

THE REBEL OF GRIMSLADE!

by
FRANK RICHARDS

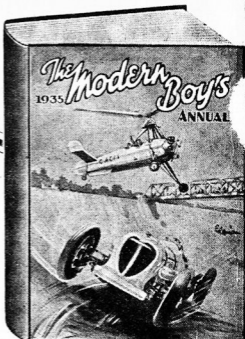


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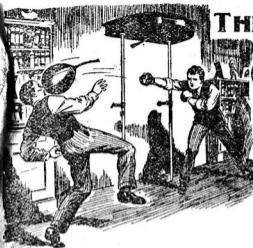


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THE REBEL OF GRIMSLADE!

The "old hands" of Grimslade pride themselves on being able to knock unruly juniors into shape. But they find more than their match when they try conclusions with JIM DAINTY, a new boy.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER 1.

The Sleeper Awakes!

SNORE!

Ginger Rawlinson chuckled.

He was standing looking in at the open window of a study in White's House at Grimslade School. Ginger belonged to Redmayes' House, on the other side of the quad, and he really had no business where he was at the present moment. But it was a half-holiday, and Rawlinson of the Fourth had time on his hands, and he had come over to the rival House looking for rouble. Looking for trouble was Ginger's chief mission in life.

Snore!

Inside the study a plump junior was stretched, comfortably if not elegantly, in an armchair, his feet on another chair.

His eyes were shut and his mouth was open. It was a large mouth. Friedrich von Splitz—more commonly called Fritz Splitz at Grimslade—was reputed to possess the largest mouth in

the school, and to put more into it than any three other fellows. And it was wide open.

Leaning over the window-sill, Ginger Rawlinson drew a squirt from his pocket. The squirt was full of ink. He watched the sleeper anxiously while he took aim. But the German junior showed no sign of awakening. It was a warm afternoon, and napping in an armchair was Fritz' idea of enjoyment on a half-holiday. He slept and snored.

With his red head and burly shoulders inside the window, Ginger dwelt on his aim.

Squish!

A stream of ink shot into the open mouth.

It was not easy to awaken Fritz when he was asleep. But that awakened him. He started up with a gurgling howl.

"Ach! Oooooooch! Himmel! Woocooogh! Mein gootness! Urrgh!"

Ginger popped back out of sight—swiftly. He popped rather too swiftly for comfort, forgetting the sash above his head. There was a loud crack as

the back of his head established contact with the sash. The squirt dropped from his hand inside the study, and he clasped his damaged head. He rubbed his head with anguish as he stooped below the window-sill. From within the study came sounds of wild spluttering.

"Ach! Tat is ink—it is ink in mein mou! Himmel! I am choke—I am all inky—grooooooogh!"

The German junior gasped and spluttered frantically, and gouged ink from his mouth. Black ink streaked his fat, pink face.

Tap!

The study door opened.

Mr. White, Housemaster of White's House, looked into the study—and jumped. He stared blankly at the spluttering *Deutschlander*.

"Splitz, what—"

"Ach! Grooogh! Ooooch!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Ginger, and he crouched low under the window-sill. Ginger did not want to meet a Housemaster's eye just then.

"Splitz, what does this mean? You are smothered with ink—you are the most slovenly boy in the House—what does this mean?"

"Ach! Ich weiss nicht—I know not!" spluttered Fritz. "I go asleep mit myself in vun chair, I vake mit myself and I am all inky! Mein mou is full of tat ink! Ach himmel! I know not how he come—my prain is a plank."

Mr. White had to guess that Fritz meant that his mind was a blank. Fritz' English needed getting used to.

Mr. White glanced at the squirt lying on the floor and smiled faintly. He glanced through the open window, but there was no one in sight near the House. Fortunately—for Ginger—he did not think of putting his head out and glancing downward under the broad stone sill.

"Someone appears to have played a trick on you, Splitz," he said, "but he seems to have gone. You should not be asleep in the daytime. You are the laziest boy in the House. I came here

to tell you that I desire you to walk down to Middlemoor—"

"Ach!" groaned Fritz.

This was worse than the ink! It was a mile to Middlemoor, and the weather was warm.

"A new boy arrives this afternoon," said Mr. White. "A boy named James Dainty. I desire you to meet him at the station and bring him to the school. You will go at once and wash yourself—"

"Ach!" groaned Fritz. Fritz did not like washing.

"And go to the station. Dainty will arrive by the three-thirty. You will meet the train. Lose no time."

"Ach, I lofe to go—"

"Very good!"

"Put I tink—"

"That will do!"

"I tink tat perhaps tat poy Tainty, he like petter to be met by vun English poy, and not a Cherman—"

"I have selected you, Splitz, because I had no doubt that you were slacking as usual, and the exercise will do you good."

"Ach! But I have a bain—"

"A what?"

"A bain in mein inside—vat you call te pread-pasket—"

"Oh, a pain!" said Mr. White. "A pain that will prevent you from walking to Middlemoor?"

"Ja, ja!" exclaimed Fritz eagerly.

"A colossal bain in mein inside—"
"I must give you something for it," said Mr. White grimly. He picked up a cricket stump from the corner of the study. "Bend over that chair, Splitz."

"Vat?" gasped Splitz.

"Bend over!"

"Ach! Tat pain, he is gone!" stuttered the German junior. "He go away quite suddenly. He vas colossal, but he is gone."

But Fritz' pain was gone too late. Mr. White pointed to the chair with the stump, and Fritz Splitz, with a groan of anticipation, bent over.

Whack!

"Ooooooogh!"

"Now lose no more time," said Mr.

White. "Grimslade is not a school for slackers, Splitz."

He quitted the study. Fritz groaned dismally. Grimslade was anything but a school for slackers, and Fritz was rather like a fat fish out of water there.

"Plow tat new poy!" groaned Fritz. "That new poy is a peast and a prute. Tey are all peasts and prutes. Now I must go and vash—and already to-day I have vashed vunce. In tis peastly country tey vash and vash and vash—we are not so dirty in Chermany, and do not need all tat vashing. Now I must vash and walk—ach himmel!"

And Fritz Splitz left his study, to wash and walk—neither of which appealed to him in the very least. But there was no help for Fritz, and he washed and started to walk. He grunted his way under a hot sun down the long lane to Middlemoor—unconscious of the fact that three grinning juniors of Redmayes' House were following in his footsteps.

CHAPTER 2.

Not Funny for Fritz!

"LOOK here, Ginger, what's the game?" asked Bacon of the Fourth.

"Yes, give it a name!" said Sandy Bean.

Ginger Rawlinson pointed to the fat figure grunting ahead in the lane.

"That lump of lard is going to meet a new kid for White's House," he explained. "I heard White tell him so."

"What the thump does a new kid for White's House matter to us?" demanded Bacon.

"Lots!" answered Ginger cheerfully.

Don't you remember what the Head was saying in Hall only yesterday? While a healthy rivalry between the two Houses of Grimslade is much to be commended—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"Much to be commended," continued Ginger calmly, "nevertheless—"

"Cut it short!"

"Nevertheless, we should all re-

member that we are Grimsladers, and stand by one another for the old school—"

"Don't give us the beak's bilge second-hand," implored Sandy Bean. "Catch me standing by White's tick, unless it's to give him a thick ear."

"My dear men," said Ginger, "Dr. Sparshott means well, and we're bound to take his tip. This new kid is for White's, so we're going to rally round him and give him some attention on his first day here. We're going to give him our best attention."

"Oh!" said Bacon. "It's a rag?"

"Streaky, old man, you'll go far with a brain like yours," said Ginger. "How did you guess it?"

"Fathead!" answered Bacon.

"We're going to leave Fritz for dead somewhere on the road," said Ginger, "and meet the new kid ourselves! Unluckily, I dropped my ink squirt in Fritz' study, but there are lots of ways of showing kind attentions to a new kid!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fritz Splitz did not look round. It was a certain amount of trouble to look round, and Fritz never took trouble if he could help it. He plodded on, unaware that the three chums of Redmayes' House were on his track.

The lane ran across a wide moor. Grimslade School stood on the edge of the moor, on the border of the two great counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire.

Most of the boys belonged to one or other of those counties, and they were about equally divided in number. The school colours were red and white, which implied union; but the rivalry between the two Houses was as keen as in the Wars of the Roses of ancient times.

Trafford, of the Sixth, the captain of the school, was a Lancashire man; which was a source of great pride to Redmayes' House. Ginger Rawlinson was—according to himself, at least—captain of the Lower School—a title that was fiercely disputed by White's

juniors. But Ginger was always ready to back up his claims with the heftiest fists in the Fourth Form at Grimslade—and there was no junior in White's House who could stand up to Ginger for more than two rounds. So Lancashire, at present, had the best of it—which, according to the Reds, was exactly as it should be.

Dr. Sparshott, the headmaster, was a young man. He was a double Blue, and had been—and still was—a great boxer and footballer. Perhaps for that reason he closed one eye—if not both—to the scrapping that went on between the rival Reds and Whites of Grimslade. They led the strenuous life at Grimslade, and it was no place for a fellow who had a soft streak in him—as Fritz Splitz had sorrowfully discovered.

The fat fellow from the Rhineland puffed and panted into Middlemoor. Fritz had one consolation for his long walk—he had to pass the village tuckshop on his way to the station. At that establishment he made a halt, and there the three merry juniors of Redmayes' House overtook him. Fritz blinked round at them rather uneasily. They were all smiling—which did not reassure him at all. Fritz did not enjoy House rags.

"Fancy meeting you, Von Splitz!" said Ginger amicably.

Fritz beamed.

In Germany, by Fritz' account, there were many Splitzes, who were quite commonplace persons. But the "Von" Splitzes were fewer in number, and out of the aristocracy. It was Fritz' pride that he was a "Von" Splitz, and the surest way to his podgy heart was by addressing him as Von Splitz—which hardly anybody ever did. Evidently Ginger wanted to be friendly.

"Trot in and have a ginger-pop!" invited Rawlinson.

"Ja whol!" grinned Fritz.

He trotted into the shop with the three Redmayes' juniors. Ginger winked at his chums while the ginger-pop was consumed.

"You're tired after your walk, Jerry

—I mean, Von Splitz!" he remarked. "We're going to save you the trouble of meeting that new kid."

Fritz shook his head.

"Zat is not possible! Mr. White, he say meet tat new poy Tainty, and I tink two times before I not meet him."

"Now look here," argued Ginger. "I know all about the chap, and you're tired—you couldn't carry your weight a mile without getting tired. Leave Dainty to us."

"Das kann ich nicht—I cannot do tat ting."

"Sit down here and rest while we go to the station for him," said Bacon.

"Tat I would lofe to do," sighed Fritz, "put I cannot."

"Germans always do as they're told," remarked Ginger. "You're going to sit down, Jerry, whether you like to rest or not."

"Vunce I sit down, I tink perhaps I do not get up again," sighed the fat German junior. "So I will not sit down."

"Your mistake," said Ginger.

He gave the German junior a playful shove on his well-filled waistcoat.

"Ach!" gasped Fritz.

He sat down!

He was standing in front of a large box of eggs that leaned on the counter. Perhaps Ginger had not noticed it. Perhaps, on the other hand, he had!

Squash!

"Ach himmel!" yelled Fritz, as he sat in the eggs.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ach, I sit in eggs!" shrieked Fritz, squirming wildly in the box and smashing eggs on all sides. "Help! Tat you help me! Mein gootness, I am egggy all ofer—I am sticky—ooooogh! Tat you help me!"

But Ginger & Co. had no time for helping Fritz. Fritz swamped in broken eggs and roared, and Mrs. Robins gazed at him in horror across the counter. Ginger & Co., yelling, retreated from the tuckshop, leaving Fritz Splitz squirming in eggs.

"Come on!" chortled Ginger. "Fritz

won't feel like going to the station now—he's rather too eggy! Come on, old beans!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Redmayes' juniors hurried on to the station—whither Fritz was in no state to follow them. For quite a considerable time Fritz was busy with eggs, and he had no time to think of the new boy. Ginger & Co. kindly thought of him instead.

CHAPTER 3.

Nice for the New Boy!

JIM DAINTY looked out of the carriage window as the train slowed down towards Middlemoor. It was glorious scenery that met his eyes—wide, breezy moors, and fell rising over fell, to the great Grimslade Pike towering against the blue sky in the distance. But the new boy for Grimslade School stared at it with discontented eyes. He was a well-made lad, slim but sturdy, with a handsome face—of which the good looks were rather marred by the expression of discontent that seemed habitual. Judging by his looks, Jim Dainty was not keen on his new school, and not prepared to make the best of what could not be helped.

There was no porter at hand when the train stopped at Middlemoor Station, and Jim was the only passenger who alighted from the train. The village station seemed deserted, except for three youths who were standing in a group, watching the train as it came in, and Jim as he alighted with a bag in his hand.

The new junior glanced at them. One of them was a rather burly fellow for a junior schoolboy, with a shock of red hair—that was Ginger Rawlinson. Another was a thin fellow with a sharp face and very penetrating eyes—that was "Streaky" Bacon. The third was a youth with freckles, rather high cheekbones and merry blue eyes—that

was Sandy Bean. All three of them were grinning—and as Jim was the only other person in sight, he concluded that they were grinning at him—which, in fact, was the case—and a flush of annoyance came over his face.

Possibly his moody expression caused the Grimsladers to grin. The slim, handsome, discontented-looking fellow struck them as a spoiled darling fresh from home—the kind of fellow who was likely to be very rapidly, and rather roughly, knocked into shape at Grimslade. Ginger & Co. were generously prepared to take an early and effective hand in the process of knocking Jim Dainty into shape!

"Here he is!" said Ginger. "New kid for Grimslade, what?"

"Yes!" snapped Dainty. His manner was not polite. "You belong to Grimslade?" he added.

"We do—we does!" smiled Ginger. "We've come to meet you, kid—specially selected because we're so kind to new kids!"

"You needn't have troubled! I suppose I can find my way to the school. Isn't there a dashed porter here to put my bag on a taxi?"

"There's a porter somewhere—probably asleep—but there isn't a taxi!" grinned Ginger. "Your box will be sent on, and you'll carry your bag—unless," he added, with withering sarcasm, "you'd like me to carry it for you."

"Oh, good! Take it!"

Dainty held out the bag. Ginger stared at him, and Bacon and Bean chuckled.

"Well, my hat!" said Ginger. "I've seen some weird new kids in my time, but this sportsman takes the cake. How did you get out of the Zoo, Dainty?"

"I seem to have got into it—into the monkey-house, at least," answered Dainty.

"Wha-a-at?" ejaculated Ginger.

"Look here, are you carrying this bag?"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Ginger. "Am

I carrying his bag, you men? I ask you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bacon and Bean.

"Well, don't talk rot, then!" snapped Jim Dainty, and he walked along the platform to the exit.

Ginger & Co. walked after him. Ginger Rawlinson's face was wrathful. He had been intending to give the new fellow a little good-natured ragging. Now he was thinking of mopping up Middlemoor with him.

They found Jim Dainty outside the station, bag in hand, looking about him, more discontented than ever. Taxicabs were unknown at Middlemoor, and there was not even a hack. The only vehicle in sight was the local carrier's cart, into which Crabb, the carrier, was lifting a huge hamper—evidently empty, from the ease with which he tossed it into the cart. Old Crabb glanced at Dainty, and touched his hat.

"Going to Grimslade, sir?" he asked civilly.

Jim Dainty stared at him, and then nodded curtly.

"Like a lift, sir?" asked old Crabb. "I'm taking this 'ere hamper to the school, and if you'd like a lift——"

"Not in a carrier's cart, thanks," said the new junior disdainfully; and he turned away.

Old Crabb gave him a look, and, without speaking, led his horse across to the Peal of Bells, where he left it standing while he went inside for some liquid refreshment.

Ginger & Co. looked at one another. Their looks were expressive. If ever there was a fellow who wanted the Grimslade treatment, and wanted it badly, that fellow, in their opinion, was this new junior for White's House. Dainty, taking no notice of them, went back into the station. Apparently he made some arrangement there for his bag to be conveyed to the school, for he emerged without it. He glanced round him, still taking no heed of the Grimslade trio, and started to walk.

Ginger Rawlinson started after him, and grasped him by the arm.

"Now look here——" began Ginger.

Dainty jerked his arm away. Then, to the astonishment and wrath of the three, he took out a handkerchief and wiped his sleeve where Ginger's grasp had fastened.

"Why, you—you—you—I—I—I——" gurgled Ginger.

Dainty walked on.

"Bag him!" gasped Ginger.

The next moment Jim Dainty was struggling in three pairs of hands.

"Hook him over to Crabb's cart!" panted Ginger. "He's too jolly haughty to take a lift in a carrier's cart, what? Chuck him in!"

"Hands off!" yelled Dainty.

There was a terrific struggle. Ginger & Co. had not anticipated much trouble. But if Jim Dainty was a "spoiled darling," he also seemed a good deal of a wild cat. He hit out right and left, and Ginger roared as he caught the new boy's right in his eye, and Streaky Bacon bellowed as Dainty's left landed on his nose. The four of them rolled on the earth. Jim was still resisting fiercely as the Grimsladers staggered up, dragged him to the carrier's cart and bundled him in. They bundled in after him, and Bacon and Bean sat on him in the bottom of the cart, grinning down at him.

"Keep him safe!" gasped Ginger. "My hat, that kid wants teaching manners, old beans, and we're the men to teach him!" Ginger unhooked the straps that fastened the lid of the big hamper and threw it back. "Drop him in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let go, you rotters!" panted Dainty. "You dare to put me in that hamper——"

"My dear man," drawled Ginger, "I dare say you don't know that Dr. Sparshott grows jolly old apples, and sends them away in hampers to his friends? The hampers go back empty—but this

time one is going back full—full of you, old pippin! See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bacon and Bean.

There was ample room in the big hamper for Jim Dainty. He was crammed in, resisting in vain. He looked rather like a wild cat in a cage, but the three were too many for him.

"Buck up," said Ginger. "Old Crabb will be out soon. No good telling old Crabb—he wouldn't see the joke. Stick his hanky in his mouth!"

"Groooooogh!" gurgled the new junior, as his folded handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth and secured there by a length of twine tied round his head.

"Now for his fins," said Ginger. "Can't have his wriggling out before the goods are delivered."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ginger drew a whipcord from his pocket. Streaky and Sandy held the prisoner in the hamper, while Ginger tied his hands. They grinned down at his furious face.

The lid was closed down on Jim Dainty, and the straps fastened. Ginger & Co. dropped out of the cart.

They were standing in a smiling group when Crabb came out of the Peal of Bells, wiping his mouth with the back of a horny hand. Old Crabb mounted into his cart, cracked his whip, and drove away for Grimslade. Ginger & Co. grinned after the cart as it rattled noisily down the village street.

"Some jape, what?" chuckled Ginger.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jim Dainty, inside the big hamper, wriggled and struggled. But any noise he made was drowned by the jolting and creaking of the cart, and the carrier did not even look round. Quite unconscious of his passenger, who was unwillingly taking the lift he had disdained to accept when offered, old Crabb drove on to Grimslade School.

CHAPTER 4.

A Surprise for Grimslade!

"NONSENSE!" barked Mr. Sparshott.

Sykes, the Grimslade porter, stood in the Head's study doorway. Dr. Samuel Sparshott, who was seldom called anything but "Sammy" at Grimslade, was in his shirt-sleeves with the gloves on. There was a punch-ball rigged in the study, and Sammy was hitting it when Sykes interrupted him. The young headmaster, with his athletic frame, clear-cut face and keen eyes, looked more like a boxer than a schoolmaster. He glared at Sykes.

"Rubbish!" he barked.

"Thee'd better see thyself," said Sykes sulkily. "I tell thee, sir, there's some wild beastie in the basket——"

"Haven't you opened it and looked?"

"I dursn't, with a wild beastie scratching and snarling——"

"Rubbish! I will come."

Sammy Sparshott peeled off the gloves, slipped on cap and gown, and followed the school porter.

Outside the porter's lodge at the school gates lay the big hamper that had been landed there by Crabb the carrier. A crowd of Grimslade fellows had gathered round it, and there was a buzz of surprised voices. Among the crowd stood Ginger & Co., who had walked back after the carrier's cart, and Fritz Splitz—still rather eggy about his baggy trousers. Ginger & Co. were grinning, but the other fellows stared at the hamper in astonishment, not unmixed with alarm.

Nobody had ventured to open it. It was addressed to Dr. Sparshott; but as it was supposed to be a returned empty hamper, Sykes would have carried it away to the shed—in ordinary circumstances. Crabb had been surprised by its weight when he tumbled it out of the cart. Sykes had been still more surprised when he came to lift it, and heard strange sounds and movements from within. Fifty fellows at least were staring at the hamper, and listen-

ing to the sounds that proceeded from it. Unless a wild cat was shut up inside, there was no accounting for those sounds. And if a wild cat was inside, nobody was keen on lifting the lid.

"Here comes Sammy!" murmured Ginger as the Head came up with long strides.

"What nonsense is this?" barked Dr. Sparshott.

"Mein gootness! Tere is something alive in tat hamper, sir!" gasped Fritz. "I tink two times before I touch te hamper!"

"Nonsense!"

Dr. Sparshott bent over the hamper, frowning impatiently. Then a change came over his face. His ears told him that there was something alive in the hamper. That could not be doubted. A mumbling, snarling sound, as of some half-choked animal—a struggling, wriggling, scratching sound, as of some animal seeking to escape! The Head stared.

What was in the hamper he could not imagine. Certainly he did not guess that it was a new boy for Grimslade! Jim Dainty had almost succeeded in freeing his hands by this time, but not quite. The handkerchief was still stuffed in his mouth, but he had chewed it loose. He could not speak, but he could hear voices outside his narrow prison, and he was trying to call out. He was able to utter only a suffocated howl. He thrashed about like a fish in a net as he struggled for release.

"Upon my word! Someone has shut up some animal in the hamper!" exclaimed Dr. Sparshott. "Probably only a cat or a dog—"

"A puppy, very likely, sir!" said Ginger.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bacon and Bean.

Dr. Sparshott gave them a look. But the muffled howling and frantic struggling drew back his attention to the hamper.

He began to unfasten the straps that secured the lid. The crowd of school-boys looked on eagerly, some of them getting ready to dodge if it should

prove to be a savage animal within. It was at that moment that Jim Dainty, with a final desperate wrench, freed his hands from the whip-cord. He shoved fiercely at the lid of the hamper from below as the Head of Grimslade unfastened the straps above.

The lid shot up.

"Oh!" roared Sammy Sparshott as the lid, flying up, caught him under the chin.

He rolled backwards and sat down.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Ginger.

"Look out!" yelled Dawson of the Fourth as a wild figure leaped up in the hamper like a jack-in-the-box.

Jim Dainty, his face convulsed with fury, glared round him. Dr. Sparshott jumped up, staring at him blankly.

"What—" he gasped.

Crash!

Jim Dainty hit out. In his excitement and wrath he did not realise that it was a headmaster who was before him. Perhaps, in his present infuriated frame of mind, he would not have cared, anyhow. He hit out at the nearest face, which was Dr. Sparshott's, and it was a hefty blow that landed on the headmaster's nose. Sammy Sparshott went over as if he had been shot.

"Oooooogh!" she spluttered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jim Dainty tore the handkerchief from his mouth. Still standing in the hamper, he glared round at the amazed and laughing faces of the Grimsladers. His clenched hands went up, his eyes flashing over them. He caught sight of Rawlinson in the crowd, sprang from the hamper, and rushed at Ginger.

"You—you rotter!" he panted.

Ginger, laughing like a hyena, dodged behind Fritz Spltz, caught the German junior by his fat shoulders, and spun him in Dainty's way. There was a frantic howl from Fritz as he caught the drive that was intended for Ginger.

"Ach! Mein nose!" yelled Fritz.

"Mein poko he is proken!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dr. Sparshott leaped to his feet. His face was like thunder. Another moment

and Jim Dainty would have been upon Ginger; but in that moment a grasp of iron fell on his collar. He was swung back in the athletic grasp of Sammy Sparshott.

"Who are you?" thundered the Head. "What does this mean? How dare you come here in a hamper? Are you mad? Who are you?"

"Let go my collar!" yelled Dainty. "I'll hack your shins, confound you!"

"Will you?" said Sammy Sparshott grimly.

With a swing of his sinewy arm, he lifted the new junior into the air, holding him by his collar. Jim Dainty swung there helplessly, his boots a couple of feet from the ground. He struggled and kicked, but the Head held him at arm's-length as easily as if he had been a rabbit.

"Now then," barked Sammy, "who are you?"

"Ow! Oooh! I'm Dainty—I'm going to Grimslade——" gasped Jim.

"Mein gootness! Tat is te new poy!" gasped Fritz Splitz. "Tat is Tainty!"

"You are Dainty, the new boy?" roared Sammy Sparshott. "And why have you arrived here in a hamper?"

"Find out!"

"What?" roared Dr. Sparshott.

"Find out! Let me go, confound you!" yelled Jim.

"I am your headmaster, boy!"

"I don't care a rap who you are! Let me go, or I'll kick you!"

"Some trick has been played on this boy!" said Dr. Sparshott. "I fancy you know something about it, Rawlinson. Go to my study and wait for me there. Dainty, you belong to White's House. I shall take you where you belong. You will learn manners here, my boy!"

Still holding the struggling, wriggling junior at arm's-length, as if he had been a featherweight, Sammy Sparshott marched across to White's House, followed by a roar of laughter.

"Will you put me down?" gurgled Jim.

"Not yet!" said Sammy Sparshott.

He walked into White's House, to Mr. White's study. The Housemaster, who had been staring from his window, opened the door as he arrived. He stared blankly at his chief. Sammy Sparshott was not in the common run of headmasters, and he had many original ways; but this was the first time he had ever brought a new boy to his House held in the air at arm's-length.

"S-sir!" stuttered Mr. White. "What——"

"This is Dainty, the new boy for your House, Mr. White! I hand him over to you!" said the Head of Grimslade.

Bump!

Jim Dainty landed on his Housemaster's study floor, in a panting heap. Dr. Sparshott, with a grim smile, walked away, and left the new boy to his Housemaster.

CHAPTER 5.

The Rebel!

"GET out!"

"Mein gootness!" ejaculated Fritz Splitz.

"You cheeky cad!" roared Dawson of the Fourth.

A sulky, savage face glared at the two Fourth-Formers from No. 10 study.

Jim Dainty had been an hour at Grimslade. After a talk with him, his Housemaster had sent him to his study, having learned from the new boy that he hadn't wanted to come to Grimslade, and that now he was there he didn't want to stay. All of which Mr. White had taken with a rather grim patience. Grimslade was a school celebrated for training troublesome boys in the way in which they should go, and Jim Dainty looked like the most unruly and troublesome fellow who had ever come to the school; but Mr. White had no doubt—so far at least—that Grimslade treatment would cure all that.

The new junior was moving about the study, rather like a wild animal in a cage, when Dawson and Fritz arrived.

It was their study, and they were not pleased with their new study-mate. Dainty seemed less pleased. He pointed to the door and told them to get out, and looked as if he was ready to back up that order with his fists—as indeed he was.

"You sulky, scowling tick!" roared Dick Dawson. "This is our study——"

"Get out!"

"Mein goot poy——" murmured Fritz.

"Are you going?"

"Going?" gasped Dawson. "Not quite! Why, I'll——"

He broke off as the new junior came at him with his hands up. Dick Dawson was rather a fighting man; he was the only fellow in White's House who had a sporting chance against Ginger Rawlinson of Redmayes. He rather prided himself on the way he used his hands. But he did not look like having much chance against the new junior. Spoiled darling Jim Dainty might have been at home, but he could use his fists, and he had as much pluck as unruly temper. With right and left he drove Dawson out into the passage, sending him sprawling on the linoleum. Then he turned on the staring, goggling Fritz.

"You going?" he snapped.

"Put, mein goot poy, tis is mein study," gasped Fritz. "I think two times before I go mit myself—— Yaroooooooooh!"

In the grasp of the new junior the fat German went spinning into the passage, landing on Dawson with a terrific crash.

Slam!

The door closed after him. There was a click as the key turned in the lock. Dawson panted under the sprawling Deutschlender.

"Gerroff, you Boche barrel!" gasped Dawson.

"Mein gootness!" gurgled Fritz. "I have no more te breff—ach! Tat you punch me not in te pread-pasket!"

He rolled off Dawson, spluttering, and the junior leaped up and jumped to the study door. He rattled the door-

handle and kicked on the panels. But the door remained locked. The new junior within took no notice of the rattling and banging.

"Will you let a fellow into his own study?" shrieked Dawson through the keyhole.

"Go and eat coke!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Jim Dainty, restlessly pacing the study within, gave no heed. He was thinking—sulkily, savagely, and rebelliously. He had not wanted to come to Grimsdale. He hated the place now that he was there. But there was no help for it!

He had been his mother's spoiled pet, while his father was in Burma—indulged, wilful, headstrong; never realising the trouble he gave, perhaps never wishing to realise it. His father's return home, after several years at the ruby mines in Burma, had changed all that. Mr. Dainty, an old Grimsdale himself, had sent him to his old school, which, if Jim had only known it, was exactly what he wanted. But he did not know it, and it might have made little difference if he had. Certainly, his peculiar arrival at Grimsdale was not calculated to make a favourable impression on him.

He writhed with rage and humiliation as he recalled how he had been carried at arm's-length across the quad by his amazing headmaster, amid yells of laughter. He paced the study with black and bitter thoughts, while Dick Dawson hammered furiously at the door.

The ink-squirt on the floor under the window caught his eye. He picked it up, filled it at the inkstand on the study table, and stepped to the door, his eyes gleaming. There were a good many voices in the passage now. The uproar at No. 10 study had drawn attention. Yorke, of the Sixth, the captain of the House, came up the passage with a cane in his hand.

"You young sweep, what's that row?" he demanded.

"Ach! Tat Tainty, he lock te door,

"and ve cannot get into te study mit myself!" gasped Fritz Splitz.

Yorke rapped on the door.

"You here, Dainty? Unlock this door at once!"

"Rats!"

"What!" roared Yorke. "Do you know you're speaking to your House captain?"

"Go and eat coke!"

"By gum!" gasped the captain of White's. "If that's a new kid, he's got a lot to learn at Grimslade! Open this door, Dainty!"

"Shan't!"

"Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz. "Tat poy he is a gorker! I do not tink that I shall lofe tat poy in mein study!"

Bang, bang, bang!

Yorke thumped on the door.

Dainty's voice was heard again.

"You can thump as long as you like, you silly idiot!"

"What! What did you call me?" gasped Yorke.

"Silly idiot!"

"By gum! I—I—I'll——"

"What is it, Yorke?" Mr. White came up the passage. "Has Dainty locked himself in?" He stepped to the door and tapped. "Dainty!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"What! It is your Housemaster speaking——"

"Well, shut up, you old fool!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Fritz Splitz, greatly tickled by the expression on Mr. White's face.

The Housemaster spun round at him.

"Are you laughing, Splitz?" he hooted.

"Ach! Nein!" exclaimed Fritz, in alarm. "I do not laff mit myself—I cough mit myself. I have vun colossal cough—ach!"

Mr. White turned to the door again. He stooped to address the new junior through the keyhole. Through that narrow aperture he had a glimpse for a moment of a handsome, sulky face. But it was only a glimpse, for the next moment there was a swishing, squish-

ing sound, and a stream of ink shot through the keyhole and landed in his face. He staggered back. Eyes and nose and mouth were full of ink, and Mr. White, suddenly transformed into a black man, sat down in the passage and spluttered:

"Oooogh! Hug! Gug-gug-gug! Ooooooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yurrrrrrggggh! Gurrrrrggggh! Wooooooogh!"

Mr. White picked himself up and staggered away, streaming ink.

Outside No. 10 study the crowd still buzzed in great excitement, but for a long time the Housemaster of White's was busy with hot water and soap, and Jim Dainty was left to himself.

CHAPTER 6.

Sammy Asks for It!

BANG!

Thump!

Dr. Samuel Sparshott, headmaster of Grimslade School, opened his study door, and stared in grimly.

Three juniors were in the study—all too busily occupied to notice that the door had opened.

Ginger Rawlinson and his chums, Bacon and Bean, had been sent to the study to wait for the Head there. Apparently they had found the time hang on their hands while they waited. There was a punch-ball rigged in the study, and boxing-gloves galore on a shelf.

"Sammy" Sparshott's study looked as much like a boxer's quarters as a headmaster's. Ginger & Co. had found a way of passing the time while they waited. The three juniors of Red-mayes' House had put the gloves on and were punching the ball with great vigour and vim.

Bang! Thump! Bump! Crash!

The ball bounded and rebounded as Ginger & Co. punched it at one another. "Streaky" Bacon gave a yell as the ball, driven by Ginger's sinewy

arm, reached his nose and spun him over backwards.

"Whooop!" yelled Streaky.

"Man down!" chuckled Sandy Bean.

"Ow! My nose!"

"Oh, blow your nose!" said Ginger.

"Get up and get on—that ass Sammy may butt in any minute——"

"Quite so, Rawlinson!" barked a voice in the doorway.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Ginger.

He spun round towards the door. Streaky Bacon scrambled up. The three juniors stared at the Head. Dr. Sparshott stepped into the study.

"Copped!" groaned Sandy Bean.

"Exactly," said Sammy Sparshott.

"Copped, my good Bean, as you so elegantly express it. I sent you here to wait for me."

"We—we've waited, sir!" stuttered Ginger.

"I am glad to see that you have not wasted your time," said the Head rather unexpectedly. "You will each put on a pair of boxing-gloves—they will be wanted soon. Rawlinson, it appears that you met a new boy for Mr. White's House, James Dainty, at the station this afternoon, and had the extraordinary idea of shutting him up in a hamper and having him delivered here by the carrier."

"Um!" said Ginger.

"Only a lark, sir!" ventured Bacon.

"Quite!" agreed Sammy Sparshott.

"A tremendous lark! Quite a feast of humour, in fact—but I dare say you have heard that after the feast comes the reckoning. Now, I shall not cane you."

Three faces brightened up.

"I shall not give you detentions."

Three faces grew brighter still.

"As you are so keen on boxing that you consider your headmaster's study a suitable place for punching the ball, we will settle this matter with the gloves on!" said Sammy Sparshott.

Dr. Sparshott picked up a pair of boxing-gloves from the table, and donned them, the three juniors eyeing him in astonishment. The Head of Grimslade had his own original

methods; and all Grimslade agreed that you never knew what Sammy was going to do next.

"I have the advantage of height and reach," continued Dr. Sparshott calmly, "but you have the advantage of odds. I shall box you one round, and if you keep your feet, you will be pardoned for your absurd prank on the new boy, Dainty. If you do down, I shall send you to your Housemaster to be flogged. You get me?"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Ginger. "You're a sportsman, sir! Line up, you men!"

"Whato!" said Sandy Bean.

"We're on, rather!" grinned Streaky.

Standing up to Sammy Sparshott, even for three sturdy fellows who knew how to use their hands, was no jest. But it was a sporting chance, and the Grimsladers were sportsmen before anything else. Ginger & Co. jumped at the chance with glee.

They lined up, ready and watchful.

"Time!" barked Sammy Sparshott.

"Go it, you men!" hissed Ginger between his teeth.

And the chums of Redmayes House "went" it. Dr. Sparshott's face was grim and earnest; he was no longer, for the moment, a headmaster, but a boxer bent on knocking out the three. He came at the trio with right and left, and they piled in hard and fast.

Sandy Bean staggered, but the headmaster's desk saved him from falling. He leaned on the desk, wondering whether he still had a nose. Streaky Bacon sprawled against the table, knocking books and an inkpot to the floor, but keeping his feet. Ginger Rawlinson side-stepped and dodged a drive that would have lifted him from the floor, closed in with the spring of a tiger, and got his right home under the Head's chin. His left landed the next second on Sammy Sparshott's eye.

Crash!

"Oh, jiminy!" panted Ginger, astounded at what he had done.

"Good gad!" gasped Dr. Sparshott. He was on his back, his head in the

waste-paper basket. Evidently he was astonished to find himself there.

He sat up, with the waste-paper basket on his head.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Ginger.

He jumped forward, and jerked the basket from Sammy Sparshott's head. Sammy Sparshott blinked at him.

"Oh, lor!" murmured Sandy Bean.

Slowly the Head of Grimslade rose to his feet. He eyed the juniors, and the juniors eyed him.

"We—we've kept our feet, sir!" ventured Streaky Bacon.

"Quite!" gasped Dr. Sparshott. He burst into a laugh, rather to the relief of the victorious three. "I was not looking for that, Rawlinson. Let it be a lesson to you—never underrate an adversary."

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Ginger.

"You win!" said Sammy Sparshott.

"Get out of my study!"

And the three peeled off the gloves and got out. They left the Head of Grimslade rubbing his chin and his eye tenderly. There was no doubt that Ginger had surprised him.

A minute or two later a voice floated to his ears through the open window. It was Ginger's voice.

"Sammy's a sportsman, you men—a jolly old sportsman! Come on—let's get back to the House and tell the fellows we've knocked down the Head!"

And Sammy Sparshott grinned.

CHAPTER 7.

Defiance!

"DAINTY!"

"Go and eat coke!" snapped Jim Dainty.

"Put, mein goot Tainty," expostulated Fritz Splitz, "vill you open tat door pefore?"

Jim Dainty, the new boy, was locked in his study, No. 10 in the Fourth Form corridor. For a long time there had been a buzzing crowd in the passage outside, but they had gone at last, leaving the rebellious new junior to himself. Only Fritz Splitz remained.

"Mein goot Tainty," wailed Fritz through the keyhole, "I must gum into mein study mit meinselb. Ich bin hungriq—tat is to say, I have hunger! Mein grub is in te cupboard. Tere are dates——"

"That's all right," came back Dainty's voice. "I've found them. I'm eating them now."

"Vat!" yelled Fritz. "You eat mein dates mit yourself! You are vun colossal peast—a peast and a prute! But tere is also a pie! If you vill not open tat door, vill you giff me tat pie if I gum round to te window?"

"You can have the pie, you fat freak!"

"Goot!" gasped Fritz.

The German junior scuttled out of White House and round to the study windows. A group of fellows were staring at the window of No. 10 study, which was shut. Jim Dainty had made rather a sensation in the House. Grimslade was famed as a school where rebellious and troublesome boys were licked into shape. But there had never arrived at Grimslade a fellow who needed so much licking into shape as Jim Dainty—who was in rebellion against masters, prefects, and everybody else, on his first day at the school.

Fritz tapped on the window, and the lower sash was lifted from within. The handsome, reckless, discontented face of the new junior looked down at him. There was a large pie, in a large pie-dish, in Jim Dainty's hands. Fritz' fat face lighted up at the sight of it.

"Tat is mein pie!" he exclaimed. "You are vun peast and a prute to eat mein dates—but you giff me tat pie, ain't it?"

"Here you are!" grunted Dainty.

He leaned over the sill, the pie in his hands.

Fritz lifted fat and podgy paws to receive it. But he did not receive it that way. The pie was suddenly turned over, and clapped down on Fritz' bullet head. The crust broke, and Fritz' head, almost disappeared into the dish.

"Oooooooh!" spluttered Fritz, as

plum and apple and rich juice ran down him in streams.

"Is that what you wanted?" asked Dainty.

"Ooooooh! Mein gootness! Ach! Wooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the fellows in the quad.

"Himmel! Ooooooh! I am murdered!" shrieked Fritz. "I am all over pie! I am vet and I am sticky! Oooooooh!"

Fritz staggered away, streaming. Fritz liked pies, especially plum and apple pies. But he did not seem to like this one. He seemed to hate it.

The pie-dish clattered on the ground, breaking into a dozen fragments. But the pie remained on Fritz Splitz. It mingled with his hair, it ran down his neck, it filled his ears and his collar; it seemed to clothe him like a garment. As the hapless Rhinelander staggered away, spluttering and gurgling, Dick Dawson of the Fourth made a rush for the open window, and clambered over the sill before the new boy could close down the sash. Head and shoulders came into the study.

"Now, you rotter!" panted Dawson. "We'll see if you'll keep a fellow out of his own study!"

"We'll jolly well see!" snapped Dainty.

And before Dick Dawson could get in more than his head and shoulders, the new boy dragged down the sash, closing it across the Grimslade junior's back.

He jammed it down hard, and Dawson gave a frantic yell.

"Ow! My back! Oh, my hat! Ow!"

He grabbed fiercely at the new boy. Jim Dainty caught his wrists, and held them. Dawson was a good fighting man, but he was at a hopeless disadvantage. Outside the window, his legs thrashed wildly. Inside, the rest of him was at the mercy of the new junior. Jim Dainty grabbed up a duster, twisted it round the Grimslade fellow's wrists, and knotted it. Dawson roared with wrath.

"Coming in?" jeered Dainty. "You don't look as if you are!"

Dawson struggled frantically.

He was a helpless prisoner, pinned down by the sash. Jim Dainty left him to squirm and crossed to the study table. He picked up a plate of dates.

"Oh-h-h!" gasped Dawson. "Don't you dare—oooh!"

"These are your study-mate's dates!" grinned Dainty. "I've eaten some of them—but you can have the rest."

Dick Dawson squirmed wildly as the new junior threw handfuls of sticky dates at his face, then plastered them over his neck and his hair. Then he lifted the inkpot from the table, and up-ended it over the prisoner's head. A handful of soot from the chimney followed.

"Oooooooh!"

"Have some more?" grinned Dainty.

There was a yell from the fellows outside the window.

"Here comes Sammy!"

"Ooooh! You rotter!" panted Dawson. "The Head's coming—woogh—now you'll get it in the neck—grooooooh!" He broke off as another handful of soot was crammed into his mouth, and gurgled horribly.

Dr. Sparshott came striding on the scene with a knitted brow. The White's fellows made way for him, and he came up to the window.

"What—" barked the Head.

It was rather unfortunate that Dick Dawson, squirming with his mouth full of soot, kicked out at that moment.

Sammy Sparshott gave a gasp as a boot landed on the spot where he had packed away his lunch.

"Oh!" gasped the Head, staggering away.

"Ow! Help! Wow!" yelled Dawson.

"Ow! Groogh! Keep off, you rotter!"

Jim Dainty had found a bottle of gum, and was adding it to the dates, the ink, and the soot.

"Good gad!" ejaculated Dr. Sparshott.

He approached the window again—with a wary eye on Dawson's thrashing legs. He grasped the sash with both hands to force it up, glaring at the new

junior through the glass. Jim Dainty grasped the sash on the inside and held it down.

"Let go this window, boy!" thundered the Head.

"Shan't!"

Dr. Sparshott made no answer to that. He exerted his strength, and the sash rose in spite of Jim's efforts within. Dick Dawson squirmed out over the sill, and dropped to the ground—his aspect, as he came into view, causing a yell of laughter from the Grimslade crowd. Sammy Sparshott forced the sash higher and higher, till the window was wide open, Dainty panting with his efforts to keep it down.

Grimly, in silence, the active Sammy climbed in at the window. The crowd watched him breathlessly. Dainty had defied his Housemaster, and the whole House; but Sammy was the man to deal with him. But the rebel of White's House was not beaten yet. He caught up a cushion from Dawson's armchair, lifted it in both hands, and brought it down with a crash on Dr. Sparshott's head. The next moment his arm was caught in a grasp that seemed like the clutch of a steel vice.

Still holding him, Dr. Sparshott came in at the window. Dainty struggled fiercely in his grasp, but in vain. The athletic headmaster held him like an infant.

"Now!" thundered the Head. "What does this mean, Dainty?"

"Find out!"

"I am here to find out!" said Sammy grimly.

With his left hand he lifted Dainty across the study table. With his right he picked up a cricket-stump.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

The window was crammed with faces looking in. Sammy Sparshott had a heavy hand when he let himself go. He was letting himself go with a vengeance now. There was a sound like the beating of carpet in the study. Jim Dainty shut his teeth hard to keep back a yell. He would not utter a sound if he could help it. But he found that he could not help it. As the terrific whacks

descended, he yelled, and yelled again, and his yells were heard across the quad in Redmayes House, and drew Ginger & Co. and a crowd of other "Reds" out to see what was up.

"Now," said the Head, ceasing to whack for a moment, "I have asked you what this means, Dainty!"

"I've told you to find out!" panted Dainty.

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Dainty struggled and roared.

"Now, Dainty, I ask you again, what does this mean?" said Sammy Sparshott calmly. "Let me point out, my boy, that I can keep this up longer than you can!"

Jim had realised that by this time!

"Hang you! I never wanted to come to this school, and I don't want to stay here, and I won't!" he yelled. "That's what it means, you beast!"

"Ah, I fancied it was something of the sort!" said the Head genially. "My dear boy, in a short time—quite a short time—you will like Grimslade so much that you will dislike the idea even of going away for the holidays. Take my word for it."

He set the new boy on his feet and released him.

"Unlock that door!" said Sammy.

Jim clenched his hands.

"Will you unlock that door, Dainty?"

"No!" yelled Jim. "I won't!"

The next instant he was across the table again, and the sound of beating carpet echoed into the quadrangle.

"I am sorry for this!" said Sammy. Whack! "Really sorry!" Whack! "You are a plucky and determined fellow, Dainty!" Whack! "I admire such qualities in a boy." Whack! "I am very pleased with you, Dainty, in one way"—whack!—"but not in another!" Whack! "Obedience is a necessary lesson, Dainty." Whack! "When you have learned obedience"—whack!—"I am sure you will be a credit to the school!" Whack, whack, whack! "Now will you have the kindness to oblige your headmaster by unlocking that door?"

Jim Dainty, set on his feet again,

looked at him—for a long moment. Then he unlocked the door.

"Thank you, Dainty!" said the Head, with a kind smile. "That is better, as I am sure you will realise yourself on reflection."

And with a genial nod to the new junior, Sammy Sparshott walked out of the study.

CHAPTER 8.
A House Rag!

"PRUTE!"

"What?"

"Peastly prute!" roared Fritz Splitz, prancing up to Jim Dainty with two fat fists sawing the air. "You preak a pie on mein head, and I preaks you in te poko, ain't it!"

Jim Dainty had walked out into the sunny quad, and his brow was black. If he had not liked Grimslade at first view, he loathed it now, though—rather to his own surprise—he felt something like an unwilling respect for the headmaster. Even in the midst of a swarm of fellows he felt alone—like Ishmael of old, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. He was hardly out of the House, when the fat German junior pranced up to him, followed by a crowd of grinning fellows.

"Go for him, Fritz!" yelled a dozen voices. "Whop him! Give him jip!"

"I giffs him colossal chip!" exclaimed Fritz. "Tat lofely pie, he goes down mein pack—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take tat, you peastly prute!" roared Fritz, rushing at the new junior, and hitting out with both fat fists. "Next time, you tink two times pefore you preak me a dish on te head, ain't it! Take tat, and tat!"

Jim Dainty staggered as the fat fists came home on his handsome, sulky face. The next moment his hands flew up, and he was springing at the German junior, his eyes blazing.

"Ach! Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz, as his fat hands were knocked away, and a set of knuckles that seemed like iron were planted on his podgy nose.

Crash!

Fritz hit the earth with a mighty concussion. Three or four White's fellows rushed to help him up.

"Ach!" howled Fritz. "Mein poko he is proken! I have vun colossal bain in mein nose!"

"Go for him, Fritz! You're not beaten yet!" chuckled Dick Dawson. "Pile in, Jerry!"

"Nein! Nein! He is vun new poy, and I tinks tat I lets him off!" gasped Fritz. "I tinks I forgiffs him."

"Don't be a funk! Go for him!"

"Back up, Fritz!"

Five or six laughing juniors grasped the fat German, and fairly hurled him at the new boy. Jim Dainty grasped him by the collar, swung him round, and kicked at Fritz' baggy trousers.

"Ach! Tat you kick me not!" yelled Fritz. "I giffs you pest, mein goot Tainty—I giffs you pest!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fritz Splitz jerked his collar loose and ran. After him ran the new junior, letting out his feet alternately and dribbling the fat German across the quad. A roar of laughter followed them.

"Put it on, Fritz!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ach, mein gootness!" spluttered Fritz, as he flew, with Dainty close behind. A yelling crowd followed on, as far as the granite fountain in the middle of the quad. Beyond the fountain was Redmayes territory, though Jim Dainty, new to Grimslade, knew nothing about that. Fritz, only eager to escape the lunging boot behind him, forgot all about it. He flew past the fountain towards Redmayes House, with the lunging boot still behind. There was a yell from Ginger Rawlinson.

"White's cads! Bag 'em!"

Ginger led a rush, followed by Bacon and Bean, and a score more of Redmayes. Fritz and Jim Dainty were surrounded at once. The gasping Fritz collapsed in several pairs of hands, but the new junior hit out right and left

as he was collared, and went down struggling with five or six Redmayes juniors sprawling over him.

He was dragged to his feet, still struggling, his cap gone, and his collar hanging by a single stud. Grinning faces surrounded him.

"It's the new tick!" chuckled Ginger. "Full of beans, ain't he? Here, Dainty, don't you know that White's cads ain't allowed on this side?"

"Let me go, you rotters!" yelled Dainty.

"Jolly old wildcat, isn't he?" chortled Streaky Bacon. "We'll give him something to cure all that."

"Stick 'em together!" roared Ginger. "Who's got a cord? Get a box-ropo, young Baker! Buck up! Hold that new tick, you men!"

Baker darted into the House and came racing back with a box-ropo. Jim Dainty, still resisting, was backed up to the spluttering Fritz, and Ginger passed the rope round them, binding them together back to back.

"Now you can go home!" he chortled.

"Ach! Tat you lets me loose, mein good poys!" wailed Fritz. "I have no more to breff!"

Jim Dainty struggled frantically. But the cord was fast knotted. The yelling crowd of Redmayes juniors started them back to their own House, where a crowd of Whites were watching from the distance, and laughing.

"Ach! I gannot walk, mit mein pack tied to anodder pack!" howled Fritz. "Yaroooh! Tat you pull me not mein nose!"

"Get going!" roared Ginger.

Fritz strove frantically to get going. Jim Dainty glared defiance at the Redmayes crowd. To walk, back to back, was difficult, as well as ridiculous. But there was no help for it. Bacon was pulling Fritz' fat nose, Bean was pulling his podgy ears, Ginger had taken the new boy's nose between finger and thumb, and it was painful. Fritz made a terrific effort and started off, drag-

ging Jim behind him with his heels scraping the ground. Several of the Redmayes juniors produced pea-shooters, volleying after them, and one cheery fellow hurled an over-ripe orange, which squashed on Jim Dainty's nose.

"Ach! Tat you gum on, you Tainty!" gasped Fritz.

Squish! A squirt loaded with ink streamed over Dainty's red and furious face. Behind Fritz, he was facing the Redmayes crowd, and he had the full benefit of the fusillade. He whirled round, dragging Fritz after him, and started for White's House. Now Fritz was getting the benefit of the pea-shooters and the squirt, and he howled and roared.

Jim Dainty panted on, dragging the German junior backwards after him. Yells of laughter from the Redmayes crowd, and more and more missiles of various kinds followed. Jim leaned forward, lifting Fritz on his back, and fairly ran. The fattest fellow at Grimslade was a terrific weight, but the new junior bore the weight well, and he ran on, with Fritz squirming and yelling on his back, his feet kicking out wildly in the air.

"My hat!" exclaimed Ginger. "That chap may be a sulky fool, but he's got lots of beef! Precious few fellows here could carry Splitz on their backs. Bravo!"

"Ach! Himmel! I have no more to breff!" wailed Fritz. "I have vun colossal bain in mein pread-basket! Ach!"

Laughing and hooting and pelting, the Redmayes crowd followed as far as the fountain. Jim Dainty staggered on, with his struggling, wriggling burden on his back. He reached White's House, and was greeted by roars of laughter there. He glared at the yelling juniors.

"Get this fat fool off my back, will you?" he yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dick Dawson cut the box-ropo, and

Fritz Splitz bumped on the ground. Jim Dainty stamped into the House, leaving the Grimsladers rocking with merriment.

CHAPTER 9.
Fist to Fist!

LIGHTS were out at Grimslade School.

Jim Dainty lay sleepless in his bed in the junior dormitory at White's. Yorke, the House-captain, had put out the light and gone; but Jim Dainty did not close his eyes. He lay with angry eyes wide-open, staring into the darkness.

The change from the home where he had been a spoiled darling, to the rough-and-ready crowd at Grimslade, was a startling one; and Jim had not yet learned to bow his head to Fate. Fierce rebellion was in his heart, as he lay sleepless. A resolution had been growing in his mind, ever since he had arrived; and now it was fixed, and he was determined that that night should be his last, as well as his first, in the school on the Yorkshire moors.

Home he could not go, for his father—who knew better than Jim what was for his good—would have sent him back to Grimslade at once. But in a short time Mr. Dainty's leave would be up, and he would be gone back to Burma; and until then Jim vowed he would manage somehow—anyhow—but he would not stop at Grimslade. On that point he was passionately determined.

His mother had always let him have his own way, and she would let him have his own way again; and in his passionate anger and resentment, it did not occur to Jim that there was anything selfish or cowardly in taking such advantage of his mother's affection.

He was thinking of his intended escape, as he lay in the darkness, waiting for the others to sleep, before he made a move. But he soon learned that the others were not thinking of sleep any more than he was. There was a sound of creaking beds as fellows

turned out up and down the dormitory; a match scratched and a couple of candle ends were lighted.

"All safe now!" said Dick Dawson. "Yorke won't come back! You brought up the gloves, Tucker?"

"Here you are," grinned Tucker, jerking out two pairs of boxing-gloves from under his bed.

Jim Dainty stared round from his pillow, wondering what was on. He was soon to learn. Dawson came across to his bed.

"Turn out, you tick!" he snapped.

Dainty gave him a glare.

"Let me alone, confound you!" he snapped.

"Turn him out!"

Five or six juniors gathered round the new boy's bed, and he was grasped on all sides. He rolled out on the floor in a tangle of bed-clothes. He scrambled out of sheets and blankets, panting, and sprang to his feet.

"Now, you sulky rotter," said Dawson, "you can take your choice—you've got to stand up to me, with the gloves on, or else take a ragging fer your cheek! Sharp's the word!"

"I'll fight you! I'll fight every fellow here, if it comes to that!"

"I dare say you'll find one enough," grinned Dawson. "A ring, you fellows—and give him the gloves. Fritz, you blinking Boche, you can keep time!"

Snore! Fritz Splitz, once in bed, was disinclined to turn out.

"Tumble up, Fritz."

Snore!

Dick Dawson took a wet sponge from a washstand, and squeezed it over the fat face and closed eyes of the German. There was a howl from Fritz, and his eyes opened rapidly.

"Ach! Keep tat vatter away!" he yelled. "I am vide awake—I am ferry vide awake! I am as vide awake as nefer vas."

Fritz turned out, grunting, and took his watch to keep time. The other fellows were all out of bed now, forming a ring; and Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson put on the gloves. They faced

each other in the ring, Dawson quietly determined, and the new boy with set teeth and glinting eyes.

"Dime!" said Fritz.

And the fight began.

"Go it, Dick!" came from all sides.

Dawson, the only junior in White's who could stand up to Ginger Rawlinson of Redmayes, was popular in his Form: and there was no doubt that the new junior was as unpopular as a fellow could be. White's had no use for sulks. Every fellow in the dormitory expected—and wished—to see the sulky new junior thrashed. But that wish was not destined to be realised. Sulky as he was, wilful, headstrong, perhaps selfish, the new junior had heaps of pluck, and he had learned how to use his hands.

It was rather a surprise to Dick Dawson to find his attack stalled off, and to feel a fist come crashing on his chin, sending him spinning backwards.

Crash!

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Fritz. "Tat Tainty can scrap, ain't it."

Dawson was up in a flash, and rushing on. Hammer and tongs they went, fighting fiercely, the crowd of juniors in pyjamas watching breathlessly.

"Dime!" rapped out Fritz.

Dawson's nose was streaming red, as he dropped his hands and stepped back. The sulky, disdainful face of the new boy had hardly been touched.

"That chap's a sulky rotter, but he can scrap!" murmured Tommy Tucker, as he sponged Dawson's heated face.

Dawson nodded with a rather rueful grin.

"Looks like it," he gasped. "If he knocks me out, he will be a rod in pickle for Ginger Rawlinson."

"Dime!"

"Go it, Dawson!"

There was not a word, not a favouring glance, for the unpopular new junior. But there was fair play—that went without saying at Grimsdale. And that was all that Jim Dainty needed.

Round after round followed, and Dick Dawson put all his beef into every round. If ever a fellow deserved a

thrashing, that new fellow did, in the opinion of all present; and Dick was trying his hardest to give him one. But every round told the same tale: he was out-classed, and the new man was winning all the time. It was in the sixth round that Dick Dawson went down under a terrific drive that lifted him fairly off his feet, and he lay gasping, unable to rise.

Fritz blinked at him, and began to count.

"Vun, two, tree, vour, fife, seeks, sefen, eight, nine—mein gootness—out!"

"Out!" gasped Tommy Tucker. "Oh, my hat!" He threw up the sponge.

"You win, you sulky tick!"

"Tat Tainty can scrap!" said Fritz Splitz. "He can fight almost like a Cherman!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dainty stared at Fritz, and his face broke into a grin. Tommy Tucker helped Dawson to his feet. The junior champion of White's House stood leaning on him heavily, gasping for breath.

"Well, you've got away with it, Dainty!" he gasped. "You've jolly well licked me, by gum!"

Jim threw off the gloves. He hesitated a moment, and then, a generous heart getting the better of a sulky temper, he came over to Dawson.

"You've given me as much as I want," he said, "and—I'm sorry! I was to blame—I know that! I never wanted to come here, and I'm jolly well not going to stop—but I was rather a beast to you, and I'm sorry!"

Dawson grinned, rather wryly.

"Shake on it, old man," he said.

"We'll be friends yet—and I'll see you lick Ginger Rawlinson, and show those rotters over the way that White's is cock-house! You'll like Grimsdale when you shake down here. Ow! My nose!" And Dick, having shaken hands cheerily enough with the victor, limped to his washstand to bathe his face, and went to bed.

Jim Dainty did not return to bed. To the surprise of the other fellows, he

proceeded to dress himself. They watched him curiously. Dainty's face had hardened into its sulky frown: it was only for a moment that his better nature had peeped out, and now it had vanished again. He finished dressing himself, and gave the staring juniors a disdainful, defiant glare. Dick Dawson, who had settled his head on his pillow, lifted it again.

"What's the game, Dainty?" he asked.

"I'm going!" snapped Jim Dainty.

CHAPTER 10.

Let Down!

"GOING!" A dozen voices echoed the word in amazement.

Jim Dainty's lip curled.

"I've said I'm not stopping here! You fellows seem to think a lot of Grimslade—I wouldn't be found dead in it! I'm going!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Tommy Tucker. "Why, you worm, Grimslade's tons too good for you!"

"For goodness' sake, Dainty, don't be such an ass!" exclaimed Dick Dawson. "You can't mean it."

"You'll see that I do!" sneered Dainty.

"Ach! Let him go mit himself!" chuckled Fritz. "It will be a goot riddance to pad rubbish. I tink two times before I asks him to stop."

"Shut up, Fritz! Look here, Dainty," said Dawson, earnestly, "you can't—"

"Mind your own business."

"Oh!" ejaculated Dawson. "All right! Go and eat coke, then!" And he dropped his head on the pillow again, leaving the new junior to his own devices.

Dainty glanced round at the frowning, condemning faces of the White's juniors.

"I'm going!" he rapped. "You don't want me here, any more than I want to stay. Well, then, show me how I can get out of this rotten place, and you'll see the last of me."

"Rotten place, is it?" breathed Tommy Tucker.

"Yes—rottenest hole I've ever struck," answered Dainty, coolly. "Tell a fellow how to get out of it."

Tommy Tucker grinned. Jim Dainty had yet to learn that Tommy Tucker was the irrepressible practical joker of White's House.

"Well, if you're going, we're the men to help get shot of you," he said. "You can't go downstairs—you'd be nailed at once. And I don't suppose you've nerve enough to go down from the window on a rope."

"Try me!" snapped Dainty.

"Don't be an ass, Dainty," came from Dick Dawson. "The window's fifty feet from the ground."

"You shut up!"

"Yes, you dry up, Dicky, old bean," said Tommy Tucker. "We're helping the kid to go if he wants to go—ain't he doing the lot of us a tremendous favour by taking his face away?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's enough," snapped Dainty, his eyes gleaming. "If you're going to help, get on with it; if not, hold your silly tongue."

"My dear man, I'm helping like a shot!" grinned Tucker. He went to his box, opened it, and took out a long, coiled rope. That rope had been used before for surreptitious expeditions out of House bounds. Tommy Tucker tied one end to the leg of the bed nearest the window. The candles were blown out, and the window opened.

In the glimmer of starlight, all eyes were on Jim Dainty. Perhaps the fellows expected his nerve to fail, now that it had come to the test. But there was no sign of it. He was only impatient to be gone.

"Buck up!" he snapped.

Tommy Tucker tied the rope round him securely under the armpits.

"There you are! Take hold of it, you men—and hold tight!"

Slowly and steadily the rope was paid out. Tommy Tucker leaned over the sill, and watched Dainty's downward

progress. There were windows below; and one, on the ground floor, was lighted. It was the window of Mr. White's study. Lower and lower sank the swinging form at the end of the rope, till Jim Dainty was six feet from the ground, suspended outside the Housemaster's window.

"Stop!" chuckled Tommy Tucker.

The rope was made fast. The descent ceased. Jim Dainty stared up at a crowd of grinning faces that looked down from the dormitory window high above.

"Let me down, you fools! What are you stopping for?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That ripple of laughter from above enlightened Jim. He realised that his leg had been pulled, and that the playful Tommy did not intend to lower him as far as the ground.

The new junior hung on the rope, turning round on it as he hung, like a fowl on a spit. He grabbed at the rope with his hands, and made a desperate effort to climb. The rope swayed with it, and there was a sudden crash as his boot came in contact with the window.

There was a startled exclamation within the study. The blind was dragged aside, the window torn open, and Mr. White stared out into the starlit quad in amazement. His eyes almost bulged from their sockets at the sight of a human form suspended at his window.

In sheer amazement, he grabbed at a swinging leg, and Jim Dainty, as he felt one leg grabbed, kicked out with the other; and there was a fearful yell as the Housemaster caught a boot with his nose.

"Let me down, you rotters!" yelled Jim Dainty.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Tommy Tucker. "Haven't we let you down?"

Mr. White jumped to the window again. This time he grabbed both swinging legs, and Jim Dainty was jerked in at the window. Then the Housemaster understood. With a grim

face he unfastened the rope. With a grip of iron on his collar, Jim Dainty was marched out of the study and up the stairs, but not back to the dormitory. The new junior at Grimslade spent the rest of that night in the punishment-room in White's House.

CHAPTER 11.

Kicking Over the Traces!

"SHAN'T!"

"What?"

"Shan't!" repeated Jim

Dainty.

Every fellow in the Fourth Form-room at Grimslade School stared round at Dainty as he made that answer to his Form-master.

Mr. Peck, the master of the Fourth, stared at him. He seemed quite at a loss for a moment or two. Ginger Rawlinson winked at his chums, Bacon and Bean. Fritz Splitz blinked at Dainty with his saucer eyes, and murmured: "Mein gootness!" Jim Dainty stood in his place, his handsome face sullen and sulky and defiant.

"Dainty!" gasped Mr. Peck. "I have told you to go to your headmaster's study. Dr. Sparshott is waiting to see you."

"Let him wait!"

"Did—did you say let him wait?" ejaculated Mr. Peck.

"Are you deaf?" asked Dainty.

"Eh?"

"If you're not, you know what I said."

"Go to Dr. Sparshott's study at once!" thundered Mr. Peck.

"Shan't!"

"Jever hear a man ask for it like that?" murmured Ginger Rawlinson, and Bacon and Bean chuckled.

There were unruly fellows in the Fourth; Ginger & Co., in fact, were rather conspicuous in that line. But the new fellow seemed to be the limit. His manners and customs rather took away the breath of the Grimsladers.

"Rawlinson, Bacon, Bean!" rapped

out Mr. Peck. "Take Dainty to the headmaster's study."

"What-ho!" said Ginger promptly. "I mean, yes, sir."

The three juniors of Redmayes House jumped up at once. Jim Dainty glared at the three as they came for him.

"Hands off," he snapped, "or I shall hit out—"

"We can do a little bit of punching ourselves, old top!" chuckled Ginger. "Get hold of him, you men!"

Ginger and Bacon and Bean got hold of Jim Dainty. He kept his word; hitting out right and left. But three pairs of hands jerked him out of his place, and he came sprawling along the floor. Another jerk, and he reached the door of the Form-room, another, and he was tumbling headlong into the passage. He roared as he went.

In the passage there was a terrific struggle. Mr. Peck in the Form-room affected not to hear it. But it could be heard over most of Grimslade.

It was one against three, but the three Redmayes men had their hands full with the new fellow. The four of them rolled on the floor in a heap, arms and legs thrashing on all sides.

"Streaky" Bacon yelled as an elbow jammed in his eye. Sandy Bean roared as the back of his head hit the floor. Ginger Rawlinson saw stars when a set of knuckles, that seemed like iron, jammed between his eyes. But the Grimsladers were tough, and they stuck to their task. It was more entertaining than classes, anyhow. They scrambled up, Bacon and Bean capturing a leg each of the new fellow, who sprawled on his back and roared.

"Get on!" gasped Ginger.

Bacon and Bean got on, holding Jim Dainty's legs as if they were the shafts of a cart. Ginger shoved behind. Dainty travelled along the passage on his back, gasping for breath. In the grasp of Bacon and Bean, he travelled at quite a good speed for the Head's study.

"Open Sammy's door, Ginger!" gasped Bacon.

Ginger cut ahead, and tapped at Dr Samuel Sparshott's door, and threw it open. Dr. Sparshott was seated at his desk, on which lay a cane in readiness for Dainty.

He looked up in surprise as the juniors arrived. "Sammy" Sparshott was not easily surprised, but he stared blankly at the sight of a fellow coming into his study dragged by his legs, and travelling on his back, yelling at the top of his voice.

"Dainty, sir!" gasped Ginger. "Mr. Peck asked us to bring him, sir."

"Oh! Very well!" said Dr. Sparshott.

Ginger & Co. released Dainty, and left the study, grinning. Sammy Sparshott stood looking down at the junior sprawling and gasping on the floor.

"Get up, Dainty!" he barked.

Jim staggered to his feet.

"I sent for you, Dainty," said the Head of Grimslade. "Your Housemaster, Mr. White, has reported to me that you attempted to run away from school last night."

"I'm going to try again!" snorted Dainty.

"You do not like Grimslade, my boy?"

"No, I don't!"

"I gather that you have been petted and spoiled at home, that you have been a constant trouble to an indulgent mother, and that your father, on his return from abroad, very properly decided to send you here, to make a man of you before it was too late."

"Rot!"

"My impression of you," continued Sammy Sparshott calmly, "is that you have the makings of a man in you, Dainty, though you are at present nothing but a sulky, rebellious, wilful, and extremely reckless young rascal. Now, at Grimslade, we shall make a man of you."

"Rats!"

"The process, I think, will be troublesome to me and painful to you," said Sammy Sparshott. "But we shall make

a success of it, never fear. Some day you will be a credit to Grimslade."

"I'm not staying here!" yelled Jim Dainty. "I never wanted to come, and I'm clearing off just as soon as I can. So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, and be blowed to you!"

Dr. Sparshott smiled genially.

"Many headmasters, Dainty, would send you home at once for using such expressions," he said. "You are going to be a trouble to me, I can see that. But at Grimslade we thrive on trouble." He picked up the cane. "Bend over that chair, Dainty."

"Shan't!"

"Pluck," said Sammy Sparshott, still genial, "is a quality I can appreciate. We value it highly at Grimslade. I can see you are going to do us credit, Dainty, when you have learned discipline. Now you are going to learn."

Cane in hand, he made a stride at the new junior. Jim Dainty jumped back, and dodged round the headmaster's desk. It amazed him to find the Head of Grimslade still genial and smiling. Sammy burst into a laugh.

"Why waste time, Dainty?" he asked. "I am going to thrash you, for your own good. I am sure that, on reflection, you will realise that there never was a boy more thoroughly in need of a thrashing. Come!"

Jim eyed him savagely over the desk.

"You will not come?" smiled Sammy.

"No, you rotter!" panted Jim.

Dr. Sparshott whipped round the desk after the rebel of Grimslade.

Jim dodged again, but a hand was on his shoulder, gasping him like iron. He grabbed the inkpot from the desk, and, with a jerk of his arm, sent the contents streaming into Sammy Sparshott's face.

"Oooogh!" gasped Sammy.

For a moment or two he gurgled wildly. His face streamed with ink, and some of it was in his mouth, some in his nose. But his grip on Jim's shoulder did not relax for a second.

"Let me go, you beast!" yelled Jim.

"Oooogh!"

Jim Dainty struggled and kicked. The young and athletic headmaster of Grimslade, holding him at arm's length, carried him to the chair. There, by sheer force of muscle, the struggling rebel was bent over and held down by Sammy's left hand, while the right wielded the cane.

Ink from Sammy Sparshott's streaming face dripped over Jim as the cane whacked. Through the ink, Sammy's face was still smiling genially. Sammy Sparshott was not the man to lose his temper with a boy—even a remarkable boy like Jim Dainty. He was as genial as ever; but his hand was hard and heavy.

The whacks of the cane rang as if Sammy was beating a carpet. Loud and sharp they rang, and they were heard in every Form-room at Grimslade. Louder still rang the frantic yells of the rebel.

"There!" said Sammy Sparshott at last, when the yelling died away to gasping. "I think that will do! You are excused classes this morning, Dainty. You may go to your House. I advise you to reflect on your future conduct. Believe me, I dislike caning a boy—I dislike it very much. You may go, Dainty."

Jim Dainty limped from the study.

"Shut the door after you, Dainty!" said the Head.

Jim Dainty very nearly slammed the door, as a last act of defiance. But he did not quite slam it. It closed quietly. And Dr. Sparshott's inky face wore a smile. Apparently the new boy at Grimslade was beginning to learn.

CHAPTER 12.
Jim's Warning!

"TAINTY, old bean!"

Fritz Splitz looked rather warily into Study No. 10 in White's House. Jim Dainty was there, standing by the open window, staring out moodily into the quad. His eyes were fixed on the clock-tower of Grims-

lade, a tall, narrow tower, from the summit of which there was a wide view over the Yorkshire and Lancashire moors.

Dainty seemed to be thinking as he stared at the tall tower, though the fat German schoolboy was not likely to guess what was passing in his mind. Sykes, the porter, came out of the little door at the foot of the tower, drawing out a big key after locking the door, and shuffling away to his lodge.

"Mein goot Tainty!" murmured Fritz.

Jim stared round at him. He was still wriggling from the effects of his thrashing in the Head's study that morning. He hated Grimslade—but somehow he did not feel that he hated the Head, hard as Sammy had laid on the cane.

He had been in no state for classes after that tremendous licking, and he could not help realising that Sammy was kind and considerate in letting him off school for the morning. While the other fellows were in class, Jim, after recovering a little, had spent his time seeking an exit from the school—in vain.

His intention to run away from Grimslade, if he could, was fixed. But he found that he could not; and he was still there, sore, and smarting, and savage, when the fellows came out of class. Other thoughts were in his mind now, when the podgy Rhinelandier interrupted him.

"You have vun pain?" asked Fritz. "Mein goot Tainty, I have a colossal sympathy. Bist du hungriq?"

"What the thump do you mean?" growled Dainty.

"Tat is to say, are you hungry?" asked Fritz. "Sometimes I speak te Cherman mitout tinking, isn't it? I am a Cherman, Tainty, t'ough you would not guess tat when you hears me speak te English."

Jim stared at him and laughed.

"Vy for you laff?" demanded Fritz warmly. "You do not tink tat I speaks

te English like vun Pritisher to te manner porn?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dainty. "Ach! I do not gum here to listen to you gackle!" grunted Fritz peevishly. "You are a new poy, Tainty, and I lofe to be kind to new poy. You make no friend in te school; but I, Fritz von Splitz, vill look after you pefore. Fritz is your lofing friend."

Dainty turned to the window again. Apparently he had no use for Fritz' loving friendship.

"It is a ferry long time to dinner," resumed Fritz, "but if you vill gum mit me, I vill take you to de duckshop to buy duck."

"What the thump do you tink I want to buy a duck for, you ass?"

"But te duck in te duckshop is ferry goot!" exclaimed Fritz. "Tere are lofely cham-tarts, mit lofely cham—"

"Oh! You mean the tuckshop?"

"That is vat I say—te duckshop!" assented Fritz. "Me, I have no money, because in Chermany tere are pig troubles, and I receive no more te rents of te colossal estates of Von Splitz. But you have some money, old pean! And I, Fritz, lofe you ferry much, Tainty! I do not tink you a peasty prute and a pounder, like all te odders."

Fritz blinked hopefully at the new junior, with his saucer-like eyes.

"I tink you are ferry nice, almost as nice as a Cherman, Tainty," he said flatteringly. "And if you gum to te duckshop—"

"I'll stand you a dozen tarts, you fat boulder, if you can get me the key of that clock-tower," said Dainty.

Fritz opened his eyes wide.

"Vat for you vant tat key?" he asked. "Tat tower is out of pounds. But tat is all right—it is easy to binch him from te porter. You gum mit me and wait vile I binches tat key."

Jim Dainty left the House with the fat German. He waited near the porter's lodge, while Fritz approached the building warily. Sykes had left his lodge, and it was, as Fritz had said, easy to pinch the key of the clock-

tower. Why Dainty wanted it, Fritz did not know or care; what he cared about was the promised reward. In a few minutes he rejoined the new boy, and slipped the long iron key into his hand. Jim instantly put it into his pocket.

"Now show me where the tuckshop is," he said.

"Ja wohl!" grinned Fritz.

There were a crowd of Grimslade fellows in the school shop when they arrived there. Ginger & Co. grinned at Dainty, who scowled back, without disconcerting those cheery young gentlemen thereby. Dick Dawson and Tommy Tucker of White's nodded to him, but he did not heed them. Fritz von Splitz was speedily gobbling his tarts, while Jim Dainty proceeded to give rather extensive orders for all sorts of things, and borrowed a bag from Mrs. Sykes in which to carry them away.

Many curious glances were cast on him. Jim Dainty had not been long at Grimslade, but he had set fellows of both Houses against him, and he was about as unpopular as a fellow could be. If he was laying in supplies to stand a spread, it was rather a mystery whom he was going to ask. His face expressed nothing, and he spoke to nobody while he was in the tuckshop. The fellows stared after him as he left, with the well-packed bag under his arm.

Fritz had finished his tarts by that time, and he rolled out after Dainty. Jim might be unpopular with other fellows, but the podgy Rhinelander was prepared to love him like a brother, when he had a bag containing two pounds' worth of tuck under his arm.

Dainty walked quickly away and reached the clock-tower, where he unlocked the door. Having done so, he went in, and closed the door after him. Fritz was left staring.

"Mein gootness;" murmured the astonished Fritz. Fritz von Splitz was the fellow to retire into a quiet corner

and devour tuck in huge quantities, if he could get it; but Jim Dainty was not, and the fat German could only wonder what he was up to.

In a few minutes Jim came out of the tower again, minus the bag of tuck. He was about to relock the door when Fritz tapped his arm, and he stared round impatiently.

"You leaf tat duck in te tower, my goot Tainty——"

"Mind your own business, Jerry."

"Put if you locks tat door, you gannot get him vunce more, for I must take tat key pack before he is missed."

"Oh!" said Dainty, and paused. He left the door unlocked, and handed the key back to Fritz. "Here you are! Buzz off, you fat sweep!"

Fritz grinned as he cut off with the key, to replace it on the hook in Sykes' lodge. Fritz had his own reasons for desiring the door of the clock-tower to remain unlocked. For some utterly mysterious reason, Dainty had parked a huge supply of tuck in the tower. Fritz could not guess the reason; but he could guess what was going to happen to the tuck as soon as he was sure that Dainty's eyes were not on him.

The new junior gave the fat Fritz no further thought. He went back into White's House, and emerged again with a bag of golf-clubs belonging to his Housemaster, which he had lifted from the lobby.

A dozen fellows stared at him in amazement.

"What the thump are you doing with Billy White's clubs?" called out Dick Dawson.

"You'll see, if you like to keep your eyes open!" snapped Dainty.

He walked directly towards the window of Dr. Sparshott's study. That window was open, and, within, the Head could be seen in conversation with Mr. White. Twenty fellows, at least, followed Dainty, wondering what he was up to. But Fritz von Splitz was

not interested. Fritz' interests lay in the direction of the clock tower.

Jim Dainty drew one of the clubs from the bag, swung it in the air, and whizzed it at the Head's window.

Crash! Smash! Spatter!

The club landed in the study, with a shower of broken glass. There was a yell of amazement from the Grimslade crowd, and a roar from the study. Dr. Sparshott stared out, with Mr. White staring over his shoulder.

"Who threw that club?" roared the Head of Grimslade.

"I did!" answered Dainty.

"You—you—you——" Sammy Sparshott fairly gasped.

"I've got something to tell you!" snapped Dainty. "I'm not staying in this rotten school longer than I can help, see? And as long as I stay here. I'm going to give you all the trouble I can, and I hope that you'll have sense enough in the long run to send me home! Now, stand clear—there's another club coming!"

"Boy!" roared the Head.

Whiz! A niblick crashed through another pane, and broken glass showered over the Head. A brassie followed, with a crash of another pane. Then Jim Dainty turned and scudded, throwing away the golf bag, but keeping a heavy driver in his hand. The Head leaned from the window and roared:

"Stop that boy! Seize him! Bring him here!"

There was a rush at Dainty, but the fellows jumped back again as he swung the club recklessly round. Yorke of the Sixth, captain of White's House, made a jump at him, and gave a fearful yell as the golf-club crashed on him. The senior went sprawling, and Jim Dainty dashed on.

"After him!" yelled Ginger.

"Seize that boy!" roared the Head from his smashed window.

Panting, Jim Dainty reached the clock-tower. He tore open the door, dashed in, and slammed the door after him. Then he scampered up the narrow

spiral staircase that led to the clock-room at the summit of the tower leaving all Grimslade School in a roar behind him.

CHAPTER 13.

Two in a Tower!

Fritz SPLITZ jumped. "Ach!" he gasped. "Oh grumbs! Oh grikey!"

Both Fritz' fat hands were full of tuck—conveying supplies to his extensive mouth, which was also full. He sat in the clock-room, with the open bag of tuck before him, feasting.

He started and jumped as Jim came running up the spiral stair, and burst into the room at the top. A large portion of cake went down the wrong way.

Fritz gurgled and guggled wildly.

Why Dainty had left the bag of tuck at the top of the tower, Fatty Fritz had no idea. But he had not expected Dainty to turn up so soon and so suddenly, and he was startled.

Dainty hardly glanced at him. He had no time to waste. He expected immediate pursuit, and he had to get ready for it.

At the top of the stair was a narrow landing, but no door. In the room were a bench and a step-ladder. Dainty dragged them, one after the other, to the narrow landing, and jammed them across from wall to wall. In less than a minute he had barricaded the stair, and he stood panting.

Fritz was panting, too, and gurgling and gasping and spluttering with a quantity of cake in the wrong place.

"Ach! Groogh! Oooogh! I joke!" he gurgled. "I joke in mein troat. Mein troat he is joking!" Fritz meant choking. "Ach! Tainty, tat you bat me on te pack!"

Dainty had neither time nor inclination for patting Fritz SPLITZ on the back. Golf-club in hand, he stood behind his barricade, as there were heavy footsteps on the narrow spiral stair.

"Ooogh! Ooooch!" gasped Fritz.

"Aach—he is gone—zat chunk in mein troat, he go down to mein pread-basket! Ach! Tainty, vat you do? Vy for you gum here mit you?"

"You fat Boche, you've been scoffing my provisions!" growled Dainty. "Well, you've landed yourself with me now—unless you like to jump for it. Keep out of the way, you Dutch barrel!"

There was a tramping on the narrow stair. Trafford, of Redmayes House, the captain of Grimslade, came round the bend of the staircase, with Yorke at his heels. The two seniors stopped at the barricade, and stared at Jim Dainty across it—and at the golf-club.

"Come out of that!" snapped Trafford.

"Get me out of it!" retorted Jim.

"We've got to take you to the Head!" said Yorke savagely. "Put that club down, you young scoundrel!"

"Come and make me!" invited Dainty.

The two seniors plunged at the barricade. Crack! came the golf-club, and Trafford rolled back yelling, his head singing. Crack! it came again, and Yorke caught it with his arm, and roared.

Both of them jumped away from a third swipe, which narrowly missed; and Jim Dainty grinned defiance over the barrier.

"Get out of it!" he jeered. "Tell old Sparshott to come for me if he wants me, and I'll crack his napper, too! Tell him I'll make him fed-up with me in the long run. Now get out!"

"You cheeky young scoundrel!" yelled Trafford, and he made a spring forward.

But he sprang back again still more quickly as the golf-club swiped. Jim backed a pace, stooped, picked a couple of juicy jam-tarts from the bag of tuck, and hurled them. The two seniors jumped away, missed the step, and rolled. There was a sound of bumping on the narrow stairs, and wild yells floated back.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dainty.

Mingled with the yelling of the two seniors came the voice of Mr. White, raised in startled wrath. Apparently the Housemaster, coming up, had met Trafford and Yorke coming down. A few moments more, and Billy White's red and angry face appeared at the stair-top.

"Dainty!" he roared. "Boy! What do you mean by this?"

"I mean to stick here," answered Jim coolly. "No classes for me—and you can go and eat coke, Billy White! Take that with you!"

A jam-tart whizzed, and landed on Mr. White's chin. It stuck there for a moment, and then dropped. The Housemaster of White's House made a spring for the barricade.

It was not easy to clamber over, for the bench and the stepladder were jammed between the walls, on the very edge of the top step. As Mr. White clambered, the golf-club rapped on his knuckles, hard, but he clambered on furiously. Then the golf-club rapped on his head, and he saw unnumbered stars.

He dropped back on the stairs and rolled after Trafford and Yorke.

Looking down from the tower, Jim Dainty could see a swarm of fellows staring up—fellows of all Forms, in a state of buzzing excitement. Grimslade was thrilling from end to end.

Ten minutes later there was a scampering on the narrow stair, and Jim sighted a red head.

Ginger Rawlinson, of Redmayes House, came into view, with Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean behind him. Ginger had told his chums that it was up to them to root the rebel out, and Bacon and Bean agreed that it was so. They came at the barrier on the landing with a rush and jumped at it.

"Get out of it, you dummies!" shouted Jim Dainty. "You'll get hurt!"

"Wait till I get at you!" panted Ginger. "Come on, old beans!"

"Oh, my napper!" yelled Streaky.

Bacon, as the golf-club smote, and he pitched back.

The next moment the club lunged under Sandy Bean's chin and hurled him backwards after Streaky. Both of them disappeared down the steep stair, roaring. Ginger clambered desperately on and rolled over the barrier at Jim Dainty's feet.

Before he could scramble up, Jim's knee was planted on him, pinning him down. He struggled fiercely.

"Oh, you rotter! Wait till I gerrup!" he gasped.

"I'll wait!" said Jim coolly, his knee grinding into the hapless Ginger's waistcoat. "How long do you want me to wait?"

"Ow! Oh! Ocoooh!"

"Sorry you called?" asked Jim.

"Ooooooogh!"

"Fritz, you fat freak, come and lend a hand! Take his hanky and tie his wrists while I hold him."

"Ach! Mein goot Tainty——"

"Sharp!" roared Dainty. "If you want a taste of the golf-club——"

"Ach! I vant it nob!" gasped Fritz, and he hastened to obey.

Ginger's handkerchief was twisted and knotted round his wrists. Then Jim Dainty jerked away his necktie and tied his ankles together with it. Helpless now, Ginger was rolled across the clock-room in a corner out of the the way.

"Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz.

"You rotter!" yelled Ginger frantically. "Let me loose! Do you think you are going to keep me tied up like a turkey, you tick?"

"I think so," assented Jim. "You've butted in where you're not wanted, and you can make the best of it."

"I'll smash you!" roared Ginger.

"You look like doing it!"

"I—I—I——" Ginger panted with wrath. Words failed him.

Jim Dainty picked up the golf-club again and fixed his eyes on Bacon and Bean, who were peering round the corner of the stair. But they did not come within reach. They had had

enough of the golf-club at close quarters.

There was a heavy tread on the stair. Dr. Sparshott's head rose into view. He gave Bacon and Bean a glance, and they scuttled down and vanished. Then the Head of Grimslade fixed his eyes on the savage, defiant face of the rebel.

There was a glimmer in his eyes. It was not so very many years since Sammy Sparshott had been a school-boy himself, and perhaps he had not wholly lost his relish for a "lark." He gave the rebel quite a genial nod.

"This won't do, Dainty," he said calmly. "Am I to understand that you propose to entrench yourself here and defy all authority?"

"Just that!" retorted Dainty. "The sooner you make up your mind to let me clear out of Grimslade, the better. I'm sticking here till you make up your mind to it."

"My dear boy, I would not part with you for worlds," said Sammy Sparshott cheerily. "Grimslade is going to make a man of you yet. Now——"

"Will you let me loose?" roared Ginger. "You wait till I get loose, and I'll bash your nose through the back of your head!"

"Dear me!" said the Head, staring past Dainty at the wriggling figure of Ginger in the far corner. "You seem to have made a prisoner of war, Dainty. Release that boy at once, and come out of that room immediately!"

"Rats!"

"I shall have to take drastic measures, my boy."

"Go and eat coke! I'll jolly well crack your silly head as soon as anybody else's if you stick it in here!"

Jim Dainty brandished the golf-club. It swept the air only a few inches from Sammy Sparshott's nose, but the Head did not turn a hair.

"Put that club down, Dainty," he said quietly.

"Put your head within reach of it," retorted Jim, "then I'll put it down—hard!"

Dr. Sparshott turned his head and called down the stairs.

"Sykes!"

"I'm 'ere!" came the grunting voice of the school porter.

"Come up!"

Sykes tramped up the stairs. Jim Dainty laughed contemptuously. Sykes was not the man to shift him. But he stared as he saw that the Grimslade porter was carrying the nozzle of a garden-hose. He passed it to Sammy Sparshott.

"Go down and turn on the water, Sykes."

Sykes tramped down again.

"Now, my dear boy," said Sammy Sparshott, with his thumb on the nozzle, "you are not going to be allowed to remain in your retreat, or to crack heads with that golf-club. You are going to be taken in hand and properly punished for your impudence. Will you remove that barricade and come out?"

"No, I won't!" said Dainty, between his teeth.

"Then you will be washed out!" said Sammy Sparshott.

He removed his thumb from the nozzle, and a stream of water shot from the hose with almost the force of a bullet.

It caught Jim Dainty under the chin and fairly flung him backwards. He leaped up again, swiping wildly with the golf-club; but the stream of water played on him, blinding him, swamping him, and hurling him back. He staggered and gasped.

With a steady hand and a smiling face, Dr. Sparshott played the stream on him across the barrier. There was a frantic yell from Fritz Splitz as he caught his share of the water. The German junior did not like water, and he strongly objected to an extra wash.

"Ach! I am vet!" howled Fritz. "I am vet all ofer! Himmel! I thinks tat I gatches a gold! Oooocogh!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Ginger. He was getting his share, too.

Dr. Sparshott stood smiling on the top step, while the stream of water drove the rebel of Grimslade across the room, gasping and spluttering, blinded

and breathless. Then he put a long leg over the barrier, and then another.

Jim made a desperate spring forward, but the stream crashing in his face hurled him back. He staggered against the farther wall, dazed and dizzy. Dr. Sparshott shut off the water, dropped the hose, and strode across the room to him. His grasp fell on the rebel's collar.

"Splitz! Release Rawlinson, and both of you remove that barricade from the landing," said Sammy Sparshott. "Dainty, my boy, I advise you not to kick your headmaster. In the first place, it is quite useless; in the second place, I shall smack you—like that—every time you attempt to do so. And like that—and like that—"

Smack! Smack! Smack!

"Ah, that is better!" said Dr. Sparshott genially. "I was sure you would realise that it is very bad form to kick your headmaster, Dainty. I am afraid, my boy, that your training has been very much neglected. But we shall put that right at Grimslade—quite right! Splitz—Rawlinson—lose no time! Now, Dainty, the way is clear. Kindly walk down the stairs!"

"I won't!" yelled Jim.

"Dear me!" Dr. Sparshott picked up the hose. "I think you will, Dainty; in fact, I am sure you will!"

Swish! Splash! Swoosh! The stream of water shot from the nozzle and fairly washed the rebel of Grimslade out of the room. He dodged on the landing, jumped, and twisted, but the jet of water followed every movement, and at last it drove him down the stairs.

Sammy Sparshott followed him down, playing the water on the back of his head, and Jim Dainty bolted out of the door at the foot of the tower. A yell of laughter from the Grimslade crowd greeted him as he appeared.

"Sykes," said the Head, "you may take away the hose. Dainty, go to your House, dry yourself, and change your clothes. Mr. White, when Dainty has changed his clothes, will you have

the kindness to bring him to my study for a flogging?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Mr. White grimly. And with a hand on Jim's drenched shoulder, he marched him off to his House, while the Grimsladers roared with laughter, and Sammy Sparshott repaired to his study, where he carefully selected his stoutest birch.

Having selected the birch, he laid it on the table in readiness for the flogging. But that flogging was destined never to be administered, for reasons of which Sammy Sparshott was far from dreaming at the moment; or, for that matter, the rebel of Grimslade.

CHAPTER 14.

Jim Dainty Bolts!

"HERE he is!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here is tat Tainty!"

grinned Fritz Splitz, the German junior. "I think that we soon hear him pellowing like a pull, isn't it?"

"Sammy's going to make him sit up," remarked Ginger Rawlinson. "I could see it in his jolly old eye. Well, he's asked for it."

Jim Dainty was led in at the big doorway, and disappeared from the sight of the Grimsladers. Still with a firm grip on his shoulder, Mr. White led him to the headmaster's study.

With a sulky and defiant face, Jim stood before the young Head of Grimslade, and the Housemaster released him—standing by the door, however, in case the reckless rebel should attempt to bolt.

"Sammy" Sparshott gave the new junior a genial nod. He picked up the birch, and pointed to the study table with it.

"I'm sorry for this, Dainty," he said cheerfully. "I've never had to flog a new boy before. We've had troublesome lads here—but never such a reckless young rascal as you! You are rather a record, Dainty! You are going to get a record flogging. It will

do you good—take my word for that! Now, bend over the table."

Jim eyed him savagely.

"I'm not going to be flogged!" he said, between his teeth. "I'm not going to stay in this rotten school! I'm going to get away somehow!"

"I think not," said Dr. Sparshott. "Will you bend over that table, Dainty?"

"No, I won't?"

"Mr. White, will you take Dainty, and bend him over the table?"

"Certainly I will," said the Housemaster of White's, with a grim look at the latest addition to his House.

He stepped towards Dainty. The Head was still smiling genially; but his cool, clear-cut face was determined. Jim cast a fierce glance round him. The Housemaster was between him and the door—but the window overlooking the quad was open. Mr. White's hand was almost upon him, when the new junior suddenly grasped the inkstand from the table, and hurled it. There was a gasp from Mr. White, as it crashed on his waistcoat, and he sat down suddenly on the floor of the Head's study.

Dr. Sparshott made a stride at the junior. Instead of seeking to elude him, Jim lowered his head, and rushed; and before "Sammy" knew what was happening, he was butted! A prolonged gasp escaped the Head of Grimslade, like air escaping from a punctured tyre, and he staggered back, the birch dropping from his hand. Jim Dainty reeled for a moment from the shock; but only for a moment. The next he was springing for the window, and he went through it with a head-long leap.

"Ach! Mein gootness!" came an agonised yell from a fat junior under the window; and Fritz Splitz went sprawling, with Jim sprawling over him. Fritz had come round to the window, to give ear to the expected "bellowing" of the flogged junior, and Jim had fairly landed on him. "Ach! I am purst like a pladder! I am proken to pits! I have no more te breff!"

Jim Dainty staggered up.

He grasped the sprawling Rhineland by the collar, and dragged him to his feet, gurgling and spluttering.

"You fat fool! Show me the way out of this place!" he hissed in Fritz's ear. "Quick—before they're after me!"

"But, mein goot Tainty—" gurgled Fritz.

"Quick, you dummy! I want a bunk over the wall—quick!"

"Ach! I keeps on telling you tat I have no more to breff—Himmel! Tat you kick me not!" yelled Fritz. "I vill gum—I vill gum mit bleasure—I vill punk you over te vall—ach—tat you kick me no more on mein trousers!"

"Buck up!"

Jim Dainty raced away across the quad, dragging the German junior. The gates were closed, and the walls were high. But with help from below, he could climb the school wall; and once in the road, he was ready to trust to his heels. In the Head's study, "Sammy" Sparshott was still spluttering; but Mr. White was staring from the window and shouting. Heedless of him, or of the staring fellows in the quad, Jim Dainty raced on, with the panting, unwilling Fritz, and reached the wall.

"Stop him!" Mr. White was shouting. "Rawlinson—Bacon—Bean—seize that boy, Dainty!"

But Ginger & Co. affected not to hear. The new fellow was up against it, and they were the fellows to give him a sporting chance.

"Quick!" panted Dainty.

"Ach! I have no more te breff! Mein gootness! Do not pang mein prains out on tat vall!" shrieked Fritz. "I vill help you—up you go—mein gootness!"

In hot haste, the German junior bunked Dainty up the wall. Even so, it was not easy to climb; but Jim was light and active, and he was desperate. He clutched the coping, and held on, Fritz gasping below. Trafford, of the Sixth, came racing up.

"Hold him, Splitz!" he yelled, as he came.

"Mein gootness!"

Fritz dared not disobey the prefect! He clutched at Dainty's ankles as they were whisking up the wall, and caught hold of one of them.

"Ach! Tat you gums pack mit you—yaroooooooo!" roared Fritz, as Jim boot clumped on a thick German head, and Fritz Splitz let go his hold and staggered back, clasping both fat hands to the spot where the boot had landed.

Jim dragged himself fiercely up the wall. Trafford was below him a moment later, clutching—but he missed by inches. The junior sat astride of the wall, panting, and the captain of Grimslade glared up at him.

"Come down!" he gasped.

"Rats to you!"

Trafford made a spring, and caught the top of the wall with his fingers. A moment more and he would have dragged himself up, and collared the escaping junior. A fist that seemed like a lump of iron crashed on his nose, and the captain of Grimslade lost his hold and dropped back. A fiendish yell from Fritz Splitz told what he had dropped on.

Jim did not give him a glance. He swung himself over the wall, and dropped on the outer side into the road. He was outside the walls of Grimslade School at last—with the wide world before him. And so long as he had a kick left, he was not going to be recaptured.

CHAPTER 15.

A Hot Chase!

JIM DAINTY, panting, stared up the road towards the village of Middlemoor. He knew that there would be swift pursuit; the village was a mile away, and capture was certain before he could get a train.

Across the road was a fence; beyond it the moors that stretched to Grimslade Pike. Far away, the smoke of the

manufacturing town of Blackslade blurred the blue sky. His only chance seemed to be to take to the moors; and he was about to scud across the road, when a motor-bike with a side-car came buzzing from the village.

On the side-car was painted the name and style of Mr. Links, the village grocer; and it was Bobby Links, the grocer's son, who was on the bike, with goods to deliver at the school. He stared at Jim Dainty, as he slowed down, and stopped at the tradesmen's gate farther on; and as he dismounted Jim instantly made up his mind.

Bobby Links was ringing the bell at the tradesmen's gate when he suddenly became aware of the fact that the schoolboy had rushed along and leaped into the saddle he had vacated, and that the motor-bike was re-starting after a very brief interval.

"Hi!" roared the grocer. "Hi! What's tha' dooun with my bike?"

Jim did not trouble to answer. Besides, there was no need of an answer; it was plain enough what he was doing with the bike. He was letting it out, and whizzing away along the road towards distant Blackslade as fast as the jigger would go.

Bobby Links' eyes almost bulged from his head, as he watched the truant schoolboy vanishing into the dusty distance, with the motor-bike, the side-car, and the cargo of goods. Zip, zip, zip! went the bike, the sound dying away on the moor.

The great gates of Grimsdale were open now. Mr. White, streaming ink, and Sammy Sparshott, still gasping, Trafford and Yorke, and a dozen other fellows, poured out into the road. Dr. Sparshott shouted to the grocer.

"Links! Have you seen a boy—"

"Aye, that I have," gasped Bobby. "He's pinched my bike!" He pointed along the road, where the bike and side-car were vanishing.

"Good gad!" ejaculated Dr. Sparshott. "Mr. White, this new boy in your House is quite a card! You may leave him in my hands."

Three minutes later Dr. Sparshott

was wheeling his motor-bike from the garage, and it roared to life on the road. A crowd of Grimsladers stood staring after him, buzzing with excitement, as he shot away in pursuit of the truant.

"Sammy will get him!" grinned Ginger Rawlinson. "Sammy's bagged pots and things on that stink-bike! But my word!—jevver hear of a man asking for it like that new chap, what?"

"Never!" chuckled Streaky Bacon.

"Hardly ever!" grinned Sandy Bean.

"Ach! I hopes tat Sammy will giff him a colossal peating!" wailed Fritz Spitz. "Mein pones are broken, and all te breff is knock out of mein podyl. Tat Tainty almost pang out mein prains! But tat poy is blucky," added Fritz. "I tink that he is almost as blucky as a Cherman!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The bell for school called in the Grimslade crowd. But a good many thoughts wandered from lessons, to the chase that was going on across the moors.

It was a hot chase. For two or three miles, Jim Dainty flattered himself that he was clear of Grimslade. Borrowing the grocer's bike had been rather a high-handed act, as even the wilful, rebellious Dainty admitted; but it had been a case of any port in a storm. He meant to send it back when he reached Blackslade, with a note and a tip enclosed, which he hoped would make matters right.

At the busy town there were plenty of trains; and once in a train he was safe from pursuit. His further plans were vague—only to keep away from Grimslade and to return home after his father had gone back to Burma. But he was not in a train yet—and it was just as well that he had not wasted time on elaborating further plans; for he became aware of a motor-bike that was roaring behind him, and a glance back showed him Sammy Sparshott in full chase, and overhauling him at every turn of the wheels.

Dainty panted. He let out the bike to a reckless speed, coaxing every ounce

out of it; but the pursuer drew nearer and nearer. The side-car with its load was a handicap. On his own bike, which had been left at home, he might have had a chance of beating Sammy Sparshott—though a slim one. On the grocer's bike with its load there was no chance. Stopping to get rid of the side-car meant capture. Jim roared on, desperately, and behind him roared the headmaster of Grimslade, closer and closer.

Ahead of him, metals ran across the road; and a great gate was swinging out.

He caught his breath.

It was a level crossing; and in the distance, where the railway crossed the road, the steam of a train volumned against the sky. The gates were closing across the road—and to stop meant the end of the chase; long before the train was past, and the gates reopened, the grasp of Sammy Sparshott would be upon him.

Dainty set his teeth and roared on.

He heard a shout behind—a shout of anger mingled with alarm. He drove on unheeding.

Had he time?

The motor-bike and side-car rocked across the metals. The gates seemed to be leaping at him. He felt a jar—but by the skin of his teeth, as it were, he was through. There was a crash as the gates locked behind him, fairly in the face of Sammy Sparshott, who braked to a standstill barely in time.

Jim had escaped by inches—but he was through, and roaring onward, while the shut gates kept back his pursuer.

CHAPTER 16.

The Old Shaft on the Moor!

"HANG it!"

Bike and side-car rocked to the roadside, and Jim Dainty leaped from the saddle. Two miles from the level crossing the petrol had given out. He had not thought of that, but had he thought of it there was no help.

Far in the distance behind, Dr. Sparshott was coming on, going all out to make up for the loss of time at the level crossing. Jim would have had a chance, had not his mount failed him; but it had conked out, and that was that!

He flung himself to the ground, and stared back with desperate eyes. He could not see his pursuer; but he could hear the roar of the motor-bike on the wind. Sammy Sparshott was coming on fast, and Dainty clenched his hands. He would not be taken back—not while he could resist! But once that muscular grip closed on him, he could not resist—he had no chance with the athlete who had carried him at arm's length across the quad on the day of his arrival at Grimslade.

Beside the road rose the rugged moor, thick with grass and gorse and clumps of hawthorn, stretching away towards the distant Pike. Blackslade was still far away—he had no chance of reaching Blackslade. Hand-to-hand with Sammy Sparshott he had no chance, but it would not be easy for the schoolmaster to run him down on the wild moor. Jim left the road and started to run.

The ground rose under his feet, higher and higher towards the Pike that crowned the rugged fells against the sky. It was hard going; but Jim was strong and active, and his determination was hard as steel.

Looking back from the moor, high up above the road, he saw his pursuer come sweeping up, to halt beside the abandoned grocer's bike. With bitter eyes, he saw Dr. Sparshott dismount and stand staring at the moor in search of him—saw the smile that lit his face as he picked up Jim's figure against the sky.

Leaving his machine by the roadside, Dr. Sparshott came striding up the rugged moor, and Jim turned to run again. Behind him, on the wind, he heard a shout.

"Dainty! Stop!"

He laughed savagely.

"Dainty!" From the distance the powerful voice of Sammy Sparshott

came faint but clear. "Boy! Stop! You are on dangerous ground—there are old pits on the hillside—take care, boy, take care!"

Dainty ran on.

His resolution was fixed; he would not be taken. If there was danger, he would chance it—as he had chanced it already. Yet somehow, determined as he was to escape, never to see the walls of Grimslade again, never to come under the hands of Sammy Sparshott, he realised that he did not dislike this man who was pursuing him so relentlessly.

His own determination, perhaps, made him able to appreciate the same quality in another. And he knew, from the ring in the headmaster's voice, that Sammy Sparshott was anxious for him—anxious for his safety. It was not anger, but anxiety, that had rung in his voice as he shouted to the fugitive. The man was hard as steel, but he had a kind heart; and it was his duty that he was doing—dogged and obstinate as he was, Jim was forced to realise that.

But he ran on, winding among gorse and hawthorns, tireless, exhilarated by the keen air of the glorious Yorkshire moor. Right or wrong, he was up against Sammy Sparshott, and he was going to beat him if he could.

A mile from the road there was deep solitude; he might have fancied himself on some vast prairie in a distant land. Even the grazing cattle were not to be seen—no living thing met the eye, no sound came to the ear, save the murmur of the wind in the gorse.

Far away the dark blur of smoke over Blackslade told of human habitations; that was all. Once or twice a shouting voice reached him from behind, but he was keeping the ground he had gained; and if the athletic headmaster ran faster than the active schoolboy, he lost ground continually as Jim dodged from sight among the bushes and gorse.

A broken fence, trailing amid thick, rank grass, caught Jim's eye—he was in the act of leaping over it when into his mind there flashed the warning Sammy

Sparshott had shouted, and he dragged himself back in time.

Panting, he leaned over the broken paling and looked beyond, and across the high, thick grass he discerned a black gap in the earth, yards wide, of impenetrable depth. His heart leaped and throbbed. Had he jumped the fence, he would have gone headlong into that old, abandoned shaft—shooting down into the depths of darkness, to lie smashed at the bottom. For the moment the colour wavered in his face, with the realisation of his fearfully narrow escape.

He backed from the perilous verge, panting.

Lower down the slope of the moor he sighted, as he looked round, the head of Sammy Sparshott, bursting through the gorse not fifty yards away. He ran round the edge of the old pit and bolted on, running hard. But he had lost ground, and the schoolmaster was closer now. He heard Dr. Sparshott shout:

"Stop! You young rascal! Stop!"

He had circled the old pit, hidden by the tall, rank grass and the bushes that clustered and clambered over the crumbling edges. Beyond it he scudded on, and he grinned as he heard a crash behind him, not doubting that the pursuer had stumbled and fallen. The grin was on his face as he stared back, but it died away—and he halted, swung round, and stared again.

Dr. Sparshott, whose hat had been bobbing among the bushes, was no longer to be seen. Neither was he to be heard—there was no rustling or swaying in the gorse, no shouting voice. Jim stared blankly. It seemed as if the wild moor had opened and swallowed up his pursuer from sight.

Breathing in gulps, he stood and stared. He was no longer pursued—but where was Sammy Sparshott?

"Oh!" gasped Jim suddenly. "Oh! Good heavens!"

His face crimson with exertion, whitened as he realised the truth. The crash he had heard behind him had not been a stumble and a fall in the grass.

He stared back in terror at the abandoned shaft—a dark gap in the moor.

He knew now!

He had circled the old shaft, never dreaming that his pursuer would not do the same. But Sammy Sparshott had cut straight towards him—ignorant of the death-trap that lay in his path. He had not, like Jim, seen the danger in time. His warning had saved Jim Dainty, but it had not saved himself. He had not seen the old pit as he came bursting through high grass and bush, and he had gone crashing over the verge. The crash that Jim had heard had been caused by his fall into the shaft, and the breaking away of the crumbling edge under his fall.

Jim stood quite still.

His heart almost missed a beat.

The moor lay silent, lifeless, round him. He was alone—unpursued—his pursuer lay at the bottom of the pit! He knew it, and the horror of it drove the colour from his face. The way of escape was open to him, but he was not thinking of that now. He was thinking of the man who had hurtled down to death in the darkness of the pit.

Slowly, with scarcely-beating heart, Jim Dainty crept back to the pit and looked across it.

On the farther side, where Dr. Sparshott had fallen in, he could see the broken grass, the torn bushes, the gap in the crumbling edge, where a mass of earth and roots had gone down with the fallen man. Slowly, his face like chalk, he circled the pit again and reached the spot where Sammy Sparshott had gone in.

It was dangerous enough to approach the broken edge, but he cared nothing for that. He fell on his hands and knees, crawled to the verge, and stared down. For some distance he could see down into the old shaft, but beyond that the irregular sides were lost in darkness. Of the headmaster of Grimslade he could see nothing—Sammy Sparshott, dead or alive, lay beyond the range of vision, deep in the shadowy pit.

He listened with straining ears. A

cry, even a groan, would have been music to his ears in those terrible moments. But there was no sound. The silence lay on him like lead.

A long minute passed—another! He stared into the darkness below and listened. Faintly, from far down, came a sound—it was a splash of water! There was water at the bottom of the old shaft—an accumulation of rain. And the splash meant that there was a movement—that it was a living man, not a dead man, who lay at the bottom of the shaft, and Jim Dainty almost sobbed with relief.

Following the splash came another and another, and then a faint sound—a groan! And then, echoing faintly, eerily, strangely muffled, from the depths of the earth, a calling voice:

“Help!”

CHAPTER 17.

Neck or Nothing!

JIM DAINTY scrambled to his feet and stared round him over the lonely moor with almost despairing eyes.

Help? There was no help! The old shaft was two miles from the road—a thin, winding ribbon of white in the far distance. On the other side the moor rose to wild fells towards the towering Pike. To run for help—leaving the man at the bottom of the pit—sinking to death in the water—impossible! To clamber down—to share his fate—it was madness.

Madness as it was, or seemed, that was what Jim Dainty decided on. He had brought the headmaster of Grimslade into this fearful peril, and he would save him or take his chance.

With set teeth, cool and clearheaded, Jim crept to the verge of the pit again. All round it the earth crumbled; grass grew rank and trailing bushes hung over, with fragments of a fence that had long rotted away in wind and weather.

With a steady eye he scanned it. For a bold climber there was hand-hold.

root-hold, on the rough and irregular sides—here and there a jutting projection, here and there a cavity. If it was possible to clamber down, Jim Dainty could do it—and possible or not, he was going to try.

A splash echoed from below: he wondered whether "Sammy" had tried to climb, and fallen back in the water. Coolly, with unshaken nerve, the boy picked out the most favourable spot for climbing, grasped the bushes that trailed down, and swung himself over the verge.

A shower of earth and loosened stones went shooting down; splash on splash replied from the depths. He did not heed—he hardly heard. Below the trailing bush he grasped at the sides of the pit—he dug his hands into hollows, he squeezed himself against juts, he slipped and caught again, slipped again, and slid—and again caught hold, and half-clambering half-slithering, he went down the almost perpendicular side of the old shaft.

Down and down, swiftly, earth and stones falling round him as he descended, aching with exertion, streaming with perspiration, but with determination unshaken. The opening of the pit narrowed above him to a circle of blue sky—musty smells and deep shadows were round him.

Down and down, till at length he found that below him was smooth surface, with no hold for a fly, and he hung by his hands, his feet kicking and vainly seeking a hold under him—his arms cracking under the strain of his weight. And now the man hidden in darkness below knew that he was coming, for his voice floated up:

"Boy, you are mad! Go back—go back!"

Jim Dainty heard, but he did not heed. For a long moment he hung there, and then, finding no further hold, he let go and slid.

Splash!

A flashing second, and then he was up to his neck in foul water. Water splashed over his face, over his head, and he struggled and gasped. But he

kept his footing and peered round him in the darkness. Black as the bottom of the pit had looked from above, there was a dim twilight.

A couple of yards from him a white face glimmered in the gloom—a face that was white but calm and steady. With one hand on the muddy wall, the water washing round his neck, Jim Dainty stared at the headmaster of Grimsdale.

Sammy Sparshott's shoulders were above the water as he leaned on the wall of the pit. But even as Jim looked at him his chin sank to the level of the pool and dipped under. With an effort that contracted his face with pain, he dragged himself up again. Jim splashed towards him and grasped him as he was sinking once more. Dr. Sparshott leaned on his shoulder.

"You're hurt, sir?" breathed Jim.

"My leg's hurt," said the Head of Grimsdale quietly. "It twisted as I fell! I shall not be able to keep up much longer. But you—you foolish, reckless boy, you have thrown away your life."

There was no anger in his voice or look. Sammy Sparshott was within measured distance of death, but he was not thinking of the boy's rebellious recklessness that had placed him in this fearful peril. He was thinking of the boy's own peril.

"Lean on me, sir!" muttered Jim.

"You should not have come down! There is no help—no possibility of help for—"

"I know! That's why I came."

"You young rascal!" said Dr. Sparshott.

He leaned heavily on the boy's shoulder. His right leg was crumpled under him, helpless. The other slipped and sank in the deep, thick mud at the bottom of the pool. The wall gave him no hold, and but for the support of the rebel of Grimsdale, the life of Sammy Sparshott might have been counted in minutes. Jim Dainty, strong and sturdy, standing like a rock

to take his weight, held him back from death.

Five minutes later he would have found only a dead man at the bottom of the old shaft. And he was glad—glad that he had come to share the fate of the man whose life he had endangered, though he could not doubt that the outcome must be death for two instead of one. Strong as he was, brave as he was, he knew that he could not stand the strain long. His own feet were slipping and sinking in the soft mud as the headmaster's weight bore on him.

No help! No cry would be heard on the lonely moor. There was no help! But his courage did not falter.

"I'm sorry, sir," breathed Jim. "It's my fault—all my fault! If—if we get out of this, sir, I'll prove that I'm sorry."

"I believe you!" said Dr. Sparshott quietly. "But we shall not get out of this, Dainty. There is no chance for me. There is a chance for you, if you try to climb out at once, while I have still strength to help you up till you get a hold."

"And leave you?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Never!"

"I order you, boy, as your headmaster!" snapped Sammy Sparshott.

Something like the old defiant grin came over Jim's face.

"If we get back to Grimslade, sir, I'll obey every order you give me. But I won't obey that order."

Standing steady, Jim groped in his pocket, under the stagnant water. He had an electric torch there. He found it and drew it out, and flashed on the light. The bright beam picked up the glimmering surface of the foul water, the steep walls of the pit, dispelling the darkness where it fell. Jim's eyes followed the beam as he circled it round, seeking, searching for some glimpse of hope, of escape.

He gave a sudden cry.

"Look!"

Across the pit, on the farther side, the water washed over a stack of rubble

and earth that had fallen from above, and piled up against the side of the pit. Here and there tangled roots showed over the water. In that one spot, over the rubble-heap, the water was shallow—a few inches.

Sammy Sparshott understood; there was no need of words. Half-swimming, splashing, supported by the rebel of Grimslade, Sammy Sparshott struggled across the deep pool, dragging his helpless leg, shutting his teeth to keep back a sound of pain. Both went under, again and again, before they got across, till at last, spent and exhausted, they crawled into the shallow water on the rubble-heap.

Dr. Sparshott sank down there, with the water washing round his shoulders, leaning back against the side of the pit, utterly exhausted, breathing almost in sobs, but safe now from sinking to death in the pool. And Jim Dainty, spent, slumped down beside him, to wait for his strength to return.

CHAPTER 13.

The Last Chance!

JIM struggled to his feet at last.

The chill of the water was like ice. He was weary to the bone, but there was death in delay. Somehow, anyhow, help must be got, and Sammy Sparshott was helpless. He could remain where he was, safe till help came—if it could come. But it could not come unless Jim Dainty could clamber out of that pit of death.

To and fro Jim flashed the torch, only steep walls meeting his despairing eyes. But at last he made the attempt, digging his hands into the earth for a hold. As the light was shut off, Dr. Sparshott saw him no more, and could only listen to the scraping and rustling and panting as the schoolboy climbed.

Splash!

Dr. Sparshott groaned. The boy had fallen, splashing again headlong into the pool.

But again, from the dimness, came

the sound of scraping, of grasping, of panting breath, of falling earth and stones. The boy was climbing again—beaten once, but indomitable.

Jim's face was set, his teeth shut hard, his lips drawn tight. His arms ached and ached with the strain. But the worst of it was over now, and he found the upper wall less steep. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he climbed, the patch of blue sky above drawing closer and closer, till at last he could feel the wind of the moor on his burning face, and his stretching hands pulled him over the edge of the shaft.

The sunset was red on Grimslade Moor. For long, long minutes Jim Dainty lay on his face in the grass, unable to stir a finger, his breath coming and going in sobs. But he lifted his head at last, glancing dully at his torn and bleeding hands. He dragged himself to his feet, reeling with exhaustion, and started towards the road, swaying from side to side as he went—only a desperate determination keeping him on his feet.

Miles—miles of rugged moor lay between him and the road, but there was help—the only chance of help! He had to keep going if the life of the man he had left at the bottom of the shaft was to be saved.

Hours—or centuries—seemed to have passed before he came staggering down the rugged bank into the road, and then he heard a shout. There were figures on the road—he could see Mr. White and Mr. Redmayes, the two House-masters of Grimslade, standing by the motor-bike Sammy Sparshott had left at the roadside. There were others—Trafford of the Sixth, and Yorke, and others.

"Dainty!" Mr. White's hand dropped on his shoulder. He stared sternly at the boy, but his face was little more than a blur to Jim's dizzy eyes. "Dainty——"

"The headmaster!" Jim Dainty contrived to speak in a cracked and husky whisper. "In the old shaft——"

"What!"

"At the bottom of the old shaft! Save him!"

And then darkness seemed to close on Jim Dainty, and he staggered and would have fallen, but for the House-master's grasp.

"Mein goot Tainty!"

Jim opened his eyes dizzily. The voice of Fritz Splitz came to him like a voice in a dream.

"Ach! You vakes up mit yourself, ain't it?" said Fritz, grinning. "Py, gootness, mein goot Tainty, I have tunk tat I likes to give you a pig peating and make you pellow like a pull, but I vill not give you tat peating, Tainty, after you have been so blucky pefore, for I tinks that you are almost as blucky as a Cherman."

Jim sat up and stared. He was in his bed in the dormitory in White's House at Grimslade. Fritz Splitz sat by the bedside, watching him, and sucking toffee while he watched.

"Dr. Sparshott?" gasped Jim. His thoughts flew at once to the man in the abandoned shaft.

"Tat Sammy, he is all right," said Fritz, still sucking toffee. "Tey get him out mit ropes and pring him in."

There was a footstep, and Jim Dainty stared round. The tall figure of Sammy Sparshott came towards the bed, limping; but there was a smile on his face as he looked down at the rebel of Grimslade. Jim stared up at him.

"You've come to, Dainty! You've been through it, my boy—hard! You've played the fool, Dainty——"

"I know!" breathed Jim.

"But you've made amends. We value pluck at Grimslade," said Sammy Sparshott cheerfully. "In my study to-day, Dainty, you told me that you weren't going to be flogged——"

"I was a cheeky ass!" muttered Jim.

Sammy Sparshott gave him a look—a searching look. Then he smiled again.

"You were!" he agreed. "But as it happens, Dainty, you were right—you are not going to be flogged! What you have done since then has washed out

all offences, and"—the Head's eyes twinkled—"I don't think you loathe me so much as you did, what?"

Jim could only stammer.

"You've given me more trouble," said Sammy Sparshott, "than any boy that ever came to Grimslade. I'm going to forget all about it. So are you! We're going to be friends, Dainty. You're going to be a credit to the school."

With a cheery grin, Sammy Sparshott held out his hand, and Jim took it in silence. But his look told enough, and Sammy looked very satisfied as he limped out of the dormitory.

CHAPTER 19.

Whose Cake?

"MEIN gootness!" exclaimed Fritz Splitz. The fat German junior jumped.

Fritz was in Study No. 10, which, like all the studies at Grimslade School, was on the ground floor, with a window overlooking the quad. Fritz had a parcel in his hand, which he was about to lift out of the window, when the door-handle turned.

Quick as thought, Fritz dropped the parcel in a corner, gave the armchair a push towards it, and he was sitting in the armchair when the door opened and Jim Dainty came in.

The new boy gave the German junior a nod, and crossed to the study cupboard. Fritz watched him uneasily with his saucer-eyes.

"What the thump—" exclaimed Dainty, staring into the cupboard.

"Mein goot Tainty, vat vas te matter?" asked Fritz.

Dainty looked round at him with a frown.

"I've asked some fellows to tea," he snapped. "I left the grub here—now it's gone. What—"

"I hope tat you tink not tat I touches tat grub, Tainty," said Fritz, with dignity. "Chermans do not do such tings as tat. Those pad poys from Red-

mayes' House—Chinger and Pacon and Pean—"

"Ginger Rawlinson, and Bacon, and Bean!" Dainty ran to the window. "Did you see them?"

"Ja! Ja wohl! Tey jump in at te window—"

"Why didn't you stop them?" growled Dainty.

He stared out into the quad. If Ginger & Co., of Redmayes' House, had raided that study in White's House, they had got clear. They were not to be seen in the quadrangle.

"Ach! I gannot fight mit tree of tem!" said Fritz. "I could fight two—any Cherman can fight two! But tree—"

"Oh, rats!"

Jim Dainty swung himself from the window. Fritz Splitz started up from the armchair in alarm.

"Mein goot Tainty," he shouted, "you go to Redmayes' House after those pad poys—mein gootness!" Fritz broke off in dismay, staring at Dainty, who was cutting across the quad towards the other House at a run. "Ach! Tat Tainty is te poy to ask for troubles, ain't it?"

And Fritz Splitz looked quite thoughtful as he pulled out the armchair and retrieved the parcel hidden behind it. Really, Fritz hadn't meant to send the hot-headed new boy butting into a hornets' nest. He had only wanted to prevent Jim from looking about the study for the missing tuck.

However, Dainty was gone now, and it could not be helped. And Fritz dropped from the window in his turn, with the parcel under his arm, and proceeded to look for a quiet and secluded spot, where he could dispose of the tuck. Fritz really was a kind-hearted fellow in his way, and he hoped that Dainty would not get damaged. But he was soon too busy with the tuck to remember Jim's existence.

Jim Dainty arrived at Redmayes' House at a run. A red head looked out of one of the junior study windows, and Ginger Rawlinson yelled to him:

"Hallo, White's cad! What do you want on the decent side of the quad?"

Jim headed for Rawlinson's window. It had not occurred to him to doubt Fritz' statement. He was new to Grimslade, but he knew that raids and rags were incessant between the two Houses. He reached the window and jumped.

"My hat!" ejaculated Ginger as the new boy at White's caught him round the neck. "Oh, crumbs! What the thump— Whooop!"

Ginger sagged over the window-sill, sprawling. He wriggled and spluttered as Dainty clambered over him into the window. In a moment more Jim had jumped into the study, where Ginger's chums, Bacon and Bean, stared at him in amazement.

There was a large cake on the table, and the Redmayes' juniors had been about to sit down to tea. It was the twin of the cake Jim had missed in No. 10 over the way. Mrs. Sykes, at the school shop, sold those big plum cakes at five shillings each, and they were naturally much alike.

Dainty grabbed it up from the table.

Ginger Rawlinson turned from the window, panting for breath and red with wrath. His face was as red as his hair.

"Collar him!" he gasped.

"What-ho!" exclaimed Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean together.

The three hurled themselves at Jim Dainty. The cheek of a White's junior, especially a new fellow who had been hardly a week at Grimslade, raiding their tuck under their eyes, almost took their breath away.

Dainty dodged round the table.

"Hands off, you rotters!" he shouted. "Did you think I was going to let you keep my cake, you cheeky fatheads?"

"Your cake!" roared Ginger. "It's my cake! Collar him!"

The three enraged Redmayes' juniors rushed round the table after Dainty; Ginger and Bacon took one side, Bean the other. Dainty had the cake under one arm. With the other he grasped the edge of the table and tilted it up,

sending it rocking at Ginger and Bacon, with a shower of crockery. There was a crashing and smashing of crocks, and a roar from Ginger and Streaky. At the same moment, Sandy Bean reached Jim and grasped him.

The next moment he rather wished he hadn't. Dainty's right came up in a terrific uppercut that caught Sandy under the jaw.

"Oooogh!" spluttered Sandy Bean as he spun across the study. He landed on his back with a crash.

Jim made a leap for the window. Ginger and Streaky leaped in the way. Jim Dainty sprang back, and jumped at the door.

He tore the door open and rushed out, slamming it after him. An instant more, and Ginger & Co. were at the door.

"He—he—he's got our cake!" gurgled Ginger. "Bagged our cake under our noses! I—I—I'll break him into little pieces! I—I'll—I'll——"

He dragged at the door-handle furiously.

But the door did not open. Evidently Jim Dainty was holding the handle on the other side.

"Get that door open!" spluttered Sandy Bean. "Oh, my jaw! Wow! Get that door open, you ass! Woooh!"

"He's holding it!" gasped Ginger. "Lend me a hand!"

Ginger grasped the door-handle with both hands and tugged. But the grip outside was strong, and the door did not open. Ginger's chums jumped to help. Streaky Bacon threw his arms round Ginger, and pulled him as he pulled the door. Sandy Bean threw his arms round Streaky, and pulled him as he pulled Ginger.

With three pulling against one, the door had to open. But Ginger & Co. did not expect it to open quite so suddenly as it did. Jim Dainty had suddenly let go. There was no resistance as the three stout lads pulled in unison, and the door flew wide open, hurling Ginger & Co. in a sprawling heap to the study floor.

Bump! Crash! Bump!
 "Ow! Oh, my napper! Woocoh!"
 "Oh! Ah! Ow! Gerroff!"
 "Yarooooh!"

Three enraged and breathless juniors sprawled and struggled, what time Jim Dainty trotted out of the House with the cake under his arm. Jim lost no time in getting across the quad. He crossed it as if he were on the cinder-path. He tossed the cake in at the window of No. 10 in White's House, and clambered in after it. Dick Dawson and Tommy Tucker were in the study now. They stared at him.

"What the thump——" exclaimed Dawson.

"All serene!" gasped Dainty. "Those Redmayes cads raided the cake, but I've got it back. Ready for tea?"

A few minutes later Fritz Splitz, with a fat and shiny face, came into the study, wiping cake crumbs from his capacious mouth. He found the three juniors sitting down to tea, round a handsome plum cake. Fritz stared at that cake as if mesmerised. It seemed to the fat German the ghost of the cake he had just devoured round the corner of the House.

"Mein gootness! Vat——" he ejaculated.

"All serene, Jerry!" said Dainty. "I got the cake back!"

"You—got—te—cake—pack!" gasped Fritz.

"Yes, sit down and have some."

"Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz. "You—you find tat cake in Chinger's study?"

"Yes. They'd raided it, as you told me. What are you goggling at?"

"Oh, notting!" gurgled Fritz. "Mein gootness! Kolossal! I tinks tat I have some of tat cake. It looks as goot as te odder."

"Eh! What other?"

"Ach! Nothing—nothing!" gasped Fritz. "It look a goot cake, and I tinks tat I have a leetle."

And Fritz helped himself to the cake—not, however, to a little. He helped himself to a lot.

CHAPTER 20.

Asking for It!

TRAFFORD, captain of Grimslade and head of Redmayes House, stared into Study No. 5 in that House. Tall, rather lean, and very handsome, Trafford of the Sixth belonged to one of the oldest families in Lancashire. He was in Redmayes House of Grimslade as a matter of course; that being the Lancastrian House. In White's House, over the way, they sported the white rose of York.

There was a faint grin on Trafford's face as he stared into Ginger Rawlinson's study. Three Redmayes' juniors had sorted themselves out there, amid overturned table and chairs and scattered crockery, and they were all talking at once, with great emphasis, and rubbing a variety of bumps and bruises. They continued to rub the bumps and bruises, but ceased to talk as the captain of the school looked in.

"Well, what's this fearful row about?" asked Trafford.

"Oh! Nothing!" said Ginger airily. Ginger & Co. were thirsting for blood, but it was not the game to bring seniors and prefects into junior rows.

"I saw a White's kid nipping out of the House with a cake under his arm," drawled Trafford, "and I heard what you were saying."

"Oh! It's all right, Trafford."

"Quite! I shall see that it is! There's to be no gathering of the clans, and no raid on the other House!" said Trafford. "Cut all that out! It seems that that new kid, Dainty, has butted in and bagged your cake! I'll walk over to White's and see him. You will stay here."

"I—I say, Trafford——" stammered Bacon.

"That's enough! If you leave the House you'll get six!"

Trafford walked away, leaving Ginger & Co. dismayed. Those heroes of Lancashire had intended to call up their comrades and raid White's in force. But the "Wars of the Roses" at Grim-

slade had to be kept within limits, and Trafford's word was law.

"Rotten!" growled Sandy Bean, rubbing his chin.

It was rotten, but it could not be helped; and Ginger & Co. proceeded to set their study to rights, instead of going on the warpath.

Trafford strolled across to White's House. In the doorway he exchanged a nod with Yorke, the captain of White's, and walked on to Study No. 10 in the Fourth. He tapped at the door of that study and opened it.

Four juniors, who were just finishing a plum-cake, rose to their feet. Fritz' saucer-like eyes fixed on Trafford with alarm. He could guess why that Red-mayes' prefect had come, and he did not want the true history of that plum-cake to transpire. Trafford, however, took no notice of the German junior. He gave his attention to Dainty, and Fritz sidled to the door and vanished.

"This won't do, Dainty," said Trafford. "I saw you getting away with that cake, which you seem to have devoured since. I came to take it back, but as that's impossible now, I must trouble you to walk to the tuckshop and buy another exactly like it."

Dainty stared at him.

"You see," explained Trafford, "there's a limit. As you're new here, you may not understand that. A certain amount of ragging among the fags doesn't matter. But raiding grub from the other House is too thick. I won't whop you, as you're a new kid, but—"

"You jolly well won't!" snapped Dainty. "It was my cake!"

"Don't talk rot!" snapped Trafford. "I saw you scudding off with it."

"I dare say you did. But if they've told you about it—"

"They haven't told me a word. Fags are not encouraged to sneak at Grimslade," snapped Trafford. "You ought to know that by this time."

"I know it was my cake," said Jim doggedly. "It was bagged from this

study, and I bagged it back. And that's all."

"That's not true," said Trafford quietly. "I happen to know it's not true, Dainty."

Jim's eyes blazed.

"Are you calling me a liar?" he demanded savagely.

"I am!" assented Trafford, with a nod.

"Liar yourself, then!"

"Dainty!" gasped Dawson, while Tommy Tucker stared at the new fellow in horror. Jim did not heed them. He stood glaring defiance at the captain of the school.

Trafford did not speak for a few moments. He stood looking steadily at the flushed, defiant face of the new junior. Dawson and Tucker looked on, with bated breath. Fritz Splitz had already made himself scarce.

Defiant, angry, passionately reckless, Jim Dainty's face looked, but it did not look the face of a fellow who would tell a lie. But Trafford knew that his statement was not true, for he had been in the school shop that afternoon when Ginger & Co., combining funds, had bought the cake. Trafford's face grew grimmer and grimmer.

Jim Dainty had attracted more attention and given more trouble than any new fellow that had ever come to Grimslade. "Sammy" Sparshott, the young headmaster, had somehow brought him into line, and the fellow who had started as a reckless rebel had come to respect the Head, and nothing more had been heard of his wild resolve to run away from the school.

But Jim Dainty was far from tamed yet—as his answer to the captain of the school showed.

In the brief pause Jim turned away from Trafford, stretched out his hand to the last remnant of the cake, and picked it up. Trafford's eyes gleamed.

"Put that down, Dainty!"

"Shan't!"

"Dainty!" exclaimed Dawson.

"Oh, shut up!" exclaimed Dainty gruffly.

Trafford made a stride forward and grasped the new junior by the shoulder. With a swing of his sinewy arm he hooked him out of the study.

"Let go, you bully!" panted Jim. "I'll hack your shins!"

"Better not!" said Trafford grimly.

He hooked the junior along the passage. Dainty struggled in his grasp, but the powerful senior held him like an infant, strong as he was. There was a sudden howl from Trafford as the junior hacked him.

"Oh! Oh, gad! You young scoundrel!" gasped Trafford.

"Let me go, you rotter!"

Trafford strode on, with a grip of iron on the junior's collar. Dainty had no chance for another hack; his feet trailed along the floor as he was swept on. Trafford arrived at Mr. White's study, tapped, and entered, jerking the struggling junior at arm's length after him. The Housemaster laid down his pen and rose, staring.

"Dainty again!" he said grimly. He reached for a cane.

"I have to report this junior, sir, for raiding a cake belonging to juniors of my House."

"It's a lie!" yelled Dainty.

"What?" roared Mr. White, grasping the cane.

"It's a lie—a rotten lie! It was my cake, and I took it back, and I'd do the same again!" yelled Dainty.

Mr. White stared at him.

"I suppose there is no mistake in the matter, Trafford? This boy is reckless, wilful, and rebellious; but I should not have suspected him of lying."

"No mistake at all, sir," said Trafford quietly. "I know that his statement is untrue, for my own knowledge."

"Liar!" yelled Jim.

Trafford compressed his lips.

"I leave him to you, sir," he said, and with that the captain of Grimslade left the study.

"You will bend over that desk, Dainty," said the Housemaster.

"You're not going to cane me because that fellow has told lies!" exclaimed Jim passionately.

"I shall cane you most severely for making such an accusation against the captain of the school," said Mr. White grimly. "Will you bend over that desk?"

"No!" yelled Jim. "I won't!"

The Housemaster's grip was on him the next moment. He struggled and yelled. But he was held fast, and the cane lashed down again and again. Not till his resistance ceased did the caning cease, and by that time the licking was rather a record. Mr. White released him at last and pointed to the door with the cane.

"You may go!" he said curtly.

Jim Dainty almost staggered to the door. He hardly knew how to get back to his own study. He staggered into Study No. 10 in the Fourth, his face white and his eyes burning. Dick Dawson was there, and he gave a low whistle as Dainty came in.

"My hat! You look as if you've been through it!" he said.

"I'll make that rotten liar sit up for it, somehow!" muttered Dainty, between his teeth. "That cur Trafford is——"

"Oh, can it!" snapped Dawson. "Trafford's the most decent man at Grimslade, though he's a Redmayes' man."

"I tell you he's a liar!"

"And I tell you you're a fool!" snapped Dawson, and he left the study.

Jim was left alone, leaning on the table, gasping, hardly able to suppress his groans. He had been punished—unjustly. He did not blame the Housemaster; all his bitterness and vengeance were directed towards Trafford.

Mr. White had had to take Trafford's word—and Trafford had lied—lied! And he was in the Sixth, captain of the school—out of reach of vengeance.

But was he? It was on vengeance that Jim Dainty's thoughts were running, with a fierce and passionate determination.

CHAPTER 21.

Thrashing Trafford!

"SAMMY" SPARSHOTT glanced round him rather sharply. The hour was late, and Dr. Sparshott was taking a turn in the quad before going to bed. Both Houses were closed for the night, only from one window a light gleamed into the quad, the window of Trafford's study in Redmayes' House. Outside that window grew one of the ancient oaks of Grimslade, an oak that had been a young tree in the days when Robin Hood roamed the forests of Yorkshire.

Sammy Sparshott had rather wondered why Trafford was sitting up so late, and had glanced at the open, lighted window. As he did so he fancied that he saw a shadow flit round the massive old oak. If a junior was out of his House at that late hour, it was a matter for Sammy to look into, and he left the path and strode towards the lighted window.

But if anyone had been there, he had vanished now, and Sammy concluded that he had been mistaken.

Trafford, hearing him, stepped to the window.

"You're up late," said Dr. Sparshott. "Swotting, what?"

"I had a hack on the shin to-day, and it bothers me a little, sir," answered Trafford. "As I can't sleep, I'm putting in some Greek."

"Don't overdo it, my boy. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir!"

Sammy Sparshott walked away to his own house, Trafford went back to his Greek. Neither of them dreamed that from the thick branches of the oak by the study window, a pair of keen eyes were watching them. Jim Dainty, stretched on a stout branch overhead, was out of sight, and he made no sound.

Hidden in the oak, he listened to Sammy's footsteps dying away, and heard a door close in the distance. He was glad that Sammy had gone. His eyes gleamed as they fixed on the

figure of the Sixth-Former in the study, visible in the light. He waited—patiently—and did not stir till he was sure that Sammy Sparshott was safely off the scene.

Clink!

Trafford gave a sudden start and stared round at his window. A pebble had clinked on the pane. In amazement, the captain of Grimslade rose, stepped to the window, and stared out into the starlit quadrangle.

No one was in sight. Sammy Sparshott's door had closed a quarter of an hour ago, and all was silent and still. Trafford stared into the starlight. It was unlikely that any fellow could be out of his House, playing tricks on the captain of the school. For a long minute the Sixth-Former stared, then he closed the window and turned away from it, perplexed and puzzled.

Clink! Crack!

He spun round to the window again. This time there could be no mistake—another pebble had struck the pane and cracked it.

"My hat!" ejaculated the captain of Grimslade.

He shot up the sash and leaned from the window, staring round him in the dim starlight. Over his head the thick branch of the oak brushed the wall with its tip. He could see nobody, but it was certain that someone was in the quad, pelting his study window. He leaned farther out, staring to right and left. It did not occur to him for the moment to look upward.

From the branch overhead, a looped rope suddenly dropped. Before Trafford knew that it was coming, the loop was over his shoulder. He gave a convulsive jump as the rope was dragged from above, and the noose tightened.

He was lassoed!

"Why, what——" spluttered Trafford, in amazement. He clutched at the rope to drag it loose.

It tautened instantly. One of his arms was in it, pinned down to his side.

Like a fellow in a dream, Trafford felt himself dragged from the window.

The other end of the rope was passed over the stout oak branch, and Jim Dainty dropped from the branch, throwing his weight on the rope. Taken utterly by surprise, and hardly believing that this strange thing was really happening, Trafford was dragged headlong through the window.

Instantly Jim Dainty took a turn of the rope round the trunk of the tree. Trafford swung in the air, his feet two yards from the ground.

"What——" he gasped. "Who——"

One arm was pinned and helpless. With the other hand he tore at the rope. But the noose was tight, and his weight on the rope made it impossible for him to loosen it. He was a helpless prisoner, swinging at the end of the rope, and with startling eyes he saw the shadowy figure of a junior knotting the other end of the rope round the trunk.

"Dainty!" he gasped.

Jim rose to his feet, with gleaming eyes.

"Yes, you rotter!" he said, between his teeth. "Wriggle as much as you like, I've got you now! I fancied I should have to wake you up—you've made it easier for me. Now you're for it!"

Trafford struggled frantically. But his movements only tightened the grip of the rope, and he turned round and round as he swung, like a fowl on a spit.

"You young rascal! Let me go at once!" he panted.

Dainty laughed savagely. From the dark shadow under the oak he picked up a cane—Mr. White's stoutest cane. He swished it in the air. Trafford stared at him with unbelieving eyes. What the rebel of Grimslade intended to do was only too clear, yet Trafford could hardly believe it.

"You got me a thrashing—with your lies!" said Dainty. "Now you're getting it back—with interest! Catch on?"

"You—if you dare——"

"You're too big for me to handle," said Dainty, "so I thought this out, and now I've got you where I want you! That's for a start!"

Trafford gave a yell as the cane rang across his back. He kicked out wildly, but it was easy for the active junior to dodge his lunging feet. He spun round at the end of the rope and the cane rang on him again.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

At the end of the rope Trafford of the Sixth swung and turned, and plunged and kicked and struggled.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

He could not elude the lashing of the cane, which came hard and fast on his back and legs as he turned and writhed.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

As a junior at Grimslade, Trafford had had his share of lickings. As a senior he had never been licked—till now! But the licking he was getting now put into the shade any licking he had ever had as a lower boy.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Jim Dainty was putting his beef into it. Every lash of the cane rang like a pistol-shot. Louder still rang the yelling of the captain of Grimslade. His voice woke every echo of the quad.

"I had a dozen!" said Jim Dainty, between his teeth. "You're going to have two dozen, you rotter! Yell as loud as you like—I've got lots of time to give you what you've asked you, you liar!"

"Help!" roared Trafford.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

Windows and doors opened in both Houses. Lights flashed into the dusk of the quadrangle. Voices called and shouted.

The whole school was alarmed.

The cane lashed and rang. Jim Dainty expected to be interrupted, but, as he had said, he had lots of time to finish his task. Trafford spun round on the rope as the junior, dodging his frantic kicking, lashed and lashed. The captain of Grimslade was getting the

most terrific thrashing that had ever been administered to any Grimslader.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

It seemed like some awful dream to Trafford. Jim Dainty's face was set and savage as he thrashed away with the cane. All he had had from his Housemaster, and much more, was passed on to the captain of the school. Trafford spun like a top, as the cane thrashed and thrashed.

But there were hurrying footsteps in the quad now, shouting voices. Sammy Sparshott's deep voice was heard. The Head of Grimslade was the first to reach the spot. Jim saw him coming, saw the amazement and wrath in the face of the headmaster, but he did not cease to lash at the fellow spinning on the oak branch.

"Boy!" roared Sammy Sparshott.

He rushed up and grasped Dainty by the shoulder as the cane was falling again. Jim was spun backwards in Sammy's Herculean grasp.

"Boy! Dainty! Trafford!" Sammy Sparshott was not easily surprised, but he was almost babbling now. "Boy! Are you mad? What—"

"I've thrashed that rotter!" said Dainty, between his teeth. "He told lies and got me licked! I've given him the same! Now you can do as you like!"

Mr. Redmayes and a dozen fellows were on the scene now. They jumped to release Trafford.

Jim Dainty, in the Head's grasp, was walked away unresisting. He knew that he had to answer for what he had done, and he was ready to face the music. But the look on Sammy Sparshott's face as he led him away almost scared even the reckless rebel of Grimslade.

CHAPTER 22.

Light at Last!

G RIMSLADE SCHOOL was in something like an uproar the following morning. Fellows of both Houses grouped in the quad, ex-

citedly discussing the amazing happening of the night.

Ginger & Co. and the rest of the Redmayes' House thrilled with indignation; but they were no more indignant than their old rivals of White's.

What was going to happen to Jim Dainty was a burning question. At any other school it would have been the "sack." But Sammy Sparshott prided himself on the fact that no man was ever sacked from Grimslade. Grimslade's mission was to take any sort of material and knock it into shape—and Sammy Sparshott never owned to failure.

Dainty in a week at Grimslade had already collected more lickings than most fellows collected in a whole term. They did not seem to have done him much good. How was Sammy going to handle a fellow who had strung up the captain of the school and thrashed him?

After breakfast that morning the Head's sentence was known. Jim Dainty was flogged before the assembled school, which infliction was to be repeated three times a week till the end of the term, with detention tasks for two hours a day and every half-holiday.

It was a sentence that almost took Grimslade's breath away, and showed that Sammy was in his grimmest humour. Dainty took it with dogged sullenness and defiance, and made no sound under the Head's birch.

Stiff as the sentence was, every fellow heard it with approval—with one exception. Fritz Splitz heard it with dismay. Often and often had the fat Rhinelander pinched tuck that belonged to other fellows, and just as often he had told fibs about it, and sometimes it had led to trouble. But never had it led to such trouble as this.

Fritz was quite concerned about "tat poor Tainty!" But he was more concerned about himself, and kept his own counsel.

After class that morning Jim Dainty

came out with a set and savage face. He passed Trafford of the Sixth in the quad, and gave him a scowl. The captain of Grimslade took no notice of him, however. Sammy had dealt with the rebel drastically, and Trafford was done with him.

"Keep away from that rotter!" bawled Ginger Rawlinson, as Sandy Bean came up to Dainty in the quad.

"Look here, Dainty——" began Bean, unheeding.

"Shut up, and let me alone!" snapped Dainty.

"I want to ask you a question——"

"Well, I won't answer it!"

"I've been thinking——"

"Rot! You couldn't!"

Sandy's eyes gleamed.

"Lend me a hand, you men," he said. "Dip his head in the fountain till he gives a civil answer!"

"Oh, if it's a rag, all right!" said Ginger, mollified.

Jim Dainty's hands flew up as the three Redmayes' juniors surrounded and collared him. There was a yell from Streaky Bacon and a howl from Sandy Bean as two rapid blows landed. Then the new fellow was down, and the trio grasped him on all sides. Struggling fiercely, Dainty was dragged to the fountain in the middle of the quad.

Splash!

His head went in.

"Oooooogh!" spluttered Dainty, wriggling wildly in the grasp of the three.

"Now will you answer a question?" asked Sandy agreeably. "What made you fancy that old Trafford was lying about that cake?"

"I know he was!" roared Dainty. "The rotter told lies because you belong to his House. He knew you'd pinched the cake."

"We didn't!" howled Streaky Bacon. "We bought it in the school shop, and old Trafford saw us!"

"That's a lie!"

"Duck him!"

Splash!

"Urrrrgggh!"

"Now," said Sandy cheerfully, as Dainty came up again, gasping and gurgling, "I've asked Mrs. Sykes in the tuckshop, and found out that Dainty bought a cake the same as ours yesterday afternoon. My idea is that somebody bagged it, and Dainty thought we did the trick. Is that it, you hot-headed duffer?"

"You know you did!" gasped Dainty. "You were seen, and the fellow told me."

"What fellow?" rapped Bean.

"Find out!"

Splash!

"Oooooooooooooogh!"

"Who was the fellow!"

"It was Fritz, you rotter!" gasped Dainty. "He saw you!"

There was a yell from Ginger & Co.

"You silly ass!"

Leaving Jim Dainty sprawling by the fountain, streaming with water, the Redmayes' trio rushed away to the tuckshop. They knew that they would find Fritz Splitz there.

The fat German was there, gazing in at the window with his saucer-eyes, which he turned on Ginger & Co. as they came breathlessly up.

"Mein goot Chinger!" said Fritz. "I have tropped half-a-crown someveres. Vill you lend me vun half-crown till I finds him? Ach! Himmel! Let go mein nose! You preak me te poko. Ach! Vy for you pang mein head on tat vall?"

"You fat Hun!" roared Ginger. "You told Dainty that we pinched his cake from his study yesterday!"

"Notting of te sort!" gasped Fritz. "Ach! Tat you let go mein poko! Mein poko he is ferry painful. Ach!"

"Here comes Dainty, asking for more!" chuckled Bacon, as Jim came breathlessly up, leaving a trail of water behind him.

"Pax, Dainty!" called out Sandy Bean. "Now, Jerry, own up! Did you tell Dainty that we'd pinched his cake?"

"Ach! Himmel!" groaned the hap-

less Fritz, his saucer-eyes going from one to the other. "Ach! I—I tinks tat perhaps Tainty tunk that I say so. But I tink tat I cannot help vat Tainty tunk."

"What's that?" gasped Jim. "You told me——"

"It was a choke!" gasped Fritz. "Joost a leetle choke! I neffer tunk tat you would go to te odder House after tat cake! Ach!"

Jim Dainty stared at him.

He was beginning to understand now.

"You—you fat Hun!" he gasped. "You had the cake!"

"Ach! Nein! Nein!" yelled Fritz. "I touch him not. I tink—whoop! Tat you pang me not te poko! I tells you te troot. I vas so ferry hungriig. Ach! Pang me not on te poko. I own up tat I pagged tat cake. But I neffer tunk tat you would go to te odder House looking for tat cake. Ach! Pang me not on mein poko, you prute and a peast!"

"Understand now, you hot-headed ass?" grinned Sandy Bean.

Jim did not answer. Wet as he was, he hurried away across the quad to Redmayes' House. Wild yells from Fritz Splitz followed him as Ginger & Co. dealt faithfully with the fat German.

Redmayes' fellows stared at Jim as he entered the House. There was a rush at once, and five or six pairs of hands were laid on him.

"Chuck him out!" roared Sanders.

Bump!

Jim Dainty landed at the bottom of the steps.

"Come in again, you tick!" yelled a dozen voices.

Jim staggered to his feet. It was not much use going in again, and he limped away, followed by yells and cat-calls from the crowded doorway.

He stopped at the window of Trafford's study, put his elbows on the sill, and drew himself up. The Grimslade captain was there, and he turned towards Jim with a grim face.

"You again!" he exclaimed. "What do——"

"Let me speak!" gasped Jim. "I—I—I—I've found out—I mean, I know now—I—I'm sorry I called you a liar, Trafford! I was taken in—a fellow pulled my leg. I really believed that it was my cake I got from Rawlinson's study. I thought you knew. I—I was a fool——"

He broke off, panting.

Trafford stared at him.

"Oh! Have you found out that you are a fool?" he asked.

Jim crimsoned.

"I—I was a fool!" he stammered. "If I'd stopped to think, I might have known. I—I'm sorry!"

Trafford looked at him long and hard.

"That will do!" he said. "Cut!"

"You—you believe I'm sorry, Trafford?"

"Yes. Now cut!"

Jim dropped from the window and went. As he crossed to his own House a flying figure rushed past him, spluttering. Three juniors were in pursuit.

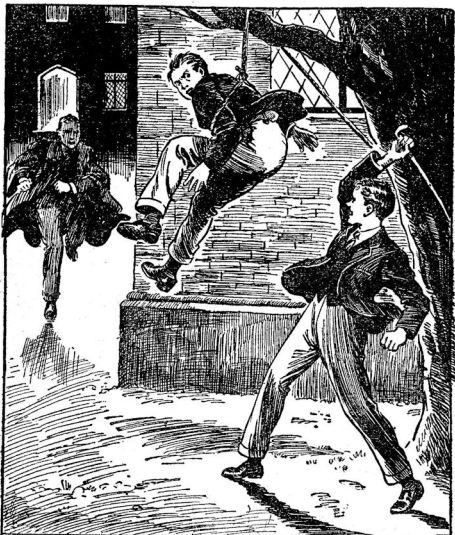
"Stop him!" roared Ginger Rawlinson.

"Ach! Mein goot Tainty—Yarooooooo!" roared Fritz, as Jim put out a foot.

Fritz Splitz went rolling. Jim walked on to his House, leaving Fritz in the hands of the Philistines. And the frantic yells, and howls of Fritz told that he was getting the time of his life.

Sammy Sparshott had a surprise for Grimslade the next morning, after prayers. It was a brief announcement that the sentence of Dainty of the Fourth had been rescinded; Dainty having expressed his regret to the captain of the school, and Trafford having generously interceded for him. Dainty had certainly not expected that, and he could hardly believe his ears.

"Trafford's a splendid chap!" he said remorsefully to Dick Dawson and



Whack, whack, whack! "Yaroooh! Wooogh! Help!" yelled Trafford, as the cane rang across his back again and again. There was a sound of footsteps, and Dr. Sparshott came hurrying on the scene. Jim Dainty, the rebel of Grimslade, did not, however, cease to lash at the fellow on the oak branch.

Tommy Tucker in White's House. "A really splendid chap! I could kick myself!"

"That's all right," said Tommy. "We'll kick you!"

"Good egg!" said Dawson. "We will!"

And they did—hard!

CHAPTER 23.

Washing for Two!

"PRUTE!" roared Fritz Splitz.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Peast!" yelled Fritz.

There was a roar of laughter in the quad at Grimslade. Fritz Splitz howled with excitement and rage.

"Prute and a peast!" he spluttered.

Jim Dainty looked out of the study window at No. 10, and grinned as he looked. Fritz was in the midst of a crowd of Redmayes' juniors. Ginger Rawlinson held him by the back of a podgy neck, wriggling, on the edge of the granite basin of the fountain in the middle of the quad. "Streaky" bacon had a bar of soap in his hand. Sandy Bean had a large scrubbing-brush. It looked as if Fritz was going to get a wash—which was what Fritz needed, but did not want.

With his fat face bent over the water, Fritz could see his reflection, with a smear of jam and a smudge of bull's-eyes on it. He struggled frantically to keep his features from dipping in.

"Tat you let go!" howled Fritz. "Ach himmel! I will not be vash! I do not need all tat washing! I am not dirty like te English!"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Ginger. "Didn't Peck rag you in class this morning because you hadn't washed?"

"They never wash in White's House!" said Sandy Bean. "Lemme gerrat him with this scrubbing-brush."

"And me with the soap!" said Bacon.

"Ach! Oooooooch!" spluttered Fritz, as the grip on the back of his neck dipped his face in the water. "Whooooooch!"

His face was streaming as it came up. "Get going with that soap, Streaky!" ordered Ginger.

"Tat you keep tat soap away!" shrieked Fritz. "I like not te soap! Soap is not goot for a Cherman! Oooooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Redmayes' crowd as Streaky Bacon rubbed the bar of soap on Fritz's wet face.

Jim Dainty chuckled. Fritz Splitz wanted washing, and Peck, the master of the Fourth, had "jawed" him in class that morning for that very reason. Hence Ginger & Co's little joke on the German. Jim saw no reason why Fritz should not have the wash he needed. But his study-mate, Dick Dawson, joining him at the window, looked warlike at once.

"My hat! They're ragging a White's man!" he exclaimed. "Come on, Dainty!"

Without waiting for Dainty to answer, Dawson jumped from the window, and started for the fountain at a run. Jim followed him at once. He had not been long at Grimslade, and had made few friends in his House; but he was a "White's" man, and ready to back up in a House row. Fritz von Splitz was not much of a credit to his House, but he belonged to White's, and that was that!

"Ach! Groooooh! Tat you take away tat soap!" shrieked Fritz. "I tells you tat I will not be vash—ach, I am all vet—tat you let go mein neck, you peastly Chinger—ooooh! Tawson—Tainty—tat you help me, ain't it."

Dick Dawson came up with a rush. But three or four Redmayes men colored him as he arrived, whirled him over, and sat on him. Streaky continued to lather on the soap, and Sandy Bean flourished the big scrubbing-brush—which certainly would have damaged Fritz's face had it been applied there. Jim Dainty was only a few moments after Dawson, and a couple of fellows seized him by the arms.

"Sit on him!" chortled Ginger.

But Jim Dainty was a tougher pro-

position than Dawson. The two Redmayes' fellows who seized him went staggering to right and left, and Dainty jumped at Ginger & Co.

"Here, look out!" yelled Ginger.

A fist that seemed like a lump of iron caught Ginger Rawlinson on the side of the jaw. He roared and reeled, and Fritz von Splitz jerked loose.

"Ow!" roared Ginger Rawlinson. "Collar him!"

"Back up, Fritz!" yelled Dainty, as he faced the rush of the Redmayes' crowd with his hands up.

But Fritz Splitz did not heed—even if he heard. With his fat face streaming water and lather, Fritz headed for White's House as fast as his podgy legs could whisk, and he vanished into the House like a rabbit into a burrow.

Dick Dawson struggled under the fellows who were sitting on him. Jim Dainty backed against the granite fountain, in a swarm of the enemy. He hit out right and left, but he was collared on all sides.

"Bag him!" roared Ginger. "Bring him here! Jerry's gone—we'll wash Dainty instead of Fritz!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jim Dainty, resisting desperately, was forced over the edge of the basin. He dipped into the water, and he gurgled.

"Go it with the soap, Streaky! They all want washing in White's!" roared Ginger. "Pile in!"

"Rescue, White's!" Dawson was yelling, and White's juniors came running up on all sides. But the Redmayes' crowd were here in force, and they held them back, while Ginger & Co. handled Dainty.

Soap lathered thickly over his crimsoned face. He struggled furiously, but his arms were pinned, while Streaky Bacon lathered on the soap. The Redmayes' juniors yelled with laughter as his face disappeared under a mass of white lather. Jim Dainty spluttered and gasped and gurgled, with soap in his nose and mouth and ears.

"Now barge in with the brush, Sandy and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" yelled a Redmayes' junior. "Ware prefects!"

Trafford, of the Sixth, the captain of Grimslade, came striding over from Redmayes' House. From another direction came Yorke, the captain of White's. Rags and rows were frequent enough in the quad at Grimslade, but this "rag" was rather a record, and it caused "Sammy" Sparshott, the headmaster, to look out of his window with a frown.

There was a scattering of the juniors at once. The scrapping, whirling crowd broke and scattered in all directions. Ginger caught a lick from Trafford's ashplant as he went, and Streaky Bacon captured a swipe from Yorke's. But in a few seconds the whole crowd, Reds and Whites, had vanished, and Jim Dainty was left leaning on the fountain, blind with soap, gasping for breath, and spluttering lather.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Trafford, staring at him. "Who—what's that?"

Jim gouged soap from his eyes, and blinked dizzily at the two laughing prefects.

"Oooogh!" he gasped.

"Cut off!" chuckled Yorke, and he gave Dainty a lick with his ashplant to start him.

"Urrrggh!"

Jim limped away to his House, still gouging soap. He was smothered with soap and streaming water. He hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels as he came into White's House.

"Dainty!" He almost ran into his Housemaster as he entered. Mr. White fixed a grim and disapproving look on him. The Housemaster of White's had had more trouble with this new boy than with any other boy who had ever come into the House. "Dainty, what does this mean? How dare you appear in public in such a state? You are a disgrace to the House. Go and clean yourself at once. You are detained for the afternoon, Dainty!"

"Ooogh! I—I—" stuttered Jim.

"Not a word! Go!" thundered the Housemaster.

And the new boy at Grimslade, with a sulky glare under the lathering soap, went.

CHAPTER 24.

Breaking Bounds!

MEIN goot Tainty—"Oh, shut up!" growled Dainty.

It was a half-holiday at Grimslade. Jim Dainty was staring from the window of the detention-room, watching the crowds of fellows going out of gates, when Fritz came under the window and blinked up at him with his saucer eyes. Dainty's face was dark and sullen. He felt that his detention was unjust. He had been no more to blame than any other fellow concerned in the rag. He was not in a mood to reflect that he had given his Housemaster so much trouble that Mr. White had some reason for losing patience with him, and coming down short and sharp.

"My goot Tainty, it was ferry prave of you to gum to pack me up when tose peasts and prutes vas washing me," said Fritz. "I tinks tat you are almost as prave as a Cherman."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Dainty. "Cut off, you fat freak!"

"Also, tere is anoder matter," said Fritz. "I am so sorry tat you are detained, mein tear Tainty. I have a colossal sympathy."

"Can't be helped!" grunted Dainty.

"Also," continued Fritz, "I tropped a half-crown while tose peasts and prutes vas washing me. I have not find him again, Tainty! If you vill lend me tat half-crown till I find him—"

Jim Dainty glared down at the fat German. It was not sympathy for his rescuer's detention that had drawn Fritz there. The fat Rhinelander, as usual, was on the make.

Dainty did not answer in words. He leaned down from the window, and with a sudden smite, flattened Fritz's hat over his extensive ears.

"Ach!" roared Fritz, staggering away. "Vy for you pang me on mein kopf?" Fritz clawed at his hat to extract his bullet head from it. "Ah! I tinks tat you are a peast and a prute, and I am cholly glad that you are detained, you peastly pounder! Ach! You got and eat coke!"

And Fritz departed in wrath.

Jim Dainty scowled from the window. He had planned to go out of gates that afternoon to explore the fall at a little distance from the school, where Grimslade Water came tumbling down from the slopes of the great Pike across the rugged moors. But his scowling face cleared a little as Dr. Sparshott came into view, striding away from his house towards the gates.

"Sammy" Sparshott did not look much like a headmaster, equipped in an old shabby coat, a cap, and a pair of rough boots, for a tramp across the moors. The rebel of Grimslade had not been gently handled by the Head; but he had come to respect and to like "Sammy," and to share in the sort of hero-worship with which the Grimsladers regarded him.

Sammy evidently spotted the face at the window of the detention-room, for he swung round, and gave Jim a cheery smile and a nod.

"Detention, what?" he asked.

"Yes, sir!" answered Jim.

"Sorry! All in the day's work," said Sammy, and he strode on and disappeared out of gates.

Jim did not go back to the task his Housemaster had left him. Before seeing Sammy, his mind had been made up to "cut," with his usual reckless disregard of consequences. Now he hesitated. He was still reckless of consequences; but, somehow, he disliked the idea of displeasing Sammy. Sammy Sparshott had a heavy hand, and he stood no nonsense, and Jim, like all Grimslade, respected him the more for it.

But the sense of injustice was strong on the new boy. The detention-room and the detention-task were dreary, and he made up his mind at last. He

dropped from the window, put on his cap—which he had taken in under his jacket—and scudded away. Two or three juniors saw him scudding, and grinned. In a couple of minutes he was under the oaks by the school wall. He clambered into a tree, of which one branch brushed the top of the wall, crawled along the branch, and dropped from the wall into the road.

A minute more and he was off the road, and on the moor, tramping away in the direction of Grimslade Water. It was a cold, but sunny afternoon, and the keen, invigorating wind of the Yorkshire moors blew in his face, as he tramped on cheerily. Across the moor he sighted Trafford of the Sixth, with his camera slung over his arm, and dodged out of sight until the captain of Grimslade had disappeared. A little later, as he followed a sunken lane towards the waterfall, he was hailed by a fat voice.

"Ach! Is tat you, Tainty?"

He glanced round at Fritz Splitz. Fritz waved a fat hand.

"Tat you stops mit yourself," he called out. "If you go valking, I will valk mit you, mein goot Tainty."

As Jim had no desire for the fat Rhinelander's company, he accelerated, and Fritz was left behind. He came higher and higher up the rising moor, by the side of the rippling stream that tumbled down from the distant Pike:

He stopped below the fall, where Grimslade Water came splashing down in a fall of twenty feet, over the water-worn stones, in a mist of spray. The stream had cut a deep channel, and it was difficult, and in places dangerous, to pick a way up the rugged bank. Below the fall was a deep, swirling pool. It was a glorious scene, and Jim stood for several minutes watching the play of the sunlight on the water. Then a footstep behind him made him turn his head.

He felt a pang of dismay at the thought that it might be "Sammy" Sparshott. He realised that he would have hated to be caught out of detention by "Sammy." The Head would

think that he was still the reckless, wilful, defiant young rascal he had been when he came first to Grimslade—and Jim had come to value Sammy's good opinion. But, to his relief, it was not Dr. Sparshott who came clambering up the rugged rocks beside the torrent. He had a glimpse of Trafford of the Sixth with his camera slung over his shoulder, and he promptly backed out of sight.

Trafford was there to take photographs, but if he had found a junior out of detention he would have collared him at once. It was easy to keep out of sight, however, in the narrow, rugged valley of Grimslade Water; and Jim crouched in cover while the senior went tramping by.

He looked out from behind a thicket when Trafford had passed. The footsteps stopped. Jim Dainty grunted as he saw that Trafford had halted, to take a "shot" at the waterfall flashing down from the high moor above. Trafford was taking his time about it, too. The junior impatiently waited in cover for him to go, but he did not go.

He heard a snap, and hoped that Trafford was finished. He grunted again as he saw the senior clambering up on the rugged rocks at the very edge of the falling torrent, his camera slung again. Standing on a high rock, on the verge of the deep pool at the bottom of the fall, Trafford looked about him, with the spray falling round him, and Jim stared glumly at his back. Quite unconscious of the impatient eyes watching for him to go, the Grimslade captain picked out a scene for his next "shot." And Jim, realising how keen he was not to be spotted, and realising that it was because he did not want "Sammy" to know that he had kicked over the traces again, resolved that as soon as Trafford was gone, he would turn back at once to Grimslade and return to the detention-room.

That thought was in Jim Dainty's mind when he gave a sudden jump. Trafford, moving on the high rock, slipped where the footing was slippery

with the constant spray. Jim Dainty sprang forward involuntarily, but there was no chance of reaching Trafford.

He saw the tall Sixth-Former reel, clutching wildly, and heard the startled cry that broke from him. A moment more and Trafford disappeared from his eyes, shooting down over the edge of the high rock to the pool below. Through the boom of falling water came the sound of a splash.

CHAPTER 25.

Pluck!

JIM DAINTY clambered fiercely over the rocks to the edge of the torrent. He stared down at the glimmering water. Trafford was a swimmer—every fellow at Grimslade had to learn to swim. But if he needed help, Jim was ready to help. He scanned the water below, but he could not see Trafford swimming. His face was white as he stared down. Surely, the big, powerful Sixth Form man could not have gone down like a stone?

A few moments later he sighted him. Trafford was not swimming—he lay like a log in the water, without an attempt to struggle, bobbing up and down on the deep pool. Jim caught his breath. He knew what must have happened—Trafford had struck his head in falling, and he was insensible; and he was drowning helplessly under the staring eyes of the junior on the bank. Jim panted.

It was deep and dangerous in the pool, with the water crashing down from above. But Dainty did not hesitate. Reckless, wilful, rebellious, the rebel of Grimslade had plenty of pluck. He tore off his cap and jacket and boots almost in a twinkling, and plunged headlong into the water.

Trafford, unconscious, sinking helplessly to death, did not know that a hand grasped him in the whirling water, and dragged him back from death. His face, deathly white, with the eyes closed, came over the water, and Jim Dainty, holding him afloat,

fought desperately for his own life and another's.

Strong as he was, good swimmer as he was, the chances were against him; and he knew it well. But he did not think of that. With all his strength he fought the whirling water. Alone he could have reached the bank, but with his helpless burden it was a different matter. One hand held Trafford's head above the water; with the other and his active legs he swam, his teeth shut hard.

Once he came within touch of the stony bank, but an eddy swept him away again, and he went under. The din of the falling water thundered in his ears, and he felt his senses reeling as he struggled and fought. He had a glimpse of a fat figure on the bank, and through the din of the torrent he heard a startled voice.

"Mein gootness! Tainty! Mein gootness!"

"Help!" panted Jim.

But Fritz Splitz, staring at him from the bank with scared saucer eyes, did not move. Not for his pudgy life would Fritz have dared to plunge into that death-trap of foaming water. He watched the desperate swimmer in terror as Jim fought for his life. The boy's strength was going—a thousand strange noises were in his ears, strange lights danced before his eyes.

Even yet, by letting go his burden, he could have saved himself, but he did not dream of letting go. Grimly, savagely, he fought on, in the very shadow of death, and again and again he went under, but every time he came up again, still fighting. But hope was gone when suddenly, in the whirl of an eddy, he crashed on the bank and clutched. His fingers fastened on a trailing root, and he held.

For a full minute he held on there, trying to get back his breath and his strength. There was a scrambling in the stones, as Fritz Splitz crawled down the steep bank to him. But the fat German did not venture near enough to help. With a desperate effort, Jim dragged himself on the stony bank.

still with a grip on Trafford's collar, and again he had to rest before he could drag the insensible senior ashore. But he got him on land at last, and sank down, utterly exhausted.

"Ach! Mein goot Tainty!" gasped Fritz. "Tat is ferry brave—you are almost as prave as a Cherman!"

Jim got on his feet at last. He gave the fat Fritz a savage glare.

"You rotten funk, why didn't you help me?" he snapped. "Afraid of getting your clothes wet? Well, that'll wet them for you!"

He grasped Fritz by the collar, swung him over, and plumped him into the water. There was a gurgling howl from Fritz. The next moment Dainty dragged him out again and pitched him down on the bank, where he lay spluttering.

"Ach! I am vet—I am ferry vet!" howled Fritz. "You peast and a prute, vy for you make me trench mit wasser?"

Jim looked at Trafford. He was still unconscious, and there was a dark bruise on his forehead. But he was safe and sound. Jim Dainty squeezed the drenching water from his clothes as well as he could, and put on his boots and jacket and cap. He could see the signs now that Trafford was coming back to his senses, and he knitted his brows.

As soon as the Grimslade captain opened his eyes the game was up—so far as getting back to detention undiscovered was concerned. He was not thinking of punishment, but of what "Sammy" would think.

"Look here, Splitz," said Jim hurriedly, "Trafford hasn't seen me—he doesn't know I was here. You stay with him while I cut off—you know I'm out of bounds—"

"Peast and a prute!" roared Fritz. "You make me all vet."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" snapped Jim.

"Ach! I giff you not away, mein goot Tainty," said Fritz. "I am one good chap, like all Chermans. But I tinks tat if I giffs you not away, you lend me tat half-crown, ain't it."

Jim stared at him for a moment, and then laughed and took a half-crown from his pocket.

"Keep it dark that I was here," he said.

"Ja! Ja wohl! I says notting," assured Fritz. "I will be tumb!"

There was a movement from Trafford, and there was no more time to lose. Jim Dainty cut away down the bank of the stream, and disappeared in a moment. Without losing a second he started back for the school, running hard.

Fritz Splitz remained with Trafford, blinking at him impatiently with his saucer eyes. Now that he was in possession of the half-crown, Fritz was anxious to be gone. Likewise, he was anxious to change into dry clothes. But he had not long to wait. Trafford's eyes opened, and he stared round him dizzily. His hand went to his bruised head, and he sat up, staring at Fritz.

"I—I fell in—" he stammered. "I—I knocked my head—" He stared round in amazement. "Great Scott! Did you get me out, Splitz?"

Fritz blinked at him. It was a natural assumption on Trafford's part, as there was no one in sight, but the fat German, and it was obvious that someone must have got him out of the water. And Fritz was squeezing water from his drenched clothes.

For a moment Fritz blinked at him blankly, and then a sly gleam came into his saucer eyes. He was not to mention that Dainty had been there—and it was certain that Dainty would not mention it. Grimslade had no use for funks, and Fritz had often been kicked for funking. This was a chance for Fritz von Splitz, and he jumped at it.

"You got me out!" gasped Trafford.

"Ach! Vat you tink?" said Fritz.

Trafford staggered to his feet. He stared at the foaming water from which he had been dragged—he stared at the drenched German! It was impossible to doubt; yet it was amazing that the fat and clumsy Rhinelander, who had often been kicked for funk-

ing at "ducker," should have risked his life to save him from that fearful peril.

"Oh!" gasped Trafford blankly. "My only hat! It—it—it was you?"

"Could I stand by and see you drown?" said Fritz reproachfully.

"N-no—I suppose not! But—but—Well, my hat!" Trafford realised that his amazement at the fat German's exploit rather savoured of ingratitude, but he could not help it; he was fairly staggered. "Plenty of good swimmers would think twice before going into Grimslade Pool—"

"A Cherman would not tink two times," said Fritz. "All te Von Splitzes are ferry prave, like all Chermans. To me it is nothing."

Trafford smiled.

"Well, it was a lot to me," he said. "Do you know that you've saved my life, young 'un?"

"Any Cherman would do it," said Fritz modestly.

"Well, I don't know about that; but you're a plucky kid, and no mistake, and you must be as good a swimmer as any man at Grimslade, though you've never shown it before. Come along with me, kid—the sooner we change, the better."

"Gum on," assented Fritz. "You lean on mein arm, ain't it?"

Trafford chuckled. He would have had to lean a long way to lean on the arm of the tubby Fritz.

"That's all right—come on," he said. "I'm all right now."

Fritz von Splitz grinned complacently as he trotted back to Grimslade by the side of the big Sixth-Former. Fritz felt that he was in luck. When they came near the school, and Grimslade fellows observed them together, Fritz began to strut. Fellow after fellow stopped them, to ask what had happened, and jumped with amazement when Trafford told.

The amazing news preceded them, spreading over the school like wildfire; and there was a crowd in the quad to see them when they came in at the

gates—the fat Fritz strutting by the side of the tall Trafford.

"Beats me hollow!" gasped Ginger Rawlinson. "I say, Trafford, is it true?"

"Quite!" Splitz got me out of Grimslade Pool and saved my life!" answered Trafford.

"Wake me up, you fellows!" said Sandy Bean.

"Bravo, Fritz!" roared Dick Dawson. "Bravo White's!"

White's men took up the shout. But the Redmayes' men joined in heartily. Both Houses at Grimslade could appreciate luck, and give honour where honour was due. Trafford was seen to shake hands with Fritz in the quad, before he went into Redmayes. And Fritz, as he rolled off to his own House, was escorted by a shouting, cheering mob, and loudest of all were the voices of Ginger & Co. And a junior in the detention-room heard the uproar and wondered what it was all about—without dreaming of guessing.

CHAPTER 26.

Borrowed Plumes!

JIM DAINTY was sitting at his desk in the detention-room when Mr.

White came in at five o'clock. His face was a little pale—that terrible struggle in Grimslade Water had told on him. But he smiled faintly as he rose to his feet, and watched his House-master examining the detention task.

Luck had befriended the truant. A good many juniors had seen him out of bounds, but that mattered nothing. He had got back into the detention-room unseen by the eyes of authority, and that was all he wanted. Then, tired as he was, he had worked hard at his task, only anxious that it should not be discovered and reported to "Sammy" that he had been out of bounds.

Mr. White frowned a little over the paper. Jim had not been in a state to do good work, and though he had done it, he had not done it well. But it was

clear that the Housemaster had no suspicion that he had been out of the room.

"I am not satisfied with this, Dainty!" snapped Mr. White. "You are, I fear, an idle boy. But you may go now."

And Jim went.

"Heard?" roared Ginger Rawlinson, as he came into the quad.

"Heard what?" asked Dainty.

"Old Trafford—jolly nearly drowned in Grimslade Water," said Ginger. "And—you'll jump—Fritz got him out!"

Ginger was right—Jim Dainty did jump at that startling piece of information! It was more than enough to make him jump! He jumped clear of the ground.

"Fritz!" he yelled.

"Yes! Who'd have thought it?" grinned Ginger. "That German sausage has got pluck, what? I'm sorry I washed him this morning—poor old Fritz! Fancy Fritz risking his life—and getting an extra wash at the same time!"

"The lying worm!" exclaimed Jim.

Ginger stared at him.

"It's official," he said. "I got it from Trafford. It beats the band, I know—but it's true!"

Dainty opened his mouth—and closed it again. He ran on to White's House and burst into No. 10 Study. Fritz von Splitz was there, seated at the study table with a big cake in front of him, which he was slowly but surely devouring. Apparently, some admirer of Fritz' amazing pluck had stood him that cake; Dainty's half-crown would not have run to it. Fritz started and choked as Dainty burst in.

"You spoofing Hun!" gasped Dainty. "Did you tell Trafford—"

"Mein goot Tainty!" gasped Fritz. "You made me joomp—ach! Grooogh! Ja wohl! Did I not bromise you tat I mentions you not? A Cherman always geeps a bromise. Trafford tink it vas

me, and I let him tink—oddiverse I must gif you away. Tat I gannot do—for a Cherman must always be honourable."

"I never dreamed—"

"Tat is all right, Tainty. You say notting—I say notting."

"I can't let you go on telling lies like this—"

"I tinks tat you can," said Fritz coolly. "You say anything; you gets a peating for preaking tetention if tey believes you. But I tinks tat tey not believe you, Tainty. You say tat you do tis ting, and I say tat you tell vun pig lie!"

"What?" roared Dainty.

"I do tis ting. Trafford knows and all te school knows that I risk mein life to save him," said Fritz. "Vat proof have you tat you do him?"

Dainty stared blankly at the German. Hitherto he had regarded Fritz von Splitz only as a fat, funky duffer. Now it dawned on him that there was a good deal of the rogue in the fool.

Fritz had captured the glory. He found it pleasant and did not mean to part with it. A fellow who had been kicked for funking at ducker liked to be pointed out and cheered as the fellow who had plunged into deadly danger to rescue a schoolfellow. It was meat and drink to Fritz. Like wine, it had got into his head. Fritz was happy and glorious; and, indeed, by this time he almost believed that he really had rescued Trafford. And if Dainty laid claim to the glory, Fritz was going to dispute his claim.

"Nopody believe you," said Fritz triumphantly. "You vas in tetention—nicht war? You say anything, tey tink you telling crammers. Ja wohl!"

"You—you—you—" gasped Dainty.

Fritz had him there! Not that Dainty cared a straw about the glory. He wanted his part in the affair to be kept secret. Even if he did not want that, it was too late now. Stating the facts meant entering into a wrangle

with Fritz; and Fritz, with all the proof on his side, would be believed.

"You tinks two times before you—ach! Let go mein neck!" roared Fritz. "Yarooooooh!"

"Take that—along with your lies!" shouted Dainty. With his left hand he grabbed Fritz and sprawled him backwards over the table. With his right he grasped the cake and stuffed it into Fritz' capacious mouth. Wild howls and gurgles came from Fritz.

"Ach! Help! Mein gootness! Yooooooooooogh!"

Three or four White's juniors ran into the study. Dawson and Tucker collared Jim and dragged him off the German.

"Let Fritz alone!" shouted Dawson angrily. "Don't you know what he's done to-day?"

"It's a lie——"

"Rats! Shut up! Let him alone!" shouted Tommy Tucker.

"Ach! Tat Tainty he is jealous because I save Trafford's life!" gasped Fritz. "I would giff him a peating, but I am so tired after tat fearful swim——"

"Chuck him out!" roared Tucker.

And the indignant White's juniors, grasping Jim Dainty on all sides, pitched him headlong out of the study.

Fritz von Splitz grinned and settled down to the cake again. Jim picked himself up, glared at the juniors in the study, and went out of the House.

He was angry and annoyed. On all sides he heard the praises of Fritz, and it made him feel that he was a party to a ridiculous deception. But there was nothing he could do. To enter into a wrangle with the egregious Fritz as a rival claimant for glory was too absurd; moreover, he was still as keen as ever on keeping it from "Sammy's" knowledge that he had played truant. He had to let the fat Fritz rip!

"Fancy Fritz!" Ginger Rawlinson was holding forth in the quad. "Only this morning when we washed him he was funky of having his fat head dipped

in the fountain! And he jumped into Grimslade Water after old Trafford!"

"Blessed if I know how he got out alive!" said Streaky Bacon.

"Can't make it out now," said Sandy Bean, scratching his head, puzzled. "But it seems all right. Trafford must know. Hallo, Dainty! You didn't know you had a giddy hero in your House—what?"

"I don't know it now!" snapped Jim savagely.

"Fritz——" said Ginger.

"Fritz is a fat funk, and a liar——"

"Oh, can it!" exclaimed Ginger indignantly. "That's too thick, after what he's done! You ought to be proud of having him in your House. He's good enough for Redmayes."

"Quite!" growled Dainty. "But he's not good enough for White's."

"Collar that cheeky tick!" roared Ginger. And Jim was promptly collared, and in spite of his struggles, the Redmayes' juniors frog-marched him round the quad. And a crowd of White's fellows rushed up to lend a hand. A fellow who slanged the hero of the hour and denied his claim to distinction was a fellow both Houses were keen to handle—as Jim Dainty discovered. In a mingled mob of Reds and Whites. Jim Dainty went through the frog's-march amid a terrific uproar.

That sight met the eyes of "Sammy" Sparshott when he came in at the gates. At sight of the Head the mob of juniors dropped Dainty and fled. Jim was sprawling breathlessly on the ground, dizzy and dazed, when Dr. Sparshott came along. "Sammy" glanced down at him, smiled and walked on. Jim picked himself up and limped back to his House. He went into the Common-room. Fritz was there with a dozen fellows.

"Ach! Ja! It was ferry prave, but all Chermans are prave——"

That was enough for Dainty. He tramped out of the room, went up to his study and slammed the door.

CHAPTER 27.

Sammy Surprises the School!

"HALL!" said Dick Dawson, looking in at the door of No. 10. "What the thump for?" grunted Jim Dainty.

"Sammy's order—the whole school in Big Hall," said Dawson. "I dare say it's about Fritz. Sammy's the man to give him his due, if he's heard——"

"What utter rot!"

Dawson sniffed and went. Jim followed him, frowning, from the study. All Grimslade was crowding to Big Hall, by order of the Head, and the general impression was that Dr. Sparshott had heard of Fritz's heroism and was going to give it a public acknowledgment.

All the Forms took their places, and Big Hall was crowded when Dr. Sparshott came in by the door at the upper end. "Sammy" glanced over the sea of expectant faces, and there was silence.

"Boys of Grimslade!" Sammy's clear voice was heard in every corner of the great hall. "You are called together to hear the public recognition of an act of courage which reflects credit on the whole school. This afternoon a boy belonging to Mr. White's House risked his life to save a school-fellow from drowning in Grimslade Water."

"Bravo!" roared a hundred voices.

"This boy probably does not know that I am aware of his action," said Dr. Sparshott. "He has not been long among us, and it is a fact that he has given an extraordinary amount of trouble since he has been here. But great courage, like charity, covers a multitude of sins."

Jim Dainty started, and Fritz stared. The Grimsladers exchanged surprised glances. Dr. Sparshott spoke of a new fellow in the school, and Fritz was certainly not a new fellow.

"I am sorry to say," went on Dr. Sparshott, "that this boy must have broken detention, or he could not have been on the spot at the time. That is a

very serious matter, but it will be overlooked in consideration of his brave and devoted action."

"Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz.

"As it happened, I was taking a walk over the moors this afternoon," Dr. Sparshott went on in a breathless silence. "I was looking through my field-glasses from a high slope on the Pike, when I saw what occurred——"

"Mein gootness!"

"I was, of course, too far off to render aid or to reach the spot," continued Sammy. "It would have taken me half an hour to reach Grimslade Water from where I stood on the Pike. You will guess my terrible anxiety when my glasses showed me Trafford of the Sixth falling into the pool."

"Ach!" groaned Fritz.

"To my relief, to my delight, I saw a Grimslade boy plunge into the pool. I could see that Trafford was helpless, and I should have seen him sink to death, but for this brave lad's prompt aid. I saw him fight for his life and drag Trafford to safety. I regret to add," the Head's voice deepened, "that another boy was at hand and evidently feared to attempt to help him. I will not mention this boy's name—I leave him to his conscience."

"Mein gootness!"

"And now," said the Head, "I call on all Grimslade for three cheers for the brave boy who risked his life to save your captain—James Dainty, of the Fourth Form and White's House!"

There was a gasp of stupefaction.

"Dainty!" gurgled Ginger. "Then—then it wasn't Fritz! Oh, my hat!"

Jim's face was crimson.

Dr. Sparshott held up his hand.

"Boys of Grimslade! Three cheers for Dainty of White's House!" he called.

And then, as the school understood, the cheers rang out with a will till the old rafters of the Hall boomed and thundered. The Grimsladers cheered and cheered again. When they streamed out of the Hall, Jim Dainty was caught up on the shoulders of Dick

Dawson and Ginger Rawlinson and carried out into the quad in triumph.

"Dainty, after all!" yelled Dawson.

"Kick that lying Hun——"

"Ooooooch!"

How many kicks the hapless Fritz collected before he escaped he could never have counted. It was a breathless, aching, and spluttering Fritz that dodged into White's House at last and hid, palpitating, under a bed. Fritz' brief hour of glory was gone—never to return! And as he palpitated and panted in his hiding-place Fritz could hear the roar of voices from the quad, where the fellows of both Houses were parading Jim Dainty shoulder-high round the fountain.

"Bravo, Dainty!"

"Hurrah!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

And every echo of Grimslade answered to the roar of cheering for the hero of the hour.

CHAPTER 28.

Fritz Asks for It!

"GET out!" roared Jim Dainty.

"But, mein goot Tainty——"

walled Fritz Splitz.

Jim Dainty glared at the fat Fritz across the study table. Classes were over at Grimslade School, and from the quad came a tramping of feet and a roar of voices where a crowd of Grimsladers were punting a ball. A tussle was going on between "Reds" and "Whites" for the possession of the ball, and it sounded more like a dog-fight than a punt about. Jim Dainty was keen to join in the rag, and back up his House against Ginger & Co. of Redmayes. But lines kept him indoors. He was grinding hard at an impot for Mr. White when Fatty Fritz put his moon-face and saucer-eyes in at the door of Study No. 10.

Dainty made a clutch at the inkpot.

Like a ghost at cockcrow, Fritz disappeared. Dainty, with a grunt, went on with his lines. They raced from his

pen—but he had two hundred to write. And it was for kicking Fritz Splitz that his Housemaster had given him lines. Dainty had not explained that he had kicked the fat German for attempting to annex a cake from the study cupboard.

"Mein goot Tainty!" Fritz' voice came round the corner of the doorway, Fritz keeping in cover. "I did not know tat you vas in te study—tat is to say, I gum here to help you mit your lines——"

"You mean you came here after my cake!" snapped Dainty. "Put your fat head in again and you get the ink!"

"Peast and a prute!" roared Fritz.

Dainty did not speak again. His head was bent over the sheaf of impot paper, and he scribbled hard and fast. There was a sound of retreating footsteps in the passage. Apparently Fritz was gone.

But the fat Rhinelander was not gone. He walked noisily to the end of the passage, and then tiptoed silently back to Study No. 10. He peered round the doorway with his saucer eyes. Dainty, his head bent, his brows knitted, did not look up, and did not see him.

Fritz suppressed his breathing.

For a long minute he watched the busy junior in the study. Then, with infinite caution, he tiptoed in.

It was only a few steps to the study cupboard, which was open. Once Fritz' clutch was on the cake all would be well. Silently, stealthily, Fritz moved on tiptoe, suppressing his breathing, watching the top of the bent head across the table almost with anguish. Nearer and nearer he drew to the cupboard, and Dainty's handsome, dark head was still bent, his pen still raced—all his attention was still fixed on lines.

Fritz reached the cupboard. A moment more and he would have clutched the cake and made a bound for the door. At that thrilling moment Jim Dainty, having reached the end of a sheet, stirred and looked up.

He fairly jumped at the sight of

Friedrich von Splitz in the study. Fritz jumped, too, with a howl of dismay.

"Ach! Himmel! I gum not after te cake pefore!" he gasped. "Ich—mein gootness! Donner und blitzen! Ooooh!"

Swoooooosh!

The inkpot was in Dainty's hand, and the contents came in a swishing stream right at the fat face of Fritz Splitz. Fritz caught the ink fair and square.

In an instant the fat German was transformed into a fat Hottentot. Black as the ace of spades, streaming with ink, Fritz gurgled and gasped and guggled.

"I warned you, you pilfering Dutchman!" growled Dainty.

"Gerrrrroooogh! Oooogh!" gurgled Fritz. "Peast and a prute! Peastly pounder! Mein gootness! I vill peat you till you pellow like a pull!"

Fritz was no fighting-man. But wrath supplied the place of courage. He rushed at Dainty with brandished fat fists.

The new boy at Grimslade jumped up from the table. Fritz' fat fists sawed the air at him, and Dainty, grinning, brushed them aside and tapped the Rhinelander on his podgy stump of a nose. It was not a hard tap, but it elicited a fearful yell from Fritz. All his warlike fervour vanished on the spot, and Fritz did his best to vanish also, making a wild bound for the doorway.

Thud!

Dainty reached him as he reached the doorway, and kicked. His boot landed on Fritz' baggy trousers, and the Rhinelander flew. He went headlong into the passage and rolled there, roaring.

"Dainty!" rapped a sharp voice.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim.

Mr. White came up the passage as Fritz landed. The fat German rolled fairly at his feet, streaming ink, and roaring.

"Ach! I am proken in pits!" howled Fritz. "Himmel! I have a colossal bain! Peast and a prute! Whoop!"

"Dainty!" The Housemaster of White's glared in at the study doorway.

"This is the second time to-day I have found you bullying Splitz."

"I was doing nothing of the sort!" snapped Jim savagely. "Splitz knows why I kicked him out if he cares to tell you."

"Ach! I do noddings—I say noddings!" howled Fritz. "Tat Tainty, he trow ink in mein face, he kick me on mein trousers! Yooop!"

"You have smothered this boy with ink—and kicked him!" rapped Mr. White. "You must learn to control your temper, Dainty! Splitz, go to my study and fetch my cane!"

"Ach! Yes, sir! Ja wohl!" gasped Fritz.

He scrambled to his feet and limped away, dripping ink. He came back promptly with the cane.

"Bend over that chair, Dainty!" rapped Mr. White.

Jim gave him a fierce, defiant look. A week ago he would have refused to obey the order, reckless of consequences. But Jim had been learning since he had been at Grimslade. Sammy Sparshott, Head of Grimslade, had somehow impressed a sense of discipline on his reckless mind. He paused, but he obeyed.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

The cane rose and fell with force. Mr. White had no kindness to waste on the most troublesome boy in his House. Every cut fairly rang through the study, but from Jim there came no sound. With his teeth shut hard, he bore the infliction.

"Let that be a warning to you, Dainty, to keep your temper!" rapped Mr. White, and he tucked the cane under his arm and walked away.

Jim, with a set, white face, went back to his lines. He did not sit down—it would have been rather too painful to sit down after those four hard cuts. He finished his lines standing.

It was half an hour later that Dainty left the House. Fritz Splitz, in the quad, grinned at him as he came out.

Fritz had washed off the ink, not very thoroughly. Fritz did not like washing. Jim caught his derisive grin, and the

next moment he caught Fritz by the collar. There was a puddle near the House steps, left by recent rain. With a grip of iron on the back of Fritz' collar, Dainty bent him over, plumped him down, and dipped his face in the puddle.

"Ach! Prute!" spluttered Fritz. "Oh, peast! Oooogh!"

"There, you sneaking worm!" snapped Dainty. "Now you can go and get another wash!"

With a swing of his arm, he sat Fritz in the puddle. Fritz sat and roared, and Jim Dainty joined in the punt-about and left him to roar.

CHAPTER 29.

Black and White!

FRITZ VON SPLITZ came into Study No. 10 in the Fourth, and shut the door after him. It was dark in the study, and Fritz carefully drew the curtain before turning on the light. There was a gleam in Fritz' saucer-eyes, and the expression on his fat face was grim and determined.

Twice that day Fritz had had to put in an extra wash on account of Dainty, and perhaps that infuriated Fritz more than anything else. He hated washing.

There was a flat wicker-basket in Fritz' fat hand, and he set it in the fender, took the shovel, and began to rake soot down from the chimney. Any fellow who had observed him might have wondered what the game was. Shovel after shovel of soot was piled in the basket till it was nearly full. But there was no danger of Fritz being observed.

Dainty and Dawson shared that study with the fat German. Dainty was in the Common-room at the other end of the passage, whacking out the cake—which Fritz had failed to annex—with a dozen other fellows. Dawson had gone over to Redmayes House to see Ginger Rawlinson about games, and was not likely to return yet.

Fritz stacked the basket with soot, and lifted it to the study table.

Patches of soot floated over Jim Dainty's books, which lay there. Fritz grinned.

"Peastly prute!" he murmured. "I tinks fat tat poundier Tainty soon have to vash himself—ja wohl!"

Fritz turned out the light. Cautiously, he opened the door and peered into the passage. It was not time for prep, and the fellows were not coming to the studies yet. Fritz tiptoed along to the passage light and turned it off. All was dark as he crept back to Study No. 10, picked up the basket of soot from the table, and stepped into the study doorway with it. Darkness, as black as the soot itself, enwrapped the fat German.

Fritz von Splitz was on the trail of vengeance! In his podgy German brain, his plans were cut and dried. Mr. White had been dissatisfied—perhaps not without reason—with Dainty's impot, and had ordered him to write it out again and bring it in before prep. Dainty had to come to the study and do it, and when he came Fritz was ready for him. And when that basket of soot was landed on Jim Dainty, there was no doubt that he would be even in more need of a wash than Fritz generally was.

Fritz breathed hard as he waited in the dark.

Suddenly, the door of the Common-room at the other end of the long passage opened and a light streamed out. Fritz had a glimpse of Jim Dainty's handsome figure in the light before the door closed again.

His fat heart beat faster. The brute was coming.

Footsteps in the dark!

Fritz started.

Dainty had hardly had time to traverse the length of the long passage. But the footsteps were close at hand. Fritz lifted the basket. It did not occur to his podgy brain for the moment that someone else might have turned into the study passage, on which several other passages opened. He was thinking of Dainty, and vengeance on

Dainty! Fritz' saucer-eyes gleamed in the gloom as he gripped the basket, and a shadowy figure loomed up before him. Crash!

The basket of soot landed fairly in a face, and there was a gasping, spluttering roar. Fritz suppressed a chuckle, backed into Study No. 10, silently closed the door, and crept under the table. He did not want Dainty to spot him! Dainty was to be left to guess who had sooted him!

Fritz' retreat was prompt. He left the victim of the soot spluttering, gasping, and gurgling in the passage. Had he heard the voice that followed the gurgles and gasps, Fritz would have been scared out of his fat wits. For it was not Jim Dainty's voice! It was the voice of "Billy White."

Jim Dainty, coming along the unlighted passage only a few moments behind the Housemaster, listened in amazement to the gasping and gurgling, and uttered an exclamation as he ran into a staggering figure, which instantly clutched him.

"Oh! Ah! Oooogh! Who are you? Ooooch!" spluttered the Housemaster of White's. "Upon my word! What—what—urrrggggh!"

"What the thump!" gasped Jim.

"Is that Dainty? I know your voice!" gasped Mr. White. "You iniquitous young rascal! Ooooooooooch! I am smothered—choked! It is soot!"

Jim struggled to get away. Clouds of soot floated over him from the sooty Housemaster, and he gasped and coughed. But he could not get away. Billy White's grasp was on him like a vice.

The Common-room door opened again and fellows crowded out. Mr. White's frantic splutterings could be heard far and wide.

"Urrgh! Bring a light—urrgh—turn on the—groch—light!" spluttered the Housemaster.

"What the thump——" gasped Tommy Tucker.

He ran along the passage, groped for the light, and switched it on.

It revealed a startling scene. Mr.

White, hardly recognisable in his garment of soot, was clutching Jim Dainty by the shoulder, his eyes glaring wildly from a blackened face. Jim stared at him as the light came on, as amazed as the other fellows crowding up the passage.

"Will you let me go!" he panted.

"Dainty! I knew it was Dainty!" The Housemaster fairly shouted. "You rascal! You—you ruffian! I had no doubt it was you! Go into your study! Wait there till you are sent for. Dr. Sparshott will deal with you for this!"

Before Jim could answer, the Housemaster rushed away, shedding soot in clouds as he went. Jim Dainty stood as if rooted to the floor, staring after him for some moments. He hardly realised at first that Mr. White believed that he had flung the soot. But the exclamations of the other fellows speedily enlightened him.

"Dainty, you potty ass!" exclaimed Tucker. "You must be mad!"

"He's sooted Billy White!" gasped Lomas. "Sooted a Housemaster——"

"I haven't!" snapped Dainty. "I never knew—till I ran into him——"

"Gammon!"

"I tell you——" roared Jim.

"Better tell Sammy!" chuckled Pulley. "Sammy may believe that—perhaps!"

Jim gave the juniors a glare, stamped into Study No. 10, and slammed the door behind him.

CHAPTER 30.

Just Like Sammy!

JIM DAINTY stared as he switched on the light in Study No. 10. Almost the first thing that met his view was a foot, with a baggy trouser—and protruding from under the study table. He knew that foot; it was encased in an elastic-sided shoe, and Fritz von Splitz was the only fellow at Grimsdale who wore elastic-sided shoes, having special leave to do so on account of a crop of corns he had brought with him from Germany.

Why the fat Fritz was hiding under the table, in his own study, was a mystery to Jim Dainty—and it was very like the obtuse Rhinelander to hide with a portion of his podgy person in view.

Dainty stooped, grasped a fat ankle, and jerked the German junior out. There was a splutter from Fritz, and he came rolling out into view. He yelled in terror.

"Ach! It was not me, Tainty! I neffer did before! I giffs you te vord of a Cherman tat it was not me."

Fritz broke off, sitting up, with a gasp of amazement, as he saw Dainty's face. He expected to see it as black as a starless midnight. Instead of which, it had its ordinary aspect, save for a few flecks of soot that had fallen from Mr. White. Fritz' saucer-eyes opened to their fullest extent, and he fairly goggled at Dainty.

"Mein gootness! You was not plack!" he gasped. "Vy for you was not plack, Tainty? Mein gootness!"

"Black!" repeated Jim. "Why——" Then he understood. "Oh, you fat dummy! Did you chuck the soot? You meant it for me!"

"Ach! Tat you kick me not on mein trousers!" gasped Fritz, squirming away. "Peast and a prute! Vy for you kick me on mein trousers when you have not got te soot?"

"You dummy!" gasped Jim. "You got old White in the dark——"

"Vat!" shrieked Fritz.

"You've sooted your Housemaster——"

"Mein gootness!"

Fritz picked himself up. He blinked at Dainty in utter horror.

"It—it—it was White!" articulated Fritz. "Oh, mein gootness! I shall be peaten till I pellow like a bull! Ach! Tainty—mein goot Tainty—mein beloved Tainty—you will not tell tem tat it was me! You will not be vun sneak mit yourself before."

"White thinks it was me," growled Jim. "You'll have to own up."

"Mein gootness! I tink tat I tink two times before tat!" gasped Fritz.

"Nein! Nein! Tat is not goot enoff! Ach! It was not me—now I gums to tink of it, Tainty—it was not me! I swears tat it neffer vas!"

"What!" roared Dainty.

He made a stride round the study table at Fritz. The fat German slithered round the other side and bolted for the door. He tore the door open and jumped into the passage, and fled for his life.

Jim gave a grunt. He had to wait in the study till he was sent for, and he waited in a grim mood. He could hear the buzz of excited voices without—not a fellow there doubted that he had sooted the Housemaster.

It was a quarter of an hour later that Yorke of the Sixth opened the door and beckoned him to follow.

Through a staring crowd Jim followed his House captain, and a few minutes later Yorke was tapping at the Head's door, and Dr. Sparshott's deep voice bade him enter.

"Dainty, sir!" said Yorke, and he pushed Jim into the room, and drew the door shut after him.

Dainty was left with his headmaster and Housemaster.

He stood with crimson cheeks. Sammy Sparshott's cool, clear-cut face was hard as steel. There was no trace of kindness in it now.

"Dainty!" he barked. "This is the climax! Rebellious and headstrong as you are, I had hopes of you. But this outrage—this assault upon your Housemaster——"

"I did not do it, sir!"

"What!" roared Sammy.

"I never did it, sir!" said Jim steadily.

Sammy gave him a long, searching look and turned to the Housemaster.

Mr. White's face was a study.

"Dr. Sparshott! I caught this boy in the very act!" he gasped. "I was smothered with soot, and, groping in the dark, I caught this boy! The light in the passage had been turned out intentionally, but I caught him before he could escape."

"I came along from the Common-room, sir, and ran into you—"

"How dare you tell such falsehoods!" exclaimed Mr. White, his voice trembling with anger and indignation.

"Dr. Sparshott, a boy with a basket of soot was waiting for me in the dark, outside Dainty's study. Only Dainty could have known that I was coming there. Dainty had written an imposition carelessly, and was directed to re-write it. He was well aware that if it was not handed in at the specified time I should come to the study to see him."

"You were aware of that, Dainty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why had you not handed in your imposition?"

"I had not written it, sir."

"Why had you not written it?"

"I—I ought to have written the lines, sir," stammered Jim. "I—I—I— was wild because I had to do them a second time, sir. I knew I should get a licking, and I didn't care! But that's all, sir."

"You deny flinging the soot at Mr. White?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a long pause. It seemed as if Sammy's penetrating eyes were boring into Jim's face. Mr. White stood impatient. But Sammy was not in a hurry to speak. When he spoke, finally, it was to the Housemaster.

"Mr. White, you have placed this matter in my hands! You have full reliance on my judgment, I trust?"

"I need hardly say so, sir."

"Very good! Dainty!" barked Sammy Sparshott. "Will you give me your word, not as a boy to his headmaster, but as man to man, that you are not guilty of this outrage?"

"I give you my word of honour, sir!" said Jim Dainty, with deep earnestness.

"Very good! You may go, Dainty!"

Jim stared at his headmaster for a moment, dumbfounded. Dr. Sparshott made a gesture towards the door. Hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, Jim Dainty left the study.

Mr. White almost fell down. His face crimsoned and then paled. He was unable for the moment to believe either his eyes or his ears.

He found his voice at last.

"Dr. Sparshott! You pardon that boy—"

"That boy is guiltless, and does not need pardon, Mr. White," said Dr. Sparshott incisively.

"That boy, sir, is guilty of an assault on his Housemaster. The evidence is absolutely clear."

"The evidence, sir, is absolutely clear," agreed Sammy. "But against the evidence I set my judgment of the boy's character. That boy, sir, is reckless young rascal enough to do such a thing. But he is not the boy to tell lies about it afterwards. It was some other boy, sir."

Mr. White drew a deep, deep breath.

"You have made your decision, sir—"

"I have, and trust that you will endorse it."

"Then I have no more to say, Dr. Sparshott, except that I place my resignation in your hands. I am no longer a Housemaster of Grimslade."

With that "Billy" White left the headmaster's study.

That evening, Mr. White was seen packing, and the news spread like wild-fire through Grimslade that the Housemaster of White's was going. From end to end Grimslade buzzed with the startling news.

CHAPTER 31.

Ragged by the House!

"SAMMY'S a downy bird!" said Sandy Bean.

"He's made a mistake this time!" said Ginger Rawlinson.

"Sammy never makes mistakes!"

"You know better than all Grimslade!" roared Streaky Bacon.

"Being Scotch," said Sandy, "I naturally do!"

Whereupon his two faithful chums collared Sandy, and banged his head on the study door. Banging Sandy's

head made him roar, but did not make him change his opinion.

But the astute Lancashire Scot was almost alone in that opinion.

It was the sensation of the term at Grimslade. Fellows of both Houses agreed that Billy White could do nothing but resign when the Chief failed to back him up in such a matter. Dainty, the new kid who had been kicking over the traces ever since he had arrived at Grimslade, had wound up by smothering his Housemaster with soot—and everybody knew he had done it.

Sammy's usually unerring judgment had fallen him for once—the new tick had pulled his leg somehow. Billy White was going, and all Grimslade seethed with indignation. Mr. White was popular in his own House—and respected in Redmayes.

That night Jim Dainty's life was hardly safe. Fellows of all Forms told him to go to Sammy and own up.

"You miserable worm!" said Yorke of the Sixth. "Do you think we're going to lose Billy White on your account? Haven't you the grit to take a whopping for what you've done, you cur?"

"I've done nothing!" almost snarled Dainty.

"Who did it, then?" roared Jorrocks of the Fifth. "Tell us that!"

"Find out!"

"You were there, Dainty," said Dick Dawson. "If it wasn't you, you must know who it was. He couldn't have got away without you knowing—"

"Then you know who it was—if it wasn't you?" shouted Yorke. "Who was it, then?"

Fritz Splitz fixed a beseeching blink on Dainty. But he had nothing to fear.

"I'm not a sneak!" said Dainty coldly. "I've been told, since I've been here, that sneaks are not wanted at Grimslade. I know who it was, and I'm not going to say—and that's that!"

Jim Dainty had plenty of pluck, but he felt something like a tremor when bed-time came, and he had to go to his dormitory, where the Fourth would have him all to themselves. The looks

the juniors gave him told him what to expect.

It was up to Yorke to see that order was kept in the dorm, but Yorke's look when he put out the lights of the Fourth told pretty plainly that the House-captain would turn a deaf ear that night, at least, to any sounds of disturbance from that particular dormitory.

The door was hardly closed behind Yorke, when Tommy Tucker was out of bed. Candle-ends were lighted, up and down the dormitory. Jim Dainty sat up in bed, his face dark and set.

"Turn out!" rapped Tucker.

"Rats to you!" retorted Dainty.

"Turn him out!"

A dozen pair of hands grasped Jim Dainty, and he rolled, struggling, out of bed. There was a crash as he hit the floor.

In a flash, he was on his feet, his eyes blazing, and his fists clenched. He hit out right and left as the mob of White's juniors closed in on him.

"Collar him!" roared Dawson.

Fighting fiercely, Dainty was collared on all sides. Two or three noses streamed red round him. But he was held, panting, and still resisting.

"Now, you rotter!" said Dick Dawson. "You know what you've got to do? You sooted Billy White, and pulled Sammy's leg about it. You've got to own up to Sammy. The House'll rag you to death if you don't! Now, then—"

"Make him run the gauntlet!" shouted Tucker.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Up and down the long dormitory Dainty was forced to go, the excited juniors biffing him with knotted towels and pillows, and throwing at him anything they could lay their hands on as he stumbled and dodged along.

The din must have been heard far and wide, but nobody expected a perfect to look in. But suddenly, as the mob tramped and shouted, with Dainty being knocked right and left, the door opened.

"Boys!" barked a well-known voice.

"Sammy!" gasped Dick Dawson.

The juniors spun round in alarm as Dr. Sparshott walked into the dormitory.

CHAPTER 32.

Sammy Hits Out!

SAMMY SPARSHOTT looked grimly at the crowd of juniors in pyjamas. They looked at him. It was a surprise to see the Head there. Never did the Head of Grimslade intervene between a Housemaster and his House. White was not gone yet. But there was Sammy, icy and grim. The Fourth-Formers eyed him—and Jim Dainty, panting, stood dizzily, one hand resting on a bed for support. There was silence for a few moments, which seemed long minutes to the juniors. Sammy broke it.

"I expected something of this sort," said Sammy calmly. "It seems that you are ragging Dainty. I need not ask why. But that is not the only reason why I am here. I am here to inquire who flung the soot over Mr. White to-day. The boy is present. I order him to step forward."

"It was Dainty, sir!" shouted a dozen voices.

"I think not!" said Sammy. "It was a member of this dormitory, but not, I think, Dainty. Every boy here will now answer me individually, and tell me precisely where he was and what he was doing at the time of the assault on Mr. White," went on Dr. Sparshott. "I will call the names in Form order."

From memory, Sammy called the names in Form order. Junior after junior answered. Dawson had been in Redmayes House at the time. Three others had been in the gym. The rest, with one exception, had been in the junior Common-room, where Dainty had been "whacking" out a cake. The exception—Fritz Splitz—blinked at the Head with saucer-eyes full of uneasiness. Sammy's piercing glance dwelt on him for a second.

"Where were you at the time, Splitz?"

"I—I was walking in the quad, sir."

"Very good! Several other persons were in the quadrangle, and no doubt they may have seen you. I will inquire —"

"I—I mean to say tat—tat I was not walking in te quad, sir!" gasped Fritz, while the juniors stared at him. "I—I— I mean to say—"

"I am waiting to hear what you mean to say, Splitz," said Dr. Sparshott grimly.

"I—I meant to say tat I was gone to te House library to fetch a pook!" groaned Fritz.

"My hat!" murmured Tommy Tucker blankly. All the Fourth knew that Fritz had scuttled out of Study No. 10 only a few minutes after the blacking of Mr. White, with Dainty's boot behind him.

"And when you came back with the book you learned what had happened?" asked Sammy genially.

"Ja, ja! Yes, sir. Tat is so!" gasped Fritz.

"What was the name of the book?"

"Och! Te—te name of te pook!" gurgled Fritz. "Ach, mein gootness! I—I have forgot te name of te pook tat I fetch, sir."

"Where is the book now?"

"Oh grikey! I—I forgets where I puts tat pook, sir!"

"I fear, Splitz, that you forget too many things," said Dr. Sparshott, gently as a cooing dove. "Among other things, you forget that it is not an easy matter to deceive your headmaster. did you fling the soot at your Housemaster, Splitz?"

There was a gasp from the Fourth. And there was a groan from Fritz. His fat legs almost collapsed under him.

"Answer me!" thundered the Head of Grimslade. "Why did you fling the soot at your Housemaster?"

"Ach! I trow him not at Mr. White!" groaned Fritz. "I trow him at tat peast and a prute, Tainty! He

make me wash, and I tinks tat I makes him wash mit te soot. But in te dark I see not. I tink it is Tainty, and it is not Tainty! I tink tat I placks tat Tainty, and in te dark I placks Mr. White. Ach himmel!"

Fritz's voice trailed off. There was a dead silence in the dormitory. Sammy broke it.

"This Form," he barked, "owes an apology to Dainty. This House owes him an apology. Go to bed. Good-night!"

The door closed. Sammy was gone. The juniors looked at one another. They looked at Jim Dainty. Dick Dawson was the first to speak.

"You knew it was Fritz, Dainty?"

"Yes."

"And you kept it dark?"

"Did you expect me to sneak, even about that bloated Boche?" growled Dainty.

"Well, we thought it was you," said Tommy Tucker. "But how the thump did Sammy know it wasn't?"

"Sammy knows a lot!" grinned Dawson. "Sammy's a downy bird! Sorry, Dainty!"

"Sorry, old man!" said a dozen voices.

"Ach himmel!" came a groan from Fritz' bed, when the Fourth had turned in. "Ach! I shall be peaten till I pellow like a pull! Ach! Oh grumbs!"

• • • • •

Grimslade School heard it all in the morning. Mr. White heard it with mingled feelings. His resignation was immediately withdrawn, and Sammy grinned cheerily as he shook hands with him over it.

Very handsomely Mr. White expressed his regret to Dainty, and nearly every fellow at Grimslade came to say the same.

Fritz got off more lightly than he had expected—fortunately for him, Mr. White believed that he had made a mistake in the dark and blacked the wrong victim.

Fritz escaped a flogging, but the

caning that his Housemaster gave him drew howls from Fritz that might almost have been heard in his Vaterland.

CHAPTER 33.

Sammy Makes a Mistake!

JIM DAINTY jumped.

"Oh!" he gasped.

The impact of a cricket ball on the chin might have made any fellow jump.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Ginger Rawlinson.

It was the day following, and Jim Dainty was strolling in the quad before dinner. Only that morning, in class, the Fourth Form at Grimslade had been absorbing knowledge of South American manners and customs. Peck, the master of the Fourth, had described, to an interested Form, the use of the "bola."

The bola, Peck told them, was an iron ball on the end of a long rope, which was used to rope in animals or enemies, like the lasso in North America.

Ginger Rawlinson, of Redmayes House, had an enterprising mind. Into that enterprising mind flashed at once the idea of making a bola, and roping in some blighter of White's House.

A cricket ball in a net bag, tied to the end of a box rope, made the bola, and Ginger, thus armed, sallied forth in quest of a victim.

Strolling in the quad, cheery and unsuspecting, Jim Dainty noticed Ginger lurking under the oaks, but did not give him any particular attention—till Ginger got going with the bola.

Then he did!

Ginger made the discovery that the bola, like other instruments, requires practice to make perfect. The ball was intended to swing round Dainty, winding the rope round him and making him a prisoner, in the proper South American way. But something went wrong. Instead of swinging round the White's junior, the ball hit him on the

chin—to Ginger's surprise, and still more to Jim Dainty's.

Jim Dainty sat down in the quad—hard. His hand went to his chin. He yelled.

Ginger ran towards him, coiling up the rope.

"Sorry, old man!" he exclaimed. "I didn't mean to hit you! It's a bola, you know."

"Oh!" gasped Dainty. "It's a bola, is it? I'll give you bola!"

He made one jump to his feet and another at Ginger Rawlinson. Ginger sprawled and roared.

Jim Dainty picked up the bola. As Ginger Rawlinson scrambled up he made a cast with it. What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander!

Jim had better luck than Ginger had had. The ball spun round Ginger, winding the rope round him like a string round a top. The Redmayes junior suddenly found himself a prisoner. Jim Dainty started for White's House, keeping the rope taut, and dragging Ginger along at the end of it.

A roar of laughter went up when the quad was reached.

Dr. Sparshott, Head of Grimslade, grinned as he came on the scene. Sammy Sparshott had a sense of humour. But he ceased to grin quite suddenly as Ginger stopped abruptly, jerking the rope so that it caught the Head across the shins.

Before he knew what was happening Sammy Sparshott felt his legs plucked from under him, and he was extended on hands and knees with a sudden shock.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Jim Dainty.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Sammy Sparshott picked himself up rather dizzily. Fifty fellows were roaring with laughter, but they ceased to roar as the Head glanced round.

"Dainty!" snapped the Head.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Jim.

"Take that—that contrivance off Rawlinson!"

Jim unwound the rope from the panting Ginger.

"Bring it to me!"

Jim obediently handed over the bola.

"Quite a clever contrivance," said Dr. Sparshott. "Extremely useful on the llanos in South America, I believe, but entirely out of place in a school quadrangle. A bright idea, Dainty, but too bright for Grimslade. Stand still."

"But, sir—"

"Silence, and stand still!"

Sammy evidently supposed that it was Dainty's bola and Dainty's bright idea. From what he had seen he could hardly have supposed anything else. Still, for once Sammy Sparshott had made a mistake. Seldom indeed did Sammy make a mistake, but to err is human, and Sammy was only human.

With a swing of his sinewy arm Sammy swung the ball round Jim Dainty as he obediently stood still.

"This will not do for Grimslade, Dainty," said Sammy genially. "I am sure you will realise as much by the time you have done with it."

"But, sir—" exclaimed Ginger.

"Silence, Rawlinson!"

Sammy Sparshott walked on to Big School, leading Dainty at the end of the rope. The Grimslade fellows stared after them, grinning. Dainty's face was crimson. Sammy walked with long strides, and Jim had to trot to avoid being pulled over.

Dr Sparshott stopped at the big oak near his study window, and tied the end of the rope to the trunk. Then he knotted Jim's end.

"You may stay there till the dinner-bell, Dainty," he said. "By that time I am sure you will realise that the use of the bola had better be left to the South Americans. What?"

And the Head went in, leaving Jim Dainty a prisoner. It was Sammy's way to make the punishment fit the crime, so to speak; his methods were rather original.

It was half an hour to dinner. During that half-hour Jim Dainty had the time of his life.

Nearly all Grimslade gathered round him, and all of them were laughing. Fellows of his own House were sympathetic, but they laughed; fellows of Redmayes House were unsympathetic, and they laughed, too. Nobody ventured to release the hapless prisoner in sight of Sammy's window.

Jim's face grew redder and redder, till it resembled a freshly-boiled beet-root. Had he been the original proprietor of that bola he could not have grumbled. But Ginger should have been in his place, and Ginger was among the crowd of hilarious fellows, laughing at him.

Not till the bell was ringing for dinner did Byles, the Head's man, come out and release the hapless Dainty. Dick Dawson caught his arm and hurried him away to White's House.

"Ach! Tat Sammy he is ferry funny!" chuckled Fritz Splitz. "Mein goot Tainty, do you not tink tat you look a colossal ass? I tink tat you look te piggest ass tat neffer vas before! I tink—ach! Kick me not on mein trousers, you peast and a prute!"

Fritz fled, yelling. Dainty glared at Dawson.

"What are you grinning at, you dummy?" he demanded.

Dawson tried not to grin.

"Funny, isn't it?" snapped Dainty. "Well, Sammy won't think it so funny when he goes through it himself! He's made me look a fool, and I'll make him look a fool!"

"Dainty, old chap——"

"Don't 'old chap' me, you cackling idiot! I'm going to make a bola, and give him what he gave me, and we'll see if he thinks it funny!" growled Dainty savagely, and he tramped into the House, leaving Dawson staring.

CHAPTER 34.

The Hunted Man!

BANG!

The tyre went like a cannon-shot.

It was a half-holiday that day, and

a good many Grimslade fellows were round about the gates when the car came spinning along the road across the moor from the distant town of Blackslade.

It came at a wild and reckless speed, the driver hunched over the wheel, fairly whizzing.

There was a fog on the Yorkshire moors that afternoon, and fog hanging about the quadrangle of Grimslade. Wisps of vapour floated into the Houses. Over the great Pike it was thick as pea-soup. Mist from the moor drifted on the road, and through it came the car from Blackslade like a bullet.

A score of fellows at the gateway stared at it as it shot up. It was almost opposite the gates when the tyre went.

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Ginger Rawlinson. "Look!"

The racing-car overturned in the twinkling of an eye. It crashed into the roadside hedge, wheels up. The Grimsladers stared with startled eyes.

"He'll be killed!" gasped Dick Dawson.

There was a rush across the road to help the motorist. As if by a miracle, the reckless driver had escaped injury. He had been tossed from the car as it hit the hedge, and lay sprawling on the grass by the roadside, gasping for breath, dazed and dizzy.

Jim Dainty was the first to reach him. As he bent over the man he received a sudden shove on the chest and staggered back. The man leaped to his feet. He was a powerfully-built man, with a hard, clean-shaven face and eyes like flints. There was a fierce glitter in his eyes, and his lips were drawn back from his teeth in a snarl.

"Stand back!" he snapped, as the Grimsladers crowded round him.

"Here comes another car. Look out!" yelled Dawson.

From the road over the moors another car shot into sight, coming on at racing speed. Uniformed men could be seen in it. Then the Grimsladers

understood. It was a fugitive from the police who had crashed at the school gates.

"Hold him!" shouted Jim Dainty.

"They're after him!"

"Look out!"

The flinty-eyed man's hand dived into his coat. It came out with a bluish barrel glimmering. It was an automatic.

"Hands off! Stand back!" he panted.

The schoolboys crowded back from the weapon, over which the desperate man's eyes glittered. He gave a swift glance at the oncoming car, turned, and raced along the road. A second later he had leaped a hedge and disappeared from sight.

With a grinding of brakes, the police car came to a halt. Some of the Grimslade fellows knew Inspector Rawson, of Blackslade, who stared out at the wrecked car.

"That's the car!" rapped the inspector. "Where's the man? You saw which way he went?"

"Over that hedge," said Jim Dainty, pointing. "What has he done?"

"Bank hold-up at Blackslade," said the inspector briefly.

And the police car rushed on again, to halt at the hedge where the bank-raider had leaped. Three constables tumbled in hot haste out of the car and followed the inspector through the hedge.

"We're on this, you men!" said Ginger Rawlinson.

"What-ho!" answered his chums, Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean.

And the trio started; and a dozen more fellows followed.

"Come on, Dainty!" exclaimed Dick Dawson, catching Jim by the arm.

"It's up to everybody to lend a hand."

"I'm not coming," grunted Dainty.

"I've got my bola in my pocket, and in this fog I'm looking for a chance at Sammy."

"Oh, don't be an ass!" exclaimed Dawson impatiently. "You'd better let Sammy alone. Anyhow, I'm going."

He ran along the road after Ginger & Co. Dainty hesitated for a moment, then followed.

Crowds of Grimslade fellows gathered to stare at the wrecked car and to join in the hunt for the man who had driven it. The news spread like wildfire over the school. It was sheer luck that it was a half-holiday that day. Almost all Grimslade had turned out, without asking the Head's leave, which would probably have been refused. Once the fellows were scattered, even Sammy could not have rounded them up again.

Both the Housemasters, and Dr. Sparshott himself, came out to take a hand as soon as they heard that a bank-raider was dodging on foot in the vicinity of the school. Grimslade was almost deserted.

Whooping and hallooing rang through the mists on the moors. Grimslade fellows shouted to one another, spreading far and wide. More and more police arrived from Blackslade, and mounted men spread out in a wide cordon to cut off the desperate man's escape.

The news spread that the raider had wounded a man in Blackslade Bank and got away with hundreds of pounds in notes.

"Hold on, Dick!" muttered Jim Dainty suddenly, as an athletic figure in a rough grey coat and cap loomed up in the mist. He thrust his hand into his coat pocket for the bola.

Dawson caught his arm.

"You ass! That's not the man. That's the Head!"

"I know that!"

Dr. Sparshott loomed up, peering at the boys in the mist. He had a thick oaken cudgel in his hand.

"Let go, you fool!" hissed Dainty.

It was the chance he wanted. But Dick Dawson held on to his arm with a grip of iron. He was not letting Dainty rope in the Head of Grimslade, if he could help it.

Sammy recognised them the next moment.

"Get back to the school!" he said briefly. "I know what you're after here. Glad to see you so plucky. But the man is armed, and it is no work for schoolboys. Go back at once!"

The burly figure in the thick grey coat tramped on and disappeared in the mists, Sammy certainly never suspecting how narrow an escape he had had from the bola.

Dainty gave his companion a fierce look.

"You fool! I should have got him if——"

"And a flogging, too!" snapped Dawson.

Jim Dainty swung angrily away. Dawson shrugged his shoulders and walked back to the school. Fellows were gathered there again; Head and Housemasters sent in all the boys they came upon on the moor. Jim Dainty did not go in, however. In his present mood, the Head's order fell on deaf ears. He tramped on, peering through the mists, looking for a sign of the bank-raider, but still more keenly for a chance at Sammy.

Figures loomed in the mist; shouting voices sounded in the distance. Jim Dainty plunged through a hedge, tramping through a dry ditch on the other side, thick with ferns and nettles and dead leaves. He gave a sudden convulsive start as the heap of vegetation under his feet stirred.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim.

Dead leaves and twigs, ferns and nettles were flung aside as a crouching figure, on which Jim had fairly trodden, leaped up.

He had a glimpse of a hard, desperate face, eyes as hard as flints—and then a blow was struck, and he pitched over in the ditch.

The figure leaped away in the mist. Jim Dainty scrambled up, dazed by the blow, blood streaming from a cut on his forehead. He staggered out of the ditch and shouted.

"This way! I've seen him!"

A burly figure in a greatcoat loomed up. It was Sammy.

"Dainty! You—what——"

"There he goes!" panted Jim. "He was hiding in the ditch. I trod on him. Look——"

The panting man was vanishing. Like a hound after a stag, Sammy Sparsott darted in pursuit. Jim reeled against a tree, sick and faint, and dabbed the blood from his face with his handkerchief. Shouting and yelling and the crack of a pistol rang through the mist. The hunt was close on the heels of the bank-raider, and he was hard pressed. Shouting and tramping and panting died away in the direction of Grimslade.

With his head reeling and his handkerchief held to the cut on his forehead, Jim Dainty groped his way back to the school.

CHAPTER 35.

In Desperate Hands!

"D AINTY, you're wanted in the Head's study at once."

Yorke, of the Sixth, delivered the message to Jim Dainty in Study No. 10. Jim nodded and took his departure immediately. He could guess why the headmaster wanted to see him.

He crossed to Big School. The quadrangle was deserted; the dusk of evening was falling and darkening the drifting mist.

Dr. Sparshott was in his study. Apparently he had only just come in from the hunt on the moor. His big, heavy coat and the thick grey cap lay on the back of a chair, with the oaken cudgel beside them. Sammy Sparshott looked tired. He gave the White's junior a grim glance, his eyes resting for a moment on Jim's bandaged forehead.

"Dainty," he rapped out, "you disobeyed my order to return to the school, when I spoke to you on the moor."

Dainty was sullenly silent.

"You have received an injury," went on the Head. "Fortunately, it is slight,

but it might have been serious. It is true, Dainty, that it was due to you that the bank-robber was unearthed from his hiding-place, and the police are now so close upon him that he can scarcely escape. That is a service that you have rendered. But obedience comes first. I shall cane you."

He picked up a cane and pointed to a chair.

"Bend over that chair!"

Jim Dainty set his teeth. But he had been long enough at Grimslade to learn that Sammy was not to be trifled with. In silence, with set teeth, he bent over the chair.

Six cuts came down, hard.

Dainty uttered no sound.

When the infliction was over he rose, his face pale, and his eyes gleaming. Sammy laid down the cane.

"Go to Sergeant Starkey's house and tell him that I shall be starting again in half an hour, and he is to be ready. Then return to your House!" said the Head.

Without a word, Dainty left the study, his eyes burning, his heart throbbing. Dr. Sparshott glanced after him rather curiously as the door closed. Then he threw himself into a chair, dismissing the junior from his mind.

For hours the Head had been tramping the moors, helping in the search for the elusive hold-up man. Strong and sinewy as he was, he was tired. But he was taking only a brief rest before going out again after a hurried tea.

Suddenly the Head of Grimslade gave a start.

There was a sound—a faint sound—in the study. In surprise, he glanced round towards the screen that stood across a corner of the room.

His eyes almost started from his head as he glimpsed a hard, white, desperate face peering round the screen at him.

For an instant Sammy stared at him blankly, then he leaped to his feet, to spring towards the cudgel beside the chair.

"Stop!"

The voice came in a snarl as the flinty-eyed man leaped from behind the screen, automatic in hand.

The weapon was levelled at the Head of Grimslade.

"Stop, and stand silent! I'll shoot you like a dog!" hissed the bank-raider. "I'm desperate—take warning!"

Sammy Sparshott stopped and stood still. He was a brave man, and fear was unknown to him. But he was unarmed, and the levelled automatic, within six feet of him, would have spat death in another moment. Standing still, with a calm face, he faced the ruffian.

"You've got me!" said Sammy pleasantly. "I advise you to drop that gun and give in! You'll never get away."

"Keep quiet!"

"I'm not shouting so long as you hold that gun!" smiled Sammy. "Take my advice and drop it. You're known—Gunner Joe, I think the inspector told me you were called. Your description's known, down to every rag on your back. You've got seven years to come! Don't make it a hanging job, Gunner."

"Keep quiet!" repeated the Gunner.

The Head of Grimslade shrugged his shoulders. Still keeping him covered with the automatic, Joe the Gunner stepped to the door and turned the key in the lock. Then he picked up the oaken cudgel and threw it out of reach under the table. Sammy Sparshott watched him, curious to know the desperate man's game, and wary for a chance to turn the tables.

CHAPTER 36.

Just Like Sammy!

"D AINTY, you reckless ass——"

"Leave me alone!"

"It means a frightful row if——"

"No bizney of yours! Get out!"

Dick Dawson, with an angry grunt,

turned away, and left the obstinate new fellow to his own devices. Jim did not glance after him. His eyes were fixed on the path by the big oak near the Head's window.

It was not yet lock-up, but few fellows were out of the Houses in the dank, clinging mist and deepening dusk. Jim Dainty lurked in the shadow of the big oak, the bola in his hand. Sammy had given him a message to the school sergeant, which he had not delivered. From that message he knew that Sammy would be coming down that path under the half-hour. It was his chance, and he was not missing it. Dick Dawson had done his best to persuade him, but in vain. Now he was gone, and Jim was glad of it.

With glinting eyes in the gloom, he watched. He had put in some practice with the bola, and he could handle it. What Sammy had done to him, he was going to do to Sammy, regardless of the consequences. Sammy should learn not to make such mistakes. Jim heard a door open and shut, and his heart beat. Grim and determined, he watched the path that passed the big oak.

The expected tall figure, in the big grey greatcoat and cap, loomed up in the mist. Jim Dainty did not hesitate for a second.

Whiz!

The ball flew, and spun round the grey-coated figure with lightning speed. It spun round and round the figure, too fast for the eye to follow it, pinning the arms down to the sides.

Almost in a twinkling, the rope was wound round and round the man in the big grey coat, round and round him twenty times at least before he knew what was happening.

"That's for you, Sammy Sparshott!" Dainty jeered. "You can whop me if you like—when you get loose! Whop me as hard as you like, but not till you've looked a fool to all Grimslade!"

Dick Dawson came running up—he had not gone far. He caught Dainty by the arm.

"Jim! You mad ass!"

"Keep off!" snapped Dainty.

Not a word so far had come from the trapped man, only panting breathing. He was struggling frantically, madly, with the rope, but utterly in vain. His arms were as tightly fastened down to his sides as if they had been manacled there. Suddenly his voice was heard, as he found that it was impossible to get loose—rapping out a furious oath that made the two juniors jump.

"That's not Sammy!" gasped Dawson.

"Not—not Sammy!" Jim Dainty stared blankly. "It's Sammy—who else can it be in Sammy's coat? But—what—"

He ran towards the struggling man and barely dodged a savage kick. Fierce and furious curses poured from the prisoner. Dodging another kick, Jim jumped in and jerked the cap from his head. Then, even in the misty dusk, he could see only too well that it was not Sammy. He stared almost in stupefaction at the low-browed face and flinty eyes.

"It's the man!" he gasped. "Oh, my hat! It's the bank-robber!"

Loud through the misty quad rang the shouts of the two astonished juniors, calling all Grimslade to the spot. From both Houses came a rush of feet. Masters and boys arrived in a swarm, and every eye was fixed in amazement on the captured hold-up man. Mr. White shouted to Sykes, the porter, to call in the nearest constable—there were a good many round the school now. Round the struggling, foaming gunman all Grimslade surged and buzzed.

"Who caught this man?" exclaimed Mr. Redmaynes. "How did it happen? Who—"

"I did!" said Jim Dainty coolly. "I took him for the Head, in the Head's coat."

"You—you—you took him for the Head!" gasped Mr. White. "You dared—"

"You can slang me later, sir," said

Dainty, with undisturbed coolness. "Hadh't you better see what's happened to the Head? That coat was in Dr. Sparshott's study when I was there half an hour ago."

"Good heavens! The Head!"

There was a rush to Dr. Sparshott's study. The door was locked; the key gone. Mr. Redmayes and Mr. White rapped on the panels together. Within the study a wriggling sound was heard, but there was no answer.

"Dr. Sparshott!" shouted Mr. White.

Only the writhing, wriggling sound replied.

"Good heavens! What has happened?" gasped the Housemaster. "The man has been in this room, that is clear—probably he has the key."

Billy White rushed out into the quad again. Joe the Gunner was not struggling now; a dozen hands were on him, and Inspector Rawson was fastening the handcuffs on his wrists. The key was quickly found, and Mr. White rushed back to the study and unlocked the door. A crowd poured in as the door was thrown open and the light switched on.

Sammy Sparshott, bound and gagged, lay wriggling on the floor. Only his eyes were eloquent. Quickly enough the Head was released and helped to his feet. He gasped spasmodically for breath.

"Thank you, White—thank you, Redmayes! The bank-robber was here—he is in the school. Not a moment must be lost—"

"He is caught, sir!" gasped Mr. White.

"Oh, good!" said Sammy. "He fancied—and I fancied—that he would get clear in my coat! How did they get him?"

"A junior—Dainty, of my House—caught the man."

"What?"

"The police are taking the man away now, sir," said Byles, looking in. "They have found on him the money he took from Blackslade Bank."

"Send Dainty to me!" said the Head.

"White, how on earth did a Fourth Form junior capture an armed gunman?"

"With a contrivance called, I think, a bola," answered the Housemaster. "He appears to have been watching—"

"Why?" Sammy was amazed. "He could not have known the man was here."

"I think he was watching for you, sir, and your greatcoat on the gunman deceived him," said the Housemaster dryly.

Sammy Sparshott started. A junior with a bandaged forehead appeared in the doorway.

"You sent for me, sir!" said Jim Dainty coolly.

At a gesture from Sammy, he was left alone with the new boy at Grimslade. He fixed his eyes grimly on Jim's defiant face.

"You've caught the gunman, Dainty! You fancied it was I!"

"Yes!" said Jim. "You can whop me if you like—I know you're going to—and then I'll try again!"

"Why?" asked Sammy very quietly. "Are you a fellow to bear malice for a whopping that you know you asked for?"

Jim flushed.

"No! It's not that. You made me look a fool in front of all Grimslade."

"To impress upon you that you should not use a bola in the quad—though, by gad, it has turned out very useful," said the Head. "Come, Dainty, you know very well—"

"It wasn't my bola! It was another fellow's—he caught me with it and I caught him, and you—"

Sammy whistled.

"I never knew that!" he said. "Gad, I made a mistake that time! Sorry, Dainty!"

"Oh, sir!" gasped Jim.

"Sorry—as man to man!" said Sammy, smiling. "Wash it out, Dainty—we all make our little mistakes! Cut!"

There was a curious expression on

Jim Dainty's face when he came back into White's House. He tapped Dick Dawson on the arm.

"Kick me, old chap!" he said.

"Eh? What for?"

"For being such a silly idiot as to own Sammy a grudge—a splendid man like Sammy."

Dawson chuckled.

"Well, you jolly well ought to be kicked," he said. "Here goes!"

CHAPTER 37.

Up for Judgment!

"OUT of this!"

"Rats!"

"I tell you to hook it!"

"And I tell you," retorted Jim Dainty, "to go and eat coke!"

The rain had come on suddenly, but it had come on hard and fast. Grimslade Pike was hidden in rainy mist; the moors were glistening. Jim Dainty was half a mile from Grimslade School when the downpour started, and he hunted cover.

The old army hut near Middlemoor Lane was the nearest shelter, and Jim bolted into it—and nearly into a Grimslade fellow who was already there.

It was Fenwick of the Fifth, who gave a jump as the junior suddenly barged in, and almost swallowed the cigarette he was smoking. He dropped the cigarette and gave the junior a glare.

With the rain coming down in sheets outside the doorway, Jim Dainty was not likely to get out. He backed across the hut, watching his old enemy warily, ready for trouble.

The bully of the Fifth was a good many inches taller and nearly twice his weight. But Jim Dainty was prepared to tackle him. And the new boy in the Fourth Form at Grimslade was so exceedingly tough in the scrapping line that even the big senior hesitated to handle him.

"Will you get out, you spying little sweep?" rapped Fenwick.

"What is there to spy on?" retorted Jim Dainty. "Are you waiting here for one of your bookie pals? Or just sneaking out of sight to smoke? I'm not going to tell Sammy."

Fenwick's ways were better known to the juniors of White's House than to his Housemaster or to the Head of Grimslade, though Fenwick had an uneasy feeling that the keen eye of Sammy Sparshott sometimes turned on him with a suspicious gleam in it.

"Get out!" roared Fenwick.

"Shan't!" retorted Dainty cheerfully.

The Fifth-Former said no more; he made a rush.

Jim Dainty's hands went up like lightning. In a moment the big Fifth-Former and the sturdy, active junior were fighting.

Sturdy as he was, tough as he was, Jim was outclassed by his bulky enemy. He put in three or four of the best, and then he was swept off his feet. Fenwick's nose streamed crimson, and had a severe pain in it, and one of his eyes winked and blinked. But Jim Dainty went down under a terrific drive that landed on his chest; and Fenwick, stooping over him, grasped him to roll him out through the doorway.

But Jim Dainty rather resembled the Yorkshire tyke that would bite alive or dead. As the Fifth-Former grasped him he grasped back and captured Fenwick round the neck. Fenwick was dragged over, and they rolled on the earth together, struggling.

As they struggled, a box of cigarettes oozed from the pocket of the sportsman of the Fifth, and its contents were scattered over the floor. The two boys rolled in cigarettes as they struggled.

There was a step in the doorway. Someone else, caught in the rain, was bolting into the old hut for shelter. Mr. White, Housemaster at Grimslade, uttered a surprised exclamation at the sight of a senior and a junior in desperate combat.

"Fenwick! Dainty!" he hooted.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim.

The combatants separated and staggered to their feet. They stood panting, both of them looking considerably damaged, under the stern stare of their Housemaster.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Mr. White. "Why, what—what——" He stared at the scattered cigarettes on the floor. "Upon my word! You have been smoking here!"

Jim Dainty grinned breathlessly. The black sheep of the House was his enemy, but he would never have dreamed of giving him away. But it looked as if Fenwick had given himself away pretty thoroughly now.

For a second Fenwick trembled. In his mind's eye he saw himself marched before Dr. Sparshott for judgment. Sammy Sparshott was down on smoking with a terrific down. A fellow who was still growing could not smoke without bad results for his health. And fitness came before everything else at Grimslade. But the "bad hat" of the Fifth was quick on the uptake.

"They are Dainty's cigarettes, sir," he said coolly. "I am sorry you saw me fighting with a junior, but I thought that I ought to take them away from him."

"Most certainly!" said Mr. White, while Jim Dainty gaped with astonishment. "I should expect as much of any senior in my House. Dainty, how dare you!"

"I!" gasped Jim. "They're not my cigarettes, sir! They fell out of Fenwick's pocket while I was scrapping with him!"

"Mr. White is not likely to believe that, Dainty," said Fenwick, with a curl of the lip.

"It's true, you rotter—and you know it!" flamed Jim.

"Silence, Dainty!" rapped Mr. White angrily. "I am hardly surprised at this. You are the most mutinous and unruly boy in the House. I shall take you to your headmaster and report this."

"But, sir——"

"I have told you to be silent."

Jim Dainty was silent, his eyes gleaming, his brows knitted. There was a grim silence in the old hut as the rain dashed down outside, and the three waited till the shower was over. When the rain had almost ceased to fall, Mr. White made Dainty a sign to follow him and left the hut. The new boy at Grimslade followed him to the school.

It was a relief to Fenwick of the Fifth to see them go. He was waiting at the old army hut to meet a sporting acquaintance whom he certainly did not want his Housemaster to see. Fortunately for him, the rain had kept Mr. Monty Moss away.

Jim Dainty followed his Housemaster back to Grimslade. A good many fellows stared at them as they came in at the gates. Ginger Rawlinson of Red-mayes House winked at Bacon and Bean; Fritz Splitz of White's House grinned a podgy grin.

"Tat Tainty he is in drubble vunce more," said Fritz. "Tat Tainty he hunt for drubble like—like——"

"Like a fat Boche hunting for tuck!" said Dick Dawson. Dawson's glance followed Jim rather anxiously as he went across to Big School with his Housemaster.

Dr. Sparshott was in his study—in his shirt-sleeves, punching the ball. That athletic young man looked rather more like a boxer than a headmaster at the moment. But he peeled off the gloves, and his keen face grew stern as he listened to what "Billy" White had to tell him.

"You deny that they were your cigarettes, Dainty?"

"Yes, sir; they were Fenwick's."

"You do not believe that, White?"

"Fenwick is a respectful and well behaved boy, sir; Dainty is an unruly young rascal, and has given more trouble than any other boy that ever came to Grimslade."

"True!" said Sammy Sparshott. "I shall consider this matter, White. Leave it to me for the present."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. White left the study, obviously

not satisfied. Sammy made Jim a sign to remain. He threw a pair of gloves on the table.

"Put them on!" he barked.

Jim in sheer wonder obeyed.

"Now punch the ball—and keep it up till I tell you to stop."

Punching the ball was a favourite exercise of Jim's. He was quite willing to oblige, though what Sammy was driving at was a mystery to him.

Dr. Sparshott stood and watched him.

"Harder!" he barked. "Put some beef into it!"

Jim fairly slogged at the ball. He put beef into it—plenty of beef. Sammy seemed to have plenty of time on his hands; for quite a long time he stood watching the lithe, active junior handling the punchball.

"Harder!" barked Sammy. "Look alive!"

Crash! Perhaps Sammy had been hitting the ball rather hard that afternoon. Anyhow, the hook had worked loose. Jim Dainty put in a punch that a prize-fighter might have envied, and the fastening flew—and the ball flew. It landed on the nose of the headmaster of Grimslade with a terrific crash, and Sammy flew, too!

"Whoop!" spluttered Sammy.

He flew backwards.

"Oh, crickey!" gasped Jim Dainty, as the headmaster landed on his back with a crash that almost shook the study.

"Oh, gad! Oh—Whoop!" stut-tered Sammy Sparshott, sitting up dizzily and feeling his nose as if to ascertain whether it was still there. It was, although it felt as if it wasn't. "Ooooooh!"

"Sorry, sir!" gasped Jim.

"Good gad!" Sammy staggered to his feet. There was a trickle of red through the fingers he held to his nose. "Ow! Not your fault! Get out!"

Sammy Sparshott dabbed his nose with a handkerchief. He was hurt. But he grinned as he dabbed.

"White's rather an ass!" said Sammy, after Jim was gone. "That

kid hasn't been smoking—too much beef in him for that—his wind's perfect! Ow! My nose would feel better if the young villain had a little less beef! Wow!"

CHAPTER 33.

Fearful for Fritz!

"PEAST and a prute!" murmured Friedrich von Splitz.

The fat Rhineland was annoyed.

With his own light-blue saucer-eyes Fritz Splitz had seen Jim Dainty buying doughnuts at Mrs. Sykes' little shop. Ten minutes later he had seen Jim and Dick Dawson join a crowd of White's juniors in capturing a fooler from Redmayes. Both the chums of Study No. 10 in White's being busy, Fritz naturally sneaked into the study to look for the doughnuts. But he found them not.

Perhaps the new boy at Grimslade knew his fat Rhineland study-mate well enough by this time not to trust doughnuts in the study. Anyhow, Fritz' saucer-eyes did not light on them.

"Peastly pounder!" grunted Fritz, moving about the study with a squeak of his elastic-sided boots. "Tat Tainty is peast enough to tink tat a Cherman would pag his toughnuts! I tink tat tat show a ferry suspicious prain! Mein gootness. I would like to peat him till he pellow like a pull!"

Fritz opened Dainty's desk at last. It was the only place he had not looked in. He gave a start. No doughnuts were there. But on top of a heap of papers and old exercises lay a box of cigarettes.

"Mein gootness!" ejaculated Fritz.

He had never suspected Dainty of dingy manners and customs. He was quite surprised to find smokes in his desk. He stared at the box with round saucer-eyes.

All was grist that came to Fritz' mill. He was in search of tuck. But there was no tuck. He helped himself

to the cigarettes. More than once Fritz had ventured on the wild and woolly Woodbine. He fancied that he liked it. Now he had a dozen fat Virginia cigarettes, and he prepared to enjoy himself. Stretching his podgy limbs in the study armchair, Fritz lighted up.

The atmosphere of the study thickened. Fritz smoked one cigarette, and then another and another. He grinned through the haze. He was determined to believe that he was enjoying this. It made him feel quite a reckless sportsman, like Fenwick of the Fifth.

On previous occasions he had had only one fag at a time. Now he tried chain-smoking—lighting one from another. Cigarette after cigarette was reduced to a stump and thrown aside. Fritz smoked them so fast that he did not begin to feel the effects till he had reached number six. Then a rather queer feeling in his capacious and well-filled inside made him pause at number seven.

He sat very still. It dawned on his fat brain that if he moved something would happen. He remembered how he had felt on the steamer that brought him from Deutschland. He was feeling like that again.

"Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz.

The door opened and Tommy Tucker of the Fourth looked in.

"Dainty here? Ooooch!" Tucker coughed as he caught a wave of smoke. "Oooogh! You horrid sweep! Wharrer you up to? Oooogh!"

"Oooooogh!" mumbled Fritz, gazing at Tucker with glassy eyes. "Woocoooh! I am seek—I am ferry ill! I die mit meinsel! I tinks tat I am going to berish! Gall a doctor!"

"You smoky Hun——"

"Gurrrrrrrgh!"

Fritz collapsed. There was an awful upheaval in his fat inside. One or two of those potent smokes would have been enough—and Fritz had smoked six! He gurgled, he gasped, and he guggled.

"Gug-gug-gug! Ooooch! I tinks tat oooogh—I am dying! Urrrrrrrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tucker.

"What's the jolly old joke?" asked Jim Dainty, coming up the passage with Dawson.

"Fritz! Look at him!" roared Tucker.

"Urrrg! Help! Oooooch! I have fearful bains in mein pread-pasket!" moaned Fritz. "Mein dummy he is turning upside-down! Ach! I am derrribly upset in mein dummy!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" exclaimed Dawson.

"Urrrrrrgggh!"

A crowd of fellows gathered round the open door. They stared at the anguished, agonised Fritz, at the open box of cigarettes, the stumps scattered on the floor, the haze of smoke. And they roared with laughter. There was a plentiful lack of sympathy for the sufferer.

"Send for a doctor! Queeck! I berish!" moaned Fritz. "Ach! Mein pread-pasket! Ach! Mein dummy! Mein dummy, he is full of bains! Ach!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" called out Pulley of the Fourth; but it was too late—Mr. White came striding up.

He pushed through the laughing crowd and frowned into the study. Ever since the episode in the old hut on Middlemoor Lane, Mr. White had had a suspicious eye on No. 10. Now he fairly jumped at what he saw.

"Splitz! You have been smoking!" he almost shouted.

"Ach! I am ferry ill! I tink tat I die! I am derrribly sick in mein pread-pasket!" groaned Fritz.

"You have dared to bring cigarettes into the school!"

"Ach! Nein, nein!" gasped Fritz. "Neffer!" Sick as he was, Fritz was alarmed at the prospect of being taken before Sammy. "Ach! I finds them in te study, sir. Groooogh! Urrrg!"

Mr. White shot a sharp glance at Dainty's grinning face.

"Where did you find them, Splitz?" he demanded.

"Ach! Ooogh! I finds tem in Tainty's desk!" groaned Fritz. "Tat poy is a peast and a prute! He make me derribly seek mit those smokes! Ooogh!"

"So it appears, Dainty, that you had cigarettes in your desk!" said Mr. White grimly.

Jim flushed angrily.

"Nothing of the sort!" he snapped.

"Splitz declares——"

"Splitz is a lying toad, if he says he got them from my desk."

"Ach! It is te troot!" groaned Fritz. "Ach! I tinks two times before I spend money on smokes! Ja wohl! Tey vos Tainty's."

The juniors looked at one another. It was a two-shilling box of smokes on the table. If anything was absolutely certain it was that Fritz von Splitz would never expend that sum on smokes. When Fritz had any money it went on more solid luxuries. The mere fact that the box had cost a couple of shillings was a proof that it had never belonged to Fritz. Billy White knew that as well as the Fourth-Formers.

The Housemaster eyed Jim Dainty grimly.

"Dainty! This is the second time ——"

"It isn't!" said Jim Dainty coolly. "Fenwick was lying yesterday, and Splitz is lying to-day!"

The Housemaster bit his lip.

"I believe that Splitz is speaking the truth," he said. "But there is no proof, and I cannot take the matter further. I warn you, however, that you will do well to be careful, Dainty!"

Mr. White rustled away. Jim Dainty cast a black look after him and strode into the study. He grasped Fritz by the collar.

"You lying Deutsch toad!" he said between his teeth.

"Ach! Oooooogh! Led go!" gasped Fritz. "I tells te trooth—tose smokes

was in your desk, and you know it, you peast and a prute! Urrrrrgh!"

Bang!

Fritz's bullet head smote the table. There was a fearful howl from the fat Rhinelander.

"Chuck that, Dainty!" said Pulley quietly. "We all know that those smokes never belonged to Fritz!"

Dainty gave him a fierce glare.

"Do you think they belonged to me?" he demanded.

"Looks like it! Here, keep off!" roared Pulley, as Jim jumped at him. They rolled into the passage, punching and pommelling.

Yorke of the Sixth came along with his ashplant. He distributed whacks with cheerful impartiality till the struggling juniors separated.

Fritz von Splitz groaned and gurgled in the study for an hour or more. After which the fat Rhinelander, feeling weak and woebegone, went for a walk in the quad. Why Fenwick of the Fifth came along and kicked him, and kicked him again as he fled, Fritz did not know. He fled, yelling, with Fenwick, following him up, still kicking, till the hapless Fritz escaped.

Fritz did not dream of guessing that it was because he had found and smoked the cigarettes in Dainty's desk—which Fenwick had intended to be found there by a prefect! Fritz had quite unconsciously saved Jim Dainty from trouble—and caused Fenwick a sheer waste of two shillings!

CHAPTER 39.

Another Find for Fritz!

"LIKE a match?" asked Ginger Rawlinson affably.

Jim Dainty stared, and Bacon and Bean chuckled.

Dainty had been down to Middlemoor, and was coming up the lane towards the school gates, when the three heroes of Redmayes House met him. They stopped to chip him, as a matter of course.

"A match?" repeated Jim. "No.

Why?" He did not catch on for a moment.

"Not given up smoking?" asked Ginger. And his chums chortled.

Jim caught on then. His eyes glinted. The affair of the cigarettes was all over Grimslade. More fellows would have taken Dainty's word than Fenwick's, over the first affair, but the second episode had rather put the lid on. Nobody was likely to guess that the sportsman of the Fifth, feeling the eye of suspicion upon him, was planning to fix it firmly and unmistakably on Jim Dainty.

"You silly chump!" snapped Dainty, glaring at Ginger. "If you want your silly nose pulled——"

"I do," said Ginger at once, "if any White's tick can pull it!"

The next moment Ginger Rawlinson discovered that a White's "tick" could, and would, and did! Dainty made a sudden jump, and before Ginger knew what was happening, his finger and thumb closed on the Redmayes junior's nose like a steel vice.

"Ooooooocoooh!" spluttered Ginger wildly, as Jim tweaked. "Ooooop! Led go by dose! Wurrrrrh!"

Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean leaped to the rescue at once. Two pairs of hands grasped Jim Dainty, and dragged him back. But he still held on to Ginger's nose like a leech, and Rawlinson roared with anguish.

"Oooogh! Led go! Woooooh-hoop! Oh, my nose! Whoop!"

Bump! went Dainty on the hard earth, and he had to let go at last. Ginger clasped his nose with both hands, gurgling. Dainty struggled with Streaky and Sandy, and they had their hands full.

"Ow!" gasped Ginger. "Wow! Oh, my nose! Ooooh! Hold him—pin him. We'll duck his head in the ditch!"

He lent his aid, and three pairs of hands jerked Jim Dainty towards the ditch that flowed by the roadside. He resisted fiercely. But Ginger & Co. were too much for him. He was on the verge of the flowing ditch, and in

another moment his face would have been dipped in it; but at that moment he slipped out of his overcoat, and, leaving it in the hands of the Redmayes trio, sprinted for the school gates.

"After him!" shrieked Ginger. Ginger's nose was fearfully painful, and he wanted vengeance.

The overcoat was dropped to the ground, and the Redmayes trio rushed after Dainty. Jim had a start, and he was as fleet of foot as any junior at Grimslade. He reached the gates well ahead, and charged in breathlessly. Naturally he did not know that Fenwick of the Fifth was just coming out—not till he established contact.

"Oh!" gasped Fenwick, as he went spinning.

"Oh, my hat!" panted Jim.

He reeled back from the shock, as the Fifth Form man sprawled on his back. But he recovered in a moment, and sprinted on. Fenwick was sprawling in the gateway, and Ginger & Co. came tearing in. Ginger stumbled over him headlong, and sprawled. Streaky and Sandy stumbled over both of them. There was a fearful yell from Fenwick as the three crashed.

He wriggled frantically under them.

"What the thump!" gasped Ginger. "You silly ass, wharrer you lying down in the gateway for? Can't you go to bed if you're tired? Come on, you men!"

Ginger & Co. scrambled up, and—perhaps by accident—trod on the Fifth Form man in turn as they resumed the chase. Fenwick was rather muddy, very dizzy, and in a fearfully bad temper when he got to his feet at last. He glared round after the Redmayes three; but they were already distant, hot on the track of Dainty.

Fenwick, snapping his teeth, tramped on out of gates and down the lane. At a little distance from the school he stopped and stared at an overcoat lying by the roadside. He had noticed that Jim Dainty wore no coat, and it was easy to guess whose this was. He stooped and glanced at the tag in the

coat collar to make sure. "J. Dainty" was the name there.

A gleam came into his eyes.

He gave a quick glance up and down the lane. There was no one in sight. He needed only a moment. His first attempt had been partially a failure, owing to Fritz Splitz. He had been looking for another chance, and now he found it unexpectedly.

Swiftly he took a cardboard box of cigarettes from his pocket, and slipped it into the inside of the coat. It was a small, flat box, and contained only four or five cigarettes. Jim Dainty was not likely to observe it there unless he put his hand into the pocket—which was unlikely as it had been empty.

Dropping the coat where he had found it, Fenwick walked quickly away.

Meanwhile, Jim Dainty, without giving a thought to his old enemy, was sprinting across the quad with Ginger & Co. on his track. Two or three Redmayes fellows, at a shout from Ginger, cut him off from White's House.

Dainty raced round the gym, and sprinted along the Big School, rather enjoying the exercise in the frosty air, and quite pleased to give the Redmayes fellows a run. It was rather unfortunate that Sammy Sparshott stepped out of Big School as they came tearing by. Sammy raised his hand.

"Stop!"

The hunted and the hunters halted breathlessly. Dr. Sparshott gave them a genial grin.

"Racing about the quad is against the rules, boys," said Sammy. "In life exuberance of youth you have forgotten that! What? Quite so! But you shall have all the exercise you want." He glanced at his watch. "It is now two-fifteen—class, I think, for your Form, is at two-forty-five?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Dainty.

"You have half an hour," said the genial Sammy. "You will spend it in running to and fro between the chapel and the gym—you will be out of the way there. I shall ask Trafford to keep an eye on you, and if you stop, come to my study for a licking! Start!"

"Oh, crikey!" groaned Ginger.

This was one of Sammy Sparshott's genial ways—making the punishment fit the crime, as he called it. Sammy had a sense of humour.

Dainty looked at the Redmayes three, and they looked at him, and then they trotted up and down between the gym and the chapel. Trafford of the Sixth, grinning, kept an eye on them—and so did half Grimslade. Up and down, up and down, went the four, amid shouts of laughter.

"Ach! Tat Sammy, he is ferry funny!" chuckled Fritz Splitz.

Jim Dainty called to the fat German.

"Splitz, go and fetch my coat—I left it in the lane! I'll stand you a doughnut at tea."

"Ja wohl!" assented Fritz. He rolled away to the gates, leaving the rivals of Grimslade still trotting, watched by a laughing crowd.

It did not take Fritz Splitz long to find the coat. He picked it up, but he did not immediately return to the school with it. It was possible, indeed, quite probable, that there was a stick of toffee, or a bag of chocs, or something of the sort, in a fellow's coat pockets. Fritz von Splitz was not the man to leave it there.

"Goot!" ejaculated Fritz, as he took a packet of toffee from one pocket. In a remarkably short space of time the toffee disappeared into Fritz' capacious inside. Then he searched the other pockets.

"Ach, mein gootness!" he exclaimed, as a small, flat, cardboard box came to light. "Tat Tainty he says he do not smoke—and I find tесе smokes in his bucket! Tree—four—fife zigarettes! Mein gootness!"

Fritz, grinning, slipped that little box into his own pocket. He was going to smoke them later—but more carefully than before—one at a time. Slinging the coat over his arm, the fat Rhineland puffed back to the school.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a shout from the crowd that surrounded the four tired trotters. The first clang of the bell for afternoon school was heard, and the

punishment was over. Fritz handed Dainty his coat.

Jim Dainty slipped it on, and joined the crowd of fellows heading for Big School. In the big doorway stood Mr. White, with a grim expression on his face.

"Dainty!" he rapped out.

"Yes, sir?"

"Will you come with me to the headmaster?"

Jim's eyes gleamed. But he followed his Housemaster in silence, while the other fellows, wondering what was up, headed for the Form-rooms.

"Well?" asked Dr. Sparshott briefly.

Sammy was nearly due with the Sixth.

"Dr. Sparshott, twice this boy has been suspected, if not proved, to have cigarettes in his possession," said Mr. White. "I have now received unmistakable information that such is the case, and that he has them about him at the present moment."

"Indeed!" said Sammy, with a grim eye on Dainty.

Mr. White's statement was so explicit that Sammy Sparshott wondered whether, after all, his judgment had been at fault.

"A senior boy of my House, sir, has informed me—as was his duty—that such is the case. He actually saw Dainty with a box of cigarettes in his hand, shortly after dinner, and noticed that he replaced it in his pocket."

"What have you to say, Dainty?"

Jim's lip curled.

"I say that it's a lie, sir!" he answered coolly. "I can guess who told Mr. White—and Fenwick has told lies again, as he did the other day."

"Turn out your pockets!"

With set lips, Jim turned out his pockets. No cigarette came to light. Dr. Sparshott breathed a breath of relief. Every pocket on Jim Dainty was turned inside out. The articles that came to light, such as a penknife, a leather purse, a few coins, were certainly harmless enough. Mr. White watched him with eyes like a hawk.

"You may go, Dainty!" said Dr. Sparshott quietly.

Dainty left the study.

"What do you say now, White?"

"Either the boy is very much on his guard, or—or Fenwick was mistaken," said the Housemaster of White's reluctantly.

"Mistaken!" repeated Sammy Sparshott reflectively. "Um! Suspicion seems to be gathering on this boy Dainty—which, of course, confirms your faith in Fenwick! Um!"

Sammy's face was very thoughtful as he went to the Sixth Form-room.

CHAPTER 40.

The Wisdom of Sammy!

"LOOK out, Tainty!" grinned

Fritz Splitz.

"What?"

"Te Head is gumming!"

"What do I care, you fat freak?" growled Jim Dainty.

It was a couple of days later, and just before prep in the Houses at Grimslade, Mr. White had issued a sudden order for White's to assemble in Hall, and every man in the House was there, from the Second to the Sixth, wondering what it might portend.

When Dr. Sparshott was seen to enter it was realised that the matter was serious. And other fellows, as well as Fritz von Splitz, suspected that the Head's unexpected visit might have some connection with Jim Dainty. Cyril Fenwick, standing in his place with the Fifth, shot a swift glance at Dainty.

Behind Dr. Sparshott appeared his man Byles. Why Byles was there nobody could guess, unless he was wanted to "hoist" a culprit for a flogging. Quite a number of fellows jumped to the conclusion that Jim Dainty was "for it." Dainty himself wondered. Sammy's "down" on secret smoking in the school was well known; and all over Grimslade Jim was under suspicion on that score.

Dr. Sparshott's keen eye roved over the assembled House.

"All here, Mr. White?"

"I have called the roll, sir."

"Very good. Boys of White's house," barked Sammy, in a dead silence, "you are all aware that it is strictly forbidden at Grimslade for any boy, of any Form, to have tobacco of any sort in his possession. I have reason to suspect that cigarettes will be found in a study in this House, and I am here to search that study in the presence of your Housemaster."

"Poor old Tainty!" murmured Fritz.

Many glances turned on Jim. His face flushed. Mr. White, watching him, thought he knew the meaning of that crimson flush. It was a sign of guilt to him.

"The House will remain here while the search is made," said Dr. Sparshott, and he turned and walked away with Mr. White, followed by Byles.

There was a buzz as the two masters disappeared. Nobody doubted which study they were heading for, and few doubted what they would discover there. Least of all, Fenwick of the Fifth. Fenwick had only too good reason to know that a box of smokes was hidden under a heap of papers in Jim Dainty's desk—not likely to be discovered there except by a search. And now the search was going to be made officially.

"You're for it, Dainty!" said Puley.

"You silly owl!" answered Jim.

"The beak's welcome to anything he finds in my study."

"Wait till he's through!" grinned Fenwick.

"Rats to you!"

"Order there!" growled Yorke of the Sixth.

All White's waited tensely. The footsteps of the masters died away. Mr. White turned into the junior passage, and then looked back. Dr. Sparshott, at the corner, was turning into the senior passage.

"Not that way, sir!" said Mr. White, in surprise.

"Eh?"

Sammy looked round at him with an innocent smile.

"Dainty's study is in the junior passage, sir," said Mr. White, wondering how on earth the Head could have forgotten his way about the House.

"Oh, precisely!" said Dr. Sparshott. "But I am not going to Dainty's study, White. Pray come with me!"

In blank astonishment, Billy White followed the Head, Byles bringing up the rear.

Dr. Sparshott stopped at the door of a Fifth Form study.

"Really, sir," said Mr. White, "I fail to understand! It is surely your intention to make the search in Dainty's study?"

"I think it would be useless, White," said Sammy, shaking his head.

"On the contrary, sir, I have little doubt—I have no doubt—that a rigorous search of Dainty's study would reveal hidden cigarettes!" said Mr. White, with emphasis.

"Very probably!" assented the surprising headmaster of Grimslade. "Yet I think the search would be useless there."

"The House has been taken without warning. No one has had an opportunity of removing any article from a study. Dainty is under suspicion. You admit that it is probable that such articles may be found there."

"But no indication of the person who placed them there, White."

"Wha-a-at?"

"For that," said Sammy urbanely, "we must search elsewhere."

Mr. White could only gasp. The Head seemed to have taken his breath away. In dumb astonishment he followed Dr. Sparshott into Fenwick's study in the Fifth. At a sign from Sammy, Byles began to search that study.

Seniors at Grimslade had studies to themselves. Fenwick's was—on a superficial inspection—a model of order. Fenwick was a careful fellow; he had to be, considering his ways, and the ways of his headmaster. All was neat and tidy, and a "Livy" lay open

on the table, with pencil notes on a margin—to catch any eye that glanced in and show what a studious fellow Fenwick was!

Mr. White glanced at it with approval; Sammy with a doubting eye.

Dr. Sparshott walked about the study while Byles searched. Nothing was locked—everything in Fenwick's study was open to inspection—really, it looked as if Fenwick courted inquiry! Byles discovered nothing—as the Housemaster was convinced he would not. Mr. White permitted himself a slightly derisive smile as the man paused at last. Sammy did not seem to observe it.

"Byles!" he barked.

"Sir!"

"In this corner the floor seemed to creak a little under my tread. Examine it."

Dr. Sparshott had been tramping quite heavily. No doubt he had had his reasons. Byles turned back Fenwick's handsome and tidy study carpet. Mr. White barely suppressed a grunt of impatience.

There was a short section of floor-boarding in that corner. Seemingly it was nailed down as securely as the rest of the floor to the joists below. Every nail was in its place. But quite a curious expression came over Byles' rather wooden face as he examined it.

"This board is loose, sir!"

"Quite!" said Sammy. "The heads of the nails have been very cleverly left—bright, very bright idea! But not bright enough!"

"Really, sir——" protested Mr. White.

"Take up the board, Byles."

Byles prised up the short section of board. Under the floor was a dusty and rather cobwebby space. Full in view was a biscuit tin. There were no biscuits in the tin. It was obviously a receptacle for other things.

Byles, in silence, lifted it out and placed it on the table. Mr. White gazed into it in stupefaction, Sammy Sparshott with a grim smile. There was a folded pink sporting paper, with

names of horses in the list pencil-marked. There was a box of "Golden Bough" Virginia cigarettes, containing at least two or three dozen, though many had been used. There was a pack of playing-cards in a cardboard box.

"Good heavens!" breathed Mr. White.

"Byles, kindly fetch Fenwick here! Step into Mr. White's study on your way back for a cane. White, my dear fellow, I wonder whether, if any smokes were found in Dainty's study, they would be the 'Golden Bough' brand. I think it probable. What?"

"Dr. Sparshott! You suspect——" Billy White could only gasp.

"No!" contradicted Sammy. "I don't suspect! I know."

They waited for Fenwick!

"Mein boor Tainty, I tink tat Pyles be gum for you!" murmured Fritz Splitz.

"Fathead!" growled Dainty.

All eyes were turned on the Head's man. Most of the fellows thought that he had come for Jim Dainty. Fenwick of the Fifth certainly did. But Byles' wooden face did not turn towards the juniors.

"Master Fenwick!"

The Fifth Form sportsman gave a jump.

"Please follow me, sir! Dr. Sparshott's orders."

Fenwick stared at him. The colour wavered in his cheek. In silence, with faltering steps, he followed Byles from the hall.

What Dr. Sparshott said to Fenwick the House did not hear. But they heard what followed.

They were far from the studies; but the fearful yells that came from Cyril Fenwick reached all ears.

It was uncommon at Grimslade for a senior to be "whopped." Sammy did not like the job. Perhaps for that reason he laid it on the harder. Anyhow, he laid it on frightfully hard!

Sammy was an athlete; and if the

Fifth Form sportsman had not known it before, he would have discovered it now! But even Sammy, athletic as he was, was a little tired by the time he had finished. Fenwick was more than tired—he was almost tired of life!

Fellows who looked in on Fenwick, after Sammy was gone, found him moaning and groaning and mumbling. The next day he looked pale and worn. He wondered savagely how Sammy had found him out—and he had to admit that Sammy was too deep for him.

Dainty's study was never searched—the hidden cigarettes in the desk remained there, till Jim came on them by accident a week later, and wondering how the dickens they had got there, threw them into the fire. He never knew what Sammy knew! But he found that his Housemaster was coming to look upon him with a more kindly and tolerant eye, and—without knowing how—he guessed that he owed it to Sammy!

CHAPTER 41.

Startling Sammy!

"TAINTY! Vat you got in tat pag?"

"Shut up, ass, buzz off!" grunted Jim Dainty.

But Fritz Splitz wanted to know.

When a fellow slipped into Grimslade School over the wall of the school field, instead of coming in at the gates, and when that fellow had a bag under his arm, it meant only one thing. That fellow was smuggling something into the school surreptitiously.

To the obtuse German mind of Fatty Fritz there was only one thing that any fellow in his right senses would take the trouble and risk of smuggling into school. That was tuck.

To Fritz tuck was the beginning and end of all things. He lived, moved and had his fat being in tuck. His saucer-eyes fixed longingly on the bag.

"Mein goot friend Tainty, let me garry tat pag for you," said Fritz.

Jim Dainty dropped from the wall, bag in hand. It was a small bag, but

it was packed full. The fat heart of Friedrich von Splitz yearned over it.

"Mein goot Tainty, it is against te rules to smuggle in duck!" he said. "I will take all te risk of garrying tat pag to te House."

Jim Dainty laughed. The bag was packed with fireworks. It was the day before the great and glorious Fifth. Grimslade fellows were not permitted to lay in fireworks before the day came. Jim Dainty was learning discipline at Grimslade, but he was still rather a law unto himself in some things. Even Fatty Fritz would not have wanted to devour the contents of the paper bag had he known their nature.

Three figures came trotting along the wall—Ginger Rawlinson, Bacon, and Bean, of Redmayes House. Evidently they had spotted the junior of White's House climbing in.

"Bag him!" shouted Ginger. "Bag his bag!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Jim Dainty hurriedly thrust the bag into Fritz' ready hands.

"Cut off to the House and shove that in No. 10!" he exclaimed, and he jumped to face the Redmayes trio.

In a moment he was mixed up with Ginger & Co. in a wild and whirling combat.

Fritz did not linger. He had no taste for scrimmages, and he believed that there was tuck in the brown paper bag. He flew. Behind him there was a scuffling and tramping, a thumping and a bumping. Jim Dainty was hotly engaged keeping Ginger busy. Fritz put on speed.

But it was a case of more haste and less speed. Dr. Sparshott, Head of Grimslade, was coming out of White's House as Fritz von Splitz rushed up the steps. "Sammy" Sparshott barely dodged the fat Rhinelander's charge, caught him by the collar as he passed, and Fritz spun round like a humming-top.

"Ach himmel! Let go, you peast and a prute!" gasped Fritz. The next moment he recognised the Head. "Ach! Mein gootness!"

"What have you got there, Splitz?" asked Sammy, with an eye on the bag. "Notting!" gasped Fritz. "Tat is not a pag of duck, sir! Ach, nein! In tat pag tere are only poots—mein football poots!"

"Bring them to my study!" said Sammy grimly.

"Ach!" groaned Fritz.

The Head walked away with his long strides to Big School. Fritz trailed after him dismally.

He followed Sammy Sparshott into his study. There he stood before the Head, the paper bag in his podgy hand, his saucer-eyes blinking uneasily at Sammy's face.

"Splitz!" said the Head severely. "You are aware that it is against the rules to smuggle tuck into the school?"

"Ach! Ja wohl! I smuggle not duck!" gasped Fritz. "In tat pag tere are only some poots tat I have porrowed."

"It is still more seriously against the rules of Grimslade to tell untruths, Splitz."

"Ach! Mein Housemaster he tell you tat I am te most trootful poy in te House, sir."

"There is food in that bag!" said Sammy sternly. "Now, then—yes or no?"

"Ach! Ja!" groaned Fritz. "Only a leetle duck, sir."

"Precisely," said Dr. Sparshott. "You are a greedy boy, Splitz! You eat far too much! Place that bag on the fire!"

"Vat?" gasped Fritz in horror. "Ach, sir. Tere are gakes and puns and tough-nuts and tings—"

"Put it on the fire!"

Fritz groaned.

A bright fire blazed in the Head's grate; it was a cold, misty, November day. Dr. Sparshott pointed to it with a stern finger. If there was tuck in that bag this was the direst punishment that could have been devised for the greedy German junior. Fritz' feelings as he saw cakes and buns and doughnuts consumed by the flames would have been harrowing.

Groaning, Fritz approached the fire. He cast a last appealing blink from his saucer-eyes over his shoulder.

"Ach, sir! I tink—I tink—if you please, goot sir—"

"Put it on the fire!" barked Sammy, his hand reaching for a cane.

Fritz Splitz hesitated no longer. With a dismal groan, he dropped the brown paper bag into the midst of the glowing embers.

"Now you may go!" said Dr. Sparshott. "And remember—"

Bang!

Sammy broke off with a jump.

Squizzzzz!

"Why—what—" gasped Dr Sparshott.

Bang, bang, bang, bang!

"What the deuce—what—"

"Ach himmel! Donner und blitzen! Whooop!" spluttered Fritz.

Bang, squish, bang, squizzz! Whoosh! Bang, bang, bang!

Dropping a bag of fireworks into the middle of a glowing fire could have only one possible result. The result happened at once!

There were crackers, and squibs, and Roman candles—all sorts of fireworks in that bag. The flames licked through the paper and reached the fireworks all at once. They exploded merrily!

Roaring crackers, fizzing squibs jumped out of the fire; fragments of coal, dust and ashes rained over the study; smoke poured out in a volume. Dr. Sparshott stared at the explosion transfixed, till a fizzing squib caught him under the chin and a jumping cracker landed on his ear. Then Sammy jumped as actively as the cracker.

"What—what—you young rascal! Fireworks—oh—ah—whooop!" gasped the Head of Grimslade as he jumped clear of the floor. He landed again on a repeating cracker, which cracked as he landed; and he jumped again, and the cracker jumped and exploded again between his knees. Sammy stumbled over and fell and the cracker exploded once more on the back of his neck.

"Ach! Mein gootness! Tat vas not duck—tat vas fireworks! Mein goot-

ness! Shave me!" yelled Fritz, staggering away from the exploding mass. "Fire! Help! I am burned to death! I am plown to pits! Shave mein life! Ach!"

He staggered over the Head and fell across him. Dr. Sparshott scrambled to his feet red with wrath. He grasped Fritz by the collar and jerked him up. With the other hand he grasped his cane. Crackers were still cracking, squibs were still squibbing, dust and smoke and the smell of gunpowder filled the study. But Sammy Sparshott did not heed them. He gave his attention to Fritz von Splitz.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Ach! Mein gootness! Leaf off!" shrieked Fritz. "Pang me not on mein trousers! Yarooooch!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Bang, bang, bang! Bang! BANG!

It was rather lucky for Fritz that a jumping cracker, hurling out of the terrific explosion, landed banging on Sammy Sparshott's ear! Sammy released the howling Fritz—and Fritz made one jump for the door. He got out of the door and fled. Behind him in the Head's study sounded banging and squizzing and fizzing, but Fritz did not stop to listen.

CHAPTER 42.

Quick Work!

"YOU howling ass!" growled Jim Dainty.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dick

Dawson.

"Ach! I tink tat it vas duck, and tat Sammy he tink tat it vas duck!" groaned Fritz Splitz in No. 10 Study in White's House. "Mein gootness! Te study was almost plown to pits!"

"Ha, ha, ha,!" yelled Dawson.

Jim Dainty grinned.

"Must have made Sammy jump!" he said. "But all my fireworks are gone. I blew a whole quid on them. Look here, it's the fault of those Redmayes ticks. They were going to raid the bag when they grabbed me. Tit for tat is a

good rule. Ten to one Ginger's got his fireworks ready in his study. I'm going to see."

"Good egg!" agreed Dawson.

It was dusky and misty in the quad when the chums of No. 10 left the House. It was close on lock-up, and most of the Grimslade fellows were in the Houses. Nobody saw the two White's juniors as they arrived under the window of Ginger Rawlinson's study in Redmayes House. That window was dark; Ginger & Co. were not at home yet. In less than a minute Jim Dainty had the sash up, and was clambering in. Dick Dawson followed him, and they stood in the dusky study.

In the passage outside the study door they could hear a good many voices. But the door was shut.

"Buck up!" breathed Jim. "They may come in any minute."

It was likely enough that Ginger & Co. had laid in their fireworks—in spite of the rules. But if so, they were sure to be packed out of sight somewhere. Rules at Grimslade were rather severely enforced. Jim Dainty and Dawson lost no time in rooting through the study. There was no time for ceremony—which was no doubt the reason why they scattered things left and right, tipped the coal bucket on to the floor and upset the inkpot over the table. Little accidents like this could not be helped—especially in a House raid!

"Where the dickens—" grunted Jim, after ten minutes' vain search. "Oh, my ha! Cave! Beaks!"

The door-handle turned. At the same moment the voice of Mr. Redmayes, the Housemaster, was heard. Another moment and he would have discovered the two White's juniors in the study. But a moment was enough for Jim Dainty and his comrade. Jim dragged Dick Dawson to the study table and they plunged under it. It was the only cover available—and they hoped for the best.

The two juniors were crouching under the table as Mr. Redmayes stepped in and switched on the light. They had a view of his legs and his gown as he

came in. Fortunately, he had no view of them. Trafford, the captain of Grimslade, a prefect, followed him in.

"Kindly search the study, Trafford," said Mr. Redmayes. "If there are any fireworks, they must be discovered and confiscated. Dr. Sparshott has ordered a search of all junior studies in both Houses—it seems that there was an explosion in his study, caused by some White's junior smuggling in fireworks."

Evidently Sammy was on the war-path! Under the study table Jim Dainty and Dawson tried to still their breathing. Trafford moved about the room, looking into all sorts of likely and unlikely places. The White's juniors could only hope that he would not think of looking under the table! Mr. Redmayes sat on the edge of the table, supervising the search. He had to go through study after study, searching for contraband, and he was beginning with Ginger's—rather unfortunately for the raiders from White's.

"No fireworks here, sir!" said the Sixth-Former at last. "I think I've looked everywhere. May as well look under the table, though."

Dawson's jaw dropped.

The game was up!

Trafford was stooping to glance under the table when Jim Dainty suddenly rose to his feet, his shoulders planted firmly against the table above him.

What happened next seemed like an earthquake to Mr. Redmayes.

The table he was sitting on suddenly heaved beneath him, slanting, and pitching him off feet-first.

"Good gracious—what——" gasped the Housemaster as he shot forward.

He sprawled over, throwing out his arms wildly to save himself. One of his arms caught Trafford round the neck.

Trafford went over backwards with a yell, and the astounded Housemaster sprawled over him. Trafford crashed on the floor, Mr. Redmayes crashed on Trafford, and the next moment the overturned table crashed on Mr. Redmayes. Jim Dainty caught Dawson's arm.

"Quick!" he hissed.

With a single leap he was through the open window and landed in the quad outside. A second later Dawson was at his side.

Wild yelling came from the study they had left.

"Hook it!" gasped Jim.

They ran for their lives.

In Ginger's study Mr. Redmayes, in a state of dizzy amazement, hurled the table off and sat up dazedly. A gurgling sound of suffocation came from beneath him. He was sitting on the head prefect's face, though he did not realise it at the moment.

"Urrrrrggggh!" came from Trafford. He wriggled wildly.

"Ooooooooooh!" yelled the Housemaster of Redmayes suddenly. "What—what—I am bitten—whooooop!"

He leaped up as if electrified.

"What—Trafford—how dare you—yaroooh! Ow! Upon my word! I am bitten——"

"Urrgh! You were suffocating me, sir—sorry——"

"Really, Trafford——" Mr. Redmayes wriggled quite painfully. "Really—upon my word—but who—what——" He ran to the open window, catching a glimpse of two dim figures vanishing in the misty quad. "There were two boys here—under the table—White's boys—they are running in that direction. Carry on with the search, Trafford—I shall go over to Mr. White's house at once."

Those words reached the ears of the two juniors fleeing in the dusk. Jim Dainty grabbed his chum's arm and drew him quickly away from the path to White's House doorway.

"You ass!" gasped Dawson. "Quick—we shall be nailed——"

"This way, fatted!"

Jim Dainty rushed away to the windows of the Fourth-Form studies in White's House, dragging Dawson after him. They stopped under the window of No. 10. The light was on in the study and they could see Fritz Splitz within. Jim tapped on the lower pane and saw Fritz give a startled

jump and spin round towards the window.

"Good egg!" gasped Dawson. "Old Redmayes won't be a minute behind us, and if we were seen going in——"

Tap, tap!

Fritz von Splitz came over to the study window. His fat features were flattened on the glass as he peered out into the dusk in surprise. Jim Dainty tapped and tapped again, impatiently, but the fat Rhinelander was slow on the uptake. He continued to peer with his saucer eyes.

"Duck!" breathed Jim, as footsteps were heard coming from the direction of Redmayes House.

The two juniors crouched below the window-sill. There the thickening dusk screened them as Mr. Redmayes came striding wrathfully up to White's House. He passed in at the doorway and the juniors rose again. Jim glared at the fat face flattened on the inside of the pane, and tapped so forcibly that the pane cracked. Fritz jumped back with a startled yell.

"Ach himmel! Vat vas tat pefore?"

"Let us in, you dummy!" yelled Jim.

"Mein gootness! Is tat Tainty? Is tat Tawson!" Fritz Splitz lifted the sash at last and peered out. "Is tat Tainty and Tawson? Vy for you gum to te vindow instead of te door—Ach! Vy for you pang me on to pokko, you peast and a prute?" roared Fritz.

Fritz did not seem to realise that he was in the way of the juniors clambering in. Perhaps he realised it, however, as he received a fierce smite on his fat nose. He staggered back across Vy for you pang me on te pokko, you hands, roaring.

The juniors scrambled in, closed the window, and drew the blind. They could hear voices outside the study.

"Better be busy with something when they look in!" breathed Jim.

"Rag that fat Boche! The idiot nearly got us spotted!"

"Good egg!" chuckled Dawson.

Footsteps were approaching the study. Jim Dainty and Dawson collared Fritz von Splitz, and the fat Rhinelander

bumped on the floor. He roared as he bumped, and roared again as his podgy nose was tapped on the carpet. He was wriggling and roaring wildly when the door opened and Mr. White looked in, with Mr. Redmayes by his side.

"What is this?" exclaimed the Housemaster of White's sharply. "What——"

"Ach! I am pang on mein pokko—I am pumped on te floor—I have no more te breff——"

"Cease this horseplay at once," said Mr. White, and he passed on with the other Housemaster to look into other studies and ascertain which juniors were out of the House. The busy scene going on in No. 10 had disarmed suspicion of that study!

No juniors were found out of the House. The identity of the raggers in Ginger's study remained a mystery.

CHAPTER 43.

Some Guy!

"DAINTY!" gasped Bacon and Bean together.

"Just Dainty!" said Ginger Rawlinson, with cheerful coolness. "Why not?"

"Streaky" Bacon and Sandy Bean could only stare at their great leader.

It was the following day—the Fifth of November. Classes were over, the early dusk was falling, and most Grimslade fellows were thinking of the celebration to come. Mrs. Sykes, at the school shop, had almost sold out of fireworks.

In the school field, rival bonfires were already being stacked up—ready for lighting. Sammy Sparshott had given some of the prefects a hint to keep an eye on the proceedings, lest the rival celebrations should develop into a House rag, and perhaps a battle royal between "Reds" and "Whites."

White's juniors were going to parade a "guy" got up in the brightest red, in derision of Redmayes House. Redmayes juniors were thinking of a guy in spotless white, for similar reasons. But

Ginger Rawlinson was thinking of more than that—under Ginger's mop of red hair there was a remarkably active brain. Ginger was the man for startling stunts.

"Just Dainty!" repeated Ginger. "We bag him, bung him into the tool-shed, where we parked our fireworks—lucky we did, as it turned out—and there we fix him up. A few sheets tied round him and a Guy Fawkes mask on his face—what? We're going to have a live guy this time, and it's going to be a White's man! Just Dainty."

"You ass!" gasped Streaky. "Think he won't yell his head off, and bring all the other ticks on to us!"

"Not with a duster in his mouth," said Ginger calmly.

"Oh, crikey!" ejaculated Sandy Bean.

"Whisper it to the fellows—mind a single syllable doesn't get to a White's man, though," grinned Ginger. "We're going to parade Dainty as our jolly old guy—it will be no end of a score over White's. We won't burn him on the bonfire, of course—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They'll be just hopping mad when they know! What?"

Ginger & Co. sallied forth to look for Jim Dainty. Redmayes fellows simply chortled at the idea of making a guy of the junior leader of White's House. They agreed that it was the catch of the season. But "bagging" Jim Dainty seemed to some of them a doubtful proposition. He was not a fellow to be easily bagged.

But fortune smiled on Ginger. Jim Dainty seemed to play into his hands. Scouting in the quad, looking for him, Ginger & Co. spotted him slipping away quietly in the direction of the tool-shed. Amazed at their good luck, they followed on.

Jim entered the tool-shed, and turned on an electric torch. He had a suspicion where Ginger & Co. had parked their fireworks. He was there to look for them. He was not given much time, however. Three figures rushed in at the open doorway; Sandy Bean jerked the torch from his hand, and Ginger

and Bacon grasped him and up-ended him on the cement floor.

"Got him!" chortled Ginger.

Jim Dainty, taken by surprise, struggled frantically. There was a roar from Ginger as he captured a hefty punch with his nose, and a howl from Streaky as he caught an elbow with his eye. But they had him down, and kept him down. Sandy stuck the torch into a crevice, and came to the aid of his comrades. Resisting valiantly, Jim was overpowered.

"You silly chumps!" he panted. "What's this game? What do you want?"

"We want you," chuckled Ginger, "and we've jolly well got you! You're our guy!"

"What?" yelled Dainty.

"Stick something in his potato-trap! He makes too much noise!" said Sandy Bean. "We don't want the whole crew here!"

"Look here," gasped Jim, struggling.

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"You—ooogh—groooogh!" A folded, and rather dusty, duster was crammed into his mouth.

He gurgled into silence. Bacon and Bean, grinning, sat on him, while Ginger cut up a box-ropo and tied his hands and feet. Jim Dainty spluttered and gurgled; but he could do nothing more.

"Keep him there!" chuckled Ginger. "I'll be back in a tick!"

He cut out of the tool-shed. Jim Dainty wriggled helplessly under Bacon and Bean till he returned. He came back with a couple of sheets, borrowed—without permission—from the dormitory.

Jim Dainty was hoisted to his feet. The sheets were draped round him, and pinned on with safety-pins. Over his white drapery, his face was crimson with wrath. But his face disappeared from view as Ginger fastened a Guy Fawkes mask over it. Only through the eye-openings of the mask his eyes gleamed and glared.

"Here's another guy!" chortled Ginger.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gurgle! came from under the mask.

"Shove him in the chair!"

An ancient chair had been fastened on two poles—rather like a sedan—for carrying the effigy. Jim Dainty was lifted into it, and more lengths of box-ropo fastened him to it securely.

The Redmayes trio chortled gleefully. Ginger looked at his watch.

"You men cut off and tell the fellows to be ready," he said. "It's turned half-past five, and we light up the bonfire at six. I'll stop here and keep an eye on our jolly old guy!"

"Right-ho!"

Bacon and Bean strolled away, leaving Ginger Rawlinson on guard over that remarkable guy. They grinned cheerily as they walked back to Redmayes House. Undoubtedly Ginger's stunt was the catch of the season, and it had worked, so far, like a charm!

Dick Dawson called to them in the quad.

"Seen Dainty?"

"Dainty!" answered Streaky Bacon, with a wink at Bean. "Dainty! Have you lost him? Yes, I've seen him."

"Where?" asked Dawson.

"In the Form-room!"

"What the thump's he doing in the Form-room?"

"Better ask him."

Dawson, rather puzzled, hurried away towards Big School. Bacon and Bean walked on to their House.

"I suppose I wasn't bound to mention that it was two hours ago that I saw Dainty in the Form-room!" remarked Streaky thoughtfully. And Sandy Bean chuckled.

It did not take Dick Dawson long to discover that Jim Dainty was not in the Form-room. He looked for him in the School field, where crowds of fellows were gathering, without finding him. Then, more puzzled than ever, he went back to White's House.

"Seen Dainty, Fritz?"

"Plow Tainty," answered Fritz Splitz morosely. "Tat Tainty he ask me to lend him mein face for a Guy Fawkes guy—he say tat it is chust like it. He is chelous of a good-looking Cherman. I tink——"

"Fathead! Where on earth is the fellow?" exclaimed Dawson. "He told me he was going to the tool-shed to look for Ginger's fireworks there—but he can't be there all this time! Where the thump has he got to?"

Fritz Splitz grinned.

"Perhaps tey find him looking for te firevorks, and giff him chip!" he said. "If tey giff him chip, I hope tey giff him plenty of chip."

"Oh!" ejaculated Dawson. He called three or four fellows, and they hurried away from the House together. It was possible that, as Fritz suggested, Redmayes fellows had happened on Dainty and were giving him "jip"!

Dawson, Pulley, Bates, and Tucker came up to the tool-shed at a run. Through the open doorway came a gleam of light. Ginger Rawlinson jumped up from a bench as they looked in. Dainty was not to be seen, but the

guy sitting in the chair was very much in evidence.

"Here, you White's ticks clear off!" exclaimed Ginger, in alarm.

"So that's your guy, is it?" said Dick Dawson, staring at the figure draped in white. "Well, we'll jolly well smash it up for you. Sit on that Redmayes tick, you men, while I break up that rotten guy into little pieces!"

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Ginger.

He made a rush for the doorway to yell for help. But Tucker, Bates and Pulley had him on the floor in a twinkling and sat on his back, rubbing his nose on the cement. Suffocated howls came from the hapless Ginger.

Dick Dawson wanted to find Dainty, but he was more than willing to spend a few minutes wrecking the Redmayes guy. He grasped it and dragged it over on the floor with a crash.

The next instant he gave a yell of amazement.

A horrible gurgle came from the sprawling guy.

Dawson fairly jumped.

"Why, it—it—it's alive!" he gasped.

"What!"

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle!

The White's juniors stared at the guy in amazement, and something like horror. It was the surprise of their lives.

"Let that guy alone!" gasped Ginger.

"Let—oooh! Ow! Wow!" His face was rubbed on the cement again, and he spluttered into silence.

Dick Dawson tore the mask from the face of the gurgling effigy. A crimson, human face was revealed.

"Dainty!" gasped Dawson.

Gurgle!

Dawson tore the duster from Jim's mouth, gazing at him almost in stupefaction as he did so. Dainty panted for breath.

"Cut me loose!" he gasped.

"Oh, crumbs! What the thump——"

"Get me loose, you ass!"

Dawson opened his pocket-knife and cut the ropes. Jim Dainty staggered to his feet, panting.

"But what——" gasped Dawson.

"They'd fixed me up for a guy!" panted Jim. "Thank goodness you came along! Keep hold of that tick Rawlinson! I want him!"

"What for?"

"Tit for tat! Sauce for the gander!" answered Jim. "They're going to have a guy—but it isn't going to be me—it's going to be Ginger! Catch on!"

"Oh, crumbs! Ha, ha, ha!"

And no time was lost.

CHAPTER 44.

Turning the Tables!

GINGER RAWLINSON struggled frantically. Ginger was a hefty fellow, and there was plenty of beef in him. He put all his beef into a desperate resistance.

But it was in vain!

Four pairs of hands were on him, and they were much too much even for the strenuous Ginger. His hands were tied behind him, his ankles knotted together, and the duster was crammed into his gaping mouth and tied there with a string round his head. Then the Guy Fawkes mask was fastened on his red and furious face, and the sheets were draped round him and pinned.

Then he was sat in the ancient chair and tied fast to it. Jim Dainty & Co. chortled explosively.

Ginger now presented exactly the same aspect that Jim Dainty had presented in the same position. There was nothing to reveal that a change had been made in the guy. The suffocated gurgle that came from under the mask might have been anybody's gurgle!

"That's that!" chuckled Jim Dainty. "They can have their guy. I wish them joy of him! Hook it before they butt in."

The White's juniors mingled with the crowd, some of whom had donned Guy Fawkes masks, and Jim Dainty did the same, lest any Redmayes' eye should fall on him. His escape was not to be discovered yet; that would have spoiled the jest.

Ginger Rawlinson, left alone in the toolshed, with feelings that could not have been described in words, was furious. He wriggled desperately, but he was safely tied—as safely as Jim had been—and he could hardly stir a limb. He chewed frantically on the gag, but he could emit no sound save a horrible gurgle. He waited in dire apprehension for his friends to arrive—watching the doorway through the eyeholes of the mask.

Ten minutes later there was a tramp of feet. Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean came in, with a swarm of Redmayes' fellows at their heels. There was a roar of laughter at the sight of the guy.

"Is that Dainty?" exclaimed several voices.

"That's Dainty!" chuckled Streaky. "Some guy, what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But where's Ginger?" asked Sandy. "He said he was going to stay here and keep an eye on the guy."

"Well, he's not here now. Get going."

Before and behind the ancient chair in which the effigy sat three or four fellows lifted the poles. The guy swung up into the air and swayed to and fro. Ginger gurgled wildly. A fall on the cement floor would not have been agreeable. Desperately he strove to get rid of the gag. But he strove in vain.

"Careful!" exclaimed Sandy. "Don't brain the chap on the floor! Remember that the jolly old guy is alive."

"Steady on!" chortled Streaky.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The effigy was steadied, the poles resting on many shoulders. Then the Redmayes crowd marched out with their guy. Streaky Bacon stalked ahead, blowing on a tin trumpet. Sandy Bean followed him, beating a drum. After them came a crowd with the effigy high in their midst. In a few minutes they were in the quad, which was illuminated by a red glare from

the school field, where the bonfires were now lighted and blazing.

"Right round the quad!" shouted Streaky. "Take him under the windows of White's House."

"Hurray!"

"Here's another guy!"

"Please to remember the Fifth of November!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The procession paraded on with the blare of the tin trumpet, a boom of the drum and a thunder of cheering.

Rather to the surprise of the Redmayes' crowd, White's juniors joined up in a swarm. They seemed to have forgotten their own guy and their own procession. They seemed to be willing to let Redmayes "guy" them with that white-clad effigy, and to join in the guying of their own House. Which was surprising enough to the Redmayes' crowd—who did not know what the White's crowd knew.

Redmayes' were laughing, but White's laughed still more uproariously. The procession passed round the quad, under the windows of both Houses. Then it headed for the school field. The bonfires were blazing merrily.

"Where the thump's Ginger?" exclaimed Streaky Bacon as the procession arrived at the Redmayes' bonfire. "He's missing all the fun!"

Gurgle! came from the effigy. Ginger was not missing the fun, though to him it did not seem funny!

"Ginger!" shouted Sandy Bean. "Ginger! Where's Ginger?"

But Ginger Rawlinson was not to be seen. Unaccountably he was absent. His friends shouted for him in vain, while the effigy swayed in the chair, and gurgled horribly.

"Shove that guy on the fire!" shouted a White's junior whose face was masked; and Streaky stared at him for a moment: his voice was so like Jim Dainty's!

"Shove it on!" roared Dick Dawson.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"We're not burning this guy!"

chuckled Streaky. "No fear! Where's that ass Ginger? He ought to be here to take its mask off."

"I'll take it off," said the White's junior, whose voice was so like Jim Dainty's, and Streaky stared at him again.

"Who the thump are you?" he snapped. "You let our guy alone! Who—oh, my hat! What——"

Streaky's eyes almost popped from his head as the White's junior removed his mask and revealed the grinning face of Jim Dainty.

Sandy Bean gave a startled yell.

"Dainty! That's Dainty!"

"Little me!" chuckled Jim, and there was a roar of laughter from the White's crowd.

Streaky and Sandy stared at him; the Redmayes' crowd stared at him. The ghost of Jim Dainty could not have startled them more. They had paraded that guy all round Grimslade in the belief that it was Jim Dainty. But evidently it wasn't, and couldn't be!

"That — that — that's Dainty!" gasped Streaky Bacon. "Then who—what——" He turned his startled eyes on the guy, and met a ferocious stare from the eyeholes of the mask on it.

"It—it—it's somebody!" articulated Sandy Bean. "But who—what——"

Gurgle! from the Guy.

"Take off the mask and see!" chuckled Jim Dainty. "Seen Ginger lately?"

"Ginger!" gasped Streaky.

He tore the mask from the face of the effigy! The face was revealed—the face of Ginger Rawlinson, crimson with fury.

"Ginger!" shrieked Sandy Bean. "Oh, crikey! We've been guying Ginger! Oh, my hat! Why, what——"

Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle!

Ginger was making frantic efforts to speak. The chair swayed as the Redmayes' juniors stared at him in stupefaction. There was a roar of merriment from the White's crowd.

"Here's another guy! Ha, ha, ha!"

Gurgle, gurgle!

Sandy Bean, like a fellow in a dream, jerked the gag away. Ginger Rawlinson found his voice.

"You silly idiots!"

"But what—how——"

"You burbling blighters!"

"But—oh, crikey—but—oh, crumbs!"

"You howling maniacs! Put me down!" shrieked Ginger. "Get me out of this! I'll punch your silly heads! I'll pulverise you! Guying your own pal, you blithering idiots! Put me down, blow you!"

The chair rocked to the ground amid amazed exclamations from Redmayes, and yells of laughter from White's.

"Here's another guy!"

"Ginger's the guy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ginger was released. He staggered from the chair. The first use he made of his freedom was to jump at Streaky and Sandy, grasp them both, and bring their heads together with a sounding concussion.

Crack!

"Whooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Prefects were on the spot to keep order between the rivals of Grimslade, Redmayes' and White's. But they found that they were needed to keep order between Ginger & Co.! Ginger and Streaky and Sandy were mixed up in a wild and whirling heap, the enraged Ginger pitching into his two old chums with terrific vim, while the crowd rocked with laughter. The prefects, laughing as loudly as the juniors, grasped them and dragged them apart at last.

With shouting and cheering, cracking of crackers and squibbing of squibs, the great and glorious Fifth was celebrated—but there was one fellow who did not share the general hilarity. And that one was Ginger, the Grimslade Guy!

DRAMAS OF THE DEEP!

WELL up in the list of man's most dangerous jobs must surely come that of the deep sea diver. Pluck, endurance, and patience are three qualities required in full measure by the men who make it their living to work in the green depths of Davy Jones' locker.

Daredevil Divers.

When the American submarine F4 disappeared off Honolulu Harbour, it was found that she had sunk to a depth of 304 feet, which meant that, to salvage her, divers would have to descend 94 feet more than had ever been accomplished before, the record at that time being a depth of 210 feet.

The deeper under the surface, the greater becomes the pressure of the water. To descend those extra 94 feet might mean that the divers were going to their deaths. But gallantly the first man went down, down; until he reached the sea-bed. At this depth he was almost unable to move owing to the terrific pressure, which threatened to crush the life out of him. But somehow he managed to locate the position of the wreck, and was then hauled to the surface again, after remaining below for ten minutes. He had broken the record, and done his bit towards setting the salvage operations in motion. But what pluck!

The F4 was eventually brought up to the surface, but not before one of the other divers passed through a terrible experience, which nearly cost him his life. He was 200 feet under the water when his lines became entangled. For two hours the unfortunate man was trapped at that depth, and when at last his comrades freed him he was almost on the point of death.

Then imagine the nerve-racking

ordeal of the diver who, engaged in salvaging the bullion on board the sunken liner *Laurentic*, found himself being dragged through the water by his life-line and air-pipe!

This happened during the Great War when German submarines were nosing about, looking for victims. The salvage ship had spotted an enemy craft, had hoisted anchor, and made a bolt for it, with the result that the luckless diver below had been tugged along through the water. Fortunately, the man was still alive when eventually taken on board.

A Share in the Spoils.

The salvaging of the *Laurentic's* treasure, amounting to £5,000,000, was spread over a number of years. She had been torpedoed off the rocky coast of Ireland, and many were the dangers and obstacles that had to be surmounted before success attended the efforts of the patient divers.

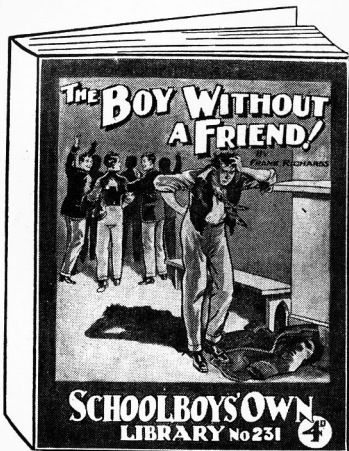
In all, £4,750,000 was recovered from the wreck, and the divers well deserved their share of the spoils—half-a-crown for every £100 brought up—which meant that they received £5,900 between them.

Frequently during salvage operations explosives have to be used—a dangerous proceeding for the divers engaged on the job. Disaster and tragedy overtook the Italian salvage vessel *Artiglio* when she had undertaken the task of blowing up a wrecked munitions ship—a relic of the War.

Once the explosive has been put in position, the divers are taken on board, and the salvage ship draws away out of the danger zone. In this case, naturally, every possible precaution was taken. Experiments indicated that the munitions on the sunken ship were "dead," and so the salvage vessel drew in nearer. But those munitions were not harmless. Suddenly there was a ghastly explosion, and the *Artiglio*, and many on board, were never seen again!

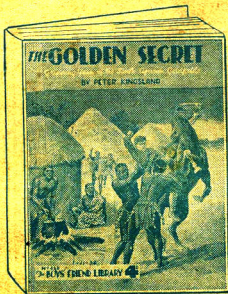
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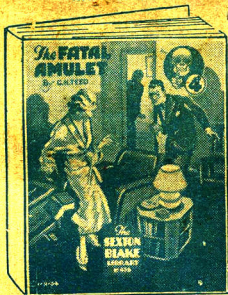


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