was still a bewildered expression lingering in his eyes, but the pain was almost gone from his damaged head, and he was cheering up wonderfully.

Nevertheless, Billy Bunter ate very little. His lack of appetite astonished the Cliff House girls, and although they tried every possible device to bring back Bunter's memory, they did not succeed.

Bunter was not shamming. His memory was nearly gone. But would he recover it?

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. A Sudden Surprise.

FTER morning school the next day Harry Wharton & Co. took Billy Bunter in charge when they came out of the Form-room.

There had been a fall of rain, and the ground was not in a fit state for footer practice.

Billy Runter to be a fall of the state for footer practice.

Billy Bunter had shown little sign of im-provement during the day, and the chums of the Remove felt that they had to look after him.

"Hungry, Billy?" asked Nugent THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 3.

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter.

It was clear that the Owl of the Remove It was clear that the Owl of the Remove was recovering, although his memory had not come back. The juniors had begun to think that it would never come back. Bunter had been in this strange state now for some time, and his Form-fellows were ceasing to expect a change.

And, as several of the Remove observed, it wasn't wholly desirable that Billy Bunter charled recover.

should recover.

Bunter now was a much more decent fellow than the Bunter of old, and by losing the memory of what he had been he was enabled to make a fresh start, and to turn over an entirely new leaf.

entirely new leaf.

Certainly he was much easier to get on with now that he was not trying to borrow money of every fellow who had any, and to insinuate himself into every feed that was stood in the Lower School at Greyfriars.

"Come to the tuckshop?" said Wharton.

"Right you are!"

Billy Bunter sat in Mrs. Mimble's shop and consumed quite a fair amount of food.

The rain was falling fast as the juniors were about to leave the little shop, to cut across the Close to the School House.

No. 4 ON SALE

FRIDAY. Feb. 14th.

THE ARTFUL DODGER! WHO IS HEP





A BARROW-LOAD OF BUNTER!

ORDER YOUR COPY AT ONCE!

They turned up the collars of their coats. Billy Bunter blinked out into the rain and drew back his head like a snail withdrawing

drew back his head like a snail withdrawing its horns.

"It's jolly wet!" he remarked.

"Yes; we shall have to run."

"I say, you fellows——"

"Go on, Billy!"

"I don't want to get wet, you know."
Harry Wharton laughed.

"None of us do," he replied. "But we shan't get very wet, Billy. We can run. Come on, and make a dash for it!"

"Yes; but I say, couldn't one of you cut across first and get an umbrella?" said Billy Bunter.

The chums of the Remove looked at him. This was the old Bunter with a vengeance! It did not matter if they went out into the rain and were wetted, so long as an umbrella was fetched for him. It was the Billy Bunter of old with a vengeance! His memory was not coming back, but his original nature

was. "Well, my hat!" said Bob Cherry.

"Come, make a run for it!" said Harry Wharton briefly,

Wharton briefly.

"Oh, really you know, I don't feel fit to run, just after eating, and I've had a good blow out, too," said Billy Bunter.

"I'll get an umbrella, then," said Wharton quietly. "You fellows may as well stay, and I'll bring yours at the same time."

"Oh, rats!" said Bob Cherry. "Let Bunter stay here till the rain's over. He can go on feeding."

"Well perhaps I could go a few more."

"Well, perhaps I could go a few more tarts," said Billy Burner thoughtfully.
"Go it, then," said Harry. "Give him whatever he wants to-day, Mrs. Mimble, and charge it to me."
"Yes, Master Wharton."

Bunter resumed his seat on the stool at the counter, and recommenced operations upon the tarts.

the tarts.

The chums of the Remove dashed across the Close with their collars turned up, and ran into the School House.

There were a crowd of juniors in the House, looking out disconsolately at the rain. The days were lengthening now, and they were looking forward to a run out after school. But the rain stopped all that.

"Why not get up a game of footer in the Common-room?" remarked Russell.

Common-room?" remarked Russell.
"That's not a bad idea," said Wharton,
"if we don't make too much row and bring
in the prefects."
"I've got a ball," said Ogilvy.
"Good egg!"
Ogilvy brought down a footer, and the
juniors closed the door of the Common-room

and lined up for sides.

As nearly all the Remove were there, and a great many of the Upper Fourth, the teams were very strong in numbers, like the old-fashioned sides at Rugby.

It was the fun the juniors were after, not scientific football.

The game was soon going strong.

The fireplace was soon goal, and the window at the opposite end of the Common-room was the other, and goals were fre-quently kieked, with disastrous results to the diamond panes of the window.

But as breakages were always charged to the juniors responsible for them that was not a serious matter; it meant items on bills, not lickings.

The game was getting fast and furious when the door of the Common-room was opened.

Billy Bunter entered.
The fat junior stood and blinked in surprise at the scene of the uproar.
As he stood there the ball had been passed

across with a whiz, and it was shooting straight for Bunter. There was a yell of warning as Nugent, for whom the ball was intended, missed it

by yards.

The ball had bounced high, and before Bunter understood what the yell meant it had struck him on the chin with a violent

had struck him on the chin with a violent shock.

The fat junior staggered back and fell. "Stop play!" shouted Wharton.

The juniors crowded round Bunter, Harry Wharton was the first. He raised the fat junior in his arms. The concussion of the footer had not been hard enough to hurt anybody, but Bunter, always clumsy, had struck his head against the wainscot as

had struck his neau agame.

The Owl of the Remove lay quite still.

"My hat!" said Nugent in dismay. "He's hurt!"

"Just like Bunter to come in and catch the ball with his head!" growled Bulstrode.

"Oh, shut up, Bulstrode!"

"He's hurt!" said Wharton.
There was concern in every face. Under ordinary circumstances no one would have

ordinary circumstances no one would have cared much, for the Remove were a tough crowd, and accustomed to giving and receiving hard bracks ing hard knocks.

But Bunter was not well now But Bunter was not well now. Bunter already had a big bump on his head, and had lost his memory, and there was no telling what harm a new shock might do to him. "Billy!" said Harry, as he raised the fat junior's head. "Billy old man!"
Billy Bunter did not reply.
He was unconscious.
"My word!" said Nugart. "It was only a

"My word!" said Nugent. "It was only a tap, too. It wouldn't have sent anybody else off. Poor old Bunter!"
"The poorfulness of the old Bunter is ter-wifia!" "It was only a

"Help me get him up to the study," said Wharton. "We'll look after him there, and bathe his head. It's only a tap, but if he

doesn't come to at once we shall have to ! send for the doctor.
"Right you are!"

The three juniors took up the Owl of the Remove.

Remove.

In the midst of a crowd of them he was carried up to the Remove passage without exciting attention, and put in the armchair in Study No. 1.

Nugent fetched a bowl of water and sponge, and Bunter's collar was loosened, and Harry began to bathe his face.

"Give him room!" said Wharton, pushing back the crowding juniors. "We don't want to suffocate him. Keep back!"

The juniors crowded cut of the study. Some of them waited in the passage to hear how

The juniors crowded cut of the study. Some of them waited in the passage to hear how Bunter went on.

Wharton bathed the head of the Owl of the Remove. Bunter's eyes opened, and he blinked at Wharton dazedly without his spectacles.

Harry drew a deep breath of relief.

"He's coming to!"

"Thank goodness!"

Bunter blinked at the chums of the Remove. He did not seem to be able to make out where he was, or what had happened to

"III. say!" he gasped.

"Lie still, Billy! You're all right!" said Harry Wharton gently. "You've had a bump on the napper, but you'll be all right!"

"I-I-it was your fault!"

"Eh?"-

"Eh?"
"It was all your fault. I suppose there wasn't any water in the bath!"
"The—the bath!"
"Yes," said Bunter peevishly. "I shouldn't have come such a cropper if there had been any water there, I suppose. I should have seen it was empty if you rotters hadn't been chasing after me."

chasing after me."

The juniors stared blankly at Billy Bunter.
Had he lost his memory again, or was he mad

-or what?

THE NINTH CHAPTER. A Shock for Bunter.

ARRY WHARTON was silent for a full mimute, looking steadfastly at the fat junior. He was too surprised for words.

Billy Bunter was growling, and feeling the bump on his head. He, too, seemed to be in a dazed state, but his wits were returning. "What's all this water over me for?" he demanded.

""I—I've been bathing."

"I-I've been bathing your head, to bring you round!" stammered Wharton.

you round!" stammered Wharton.

Bunter grunted.

"Well, you might give a chap a towel, then," he said disagreeably.

Nugent silently handed Bunter a towel. The fat junior mopped his face and head, and threw the towel aside.

"Where are my glasses?"

"Here you are!"

Bunter replaced the glasses on his little fat nose. He blinked discontentedly at the juniors.

"I've got an awful bump on my head!" he growled. "It aches fearfully. The pain won't be gone for days. Yow!". "The bump hurts?" asked Harry. "Yes, awfully! Ow! Do you think you wouldn't be hurt by bumping your head on the floor of a bath?" demanded Billy Bunter: "But but "" "But-but-

"I-I say, how did I come to have these clothes on?" exclaimed Bunter, looking down at his fat person in astonishment. "I was in my swimming things when I dived into the

"You-you-

"Do you mean to say that you dressed me, while I was off?" demanded Bunter. "What a silly trick! More sense to shove me in bed, I should think."

. The juniors exchanged glances.

Amazing as it was, there was no doubt as to what had happened.

Billy Bunter had woke up from his second insensibility with his memory restored.

He had taken up his life again, as it were, from the point where it had broken off, when he was stunned by his fall into the bath.

What had happened since was lost,

It was amazing, but the fact.

The juniors hardly knew how to explain. But that there must be some explanation was evident, for Bunter was beginning to look alarmed.

"Look here, you fellows," he exclaimed, "what does this mean? I suppose I was stunned when I fell into the bath, wasn't I? I don't remember anything since," "Yes," said Wharton.

"What did you dress me for?"

"You see

"Why didn't you get a doctor?"

"You see

"Nice chaps you are to look after a chap, I must say!" snorted Bunter, in quite his old manner. "I might have been brained, I suppose, and you wouldn't care twopence. Look here, have any letters come for me while like here, have any letters come for me while I've been lying here?

"Letters?"

"Yes; I'm expecting a postal-order."

The juniors could not restrain a chuckle. It was the old Bunter, quite himself again; there was no mistake about that.

Bunter blinked at them indignantly.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" he growled. "I'm expecting several postal-orders, as a matter of fact, one of them from a titled friend of mine—a chap I'm very chummy with.

"Good old Bunter!"

"Look here, you fellows, how long have I been lying here?" demanded Bunter, with a vague uneasiness in his manner.

"Only a few minutes," said Wharton.

"Oh! It seems longer somehow," said Bunter. "Some duffer has put that calendar on to Wednesday. It's Tuesday."

He was blinking at the little movable cardboard calendar on the mantelpiece, just in front of him. Wharton glanced at it.

"It is Wednesday," he said, as gently as he uld. "You've been ill!"

"Ill?" repeated Bunter.

"Yes. After that biff in the swimming-bath, you lost your memory." Bunter stared at him.

"Lost my memory"

"Yes."

"What rot!"

"Look here, Bunter-

"Look here, Bunter—
"I know jolly well I never lost my memory," said Bunter peevishly. "You're trying to pull my leg. What rot!"
"You did lose it," said Harry quietly, though the unpleasant manner of the fat junior was putting a great strain upon his temper. "You forgot all of us, and even your own name. You have been going about the school knowing nothing of what happened before that bump in the bath."

Billy Runter locked incredulous

Billy Bunter looked incredulous

"Oh, draw it mild!" he exclaimed.

"Look here, fathead," said Harry Wharton,,
"it's perfectly true. You've forgotten everything that's happened since you dived into
the swimming-bath."

"Do you remember Marjorie and Clara coming here?"

"Of course I do!" said Bunter, "It was a week ago, and-

"Ha, ha!"

Bunter snorted.

"What the dickens are you fellows laughing at?" he demanded.

"Marjorie was here yesterday," explained Wharton, "and you didn't recognise her." "Oh, that's rot!" said Bunter disdainfully.

"Well, do you remember us putting you in

"You put me in bed?"

"Yes. And we offered you a plum-cake."

"P-p-plum-cake?" stuttered Bunter.

"Yes. We also offered you some dough-nuts and tarts," said Wharton.

" Eh ?"

"And buns and biscuits."

"Did I eat them?"
"No; you refused them."

"I refused tarts and buns and biscuits?" exclaimed Bunter, with emphasis.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "It sounds funny doesn't it?"

"I don't believe it!" said Bunter. "You're pulling my leg!"

"We're not!"

"Then where are the tarts and buns?" asked Bunter. "If I didn't eat them—"
"We had to polish them off," said Wharton.
"We couldn't let them get stale, you know."

"You haven't saved me any?" "What was the good? You refused them

when we offered-

"I should be jolly glad of something to eat now!" said Bunter. "I'm starving!" "Well, you can't be ill now," said Bob Cherry, with a grin. "He's the same old Bunter, you fellows."

"Look here," said Bunter. "I suppose what you say is true?"

"Quite true."

"Of course, you're glad I'm better?"

"Well-er-er-

"You wouldn't have liked me to have remained ill for the rest of my life?"

" Not exactly. But-

"Well, I reckon you ought to stand me a big feed, just to commemorate my recovery." Some other time, Billy."

"You won't do it?"

"Money's a bit tight," said Bob Cherry, "Ask us again in a week's time."

Bunter glared; but gradually a strange expression came over his face.

But the juniors knew what was coming. Bunter gradually worked up an expression of intense suffering.

"I-I say, you fellows," he said, "I-I feel very strange! I-I think I'm having a relapse. I-I think I'm losing my memory again!"

The juniors roared:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, you fellows—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I-I forget who you are!" said Bunter.
"I-I don't recognise you, Wharton! I don't even know your name-I mean-" The juniors simply shricked.

"Look here, you beasts!" roared Bunter. "I tell you-

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the juniors walked away, still laughing. And the jumors watter away, son raughing. Billy Bunter glared after them and snorted. But he did not lose his memory again. He might keep it up his sleeve, as it were, as a card to be played on some more favourable occasion in the future—but for the present it was useless. was useless.

There was no sympathy left now for poor old Bunter!

THE END.

Next Friday's Grand Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. is entitled-



The Artful Dodger!

By FRANK RICHARDS.

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HEALING THE BREACH!

A Grand Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Early Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Trouble for Three.

HERE was trouble in the end study in the Fourth Form passage at in the Fo

Rookwood.

Exited voices could be heard proceeding from that famous apartment.

Apparently four fellows were talking at once, and each doing his best to drown the voices of the others.

Grinning Fourth-Formers came along the passage, and listened to the row.

"It's that new-kid," remarked Topham of the Fourth. "Lovell & Co. can't stand him at any price. He's got too much nerve. (ather round, my infants, and see him come out on his neck!"

And quite a crowd of Fourth-Formers gathered round to wait for that interesting event.

They fully expected to see Jimmy Silver, the new junior, come out of the end study "on his neck."

For a whole week, ever since Jimmy Silver had arrived at Rookwood, in fact, there had been more or less trouble in the end study.

And it had evidently reached a head at lest

Inside the study, Jimmy Silver was seated on the corner of the table with his hands in his trousers-pockets. He was the coolest there.

Lovell and Newcome and Raby, his study mates, were highly excited. Lovell, in fact, was brandishing a clencifed fist in the air, to lend additional emphasis

Not that they needed emphasising. They could be heard at the other end of the passage

"I tell you-" Lovell was shouting.

"And I say the same!" exclaimed New-ome. "A new kid that hasn't been a week

come. "A new kid that hasn't been a week in the school—"
"I tell you it won't do!" vociferated Raby.
"And we're not going to stand it. And we're not going to stand it. And we're not going to stand you! We're fed up!"
"Fed right up to the chin!" roared Lovell.
"And the long and the short of it is, we won't have you in the study—"
"And if you don't get out—"
"We'll make it too hot to hold you—"
"And we'll heepin now—"

"And we'll begin now-Jimmy Silver took his hands out of his ockets. It looked as if he would need the

pockets. It looked as it he would need the use of his hands soon.

"Oh, draw it mild!" he protested.

"You can go and dig with somebody else!" shouted Lovell. "Go over to the Modern side if you like! I dare say they'd take you in! You're their sort!"

in! You're their sort!"

"Yes, you'd just suit the Modern idiots!"

shimed in Raby. "Anyway, you're not staying here. We're not taking any. Now, what
do you say?"

Jimmy Silver grinned.

He did not seem very much put out by
the excitement of the Fistical Three.

He was as cool as a cucumber.

"Oh, I say rats!" he replied.

"What?"

"Rats!" said Jimmy Silver.

"That's done it!" howled Lovell. "Out he
goes!" And outside the study Topham and
his companions chortled: "Now watch!"

Lovell & Co. made a rush at the cool new

Lovell & Co. made a rush at the cool new junior sitting on the table. Jimmy Silver's hand was resting on the

His hand came up as the three exasperated

His hand came up as the three exasperated juniors closed in on him.

The inkpot was full, but it was empty in a second, as a stream of black fluid met the oncoming three.

Lovell caught the first splash with his mouth, which was open, and he staggered away gurgling frantically.

The Penny Popular.—No. 3.

Raby caught it with his eyes, and Newcome with his nose.

Then the inkpot was empty, and the three warlike juniors were coughing, spitting, gurgling, and gasping hysterically, smothered with ink.

"Groooooogh!"
"Gurrerred"

Gurrrrrrgh!"

"Oh, crumbs! Yow!"
Jimmy Silver slid off the table.
He made a quick step to the door.
The end study was not a salubrious spot for

The end study was not a saudonous spot for him after that.

"Ta-ta!" he said cheerily. "See you later, and I hope you'll be a little more reasonable. I'm sticking to the study!"

"Gurrrrgh!"

"Improve Silver ground the door, and stepped.

"Gurrrgh!"
Jimmy Silver opened the door, and stepped out into the passage.
There was a murmur of expectation among the crowd as the door opened.
They stared as Jimmy Silver came coolly out and walked down the passage.
Then they roared at the sight of the three inky juniors in the room, dabbing wildly at the streaming ink on their faces.
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Groo-ogh! Oh, I'll slaughter him!"
"Yow! My eye! I'll massacre him!"
"Oh, crumbs! Let's get after him and smash him!"

"Yow! My tye."
"Oh, crumbs! Let's get after him and smash him!"
The inky trio rushed out of the study, shoving their way through the laughing crowd, in pursuit of the new boy.
But Jimmy Silver had not lingered. He was already downstairs.

was already downstairs.

If they had been a little calmer, the Fistical Three might have hesitated to show themselves in public with their faces and collars streaming with black ink.

But they were not calm. They wanted vengeance, and they wanted it at once.

They rushed furiously down the passage, and as they caught sight of Jimmy Silver in the Lower Hall they rushed down the stairs.

A yell of laughter from

A yell of laughter from a crowd of Modern juniors greeted their appearance. "Oh, my hat!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "Look at those Classical niggers! Ha, ha,

"Look at those Classical niggers! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Lovell & Co. did not heed. They hardly saw their old rivals of the Modern side. They had eyes only for Jimmy Silver, who was sauntering out coolly into the quad. They dashed after him at top speed. In their hurry they almost dashed into Bulkeley of the Sixth, the captain of Rookwood, who was in the doorway.

Bulkeley stared at them, and gave a shout. "Stop! Do you hear? Come in at once!" The inky three reluctantly stopped. There was no gainsaying Bulkeley. The big Sixth-Former glared at them.

"You young sweeps! A pretty state to come out in! What do you mean by it—what?"
Lovell & Co. blinked at him through the

Lovell & Co. blinked at him through the

ink.

"Oh, don't mind them, Bulkeley," chirped Tommy Dodd. "These Classical kids never wash themselves! I dare say it's a week since they spilled that ink on their

wish themselves that ink on their chivvies!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go in at once!" said Bulkeley, frowning at the dismayed three. "Go in and wash yourselves, you mucky young rascals! And take fifty lines each, and show them up by tea-time. Do you hear? Not a word! Get out of my sight, you sweeps!"

Lovell and Newcome and Raby went disconsolately in. Vengeance on the new boy evidently had to be postponed.

The Modern juniors sent a volley of laughter and chipping after them, as they sneaked upstairs and got out of sight.

In the Fourth Form dormitory there was a

sound of splashing, as the heroes of the end study proceeded to remove the ink.'

It was not easily removed. There was plenty of it, and it clung.

By the time they had cleaned it off and changed their collars, Lovell & Co. were crimson with exertion, and stuttering with

boy!" That-that new gasped "We'll slaughter him for this! We'll boil him in oil!

"Hallo!" exclaimed Topham, as they came back to their study. "Have you slaughtered the new kid? Why—what—yarooh!" Topham, to his surprise and indignation, was collared by the exasperated three, and

was collared by the exasperated three, and bumped in the passage.

The three badly wanted to bump somebody, and Topham had come along just in
time with his awkward question.

They went on to their study, leaving the
Fourth-Former sitting on the floor and
spluttering with indignation.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Run Down !

OVELL & Co. did not see Silver again, however, till dinner-time, when they met at the Fourth Form table. Lovell dropped into the seat beside Silver at the dinner-table, and gave

Jimmy him a black look.

"I want you after dinner," he muttered. "Sorry!" murmured Silver. "I'm g "I'm going

out."
"You can stay in. I'm going to lick you!

you!"

"I'm not looking for a licking, thanks."

"You'll get it without looking for it. If you're not a rotten funk, you'll come behind the gym this afternoon."

"My dear chap, I'm going out to have a look at the Coombe Quarries this afternoon. You can't expect me to give that up simply for a licking, now can you?"

"Rotten funk!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Bow-wow!"

"Look here, you've got to fight me!" hissed

"Look here, you've got to fight for?"

"What are we going to fight for?"

"Because you're a cheeky new kid. I'm going to thrash you!"

"That's all very well. But suppose I thrash you—what then?"

"You—you silly ass——"

"Look here! Will you agree to make it pax and be a decent pal if I thrash you?" asked Jimmy Silver, in a businesslike tone.

Lovell almost choked.

"You—you worm! I—I—I'll mop up the ground with you! As for palling with you, I'd sooner pal with a hyena!"

"Then I'm not going to thrash you," said Jimmy Silver determinedly.

"You howling jabberwock!" exclaimed Lovell. "Do you think you could stand up against me for two ticks?"

"Lovell, you are raising your voice," said

"Lovell, you are raising your voice," said Mr. Bootles, blinking along the table. "You seem to be quarrelling. You will go to the Form-room for an hour this afternoon, Lovell, and write out a verb of the first conjugation, both active and passive voices."

both active and passive voices."
Lovell gurgled.
His luck was out. If he was to spend an hour writing out the active and passive voices of a verb of the first conjugation, the new kid would be able to dodge him.
That licking would not come off. And Lovell felt that he couldn't wait.
But he had to wait.
After dinner, when he made a move to follow the rest into the quadrangle, Mr. Booties shepherded him off to the Form-room, where he was planted with a Latin grammar and a sheaf of impot paper.
As soon as Mr. Bootles was gone Lovell jumped to the Form-room window.

He saw Jimmy Silver sauntering away, evidently bent on the visit to the Coombe Quarries that he had spoken of.

Lovell shook his first from the window after the unconscious junior.

"You wait a bit, you blessed funk!" he growled. "Oh, won't I give you a hiding presently!"

And then Lovell sat down to the joys of the active and passive voice.

And then Lovell sat down to the joys of the active and passive voice.

An hour later he crawled wearily out of the Form-room.

The Classical juniors had a tremendous contempt for the Moderns and all their studies. They held that the study of the dead languages was the "thing."

They prided themselves upon mugging up Virgil while the Modern cads were busy with bookkeeping or "stinks."

Lovell might therefore have been expected to enjoy his hour with the active and passive

to enjoy his hour with the active and passive voices of a verb of the first conjugation.

But he hadn't.
At all events, he did not look as if he had been enjoying himself when he came out from his detention.

his detention.

He looked as if he were in a mood for homicide—or manslaughter, at least.

Raby and Newcome were waiting for him. They were sympathetic.

"Where's that new kid?" was Lovell's first question. "Has he come in?"

"No," said Raby. "Never mind him now. We've been waiting for you to go down to footer practice, old chap."

"Hang footer!"

"Oh. draw it mild!" said Newcome indice.

"Hang footer!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Newcome indignantly. "We've waited an hour, and I want to get to the footer, for one!"
"Get to it, then!" said Lovell. "I'm going to look for that new kid!"

"Oh, let him alone!" said Raby uneasily. "If he didn't want to fight you, Lovell, don't pile it on him. He—he isn't such a bad chap, you know." you know.

"Are you standing up for him?" bawled bovell.
"Don't shout, old chap. I say he isn't a bad sort. Look how he dished the Modern bad sort. cads-

eads—"
"Like his cheek!"
"Well, yes; but—"
"And he's a measly funk. I told him I was going to fight him this afternoon, and now he's sneaked off somewhere by himself."
"He didn't strike me as a funk," said Newcome. "It does look a bit like it, though. But if he's a funk, he ain't worth bothering about."
"Pm going to lick him!"

"Pm going to lick him!"
"Come down to footer, there's a good

chap!"
"Blow the footer! I'm going after that new kid, I tell you! I know where he's gone."

"Well, I'm going down to the footer," said Raby. "See you later, Lovell! We're going to have a feed at tea, you know. I've had a postal-order."

"Blow the feed!" growled Lovell.

Evidently he was not in a reasonable mood.

Evidently he was not in a reasonable mood. "Must say you're agreeable this afternoon," said Raby. "As you're so jolly plain-spoken, I'll follow your example. I think we've been too much down on that new kidor, rather, you have. He's not a bad sort at all, and it would be more sensible to make it pax with him. He could help us no end against the Modern cads."
"So you're backing him up against me!" snorted Lovell. "That's the kind of pals you are, is it?"

snorted Lovell. "That's the kind of pals you are, is it?"
"Oh, don't get your rag out over nothing!" remonstrated Rafy. "Blessed if you don't fly out at a word! What's the blessed matter with you? You used to be a good-tempered chap once upon a time."
"Well, if you prefer that chap to me you can back him up and leave me alone!" snorted Lovell. "But he'll come back to you with a beautiful set of features, I can promise you that!"
And Lovell strode away towards the school gates in a towering rage.

gates in a towering rage.
Raby and Newcome looked after him in

Raby and Newcome looked after him in something like dismay.

"My hat! Old Lovell's got his back up, and no mistake!" said Newcome. "Shall we go after him, Raby?"

"Let's get down to the footer. Be'll feel better when he's licked the kid." said Raby.

"All the same, that chap Silver is decent, and I don't quite see being down on him like this. Come on!"

They went down to footer.

Lovell strode out of the gate, and took the road towards Coombe.

Jimmy Silver had told him that he was going to see the Coombe Quarries, so Lovell knew where to look for him.

He strode on with a set brow and tight lips.

The fellows who knew Lovell for a good-tempered and amiable fellow would hardly

tempered and amiable fellow would hardly have known him now.
His "down" on the new boy scemed to have quite changed him.
He strode along the lane at a good speed.
Half-way to the village he turned off by the footpath that led to the quarries.
The old chalk quarries were abandoned now, and the spot was a very lonely one.
The great, yawning pits left in the earth where the quarry-men had worked years ago made the vicinity dangerous to a stranger.
But Loyell knew the ground well.

made the vicinity dangerous to a stranger.
But Lovell knew the ground well.
He came out from the footpath amid the bracken and gorse that grew thickly over the wide expanse and covered up in some places the openings of the deep old pits until one was very close.

And his eyes glittered as he caught sight of a junior in Etons at a distance.
"That's the cad!"
He started towards the junior. It was

Jimmy Silver.

The new boy at Rookwood was spending a very cheerful afternoon exploring the old quarries on the upland near the sea.

"Will you wait for me there till I get round?" shouted Lovell.

ound?" shouted Lovell.
Silver laughed.
"No fear! I'm going for a stroll."
"Wait there, you funk—you rotter-"Rats!"

"Then I'll jump it!"

"Then I'll jump it!"
Lovell retreated from the side of the pit, to take a run for the jump.
Jimmy Silver stared at him in alarm.
"Don't be a mad idiot!" he shouted.
"Why, it's sixty feet deep at least!"
"Bah! Mind your own business! I can clear ten feet, I suppose!"
"But suppose you don't? Stop, I tell you! Lovell, don't be a silly ass!" yelled Jimmy Silver, really alarmed now.
But Lovell did not stop. He took a rapid run, and bounded across the cleft.
Jimmy Silver watched him ston'ly.
The leaping figure came soaring across, and Lovell's feet landed, but the crumbling edge of the pit yielded under his feet.
He flung himself desperately forward, clutching with his hands. Roots came out in his desperate clutch.

in his desperate clutch.

Jimmy Silver bounded towards him, white as death. Before he could reach the unfortunate junior Lovell had slipped back.



TROUBLE FOR THREE!

But the cheerful expression faded from his face as he caught sight of Lovell dashing to-wards him through the long grass and bracken.

He looked worried.

"Stop!" shouted Lovell.
Jimmy Silver stood still watching him.
Between him and the oncoming junior lay
a wide pit, which extended for a great distance in each direction.
Lovell had not observed it, but the pit
barred him off from Jimmy Silver.
He came on at a run.

"Hallo!" called out Jimmy Silver. "Looking for me?"

"Yes, you funk!"

ing for me?"
"Yes, you funk!"
"Mind where you're running to!"
Lovell halted, gritting his teeth with rage.
The deep cavity in the earth yawned at his very feet. It was ten feet wide, and the sides sloped steeply down.
At the bottom there was a splash as Lovell's foot detached a stone, and it whizzed down into the deuths.

Lovell's foot detached a stone, and it whizzed down into the depths.

There was water there, but in the gloom of the pit it could not be seen.

The Classical junior halted, simply raging. Jimmy Silver smiled across at him.

"You funk!" exclaimed Lovell. "You've been dodging me!"

"Guilty, my lord!"

"I'm going to lick you!"

"Bow-wow!"

Jimmy Silver halted on the very verge of the pit.

Far below came the hollow echo of a

Lovell had disappeared!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

By Sheer Pluck.

IMMY SILVER stood paralysed on the crumbling edge of the pit. His face was white with horror.

But it was only for a moment that

he stood thus.

Then he flung himself on his hands and

knees on the dizzy verge, and peered down into the darkness below. "Lovel!!"

"Lovell!" Jimmy's voice was hoarse and strained he hardly knew the sound of it as he called: "Lovell! Are you hurt? Answer me!" Only the echo of his voice replied. From the junior who had disappeared into the depths of the old quarry came no word,

no sound.

Jimmy Silver staggered to his feet and

cast a wild look round him.

"It's my fault!" he groaned. "I—I've got to get to him! But how—how?"

Jimmy Silver looked over the dizzy verge and shuddered.

THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 3.

Could he do it? And if he fell? What had happened to Lovell? If he fell—

Jimmy Silver made up his mind.

He ran along a dozen steps to where a mass of creepers hung over the edge of the pit.

He looked down, setting his teeth.

It needed all his self-control to keep his brain from reeling.

But he did not hesitate.

do—I've never been here before. Is there a way out of this?"

Lovell blinked at him.

"We can't climb out," he said.

"No fear!" said Jimmy, with a glance up at the almost perpendicular walls of the pit.

"You—you came down for me, without knowing whether there was a way out?" stammered Lovell.

"Blessed if I thought about that!"

brain from reeling.

But he did not hesitate.

He grasped the creepers, and swung himself over the edge.

Fragments of earth and stone rattled down upon him, and fell with sullen splashes far

With his teeth set, Jimmy Silver worked his way downwards. The bulging side of the

pit helped him.

Down and down he went, digging his hands into the crevices of the clayey soil, clutch-ing at crevices, at roots, at tiny projections, till a root came out in his hands, his bruised fingers slipped as he grasped, and he felt himself going!

In a moment all the horror of death thrilled

In a moment all the horror of death thrines the junior.

He was falling—falling.
But it was only a dozen feet that remained, and almost in an instant his feet plunged into icy water.

He reeled over and fell, and scrambled up again, wet and muddy, but unhurt.

He panted for breath. There was deep dusk around him, though the sun was shining on the uplands.

He was aching in every limb, but he did not think of fatigue just then.

The shallow water left by the rain filled the old quarry from side to side, but it was more than a foot deep; under it was tlick, soft mud.

Jimmy Silver slipped and stumbled along, peering through the dusk for Lovell.

"Lovell! Lovell!"

Still no answer. But a sigh of relief escaped him as he caught sight of the boy he sought. In the deep dusk of the pit he saw him at last.

Lovell lay in the water, hunched up against the wall of the pit. His head lay back against the chalk; his face was deathly white, his eyes were closed. His legs were under water.

under water.

Jimmy splashed up to his side.

"Lovell! Lovell!"

He grasped the insensible junior and dragged him farther out of the water, upon the strip of mud between the water and the side.

His heart was throbbing with relief. The

His heart was throbbing with relief. The worst had not happened.

The water and the bed of soft mud had broken the junior's fall.

Jimmy felt over his limbs; they were sound. There was a bruise, growing blue, on his forehead—that was all.

And, to Jimmy Silver's relief, Lovell's eyes opened and stared at him wildly.

"Lovell, old chap—" panted Jimmy.

"Oh, my head! Oh!"

"Poor old chap! I thought you were a goner!" gasped Silver.

Lovell blinked at him, and shivered. The contact of the water was icy.

It was some minutes before Lovell realised

It was some minutes before Lovell realised where he was and what had happened.

He tried to rise, and sank back again, panting.

"Oh, crumbs! I-I fell in!" he muttered.

"Yes. Thank goodness it's no worse!"
"How did you get here?"
"I came down for you."
Lovell stared at him.
"You—you came down?"

Jimmy Silver nodded. Now that it was done, he hardly knew how he had done it. was no wonder that Lovell was surprised.

"You climbed down?" gasped Lovell dazedly. "Then—then you can't be a funk! I don't know a fellow who'd have tried it!"

"Never mind that. How are we to get at? You know this place better than I

"Blessed if I thought about that!"
"And suppose there isn't a way out?"
"My hat!"

Jimmy Silver's face became very grave. If there was no way out of the pit in that lonely place, it was not pleasant to think of what would happen to the two juniors.

Their voices would never be heard; there

Their voices would never be heard; there was no building within a mile.
"We've got to get out somehow!" said Jimmy desperately. "My word! What are you grinning at, Lovell? Blessed if I can see anything to grin at in a ghastly fix like the!"

Oh, you ass!" cried Lovell. "You-you "on, you ass!" cried Lovell. "You—you plucky ass! Do you think I should take it so calmly if there wasn't a way out? We've got to follow the dashed pit for about half a mile, and then we can walk out easily." Jimmy breathed more freely.

"Good! Can you trot?"

"What's the matter now?"
"My ankle!" groaned Lovell. "Yow! I've twisted it!"

"Lean on me.

"Lean on me."
"Oh, crumbs!" groaned Lovell, as he dragged his feet from the mud. "I—I ean't stand it! I—I can't! I can't put my foot down. Cut off, young Silver, and fetch "Rats!" said young Silver. "If you can't walk, I'll carry you!"
"You can't carry me half a mile."
"I'm not going to leave you here."
Lovell blinked at him again.

Lovell blinked at him again.
"I'm not going to let you carry me!" he muttered. "It's—It's not good enough. Besides, you can't!"
"Bosh! Get on my back."
Lovell made no further demur. He was already shaking with the cold. Jimmy helped him on his back, and started.
Splash, splash! he went on through the dark water, dragging his feet heavily out of the mud at every step.

It was not easy going, with thick, soft mud under his boots, the icy water swishing round his legs, and Lovell's weight on his back.

But he stood it manfully
On he went, staggering sometimes, but
never losing his footing.

Lovell did not speak a word, and Jimmy
had no breath left for talking.
In silence, save for the splashing of the
water, he tramped on.
The pit was growing shallower at last;
the sunlight streamed in a second to the sunlight streamed in the sunlight streame

the sunlight streamed in on them.

A steep slope brought them to the upper ground. The water was left behind.

Jimmy stumbled on with his burden up the

slope.

He staggered out upon the grassy upland

He staggered out upon the grassy upiana at last.

There he let Lovell slide upon the grass, and sank down himself, utterly exhausted.

For a quarter of an hour or more he lay in the grass, drawing quick, almost sobbing breaths.

in the grass, urawing queen, and the breaths.

At length he sat up, and grinned as he looked at Lovell. Lovell grinned, too.

Both of them were simply smothered with mud, and barely recognisable.

"We're out of that," said Silver. "What's the next move? We've got to get back to Rookwood jolly sharp, or we shall catch our death of cold. I'm wet through."

"Same here!" said Lovell. "But we needn't go to the school. The village is close here now, behind that ridge. We can get a change there, and a man to drive us home. You can't carry me to Rookwood."

"Well, I could, but I'd rather not," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. He rose rather pals.

stiffly to his feet. "I shall have to carry you into the village, anyway. Come on!"
"Hold on!" said Lovell quietly.
Jimmy looked at him inquiringly.
"Why did you scoot of instead of some."

"Why did you scoot off instead of scrapping?" asked Loyell.

"Because I didn't want to scrap."
"Why not?"
"I'd rather be friends."

"After—after the way I've been down on ou?" faltered Lovell.

you?" faltered Lovell.
"Oh, that's all right! You didn't know
me, you see. We'll get on better when you
know me better!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily.
"I think I know you well enough now,"
said Lovell. "I could kick myself. I've
been an ass, Silver. But after this I'm your
pal—if you care about palling with a silly
idiot. What do you say?"
"Done!" 'Done!"

They exchanged a firm handshake on it, and then Silver took Lovell on his shoulders again.

Raby and Newcome were waiting tea for

The door of the end study was thrown open. Loyell appeared, and he did not come alone. He was limping and leaning heavily on the arm of Jimmy Silver.

Raby and Newcome stared at them.

"Tea ready?" said Lovell.

"Yes: hut—"

"Yes; but-

"So am I. So is Jimmy
"Jimmy!" gasped Ra gasped Raby and Newcome

together. "Yes. Shove a chair this way. I've hurt my hind leg, and I can hardly walk yet. Look muddy, don't we?" said Lovell. "Yes, a bit. Where the dickess have you been?"

old pit," said

"At the bottom of the old pit," sai Lovell, as he sat down. "I fell in."
"Then how the thunder did you get out?"

"Silver fished me out."

"Silver!" yelled Newcome. "You went out to lick Silver!"

"I've asked him to kick me for it," said Lovell. "He won't. I'm going to kick myself when my hind leg gets better. I say, I'm hungry. So's Silver. I hope you fellows are going to do the decent thing to Silver now he's my pal.

"Your-your pal!" said Raby dazedly.
"Well, he saved my life, and might have broken his neck doing it!" said Lovell warmly, "If you think I'm an ungrateful

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Jimmy Silver.
"Chock here, I'm hungry! But if you fellows don't want me to tea, I'll hook it. That's

"Sit down, you thundering ass!" said Raby, pushing him into a chair. "This wants a bit of getting used to, that's all."
"You can get used to it while we have tea,"

said Lovell. The four juniors sat down to tea, Raby and

The four juniors sat down to tea, Raby and Newcome still in a dazed condition.

When the first edge of his tremendous appetite had been taken off, Lovell condescended to tell them the whole story.

"Well, my hat!" said Raby, when he had heard all. "I must say that Silver played uplike a real brick! Serve you jolly well right if he'd left you down there to soak, Lovell!"

"Don't I know it?" said Lovell. "Haven't I told you a dozen times that I was an ass—not such an ass as you and Newcome, but still an ass!"

an ass!"
"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Newcome indignantly. "Why, I liked the chap from the very first, when he dished the Modern

the very first, when he dished the Modern cads; but you—"
"Same here," said Raby, with equal warmth.
"It was you—you ass—"
"Cheese it!" said Jimmy Silver, bursting into a laugh. "Let giddy bygones be bygones! We're friends now—what!"

"Hear, hear!"

And fellows in the Fourth who looked in on the festive scene in the end study had the surprise of their lives. The trouble in that famous study was over—quite over—and Lovell & Co. and the new kid were bosom

A Magnificent Long Complete

Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in

ROUGH ON ROOKWOOD!

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By OWEN CONQUEST.



D'ARGY, THE VENTRILOQUIST!

A Magnificent Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Early Adventures of Tom Merry & Co., the Chums of St. Jim's.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Sudden Insanity.

OU chaps goin' to do your pwep?"
Arthus Augustus D'Arcy, of the Fourth Form at 8. Jim's, asked the question, as his chums, Blake, Herries, and Digby, came into Study No. 6.
"Yes," said Blake, puzzled. "Nothing funny in that, is there? We generally do do prep in the evening, don't we?"
"Yaas, deah boy."
"Then what are you grinning at?"
"Was I gwinnin', deah boy?"
"Yes, you were. Where does the joke come in?"

"There isn't any joke, deah boy. Only I hope you won't be disturbed while you're dom' your pwep."
"Why should we be disturbed?" asked Herries. "Those New House bounders planning

a raid?"

"Not that I am awah of. But-but you might be disturbed by-by a dog in the

Herries looked round quickly.

"Has Towser got loose?" he asked.

"Towsah! Nevah mind Towsah."

"Your minor's beastly mongrel knocking about, then? If the mingy little beast comes in here, I'll jolly soon boot him out." knocking said Herries. "Wally's beastly mongwel is not heah, Rewwies."

"Wally's beastly mongwel is not heah, Hewwise."

"Then what do you mean by babbling about a dog in the study?" demanded the mystified Herries. "My bulldog and your minor's rotten mongrel are the only two dogs about the place, excepting Taggles' mastiff, and I suppose he won't come into the studies."

"My impression is," said Digby, "that Gussy is going off his dot. He's talking out of the back of his neek."

"Well, don't talk any more," said Blake, sitting down. "I can't do my prep while you're wandering in your mind, Gussy, unless you do it quietly."

And the chums of the Fourth began their preparation. Once or twice they glanced at Arthur Augustus uneasily.

Often and often it had been suggested, by way of a joke, that the noble youth was a little bit off his aristocratic rocker.

But really it seemed to the Fourth-Formers now that there was something in it more than a joke.

Arthur Augustuz' remarks were utterly in-

comprehensible, regarded as the utterances of a sane person.

And that peculiar smile that flitted at intervals over his face—without any apparent cause—it really did seem very queer.

"Gr-r-r-r-r-"

The sound broke suddenly from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy in the silence of the study, interrupting the labours of the Fourth-Formers. It was a kind of imitation of the

Formers. It was a kind of imitation of the growl of a dog.

Blake and Herries and Digby suspended their labours to stare at their study-mate in astonishment. Arthur Augustus' face was twisted up into a fearful expression, as if he were on the point of choking. Blake jumped up and patted him on the back.

"Gussy, what's the matter?"

"Are you ill?"

"Gertainly not!" said D'Arey neevishly.

"Certainly not?" said D'Arcy peevishly.
"Stop thumpin' me on the back, you silly ass! It hurts, and you are wumplin' my jacket."

"I thought you were choking."

"What did you go 'Gr-r-r-r-r' for, then?" exclaimed Blake.

"Weally, Blake."
"Is it a new trick, trying to imitate Tow-ser?" asked Herries blankly.
"Wubbish! Are you fellows sure that there isn't a dog under the table?"

"A what?"
"Where?"

"My hat!"
"A dog undah the table, deah boys," said

"A dog undan the case, dear D'Arcy firmly.

He had made that horrible sound in the firm belief that it sounded as if it proceeded from under the table.

"Gussy, old man, you'd better go and lie down a bit," said Blake soberly. "Go and lie down in the dorm for a bit, and you'll feel better."

"Weally, Blake..."

"Weally, Blake-"
"Perhaps it runs in the family," said Herries. "Are any of your relations potty, Gussy?"

"You fwabjous ass, Hewwies!"

"Well, if you're not potty, what are you doing it for?" exclaimed Blake.

"Weally, you duffah—"

"Well, shut up, and let's get on with the washing!" said Blake, sitting down again.
"Don't make that horrible row in your neck again, that's all."

Arthur Augustus sniffed disdainfully.

Blake and Herries and Digby glanced at D'Arcy several times after that covertly. They were really uneasy about him. However, preparation was finished without any further sounds of alarm.

Then D'Arcy rose.

"Will you come with me to post a lettah.

"Will you come with me to post a lettah, Blake?" he asked.
"Certainly!" said Blake. "I'll take it for

Blake?" he asked.
"Certainly!" said Blake. "I'll take it for you, if you like."
"No; I want you to come with me," said D'Arcy, that inexplicable grin breaking out over his face again.
Blake nodded shortly.
He felt that it was better not to let Gussy go anywhere alone, under the circumstances.
Arthur Augustus picked up a letter he had written earlier for the purpose, and they quitted the study together.
The House was closed, but they slipped out into the quadrangle to post the letter. The school letter-box was in the wall near the gate.

the gate.

They cut across the quad and reached the box. Arthur Augustus halted there, but he did not seem in a hurry to drop the letter into the orifice.

He coughed to clear his throat. Groan!

jumped almost clear of the ground. That sudden terrible groan from the junior at his side startled him almost out of his

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "Have you got a pain, Gussy?" "No! I haven't a pain." "What did you groan for, then?" "Oh, wats! Put that lettah in the box, will you?"

Blake took the letter from him and dropped it into the box. Then a voice—which D'Arcy fondly imagined to proceed from the letterbox—exclaimed:
"Ow! You've

box—exclaimed:
"Ow! You've dwopped that on my head!"
Blake jumped away, his jaw falling, and his eyes opening wide.
"On your head?" he stuttered.
"Yaas!" went on the amateur ventriloquist, still believing that his voice proceeded from the letter-box. "Ow! I'm suffocatin'!"
"You look as if you were!" exclaimed Blake, scanning the elegant junior's twisted and anguished face. "Good heavens, Gussy, what is the matter with you? Are you going to the matter with you? Are you going to

"Weally, Blake—"
"Bo you feel as if you were suffocating?"
"Bo you feel as if you were suffocating?"
"Bo the foundain. I'll swamp some cold water

"I wefuse to do anythin' of the sort. Didn't it seem to you, Blake—did you not think there was someone in the fettah-box?" asked D'Arcy

Blake almost fell down.

The opening in the letter-box would not have admitted a rabbit, let alone a human being. D'Arcy's question was proof positive—to Blake's mind, at least—that he was not right in his head.

"Someone in the letter-box!" said Blake faintly.

faintly.

"Yaas."

"Come indoors, Gussy," said Blake, very ently, taking his chum's arm. "Come on, gently.

gendy, taking his chum's arm, "Come on, old chap!"

"You uttah duffah! I tell you—"

"Yes, yes," said Blake soothingly: "I know—I know! Come on, Gussy: come in, there's a good chap! This way. I'm your old pal Blake. Don't you know me?"

"Of course I know you, you fwightful ass! But are you quite sure there was no one in the lettah-box, deah boy?"

Blake groaned inwardly.

"Well, well, perhaps there was," he said cautiously. "You never can tell, in—in these pillar-boxes, you know. Some—some chap may have crawled in for a joke, you know."

"You uttah chump, Blake! You know that is imposs.

is imposs."

"Of course it is," said Blake, determined to agree with everything his insane chum said.
"Quite impossible. You're quite right."

"Weally, Blake, I think you are a bit off your chump, the way you talk wot!"

"Yes, a little," admitted Blake. "I can't help it, you know. It takes me like that.
Now come indoors, old fellow!"

Arthur Augustus grunted, but he submitted to being led into the School House again. Blake marched him upstairs, but he declined to go back into Study No. 6.

"I'm goin' to see Tom Mewwy," he remarked.

remarked.
"I'll come with you," said Blake.
"Wats! You stay where you are!"
And D'Arcy walked up the passage.
Herries and Digby joined Blake, and the chief of Study No. 6, in great distress, confided to them that there was no further doubt that Arthur Augustus was quite "potty."

"He gave a horrible groan in the quad," said Blake, in an awed whisper. "And when I dropped the letter in the letter-box, he said I had dropped it on his head."
"Great Scott!"

"Great Scott!"

"Then he said he was suffocating," groaned Blake; "and his face was twisted up very queerly. But that isn't all. He asked me whether I thought there was somebody in the letter-hor." letter-box.

Herries and Digby staggered.

"In the letter-box?" said Digby faintly. "Yes."

"Must have been pulling your leg," said Herries.

"No; he was in deadly earnest. He's simply as mad as a hatter. What on earth's to be done?" said Blake, in deep distress.

And the chums of Study No, 6 consulted in troubled whispers upon that knotty point.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Lunatic.

OM MERRY had finished his preparation when Arthur Augustus dropped into the study.

Monty Lowther had finished, too, and he was roasting chestnuts. Manners was cutting films—he generally was cutting films. Tom Merry gave the swell of St. Jim's a cheerful nod as he came in.

"Just in time for the chestnuts." he re-

cheerful nod as he came in.

"Just in time for the chestnuts," he remarked. "Lowther's standing chestnuts."

"Thank you, vewy much; but I have not come to pewuss Lowther's Comic Column for the 'Weekly,' deah boy," said Arthur Augustus innocently.

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There was a snort from Lowther.

"I don't mean those chestnuts," said Tom Merry, laughing. "These are some fresher

ones."
"Ass!" growled Lowther.
"Thanks, deah boy! I don't mind if I do," said Arthur Augustus, taking a seat.
"You've got wathah a good flah heah."
"It's a common custom to use a fire for roasting chestnuts," said Monty Lowther.
"Of course, it could be done in a refrigerator, perhaps." perhaps."

was thinkin' that it would be vewy "I was thinking that it would be vewly wiff on anybody who happened to be up the chimney, you know."

The Terrible Three stared at Arthur

Augustus.

Up the chimney!" said Tom Merry, with

a gasp.
"How could anybody be up the chimney?

"How could anybody be up the challiney?
"Are you potty?"
"Just let me see," said Arthur Augustus, pushing the astonished Lowther away from the hearthrug and taking his place. He called up the chimney. "I say, is there overhead, up, there?"

called up the chimney. "I say, is there anybody up there?"

"Yaas!" came the reply, in a far-away, squeaky voice—that is to say, far away in sound, but only too plainly proceeding from Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

The Terrible Three backed away from the swell of St. Jim's. The same dreadful thought came to them—that he was out of his sense. senses.

his senses.
"You heard that, deah boys?" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, turning to them trium-

phantly.
"Yes!" stuttered Tom Merry.
"Pwetty cleah that there's somebody up
the chimney—what?"

'Oh!' "I'll twy again," said D'Arcy. "Are you

Yaas!"

"Yaas!"

"Good heavens!" whispered Tom Merry.

"Is he rotting, or is he really mad?"

"Help!" went on the amateur ventriloquist, still blissfully hoping that the voice came from up the chimney. "I'm woastin' alive!

Help!"

"Gussy!"

"What's the matter old reast.

"Gussy!"
"What's the matter, old man?"
"Are you ill?"
"Wats! Didn't you fellows heah that
voice up the chimney?" demanded Arthur

"Better call Blake!" whispered Manners.
"He'll have to be looked after. Poor old Gussy! We've often said in joke that he was potty, but I never really believed it till

'Many a true word spoken in jest," said

"Many a true word spoken in jest," said Tom Merry.

"Jest so!" said Lowther.

"Don't be funny now, Monty; this is serious. The poor kid will have to be sent to an asylum, or something. Cut off and call Blake, while we see that he doesn't wander away," said Tom hurriedly. "He may do some damage to himself or somebody else."

Monty Lowther hurried out of the study. Tom Merry and Manners remained near the

door.
D'Arcy stared at them through his eyeglass.
"What are you fellows muttewin' about?"

he demanded.
"It's all right, Gussy. Sit down, old fel-

"Have some chestnuts, Gussy?" said Manners feebly.

ners feebly.
"Gr-r-r-r-r"
Tom Merry and Manners jumped as
D'Arcy emitted that fearful sound.
"Did you heah that?" asked D'Arcy.
"Ye-e-e-s."
"Isn't there a dog under the table?"
"A-a-a dog under the table!" faltered

Tom.

Tom.
"Yaas. Didn't you heah him?"
"Yo—yes—just so. All right!" gasped Tom
Merry. "Any old thing—I mean, of course.
Sit down quietly, there's a good chap."
"I thought I should surpwise you fellows!"
chuckled Arthur Augustus. "It's working
bettah than I expected."

"Eh?"

"Eh?"
"I can't explain at pwesent, but I'll let you into the seewet latah. I'm goin' to see Weilly now. You fellows can amuse yourselves lookin' for that dog!" chuckled the swell of St. Jim's. "I twust you will find him. Ha, ha, ha!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed Tom Merry and Manners feebly.
"Pway let me pass, deah boys!"
"Won't you wait till Blake comes?"
"Certainly not! Why should I wait till The Penny Popular.—No. 5,

Blake comes? I'm going to see Weilly," said Arthur Augustus in astonishment.
"Blake isn't comin' heah, eithah."
"Yes; Lowther's gone to fetch him," stammered Tom Merry.
"What on earth for, Tom Mewwy?"
"To—to look after you, you know."
"Pway don't be an ass! If you don't allow me to pass, I shall push you!" said Arthur Augustus, very much annoyed.
"Better not excite him," whispered

And the two Shell fellows stood aside, and allowed the Fourth-Former to leave the study. Very much alarmed, they followed

him.

Arthur Augustus made for Reilly's study in the Fourth-Form passage. Reilly and Kerruish were there when he looked in, slogging away at their preparation.

"Gettin' on all wight, deah boys?" asked Arthur Augustus, entering the study, and clearing his throat with a little cough, ready for another ventriloquial effort.

"Yie" and Beilly "Don't interrupt, you

"Yis," said Reilly. "Don't interrupt, you gossoon!"

Gr-r-r-r-rhr!

"Gr-r-r-rnr:
"Don't make that row here!" said Kerruish,
with a stare. "What do you mean by marching into a fellow's study and making a
horrible row like that?"

Gr-r-r-r-rhr!

"Sure, and it's off his dot he is!" said Reilly.

Gr-r-r-r-rhr!

"Gr-r-r-rhr!"
"Howly smoke!"
"Why don't you dwive that dog out fwom
undah the table, deah boys?" asked Arthur
Augustus, with a grin of great enjoyment.

Reilly and Kerruish were on their feet now. They scanned Arthur Augustus' face to ascertain whether he was speaking seriously. If he was pulling their leg, they were pre-pared to eject him from the study on his neck; but-

You weally ought to dwive that dog out,

"You weally ought to divide that dog out, deah boys. Gra-r-r-hr!"

"He's not rotting!" whispered Kerruish. "He's mad—that's what he is! I've suspected it before. I'm getting out of this! He might go for us!"

"Gr-r-r-r-rhrhrhr!"

Reilly and Kerruish rushed for the door.
"It's all wight; he won't bite you!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Howly smoke! Come on, before he gets wild intirely!"
"My hat! We might have been mur-dered!" gasped Kerruish. "He was standing

dered!" gasped Kerruish. close to the poker, too!"

Arthur Augustus roared with laughter as they fled from the study. He fancied that it was the growl of the supposed dog that had frightened them away.

frightened them away.

"Bai Jove! It's workin' like a charm!" he murmured. "I'll play twicks on all the chaps befoah I let them into the seewet. They'll nevah suspect that I am a ventwiloquist until I tell them! Ha, ha, ha!"

Kerruish peered cautiously into the study, and, with his eyes fastened on D'Arcy in dread, he reached around the door, and jerked out the key.

Then the door was suddenly slammed, and

Then the door was suddenly slammed, and D'Arcy heard him thrusting in the key on

"Bai Jove! They're goin' to lock me in!
The wottahs!"

Arthur Augustus made a bound to the door; but the handle was firmly held from without, while Kerruish turned the key. D'Arcy thumped on the upper panels. "Open this door, you wottahs!" "Safe! gasped Reilly. "Safe, be jabers! Now call Kildare!"

"Let me out, you boundahs!"

"Yis, we'll let you out when we've got a strait-waistcoat ready for yez!"

"Weally Wailly—"

Weally, Weilly

"He'll wreck the study if he gets violent!" anted Reilly. "But it's better to keep him

"He'll wreck the study if he gets violent!" panted Reilly. "But it's better to keep him safe. He might turn homicidal; you never know with a lunatic!"

"Thank goodness he's safe!" said Manners. And he called through the keyhole, "Keep quiet, Gussy, old man!"

"I wefuse to keep quiet! Let me out!"

"Yes, yes, all in good time!" said Tom Merry. "Don't get excited!"

"Look here, I will own up, if you like—there isn't a dog heah at all!"

"Yes, yes, we know," said Blake. "It's only fancy. You'll get well in time, Gussy, old man. Only keep quiet till we call Kildare!"

"You fwightful ass, I wefuse to keep quiet!"

Thump, thump, thump!

THE THIRD CHAPTER.
The Secret Out!

ILDARE of the Sixth, the captain of ILDARE of the Sixth, the captain of St. Jim's, was chatting with Darrel in his study, when the door was thrown open without ceremony, and five or six juniors rushed in pell-mell.

The head of the Sixth stared at them angrily. He wasn't used to having his study invaded in that unceremonious manner by juniors of the Fourth and the Shell.

"You cheeky young sweeps!" he exclaimed angrily. "What—" "Kildare!"

angrily. "V "Kildare!"

"Gussy's gone mad!"
"Come quick!"
Kildare had picked up a cane, but he dropped it again at those excited exclama-

tions.
The juniors were wildly excited, but they were evidently in earnest. The captain of St. Jim's looked at them blankly.
"D'Arcy—mad!" he ejaculated.
"Yes. For goodness' sake come!" panted Blake. "We don't know what to do with him! He's saying all sorts of extraordinary things, and making noises like a dog, and calling up chimneys. Do come!"
"Where is he?"
"We've got him looked up in Pailly's study

"Where is he?"

"We've got him locked up in Reiliy's study now—it was safest," said Tom Merry. "We were afraid he might do somebody some harm. He's frightfully excited now!"

"I think a violent fit is coming on now," said Monty Lowther. "He's shricking through the keyhole!"

Kildere was simply actounded; but it was

through the keyhole!"
Kildare was simply astounded; but it was evidently his duty to go and see what was evidently his duty to go and see what was the matter, and he hurried from the study with the excited juniors.

Darrel followed him. If Arthur Augustus had really gone mad, he would require both the prefects to deal with him, probably.

There was no doubt that D'Arcy was, as Lowther had said, frightfully excited. There was evidence of it as they came into the Fourth Form passage.

was evidence of it as they came into the Fourth Form passage.

Loud thumping sounded on the inner side of Reilly's study door, and the voice of the swell of St. Jim's was audible at a great distance, shricking through the keyhole.

"Let me out, you wottahs! I insist upon bein' let out immediately! I shall thwash you all wound! You uttah wottahs, to play swotter thick like this!

wotten twick like this! Open this beastly

door!"
"Unlock the door," said Kildare quietly.
"But he's mad, Kildare!" said Reilly, in alarm. "He might spring at you!"
"I'll chance it! Unlock the door at once!"
Reilly reluctantly turned the key. Kildare threw the door open, and Arthur Augustus was revealed, crimson with excitement and

He was about to rush through the doorway, He was about to rush through the doorway, to take summary vengeance upon Reilly for locking him in, but the stalwart form of the captain of St. Jim's blocked the way. "Hold on!" said Kildare. "Weally, Kildare, I am goin' to thwash those wottals!"

"Stand back! Now, what's all this about your being mad?" demanded Kildare. "Are you mad?"

your being mad?" demanded Kildare. "Are you mad?"
"Mad?" repeated Arthur Augustus dazedly.
"Yes. What do you mean by it?"
"I fail to gwasp your meanin'. I am certainly not mad. I wegard the question as an insult?"

insuit!"

"He seems sane enough," said Kildare. "I suppose the young ass has been pulling your leg, that's all!"

"He's mad," said Tom Merry, with conviction. "You should have seen him in my study. He called up the chimney, and answered himself. Then he said there was a dog under the table."

"He did!" chimed in Manners and Lowther. "Sure, he did the same thing to us, and imitated the growling of a dog!" exclaimed Reilly. "You heard him, Kerruish?"

"Yes, rather!"
"He seems to have a dog on the brain!"

"Yes, rather!"
"He seems to have a dog on the brain!"
said Blake. "And he thought there was somebody in the letter-box!"
"He's as mad as a hatter!"
"Quite off his dot!"

"Quite off his dot!"
"Just you watch him—he'll begin growling like a dog again soon," said Kerruish nervously. "Don't get too near him, Kildare! If he fancies that he's a dog, he may bite!"
"You uttah ass!"
Arthur Augustus made an angry movement towards Kerruish, and the Manx junior grownthy addred back

"Look out—he's going to bite!" he shrieked.

"Take care, Kildare!"

"Mind his teeth!"
"Gweat Scott!" gasped Arthur Augustus,

overwhelmed with astonishment. "I weally believe you fellows have all gone pottay!"
"That's it—lunatics always think other people are mad," said Lowther. "It's one of the well-known signs!"
"You silly chump—"
"I think there's some mistake!" said Kildare, laughing. "D'Arcy will have to explain. What have you been talking like an idiot for, D'Arcy? Is it your idea of a joke?"
"As a mattah of fact, I've been takin' the fellows in——"

"As a mattah of fact, I've been takin' the fellows in—"
"Pretending to be mad?"
"Certainly not!" said D'Arcy indignantly.
"Then what have you been making queer noises for, and talking out of the back of your neck?" demanded Blake.
"I'wefuse to explain!"
"I'll take him to the Housemaster," said Kildare. "He certainly seems not quite himself, whether he's mad or not. He can't have been doing all that for nothing."
"Hold on!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.
"I—I'd wathah not go to the Housemastah.
I'll explain if you like."
"Buck up, then!"
"The fact is——"

Arthur Augustus paused impressively. "Well?"

"The fact is, deah boys, I am-

Another impressive pause. "Mad!" said Blake.

"Mad!" said Blake.
"No, you ass; I wasn't goin' to say that!
The fact is, I am a ventriloquist!"
"A-a-a wha-a-at?"
All the juniors gasped out the word together. It was the very last explanation they would have thought of.

The crowd of fellows in and around the doorway stared at Arthur Augustus dumb-founded. Kildare and Darrel burst into a loud laugh.

Joud laugh.

"I am a ventwiloquist!" said Arthur Augustus lottily. "I made my voice pwoceed fwom up the chimney, and made a gwowl like a dog pwoceed fwom undah the table. Bo you compwehend now, you duffahs?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
A yell of laughter rang through the passage and the study. The jumiors seemed on the point of convulsions.

Arthur Augustus was not mad, after all. But that he should fancy that he was a ventriloquist, and that his voice had proceeded from anywhere but his own mouth, was still more astonishing.

"Oh!" gasped Blake. "My only summer hat! So that's it, is it?"

"Yaas, you duffah!"

"Yaas, you duffah!"

"Yaas, wo duffah!"

"Yaas, you duffah!"
"A-a-a ventriloquist! Ha, ha, ha!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors.
"There is nothin' to laugh at, exceptin' the way you fellows have been faken in—"
"Taken in! Ha, ha, ha!"
"If you like to listen to me, Kildare, I will give you a sample. Dawwel, old man, just listen while I make my voice pwoceed fwom the chimney—"

But Kildare and Darrel were staggering away, convulsed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy looked round indignantly at the throng of

looked round indignantly at the throng of grinning faces.

"You uttan asses! I twust you are not wotten enough to be jealous of my powahs?"

"You idiot!" shricked Blake. "Do you think you were ventriloquising? You frabjous ass! It was plain all the time that you were making the row! Oh, my hat!"

"Ha ha ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
The juniors clung to the walls and to one

another.

The swell of St. Jim's sniffed disdainfully, and walked away with his noble nose high in the air.

He left the juniors howling like hyenas.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

"Sweet Are the Uses of Advertisement."

RTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY wore a very thoughtful expression the next morning in the Form-room.

It was not his lessons that caused the thoughtful expression—indeed, Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, found him so inattentive that he rewarded him with fifty lines.

But Arthur Augustus gave no thought to

the impot.

He had a more important matter than

He had a more important hatter than lessons and impositions to think about. He breathed a sigh of relief when the Fourth were dismissed.

"I've been thinkin', deah boys," he remarked to his chums, in the Form-room passage, when the Fourth game and

the Fourth came out.
"So have I," said Blake. "I've been think-

ing that we'll get some footer practice before dinner. Come on, you fellows!"

"This way!" said Blake, unheeding; and he walked off with Herries and Digby.

Arthur Augustus sniffed, and joined the Terrible Three, who had just come out with the rest of the Shell.

Tom Merry & Co. were also thinking of football, but they politely paused to hear what Arthur Augustus had to say; but Tom Merry held up his hand in warning.

"No more ventriloquism," he said.
"You gaye me a pain in my ribs last night. It in the ink. "Something like this: 'Wanted.—isn't good for the health to laugh too much.' A pwofessional ventriloquist to give instwuctan to develop my gift, you know!"

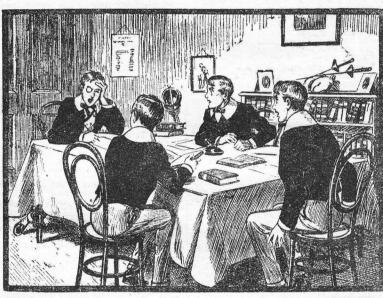
"Wats! All I weguire is some pwactice," said Arthur Augustus. "I want a weally good instwuctah to develop my gift, you know!"

"They ought to have it in the curriculum here, instead of Latin or German," said Lowther. "Better have the man here what he would be a weally good ideah.

They ought to have it in the curriculum here, instead of Latin or German," said ments with some chap who was only spoofing, said Lowther gravely.

"Yaas, that would be a weally good ideah, and see him, and make him give you a sample Pewwaps you chaps can suggest a way of of what he can do."

Arthur Augustus nodded assent,



CUSSY SURPRISES HIS CHUMS!

asked Arthur Augustus. "There are pwobably a lot of them wound about, if one could get at them. It would be wathah expensive to have one down fwom London!"

"Go hon!"

"I was thinkin' of advertisin' for a pwofessah," said D'Arcy. "What do you think of that ideah?"

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement!" said Lowtherr "Shakespeare says so, so it must be true!"

of that ideah?"

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement!" said Lowther: "Shakespeare says so, so it must be true!"

"You ass! Shakespeare said, 'Sweet are the uses of adversary,' not advertisement!"

"Did he? Well, of course, he was rather behind the times," said Lowther blandly. "Shove the advertisement in the 'Rylcombe Gazette,' or the 'Wayland Times,' Gussy, and you'll have a whole host of answers. You'll have ventriloquial professors swarming in on you as thick as the giddy leaves in Vallambrosa!"

"You really think it's a good ideah?" asked Arthur Augustus, much comforted.

"It's the only way," said Lowther solemnly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Gussy. I've got to go ever to Wayland after dinner about my foofer-hoots—I'm going over on my bike—and if you like, I'll take the advertisement to the office of the 'Wayland Times,' and ask them to put it in the paper this week. The 'Times' comes out to-morrow, you know!"

"I say, that's awfully decent of you, Lowthah," said Arthur Augustus gratefully.

"Not at all," said Lowther. "I shall be pleased. You fellows can go down to footer. I'm going to help Gussy draw up his advertisement."

I'm going to help Gussy draw up his advertise-

Tom Merry and Manners grimed.

"Yaas, that's vewy thoughtful of you, owthah. I'll make 'em apply personally, Lowthah.

then."

"And put in 'Saturday afternoon,' as that's a half-holiday, and you'll have plenty of time to attend to them," said Lowther.

"Yaas, wathah! I shall have to cut the footah again, and that's wathah wotten, as we are playin' the New House."

"Never mind. It will give the School House a chance to win."

"Und mean it will give the New House."

"What!"

"He mean it will give the New House a chance," said Lowther hastily. "You can't set a matter of this importance aside simply to play football."

"Yaas, quite so. 'Apply personally on Satahday aftalmoon,' said Arthur Augustus. "That's all wight, Lowthah."

"Yes; write it out, and I'll take it over."

"You're awi'ly good."

"Oh, don't mench!"

And Monty Lowther left the study with the advertisement in his pocket. Arthur Augustus called after him:

"What about payin' for it, deah boy?"

"What about payin' for it, deah boy?"

"Only about a bob or two; we'll settle that afterwards," said Lowther.
"Wight-ho!"

"Wight-ho!"
And Arthur Augustus proceeded to practise ventriloquism until dinner-time.
He was very pleased that Lowther was going over to Wayland.
It would have taken up his own time, which he preferred to devote to ventriloquial practice.
Hed he known the thought that we will he

Had he known the thoughts that were in the THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 3.

14

mind of the humorist of the Shell, however, it is probable that he would not have been so pleased.
Tom Merry and Manners looked inquiringly

at their chum when they met him at dinner. But Lowther's face was inscrutable.

After dinner he went round to the bike-shed and wheeled out his machine.

Arthur Augustus had gone to his study to resume practice.

Tom and Manners walked down to the gates with Lowther. They were puzzled.

"Look here, what's the game?" demanded Tom Merry, as they stopped at the gates. "You haven't got to go over to Wayland to see about your blessed boots. Any time would do for that. Why don't you come to footer?"

footer?"
Lowther shook his head.
"I'm doing this to oblige Gussy," he said.
"Oh, rats! What's the little game, you duffer?" said Manners.
Monty Lowther grinned, and took D'Arcy's advertisement from his pocket. Tom Merry and Manners read it and grinned, too.
"The awful ass!" said Tom. "Are you really going to put that in the 'Wayland Times'?"

"With a slight alteration," said Lowther, taking out a pencil and sprawling the paper on his saddle. "You see, a lot of ventriloquial professors would be a worry, and Gussy will never learn, anyway. There are a lot more useful things to learn than ventriloquism. Don't you think so?"

"Ye-es; but—"
"Well I'll Characaches to learn

"Well, I'll give Gussy a chance to learn 'em," said Lowther. And he proceeded to make some alterations in the advertisement. When he had finished, the Terrible Three read it over, with shrieks of laughter. For the advertisement now ran." advertisement now ran:

"Wanted.—Professional instruction in Piano, Violin, Cornet, and Voice Production. Also in the fellowing languages—Greek, Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Chinese.—Apply personally to Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, School House, St. Jim's, on Saturday afternoon."

"That will give Gussy a chance at improving his education that anybody might envy," said Lowther. "He will learn Chinese quite as easily as ventriloquism."

"Ha, ha, ha!" gasped Tom Merry. "But—but he'll think they're ventriloquial professors when they arrive."

"Yes; that's where the joke comes in," said Lowther screnely. "Probably they will get ratty with him. I think I'd better put in 'expenses paid." It's not fair they should have to pay their own fares here for nothing, is it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"It will be worth watching, if some teaching Gussy Hebrew johnnie starts teaching Gussy Hebrew or Chinese, when he thinks he's going to learn ventriloquism. Those languages will come in useful if he ever goes to Palestine or China,

useful if he ever goes to Palestine or China, you know, if he learns them accidentally."
"Ha; ha, ha!"
"Well, I must be off," said Lowther. "I'm going to pay for this advertisement myself, as I've altered it. Gussy mightn't approve of the alteration, though it is really an improvement and something to his advantage. I'm quite anxious for Saturday afternoon. I think I shall have to miss the footer myself. Ta-ta!" Ta-ta!

And Monty Lowther jumped on his machine and pedalled away, leaving Tom Merry and Manners shouting with laughter.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's interviews with his visitors on Saturday afternoon promised to be very entertaining.

> THE FIFTH CHAPTER. A Narrow Escape!

EWWOOGH!"

That weird sound was proceeding from Study No. 6 in the Fourth Form passage on Saturday afternoon.

Toby, the school page, was showing a long-haired stranger up. The latter was a violin professor, who had called in answer to D'Arcy's advertisement. "Is someone ill here, my lad?" he asked

"No, sir," said Toby, with a grin. He would have been alarmed himself, but he had heard of Arthur Augustus' latest. "It's all right, sir—only Master D'Arcy. This way,

THE PENNY POPULAR .- No. 3.

Toby threw open the study-door, and presented the card to the swell of St. Jim's.

Arthur Augustus turned hastily from the

Arthur Augustus turned hastily from the looking-glass, and took the card.
"Genelman to see you, sir!" said Toby.
"Pway show the gentleman in, Tobay."
Toby showed the gentleman in, and de-

Arthur Augustus glanced at the card, which bore the name, "Ethelbert Toppmoppe," and, in smaller type, "Piano Violin, Violoncello." Then he glanced at the visitor. He could not help thinking it curious that a professor

not help thinking it curious that a professor of the piano, violin, and violoncello, should also be a professor of the very separate and distinct art of ventriloquism.

The professor had brought his violin with him, too, and D'Arcy did not quite see what use it was to be in ventriloquial instruction. Fortunately, he had left his violoncello and piano at home. piano at home.

piano at home.

"Good-aftahnoon!" said D'Arcy graciously.
"Pway take a seat, my deah sir."

Mr. Ethelbert Toppmoppe took a seat.

"You have, I undahstand, called in weference to my advertisement in the 'Wayland Times'?" Arthur Augustus pursued.
"Quite so, Mr. D'Arcy. I really think I shall be able to meet your requirements," said Mr. Toppmoppe. "You require instruction from a master in the art?"

"Exactly."
"And the—ahem!—terms—"

"Exactly."
"And the ahem!—terms—"
"Of course, I leave that to you," said Arthur Augustus modestly. "I weally don't know about that. You see, I have no know-ledge of the mattah."

Mr. Toppmoppe's eyes gleamed. This was the kind of pupil he was looking for. He made some sort of a living teaching violin, piano, and 'cello to persons in Wayland and the district, but he had generally found them rather particular on the subject of terms—too particular on that important point, in fact.

"You have had no lessons hitherto?" he inquired

inquired.

"Well, yaas, a few fwom an amateur chap," said Arthur Augustus. "I gave him half a guinea a time. But I was not weally satis-

Mr. Toppmoppe was accustomed to give lessons at two shillings a time, and his eyes opened a little. But he tried to look in-

"I should be willing to give you instruc-tion on the same terms," he said negligently, "How many lessons would you need? I should recommend one every day to begin

"Ahem! I don't think the cash would wun to that," said D'Arcy confidingly. "Pew-waps if I had one evewy day for a week or so, one a week aftah that would do." "Certainly. That is a really excellent idea."

idea."
"Then it's a go, Mr. Toppmoppe. Pewwaps you could give me the first lesson now," said Arthur Augustus. "I am quite fwee this attahnoon—if you are."

"With pleasure!" said Mr. Toppmoppe Let me see—is it piano you are studying?" D'Arcy opened his eyes.
"Piano? No."
"Yioloncello, then?" Toppmoppe.

"Certainly not!"
"Very well. If it had been, of course we should have required those instruments," Mr.

Toppmoppe explained pleasantly.

"Yaas, I suppose so," stammered Arthur Augustüs, wondering whether his visitor was wandering in his mind. "But, undah the

"Very well; we can proceed," said Mr. Toppmoppe, opening his violin-case. "I have brought my instrument with me."

brought my instrument with me."

Arthur Augustus looked at the violin, and looked at Mr. Toppmoppe.

"Will you wequire a violin to give me instruction?" he asked.

Mr. Toppmoppe smiled.

"I could scarcely do it without a violin,
Mr. D'Arcy," he said.

"Bai Jove, I should nevah have thought it! But I suppose you know, as you are a pwofessah of the art."

"Naturally. Have you a violin of your."

"Naturally. Have you a violin of your own? My instrument is a little large for you to handle."

you to handle."

"There's Blake's violin—I could use that, if it is necessary. But—but I had no ideal that a violin would be necessawy."

Mr. Toppmoppe looked hard at him.

He remembered the queer noise he had heard as he approached the study, and he wondered whether his pupil was quite right in his mind.

"I hardly see how a lesson could be given without a violin," said Mr. Toppmoppe drily.

"Oh, vewy well. I suppose you know."
D'Arcy, in a state of great wonder, took
lake's violin-case and opened it, and pro-

Blake's violin-case and opened it, and produced the instrument.

"Ah! I see you know how to hold the instrument," said Mr. Toppmoppe. "That is something. Now I shall show you how to place the fingers—"

"Yaas."

"Take the bow—so—"Ya-a-a-as."

"Ya-a-a-as."

Now watch me, and produce the scale in the same way," said the long-haired young gentleman; and he started.

"B-b-but—" stammered Arthur Augustus."
I am willin', of course, to do exactly as you say, but—but how am I to learn from that?"

"I do not see how you are to learn without.

I do not see how you are to learn without

it," said Mr. Toppmoppe, puzzled.
"I—I had an ideah that the first instwuction would be in thwowin' the voice."

tion would be in thwowin' the voice."

Mr. Toppmoppe started.

"In what?" he said faintly.

"Thwowin' the voice, sir! That's what I want to do most of all. Also in imitatin' the gwowl of a dog, and makin' the sound appeah as if it comes fwom somewhah else."

Mr. Toppmoppe looked at him steadily. There was no doubt about it—he had to do with a boy who was not in his right mind. Arthur Augustus looked worried and a little excited! he felt that there was a misunder-

excited; he felt that there was a misunder-standing somewhere, though he could not standing somewhere, though he could not guess where.

"Suppose I show you what I can do alweady?" he suggested.

"Yes," gasped Mr. Toppmoppe, backing towards the door. "Please do!"

"Gw-r-r-r-r-rh!"

"Oh!"

Gw-r-r-r-rh!"

"Gw-r-r-r-rh!"

Mr. Toppmoppe, keeping his eyes fixed on the growling junior, hastily placed his violin in its case, snapped it shut, and backed to the door, feeling behind him for the handle. He did not dare to take his eyes off Arthur Augustus, in case the lunatic should spring. He was only thinking about getting safely out of the study now.

"Did that gwowl seem to you to come fwom under the table?" asked D'Arcy.

"Oh! Yes! No! Yes!"

"Now I will call up the chimney," said D'Arcy.

D'Arcy.

"Eh?"
"I will shout up the chimney, and weceive an answah, and you can tell me your opinion, Mr. Toppmoppe."
"I-I-" Mr. Toppmoppe's hand was on the handle of the door now, and he was turning it cautiously, hoping to get the door open without the lunatic noticing what he was doing.

If he had to fight for his life, he had only

If he had to nght for ms into he had only his violin as a weapon.

With great relief he saw D'Arcy turn his back to call up the chimney.

"Are you thal?" D'Arcy called, and immediately replied: "Yaas!"

Then he turned round for Mr. Topp-moppe's opinion. To his amazement he saw the study door wide open, and heard the violinist's footsteps retreating quickly down the passage.

the passage.

He ran to the door and looked out.

"I say!" he shouted. "Where are you going? What the dickens—"

Mr. Toppmoppe did not reply. He was making for the stairs. Arthur Augustus scudded down the passage after him.

Mr. Toppmoppe heard him coming, and fairly ran. He reached the first landing; but D'Arcy, determined to have an explanation of his extraordinary conduct, slid down the banisters, and so overtook him. the banisters, and so overtook him.

"Now, then, weally-" he began.

The excited Mr. Toppmoppe raised his violin-case desperately.

"Stand back!" he quayered. "If—if you come nearer I will strike you down! Keep your distance! Keep off! Help!"

Arthur Augustus staggered back in amaze-

"Mad, bai Jove!"

"Yes; I—I know you're mad! Keep off!"
screamed Mr. Toppmoppe. And he darted for the lower stairs, and fled, before Arthur Angustus could recover from his amazement.

He ran through the grinning juniors on the lower stairs, and did not pause till he was safe out in the quadrangle. There he paused to mop his fevered brow.

"Good heavens!" he murmured: "What a narrow escape! The advertisement was really very strange—violin, Sanskrit, golf, and such things all together; I might have suspected it was the work of a lunatic. But really—"

He caught of D'Arey's face in the away to the gaschool House, and hurried "Sure, the protection of the standard length of the standard le

away to the gaschool house, and hullied
"Sure, the proly hasn't stayed long,
Arthur Augustus gasmarked.
"Oh, wats!" he said.
I'm jolly glad he's gone he man is mad;
D'Arcy waited until he has
breath. Then he turned on heel, and
returned to Study No. 6.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Still They Come.

FAT little gentleman, with a silk hat and a white beard, made appearance a few minutes later. appearance a few minutes later. Lowther, who had just arrived on the scene, approached him, raising his cap with much politeness.
"You wish to see D'Arcy, sir?"
"Eh?" The old gentleman put his hand to his ear and bent his head. "I am a little deaf. Pray speak louder."
"You want to see D'Arcy?" bawled

Lowther.

Lowther.

"Yes, yes. I am Professor Krammer-professor of lauguages," the old gentleman explained. "I have called in reference to an advertisement."

"This way!" said Lowther.

"To-day? Yes, I think it was to-day the advertisement said," replied Professor Krammer. "Yes, certainly it was to-day!"

"Will you follow me?"

"No, I have not had tea," said Professor Krammer, 'again misunderstanding. "However, that is of no importance. Is Master D'Arcy here?"

"T'll take you to him, sir!" shricked Lowther.

"Oh, yes! Quite so! Thank you!" said

"Oh, yes! Quite so! Thank you!" said the old gentleman, blinking benevolently through his spectacles. "Thank you, my the

Monty Lowther led him into the School ouse a to Study No. 6.

Arthur Augustas D'Arcy jumped up to House

receive his visitor.

Lowther showed him into the study, and

vanished.

"Pwofessah Kwammah!" said Arthur Augustus. "Glad to see you, pwofessah! Will you take a seat?" Professor Krammer sat down, with a bene-volent smile.

"I have called in reference to the advertisement in the 'Wayland Times,'" he explained. "You are—ahem!—rather young to be taking up so serious a study."
"I twust I shall be able to learn, all the same, sir."
"Eh?"

"I twust I shall be able to learn!" yelled

"The wils I shall be able to be better, really, for such a difficult study," said Professor Krammer. "Of course, it will be many years before you are proficient. I will not conceal that from you."

"Bai Joye!"

"What languages do you study here, in the ordinary curriculum?"

"Languages?"
"Yes. French, I'suppose; and German and Latin, of course?"
"Yaas."

"Yaas."
"But not Greek?"
"They used to have Gweek," said Arthur Augustus. "But it was dwopped for German. It's an extwa now for those who want it. I don't. But what has that to do——"
"You say you study Greek?"
"No; I say I do not!"
"Ah! And you have no grounding in the language?"
D'Arey shook his head. He found that an

D'Arey shook his head. He found that an easier way of saying no than with his voice to the deaf old gentleman.

"And in Sanskrit, Hebrew, and Chinese-nothing as yet, I suppose?"
"Bai Jove! No!"
"Very well. Everything must have beginning," said the professor benevol-"I must say it is very meritorious inde a must say it is very meritorious inde a young gentleman of your years to take up such difficult studies. It make a suggestion, I should recomme-beginning with only one of them—say, Greek at first."

Gweek!"

"Yes; you will find that the easiest of the four.

Arthur Augustus stared at him blankly "But I don't want to study Gweek!" gasped.
"This week?

Certainly; to-day, if you

like!" said the professor, who apparently was a little deaf. "In fact, I am quite prepared to give you your first lesson now."

There was the sound of a chuckle from the passage. The professor did not hear it, but Arthur Augustus did, and he guessed that Tom Merry & Co. were there, listening to that peculiar interview with enjoyment. Arthur Augustus was not enjoying it.

"You have some books, I suppose?" acked the professor, drawing his chair up to the table.

"I have no books on ventwiloquism," said D'Arcy. "Eh?"

"I haven't any books about it."

"Ah, then, you must obtain some," said the professor. "However, we can commence

professor. "However, we can commence thout books" relieved good!" said Arthur Augustus, much relieved feeling that they were getting to business at ast. "I suppose the first lesson will be in thresin' the voice?" "Eh? The voic We shall study both the active and the paive voice, of course. But that will come late." "I should have thought the voice was active all the time, sir."

"Chora—land. Xwpa—hee chora," said the professor, pronouncing it for D'Arcy's benefit. "Hee chora—the land! You see?"

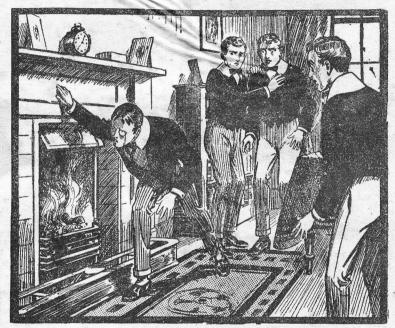
"Hee chora—the lam.
"B-b-but—"
"That is a feminine noun, nominative case, singular number, and therefore it takes the

"Yaas, but—but I'm not studyin' Gweek!" groaned Arthur Augustus. "What has that got to do with ventriloquism? Bai Jove, you're worse than the othah chap!"

"Eh?"
"I weally do not undahstand."
"You will understand me in time," said
the professor. "It is naturally a little difficult at first, owing to the difference in the
alphabet. But in a short time you will find
yourself able to make the Greek letters as
easily as the Roman, and to read them as
easily. It is merely a question of custom.
When you get to the Chinese you will find
your difficulties begin."
"Chinese! Gweat Scott!"

our amedities degin."
"Chinese! Gweat Scott!"
"But we are doing Greek at present. I
ill send you a list of books you had better "But will obtain-

"Books on ventwiloquism?"



"IS CUSSY OUT OF HIS SENSES?"

"Eh?"

"Isn't the voice always active?" shrieked

"Isn't the voice always active?" shrieked D'Arcy.

"My dear boy, of course not! It is the same as in Latin—indeed, in any language—there is always an active and a passive voice," said the professor. "For instance, luo—I loose—that is active."

"Oh, crwumbs! Blest if he isn't teachin' me Gweek!" muttered Arthur Augustus. "I suppose ventwiloquists are all mad. That is the only explanation. It's uttahly imposs that it should be necessawy to learn Gweek in ordah to be a ventwiloquist. I say "—he shouted again—"is that weally necessawy, pwofessah?"

"Not now—not now," said the professor

"Not now—not now," said the professor soothingly. "We shall come to the verbs later on. We must begin at the beginning, of course. Are you acquainted with the Greek alphabet?"

reek alphabet! My deah sir, I lettahs," said Arthur Augustus. know more than that, and I forget them. But is it necessawy—

good. We will commence with the article," said the professor. "There are thirty forms of the definite article in Greek; but that is not so difficult as it sounds, as many of them are merely repetitions of the others. We will take a simple noun of the first declension for a beginning

"But-" "Twpa"—the professor wrote it down.

"Are you goin' to send me a list of books on ventwiloquism?" shrieked D'Arcy. "Certainly not! What do you mean? What has ventriloquism to do with learning Greek?" the professor exclaimed in astonish-

"What I want to know is what has learnin' Gweek to do with ventwiloquism?" groaned the unfortunate student. "I don't know what you're dwiving at. Will you explain?" "Eh?"

"I should like you to explain what you mean."

"Certainly, certainly! Now, for your first exercise, until you obtain your books, we will take the noun 'chora,' and decline it."

"I shall certainly decline it! I shall decline the whole bizney!" howled Arthur Agustus D'Arcy. "I decline to have anythin' to do with it! I weally think you must be off your wockah!"

"En?"

"Eh?"

"You must have come to the wong place. I wasn't advertisin' for a teachah of beastly Gweek. I haven't the faintest ideah what you have come heah for, unless you have escaped fwom a lunatic asylum!" Arthur Augustus exclaimed, utterly exasperated, and rising to his feet. "I wetuse to listen to any more of this on any terms!"

"Terms!" exclaimed the professor, catching only the last word. "Dear me! I quite forgot to mention about terms. Shall we say half-a-guinea a lesson?"

half-a-guinea a lesson?"
THE PENNY POPULAR.—No. 3.

"But I tell you," gasped D'Arcy-"I tell you I don't want to learn Gweek! There's

you I don't want to learn Gweek! There's no need for you to stay now."

"Certainly. I have no objection to your paying now—in fact, I generally receive my fees in advance," said the deaf gentleman. "If you prefer, you can pay for each lesson separately, or for a whole term in advance. I leave that entirely to you, Master D'Arcy."

I leave that entirely to you, Master D'Arcy."
"I wish you would leave my study to me."
"Yes, undoubtedly it will be a valuable
study for you," agreed the professor.
"Oh, cwumbs! I didn't say anythin of the
sort. I say—"
"Very well, if you wish to pay—half-aguinea, please! But we have not finished the
lesson yet."
"Will you go away?" shrieked Arthur
Angushas

Augustus

Augustus.

The professor heard that, and he rose to his feet in astonishment and indignation. He glared at the junior over his spectacles.

"I fail to understand you. Am I to understand that you do not require these lessons, Master D'Arcy?"

lessons, Master D'Arcy?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Then you have brought me here for nothing, and wasted,my time?"

"You've been wastin' my time, I think," said the exasperated swell of St. Jim's, "Blow your beastly old Gweek; Go and buwy it!" buwy it!"
"Under the circumstances, I shall refuse to

"Under the circumstances, I shall refuse to give you any lessons!"
"Thank goodness!"
"But you will not be allowed to wriste my valuable time like this, young gentleman!" thundered the indignant professor. "I shall accept payment for this lesson."
"Bai Jove! Will you?"
"Pay up, Gussy!" chorted Monty Lowther at the door. "Better let him go. There are three chaps downstairs waiting their turns."

Ha, ha, ha! "Thwee ventwiloquial pwofessahs!" gasped

"Yes; and one's got a cornet."
"Yes; and one's got a cornet."
"My hat!"
"And the other two have sets of golf-

Great Scott!"

"And there's a man coming across the quad with a 'cello!" yelled Reilly up the stairs. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"They're all insane!" gasped Arthur Augustus, utterly dismayed. "All as mad as gidday hattahs!"

"Sir, you owe me half-a-guinea!" said the professor sternly. "Unless you hand me that sum, and apologise for your extraordinary behaviour. I shall go at once to your head-mostar!"

"Pay up, Gussy!"

"But weally—oh, vewy well! The old johnnie has made a mistake, but he is an old chap, and he can have ten-and-six if he wants it." said Arthur Augustus. And he generoisly handed out a half-sovereign and a sixpence, "There you are, Sir. There has been a mistake. I'm sowwy!"

The professor snorted, pocketed the coins, and marched out of the study. Toby put his

head in at the door,
"Four gentlemen
D'Arcy," he sniggered. to see you. Master

"D-d-don't let them come up!" stuttered D'Arcy, feeling as if his head was turning round. "I can't stand any more of it! I weally can't! Dwive them away!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
Jack Blake and Tom Merry came hurrying

Jack Blake and Tom Merry came hurrying along to the study.
"Getting your visitors, Gussy?" inquired Blake, looking into the study. "Hallo, what's wrong? You don't look happy!"

Mark, floking into the study. I man, what's wrong? You don't look happy?"

Arthur Augustus groaned.
"I'm fed.up! I—I think I shall chuck up ventwiloquism!" he panted. *"They're all mad—mad as March hattahs—I mean, hares!

They want to teach me ventwiloquism with violins and Gweek exahcises!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ha, ha, ha!"
There's a chap crossing the quad with a book under his arm!" yelled Manners. can't see whether it's Hebrew or Sanskrit!"

"And here comes a chap with a cornet!" said Monty Lowther.
Arthur Augustus sank down in a chair and

gasped.

As the afternoon wore on, more and more

As the alternoon wore on, more and more answers were coming to the advertisement. In the Lower Hall there were now six gentlemen waiting to see Augustus D'Arey, in various degrees of shabbiness, with violinand violoncello, and golf-clubs, and big volumes.

Augustus was in a very peculiar Arthur

redicament.
"I can't stand any more of it." he seement.
"It can't stand any more of it." he seement.
"That old chap neahly turned my for gwey!
I won't see them! They can see and dwown

themselves!" They can of it!" here sped, themselves!"

"Rut you must see mem!" yelled Tom and dwown Merry. "They we cove in answer to your ad, and they will want their expenses, anyway. Better tace the opportunity and learn the violing too cello, the plane, the cornet, and golf and Sanskrit, and Greek!"

"Hat ha, ha!"

"They're all dottay! Purely and the start of the cornet, way! Give them tay!

avar! Give them their expenses—give them anythin, they ask for—only don't let them into this studay!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "t's imposs for me to deal with that ewowd. Dwive them away!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. Saved!

WIVE them away, deab boys?"

The juniors shrieked with laughter. But it was no laughing matter to Arthur Augustus D'Arey. The unfortunate awell of St. Jim's felt as though his brain was in a whir!

The Greek professor had worn him out, as it were. He had not nerve enough to face the it were. He had not nerve enough to face the rest of his callers. And they were increasing

in numbers.

A glance from the study window showed him another long-haired and shabby gentleman crossing the quadrangle with a violin-case

under his arm.

Arthur Augustus fairly collapsed into the study armehair, and groaned in anguish of

"They must be pottay!" he gasped. "How can you teach ventriloquism with a beastly

"Or with Gweek exabetises and things, and 'cellos and an— Bai Joye, one of them will be bwingin' along a gwand piano next!"
"A chap with a cornet's coming upstairs!"
chuckled Blake.

"Keep him out!"

"But

"Master D'Arcy here?" said the seedy gentleman with the cornet, looking in supprise at the almost hysterical juniors gathered round the doorway of Study No. 6. "I've called in answer to an advertisement in the 'Wayland Times."

"Don't let him come in!"
"What's that?" ejaculated the cornet-

"Ahem! Master D'Arey is seeing a good many callers this afternoon!" gasped Lowther.

"Just wait downstairs a bit, will you?"

"Just wait downstairs a bit, will you?"
"My time's valuable."
"Yes, yes! But wait a bit."
The gentleman with the cornet discontentedly retrrated downstairs. He was met on the stairs by an equally seedy individual with 'cello

"I've called in answer to an advertisement

"Yes, yes!"
"In the 'Wayland Times,'"

persisted the "Yes; but-

"Yes; but—" persisted the "Is Master D'Arcy here ye brought my gentleman with the cello— I had to bring instrument with me, aftisement stated that it in a cab. The ad." expenses would be Jwn and wait a bit," said "Yes, yes. Gehoking. And he faitly Blake, almost the gentleman with the cello "shoed" aw'em come in!" groaned Arthur Bon't !- we my come in!" groaned Arthur Ha, ba, ha!" "Ha, ba, ha!" "Ha, ba, ha!" "Ha, ba, ha!" "I feel are all mad—mad as hattabs and at. The are all mad—mad as hattabs and at. The are welded togethah, bai Jove! It's March and shows to have all these feahlur shanacs in the house at once!" Blake clung to the doorway, in danger of an

Blake clung to the doorway, in danger of an-

Blace clung to the doorway, in uanger of an-attack of hysterics.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. Gussy!" he gasped. "I'll get rid of the giddy crowd of them if you'll give up ventriloquism. Other-wise, I'll bring the whole gang in here on you at once

Weally, Blake

"Weally, Blake—"Is it a go?" demanded Blake.
"Yaas, wathah! I was thinkin' of givin' upthe beastly thing, anyway!" groaned ArthurAugustus. "I am convinced that all ventwiloquists are off their gidday wockahs, aftah this.
It must have some peculiah effect upon thebwain, I suppose. It's a go! Only get wid of
them, deah boy."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

them, deah boy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We'll save you!" chuckled Tom Merry.

"We'll have a whip round to raise the exes for them, and Cussy shall stand us a big feed in the study to compensate."

"Yaas, wathah! Anythin' you like!"

"Trust to us!" said Monty Lowther nobly.

"We'll rescue you, Gussy. Quite sure, though, you wouldn't like to interview personally the lunatic with the 'cello?"

"Yaas, yaas!"

yaas! Or the maniac with the gelf-clubs?" Yaas, yaas!" shricked D'Arcy. "Dwive "Yaas, yaas!"

them away!

"Ynas, yaas!" shricked D'Arcy. "Dwive them away!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Blake, nearly choking, cangged the study door shut. Then the grinning juniors hurried downstairs to deal with the crowd of applicants for the post of instructing Arthur Augustus D'Arcy in so many varied arts.
The crowd of seedy gentlemen received if unsatisfactory explanation that the advertigid not require their services. Wherenpeathere was a general indignant how! for expenses, and when it was admitted that the claim for expenses would be met, it was remarkable how expensive a thing it seemed to be for a seedy gentleman to walk over from Wayland to St. Jim's.

However, terms were arranged at last, and the visitors departed with their various instruments, Arthur Augustus watching them go from his study window.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy did not become a

Arthur Augustus Date, du los ventriloquist.

He was quite fed up on that subject.

For some considerable time he remain firmly convinced that ventriloquism had deleterious effect upon the brain. remained

He received sudden enlightenment, however, when a copy of the famous advertisement in the "Wayland Times" came before his eyes

one day,

Then he understood. His indignation was great, but it only evoked chuckles in the School House.

School House.
Fortunately, by that time Arthur Augustus was very keen about football, and he confided to Blake, ou reflection, that, upon the whole he'd deedded that he'd "better stick to footah and let ventwiloquism alone." And he did. And so Study No. 6 was troubled, no more with the weird and wonderful efforts of

D'Arcy, the ventriloquist.

Next Friday's Splendid, Complete Tale of the Chums of St. Jim's is entitled

PING! * CAUGHT

Please order your copy of the PENNY POPULAR in advance.



1: By :: MARTIN CLIFFORD.