DICK MERRIWELL'S LARK
BEATEN AT EVERY TURN

BY BURT L. STANDISH

DICK MERRIWELL AND HIS COMPANY CAME CHARGING IN THE REAR OF THE PLEBES, UTTERING A CHEER, AND LETTING FLY A VOLLEY.
Tip Top Weekly.
(LARGE SIZE.)

If you have not read them, look over this catalogue and you will read a list of stories unexcelled in any part of this world to-day.

Don't fail to read these stories if you have not already.

310—Dick Merriwell as Captain; or, In Spite of His Enemies.
320—Dick Merriwell's Peril; or, Hugo Darkmore's Last Deed.
321—Dick Merriwell Challenged; or, Getting Into Fast Company.
322—Dick Merriwell's Team; or, The Young Wonders of the Diamond.
323—Dick Merriwell's Confidence; or, The Spirit That Wins.
324—Dick Merriwell's Shot; or, For Life or Death.
325—Dick Merriwell's Triumph; or, The Finish of the Season.
326—Frank Merriwell on Deck; or, Getting Into Mad River League.
327—Dick Merriwell in Trim; or, The Boy Wonder of the League.
328—Frank Merriwell's Honor; or, Defying the Boss of the League.
330—Frank Merriwell's Fracas; or, Hot Times in Mad River League.
331—Dick Merriwell's Diamond; or, Fighting for the Lead in the League.
332—Frank Merriwell's Turn; or, The Greatest Game of the Season.
333—Dick Merriwell's New Ball; or, The Boy Wonder at His Best.
334—Frank Merriwell's "Ginger;" or, Winning an Uphill Game.
335—Dick Merriwell's Stroke; or, Unmasking the Man of Mystery.
336—Frank Merriwell's Winners; or, Landing on Top in Mad River League.
337—Dick Merriwell's Return; or, Back Again to the Old School.
338—Dick Merriwell’s Difficulties; or, Making Up the Eleven.
339—Dick Merriwell’s Mercy; or, The First Game on the Gridiron.
340—Dick Merriwell’s Dash; or, Playing Fast and Fair.
341—Dick Merriwell’s Set; or, Friends and Foes at Fardale.
342—Dick Merriwell’s Ability; or, The Young Gladiators of the Gridiron.
343—Dick Merriwell’s Mascot; or, By Luck or Pluck.
344—Dick Merriwell’s Trust; or, Friendship True and Tried.
345—Dick Merriwell’s Success; or, Bound to be a Winner.
346—Dick Merriwell’s Determination; or, The Courage that Conquers.
347—Dick Merriwell’s Readiness; or, Who Stole the Papers?
348—Dick Merriwell’s Trap; or, Snaring a Spook.
349—Dick Merriwell’s Vim; or, The Greatest Game of All.
350—Dick Merriwell’s Lark; or, Beaten at Every Turn.
351—Dick Merriwell’s Defense; or, Up Against the Great Eaton Five.
352—Dick Merriwell’s Dexterity; or, Hot Work to the Finish.

With Tip Top No. 285 begins the now famous Fardale Series, in which Dick Merriwell has entered the good old school at which the career of Frank Merriwell also began some years ago. Thousands of young Americans will want to read of the fine things that Dick Merriwell has done, is doing and will in the future do.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARING FOR A LARK.

The solution dawned on Dick Merriwell at last. "I have it, Brad!" he cried. "We'll go to that party."

Buckhart looked up from his figuring. "How'll we work it, partner?" he asked. "The invitation says we must come dressed and rigged up as girls and wear veils."

"It will be a lark!" laughed Dick—"a jolly lark! Brad, we'll have a barrel of fun!"

"That's all right," said the Texan. "Perhaps you can do it all right; but wouldn't I make a fine old girl? Say, pard, you'll have to excuse me."

"Not a bit of it," returned Dick, in high spirits. "You and I are invited, and you'll go right along with me."

"But the ouifts—the dresses—"

"I know how we can get just what we want, and not a soul will be the wiser. You know my brother was in the theatrical business once?"

"Yep."

"He wrote a play."

"Yep."

"And he managed his own company. Then he sold out, or, rather, he let the play, printing, and whole business to another manager."

"You told me about that once."

"Well, the first manager who took the piece was honest, and Frank made a good thing out of it. Afterwards he let it to another manager who was a rascal, and he did not get his payments when they were due."

"I don't see what this has to do with our attending that goose party to-night."
"It was the very thing that makes it possible for us to attend. If that second manager had been honest and paid his bills, as he might, for he made money, we should not be able to get to the party to-night."

"That's queer," confessed Brad, wonderingly. "Go on."

"The manager owed Frank almost five thousand dollars before Frank jumped on him. But when my brother jumps on any one, he jumps good and hard, as Mr. Crooked Manager found out. Frank waited till the right time came, and then he attached the whole outfit, scenery, box office, receipts for one night, costumes, everything. And he got everything, too. He stripped that manager and left him bare."

"That was justice," nodded Buckhart; "but still I don't see how it has anything to do with this little scheme of attending a party dressed up as girls."

"It has everything to do with it, as I said before. There were some trunks packed with costumes. Frank has those trunks stored at his house in town. I know where they are. I have looked them over. And there are in those trunks just the dresses and things we need to fix up as girls. Don't you see now? I can get them without letting any one know a thing about it."

"Well," exclaimed Brad, "it's quite an idea, pard; but think of me rigging up as a girl! Say, I'd sure give myself away in short order. I'd make a healthy old girl, I would! Why, I might rise right up and whoop a few!"

"Drop that! You know, Brad, that I know your wild Western ways are a big bluff. You know that I know you can be like other people when you choose."

"But, honest, pard, I've been playing the wild and woolly so long it's got to be second nature. I just naturally do it without thinking."

"I'll risk you. You won't do it after you get rigged up in petticoats. And we are to be heavily veiled, so none of the girls can betray us, if there should be one in the party mean enough to peek."

Brad lay back and laughed heartily.

"Just the thought of it is howling funny," he declared. "But how are we to get into the old school? The invitation says the doors are always locked at night."

"Leave that to me. The invitation also tells us there will be a light placed in the very window of the room where the party is to be held. Trust me. I'll find a way to get in by that window."

"Well," said the Texan, with resignation, "I suppose I may as well get into the game, but I know I'll feel like a jackass in skirts."

"But you'll have a chance to see Zona—the fair Zona."

"No inducement whatever," returned Brad. She's given me the frozen face. She thinks herself above my level, I reckon. It's all off between the fair Zona and Bradley Buckhart, the Rampaging Terror of the Rio Pecos."

"You do not seem broken-hearted," smiled Dick.

"Oh, I was—for a while. But I've recovered. Zona is a great looker, but there's something about her that I don't just cotton to."

"Well, there will be plenty of other girls. Just think of it, Brad, we'll be the only fellows in the whole bunch, and—"

"That's what frightens me, pard! That's what makes me sweat cold oozy drops."

Indeed, the prospect unnerved Buckhart, which added to Dick's enjoyment.

As usual, Dick had his way, and that night the boys slipped away from the academy at an hour when they were supposed to be in their rooms and hurried into town.

Frank was away, but there was a housekeeper in his house, and Dick was admitted when he rang the bell.

In the attic Dick found the trunks, and he plunged into them, pulling out the contents for inspection, while Brad took the things and spread them out, as directed. At last they came to what they desired.

"Here's the very thing for you, Brad!" cried Dick.

"It's the dress of a Harvard girl. It may be a little tight, but I think you can squeeze into it. And here I am—a Yale girl! You know Frank's piece was a college play. It had a mechanical effect for its great scene, the Yale-Harvard boat race. Of course there
were Yale girls and Harvard girls. Oh, this is going to be great sport! 'Rah! 'rah! for Yale!'"

"'Rah! 'rah! for Harvard!' cried Brad, catching Dick's spirit. "Say, won't we make a fine pair?"

Dick kept digging out of the trunk all the things needed, and the two lads gathered the garments up in their arms and descended to a room in the house which had been set apart by Frank for Dick's own private use. There, with much laughter and joking, they set about dressing.

"Pard, you'll have to show me how this rigging goes," said Brad. "What are all these flummydiddles?"

Dick proved to be rather deft at rigging up, and he gave his attention first to his friend. Brad objected to many things, but Dick insisted, and soon he had the Texan rigged out much like a girl. Then Dick stood off and admired him.

"Great, Brad!" he exclaimed. "You are a stunning Harvard girl. The only thing that gives you away is your hair."

Then, telling Buckhart to wait a minute, he darted from the room. He returned soon with a large assortment of ladies' wigs, and directly one was found that fitted Brad.

"Now this hat!" cried Dick, as he adjusted it on the head of his companion, following by cleverly arranging a veil over Brad's face.

The transformation was astonishing, for Buckhart truly looked like a girl. Through the veil could be seen a baffling glimpse of his face, dim and hazy, and he was very chic until he started to walk. Then Dick gave a cry and held up his hands in dismay.

"For goodness' sake, don't stride off like that!" he cried. "Try to walk like a girl—this way."

He gave an illustration, and Buckhart copied him as well as possible.

"That's better," nodded Dick, fairly bubbling with pleasure at the lark. "Now see me get into harness."

In an amazing short time Dick was dressed. He found a blonde wig and arranged it. When the hat and veil were added Buckhart expressed his admiration and delight.

"Pard," he said, "you're a stunner! If I happened to cross your trail some day I'd be sure to get smashed on you myself. I would, I know! But how does a girl manage her skirts? I can't seem to get the hang of the confounded things."

"Why, this way," said Dick, as he gathered his up with one hand and tripped across the room, casting a sidelong glance toward his friend. "Ah there, dear boy!"

"Ah, there, my size!" returned Brad. "Say, if we ever get caught at this—wow!"

"It won't do to get caught," said Dick. "I'm just out of one scrape, you know. And if we're caught invading the sacred precincts of Miss Tartington's school our heads will come off in a hurry. Such an offense will mean expulsion from Fardale for both of us."

"It's dangerous," said Brad.

"But danger just spices it and adds to the fun of the thing. Come on, Bessie, or we'll be too late for the party."

"Dear me!" chirped Brad, trying to imitate the voice of a girl. "I really wouldn't miss that party for worlds, Susie! I'm so glad there'll be no horrid boys present! I just hate boys! Now, there's that snub-nosed Willie Gillie, I think he's the worst! And he's always trying to flirt with me! Me! me! The presuming fellow! I never notice him at all. Where's my gum? I do believe I've swallowed my gum!"

Dick was convulsed.

"And I thought you couldn't do it!" he cried. "Why, Brad! you're great!"

A few minutes later they started for the Lakeside School for Girls.

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CHAPTER II.

THE "GOOSE PARTY."

The night was crisp and cold, with a thin moon away down in the west.

Had there been any one near to see, a strange sight might have been beheld west of the town. Seemingly
two girls climbed a fence, lifted over a long ladder, and then started across a field, carrying the ladder.

Ahead of them the moonlight touched in one spot the bosom of Lily Lake.

The two "girls" were Dick Merriwell and Brad Buckhart in full disguise, and by aid of the ladder they expected to get into Miss Eliza Tartington's select and exclusive School for Girls.

"What if the boat is gone, pard?" asked Brad.

"Then we'll have to carry this ladder all the way round to the other side of the lake," answered Dick.

"This is rather strenuous for two perfect ladies."

"I think we'll live through it, old man."

They came down through the fields to the shore of the lake, and there they found the boat they were looking for. Dick knew where the cars were hidden, and he soon brought them forth.

Then came the problem of getting the ladder across the lake.

"I think we'll have to tow it, Brad," said Dick.

"That is the simplest way."

So they pushed off from the shore with the ladder in tow. They headed toward a point where they could land near the girls' school.

As they drew near the shore they could see the buildings. There was a bright light in one window, and they felt certain that was the window by which they were expected to enter.

Having landed and hitched the boat, they pulled the ladder from the cold water. It was dripping wet and an awkward thing to handle, as their dresses bothered them not a little. Besides, their fingers were nearly frozen.

"This job is not all fun, pard," commented Buckhart.

"The fun comes later," said Dick, as they started out with the ladder.

They approached the school building cautiously and stopped beneath the window from which gleamed the bright light. Then they set about putting the ladder in position to reach the window. This they had just accomplished when they were startled by a voice that called:

"Ah, there, you rascals! We've caught you!"

"Good Lord, save us!" gasped Buckhart, and he turned to run.

Dick grabbed him, commanding:

"Hold on!"

For Dick had seen two female forms approaching, and he was resolved to stand his ground for a few moments.

"We'd better get out, pard," palpitated the Texan.

"Wait," urged Dick. "They can't recognize us. We won't let them get hold of us."

Then he turned to the approaching figures, demanding:

"Who are you? and what do you want?"

The answer was a laugh that sounded suspiciously unfeminine.

"We know who you are and what you want," was flung back, in a saucy way. "You're two chaps from the academy, and you want to get in to the goose party."

"Great horn spoon!" muttered Brad. "They are two of the girls who know all about the party and the invitations."

"Two of the girls—not!" returned Dick, amused.

"They are two fellows dressed like girls, just as we are. They've been invited to the party, too."

He was right.

"You're pretty slick to bring a ladder," commented one of the strangers. "We didn't think of that, and we've been prowling round here trying to discover a way to get in there."

"And now," said the other, "we'll use your ladder and thank you very kindly."

"Well, the nerve!" exclaimed Brad. "Perhaps we'll have something to say about that!"

Dick, also, did not like the tone of assurance assumed by these fellows, who were likewise heavily veiled.

"Oh, you won't refuse," said one of the strangers, with a snicker.

"Why not?" demanded Brad, his temper rising.

"Because we'll spoil your little racket if you do.
We'll create a disturbance so that you'll be caught after you get inside.

"We'll have to give in, Brad," whispered Dick.

"Oh, punch the stuffing out of them both!" growled the Texan. "I'm in favor of doing the punching."

But it would not do to get into an encounter, and Dick held the pugilistic Texan in restraint. It was arranged that all should use the ladder, and Dick was the first to ascend. He did so slowly and silently.

The shade had been left up from the window, and a lighted lamp stood on the sill. This light shone out into his eyes so brightly that he could not see into the room very well when his head rose to the level of the window, but immediately he heard a suppressed scream inside, followed by some commotion.

Soon he was able to peer into the room, and he saw that there were at least a dozen girls in there. It was a large room, and the girls were all crowded at the opposite side, pointing toward the window, outside of which they could see Dick's head, the appearance of which had startled them.

Dick waved his hand to them and beckoned for them to open the window.

There was some hesitation. By this time the girls knew the invited and expected guests had arrived, yet none of them hastened to admit them. There was some pushing and suppressed laughter. A girl would be thrust forward by her companions, but would break away and plunge back into the crowd.

At last, one of them stepped out boldly and approached the window.

It was Zona Desmond.

Zona moved the lamp and silently opened the window.

"What do you want?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Why, girls, we're just tickled to death to see you!" gushed Dick, with an assumption of feminine giddiness, as he gathered up his skirts and stepped from the ladder lightly into the room. "My gracious goodness! I'm so nervous! It's just dreadful getting up that nasty ladder!"

Buckhart was following. The girls were quivering with excitement and mirth. Brad came in, and then appeared the two strangers, one rigged up like an old woman, with hoop skirts, bonnet, mitts, and so forth, while the other was a shy, awkward girl in appearance, being pulled along by the old woman, who said:

"Come right in, Angie, and wipe your nose! Land! how your nose does run every time you ketch a cold!"

The girls were convulsed. There was a general teeheeing, and then one after another they stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths to keep from shrieking with laughter.

But Brad Buckhart was mad. The old woman and her awkward daughter had made a big hit with the girls, as Buckhart could see, and that irritated him.

"Pard," he whispered, "I wish we had sailed into 'em outside! Now we can't."

Dick was laughing. He closed the window and pulled the shade.

"I hope you're prepared to give us a good time, girls, now we're here," he said.

"Who are you?" asked Zona.

"Why, it must be you know who you invited to this party. The idea of asking us who we are! I am Susie Campus, from Yale."

"And I am Bessie Cambridge, from Harvard," bowed Buckhart. "'Rah! 'rah! for Harvard!"

"Stuck up things!" sniffed the 'old woman," with a toss of her head. "They think they look fine, I s'pose, in them dresses! But for real style my Angie takes the pennant. Angie, stop toeing in! Turn your toes out and look like a real lady!"

"All right, marm," said "Angie," turning her toes far outward.

"The dear, sweet child!" said the "old woman," proudly. "Isn't she cute, girls? I'm going to send her to this school right along. Which one of you will take her to room with ye?"

Again the girls were convulsed.

"Well, I'm glad you've introduced yourselves!" said Zona Desmond. "Won't you remove your veils?"

"Do excuse us!" said Dick, retreating before her.

"Lamplight is very injurious to my complexion," declared Brad.
"Now, Angie," said the "old woman," "you must follow the example of these modest young ladies. Don't betray your dazzling beauty by lifting your veil."

"All right, ma'am," said "Angie."

"What an obedient little angel!" commented Dick.

"Yes!" muttered Brad. "I'd like to soak the angel with a brick!"

"But," said Zona, "if you don't take your veils off, how are you going to eat anything?"

"Eat?" exclaimed Dick.

"Eat?" gasped Brad.

"Eat?" piped "Angie."

"Eat?" squawked the "old woman."

"Why, yes," said Zona. "We asked you here to enjoy a spread. We've bought lots of candy and cake and smuggled it in, and we're going to have a feast."

"I forbid Angie eating cake or candy," said the "old woman," promptly. "I'll eat her share."

"Oh, ma'am!" came in a protesting wail from "Angie."

The girls were recovering from their nervousness and apprehension, and they gathered around their visitors. Buckhart was restless and uneasy under such circumstances, but he endured it, although perspiration started out beneath his veil.

"We knew you'd find a way to get in at the window," said Zona, "and we waited for you."

"That was just awfully nice!" gushed Dick, pretending to put his arm round Zona.

She gave him a push and slipped away.

Doris Templeton had been surveying the disguised guests with great intentness, as if seeking to discover the real identity of each one. Dick found her beside him.

"Hello, Doris!" he whispered, touching her hand and giving it a slight pressure.

"You—you're Dick Merriwell?" she said, in a low tone of inquiry.

"How did you guess?" asked Dick, who felt there was no danger in trusting her. "I am."

"I thought so," she said, and turned away.

From that moment Doris seemed scarcely to notice him, but she found an opportunity to whisper to Felicia:

"Dick is the one dressed in blue."

Dick's cousin soon let him know she had found him out, and he gave her the most of his attention, although he was lively enough, laughing and joking with all.

The girls spread a cloth on the floor, and on the cloth they arranged the "treat," composed of candy and cake. Then all sat down round the cloth.

They enjoyed it as only young people can. And it was spiced with danger, which made it all the better. The boys broke the cake into small pieces and slipped it up under their veils, which they continued to keep in place.

"Oh, if Miss Tarranting could see us now!" laughed Doris, who seemed strangely interested in the "old woman," beside whom she was sitting.

"There would be trouble for us to-morrow," said another girl. "Oh, what a disgrace! Just to think of having boys in here! Much more, to have them dressed in skirts!"

"I—I'm afraid she'd expel us all!" declared a third.

"How do you know she may not come and catch us?" asked Dick. "Is there no danger of that?"

"Oh, there's danger," admitted Zona; "but we have a girl on guard. Besides, Miss Tarranting is out tonight."

"She's out?" questioned Dick.

"Yes. That's how we dared invite you."

"Oh! Where is she?"

"Gone to a lecture in town. But she'll be back by eleven, or a little later, and you must be gone before that."

"How can we bear to leave such delightful company!"

"Hush!" exclaimed one of the girls, holding up her hand and looking alarmed.

Immediately silence fell on the group. After a time, Doris asked:

"What's the matter, Mabel?"

"I thought I heard a carriage," said Mabel, "but I
believe I must have been mistaken. Speaking of Miss Tartington has made me nervous, girls."

"You're all nervous, anyhow, Mabel. It's not yet ten o'clock. Miss Tartington would not be returning now."

Then they resumed their low chatter and the enjoyment of the treat.

"Girls," said Dick, "we'll have to get even with you for this."

"How can you?"

"Oh, we'll give you a party of some sort, see if we don't."

"You bet your boo——" Buckhart stopped short, clapping his hand over his mouth.

Dick laughed at the break, but of all the girls Zona Desmond was the only one who recognized him by that slip.

"I won't give you away," whispered Zona.

"But I shall give myself away if I don't look out," he muttered, in disgust.

There came a skurrying of feet outside the door, on which there was a sudden peculiar knock.

"Something's up, girls!" exclaimed Zona, as she hastened to open the door.

A white-faced girl looked in and exclaimed:

"Scatter, girls! Get out quickly! Miss Tartington is back, and I do believe she is coming straight here to this room!"

Then she vanished.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRE AND THE ESCAPE.

Zona Desmond, who up to that moment had seemed a leader, was the first of them all to take flight. Thinking of no one but herself, she darted out like a flash and was gone.

For a moment the girls were motionless, and then they were thrown into the greatest confusion.

The most of them thought of themselves and what would happen to them if they were caught.

But two there were who thought of others.

"Oh, Dick!" exclaimed Felicia, clutching him.

"You must get out right away! If you're found here——"

Dick knew what that meant.

The girls were in consternation, for they, too, would be deeply humiliated and disgraced if the boys were discovered. Some of them packed into a little closet in the room to hide, some fled after Zona, and some did not seem to know what to do.

"Fard," said Buckhart, in Dick's ear, "I reckon it's time for us to puckchee!"

Doris caught up the lamp and ran to the window.

"Get out quick!" she whispered. "I'll blow out the lamp the moment you get out of the window!"

Dick had the window open in a twinkling.

"Out, fellows!" he breathed. "Slide down that ladder!"

The boy who was disguised as "Angie" jumped on the window ledge and put his foot outside. Then he paused.

"Hustle!" urged Dick.

"Thunder and lightning!" said "Angie," in consternation.

"What's the matter?"

"The ladder!"

"What——"

"It's gone!"

"Gone?"

"Sure, fellows!"

"Why, it can't be!"

"But it is, just the same!" palpitated "Angie," drawing back into the room. "Somebody has taken it away!"

Dick looked out.

"Angie" had told the truth. The ladder was not under the window. It had been removed, and the boys seemed fairly trapped.

"We've got to jump for it, fellows!" said Dick.

"We've got to jump—and take chances!"

"Jump?" came from "Angie." "Not I! I think too much of my neck!"

"But the girls! If we are caught here, it will be a bad thing for them."

"Out of the way!" came from Buckhart, as he
pushed the hesitating one aside. "I'll risk it if you fellows will follow me! Come on!"

"We'll follow," promised Dick. "Don't fool away the time. Go ahead!"

He wished the others to get out. He would be the last one, and give the others the opportunity.

"Here goes!" said Buckhart.

He slipped through the window and let himself down, swinging out from the window ledge and jumping boldly. They heard him strike the ground.

"Angie" leaned out of the window and called:

"All right?"

"All right," came back the assurance from Brad.

"Come on."

Then "Angie" followed.

The "old woman" seemed reluctant to go.

"You next," said Dick, positively.

"Good-night, Doris!" said the "old woman."

"Good-night," returned the trembling girl who was holding the lamp. "Go—go quickly!"

Then the mysterious "old woman" got out through the window and jumped.

Dick was on the window ledge when Miss Tarlington entered the room. At sight of her Doris dropped the lamp.

There was a crash and a sudden burst of flame, which seemed to leap upward.

Dick was more than half out of the window. His heart sprang into his mouth. With a feeling of horror he saw the fire spring up. Some of the burning oil had spattered on Doris and her dress blazed instantly.

Back into that room plunged Dick Merriwell in a twinkling.

Doris screamed and tried to beat out the fire with her hands, but she was not successful.

Dick caught up a rug from the floor and wrapped it about Doris in a moment. He threw her down and rolled her over and over, smothering the fire quickly. Then he ripped down the burning window shade and flung it from the open window.

"Bring a blanket, rug, something—quick!" he cried.

Many of the girls were too frightened to do any- thing. Some even improved the occasion to slip away and escape recognition by Miss Tarlington.

Miss Tarlington herself had presence of mind. She called the girls to follow her and ran out of the room. Quickly she was back, bearing a large rug. One or two of the girls came with blankets.

Dick knew a fire of that sort could be smothered easier than it could be extinguished by water. He caught the large rug from Miss Tarlington and flung it over the flames. He used the blankets, and, in an incredibly brief time he had the fire out.

Then he was at the side of Doris.

"Are you burned much?" he anxiously asked.

"No, no!" she returned. "You saved me, Dick—I won't forget! And you might have jumped with the others!"

"I think I'll do the jumping act now," he said.

It was dark in the room, but Miss Tarlington saw him as he sprang into the open window.

"Stop!" she commanded. "Stop where you are!"

"I beg you to excuse me, Miss Tarlington," said Dick. "I dislike to be rude, but I can't stop another moment. Good-evening."

Then he dropped from the window.

His skirts flew up about him and he sailed downward blindly, striking the ground heavily. Before he recovered from the shock he felt himself lifted to his feet, and an anxious voice asked:

"Are you all right, pard?"

"All right, I think, Brad," he said. "How are you?"

"Ankle turned a little, but that's nothing."

Then another voice asked about the fire, and Dick saw both the "old woman" and "Angie" had lingered.

"Was any one hurt?" asked the "old woman."

"Doris——"

"You seem to take a great interest in Doris!" exclaimed Dick, rather sharply.

"I do," was the answer. "What of it?"

"Oh, nothing! She's all right. We put the fire out without much trouble."

"And I reckon it's time for us to climb out of here," said Buckhart.
"I'd like to know who moved that ladder," muttered Dick. "If that had not been moved, we'd all slipped out and got away before Miss Tartington showed up."

But there was no time to look for the ladder. They started away, Dick and Brad making for the lake. The "old woman" and "Angie" left them without even saying good-night.

"This has been a hot old racket, pard," said Buckhart.

"But it ended rather badly," said Dick.

"How do you suppose it happened that Miss Tartington came back so early and hustled right up to that room?"

"Somebody told her something was happening there."

"I thought that myself."

As they drew near the place where the boat had been made secure Dick uttered a low exclamation and started forward with a spring.

"What's the matter?" asked Brad, reaching his side.

"I thought I saw somebody running away from the boat—or from the place where we left it. We may find the boat gone, like the ladder."

But the boat was just where they had left it, and they lost little time in getting in and pushing off from the shore.

"Did you get out without being recognized by Miss Tartington?" asked the Texan.

"I think I did," nodded Dick.

"It's a lucky thing all those girls didn't recognize us. Some of them would be plumb sure to blow on us. Great horn spoon! See the water in this boat, pard! She must be leaking!"

Brad had been rowing. Dick bent over, feeling the sloshing water about his feet. A moment later he straightened up, crying:

"Round with her, Brad! Pull for the shore!"

"What is it?" gurgled Buckhart, as he hastily obeyed the command and turned the boat, sending it toward the shore.

"Scuttled!" answered Dick.

"Hey? Scuttled? You mean——"

"There's a hole bored in the bottom of the boat. Water is fairly boiling through it!"

Brad pulled heartily, but the water rose and the boat settled rapidly. However, they reached the shore in time and escaped, although both sprang out with wet feet.

"Confound the galoot who did that dirty trick!" growled Brad. "If I had pulled out further before you discovered it we'd have been compelled to swim for sure. Woo! And that water is cold as ice! Dick, that was a close call!"

"The joke seems to be on us," said Dick, as he gathered up the oars.

"It's a right dirty piece of business!" declared the Texan. "I'd like to put my paws on the galoot what did it! I would, I know!"

"We'll have to leave the boat; but we'll push it off and let it float where it will. That will be better than leaving it here, where it might serve as proof against us."

So the half-filled boat was pushed off with the aid of one of the oars and left to float as the water might chance to carry it.

Dick and Brad followed the shore of the lake round to a point where they could again cut across the fields and reach Frank Merriwell's house, which they accomplished without being stopped or interfered with by any one.

CHAPTER IV.

ARLINGTON HAS SOMETHING TO SAY.

Not until they reached the house and were removing their disguises did Brad Buckhart discover that Dick's hands had been quite badly burned, for, although suffering intensely from his injuries, Dick had not spoken of it.

"Great horn spoon!" cried Brad. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"What was the use?" asked Dick, with a grim smile, although his face was pale and the Texan could see he was in distress. "You couldn't do anything."

"But something must be done right away, pard!"
Thunder and guns! Your hands are blistered in places! You must have a doctor!"

"I think I can attend to them myself, as soon as I can get this rig off. Lend me a hand, Brad."

Buckhart helped him get out of the skirts and into his own clothes. Then Dick went to Frank's "medical cabinet," where he found soothing ointment and bandages, with the aid of which, assisted by Brad, he bound up his hands.

"Pard, this has been a right bad old night, after all," said the Texan.

"Oh, no!" returned Dick, as cheerfully as he could. "We've had sport enough. We should be satisfied."

"Well, mebbe so! but the racket didn't pan out just as I allowed it might. Besides, I'd like to know who those two galoots were who buttied in on us. Pard, who do you reckon they were?"

"They were academy fellows."

"I opine so, but just who were they, that's the question?"

"They were well rigged up, and it was not easy to penetrate their disguises. Who do you think they were, Brad?"

"I admit I don't know, pard. All along I did allow as how I'd pitch in and rip off their veils before they got away from us for good, but things came so I clean forgot it. We all were mightily excited when the lamp dropped and the fire started, but we couldn't get back to help you put it out. One of them kept saying something about Doris, and it was plain he was scared to death for fear she would be burned."

"Which one was that?"

"The old woman."

"And it was the old woman whom Doris seemed interested in," said Dick. "She must have known the fellow in that rig."

"I allow so."

"I am afraid," said Dick, "that we have not heard the last of our little lark."

"Why, you think—"

"Miss Tartington will investigate. Those girls who were detected will be pulled over the fire, and, with out doubt, an attempt will be made to make them tell what fellows were there."

"I see, pard, that it's mighty lucky we fixed up so all the girls did not know us."

But Dick was thinking that the truth would be likely to come out in time, for all of that. The girls who got up the party would be discovered and questioned; they would be asked what boys had been invited; and it was likely that Miss Tartington would find some method of compelling them to answer.

What would be the result of exposure?

As he asked himself the question, Dick began to feel that exposure would be very serious. Miss Tartington was a stickler for propriety, and, beyond a doubt, she had been shocked beyond measure by the intrusion of the boys. The boys came dressed in skirts might make the offense more heinous in her eyes.

"Well," said Dick, "you want to keep a stiff upper lip, Brad, and look out for squalls. Something tells me our little lark is going to bring about no end of trouble."

He was right. Miss Tartington had been shocked and distressed, and angered, and she was not one to let such a matter pass lightly.

Dick knew his bandaged hands might betray him, but he could not help that. He had been burned so severely that he was compelled to wear the bandages on the following day.

With the close of the football season he had again taken up drilling, from which he had been excused while on the eleven. It was necessary for him to ask to be excused from appearing with his company. When questioned he answered frankly that he could not drill on account of his hands, which had been burned. He declined to say how and where he had received the burns.

"The explosion will come in a hurry now," he thought, as he was returning to his room after thus facing the drilling officer of the school, Lieutenant Swift.

At the foot of the stairs he came face to face with Chester Arlington.
TIP TOP WEEKLY.

Arlington stood on the lower stair and blocked Dick’s passage, a scornful look on his face.

"Hello, Merriwell," he said, with a meaning smile. "How did you enjoy it?"

Dick was tempted to step aside and pass on without making reply. Then came the thought that he would not permit this fellow to see him betray any feeling on such an occasion, and so he coolly asked:

"How did I enjoy what?"

"Your little racket last night."

Dick managed to repress his feelings so that he did not start or show the slightest emotion.

"What do you mean by that?" he calmly questioned.

"What little racket?"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Chester, mockingly. "How innocent we are!"

Dick felt like striking him in the face. In that moment young Merriwell’s sleeping temper, which he fancied he had conquered, threatened to rise up like an aroused lion.

But it was his pride that he was master of himself. He had obtained the mastery after a mighty struggle, and it would not do to lose control now.

In a twinkling he was himself again, having crushed back the partly risen monster.

Still Arlington seemed shrewd enough to read the thought that flashed through Dick’s mind in that moment, for he sneered:

"You won’t hurt any one with those hands. There’s not the least danger."

Dick had forgotten his bandaged hands.

"You know when to choose your time to be insulting, Arlington!" he said, cuttingly.

"You are easily insulted! What have I said?"

"Enough to put me wise to the fact that you know some things you may be asked to explain."

"Is that so? I’ll take my chances on that. Look out that you are not asked first for explanations. Your bandaged hands are a dead give-away, Merriwell."

"How does it happen that you know so much?" asked Dick, his dark eyes seeming to cut through Arlington. "Will you be good enough to explain that?"

"Oh, I have a way of finding out things!" was the retort. "Did you get your feet wet, too?"

"So you did that little trick, Arlington!" exclaimed Merriwell, and there was a dangerous ring to his voice. "I am glad to know it!"

"What little trick do you mean?" asked Chester, mockingly. "You were so innocent only a moment ago!"

"It is not necessary for either of us to pretend innocence now."

"That’s right. It was one on you, Merriwell, now wasn’t it? It was a very good joke, don’t you think."

Chester laughed and winked, his manner being offensive in the extreme.

"I had my turn then, Merriwell," he said. "But better still is coming. I haven’t a doubt that Miss Tartington will investigate. Your hands will give you away. You are in for it, Merriwell! Ha! ha! You are in for it!"

Dick felt that he could not stand much more from this fellow. Chester was improving the occasion to mock him and to try to arouse his temper.

"All right," he said. "But my time to settle with you will come in due season."

"Oh, will it? I don’t know about that! You have counted on seeing me walk out of Fardale in disgrace, now look out that you are not the one to go. When this thing is sifted to the bottom you may be dismissed from the school, and you may have the pleasure of knowing that I remain behind to take your place as a leader."

Dick laughed in genuine derision.

Then he passed the fellow and ascended the stairs.

CHAPTER V.

THE MASK DROPPED.

Dick watched Chester Arlington like a hawk. The fellow did not know it, otherwise he might have been more cautious in his movements. That very day Merriwell saw Arlington and Hal Darrell meet in front of the gym, saw Darrell say something to Chester in a
low tone, saw them both turn aside and disappear behind the building.

Now Dick was confident that Hal Darrell was the mysterious “old woman” of the goose party, although he had not even hinted as much to Brad Buckhart.

This being the case, the actions of Arlington and Darrell seemed most suspicious, and Dick lost no time in following them.

Back of the gym at a little distance was the famous group of cedars, where many a hasty flight between cadets had been “pulled off.” When it was not possible to get away to Chadwick’s pasture, or when the angry cadets could not wait, then the cedars came in handy, for they could be reached quickly and served as protection from outside observation.

Darrell had seemed moved by suppressed anger when he spoke to Arlington, and Dick wondered if there was to be a fight. If so, he wished to witness the go.

When he walked round the building no one was in sight. Hal and Chester had disappeared in the cedars.

He walked straight toward the green shelter.

As he drew near the sound of angry voices speaking in suppressed tones reached his ears.

“You blouse on us, Arlington!” he distinctly heard Darrell saying. “I trusted you. I told you about the goose party and how we were going rigged in dresses, and you informed Miss Tartington.”

“Prove it,” sneeringly invited Arlington. “I defy you to prove it.”

“You do not deny it!”

“Bah! I’ll not take the trouble to deny it!”

“Then you admit it?”

“No.”

“You must either admit or deny it!”

“Is that so? Well, I decline to do either.”

“If you did not blow on us,” said Hal, “how did Miss Tartington learn anything was happening? Why did she leave the lecture and hurry to the school?”

“Don’t ask me,” said Chester, indifferently. “How do you suppose I can account for her actions.”

“We have been friends, Arlington,” came earnestly from Hal, “but I think this just about ends it!”

“As you like,” was the provoking retort. “I am quite indifferent to your friendship or your hatred.”

“You were not so indifferent a while ago.”

“Oh, I had a use for you then. You were on the football team. The football season is over.”

“And so,” palpitated Hal, fiercely, “having a use for me, you introduced me to your sister and your mother—you pretended to be very friendly—you——”

“In short, I fooled you, Darrell,” laughed Chester.

“I saw you were smashed on my sister, and I wanted to stand in with you to work you against Merriwell, so I, introduced you to June. You’re a good-looking fellow, and I thought June might take a passing liking to you; but she had seen that duffer Merriwell, and you didn’t cut any ice after that.”

Darrell was furious, and he seemed on the point of flying at Chester as Dick Merriwell coolly walked into the little opening in the midst of the cedars, stopping to look the two fellows over. Both were startled by his appearance.

“So you have found your fine friend out at last, have you, Darrell!” said Dick, surveying Arlington with such withering scorn and contempt that it stirred Chester’s blood and made him long to kill the speaker.

“Spy! Eavesdropper! Sneak!” snarled Arlington, suddenly losing his scornful and haughty dignity.

“From any one else I might resent that,” said Dick, in the same contemptuous manner; “but it is not worth noticing from such a low cad as you, Arlington.”

That was too much. Chester wheeled and came at Dick, his eyes blazing and his teeth showing.

“You have picked out a good time to get just what I want to give you!”, he panted, his fist upraised.

Hal Darrell grasped his wrist and gave him a twisting whirl that sent him aside. Immediately Darrell stepped before Dick.

“If you want to fight any one, I am the one for you!” he said.

Chester, taken by surprise, had been nearly overthrown. Now he faced about furiously, his face white with passion.

“You get out of the way, Darrell!” he grated.

“Merriwell is my meat! I’ve got him now—got him
right where I want him! His hands are burned. He can’t fight much, and I’m going to get square with him!”

“That’s cowardly!” flung back Hal. “But my hands are all right! I’ll take his place!”

Arlington did not seem to want to fight Darrell.

“Get out of the way!” he repeated. “He’s the one I want to get at.”

“Let him come, Darrell,” said Dick, calmly. “I ought to be able to whip him without any hands.”

But Hal did not step aside.

“It’s my quarrel anyhow,” he said. “You have no right to dip into it. I’ll settle with this fellow.”

Hal was intensely earnest. When aroused he had a temper that was dangerous.

“Oh, I see the trick!” snapped Arlington. “It’s a put up job! You knew Merriwell was coming! In spite of all your talk, in spite of the things you have said to me about Merriwell, you bow down to him, like the other fellows here. You’re a dog to lick his hand!”

Darrell muttered something and started toward Chester.

“Keep off!” snarled Arlington. “If you put a hand on me, I’ll shout for help! You know what that means! You’ll go to the guardhouse!”

This threat stopped Hal.

“Coward!” he flung at Chester.

“You are two to my one,” was the retort. “Why shouldn’t I shout?”

“You’re a coward!”

“You’re a fool! You had lots of chances to throw Merriwell down, but you failed to improve any of them. All the same, I worked you some!”

He began to laugh in a manner that brought the hot blood of shame pouring into Hal’s cheeks.

“You did resign from the team once,” Chester went on, in that intensely cutting manner. “I led you into that. But you were afraid to go farther, and you permitted Merriwell to drag you back into the fold. You’ll become one of his set yet. You’ll fawn over him and flatter him, just as the others do.”

“That’s the limit, Arlington!” said Hal, hoarsely.

“I’ll take no more from you! If I go to the guardhouse, I’ll agree to leave my mark on you before I’m locked up!”

Chester saw that he had taunted Darrell until the latter was in such a rage that he could not restrain himself much longer.

Then Arlington laughed, snapping his fingers.

“I’m not alarmed,” he said, although he retreated a bit. “I am not afraid of you both.”

In his heart Dick actually hoped Hal would give Chester the drubbing the fellow undoubtedly deserved.

But Chester continued to back off.

“Now you two fellows kiss and make up,” he mocked. “You’re a fine pair! But you don’t want to forget that the little racket over at Lakeside School may result in the expulsion of both of you from Far- dale Academy. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!”

Laughing thus, he turned and retreated, quickly disappearing from view.

“Oh, I have a big score to settle with you!” muttered Darrell, frowning blackly. “And I’ll settle it some time! It will be a settlement in full!”

“I’m glad you have found him out, Darrell,” said Dick, quietly. “Now you know exactly what sort of a fellow he is.”

Hal looked ashamed, as well as angry.

“Yes, I know, Merriwell,” he said. “I suppose I should have found him out before. It’s my fault.”

Dick understood that Hal’s eyes had been blinded to Chester’s real character by the rather dazzling radiance of June Arlington’s smiles, and he felt that there was an excuse for the fellow. It was still a mystery to Dick that Chester could have such a sister.

“It’s a good thing to find out a false friend in time, as you have,” said Dick.

“I don’t know about finding him out in time. You heard what he said. If Miss Tartington investigates—— Of course, you know now that I was the ‘old woman?’”

“I suspected it all along,” said Dick. “And ‘Angie’ was Elmer Dow?”

“I’m not giving away any one else. We’re in the soup.”
"Perhaps I am. You may not be. That is, unless Arlington is dirty enough to give you away. My hands will give me away. However, I've been looking for an outbreak all day, and it hasn't come yet. The only thing I fear is that it is the calm before the storm."

"Oh, Miss Tartin..." Gunn, in distress. "What is it? What can it be?"

"It is a very serious matter. In fact, it is scandalous!"

The professor began to tremble.

"My goodness!" he thought. "Nancy has been making talk about her, and she has come here to see me about it! That woman will send me a raving lunatic to my grave!"

"I attended the lecture last evening," Miss Tartin..." Gunn drew a deep breath of relief.

"Thank Heaven! it's not what I thought!" he mentally exclaimed.

Aloud he said:

"Ah! And you have come to ask my advice? I assure you I will do my best to advise you properly."

"Wait until you hear what happened. While I was at the lecture a boy brought me a note. The note informed me that several boys from this academy, dressed and disguised as girls, had entered my school at the invitation of some thoughtless girls who had chosen the time of my absence to hold a goose party."

"Well! well!" said the professor, holding up his hands. "Did you ever!"

"I could not believe it possible," continued Miss Tartin..."

"But I called a carriage immediately, left the lecture and hastened to the school. I entered and reached the room where the party was being held just in time to find the last of the boys about to jump from the second story window in order to escape."

"My! my! my!" gasped the professor.

"The fellow was, as I had been anonymously informed, rigged up like a girl."

"But you saw him—you recognized him?"

"He had a veil over his face."

"Then you did not recognize him?" eagerly questioned Gunn, as he actually seemed relieved.

"Wait a minute. One of the girls, Doris Templeton, was holding a lamp, which, in her agitation, she dropped as I came in. The lamp was broken and the oil caught fire."

"Dreadful! dreadful!" gasped Gunn.

"Some of the burning oil spattered on Doris Templeton's dress, which started to blaze up."

"Perfectly awful!"
“The boy who was about to jump out of the window sprang back into the room, caught up a rug, wrapped it round Doris, threw her on the floor where there was no fire, and rolled her over and over until he extinguished the flames and saved her from burning to death.”

“The act of a hero!” burst from the professor.

“He also extinguished the fire on the floor by means of rugs and blankets. Then, in the midst of the excitement, he jumped from the window and got away.”

“And you did not even see his face?”

“No.”

“And you did not recognize him at all?”

“No.”

“I’m glad of it!” thought the professor.

“However,” said Miss Tartington, “I think I have learned since from one of the girls who he is. You may be sure I have questioned those girls closely. And they are all to be punished properly for their folly. I will have discipline in my school, professor! This was an outrageous breach. It shocked me beyond measure. I have come to you to seek advice in this matter. You must see what a serious matter it is.”

“I do! I do!”

“Under ordinary circumstances it would scarcely be too severe punishment to ask for the expulsion of the boys engaged in the affair.”

“Hum! ha! Ha! Hum!” coughed the professor.

“Under ordinary circumstances. But these circumstances are quite extraordinary—quite so. One of the boys proved himself a hero. You must acknowledge that.”

“That is not the only thing that places me in a most embarrassing position, Professor Gunn. I have cause to believe that there is quite another reason why it is impossible to punish him as his scandalous act merits.”

“What other reason?”

“His brother was instrumental in founding Lakeside School.”

“Good gracious!” exclaimed Gunn. “His brother? Then the boy was Richard Merriwell?”

“I have every reason to believe so,” sighed Miss Tartington, regretfully. “Of course, I do not know it for a fact.”

“I can hardly believe it,” protested the professor.

“And yet, in some respects, it is like him. Dear me! it is too bad! But boys will be boys, you know. They will have their frolics.”

Miss Tartington grew very stern and cold.

“You must realize what a scandalous thing this is,” she said. “It is no ordinary offense. Think of it! They invaded my school, which is exclusively for girls; but, worse still, they were dressed in skirts, were made up like girls themselves. What can be done, professor?”

“I don’t know,” confessed Gunn, who had a strong liking and admiration for Dick Merriwell.

“Some of them should be punished.”

“You cannot punish one without punishing all.”

“That is the trouble. And a failure to punish, professor, will show lack of discipline.”

“Perhaps you have been misinformed; perhaps Richard Merriwell took no part in it.”

“In such a case——”

“In such a case,” said the professor, at once, “I will have no hesitation in making a full investigation.”

“But how are we to find out?”

“We will call Merriwell. I’ll have him come here at once.”

He pushed an electric button. The summons was answered directly by a cadet with chevrons on his sleeve.

“Cadet Rankin,” said the professor, “you will inform Cadet Merriwell that he is to present himself without delay before me here in my study.”

“Yes, sir,” said Cadet Rankin, saluting, and disappearing.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PROFESSOR HAS HIS TROUBLES.

“Here is where I get it in the vicinity of the collar button,” muttered Dick, as he stood outside the professor’s door in answer to the summons.

Cap in hand, he walked in quietly as the door was opened to admit him.

Miss Tartington was standing with her hand on the back of a chair, her face very grave and austere. Both the professor and Miss Tartington glanced immediately at Dick’s bandaged hands.

“What is the matter with your hands, Merriwell?” asked the professor, immediately.

“I burned them, sir,” was the prompt answer.

“Er, hum!” coughed Gunn. “You must have burned them quite severely?”

“I did, sir.”

“How did it happen?”
Dick looked from one to the other. He knew they were ready to accuse him.

"Perhaps Miss Tartington can tell you better than I," he said, quietly.

"You see, professor!" exclaimed Miss Tartington.

"There is no doubt of it! He is guilty!"

"Merriwell, I'm sorry!" said Gunn. "It is a most regrettable affair. If you had denied it——"

"Would you have me lie, professor?"

"No, no! not for the world! So you acknowledge that you were one of the thoughtless, reckless, wretched boys who invaded the sacred precincts of Miss Tartington's school last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Dear me! dear me! Who were your companions, sir?"

"Excuse me, professor; I cannot tell."

"Eh? You cannot? You mean that you will not? Is that it?"

"I cannot."

"Be careful, sir! You may have to suffer the full punishment alone."

Dick said nothing, but his manner indicated that he had no thought of betraying any one of the others who were with him.

"If you speak out and tell us the names of your guilty companions," said Gunn, "your punishment may be much less severe."

"My punishment would be far more severe if I did that," declared Dick.

"What do you mean, sir? How would it?"

"My conscience would punish me for betraying them."

The professor coughed, brought forth a handkerchief, wiped his spectacles and blew his nose vigorously.

"Oh, dear, professor! what can we do?" exclaimed Miss Tartington, suddenly, for to her the position was most distressing. Realizing how much she owed to Frank Merriwell, without whose assistance the Lakeside school would never have come into existence, she was at a loss to divine the proper course to pursue in this emergency.

Miss Tartington stepped toward the professor and placed a hand on his arm. As she did so the door was thrust wide open. It had been standing slightly ajar. Into the room popped Mrs. Gunn, the perfect picture of indignation.

"Now I have caught you two!" she cried, shrilly.

"I heard her—I heard her call you dear, you old reprobate!"

It is a remarkable peculiarity of some deaf persons that they sometimes hear when it does not seem possible for them to do so. In this case, although she was outside the door, Nancy had heard a woman's voice exclaim "Oh, dear!" and she entered in time to discover Miss Tartington with her hand on the professor's arm.

"Woman!" she shrilled; "you are a destroyer of domestic bliss! But I have caught you!"

In her unreasoning excitement, she caught up an inkstand of red ink from the professor's table and flung it at Miss Tartington. But with the usual accuracy of a woman, she struck the professor fair in the middle of his white shirt bosom. The red ink flew in all directions. It left a great crimson splash over that shirt bosom. It spattered over the professor's chin and face and nose. The professor reeled and uttered a cry, flinging up his hands.

"Oh, Lord!" gasped Nancy, in horror, for the ink looked much like blood. "I've killed him!"

The professor dropped heavily on a chair. In a moment Nancy was at his side. She dropped on her knees and flung her arms about him.

"Oh, Zenas! Zenas!" she wailed. "Why did I do it! Go for the doctor! Go for help! He's dying! Look at the blood! Oh, I have killed him!"

Miss Tartington looked on in helpless dismay. As for Dick, he could not suppress his laughter, for the situation was ludicrous in the extreme.

"This is dreadful!" gasped Miss Tartington. "What will that woman do next?"

"Nobody knows," answered Dick.

"What a disgrace if this gets out!" exclaimed Miss Tartington.

"Woman!" gasped Gunn, as he mopped his face with his handkerchief, "what demon possesses you?"

Then he saw the white handkerchief stained with the red ink, and it was his turn to be frightened.

"What's this?" he squawked, not realizing it was ink. "I am dying! This is the end!"

"Oh, Zenas!" frantically cried his wife. "I didn't mean it! Don't die! Don't leave me a widder!"

"You have brought it on yourself," he returned. "I feel that I am sinking fast! What deadly weapon was it you struck me with?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know!" sobbed Nancy,
wringing her hands. "I was so excited I didn't know what I did."

"You can see what your anger, what your insane jealousy has brought us to."

This was "rubbing it in," for this time the professor had begun to realize that he was not seriously hurt and had seen the empty inkstand on the floor. Then came the thought that now was the time to teach his wife a lesson, and he improved the opportunity.

"I'm sinking swiftly," he declared, winking over Nancy's shoulder at Dick, who was still struggling to restrain his merriment. "The end is near."

"Oh, Zenas! Zenas! don't die!" entreated Nancy.

"If I were to live you would be just as jealous in the future—just as unreasonable."

"No, no! I'll never be jealous of you again. I promise. We'll call the doctor. Perhaps he can do something. Perhaps he can save you."

"No," said Gunn. "I'm feeling better now. I believe I shall survive."

"But the blood—"

"What blood?"

"Why, it's all over your skirt and your face and your handkerchief."

"That's not blood."

"Hey? Then what is it?"

"Red ink. You threw the inkstand, and the red ink spattered all over me."

It was amazing with what suddenness Mrs. Gunn recovered. The change that came over her was really astonishing. In a moment she was on her feet again.

"Nothing but red ink!" she almost snarled. "You old wretch! And I thought you were dying! You old deceiver! And I caught you here with this woman! I'll snatch you bald-headed!"

"I'm that already," sighed Gunn.

Nancy turned again on Miss Tartington, who was trembling with apprehension.

"I'll scratch your eyes out!" she declared, advancing.

Miss Tartington appealed to Dick for protection. She was badly frightened.

"Keep her off!" she entreated. "Don't let her touch me and I'll do anything! Oh, why did I come here! The woman is crazy! Keep her away and I'll overlook what happened last night!"

This was Dick's opportunity, and he improved it. He sprang before Nancy, who was surprised to see him there. He urged her to wait a minute, and then quickly explained why Miss Tartington had called on the professor.

"And were you here in the room when I came in?" asked Mrs. Gunn.

"I was here, but you did not notice me. You were too excited. I assure you it is all right, Mrs. Gunn."

"But you say they're going to punish you for going to see some of the girls over at that school? Well, now here is where I have something to say! I've always liked you, same as I did your brother Frank, and I don't propose to see you punished just for having a little fun. If they don't drop it they'll both be sorry! I'll have them both up in court! I'll—"

"That settles it as far as I'm concerned," admitted Gunn. "When Nancy takes a hand what she says goes with me."

Miss Tartington was glad enough to drop the matter with that understanding, as she immediately confessed.

"Perhaps it is the better way, after all," she said. "I suppose there are some things we have to overlook, and this is one of them. I shall take no further action in the matter. Good-day, professor."

She bowed coldly to Nancy, and hastened from the room.

CHAPTER VIII.
JUST IN TIME.

From that hour the whole matter seemed to be dropped, much to the astonishment and disgust of Chester Arlington, who had looked forward with pleasant and revengeful anticipation to the hoped-for humiliation and punishment of Dick Merriwell. Disappointed and angry, Arlington declared that this hushing up of the affair showed that Merriwell had some kind of a "purr" with the faculty.

He had told his friends that something was going to happen to Dick, and they kept asking for an explanation. This he did not care to make, for he did not wish to confess that the boys had been detected by Miss Tartington through his treachery in warning her after he had been trusted by Darrell.

Dick observed with some satisfaction that, at last, Hal and Chester had ceased to be intimate. All along Dick had known that Arlington was seeking to use Darrell as a tool, but he also knew it would not be possible to prevent it by approaching Hal and telling him the truth. Darrell was so proud and high
spirited that he would have resented such an attempt to do him a favor. Besides, he thought himself astute enough to know whether any fellow was his friend or his foe.

For all that it had seemed probable at one time Hal and Dick never would become close friends. Darrell had been compelled to cease his hostility toward Dick out of gratitude for several friendly turns on the part of Merriwell.

But it is certain that Darrell never entirely and wholly forgave Dick for coming between him and Doris.

This had been quite unintentional on Dick's part, but Darrell's pride had been touched. He was very fond of Doris. He had tried to forget her; and he had even found pleasure in the company of June Arlington. Through it all, however, he often thought bitterly that Merriwell had turned Doris from him.

But now Doris had learned of Dick's friendliness toward June, and she promptly gave him the cold shoulder.

This pleased Hal. On the night of the goose party he had noted that the "Yale girl" had failed to attract Doris, and he suspected that "Susie Campus" was Dick Merriwell.

He had revealed himself to Doris in his disguise as the old woman, and she had betrayed a preference for his company.

But then, on the appearance of Miss Tartington, it seemed to him that fate had again favored Dick Merriwell, for he had been the one to put out the fire and save Doris after the lamp was dropped.

He did not pause to realize that this had happened simply because Dick had determined to see all the others safely out of the building before he sought flight himself.

Hal longed for an opportunity to talk with Doris, and for that purpose he hurried away from the academy one afternoon, made his way over to the road that led from the Lakeside School into the village, and waited there.

He knew Doris and some companion often passed along that road to and from the village on fair afternoons. Miss Tartington permitted two of the girls to walk over for the mail.

On this particular afternoon Hal was rather late, and his greatest fear was that the girls had already returned to the academy, as it was beginning to grow dark.

He had not waited many minutes, however, when he saw them coming down the road from the village.

But, to his surprise and dismay, they had two companions.

Hal recognized the companions of the girls at once as Chester Arlington and Hector Marsh.

Marsh was Arlington's latest pick up as a friend. He was a sturdy, thick, rough fellow, something of a bruiser. Hal felt that Chester had chosen the fellow particularly because he regarded him as a good fighter.

Felicia Delores, Dick Merriwell's dark-eyed cousin, was the other girl.

The girls were walking close together and hurrying somewhat. Arlington was walking along beside Doris, while Marsh was giving his attention to Felicia.

"Well, I like this!" muttered Hal, savagely, feeling a sudden pang of jealousy.

But this passed almost instantly, for he discovered that the girls were not at all pleased by their companions, who were forcing their attentions on the two.

Instantly Hal's blood began to boil.

As the four drew nearer, the watching lad saw Marsh attempt to take hold of Felicia, who cried out and gave his hand a push, snuggling closer to Doris.

Both Marsh and Arlington laughed.

Doris was angry.

"Are you gentlemen?" she asked, her eyes flashing.

"Why, of course, we are. Arent we, Arlington?" said Marsh.

"My father," said Chester, "is D. Roscoe Arlington, the great railroad magnate and the richest man in——"

"You cad!" muttered Hal.

"But your boasting shows you are not true gentlemen!" exclaimed Doris. "We have asked you both to let us alone. If you were gentlemen you would do so."

"Now, what's the use to be so foolish!" laughed Chester. "Why, you ought to be proud to know us."

"We are not proud, and we do not care to know you."

"Oh, come! You are a deuced pretty girl, and I'm dead stuck on you! Most girls would be proud if I told them that."

"Then I'm glad I'm not like most girls!"

Chester was getting angry, although he tried to hold it in check. He was astonished to find that this girl did not care to have anything to do with him, even though his father was one of the richest men in the country. It hurt his pride.
“I have lots of money to spend,” he said, “and I will buy you any amount of presents. You may have all the candy—”

“Now you are proving that you are anything but a gentleman!” declared Doris. “No gentleman offers bribes like that. Candy! Do you think I’d care to know you just because you offer to buy candy?”

“Well, that’s not all. I can buy lots of other things, rings and gloves and ribbons and knicknacks that will make all the other girls jealous.”

Doris stopped short, facing him.

“You are insulting, sir!” she cried. “I wish you to go on about your business at once!”

“And now you are prettier than ever!” exclaimed Chester. “If I go on, I’ll have a kiss before I go!”

He caught her in his arms, but she struggled and cried out.

Hal Darrell came over the fence and into the road with two great bounds. He grasped Arlington by the neck, snatched Doris away and flung the fellow aside.

“Hal!” cried Doris.

Chester, astonished and infuriated, called out to Marsh, who released Felicia, whom he had grasped as his friend clutched Doris.

Marsh turned and struck Hal Darrell a terrible blow behind the ear, Hal being totally unprepared.

Down dropped Darrell, stunned.

“That’s the stuff, Hector!” complimented Chester.

“I don’t believe he’ll want you to hit him again!”

“You are brutes, instead of gentlemen!” burst from Doris, who started to bend over Hal, sobbing bitterly.

But Darrell was not done for. He routed up, tried to brush a haze from before his eyes, and staggered to his feet.

“You’re two cheap cowards,” he said, thickly.

“Give it to him again, Heck!” shouted Chester, as he rushed in.

Marsh tried to hit Hal again, but Doris gave him a push that almost upset him.

At the same time Hal turned and met Chester, who had thought to take him by surprise. It was Arlington who was taken by surprise, and Darrell managed to hit him a staggering blow in the mouth, cutting his lip and starting the blood.

This infuriated Arlington beyond measure.

“I’ll make you pay for that!” he grated. “Now you’ll get the worst thumping you ever had in your life!”

Then he called again to Marsh, and both of them closed in on Hal.

Darrell fought as well as he could, but the first blow he had received filled his head with a dizzy feeling, and he was not certain in his movements.

The girls saw those two fellows close in on him, hitting him repeatedly. He did his best to fight them off, but they were too much for him.

Doris tried to stop them, but they pushed her away rudely.

“Here’s where you get all that’s coming to you, Darrell!” laughed Arlington.

Hal set his teeth and made no response, but kept on fighting as best he could.

In their excitement none of them saw a lad who came running down the hill toward them. It was not until Marsh got in a blow that sent Hal down heavily, apparently done up, that they heard the sound of running feet and turned to see Dick Merriwell right upon them.

Dick’s dark eyes were blazing with the light of battle, and he sailed into Arlington and Marsh like a whirlwind. His first blow lifted Marsh and sent him flying into the ditch. Then he turned on Chester, who tried to dodge.

Dick’s hands were still bound in bandages, but he seemed to forget all that. He went at Chester, who retreated.

Arlington could not get away. Dick leaped upon him and down the fellow went.

Marsh turned over on his hands and knees in the ditch and stared at Dick, winking ludicrously.

“Come on, Heck!” appealed Chester. “We can both do him! Come on!”

Marsh got up and tried to render Chester some aid. He hurried forward, thinking to take Dick unawares.

Apparently Dick was unprepared, and Doris cried out to him.

But suddenly out shot Merriwell’s foot, striking Marsh in the stomach and doubling him up.

“Oh! ow! wow!” gasped Marsh, hobbling away and clinging to his stomach with both hands. “Oh, dear! He’s—killed—me!”

“Come back!” called Chester. “Come help me!”

But Marsh had not thought of doing so. A fellow who could fight with hands and feet was too much for him. As soon as he could get some of his strength and straighten up, he jumped the fence and plunged into some bushes, leaving Arlington to his fate.
TIP TOP WEEKLY.

Seeing this and realizing that the jig was up, for Darrell was crawling to his feet and there would be two against him in a minute, Chester whirled and took to his heels, running like a deer. At first, Dick started to follow the fellow, but he seemed to change his mind in a moment.

"Let them go," he said, half laughing.
"Oh, Dick!" exclaimed Doris. "You came just in time! How did it happen?"
"Well," answered Dick, frankly, "I was looking for you."
"For me?"
"Yes, for you and Felecia. I wanted to find out what happened after the party the other night. Are you hurt much, Darrell?"
"No," answered Hal. But inwardly he was raging, for he realized that again Dick had made himself the hero of the occasion.

CHAPTER IX.

A SNOWBALL BATTLE.

Chester Arlington was disgusted and infuriated over the outcome of the affair.
"That fellow Merriwell pops up just in time to get the best of me in everything," he said.
When he overtook Marsh he reviled the fellow for running away. But Marsh was white as a sheet and professed to have terrible pains in his stomach.
"He kicked me," he said, faintly. "Didn't you see him? He kicked me in the stomach, and I'm afraid he's broken something inside of me. Oh, I have such awful pains!"

"Well, we made that fellow Darrell look like thirty cents," said Chester. "That was some satisfaction. But I suppose Merriwell will pose as a hero before the girls. Confound that little blue-eyed peach! I didn't seem to cut much ice with her, and she's all right, too. I must devise some way of getting on the right side of her, for she's the prettiest girl around here by long odds."

"I don't believe you've seen Zona Desmond."
"Oh, yes I have! I don't see where she's so stunning. She thinks she's a cokker, and that's what spoils her. This little Templeton girl is just as peaches and unaffected as she can be. That's what makes me take to her so."

"Well, you can't do anything with her. Your goose is cooked there after this."

"I'm not so sure of it," said Chester. "I'll devise some scheme to fix that all right, see if I don't."

The following morning the cadets were delighted when they rose at reveille and discovered that there had been a fall of snow in the night, covering the world with a pure white mantle. It was the first snow of the season and was moist and soft, threatening to disappear before many hours.

At the first intermission the regular snowball battle between the plebes and yearlings took place. Every year, with the first fall of snow sufficient to make good snowballing this battle took place.

The plebes started it, lying in wait for a body of yearlings as they came filing out from a class. The plebes had supplied themselves with snowballs, and the yearlings were bombarded with such a hail that they were overwhelmed at first.

The yearlings were cut off from barracks. The plebes had taken possession of the entrance, and, being well provided with "ammunition," they made things lively.

The yearlings attempted to retreat toward the gymnasium, but another body of plebes poured a rain of snowballs into them and they were forced to run for it, seeking refuge behind a corner of the academy.

But Chester Arlington quietly led a band of plebes round the front of the academy, and the yearlings were caught between two fires.

"Give it to them, fellows!" cried Chester, triumphantly. "Soak them now!"

By this time Brad Buckhart was thoroughly aroused.
"Whoop!" he roared. "Let's go into this and show those dubs a thing or two!"

"Ow dear! ow dear!" wailed Billy Bradley, digging snow out of his ear. "Somebody 'it me with a 'ard one in the hear!"

"Well, brace up and soak 'em back!" shouted Buckhart, who was making snowballs and throwing them as fast as he could.

"Thunder!" gurgled Chip Jolliby, who had been hit in the eye. "That was a fuf-fuf-fuf-fancy shot! That fuf-fuf-fuf-feller ought to have a prize!"

"How I do enjoy getting soaked in the neck with a good hard snowball!" chattered Ted Smart. "It is good as an electric shock. It stirs the blood and lives up a fellow up."

"Don't talk!" shouted Brad. "Get into gear and plunk 'em back at the slobs! Are we going to let them chase us off the earth? Well, I reckon not!"
But the plebes had the advantage, and the yearlings could not withstand the hail of snowballs. In spite of Brad's encouragement, part of them took to their heels and made for the fence that enclosed the football field.

Buckhart was disgusted.

"Hold on, you duffers!" he roared. "What's the matter with you? Are you going to let them chase you round like a flock of sheep? You make me sick! You do, I know!"

But he was compelled to retreat also, which he did with poor grace, growling like a dog with a sore ear.

At the corner of the football field he rallied the rattled yearlings and brought them to a stand.

"Where is Merriwell?" was the cry.

For Dick was not with them.

Only a part of the yearlings had been caught in this manner by the plebes. Others were in their rooms, Dick being one of these. The sound of the battle aroused them, and Dick found out what was taking place as the plebes forced Buckhart and his companions to take refuge behind the academy.

Immediately Dick set about gathering the rest of the yearlings to take part in the battle. But before he had accomplished this Buckhart and his party had been compelled to retreat again and had made a stand by the football field.

The plebes who had held the entrance to barracks had deserted that position to get into the thickest of the fray as the yearlings retreated. This enabled Dick to lead his party down the stairs and outside without being discovered.

"This way, everybody," commanded Dick, as he slipped round behind the building.

There he gathered them into two squads. He picked out the members of the different squads quickly, choosing for one those he believed could throw snowballs accurately and with force.

"You fellows are to do the firing," he said. "The others are to provide the ammunition. Now, remember, I don't want one of you fellows who are to make snowballs to take part in the firing. Just you get together snowballs as fast as you can provide them for the others. That will keep you busy enough. Now, everybody get a good supply of snowballs and follow me!"

He led them all the way round the barracks.

By this time the two parties of plebes had concentrated and were pushing the yearlings had. Buckhart and his companions were getting much the worst of it when Dick Merriwell and his company came charging on the rear of the plebes, uttering a cheer and letting fly a volley.

Thus the plebes, in turn, were caught between two fires and taken by surprise.

Dick's plan worked well. The manufacture of ammunition kept close behind the "firing line," supplying plenty of snowballs, which were rained upon the dismayed plebes.

Arlington saw his class was rattled, and he did his best to steady the fellows. At the same time, he realized the attack of Merriwell on the rear had placed them in a bad position.

Buckhart rallied his party.

"Hooray!" he bellowed. "Now we've got 'em! You hear me chirp! Here's Merriwell! Now we'll sock 'em!"

The plebes began to break up and scatter. But they could not get to barracks, for Dick had spread out his line so that it prevented that.

In vain Chester tried to hold his warriors together. The onset was too much for them, and they soon took to their heels, running in all directions. The yearlings cheered and pursued some of them, and the battle ended in a complete triumph for Merriwell, to Arlington's untold disgust.

CHAPTER X.

ARLINGTON'S PLOT.

"It always happens that way!" growled Chester, as he was talking the snow fight over later with some of his friends who had gathered in his room. "It's Merriwell's luck, confound him!"

"I say confound him, too!" grunted Hector Marsh. "I have a little score to settle with him."

"You?" exclaimed Chester. "Why, your score is nothing compared with mine! I'll murder him some day!"

"I've got a fine eye out of it!" said Tom Walker. "Somebody hit me square in the optic with a snowball."

Indeed Walker's eye did look "fine." It was swollen and inflamed.

Fred Preston did not have much to say, but he, too, was feeling sore.

After a time Walker and Preston departed.

"Say, Heck," said Chester, "I have a little scheme I want to carry out. Are you with me?"
“That depends,” said Marsh. “Any fun in it?”
“Sure thing. If you’ll help me out, I’ll make it right with you. You can depend on me to do that, Heck.”
“Well, what’s the racket?”
“You know that little blue-eyed peep?”
“You mean Doris Templeton?”
“Yes.”
“Say, you’re hard hit! You seem to have her on your mind all the time.”
“I’m going to get on the right side of her if it takes a leg!” declared Chester.
“It’s a worse case than I thought,” snickered Marsh.
“I tell you one thing,” boasted Chester, “when I set out to catch a girl I do it somehow.”
“Why, this is simply awful!” exclaimed Marsh, in delight. “What are you going to do now?”
“I have a plan.”
“Unfold it.”
“That girl is stuck on any fellow who plays the hero.”
“Well?”
“I am going to play the hero for her.”
“How?”
“I am going to rescue her from a position of great peril,” said Chester, winking.
“You don’t say! How is she going to fall into this terrible peril?”
“That’s where you get in your work. I want you and two or three more of the fellows to get some old clothes, wear masks, rig up like ruffians and capture the fair Doris.”
“Whew!” whistled Marsh, his eyes bulging. “Aren’t you going in rather steep, old man? I’m afraid that won’t do!”
“Why not?”
“We might get into a pretty bad scrape if anything happened that we weren’t found out.”
“Oh, rot! How can anything happen?”
“Well, something might. I don’t fancy the scheme. It strikes me as rather foolish.”
“Nothing of the sort,” insisted Arlington. “You know there is an old camp out on Gem Island in the middle of the lake?”
“Yes.”
“I want the girl taken there. I’ll have a boat near the old oak on the shore of the lake, and you can put her into it and take her to the island.”
Marsh rose to his feet.
“You’ll have to excuse me!” he exclaimed. “This thing is altogether too rich for my blood! I don’t care about kidnapping girls.”
“Pooh! pooh!” mocked Chester. “Why, if anything should happen, we could just say it was all a joke, and what could they do about it? But nothing will happen. Don’t you be afraid. I thought you had some nerve.”
“I’ve got nerve enough for most things, but this is just a bit too steep. It’s all right for you to say nothing will happen, but I notice that you’re not taking any chances.”
“I’m going to appear on the island and play the heroic rescuer. See? That’s where I come in. After you have taken her there, pretending all the time that you are tramps, I’ll just sail in, knock you right and left, grab her, run to the boat with her, push off and take her ashore. That will make me a hero in her eyes. I’ll have a nice little story to tell about how I happened to be there, and she’ll be very much ashamed because she has given me the marble heart. After that I ought to cut some ice with the beautiful Doris.”
“Well, of all the wild schemes I ever heard of that takes the plum!” exclaimed Marsh. “It lays over anything!”
“Why, don’t you think it’s all right?”
“It may be, but I have my doubts. Where are you going to have her captured?”
“On the road between the village and the lake. You know where we met them.”
“Yes,” growled Marsh, “and I know what happened there! I don’t care for any more of that kind of nonsense!”
“Bah! Are you afraid of Merriwell?”
“Not afraid of him, but I notice that he’s a pretty hard proposition to go against.”
“Well, the harder he is the better it suits me,” hotly declared Arlington.
Marsh looked doubtful.
“He always gets the best of you.”
“Does he? Well, you wait and see about that, my boy. There will come a time some day when it will be different.”
Hector looked doubtful, which provoked Arlington.
“That’s the trouble here!” he exclaimed, beginning to walk up and down the room like a caged tiger. “That’s why he always comes out on top! Everybody is afraid of him. But he’ll find I am not! He has found it out already. I am as good as he, and just as clever! I’m better! I come from a better family, and my father is——”
"Fathers don't count here," reminded Hector. "You ought to know that by this time, old man."

"Well, it makes me sore to think a fellow like him can be thought such a wonder. But I don't care about him. We'll lay for the girls down at the bottom of the hill. Felecia Delores is almost sure to be with Doris Templeton. We'll grab both of them, if she is."

"We? We?" said Marsh. "Then you are going to take a hand in it?"

"Oh, yes, I will, for I see I can't depend on any one else to carry out my plans. I'll be disguised so they will not know me, and I'll go along to the island. On the islands I'll have my cadet suit, and it won't take me long to shift from my disguise to that. Then I can pop up and rescue the girls. After that Miss Templeton will not think of being so frigid toward me. She'll begin to look on me as a hero, and she's one of those girls who admire heroes. That's how it is that she seems to think so much of Merriwell."

"Oh, well," said Marsh, "if you will be along and take charge of things, perhaps I'll help you out; but I don't care to do it alone."

"It's a go, then. I'll get the rest of the fellows. Two more will do. I'll try Walker and Preston."

"But be careful. Don't try any one that will give the thing away, or we will get into trouble."

"I'll take care of that. Trust me," said Arlington.

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CHAPTER XI.
A HUMILIATED RASCAL.

So it happened that, one evening just at dusk, as Doris and Felecia were returning from the village, four ragged looking chaps, wearing masks over their faces, sprang out upon them just at the foot of the hill near the lake.

The girls uttered cries of alarm, but they were seized and quickly carried from the road, in spite of their struggles.

"Stop that yelling!" commanded the chap who seemed to be the leader, his voice hoarse and disguised. "We ain't goin' ter hurt ye. Don't be so skedared."

"Let us go!" cried Doris, as she continued to struggle, her face ashen with terror.

"Ouch!" burst from the fellow, as she kicked him on the shins, causing him to dance about. "What's the matter with you? I tell you we won't hurt ye!"

"Help!" cried Doris.

Then something like a blanket enfolded her head and shoulders, and, nearly suffocated, she felt herself caught up and carried quickly over rough ground.

Felecia's cries had been silenced in the same manner. The captors hastened to a large boat that was drawn up to the shore of the lake at a certain point. The girls were placed in the boat, and the disguised young kidnappers hurriedly pushed off.

"Keep close to the shore, fellows," directed Arlington, in the hoarse voice he had assumed. "Hug along the shore till we get opposite the island, then pull off to it."

The oars clanked in the rowlocks and the boat moved slowly and heavily up along the shore.

As the sky was overcast, darkness was coming down swiftly now.

Felecia was quite still, but now and then Doris struggled.

"One of the young rascals lifted the blanket from Felecia, and then uttered an exclamation of dismay."

"Jee!" he said. "See how still she is! What's the matter? Is she dead?"

"Tainted, that's all," assured Chester. "Let her have air. She won't raise a rumpus now."

But his companions were far from comfortable. They had been led into this unpleasant piece of business by Chester, who had represented it as a pleasant sort of a farce; but now they realized that it was a serious affair, and they were sorry that they had started in upon it. However, it was too late to back out, and they kept on up the shore until Arlington gave the word to turn toward the island.

It was rather dark when the island was reached. The girls were taken from the boat and carried to the little cabin that stood near the center of the island. In this they were placed, the blanket having been removed from Doris's head. Felecia had recovered, but seemed too frightened to cry out or make any resistance. Although she had been nearly smothered, Doris had not lost her spirit.

"Cowards!" she exclaimed. "That's what you are! You shall suffer for this!"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Chester, still assuming a hoarse tone. "That's all right, gal. We won't eat ye. But we're 'in need of money, an' we reckon you've got some friends what'll pay well ter hev ye set free. It's money we're arter. Hey, boys?"

"You bet!" answered his companions.

"Now, boys," continued Chester, commandingly, "jest give me a chance ter say a few words privately ter these here gals."

The trio stepped outside the cabin, leaving the door open.

Barely had they done so when one of them uttered a cry of alarm and started on the run toward the boat.

For he had seen dark figures creeping swiftly toward the cabin from the shadow of the trees on the island.

His companions followed him, and the two dark figures rushed at once toward the cabin.

Arlington heard the cry of alarm and sprang outside. He saw two persons coming straight toward him, and he, too, ran for the shore.

But when Chester reached the place where the boat had been left he found his companions had pushed off without him and were pulling away.
“Come back here, you fools!” he snarled. “Don’t you dare leave me!”

But they saw that one of the pursuers was close upon Chester, and they paid no heed to his command.

Realizing that he would be in a bad scrape if caught, Arlington recklessly plunged into the cold water of the lake and began to swim after the boat, still calling for his friends to come back and take him in.

The fellow who had hastened after him stopped on the shore and watched him.

Chester swam a short distance, then seemed to realize the folly of his efforts and started to turn back. Suddenly he gave a cry, flung up his hands and sank from view.

Now the fellow watching him on the shore was Dick Merriwell, who with Hal Darrell, had been waiting on the island for the young scoundrels to bring their captives there. Dick had been given a “tip” by one of the fellows approached by Arlington. He was not told everything that was to happen, but he was warned to slip out to the island and wait there to see what occurred. Thus it happened that he was not on hand to assist the girls when they were set upon, as he would have been had he known everything that was to occur. He had also been “tipped” to take Hal Darrell with him, and this he had done.

Dick and Hal had started to rush forward, close the door of the cabin and shut the four rascals in prisoners, but three of the fellows had stepped out in time to see them.

When Dick saw Arlington go down he knew the fellow had been seized by cramps. Immediately he flung off some of his clothing, tore his shoes from his feet and leaped into the water, which was bitter cold. He swam as swiftly as possible toward the spot where Arlington had disappeared.

Chester came up, struggling weakly and in pain, and Dick grasped him.

“Now keep your hands off me,” he said, “and I’ll—”

But, in his fear and distress, Chester had clutched him.

Dick knew what to do. He lifted his fist and struck the fellow hard and fair between the eyes. Arlington released his hold, and Merriwell turned him about, getting hold of him firmly and striking for the shore.

Hal and the girls had hurried to the shore and were there to witness the struggle, which they could see on the water, that was lighted by a gray light from the western sky. They encouraged Dick as he swam.

Fortunately the shore was not far, and Dick reached it, being pulled out by Hal, who also dragged Chester Arlington from the water.

The mask no longer covered Arlington’s face, and he was recognized by them all.

“Let’s get into our boat, Hal,” he said, “and pull out of this as soon as possible. Boo! But it’s cold!”

Regardless of his dripping condition Felecia flung her arms round Dick’s neck.

“Oh, Dick!” she cried. “I’m so glad. I was frightened almost to death!”

Doris said nothing.

Meekly, like a shorn and shivering lamb, Arlington followed them as they crossed the island to the place where they had hidden their boat. He did not offer to get in, but stood on the shore watching them. When the others were in the boat, Dick said:

“Get in.”

The subdued and humiliated fellow obeyed, and the boat was pushed off.

As Dick leaned over to fit the oars into the rowlocks, Doris Templeton whispered in his ear:

“My hero!”

In spite of his wet and shivering condition his blood leaped warmly in his veins.

THE END.

The Next Number (351) Will Contain

DICK MERRIWELL’S DEFENSE;

OR,

Up Against the Great Eaton Five.

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Tip Top 351 records another of his most daring feats and adds another link to the fast-forming chain which is binding him to us all.

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of the highest grade.

Now, then, all our ambitious young letter writers will be anxious to win one of these fine prizes. All you have to do is to follow these directions:

Write a letter to Tip Top Weekly, discussing any feature of the famous publication, its characters, plots, athletics, contests, tournaments or anything that impresses you especially; then write across the top of it "Prize Letter," and send it to Street & Smith. So that the contest may be absolutely fair, the readers of Tip Top are to act as judges, and the letters which receive the greatest number of votes will be awarded the prizes. Come on now, boys and girls! Show us which one of all our young Shakespeares are the best letter writers.

APPLAUSE.

PRIZE LETTER NO. 39.

Fellow-readers of the "King of Weeklies," our dear Tip Top, I wish to say a few words of what the Tip Top has done for me. I have read the Tip Top from No. 1 to date and can truthfully say it is tip top in all ways and has rightfully earned its name. But first I think that its noble author, Burt L. Standish, should have most of the praise, for as a writer he is among the best and should be classed with Henty, Optic, Alger, etc. His writings impress and interest one so that it is very hard to do anything else but read. It also makes comparison with our noble heroes, Frank and Dick, possible, and in most cases the reader resolves to follow their example. I know it was so in my case, for when I began reading the Tip Top I was a wild and reckless boy and always in mischief, but later on I became so interested in the books that I began staying home and reading, and after a time I became thoroughly ashamed of myself and made up my mind to quit my old life and follow the example of Frank, whom I say I was tempted many a time, but I always tried to remember the words "Work hard to win," and I succeeded. My folks and old friends were surprised at my change and wondered how long it would last, and I remember well my dear parents when they saw that I did not fall back. They began to honor the Tip Top very highly and looked on it as my savior from my sure downfall. Many other readers from this place were benefited, both physically and morally. Therefore, we recommend the Tip Top to both old and young, but especially to young, because it is in my belief that what the child learns when young will "stick by him" in after-years, whether it is good or bad, therefore it is very necessary for parents to watch carefully their children, and not least in regard to their literature. Therefore, friends, do not forget to have the Tip Top in your libraries or on your bookshelves. I will not talk room to write much about the other characters, but I will say that they are all true, brave, and cheerful youths, such as an ideal youth should be. As for dear old Bart, who is next to Frank, he reminds me of my own troubles. Those who want him dropped from the flock are only selfish and want to attract some attention to themselves. Bart has worked hard to conquer his faults and he has—won—thanks to our dear hero, Frank. Wishing the Tip Top may be continued to shine for the youth of this glorious land, as their leading star in life, and know, Burt L., that you are doing a grand work, and sure reward will be thine in time, with long life and prosperity to you and the publishers, everlasting yours,

A. M. JACOBSON.

Branston, Illinois.

Here is a letter telling of the good that Tip Top has done for one of its many readers. It saved him from making many mistakes and has been the means of his becoming a manly, upright fellow and one who is able to see and overcome his faults. Little wonder then that he cannot say enough in favor of Tip Top. Please send your street address.

PRIZE LETTER NO. 40.

Having read Tip Top up to the present copy, and not having always felt inspired to write a letter for the Applause Column, I now, first, try to compliment Tip Top, and, second, to win the prize. My friends and I enjoy Tip Top very much, not only for its interesting stories, but also for the many good examples it contains. It's advice against the evils of smoking and drinking are excellent. It shows how a boy like Frank can be made good by doing and dealing in honest and industrious work. Persons who are dishonest can succeed for only a short time. Frank shows in his noble character how a boy can do a lot of kindness in which money is not concerned. He shows how he is to be kind to enemies, and how some of them come to be your best friends later on. Take Hodge and Badger for instance. In Frank I find the true American boy. There has been a prejudice against novels, but I'm glad to say that this feeling will soon be overcome if books like Tip Top were printed. Tip Top's friend,

FRANK J. WORR.

103 St. Maries Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

One more contestant for the prizes given to the best letter writers. Who deserves them, readers?
PRIZE LETTER NO. 41.

I think it is about time for me to say something about what I think of Tip Top. For the first thing, I will say that I couldn’t get along very well without it, and there are a lot of others here just like me. In regard to Dick and the girls, I don’t think Dick will marry Felecia or Doris either. I think there may be another girl out there that will tell who asks for her on the Tip Top by and by. Doris is too much like Elsie for Dick. I think she will marry Brad Buckhart and Felecia will get Hal. I think Bob Blakely will make a decided stand for Dick and stick by him. But what Mr. Standish cannot fix right is not worth fixing at all. I may leave Newport on business for a while where I cannot get Tip Top, but you will get my address, so you can send it to me, and at the same time remember me as one who would like to be in Dick’s place or with the friends he has. Yours truly,

Newport, Tenn.
W. C. M.

Some one else looking for a prize. The contest is becoming spirited. Who will be the winners, readers? Please send your street address.

PRIZE LETTER NO. 42.

One Merriwell was faithful to his first love; should the second prove less true? Answer that who can. Inza was Frank’s first love; Doris, Dick’s. Yours sincerely,

A Dorista.

New York.

A few words, but meaning ones. Where will this stand on the list for a prize? Please send your street address.

PRIZE LETTER NO. 43.

Well, the Doristes have signally vanquished Felecia—or rather, they have relieved her case can be relieved again after all that has been said and done, especially in No. 337. But now, as we were perhaps beginning to grow lazy and think ourselves safe, behold another form looms up upon the horizon! June Arlington. Another sweetheart for Dick. At least, I suppose so, for Dick seems to be a boy who likes to have sweethearts “on a string,” and who cannot live without flirting. Yes, flirting! For example, when he was a plebe at Pardale he met Doris Templeton, was much struck with her, showed his admiration in many ways, and professed to be faithful—and Doris believed him. Then when Frank’s team went out West to play in the Mad River League, taking Dick and Felecia along, of course Dick had to have a girl, so he made love to Felecia—he thought there was no chance of Doris ever hearing of it. I suppose—and caused poor little Felecia many heart aches. Then, returning to Pardale, he improved the opportunity to again make himself solid with Doris, and I thought perhaps he might have come to his senses at last, but then June Arlington appears. It is true, Dick saves her life, but what shall we wear her rose and do those other little little things for her? He is trilling in themselves, but which he has known would pain Doris to the heart. But we Doristes have encouragement enough to keep hope high in our hearts, and oura is the spirit that never says die. And perhaps I have wronged Dick. No one can deny that he is a brave, fine, noble fellow, and his love affairs are the only things about which I can find fault with him. And even there I shall try to remember that Dick is not grown yet—is too young to make any definite disposition of his heart, as is said in the remark on Mr. Henry J. Atherton’s letter in No. 340. Mr. Atherton seems to be a faithful and enthusiastic Dorista, although he takes a very sensible view of the case, and I am sure we are all glad to welcome him into our ranks, and consider it an honor. And I suppose fellows of Dick’s age can’t be expected to remain entirely true to one girl, when there is another, handsome and fascinating, to be taken advantage of. That is probably too much to expect, although I really can’t imagine how Dick could want anything better than to be always true to Doris. Doris must be prettier than June Arlington, and Dick must be a man and polished golden hair, is a far more unusual style. Besides, I don’t care for handsome girls, but like pretty girls a great deal better. They are mere feminine. And though June is interesting, she has not Doris’ piquancy, brilliancy, or charming coquettishness. But, of course, it isn’t mere external traits that count. I think June will prove a fine character, but Doris is a sweeter, truer, better girl in every way. I think that Dick will feel that June will not bear the entire burden. And when the time comes for Dick

Merriwell to choose once and for all, may he choose the girl who is closest to his own heart, and that one is—Doris. Could it be June Arlington? Never! Rosemary

Newport, R. I.

A fine letter, full of liberal views and a most interesting one. Yes, Dick is young and has truly reached the age where perfect stability can be expected on every side. I am sure that when the right time comes he will be on hand to do the right thing. He has not failed yet, nor will he in the future.

I write you these few lines to tell you what I think of the Tip Top Weekly. It is the best book of its kind in America. I like Frank, Bart, Brad, Dick, Ted, Elsie, and Doris. Band ought to be out of it. Arlington, as a plotter, is great. G. W. McNeill is a sorehead. Burr L. is the king of writers.

New Orleans, La.

Many thanks for your praise of Tip Top. We see that we can count New Orleans people among our staunch friends.

I read the Tip Top Weekly from No. 1 to the latest issue. Of all the characters I like Dick, then Brad, then Darrell. I don’t like Craughters, Arlington or any of the “wolf gang.” I think Dick is the girl for Dick. Felecia and Buckhart will fight it out for Zona. I hope Fardale will have a good enough for all Arlington’s efforts to hold it down. Hoping to see the answer soon, I remain,

M. Danby.

Birmingham, Ala.

That is right, let Alabama be heard from in the Applause Column. We want every town in the country, large and small, to have its boys represented on the list of Tip Toppers.

Not having noticed a letter in your Applause Column from here and being devoted readers of Tip Top, we consider it our duty to express our appreciation of the same and its stories. We have read every one from the first to date, and think No. 340 beats them all. But there is nothing we can say of Tip Top that has not already been said. We admire Dick and all his friends, and especially Brad Buckhart. We have made a careful study of Dick’s love affairs and think Doris is the girl for him, although we admire Miss June Arlington very much and think Dick will, too, later on, but we will leave that to the good judgment of Mr. Standish.

Hoping to see this in your Applause Column soon, we remain, devoted readers of Tip Top.

Homer Wright.
Richard Darke.
Hardaway Frazer.

Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.

I thought to hear from you and your views on Tip Top. Let us hear from you again soon and how in your estimation things stand. Of course you Southern boys like Brad. He is the right sort.

You have been recommended to me as the best authority on the subject for which I would like to secure some information, and for which I would be most thankful. The information I wish is regarding the amount of money it would require to enter one of the colleges of this country, and also what is would take to carry me through a full course, if it is possible for you to tell me. Some of the colleges I would like to know of are U. of P., Cornell, Princeton and several of the large ones. Not knowing of other course through which I could gain this knowledge, without writing to the various colleges, and being advised to communicate with you, I beg that you give me some consideration. Let me know to the best of your knowledge what it requires per year to be admitted. If at any time in the future I can render you any service, I will be glad to do so. Yours truly,

Chas. Gold, Jr.

Alleghany, Pa.

The information you wish is rather a difficult thing to give exactly, as every college varies in many ways, making expenditures more or less. Tuition may be less than one of the largest universities, such as Yale, for about $150 per year, and cost of living depends upon individual circumstances, but about $250 per year could cover that. Of course it may be some less at the smaller colleges, and always in being able to get some position during college years, such as tutoring, helps to lessen one’s expenses considerably.
TIP TOP FOOTBALL
ALL AMERICAN TOURNAMENT
FULL PARTICULARS OF THE GREAT
ALL AMERICAN TOURNAMENT
AND OTHER FOOTBALL FEATURES
WILL BE FOUND EVERY WEEK IN
TIP TOP WEEKLY
550 Regulation Rugby Footballs
Awarded as Prizes
THE GREATEST PRIZE OFFER EVER MADE!

A. C. (Minneapolis, Minn.), 43; Hastings (Hastings, Minn.), 0.
A. C.—Mengler, r e; L. Hawk, r t; Gleason, r g; Helen, e; Boardman, i g; Snell, i t; W. Hodges, i e; Schuler, q; H. Hodges
(capt.), r h b; Laperriere, i h b; E. Hawk, f b; Hastings-Kent, r e; Hansen, r e; Andersen, r g; Clark, e; Halmon, i g;
O’Brien, i t; Snyder, i e; Hurke (capt.), q; Halvarson, r h b; McGuire, i h b; Trow, f b; Manager—E. J. Hawk.
A. C. (Minneapolis, Minn.), 8; Monroe (Minneapolis, Minn.), 5.
A. C.—(Regular team.) Monroes—L. Thomas, r e; Shore, r t;
Hall, r g; Smith, e; Jackson, i g; E. Eagle, i t; A. Eagle, i e;
Thomas (capt.), q; Cohen, r h b; Cogswell, i h b; Mahler, f b; Manager—E. J. Hawk.
Highflyers (Davenport, Ia.), 48; Maroons (Princeton, Ia.), 5.
Highflyers—W. Thompson, H. Young, r e; W. Thompson, S.
Kegel, r t; H. Grell, r g; A. Young, e; D. Maurer, i g; Heiming,
I. T.; W. Grey, r e; H. Gerots, i g; B. Lucas, r h b; H. Heimings,
I. H. B.; J. Fries, f b; Manager—H. Heimings; Maro-
ones—C. Mundt, r e; J. Allen, r t; H. Sherman, r g; G. Mason,
q; A. Repheal, i g; R. Koester, i t; H. Nummen, i e; W. Swilley,
q; E. Pieker, r h b; M. Downs, i h b; J. Markus, f b; Manager—
R. Koester.
Highflyers (Davenport, Ia.), 0; O. K. (Dixion, Ill.), 7.
Highflyers—(Regular team.) O. K.—J. Paddock, C. Carlsen,
r e; H. Ohverhoff, r t; G. Payn, r g; C. Bostich, e; M. Rusch,
i g; R. Schelpkeke, i t; W. Scott, r e; C. Carlsen, Joe Sharp,
q; A. Beckman, r h b; L. Keehl, i h b; F. Jaquet, C. Petersen,
f b; Manager—G. Paul.
E. II. S. (Eveloth, Minn.), 0; V. H. S. (Virginia, Minn.), 32.
E. II. S.—Earl Ellsaw, r e; Alex. Jameson, r t; Albert
Swanson, r g; Frank Tregona, e; C. Anderson, i g; Chas.
Polvin, i t; B. Springer, i e; J. Sullivan, q; B. Jussmor, r h b; F.
Owens, i h b; J. Clark (capt.), f b; V. H. S.—(Regular team)
Manager—John St. Cyr.
E. H. S. (Eveloth, Minn.), 0; V. H. S. (Virginia, Minn.), 10.
E. H. S.—(Regular team.) V. H. S.—Sidney Sterberg, r e;
Wille Scott, r t; Herbert King, r g; Ever Hawkinson, e; Paul
Ericson, i g; Willie Bonds, i t; John St. Cyr, i e; Leslie J. Reid,
q; Oscar Schonefleber, r h b; Leslie Griggs, i h b; Edward Berg
(capt.), f b; Manager—John St. Cyr.
Stewart (Chicago, III.), 10; Princeton (Chicago, Ill.), 5.
Stewart—Tom Clarkson, r e; Dallis Clarkson, r t; Ernest Vic-
ton, r g; Lawrence Cardell, e; C. Carlson, i g; Sulverton, i t;
Cusson, i e; Zark, f; Crowe, r h b; R. Cardell, i h b; A. Dahl
(capt.), f b; Manager—Johnson; Princeton—M. Hall, r e; W.
Square, r t; A. Engstrom, r g; W. Johnson, e; G. Davis, i g; H.
White, i t; NeNeilsen, i e; Bernhart, i t; Gazette, r h b; G. Hall
(capt.), i h b; J. McKim, f b.
Stewart’s (Chicago, Ill.), 10; Garfields (Chicago, Ill.), 5.
Stewart’s—(Regular team.) Garfields—O’Connor, r e; Mc-
Kim, r t; Bernhardt, r g; Carl, e; Johnson, i g; Van Horn, i t;
Nordin, i e; Skelly, q; McGrath, r h b; Shortall, i h b; Homer,
F b.
B. O. A. (Ogdensburg, N. Y.), 92; R. A. Scrubs (Ogdensburg, 
N. Y.), 0.
R. O. A.—Larry Locklin (capt.), r e; Ranch Rob, r t; Dick
Dangerfield, r g; Grunsny, e; Dick Ellis, i g; Caleb Spaulding,
Jt; Buck Badger, i e; Dick Morsell, q; Bob Morsell, r h b; Joe
Rockwood, i h b; Dart Keenan, f b; R. A. Scrubs—Will Field-
ing, r t; Capt. Brown (capt.), r t; Pete Jarvis, r g; Charles
Snow, e; G. Bean, i g; Jack Potter, i t; Harry Perkins, Joe
Long, i e; Percy Cook, q; S. Smith, r h b; W. Murphy, i h b;
Ben Little, f b; Manager—Dart Keenan.
B. O. A. (Ogdensburg, N. Y.), 37; Orientals (Ogdensburg),
B. O. A.—(Regular team.) Orientals—W. Bearnam, r e; P.
Godfrey, r t; L. Hand, r g; H. Birencnough, e; H. Mawen,
i g; Wm. Coolidge, i t; G. Tamboer, i e; M. Ott, q; H. De
Block (capt.), r h b; Adolphus Schmiderwind, i h b; R. Buck-
allow, f b; Manager—Dart Keenan.
B. O. A. (Ogdensburg, N. Y.), 9; Royal Bengal (Ogdens-
burg, N. Y.), 6.
R. O. A.—(Regular team.) Royal Bengal—M. McGeachin,
r e; A. Crim, r t; Geo. Creekmore, r g; C. Middleton, e; F. Yez-
man, i g; R. Reeves, i t; S. Plasket, i e; Isaac Whiteless, q; N.
Clayton, r h b; D. Bird (capt.), i h b; Seymour Fryer, f b;
Manager—Dart Keenan.
B. O. A. (Ogdensburg, N. Y.), 69; Yankees (Ogdensburg),
B. O. A.—(Regular team.) Yankees—G. Rosenberg, r e; J.
Dulmnkrad, r t; Chas. Westcott, r g; A. Verberdinksn, e; Frank
Schemer, i g; S. Vanemann, i t; H. Lucas, i e; J. Boschitz
(capt.), q; N. Clayton, r h b; D. Bird, i h b; Charles Mehlbenk,
F b; Manager—Dart Keenan.
Brompton (Chicago, Ill.), 38; Sheffield (Chicago, Ill.), 9.
Brompton—(Regular team.) Sheffield—Carl Weber, r e; J.
Carter, r t; J. Bloomfield, r g; C. Bloomfield, e; S. Simmern,
i g; S. Hime, i t; C. Morris, i e; M. Calaway, q; F. Richardson,
r h b; B. Neal, i h b; C. Carden, f b; Manager—C. Carden.
Brompton (Chicago, Ill.), 52; Roscoes (Chicago, Ill.), 9.
Brompton (Regular team.) Roscoes—E. Ratscously, r e; H.
TIP TOP WEEKLY.

q; Gillmore, r h b; Markell, l h b; Frank, f b; Manager—J. Gordon.

Yale (Dayton, O.), 17; S. H. S. (Dayton, O.), a.

Yale—(Regular team.) S. H. S.—Baxter, r e; Newton, r g; Haggerty, c; Phelps, l g; Slater, l t; Ross, l e; Burke, q; Fisher, r h b; Clinton, l h b; Meiser, f b; Manager—J. Gordon.

Royal (Milwaukee, Wis.), 17; Athletics (Milwaukee, Wis.), a.

Royal—Fuelean, r e; Kullman, r t; Miller, r g; Asnhut, c; Lindener, l g; Kehler, t; Marcan, l e; Miller, q; Voss, r h b; Schuttenberg, l b; Daniels, f b; Manager—Fuelean. Athleti- cists—Scott, r e; Adams, t; Sullivan, r g; Collins, c; Sherman, l g; Springer; l t; Watson, l b; Hoffman, q; Bennett, r h b; Charles, f b; Wright, f b; Manager—Hoffman.

Royal (Milwaukee, Wis.), 41; Lake Parks (Milwaukee, Wis.), a.

Royal—(Regular team.) Lake Parks—Merrill, r e; Williams; t; Peck; r g; Schneider, c; Peirce, l g; Hansen, l t; Wheeler, l e; Church, q; Mills, r h b; Wilson, l h b; Parker, f b; Manager—Perker.

Crescents (Oswego, N. Y.), 6; Brown S. (Oswego, N. Y.), g.

Crescents—(Regular team.) Brown S.—Jim Galleghe, r e; Fred Terrott, r t; John Cozine, r g; Bob Griffin, c; John Man- hany, l g; Tom O'Hara, t; Frank Hurigan, c; Jacob Hughes, q; Charlie Joy, r h b; Fred Kern, l h b; Fred Donahue, f b; Manager—Fred Kern.

Crescents (Oswego, N. Y.), 5; Brown S. (Oswego, N. Y.), 4.

Crescents—(Regular team.) Jim Galleghe, r e; Fred Terrott, r t; John Cozine, r g; Bob Griffin, c; John Manhany, l g; Tom O'Hara, t; Frank Hurigan, c; Jacob Hughes, q; Charlie Joy, r h b; Fred Kern, l h b; Fred Donahue, f b; Manager—Fred Kern.

Crescents (Oswego, N. Y.), 5; Tigers (Oswego, N. Y.), a.

Crescents—(Regular team.) Tigers—T. Henirig, r e; P. Scully, r t; D. Hanley, r e; P. Burton, c; E. Burton, l e; P. Ross, r t; W. McKinstry, l e; C. Haley, q; R. Foley, r h b; C. Foley, l h b; F. Lofus, f b; Manager—T. Henirig.

Crankerjack (Eric, Pa.), 37; Scrubs (Eric, Pa.), a.

Crankerjacks—Harry McCall, r t; J. Hart, r t; C. Finnegan; r e; Charles B. Tunn, r t; E. Guten, c; J. Ferguson, q; J. Klein (capt.), r h b; E. Hayes, l h b; M. Rick- road, f b; Manager—H. Johnson. Scrubs—J. Gordon, r t; R. Haydon, r t; E. Madison, r g; J. Rolland, c; W. Price, l g; M. Riblet, l t; J. Volmer, l e; A. McLeod (capt.), q; C. Moses, r h b; W. Peters, l b; J. Driscoll, f b; Manager—T. Kempfer.

Crankerjacks (Eric, Pa.), 32; Rippers (North East, Pa.), a.

Crankerjacks—(Regular team.) Rippers—Robert Kempfer, c; Charles Hogan, r t; Bart Creme, c; Sam Genta, c; Jack Watson, l g; Harold Cody, l t; Hiram Perkins, l e; John Tompkins, q; Joe Hadley, r h b; Philip Wilson, l h b; Jerry Ross (capt.), f b; Manager—Walt-Southwick.

Battery (New York), 10; Rectors (New York), a.

Battery—Richard Doyle, r t; Walter O'Brien, r t; John Sullivan, c; Andrew Doyle, c; Thomas Conner, l e; Arthur Nolan, t; George Kenevan, l e; Thomas Connolly, q; Martin Parrel, l h b; Thomas Doyle, l h b; Martin Oliver, f b; Recorders—Michael Egan, r e; John Morton, r t; Daniel Moran, r g; John Donavan, c; John Malone, l g; William Powers, l t; Freddie Davis, l c; Thomas Meizer, q; William Fox, r h b; Thomas Griffin, l h b; Charles Thum, f b; Manager—John Sullivan.

Battery (New York), 20; Flatbush (Brooklyn, N. Y.), a.

Battery—(Regular team.) Flatbush—John Donavan, r e; Jas. Lynch, c; William Foley, c; Thomas Cook, c; Chas. O'Brien, q; Henry Lawler, t; Thomas Downey, l e; Joseph Doyle, q; Peter Tracy, r h b; Walter Mahler, l h b; William Kenevan, f b; Manager—John Sullivan.

St. Jude's (Brookport Park, N. Y.), 10; Lefferts Park, N. Y., a.

St. Jude's—(Regular team.) Lefferts Park—William Stengel, r e; Bert Fishon, r t; Joe Baker, l e; Frank Averill, r e; Fred which, c; Oscar toch, f b; George Weekes, l h b; George Clinton, f b; Manager—Frank Doyle.

George Traver. Lefferts Park—Robert Evans, r e; Conrad Heckenheimer, r t; John Kenney, r g; Al Stern, c; Joe Kenedy, l g; John Harold, l t; P. Pflue, q; Thomas; l e; James Han- cock, r h b; Ole Gregson, l h b; P. Lechtenberg, l b; Manager—John Hancock.

St. Jude's (Borough Park, N. Y.), 11; Browns (Brooklyn, N. a.

St. Jude's—(Regular team.) Browns—Jim Keenan, r e; George Williams, r t; Sam Gilligan, r g; Joe Doyle, c; Joe Sack- man, l g; Jack Kiffe, l t; Percy Hibert, l e; Herbert Smith, q; Harry Storm, r h b; Fred Rize, l h b; George Smithers, f b.

Mapleton Indianapolis, Ind., 4; States St. (Indianapolis), 10.

Mapleton—(Regular team.) States St.—Cullen, r e; Dutchie, t; Riely, r g; Comer, c; Sands, l g; Grosse, l t; Knocker, l e; Owney, q; B. Haney, r h b; Brown, l h b; King, f b; Manager—C. G. Ackin.

Mapleton (Indianapolis, Ind.), 23; Indiana Academy (Indianap-olis, Ind.), a.

Mapleton—(Lease capt., r e; Fohl, r t; Darter, r e; R. Harris, e; Moore, l g; R. Harris, l t; Wyon, l e; Peile, q; Dogranar, r h b; Deere, l h b; Stemple, f b; Indiana Academy—Arnold, r e; Linley, r t; Davis, r g; Smith, c; Linton, l g; Pinkbinder, l t; Ketchum, l e; Little, q; Staley, r h b; U. Known, l h b; Shane, f b; Manager—C. G. Ackin.

Montford A. (Baltimore, Md.), 5; Luzerne Indians (Balti- more, Md.), a.

Montford A.—(Regular team.) Luzerne Indians—Baltimore, Md., r e; Deaver, r t; Murray, r t; Rhine, r g; Tucker, c; Holman, l g; Bond, l t; Smith, l e; Tankersly, q; Marshall, f b; Manager—Hoofmester, l b; Manager—Henry Hofmeister.

Amphion (Brooklyn, N. Y.), 28; Wonders (Staten Island), a.

Amphion—(Regular team.) Wonders—S. Miller, r e; C. Murphy, r t; F. Hesse, r g; W. McCarty, c; P. Noethling, r g; C. Hesse, l t; B. Miller, l e; W. Welli, q; H. Moore, r h b; C. Henderson, l h b; C. Gerken, f b; Wonders—F. Richter, r t; B. Nelson, r t; C. Ellis, r g; A. Robinson, c; F. MacGuire, l g; G. Hesse, l t; B. Frothingham, l e; C. Hogan, q; W. Henry, r h b; O. Jacobs, l h b; C. Bern- stein, r h b.

Amphion (Brooklyn, N. Y.), 32; Manila (Brooklyn, N. Y.), a.

Amphion—(Regular team.) Manila—James McCarthy, r e; William O'Neil, r t; Thomas O'Connor, r g; Harry Schofield, c; John McNamara, l e; Michael Brown, l e; Frank Harris, q; Alfred Plume, q; Samuel Gilroy, r h b; Chris Ellerman, l h b; Herman Mussler, f b.

Amphion (Brooklyn, N. Y.), 28; Whirlwinds (Brooklyn, a.

Amphion—(Regular team.) Whirlwinds—Charles Bean, r e; Frank Sohmer, r t; William Johnson, r g; John Williamson, c; Maurice McNane, l g; James Schaefer, l t; H. Meyers, l e; Harry Leonard, q; John Hörry, r h b; Sam Humphries, l h b; Louis Isaza, f b; Manager—George Gompertz.

Amphion (Brooklyn, N. Y.), 18; Rosebuds (N. Y. City), a.

Amphion—(Regular team.) Rosebuds—Edward Cunningham, r e; Gus Reulien, r t; John Steiner, r g; George Schoeneck, c; Steward Pay, l e; John Franklin, l t; John Malcomb, l e; Oscar Lyons, q; Edward Merriam, r h b; George Lake, r h b; John Galligher, f b; Manager—George Gompertz.

Amphion (Brooklyn, N. Y.), 42; Rose (Brown Street, N. a.

Amphion—(Regular team.) Rose—Charles Scully, r e; Fred Adams, q; Grover Wilson, r t; Michael Dillen, l e; Frank Harris, q; Ben; Welting, l e; Arthur Houtz, l e; Edward Duncan, q; John Kelly, r h b; Charles McDermott, l h b; Arthur Simonsen, f b; Manager—George Gompertz.

Amphion (Brooklyn, N. Y.), 68; Ostend (Brooklyn, N. Y.), a.

Amphion—(Regular team.) Ostend—William Estwick, r e; Alfred Gregory, r t; Herman Espen, r g; Leonidas Demby, c; Samuel Gudrunheimer, l e; Ely Rosenberger, l t; James T. Mad- den, l e; John Finn, q; John Goff, f b; Joseph Nathan, l h b; George Fox, f b; Manager—George Gompertz.
TIP TOP—PROF FOURMEN—ONE

Prof. Fourmen: I have read a number of Tip Tops, and thought I would answer you a letter. Here are my measurements:

Upper arm, 8½ inches, normal; expanded, 9 inches; forearm, 9 inches normal, 9¼ inches expanded; both arms are the same; calves of legs, 11 inches; upper leg, 15 inches; height, 5 feet 4 inches; age, 13 years. How do they compare? How can I develop the muscles of my wrist? I had my left wrist nearly cut off, and it is weak, and bothers me when I throw left-handed. I use one-pound dumbbells; also Indian clubs, chest weights, and horizontal bar. Thanking you beforehand, and "Three cheers and a tiger" for Tip Top, I remain, your friend,

GLEN LONG.

Your measurements are good.

To develop and strengthen your wrist the dumbbells, chest weights and Indian clubs are good as anything; also try wrist exercises, and rowing when you can do it is most beneficial. Rub your wrist well with alcohol or a limbient of lead and opium after exercising.

Prof. Fourmen: Being a constant reader of the Tip Top Weekly, I hereby send you my measurements, taken stripped:

Age, 17 years; height, in bare feet, 5 feet 4½ inches; weight, 111 pounds, stripped; chest, unified, 32 inches; inflated, 35 inches; waist, 29 inches; thighs, 17 inches; calves, 12 inches; arms, 10 inches; forearms, 6 inches; knees, 14 inches; wrists, 6 inches; ankle, 6 inches; breadth of shoulders, 15½ inches; neck, 13½ inches; reach, 62 inches; girth around shoulders, 40 inches. Are these up to the average of a boy my size and age? Which are my weakest spots and need more developing? Thanking you in advance, and awaiting an early reply, I remain yours respectfully,

M. A. S.

An aspiring athlete.

You are under weight, but otherwise your measurements are fair. Go into training, and you will soon find yourself more fully developed and stronger. Persevere, and you will be well repaid by the results.

Prof. Fourmen: Having seen no one write you from my city, Detroit, I take the liberty to ask a few questions, which, I trust, will not bother you. I take a splash every morning. Should the water be entirely cold? 2. Is the following breakfast wholesome: A bunch of grapes, a cereal with cream, two soft-boiled eggs, two cups of cocoa? 3. Are banana nutritious? 4. Are cashew-nut trees injurious? Hoping to see the answers in next week's Tip Top, I am, yours sincerely, CORTLAND S.

1. A cold sponge bath is better.
2. Yes.
3. Yes, but sometimes indigestible.
4. Yes. All cigarettes are detrimental to one's health.

Prof. Fourmen: Being a member of the Old Star's Football Club and a reader of your excellent paper, I wish to say a few words in praise of it. My great trouble is that I cannot grow the regulation width of football hair, and am rather nearly. Can you tell me of anything that would reduce my abdomen? We have a Tip Top Social Club, composed of the undermentioned: A. J. Fowles, manager; J. M. Torrance, president; H. F. Mills, secretary; A. Sheldon, treasurer. We are getting new members every day and will be in a very flourishing state soon. Please print this. I will send measurements some other time. I am sixteen and weigh 115 pounds. How is my weight on an average with my age?

JAS. TORENCE.

Go into training to reduce yourself. Be systematic and persevering. Do not eat fatty and starchy foods. You did not give your height, so I cannot judge if your weight is in proportion.

Prof. Fourmen: I wish to ask you a question, which I hope you will answer in the Question and Answer page of Tip Top. How and when should breathing exercises be taken?

D. T. W.

Fifteen minutes in the morning and the same at night.

Prof. Fourmen: Having read Tip Top Weekly for a good while now I think it is the best paper I ever read. Will now ask a few questions for the first time. I am fifteen years ten months old; weight, 127 pounds; with street clothes on; waist, 30 inches; chest, 33 inches, normal; expanded, 35 inches; height, 5 feet 4½ inches, stripped. How can I strengthen the wrists and forearm without apparatus? Yours forever,

FRANK SUGAR.

Your measurements are fair.

To strengthen wrist and forearm use dumbbells and punching bag. Rowing is also most beneficial.

Prof. Fourmen: I have read your Tip Top books for the last three months, and like them very much. I am 16 years old; height, 5 feet 9½ inches; weight, 123 pounds; neck, 15½; chest normal, 33; chest, expanded, 33; biceps, 11½; forearm, 9½; calves, 13; wrists, 6½; thighs, 18; hips, 30; waist, 28. My records are: 100-yard dash, 10½ seconds; standing broad jump, 7 feet 7 inches; running broad jump, 16 feet 2 inches; high jump, 4 feet 8 inches. (1) What do you think of my measurements and records? (2) How can I develop the muscles of the legs and calf? (2) How many pound Indian clubs would you advise me to use to begin with? Hoping to see this in your next issue.

CHARL. J. CHOWEN, JR.

(1) You are some under weight, but otherwise your measurements are fair, and records good. (2) Skipping the rope, bicycle riding and running will develop those muscles. (3) One-pound clubs.
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