

# WUN LUNGS WHEEZE!

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Walker and Carne fairly bounded to the window, and Loder rushed after them. "Stoppee, Lodee!" yelled Wun Lung. "You goee—and me dioppee keggee at once!" "Mercy!" shrieked Loder, while Carne and Walker went head first out of the window in their eagerness to escape the fearful Chinese! (See chapter 3.)



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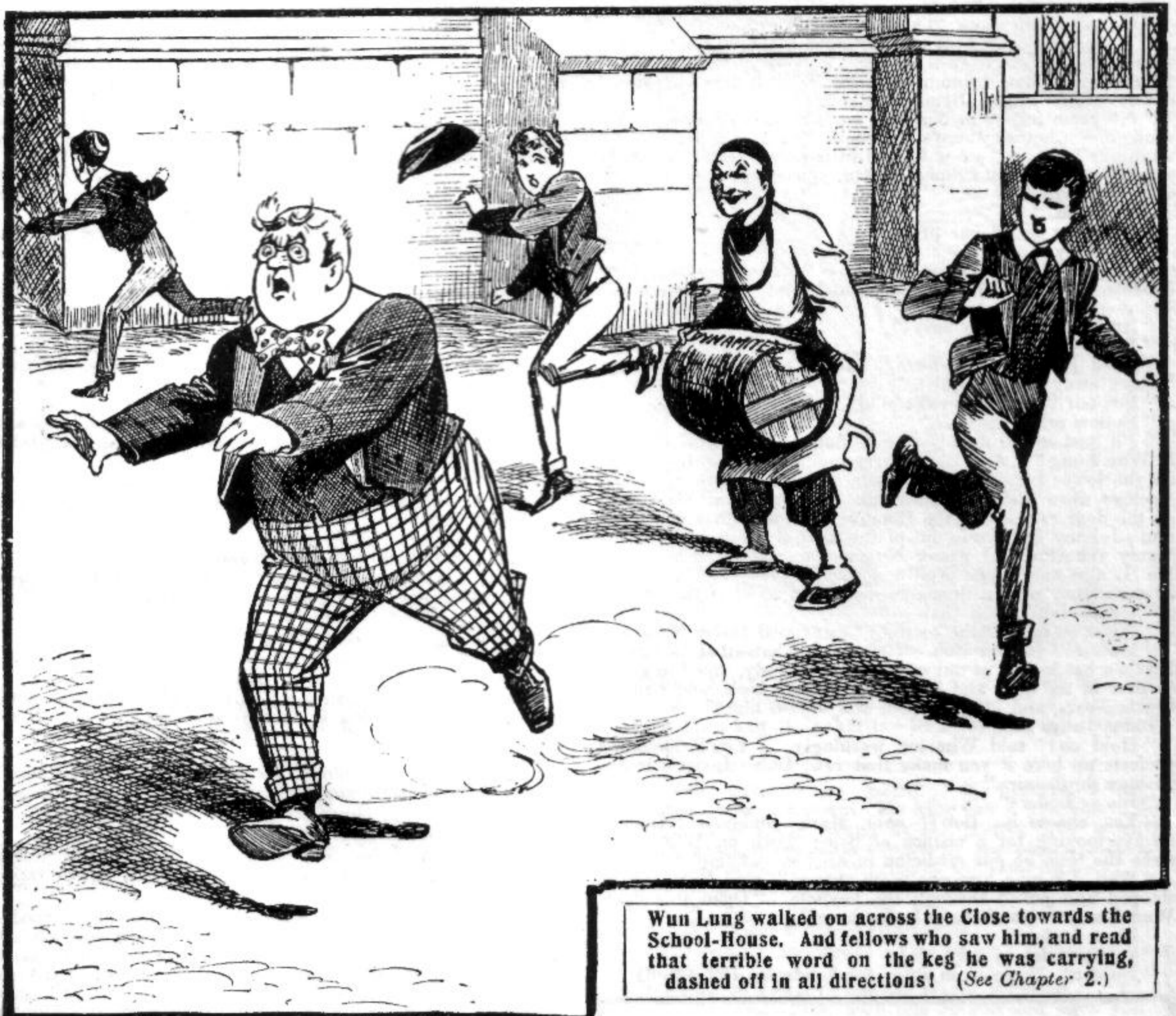
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## WUN LUNG'S WHEEZE!

A Grand, New, Long, Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. and the  
Little Chinees of Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.



Wun Lung walked on across the Close towards the  
School-House. And fellows who saw him, and read  
that terrible word on the keg he was carrying,  
dashed off in all directions! (See Chapter 2.)

### THE FIRST CHAPTER. Trouble in No. 13!

**W**UN LUNG!"  
Bang!  
"You Chinees villain!"  
Thump!

Bob Cherry was growing excited. His stentorian voice, which the celebrated Stentor himself might have envied, rang the whole length of the Remove passage. And his bangs and thumps on the door of No. 13 Study accompanied his voice.

No. 13 Study was Bob Cherry's room. He shared it with Mark Linley and Hurree Singh, and little Wun Lung, the

Chinees. Little Wun Lung was generally the most submissive and peaceable of study-mates. But he could be obstinate—as obstinate as a giddy mule, as Bob Cherry declared. He was obstinate now. Wun Lung was busy, and he had locked the door of the study to prevent interruption. As it was time for evening preparation, the locking-out was decidedly inconvenient to the other juniors who shared the study. But the little Chinees did not appear to have taken that fact into consideration at all.

What he was busy about nobody knew. He had been seen conveying parcels, large and small, into the study; and bundles of sticks, and coils of cord. His minor, Hop Hi, of the Second Form, had gone in to help him. And the study door was locked against all comers. And as Bob Cherry was

already late to begin his preparation, it was no wonder that he was getting exasperated.

He thumped on the door, and rattled the handle, and shouted through the keyhole.

"Wun Lung, let me in!"

There was no reply, save a low chuckle from the interior of the study.

Mark Linley came along the passage and joined Bob Cherry, followed by Hurree Janset Ram Singh, the Indian junior. Both of them wanted to get into the study to begin their preparation.

"What's the matter?" asked Mark.

Bob snorted.

"That Chinese villain has locked us out, and he won't open the door. He's up to something or other in the study. I'll skin him! I'll scalp him! I'll——"

Mark Linley rapped on the door.

"Wun Lung! Let us in, old chap. We've got to do our prep."

"No loom!" said Wun Lung's soft voice within.

"What the dickens does he mean by no loom?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Mark Linley laughed.

"He means no room; it's his beautiful pronunciation."

"The pronouncefulness of the esteemed Wun Lung of the august English language is terrific," gravely remarked Hurree Singh, whose own pronunciation of English was considered rather terrific by the Remove fellows.

"No room for us in our own study?" bawled Bob. "I'll show him whether there's no room. I'll skin him! I'll slaughter him! I'll strew him in little pieces round the study when I get in. You Chinese villain, you—you yellow saveloy, open this door!"

"No open!"

"We want to do our prep."

"Me busy!"

"I'll busy you!" roared Bob. "I'll—I'll wring your Chinese neck. Don't you understand that we've got to do our prep, you—you heathen?"

"No comee in. Me busy!"

"You—you—you——"

"Doee plep in Form-loom," said Wun Lung cheerfully. "Goec away and be quiet."

"But our books are in the study," said Mark Linley.

"Bollow othee bookee!"

"I'll bust in the door!" roared Bob. "And then I'll bust in Wun Lung!" And Bob Cherry brought his boots into play on the lower panels. Bob's boots were of a large size, and his legs were decidedly powerful. The sound of his assault on the door rang along the Remove passage with a deafening din. Johnny Bull came out of the next study to object; and Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent came along from Study No. 1, also to object. And a dozen fellows yelled along the passage from various doors, lurid threats of what they would do if Bob didn't stop that row.

"What on earth's the matter?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"Matter!" panted Bob. "Matter! That—that benighted heathen has locked us out of our blessed study, and I'm going to bust in the door and break his Chinese neck, and pull his heathen ears, and jump on him and squash him."

Bang, bang, bang!

"Hold on!" said Wharton warningly. "You'll have the prefects up here if you make that row, Bob. Loder's in the passage downstairs."

"Blow Loder!"

"Yes, cheese it, Bob!" said Mark Linley. "Loder's always looking for a chance of being down on Wun Lung since the time he put medicine in his pie. Cheese it!"

"Well, I'll give him one more chance!" said Bob, and he stooped and yelled through the keyhole. "Open this door, Wun Lung, or you'll have Loder here."

"Blow Lodee!"

"Will you let us in?"

"No can. No loom in study for handsome Bob Chelly."

"No room for me in my own study, you pigtailed heathen!"

"Feeetee too big!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you—you cheeky heathen! I'll show you whether my feet are too big or not, when I get near enough to use them on you. I'll squash you!"

"No wantee to be squashee!"

"Open the door, then, and I'll let you off."

"No wantee lettee off."

"What are you up to?"

"Snuffee!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"He's up to snuff!" grinned Frank Nugent. "And he won't let you in, Bob. You'd better give it up. You know what an obstinate little beast he is!"

"I won't give it up," roared Bob Cherry indignantly.

"Do you fthink I'm going to be turned out of my own study by a benighted pigtailed heathen? I'll bust the door in!"

Bang, bang, bang!

"Shut up that row!" roared Belsover major along the passage. "You silly ass, how do you think we're going to work with that hullabaloo going on?"

"Cheese it, you howling idiot!" yelled Tom Brown.

Bang, bang, bang!

There was a heavy step on the stairs, and Loder the prefect came striding down the Remove passage with a cane in his hand. And there was a murmur of "Cave!" Loder of the Sixth was a bully as well as a prefect, and he had old grudges against the Remove fellows, and especially against Wun Lung. On a celebrated occasion Loder had forced Wun Lung to fag for him, and the little Chinese had mixed a strong medicine in Loder's pie, with painful internal results to Loder. Wun Lung had a peculiar sense of humour, which was not at all appreciated by Gerald Loder.

"What's all this row about?" demanded the prefect, in his most bullying tone. "Do you know you can be heard over half the House? How dare you kick up this row?"

Bob Cherry ceased kicking at the door. He did not want to give Loder a chance to get at Wun Lung, much as the little Chinese had exasperated him.

"What are you kicking at that door for?" demanded Loder.

"Practising a boot solo," explained Bob Cherry, and there was a giggle from the juniors in the passage.

Loder frowned.

"Take fifty lines for making that disturbance," he said. "If you're locked out of your study, you should appeal to a prefect."

"Bow-wow!" murmured Bob disrespectfully.

Loder grasped the handle of the door and turned it. Then he rapped sharply on the panels.

"Open this door at once!"

"You needn't chip in!" said Bob.

"Hold your tongue, Cherry!" Loder intended to chip in and make matters as unpleasant as he could for everybody concerned. "Who is here?"

"Me hele!" came Wun Lung's soft Oriental voice.

"What are you doing?"

"Me workee!"

"Open this door at once. You must not lock your study-mates out. I am going to cane you. Open this door!" said Loder.

"No opee!"

"If you refuse to unlock this door at once, Wun Lung, I shall call your Form-master."

"Look here, you chuck it, Loder!" said Bob angrily. "I don't want you to interfere!"

"Silence! You hear me, Wun Lung? Open this door at once, or I shall call Mr. Quelch to deal with you!" rapped out Loder.

There was a moment's pause, and then the key turned in the lock. Wun Lung knew that the prefect meant what he said, and he could not have refused to open the door at the bidding of the Remove-master. The door opened, and Loder strode angrily into the study. Then there was a yell, as he caught his foot in a tangle of cords on the floor, and stumbled over. He fell with a bump into the midst of a weird-looking contrivance of silk, and cloth, and cane, and sticks, and ropes.

"Oh! Ow! Yow! Yah!" roared Loder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a shriek from Wun Lung.

"You duffee! No blakee kitee! You blakee my kitee, Lodee, you sillee duffee!"

Loder had certainly broken the kite. Wun Lung had told the truth when he said that there was no room for Bob in the study. The floor was covered with a kite of tremendous size, upon which the two little Celestials had been at work.

The study swarmed with the materials for it. Chairs and

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**FRANK RICHARDS**

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in our New Saturday Companion Paper—

**"CHUCKLES," 1<sup>d</sup>/<sub>2</sub>**



Wingate and Courtney were having tea when Hobson of the Shell bolted in, slammed the door behind him, and locked it. They jumped up in amazement. "What are you up to?" roared Wingate. "Open that door, you young idiot!" "Don't!" shrieked Hobson. "Wun Lung—he's got a keg of dynamite—he's going to kill Loder!"  
(See Chapter 2.)

table and shelf and mantelpiece were covered with unattached parts.

Loder, sprawling over Wun Lung's handiwork, had certainly caused breakage. There was a tearing of silk, and a snapping of canes and strings. Some of the fastenings were made with two-inch pins—as Loder quickly discovered as he sprawled on the damaged kite.

"Yow! Ow—ow! Groooh!"

"Gettee off my kitee!" yelled Wun Lung. "You blakee my kitee!"

"Oh, crumbs! I'm punctured all over! Yow—ow! I'll skin you!" gasped Loder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Loder scrambled furiously to his feet. He was "stuck" in a dozen places by the long, sharp pins, and he was in a towering rage. Wun Lung jumped back as he flourished his cane, and little Hop Hi made a dive under the table to escape. Loder trampled furiously on the kite, smashing it right and left under his heavy boots. Canes and sticks snapped under his stamping, and cloth and silk rent in all directions.

Wun Lung had been busy for hours on that tremendous kite, but it was pretty certain that he would have most of his work to do over again, and would require very much new material. The Chinese almost danced with rage as Loder trampled the kite out of all shape and form.

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"You lotter!" he yelled. "No blakee kitee! You beaste Lodee! Stopee! Me killy you if you blakee kitee!"

And Wun Lung sprang at the prefect like a tiger-cat. Loder grasped the little Chinese by the pigtail with his left hand, and with his right brought the cane into play. Then Wun Lung danced as the lashes of the cane came round his back and legs.

Swish—swish—swish—swish—swish!

"Ow—ow! Stoppee! Yow-ow-ow! Chuckee! Stoppee! Ow-ow-ow!"

"Chuck it, Loder!" shouted Harry Wharton. "By Jove! If you hit him again, we'll pile on you and pitch you out!"

Loder ceased to lash at the little Chinese. He was panting, and his arm was aching. He hurled Wun Lung sprawling on the damaged kite.

"There, you young hound, that will be a lesson to you!" he panted. "Now, if there's any more row here, you'll hear from me, you young rascals!"

And Loder strode away down the passage, followed by a loud hiss from the Removites. Hop Hi crawled out from under the table. Wun Lung sat and looked at his wrecked kite. He did not seem to mind very much the tremendous licking he had received. His concern was all for the damaged kite. The little Chinese had a true Oriental insensibility to pain.

FOR NEXT  
MONDAY—

"MY LORD FISH!"

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale  
of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

"My kitee!" groaned Wun Lung. "My kitee smashee! Me killy Lodee!"

"You young ass!" growled Bob Cherry. "It was all your own fault!" Bob rather repented him of his violent attack on the study door, which had brought Loder on the scene with such direful results to Wun Lung's handiwork. "Clear all that rubbish away, fathead!"

"My kitee blokee! Me killy Lodee!"

And Wun Lung sorrowfully gathered up the remains of his kite, and Bob Cherry and Mark and Hurree Singh were able to get to their preparation at last.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Danger!

**H**ARRY WHARTON & CO. kept their eyes upon the little Chinese that evening. Wun Lung was not exactly like the other fellows in the Remove. His training at Greyfriars had not quite obliterated his earlier training in the Flowery Land. He had suffered very severely at Loder's hands, and the famous kite was almost wholly destroyed.

There was no telling what the little Celestial might do, especially after his threats that he would "killy" Loder. Wun Lung came from a country where life was cheap, and it was quite possible that he might do something wild and reckless that would get him into serious trouble.

Wun Lung was very quiet that evening, however. After prep was over, Bob Cherry told him he could have the study, and fill it from floor to ceiling with his blessed kite if he liked. But Wun Lung shook his head.

"Blokee," he said, "wantee new stuftee to makee new. Makee to-morrow. Makee Lodee solly he blakee kitee!"

Bob looked at him sharply.

"Look here, you young ass, what have you got in your pig-tailed noddle?" he demanded. "You can't go for a prefect, you know that!"

"Me killy Lodee to-morrow!"

"You silly heathen—"

"Blowee Lodee up with dynamite," said Wun Lung calmly. "Me fetchee dynamite to-morrow, and blowee up Lodee studee and killy Lodee!"

"Well, if you wait till you get a keg of dynamite, there won't be much harm done," said Bob, laughing; and he left the study.

The next day was Wednesday, a half-holiday, and the chums of the Remove were too busy on the cricket-field to give much attention to Wun Lung. The Remove were playing the Upper Fourth that afternoon, and after Harry Wharton & Co. had gone down to the cricket-field, Wun Lung came out of the School House.

Bolsover major and Skinner were lounging on the steps, and they greeted the little Chinese as he came out.

"Going to kill Loder?" asked Skinner humorously.

Wun Lung nodded.

"Good! Call us in when you start," said Bolsover major, with a chuckle. "It will be worth seeing. What are you going to use—dagger, machine-gun, or pickaxe?"

"Me blowee up Lodee."

"Well, he blows us up often enough," grinned Skinner. "How are you going to blow him up?"

"Me stealee dynamite ffrom the works in Courtfield," said Wun Lung. "Me blingee keg hele, puttee in Lodee studee, and blowee up Lodee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You'll catch him at tea-time, then," said Bolsover major. "My minor is fagging for him, and he's got to get tea for Loder and Walker and Carne at five. Blow 'em all up together!"

"Me savvy!"

And Wun Lung walked away. He trotted across the Close, and disappeared out of the school gates. Bolsover major stared after him curiously.

"My hat!" he said. "The little beggar looks in earnest; and he's a queer, savage little beast, too! I wonder if he means it!"

"Well, he can't get hold of any dynamite, anyway," said Skinner.

"I don't know. He's a sly beast, and he might bone a keg from the powder works at Courtfield, if he really means it; and he's a giddy savage, you know. He comes from a country where they murder people at twopence a time!"

Skinner whistled.

"Well, 'tain't our business," he said. "We'll see when he comes in, anyway. If he's got a keg of dynamite with him, I shall give him a jolly wide berth, I know that!"

"I say, you fellows"—Billy Bunter rolled out of the School House—"have you seen Wun Lung? I've been looking for him, but the little beast dodged me. I wanted to do him a good turn, too!"

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"Wandering in your mind, then?" asked Skinner sarcastically. "First time I've heard of you wanting to do anybody a good turn!"

"Oh, really, Skinner! You see, he's got to go to Courtfield to order the new rubbish for his silly kite, and I was going with him to help him carry the things," explained Bunter. "The little beast is simply rolling in money, and—"

"And you want some of it!" grinned Skinner. "Well, I'll tell you something, Bunter. Wun Lung's gone to lay in supplies for a big feed."

Bunter's little round eyes glistened behind his spectacles. "He'll be back before tea-time with a big parcel," said Skinner confidentially. "If you want your whack, you spot him as he comes in!"

"What-ho!" said Bunter. "I'm on!"

And he rolled away towards the gate, to keep watch and ward for the return of the little Chinese. Skinner chuckled.

"If the mad young ass brings any dynamite home with him, Bunter can find it out," he remarked—"what?"

And Skinner and Bolsover strolled away to watch the cricket. The Upper Fourth were batting first, and their wickets were going down at a good rate before the bowling of Tom Brown, the New Zealand junior, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. In little more than an hour Temple, Dabney & Co. were all down for fifty runs, and then the Remove started their innings.

Meanwhile, Billy Bunter was lounging in the school gateway, watching for Wun Lung with the patience of Penelope awaiting the return of Ulysses. Billy Bunter was in his usual state of impecuniosity, and he had sought in vain to raise a loan upon a postal-order he was expecting. That expected postal-order had become rather too well known in the Remove at Greyfriars, and nobody could be found who was willing to cash it in advance. Fellows who had sometimes done so had never seen the postal-order.

And Bunter was hungry, as usual, having eaten only enough for three at dinner. But he was getting tired of his vigil by the time he spotted the little Chinese coming down the road from the direction of Courtfield.

Bunter blinked at him eagerly through his big spectacles as he came up to the school gates. He was carrying a large parcel—a very large parcel; there was no doubt about that. And it was heavy, too. The little Chinese was perspiring as he tramped along in the warm sun, with that big parcel on his shoulder. It was wrapped round in old newspapers, but under the wrappings it had the shape of a small barrel.

"Hallo!" said Bunter affably, as the little Chinese came in at the gates. "Can I help you carry that little lot, old chap?"

Wun Lung shook his head.

"Dangelous!" he said.

"Rot!" said Bunter. "What is there dangerous about grub? The only danger is not getting enough of it!"

"No glub!"

"What have you got there, then?"

"Dynamitee."

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"Dynamitee!" replied Wun Lung calmly. "Me blowee up Lodee study and killy Lodee!"

"Oh, don't be funny!" said Bunter. "I know you're laying in a big feed, and I'm jolly well going to have my whack. I'll help you carry it if you like!"

"Lats!"

"Look here," said Bunter threateningly, "you'll whack out that grub, or I'll give you a jolly good hiding—see?"

And Bunter laid a fat hand on the big package.

"No makee dloppee kegee—explodee!" exclaimed Wun Lung.

"Bosh!"

Billy Bunter yanked at the newspaper wrappings and tore them off. He was quite sure that those old newspapers simply concealed a parcel of tuck. He started, and his round eyes grew rounder behind his glasses as the wrappers came away and disclosed a keg. It was a keg—there was no doubt about that. The newspapers fluttered down in torn pieces, disclosing the wooden keg to plain view. Bunter blinked at it amazedly.

"What on earth have you got there?" he demanded.

He blinked more closely at the keg, and even the short-sighted Owl of the Remove could not fail to see the word, painted in large white letters on the keg:

"DYNAMITE."

Bunter stood rooted to the ground for some moments, his jaw dropping, and his fat body shaking like a jelly with terror.

"G-g-g-g-good lord!" he stuttered. "Oh, my hat! Yaroooooh!" And Bunter spun round and fled at top speed in wild alarm.

Wun Lung grinned, and walked on across the Close towards

the School House. And fellows who saw him, and read that terrible word in white letters, dashed off in all directions. An exceedingly clear path was left for the little Chinese, as he stalked coolly on.

Billy Bunter came up, panting and perspiring, among the crowd on the cricket-ground.

"Help!" he gasped. "Look out! Oh, my hat!"

"What's the matter with you?" grinned Skinner.

"That mad Chinese villain—dynamite!" panted Bunter.

"What!"

"Rats!" said Bulstrode.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Bolsover major. "I'm not going near him, anyway."

"He's got a keg of dynamite! He's going to blow up Loder!" shrieked Bunter. "He told me so! There will be murder done! Oh dear! I'm off!"

And Bunter rolled on past the pavilion, and took cover there, as the safest place. There was a buzz of excitement round the cricket-ground. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were at the wickets, but, with the exception of the fieldsmen, no eyes were upon them now.

Bunter's news made the juniors gasp. Wun Lung was so queer in some of his ways and in his mode of thought that they would not have been really surprised if he had planned that truly Oriental revenge upon the bullying prefect.

"Where are you going?" exclaimed Skinner, as Bolsover major started towards the House.

"I'm going to see if it's true."

"Come back! That heathen young villain ain't safe!"

"Bosh!" said Bolsover.

He ran towards the little Chinese, who had almost reached the House by this time. He caught the glaring word "Dynamite" on the keg, and halted. He did not care to go any nearer. Bolsover major was no coward, but he knew that if the keg really contained dynamite, it would explode if it were let fall, and with an explosion terrible enough to wreck half the school.

"My only hat!" gasped Bolsover. "He's got it! Oh crumbs!"

Wun Lung glanced at him, and started walking towards him. The keg swayed on his shoulder, as if the weight were almost too much for him. Bolsover major spun round, and fairly took to his heels.

"Allee lightee!" called out Wun Lung. "No blowee you up. Me going to killee Lodee. You come and see me killee Lodee."

But Bolsover major did not accept that kind invitation. If a keg of dynamite of that size exploded in Loder's study, it would certainly kill everyone in the House as well as Gerald Loder. Wun Lung grinned, and walked on to the House. As he mounted the steps, Coker and Potter and Green of the Fifth came out. They stared at the little Chinese and his peculiar burden.

"What have you got there?" demanded Coker.

"Dynamitee."

"Wha-a-a-at!"

"It's dynamite!" shrieked Potter. "Oh, crumbs! Run for it!"

Potter and Green dashed down the steps and fled. Coker stared blankly at the keg for a moment. He knew that there was an ammunition factory at Courtfield, and the keg looked like one of those in which explosives were packed. And the word "Dynamite" stared him in the face.

"Take that away!" said Coker faintly. "You young ass! Don't you know that it is dangerous? Take it away!"

"Me killee Lodee."

"Kill Loder! You'll kill yourself if that goes off!" gasped Coker. "Hold it tight!" he added, almost in a shriek, as the keg swayed on the little Celestial's shoulder. "Don't you know that dynamite goes off by concussion? Careful!"

"Velly heavy. Me tinkee plaps me dlopee kegee—"

"Oh, my hat!"

Coker made a wild break for the Close, and ran as he had never run on the cinder-path.

The little Chinese calmly walked into the House with his terrible burden. Hobson of the Shell met him at the corner of the Sixth Form passage. He looked at the yellow face of the little Chinese, which wore an expression of almost fiendish ferocity, and caught the word painted on the keg. Hobson almost fainted. He backed away, his face white with terror, as the Chinese came on.

"Keep off!" gasped Hobson. "Go away! Help! Murder! Oh crumbs! Keep away!"

"No stopee me!" said Wun Lung. "Me goee killee Lodee. You touchee me, dlopee kegee, blowee up handsome Hobson 'stead of Lodee."

"Ow!"

Hobson tore open the nearest door and bolted into a study. It was that of George Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars. Wingate was at tea with Courtney of the Sixth when Hobson bolted in and slammed the door behind him, and locked it. Wingate and Courtney jumped up in amazement.

"What are you up to?" roared Wingate.

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FOR NEXT  
MONDAY—

"MY LORD FISH!"

EVERY  
MONDAY,

The "Magnet"  
LIBRARY.

ONE  
PENNY.

Hobson stuttered.

"Wun Lung—dynamite—keg—blow up!" he managed to articulate.

"What! Rot! Unlock that door, you young idiot!"

"Don't open it!" shrieked Hobson. "I tell you he's got a keg of dynamite! He's going to kill Loder!"

"Oh, rot!"

Wingate dragged the door open and ran into the passage. Courtney followed him. Wun Lung had reached the door of Gerald Loder's study, with the keg on his shoulder. He looked round, and the keg almost slipped from his shoulder just as the two Sixth-Formers read the terrible word upon it.

Wingate and Courtney jumped back into the study far more quickly than they had jumped out. The fearful ferocity in the Celestial's face was worthy of a Chinese pirate at his very savagest. Wun Lung was a past-master in the peculiar Chinese art of making fearful faces.

"My hat!" panted Wingate. "Did—did you see his face?"

"He means murder!"

"Good heavens! I've told Loder often enough something would come of his bullying that kid, but—but—"

They heard the slam of a door along the passage. It was Loder's door. Wun Lung and the keg of dynamite were in Gerald Loder's study!

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### An Awfully Narrow Escape!

GERALD LODER was seated at his tea-table with his friends Walker and Carne. Bolsover minor of the Third had prepared tea for the bully of the Sixth, and then gone his way with fury in his breast. For Loder was short of funds that day, but as he had asked fellows to tea, tea had to be provided. So he had informed the fag. And as Bolsover minor knew that he would get a record licking if tea were not ready by five o'clock, tea was ready when five o'clock struck from the clock-tower.

How the supplies had been obtained Loder did not take the trouble to inquire. Whether the fag had paid for them out of his own funds, or had raised them on "tick," or had raided them from other studies, Loder neither knew nor cared. He had a good tea, and that was all he concerned himself about.

Loder and Carne and Walker were enjoying themselves. But that festive meal was interrupted by the sudden opening of the door without a knock. Loder looked round angrily, and half rose from the table as Wun Lung walked in with the dynamite-keg on his shoulder. He caught the word on the keg, and sank back into his seat, his face going white.

Walker and Carne gasped. The dynamite-keg was not so terrifying as the expression upon Wun Lung's face. The almond eyes gleamed, the Oriental features were twisted into an expression of awful ferocity that was positively fiendish, and the white teeth gleamed through the parted lips like a wild animal's. If ever murder was expressed in a human countenance, it was expressed plainly then in Wun Lung's yellow, twisted face.

The Chinese slammed the door behind him with his disengaged hand, and turned the key in the lock. Click!

Loder & Co. stared at him helplessly. They were almost frozen with fear.

"W-w-w-what do you w-w-w-want?" stuttered Loder.

"Go away!" murmured Walker faintly. "P-p-please go away! Take that thing away! Oh, my aunt! Go—go—go away!"

Wun Lung's eyes blazed.

"Me comee hele killee Lodee!"

"Help!"

"Lodee blakee my kitee and whackee Wun Lung. Me killee Lodee. Lodee beastly bully! All chapees glad if killee Lodee. Me fetchee dynamitee ffrom Courtfield—me stealee kegee dynamitee—blingee hele to kille Lodee!"

"Ow!"

Wun Lung grinned ferociously, and raised the keg in the air above his head with both hands, as if with the intent of crashing it down on the floor.

"Stop!" shrieked the three seniors together.

"No stopee!"

"Don't! Don't do it! I—I didn't break your kite!" screamed Walker. "Lemme get out! Gimme a chance! Oh—yow!"

"D-d-don't drop that keg!" screamed Carne. "For Heaven's sake—for mercy's sake—hold it—hold it! D-d-don't drop it! Lemme gerrout!"

"No comee neal dool, or me dlopee kegee! Gettee outee window!"

"Right! Only hold on a minute, for mercy's sake!" panted Walker.

Walker and Carne fairly bounded to the window and threw it open. Loder rushed after them.

"Stoppee, Lodee!" yelled Wun Lung. "You goee, and me dloppee keggee at oncee!"

"Mercy!"

"Stoppee where you are, you lottee! Me killy you!"

Walker and Carne went head first out of the window and sprawled on the ground outside.

It was a rough tumble, but they did not care for bruises then; they would hardly have cared for broken bones, so long as they could get out of reach of that terrible keg in the desperate hands of the Chinese.

Loder stood at the open window, not daring to scramble out. Wun Lung held the keg ready to hurl to the floor; and Loder knew well enough what would be the effect of the hurling of a keg of dynamite—a terrific explosion, in which the study would be smashed to atoms, and both himself and the avenging Chinese blown to little bits. Indeed, if the keg were full of dynamite the explosion might bring the whole House tumbling down in ruins.

Loder leaned weakly on the window-frame, his face white as chalk, his eyes fixed upon the savagely contorted face of the Chinese.

"You leady to die?" asked Wun Lung, grinding his teeth, and fixing a basilisk-like glare upon the scared and shivering bully of the Sixth.

"Ow!"

"You sayee players before me killy?"

"Don't do it!" groaned Loder. "You'll—you'll be hanged! You desperate young villain, you'll be hanged!"

"No hangee if blowee to bittee."

"B-b-but you don't want to blow yourself to bits!" pleaded Loder. "I—I—I'm sorry I licked you yesterday. I'm sorry I busted your kite. I'll buy you a new one. I—I'll help you make it. I'll do anything!"

Wun Lung shook his head.

"Me killy! You go downee on knees and shuttee eyes, and me killy!"

"Mercy!" howled Loder. "Don't! For Heaven's sake, take care how you hold that keg!"

"Me dloppee it now—"

"Hold on! Oh, good heavens!"

The handle of the door rattled.

"Are you there, Loder?" called out the voice of Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove.

"Yes, sir!" stuttered Loder.

"Why is the door locked?"

"That murderous villain Wun Lung has locked it, sir! He—he's got a keg of dynamite here, sir!" groaned Loder.

"He's going to murder me! Speak to him, sir!"

"Wun Lung!"

"Yes, Mistel Quelchee?"

"Let me in!"

"You goey 'way, Mistel Quelchee, or you killy, too! Dynamitee explodee and killy evelybody!"

"Wun Lung! I appeal to you, my boy!" came Mr. Quelch's shaking voice through the keyhole. "My dear boy, put that dreadful thing down at once!"

"Me dloppee it—"

"Don't!" shrieked Loder.

"Comee backee!" yelled Wun Lung, as the terrified prefect started scrambling out of the window. "Comee backee, or me chuckee!"

Loder, in horrible terror of feeling the keg of dynamite crash on his back, dropped back into the study, trembling in every limb. Most sincerely at that moment did Loder of the Sixth repent him that he was a bully. But who could have foreseen this—even in a savage, untamed young rascal from a barbarous land? Loder, shaking as if he had the palsy, stood gazing with distended eyes at the little Chinese, who had now lowered the heavy keg to his shoulder again. Loder began to hope that he did not mean to explode it, after all—though he held it so carelessly that it might have slipped to the floor at any moment. And then—

"Wun Lung!" Mr. Quelch's voice was far from steady. He knew that if a keg of dynamite exploded in the study the door would not protect him much. The Form-master had come there at the risk of his life. "Wun Lung! Do you hear me?"

"Me healee, handsome Mistel Quelchee."

"Open the door, my good boy. If Loder has treated you badly he shall be punished. I promise you that!"

"Lodee blakee my kitee! Me killy Lodee!"

"You must not think of such things, Wun Lung. Remember you are in England now. My dear boy, open the door!"

Wun Lung hesitated, and then moved towards the door. Loder made a movement towards the window, and Wun Lung turned on him with a snarl.

"You keepee quietee, Lodee!"

Loder stood stock-still.

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"I—I—I'm q-q-quiet!" he stuttered.

Wun Lung balanced the keg on his head while he unlocked the door. It swayed on his head, and at every sway Loder's heart leaped to his throat. Would this frightful suspense never be over?

Mr. Quelch pushed the door open and came in. At the sight of the little Chinese, with the keg balanced on his head, the Remove-master turned white.

"Wun Lung, pray be careful!"

"Allee light!"

"Does that keg really contain dynamite, Wun Lung?"

"Allee fullee dynamitee!"

"W-w-where did you get it?"

"Me stealee flom powdee factoly in Courtfield, and cally it helee."

"Wun Lung! Pray—pray take it away! Carry it very carefully!"

"Me blingee dynamitee to killy Lodee!"

The Remove-master panted.

"You must not kill Loder, Wun Lung. Don't you know that it is very wicked to think of such things? Take that keg away! I order you!"

"Lodee velly wicked to blakee my kitee."

"I—I am sure it was an accident!" stammered the unhappy Form-master.

"Lodee stampee on kitee, blakee all up!"

"Then—then he shall pay for it!"

"I—I—I'll pay for it with pleasure!" quavered Loder.

"Me wantee killy Lodee; but no wantee killy handsome Mistel Quelchee," said Wun Lung. "Handsome Mistel Quelchee velly kind to poor little Chinese. No wantee killy Mistel Quelchee."

Mr. Quelch was very glad to hear that, at all events. He drew a deep breath of relief.

"Then take that keg away at once, Wun Lung!"

"Mistel Quelchee goey away, and me killy Lodee!"

"I will not go!" said Mr. Quelch firmly.

"D-d-don't go, sir!" stammered Loder, with chattering teeth. "He's in your Form, sir. It—it's your duty to stay here, sir!"

"I know my duty, Loder!" said Mr. Quelch coldly. "I shall stay. Wun Lung, if you let fall that keg you will destroy me as well as Loder!"

"No wantee hurtee handsome Mistel Quelchee," said Wun Lung regretfully. "Velly glad killy Lodee, but no wantee hurtee handsome mastel. If Mistel Quelchee no goey, takee 'way keggee, and killy Lodee 'nother time."

Mr. Quelch made an inward vow that if he once got rid of Wun Lung and the terrible keg, the young rascal should never have another opportunity of killing anybody at Greyfriars. Once he was outside the school, the murderous Oriental should never enter it again.

"Take it away, Wun Lung!"

"Velly well!"

Loder gasped with relief.

Wun Lung walked to the door, and then turned once more. The keg rocked on his head, and Loder gave a shriek.

"Careful! Careful!"

"Me killy you 'nother time, Lodee!"

"Go!" groaned Mr. Quelch. "Please go!"

"Me goey, but me killy Lodee to-morrow!"

And Wun Lung walked out of the study, with one hand carelessly supporting the keg on his head. Wingate was in the passage, but he promptly dodged into his study. Wun Lung stalked down the passage, and flying footsteps pattered in all directions as he was seen coming.

Loder sank down in the armchair in his study, almost fainting.

"The murderous young villain!" he groaned. "Oh, dear! It's a wicked shame to admit such a savage, murderous young rascal into the school! Oh, dear!"

"He will not remain!" said Mr. Quelch grimly, and he followed Wun Lung from the study.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Paying the Piper!

WUN LUNG walked out of the School House with the keg on his head. The ferocious look had departed from his face now, and he was once more the grinning, amiable little Chinese.

In the Close was an alarmed crowd, and they scattered to a safe distance at the sight of Wun Lung. The cricket match on Little Side had stopped now. Harry Wharton, with his bat in his hand, came towards the little Chinese.

Bob Cherry yelled to him:

"Keep back, you ass! He may drop it!"

Harry did not heed.

"Wun Lung, take that thing away!" he said.





"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer. "If the poor kid can get any comfort out of tuck, he shall have as much as he wants." And the schoolboy earl and his companions appeared, laden with good things for the bereaved Chinese. "Handsome Lord Maulevelel velly kind!" murmured Hop Hi. (See Chapter 14.)

"Me takee away," said Wun Lung. "No killy Lodee to-day. Killy him to-morrow!"

"Be careful with it!" said Wharton. "Let me lend you a hand. Lower it to the ground."

"You no flaidee touchee?"

"Yes, I am a bit," said Harry, who was very white. "But you may drop it any minute, the way you're holding it. Don't you know what would happen then?"

"Me knowee."

"Let me help you."

If Wharton had once got the keg safely to the ground he would have taken care that the reckless Chinese did not touch it again.

But Wun Lung shook his head. That shake of the head made the keg rock, and Wharton started back, with a throb at the hear.

"Wun Lung, be careful!"

"Allee ligatee! No touchee. Me cally keggee away!"

"I will help you—"

"You standee backee or me dloppee!"

Wharton stood back, and the little Chinese passed him. From a distance anxious eyes watched Wun Lung as he progressed across the Close with the keg on his head. He was no longer supporting it with his hand, and the fellows feared every moment to see it come down with a crash. They dodged behind trees and the corners of buildings in alarm.

"Look out!" shrieked Nugent suddenly.

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Wun Lung had stumbled on the gravel path.

He made a clutch up at the keg with both hands, but missed it, and it rolled from his head and shot towards the ground.

There was a yell of horror from the Greyfriars fellows, and they ran in all directions. Mr. Quelch, who was just coming out of the house, sprang back into the doorway, and Wharton leaped after him.

Crash!

The keg smote the ground with a deafening concussion.

The explosion should have followed.

But it didn't.

The keg rolled harmlessly on the ground, with a peculiar rattle inside it, which seemed to be made of stones clinking together. Wharton looked out of the house. Mr. Quelch, breathing hard, followed him. Wun Lung was picking up the keg again. But it was only too clear, after that concussion with the ground, that the keg, in spite of its label, did not contain dynamite.

Harry Wharton gave a yell.

"Spoofed!"

"He—he has been playing a trick!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Good heavens! And I—I believed—"

Mr. Quelch broke off, choked with rage. The terrible scene in Loder's study, which had been so fearful a strain on the Remove-master's nerves, had been only a comedy, after all. The keg did not contain dynamite—it was packed with stones.

FOR NEXT  
MONDAY—

"MY LORD FISH!"

A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale  
of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.

Wun Lung had procured an old, empty keg to terrify Loder—and certainly he had succeeded. But unfortunately he had succeeded in terrifying Mr. Quelch as well, which was a much more serious matter.

The Remove-master made a bound down the steps. He rushed across to the little Chinese, and grasped him by the shoulder. The rough shake he gave him caused Wun Lung to drop the keg again, but that keg had lost its terrors now. It rolled harmlessly away, and Mr. Quelch shook and shook the little Chinese as if he would shake him to pieces.

"You young rascal!" panted the Form-master. "How dare you! How dare you!"

"Taken in, by thunder!" muttered Gerald Loder, at the window of his study. "I—I ought to have known he was spoofing! Hang him! The young rascal! But he'll get it pretty hot for this! Quelch was in a blue funk, and he'll make that little heathen beast squirm for it."

The fellows were gathering round now. They understood that the dynamite keg was harmless, and that the whole thing had been one of Wun Lung's peculiar jokes. But it was no joke for Wun Lung himself now. Mr. Quelch shook him till his teeth rattled.

"You young scoundrel! You impertinent little rascal! How dare you!"

"No hurtee Wun Lung!" gasped the Chinese. "No harm donee. Only jokee on Lodee, because Lodee blakee kitee."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"Begad! The kid's in for it now!" murmured Lord Maul-everer. "He's going to get it where the chicken got the chopper—what?"

"Serve him jolly well right!" growled Bolsover major. "A trick like that is rather past the limit."

There was no doubt that Wun Lung was going to "get it." Mr. Quelch left off shaking him, and dragged him away towards the house. The juniors followed, expecting to see the little Chinese marched into the Form-master's study for a record caning. But Mr. Quelch stalked on to the Head's study. Wun Lung was marched into that dreaded apartment, and the door closed behind him and the Remove-master.

"Phew!" said Bob Cherry. "That means a flogging!"

"I must say he deserves it," said Harry Wharton with a deep breath. "Blessed if I didn't feel in a blue funk while I was near that keg."

"You fellows all lost your nerve," said Billy Bunter. "I was going to take it away from him, if—if it hadn't come out that it was harmless. I was just going to rush upon him and seize him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Listen! Wun Lung's catching it!"

There was a sound of wild yelling from the Head's study. Wun Lung was paying the price of his little joke.

"Well, if there had really been dynamite in that keg, he would have been expelled from Greyfriars, as sure as a gun," said Johnny Bull. "I think he's jolly lucky to get off with a flogging, after the scare he gave us."

"He jolly well didn't scare me!" said Bunter. "I was going to rush on him—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

Wild howls were proceeding from the Head's study. The Head did not often flog a junior, but those who had experienced such kindly attentions bore witness to the fact that the old sport knew how to lay it on. He was evidently laying it on now with tremendous energy.

The howls of the Chinese rang through the house.

Five minutes later, the door of the Head's study opened, and Wun Lung almost crawled out. Wun Lung was famous for his indifference to pain; but this time there was no doubt that he had been hurt. He came along the passage bent almost double, and wriggling and squirming at every step.

"Had it bad?" grinned Skinner.

Wun Lung groaned.

"Ow! Me hurtee—me cuttee to piecee! Ow, ow, ow!"

"Serve you jolly well right!"

"I guess you asked for it!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I kinder reckon that scaring a Form-master is a bit too thick—just a few!"

"Ow, ow! Yow, ow!"

Wun Lung crawled away to his study, groaning at every step; but he received little sympathy from the Remove fellows. Joking with a dynamite-keg was a little too "thick" even for their tastes. Harry Wharton & Co. returned to the cricket-ground to resume their interrupted match; but when they came in to tea, they could hear Wun Lung gasping and mumbling in his study. Bob Cherry looked in on him before he went to tea in Study No. 1.

"Feel better?" he asked.

"Ow, ow! Me painee all ovec."

"Well, you asked for it," said Bob. "Come and have tea with us."

"No wantee eatee!"

"Oh, buck up!" said Bob good-naturedly.

"No can buckee up!" groaned Wun Lung. "Ow! Me killy Lodee—me killy Mr. Quelchee—ugly Mr. Quelchee—me killy—"

Bob Cherry grinned and left him. Wun Lung, still groaning from his castigation, and mumbling dire threats that he would "killy" somebody!

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### Wun Lung's Scheme!

**W**UN LUNG did not enjoy himself during the next few days.

The effect of the flogging lasted some time, and after that, his Form-master was very sharp with him. Mr. Quelch could not forget the horror of those moments in Loder's study, when he had risked his life, as he believed, in persuading the little Chinese to take away the keg of dynamite. There had been no danger, after all, and it was no wonder that the Remove-master resented that strain on his nerves, and felt that the situation had been a little ridiculous. Mr. Quelch had generally been very kind to the little Chinese; but all that was changed now. Until he had had time to forget the matter, Wun Lung was certain to receive the very keenest edge of Mr. Quelch's tongue.

But, besides the resentment of his Form-master, there was the still angrier resentment of Loder and Walker and Carne. The three Sixth-Formers were furious. Scores of eyes had seen Walker and Carne scramble out of Loder's study window and bolt, and they were chipped about it without mercy. Many ears had heard Gerald Loder pleading for mercy; and some of the fellows found amusement in imitating him, till Loder was nearly frantic with rage. The three seniors "took" it out of Wun Lung. They never met the little Chinese without cuffing him, and nearly every day one or another of them licked him with a cane or a cricket-stump.

Wun Lung was paying the price of his joke on Loder; and he found it a heavy price to pay. He would come into Study No. 13 and confide to Bob Cherry and Linley and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh that he would "killy" Loder or Walker or Carne; but they only smiled at his truculent threats now.

"Don't talk rot!" said Bob Cherry. "We know it's all gas now. And you can't grumble if you get licked—you asked for it! You can't scare a prefect out of his life for nothing."

"Me killy Lodee!"

"Rats!"

"Ugly Lodee—ugly Mr. Quelchee—ugly Walkee!" growled Wun Lung. "Me goee for them. You waitee."

"Bosh!"

"You waitee. Mr. Quelchee—ugly Mr. Quelchee—solly when Wun Lung deadee," said the little Celestial darkly.

Bob Cherry laughed.

"Gammon!"

"The gammonfulness is terrific, my esteemed Chinese duffer," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a shake of the head. "You do not take us in twicefully."

"Me lunnee away!"

"If you run away, you'll be yanked back by your pigtail," said Bob. "Don't talk like a silly ass, kid. Grin and bear it."

"No glinee and beal it. Me lunnee away so no catchee—you see!"

Bob Cherry looked sharply at the little Chinese. The little yellow face looked deadly serious. After the farce of the dynamite keg, Bob did not believe in the seriousness of Wun Lung's direful threats. But now the little Celestial's words worried him a little. He did not want Wun Lung to get himself into further trouble.

"Look here, kid," said Bob seriously. "Put that rot out of your head! You deserved all you got for that trick. If Loder doesn't let you alone, we'll go for him. But if you think of running away, I'll lick you—see?"

"No catchee!"

"Oh, I'll catch you soon enough, you young duffer!"

"Gooe on kitee."

"Wha-a-at!"

"Fly away from Gleyffials on kitee, and handsome Bob Chelly no catchee."

Bob burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, go it!"

"You waitee, you see!" said Wun Lung darkly, and he wriggled out of the study.

# ANSWERS

Bob Cherry was doing his preparation, and he turned back to it with a grin. Mark Linley looked a little serious.

"You don't think he means that gammon, Marky?" asked Bob, catching the expression on the Lancashire junior's face.

"Well, I suppose not," said Mark slowly. "But he's a queer little beggar. They're famous for making kites in China, you know—they make them large enough to lift a man. The little duffer may have some dotty idea in his noddle."

"Well, he couldn't go far, even if his blessed kite lifted him off the ground," said Bob laughing.

Meanwhile, Wun Lung was very busy with that famous kite. He did not make a workshop of the study any longer. He had selected a lumber-room near the top of the house, and stacked away the lumber, leaving himself plenty of room for his work.

Every day, in their leisure time, Wun Lung and his minor, Hop Hi of the Second Form, repaired to the box-room, and worked on the kite.

Some of the Remove fellows gave them a look in sometimes, and eyed the huge contrivance with wonder and interest.

It was growing under the hands of the two Chinese juniors, and when it was finished, there was no doubt that it would be a most tremendous affair; though many of the fellows expressed a doubt whether it would fly.

If it would fly at all, it was certainly large enough to lift a little fellow like Wun Lung, and whirl him into the air. And Wun Lung made no secret of the intention he had explained to Bob Cherry. On Saturday the kite would be finished, and then he was going to fly away from Greyfriars.

Handsome Mr. Quelch—now changed into ugly Mr. Quelch—was "closs" with him, and he did not want to live. He was going away on the kite, and when he was dead, his spirit was going to haunt Loder, and Walker, and Carne, and torment them for the rest of their lives. So Wun Lung explained with a perfectly serious countenance.

The Remove fellows chuckled as they heard it. They did not take him seriously at all.

While they worked on the kite, Wun Lung and Hop Hi talked in their own language, of which the other Greyfriars fellows did not know a syllable. What plans they might be laying in that weird "lingo" the juniors could not guess. But they grinned at the idea of Wun Lung flying away on his kite, big as it was.

On Saturday afternoon, Harry Wharton & Co. looked into the box-room after dinner to see how the kite was getting on. Wun Lung and Hop Hi were hard at work as usual, talking in a language which Bob Cherry compared to cracking nuts. Wun Lung looked up with a serious and solemn face as the Famous Five came in.

"Nearly finished?" asked Harry.

"Neally leady!"

"You're going to fly the thing this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Leave it till we've finished the cricket, so that we can lend a hand, kid."

"Lighto!"

"I hear you're going to fly away on it," grinned Johnny Bull. "Better lay in a supply of tuck for the voyage, if you're starting for China."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wun Lung nodded.

"Me goee fly away this afternoon," he said. "No wantee livee, now ugly Mr. Quelch closs wiz me. Me comee ghostee hauntee Lodee—dlive Lodee madee, and he killy himself, p'l'aps. What you tinkee?"

Harry Wharton looked at him searchingly. He did not understand the mysterious workings of the Oriental mind.

He had heard of the "hari-kari" of Japan—of suicide adopted as a resource even in the case of slight difficulties, as if life had no value. East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet!

Was it possible that the queer little Chinese was in earnest, and that his Form-master's cross-temper, and Loder's bullying, had really made him come to a desperate resolve? Or was he "pulling the leg" of the Remove, as he had done in the case of the dynamite-keg?

Wharton was inclined to the latter belief; but he acknowledged that it was impossible to be certain. The queer little Oriental might do anything!

"We'll keep an eye on this young ass when he flies that blessed thing," Harry Wharton remarked, as the Famous Five left the box-room. "There's really no telling what he might do, he's such a queer and unaccountable little beggar."

"The queerfulness is terrific," agreed Hurree Singh. "But you do not thinkfully consider that he will go up flyfully on the esteemed kite?"

"Well, it's big enough to lift him, or both the queer little images," said Harry. "That is, if it flies at all!"

"Bet you it won't," said Johnny sceptically.

"Anyway, we'll keep a fatherly eye on him," said Frank

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Nugent, laughing. "It will be fun to fly that tremendous thing, anyway, if it will fly at all."

And the Famous Five went down to cricket practice.

It was a windy day. During the morning there had been a keen breeze from the sea, but later in the day the wind had changed, and it was blowing now towards the sea, and with increased force.

It was a good wind for flying a kite, though most of the juniors doubted whether Wun Lung's huge contrivance would ever rise. But they were curious to see the experiment. Wun Lung had made kites before that had flown, in spite of their curious shapes—new to English eyes.

It was nearly teatime when Wun Lung and Hop Hi came out of the School House laden with bundles. Harry Wharton & Co. were coming off the cricket-ground.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that the kite?" asked Bob.

"Yes. Puttee together outee doois."

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't be able to get it through the doorway," said Bob. "Are you going to fly it in the Close?"

"Goee outee."

"Well, come along!"

"Allee lightee."

And a big crowd of juniors followed the two little Celestials out of the school-gates, to the spot on Courtfield Common which Wun Lung had selected for the experiment with the giant kite.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Carried Off!

THE wind was blowing hard towards the sea. At the end of the common the big trees in Friardale Wood were groaning before the gusts. Wun Lung and Hop Hi fitted the kite together on the grass, attaching and fastening the many parts securely. The kite was of an immense extent when it was completed.

Half the Remove stood round looking on, some of them lending a helping hand. Most of the fellows fully believed that the giant kite would not fly; or that, if it did, the strong wind would knock it to pieces. But Wun Lung evidently had complete faith in his handiwork.

A strong rope was attached to the kite, the spare length of it coiled round the little Chinese's waist.

"All leady!" Wun Lung announced at last.

"Good!" said Bob Cherry. "Mind that rope doesn't get caught on you, or you will be dragged along if the thing really gets going."

"Lighto!"

"Do you want us to lend a hand?"

"No. Hop Hi helpee."

Wun Lung spoke to his minor in Chinese, and the diminutive Celestial took one end of the great kite. Wun Lung took the other end, and they raised it carefully from the ground. Huge as it was, they handled it easily enough.

The juniors stood back to give them room, watching them curiously.

"It might pull him off his feet," Nugent remarked, "if it goes up at all, and if the rope gets caught on him."

Harry Wharton knitted his brows.

"We'll keep close to the young ass, and collar him if he's whisked off the ground," he said. "It's quite likely one of his blessed Chinese tricks to give us a scare."

"The likelyfulness is terrific."

Wun Lung major and minor ran along with the kite. To the surprise of the juniors, it rose quite easily, and Wun Lung paid out the rope slowly, uncoiling it length by length from around his body.

"By Jove, it's going up!"

"Ripping!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

"Hurrah!"

The kite was not only going up, but it was travelling now, and Wun Lung ran after it as he paid out the rope.

Harry Wharton & Co. ran after him.

They did not intend to let the little Chinese get out of their reach if they could help it.

In the gusty wind the kite rose higher and higher, till it looked smaller to the sight of the juniors with upturned faces below.

Suddenly there was a shout from Bob Cherry.

"My hat! He's off the ground!"

It was true!

Either the rope coiled about his slim little body had become caught, or else Wun Lung had secured it deliberately. As the kite still rose, and the rope ceased to pay out, the little Chinese was swung off his feet.

Hop Hi gazed after his major with an expressionless face. Probably in his own country he had often seen similar weights

lifted by means of a kite. But it was a new sight to the Greyfriars juniors, and they were alarmed.

The Famous Five rushed desperately after Wun Lung.

He was swinging several feet clear of the ground, the rope fastened round his waist, and his hands clinging to it above.

"After him!"

"Stop him!"

"He'll break his neck!"

"Collar him!"

But Wun Lung swept over and through a dense mass of bushes, and the juniors, scrambling in pursuit, were delayed several minutes before they could get through.

When they had torn their way breathlessly through the bushes, Wun Lung was a hundred yards distant, and still going on and rising higher.

Bob Cherry panted.

"The young ass! He'll be dragged over the trees, and break his neck!"

"Come on!" gasped Wharton.

The Co. were excited and angry now. It looked as if Wun Lung was in danger; and yet all the time they knew it was quite probable that he was aware precisely of the lifting power of the kite, and would presently descend and chuckle gleefully over the rough-and-tumble race he had given them.

All the juniors were in hot pursuit, but the Famous Five were ahead. They were running their hardest to overtake the Chinese.

Wun Lung was seven or eight feet from the ground now, swinging on the vertical rope; but the kite showed no sign of being dragged down by his weight. It could probably have supported a far greater weight. Unless the rope was released, the Chinese would rise higher and higher, until the kite ceased to mount—and then most likely he would come down with a rush, to meet instant death in a fall upon the earth.

The juniors panted breathlessly as they raced on. Up and down over the rough ground, plunging through bush and bramble, they raced on. Not a sound came from the suspended Chinese. And a new fear was entering Harry Wharton's breast; if Wun Lung rose higher, it was quite likely that he would be blown out to sea. Beyond the wood lay the cliffs, and beyond the cliffs lay the wide bay and the sea. And the kite was still mounting, hardly larger than a bird now in the deep blue sky.

Crash!

Wun Lung was swept over the wood. He swept into the trees and disappeared. But the kite was still flying high overhead, and the juniors heard crashing and crashing among the foliage in the wood.

Pursuit could go on no longer.

The wood was thick, and the juniors had to pick their way through it. Wun Lung was being dragged through the high branches.

The crashing of boughs and twigs died away in the distance.

Harry Wharton & Co. halted, breathless, in the wood, as silence followed the sounds that died far away towards the sea.

Through the thick branches overhead they could see nothing, and they could hear nothing now of the Chinese who had been carried off, suspended like Mahomet's coffin between heaven and earth.

"My word!" Nugent gasped. "The young duffer! What's become of him?"

"He may have come down in the wood!"

"Not much good looking for him here," said Harry Wharton. "He was keeping right on for the coast. Let's keep on!"

They panted on through the trees. They reached a foot-path, and then the lane that led to the village of Pegg. They scanned the sky for the kite, but it was not to be seen. Had it fallen in the wood? They hurried on, past the gates of Cliff House School, and reached the beach. Bob Cherry gave a sudden yell.

"There it is!"

Like a bird in the blue sky, the kite came into view again, sweeping high and far above the cliffs.

The rope hanging from it was invisible in the distance; but a dark object swinging in the air caught the eyes of the juniors.

It was two hundred yards at least in the air, and at that distance it was impossible to recognise Wun Lung.

But they made out the Chinese clothes worn by the Celestial junior, and the swinging object had a human form. The hands were fixed on the rope, and the legs were swinging loosely.

The juniors gazed upward in horror.

The kite and its burden were far beyond the reach of help; they could only look on with horrified eyes.

Away out to sea swept the kite and its swinging burden.

High over the cliffs, high over the white surf on the beach, high over the rolling waters of the bay.

Wharton set his teeth; his face was chalky white.

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"He's gone!" he muttered.

"He'll be drowned!" Bob Cherry gasped, with chattering teeth. "Poor little chap! Poor old Wun Lung!"

"It's horrible!" panted Nugent. "Can't anything be done?"

"What can we do?"

There was nothing to be done. It was now but a mere dot in the distance that they were watching, far over the sea, and the kite itself had disappeared. On the beach a number of fishermen and longshoremen were also watching curiously, little dreaming that a human form was suspended from the kite.

Harry Wharton turned away at last, sick at heart.

What chance was there that the little Chinese, carried out over the broad waters of the German Ocean by the flying kite, would be seen or picked up by a ship? There was no chance at all? And the land was left far behind. Wun Lung had gone to his doom!

"He meant it after all!" Johnny Bull muttered huskily.

Wharton started.

In the excitement of the chase, and the horror that had followed, he had forgotten Wun Lung's declaration that he intended to escape from Greyfriars upon the kite, and go to his death, with a truly Oriental idea of thus avenging himself upon his persecutors.

"My hat!" said Wharton. "He said he would do it——"

"And he's done it!"

"The mad young ass! Well, we did our best!"

"It might have been a rotten practical joke after all!" groaned Bob Cherry. "He was as full of tricks as a monkey. But—but it was real earnest this time."

"It's horrible!"

"And—and we'd better tell them at the school!" said Bob.

That was evidently all that could be done. With heavy hearts the chums of the Remove turned their faces towards Greyfriars.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Terrible News!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came in slowly at the school gates. They had to take the news to Mr. Quelch, and it was not a pleasant task. And the almost certain fate of the little Chinese was weighing heavily upon their hearts. Hop Hi met them in the gateway, and they paused. Did Hop Hi know already of his major's fate? They hesitated to break the terrible news to him.

The little Celestial blinked at them with his almond eyes inquiringly.

"You see Wun Lung?" he asked.

"Yes, kid," said Harry gently. "You don't know what's become of him, do you?"

Hop Hi shook his head.

"I—I—I'm afraid you must make up your mind for some bad news, Hop Hi!"

"Bad news?"

"Yes."

"Wun Lung deadee?"

"We—we don't know!"

"He flyee away?"

"The kite carried him off," said Wharton. "I'm afraid he's gone out to sea, kid. But there is a chance yet that he may be picked up and saved."

Wharton felt in his heart how little chance there was; but he wished to put the best look on the matter for Hop Hi. He knew that the two queer little Orientals were united by a very strong bond of affection.

"Goncee outee over sea?"

"Ye-es."

"Then he dlownee?"

"He may be saved yet!"

Hop Hi shook his head.

"No savce Wun Lung," he said. "Wun Lung knowee he goee diee. He comee backee hauntee Loddee and ugly Mr. Quelchee. Aftel deadee. See?"

Wharton smiled faintly. It was not impossible that the little Chinese, with his queer beliefs, might have supposed that after his death his spirit could return to haunt the bully of the Sixth.

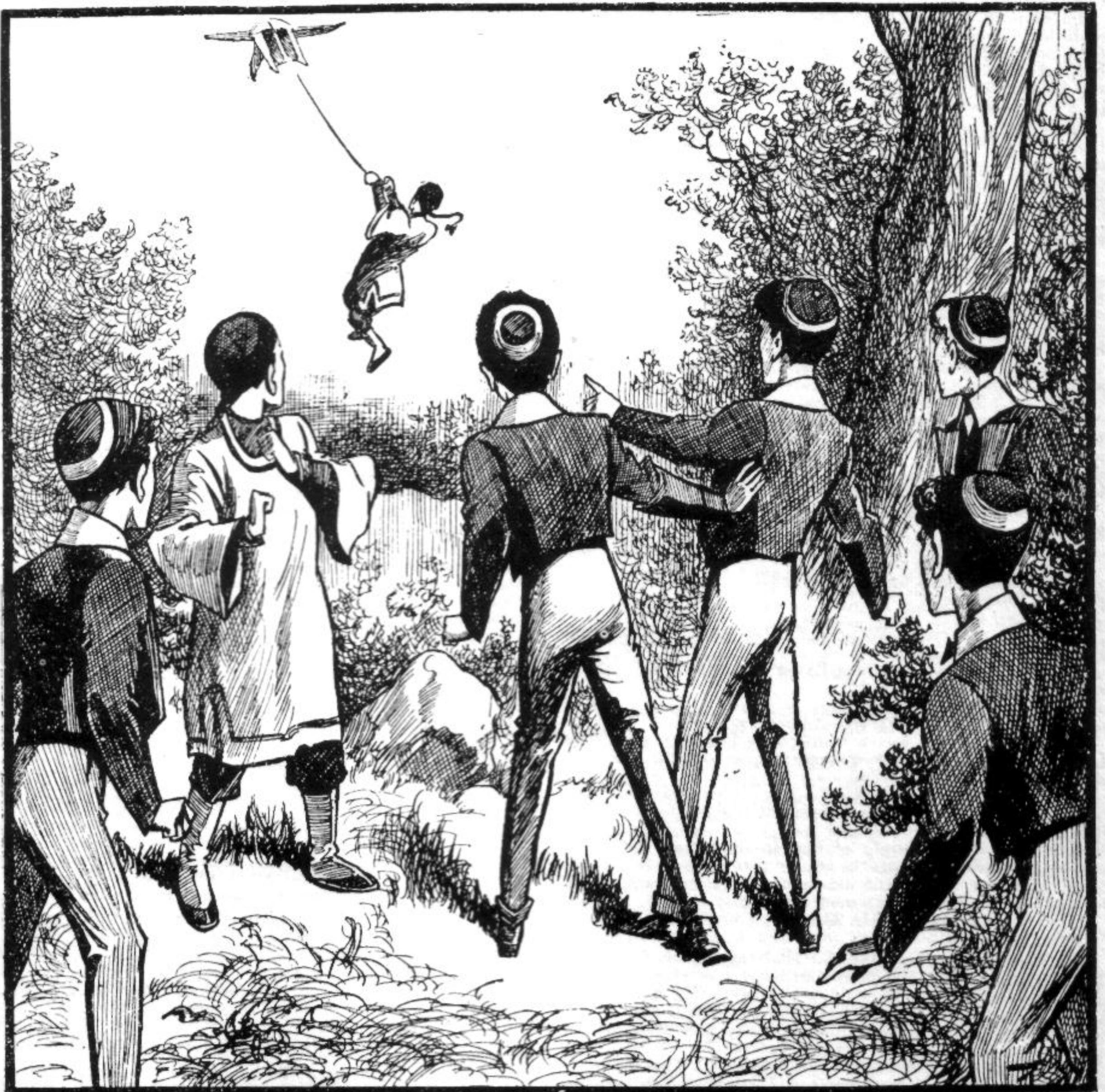
"Wun Lung deadee!" said Hop Hi. "See Wun Lung no mole. Me blokee heart. When Chinese heart blokee, cly velly much. Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"What!"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!" shrieked Hop Hi.

The juniors stared at him in astonishment.

If that was the Chinese way of mourning for the departed, it was certainly a very extraordinary custom. Hop Hi flung himself face downwards on the ground, and plucked up handfuls of earth and threw them upon his head, at the same



The Famous Five gazed desperately after Wun Lung. He was swinging at the tail of the monster kite, several feet clear of the ground, the rope fastened round his waist, and his hands clinging to it above. "Stop him!" yelled Bob Cherry. "After him!" (See Chapter 6.)

time uttering those wild howls, compared with which the yells of a jackal were pure music.

"Ki, ki, ki, ki! Ko, ko! Ki, ki! Ki-ki-ki!"

"Hop Hi——"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki! Ki-ki-ki!"

"Great Scott!" muttered Bob Cherry, putting his fingers to his ears. "I'm sorry for the poor little chap, but really——"

"Don't do that, Hop Hi——"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

A crowd of fellows gathered round, attracted and astonished by Hop Hi's extraordinary motions and yells.

"What on earth's the matter?" asked Temple of the Fourth.

"Kid gone mad?" asked Dabney.

"Shut up that row, you silly young ass!" roared Coker of the Fifth, stirring the squirming little Celestial with his boot.

"You're bursting my ears! Chuck it."

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"What's the matter with you?" shrieked Coker.

"Don't touch him!" exclaimed Wharton hastily. "It's

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his brother—Wun Lung. He's dead, or as good as dead."

"What!"

Wharton hurriedly explained. Coker snorted sceptically.

"Rot!" he said. "It's some more of his tricks."

"We saw him carried out to sea!" said Nugent.

"Bosh! He was spoofing you somehow."

"Look here, Coker——"

"I tell you, I don't believe it!" snapped Coker. "I don't believe anything after that keg of dynamite. It's all rot! After he's fooled you for a bit, he'll come in, grinning like a Chinese graven image."

The chums of the Remove looked at one another. Was it possible, after all, that there was some trick in it, and that Wun Lung had taken them in once more? But they remembered the swinging form in Chinese garments, carried out over the surf, and vanishing into the distant blue over the sea. Where was the possibility of deceit?

"It's true enough," said Harry Wharton.

"Gammon!"

"We're going in to tell Mr. Quelch."

"More fools you!" said Coker. "I don't believe a word

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of it. I believe the young villain will come walking in presently, grinning as usual. You're a set of asses! Rats!"

The Famous Five walked on to the School House. They would have been glad enough to take Coker's view, but they could not. Gladly enough they would have forgiven Wun Lung at that moment if his supposed terrible fate could only have turned out to be another of his queer japes. But there was no room for doubt.

Harry Wharton knocked at Mr. Quelch's door, and the Remove master bade him enter, rather sharply. He had heard the discordant yells of Hop Hi in the Close, and he was feeling angry. He looked sharply at the juniors as they entered.

"What is that screaming about in the Close?" he demanded.

"It's Hop Hi, sir."

"Go and tell him that I shall cane him severely if he does not immediately cease that ridiculous noise."

"If you please, sir—" faltered Wharton.

Mr. Quelch started as he noticed the sombre expression on the juniors' faces.

"What is the matter, Wharton? Has something happened—"

"Yes, sir. Wun Lung—"

"Wun Lung! Some new trick of his?" exclaimed the Remove master, frowning. "Upon my soul! He is trying my patience too far. If a flogging will not keep his absurdity within bounds, I really do not know what is to be done with him. What is it now?"

"I—I—I'm afraid it's serious, sir. Wun Lung is—is—is—"

"Is what?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"I—I'm afraid he's dead, sir!"

Mr. Quelch jumped up from his chair.

"Wun Lung dead?"

"I fear so, sir."

"What do you mean, Wharton? Has there been an accident? Explain at once."

"Yes, sir. Wun Lung was flying his kite to-day, and—and he was carried off by it."

Mr. Quelch stared.

"Carried off by a kite? What nonsense!"

"It's true, sir. It was a tremendous big kite, and Wun Lung was whisked off the ground like a feather. He was whisked away over the wood—"

"You are serious, Wharton? Yes, I see you are. The foolish boy! But what has become of him? Do you mean that he fell, and—"

"No, sir. We lost sight of him in the wood, but as he was being carried towards the sea we ran there as fast as we could, and then we sighted him again. He was carried out to sea. We watched him out of sight."

"Out to sea!" gasped Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir."

The Form-master sank into his chair again, his face pale. He breathed hard. The news had been a terrible shock to him. Troublesome as Wun Lung had been, Mr. Quelch felt kindly towards the little Celestial in his Form, and it was terrible to think that the unfortunate boy had been carried away to his death over the pitiless waters.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "This is dreadful! You are sure of what you say, Wharton? You actually saw Wun Lung dragged up by the kite?"

"Nearly all the Form saw him, too, sir. It was on Courtfield Common. Only us five saw him on the beach, but we all saw him."

"Plain enough!" said Bob Cherry. "He was carried out to sea under our eyes, sir. A lot of Pegg folk must have seen him, too."

"You saw him all the time—from the moment he was carried up till he was swept out to sea?"

"Oh, no, sir! We lost sight of him for nearly half an hour while we were in the wood. You see, he was carried along over the tops of the branches, and we had to go on foot."

"Perhaps, then, in the interval he may have fallen—"

"No. We sighted him right enough on the shore. He was a good distance off, but there he was, hanging on the end of the rope, sir. It must have got tangled round him, somehow, or else he had knotted it round his waist."

"It is extraordinary!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "I have read of man-lifting kites in China, but—but I should never have dreamed— And you say that he disappeared from sight over the sea?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I fear that there is little hope for him," said Mr. Quelch, with a shake in his voice. "There is little chance that he may be picked up by a ship when he falls—in fact, I fear that there is no chance whatever. This is simply

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terrible! You are absolutely certain that it was Wun Lung hanging to the kite when you saw it from the beach?"

"He was too far off for us to see his face, sir, but we knew the shape and the clothes; and it was somebody, anyway, so it must have been Wun Lung!"

"I—I suppose there is really no doubt? The unhappy boy! I am sorry now— Ahem! It is possible, however, that a change of wind may cause the kite to settle somewhere along the shore. Search must be made at once. I will inform the Head. But Hop Hi—" Mr. Quelch listened for a moment to the weird howling from the Close. "Is the boy aware of his brother's fate?"

"I thought it better to tell him, sir. He saw Wun Lung carried off. He helped him to start the kite."

"It is extraordinary that he should be screaming in that manner. Pray go to him, and—and console him, if possible. That noise is really dreadful."

"Very well, sir."

Mr. Quelch hurried away to acquaint the Head with the catastrophe. In a few minutes more all Greyfriars knew of the accident. The school buzzed with the exciting news. Quite a number of fellows shared Coker's opinion—that it was another of Wun Lung's japes, and that the little Chinese would turn up safe and sound after pulling the leg of the whole school. But the fellows who had seen him dragged away by the kite did not doubt that he had gone to his death.

Loder of the Sixth was observed to change colour when he heard the news. More than once when he had been bullying the unfortunate little Chinese, Wun Lung had threatened that he would "killy" himself, and the bully of the Sixth feared now that the wretched boy had carried out that desperate resolve. Loder had not a kind heart, but he was not brutal enough to escape something very like remorse. He wished from his heart that he had been a little kinder to the unhappy boy.

After Mr. Quelch's interview with the Head, there was an order for all the fellows to search along the beach for Wun Lung, in case the kite, blown away to sea, might have been blown back again by a change in the gusty wind.

Seniors and juniors were glad to search; and they hunted along the shore for the kite until dark, but without seeing any trace of it.

They returned to Greyfriars dispirited.

The kite was lost at sea, and Wun Lung was lost with it, and few fellows at Greyfriars expected ever to hear of him again.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Bunter the Comforter!

**D**R. LOCKE sent for Harry Wharton & Co. when they came in, tired and dusty and despondent, after a long ramble over the beach and cliffs. The Head's face was very serious.

"Please tell me all you can about this matter, Wharton," he said. "I fear that there is more in it than you have told. Mr. Quelch tells me that he has heard of some talk on the subject, hinting that Wun Lung's act was—partly, at least—intentional."

Harry Wharton glanced uncomfortably at Mr. Quelch, who was in the study with the Head. He had not mentioned Wun Lung's queer threats to the Form-master; but the matter was the talk of Greyfriars now, and Mr. Quelch had evidently heard about it from other sources.

"Tell me all, Wharton," said the Head.

"Well, sir, Wun Lung threatened to get carried off on his kite," said Harry; "but we didn't believe he meant it. After the way he spoofed us—I mean, the way he took us in with the keg of dynamite—we didn't believe a word he said. The poor chap wasn't very truthful at any time."

"But now—"

"He said he was going to fly away on the kite, and when he was dead he would come back and haunt some fellows he disliked," said Harry.

"The unfortunate boy may really have believed such nonsense," said the Head. "Of course, if you did not take his threats seriously, you are not to blame—"

"Well, sir, I half thought there might be something in it, as he was such a queer little beggar, and we kept near him on purpose. We chased after him when he was dragged off the ground, but we couldn't catch him."

"You should have informed someone in authority of his wicked intentions!" Mr. Quelch exclaimed.

Wharton coloured.

"We didn't really think he'd do anything of the sort, sir. He was such a spoofer—I—I mean, there really never was any relying on anything he said. Even now some of

the fellows don't believe he is dead, and think he will come in presently, laughing in his sleeve."

"I wish I could think so," said the Head, with a sigh. "Unfortunately, it seems only too clear that he has gone to his death. His young brother appears to be in a terrible state of grief. It is very, very unfortunate that you did not mention to someone in authority that Wun Lung had uttered these terrible threats concerning himself. However, it cannot be helped now; and perhaps you are not to blame for having failed to take him seriously. But what motive could he have for this desperate act? Can you throw any light upon that?"

Wharton looked uncomfortably at the Remove master again. He could certainly shed some light on the matter; but he did not know how Mr. Quelch would take it.

"Speak freely!" exclaimed the Remove master.

"He seemed very cut up because Mr. Quelch was cross with him, sir," said Wharton reluctantly.

"And he was very ratty with Loder and Walker and Carne of the Sixth, too. It was through his being punished over that joke with the dynamite."

"He was justly punished in that matter," said the Head, frowning. "This unhappy accident does not affect that. Should any other boy be guilty of a similar offence, he would be punished in the same way. You may go, my boys. It is unfortunate that, knowing what you did, you allowed that wretched boy to carry out his dreadful plans, but I repeat that I hardly blame you for not believing him."

Harry Wharton & Co. retired from the Head's study with clouded faces, and feeling a little angry.

Now that the worst had happened, they could see that it would have been better if they had reported Wun Lung's wild words to Mr. Quelch or Wingate, but they could not possibly have known that in advance. They had done their best in keeping their eyes upon Wun Lung that afternoon. But they felt that their Form-master blamed them, and that the Head, in spite of his kindness, regarded them as being in some degree responsible for the catastrophe.

"It's rotten!" growled Bob Cherry, as they went down the passage, and made their way to the Remove quarters. "I don't see why we should be picked on! Lots of fellows heard Wun Lung talking that rubbish about making away with himself, as well as us."

"It wasn't rubbish, as it turns out," said Nugent.

"Well, anyway, lots of fellows heard it, and nobody believed it. Coker doesn't believe it even now. Suppose we had gone to Quelch with such a yarn at the time—he would have pooh-poohed it, of course."

"Of course he would!"

"We should have been jolly well laughed at for our trouble, too, if it had turned out to be one of his rotten jokes, after all," growled Johnny Bull. "I can't see that we're to blame in the least. And we feel as sorry as anybody, I suppose."

The Famous Five had not had their tea yet, and it was several hours past tea time. They did not feel in much of a humour for a feed; but they were hungry, and they went into No. 1 Study to get a hasty meal. Billy Bunter found them there, and blinked into the study through his big spectacles as the juniors sat glumly round the table, discussing the tragedy in low tones.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Any news?" asked Bob quickly.

"News!" said Bunter. "Oh, no!"

"Then get out and don't bother," said Bob irritably. "I can't stand your silly rot now, Bunter."

"I think you might keep your beastly temper at such a time as this," said Bunter, blinking at him indignantly. "I was very fond of Wun Lung. He owes me money, too, and I shall never get it now."

"Liar!" said Bob.

"Ahem! Well, if you don't want to hear about Hop Hi, I—"

"How is he?" asked Wharton.

"Very low indeed," said Bunter, working his fat features into a sorrowful expression. "My heart—ahem—bleeds to see him! Quite prostrated! He must have been very fond of his major—quite different from my minor. I've noticed that minors generally hate their majors—but those heathens are queer beasts. However, as I was saying, he's frightfully cut up, and I think it's up to us to look after him a bit, and console him, you know. I'm going to take him into my study and stand him a feed."

"I shouldn't think he'd feel much like being stood a feed now," grunted Johnny Bull.

"Oh, there's nothing like a feed to buck you up," said Bunter confidently. "They always have feeds at funerals, you know, and it bucks you up wonderfully. I'm thinking of giving Hop Hi a splendid spread and comforting him, you know."

"Well, go and do it, and don't bother," growled Bob.

"Ahem! There's a slight difficulty. I'm rather short of money," Bunter explained. "I'm expecting a postal order by every post now, but I've been disappointed about it. It's from a titled relation of mine, and it must be here to-morrow at the latest. Would you fellows mind handing me the

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money now, and taking the postal-order when it comes? Of course, it will really be the same thing to you."

The chums of the Remove stared fixedly at Bunter. They knew the greedy, unscrupulous Owl of the Remove well, or they thought they did. But that even William George Bunter should think of making capital out of a fatal accident to a Form-fellow took their breath away for a moment. Bunter was too short-sighted to notice the expressions gathering on their faces. Their silence encouraged him, and he rattled on cheerfully.

"Ten bob would do it—of course, I'm only thinking of Hop Hi. A good feed's bound to cheer him up, you know, and I'm a dab at cooking; I'll make it simply a ripping spread. If you fellows will hand me the money now, I'll lose no time, and— Oh—ah—what are you doing, Bob Cherry, you beast?" Bunter broke off with a wild yell.

It was really a superfluous question. Bob Cherry was kicking him, and kicking him hard. Bunter made a wild leap through the open doorway, and Bob's heavy boot caught him again in full flight, and he dropped in the passage with a resounding crash. He rested there about a second. He caught a glimpse of the furious Bob rushing after him, and picked himself up and fled. Bob returned into the study, breathing hard. And nothing more was heard from William George Bunter on the subject of comforting Wun Lung's minor.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### Very Uncanny!

THAT evening there were very gloomy faces in the Remove, and indeed in all Greyfriars. The fate of the little Chinese hung like a cloud over the school.

Coker of the Fifth still kept to his opinion that it was a "jape," and that the Chinese junior would come back grinning after having given the school a scare. But when the evening passed without a sign of Wun Lung, even Horace Coker was a little staggered. At bedtime, he confessed to Potter and Greene that it really looked as if there was something in it.

"Of course there's something in it, fathead," said Potter crossly. "The kid's dead—dead as a doornail! He must have been drowned long ago."

"I don't know," said Coker. "He's got nerve enough for anything. He may have taken in those Remove kids somehow, you know. Might not have been the Chinese who went out to sea on the kite."

"But twenty of them saw him go up!" growled Greene.

"I don't believe that he was such a silly ass!" declared Coker obstinately. "I admit it looks as if there was something in it; but I shouldn't be surprised to see Wun Lung walk in chirping to-morrow morning."

"Oh, rats!" said Potter and Greene together.

But Coker was always made more obstinate than ever by opposition. Potter and Greene's remarks only had the effect of banishing his dawning doubt on the subject, and making him adhere to his original opinion. So while the other fellows were feeling considerably "down" over the terrible fate of the Chinese, Horace Coker persisted in regarding the matter as not serious at all.

There was no doubt in the Remove. They never expected to see the little Chinese again, unless his body was washed up on the shore. That he would be rescued alive from the hungry waters they believed impossible. And there was keen sympathy for little Hop Hi. Before going to their dormitory, Harry Wharton & Co. looked in the Second-Form room to speak to Wun-Lung's minor. They found him sitting by himself, with a stolid expression upon his little yellow face. The other fags of the Second were sympathetic enough, and the Form-master had excused Hop Hi from his preparation that evening, in consideration of his terrible bereavement. Nugent minor and Gatty and Myers were trying in a rough way to comfort the diminutive Celestial, but Hop Hi hardly spoke in reply. Sammy Bunter—Bunter minor—had gone to the extent of offering him a chunk of toffee. Hop Hi had accepted the toffee and devoured it. Apparently his grief had no effect upon his appetite.

"Well, how are you getting on, kid?" asked Harry Wharton.

Hop Hi looked up mournfully.

"Wun Lung deadee!" he said.

"There's just a chance yet, you know," said Bob Cherry.

Hop Hi shook his head.

"No chancee. Wun Lung deadee. Allee faultee ugly Lodee and ugly Mr. Quelchee. Wun Lung spilit comee backee hauntee Lodee."

"Ahem!"

"You waitee. See!" said Hop Hi. "If Wun Lung spilit no comee, sendee ugly Chinese debble hauntee Lodee."

And Hop Hi grinned with satisfaction. "Queer superstitious little beggar," Nugent remarked, as the Removites left. "He doesn't seem really much cut up about what's happened—only these blessed Orientals never show their feelings, so there's really no telling."

Loder the prefect had to see lights out for the Second Form that night. When Loder came into the fag dormitory, Hop Hi looked at him with burning eyes. Loder avoided his glance; he was feeling very uneasy in his mind concerning the late terrible happening. True, he could not have foreseen that a mere ragging would have driven the Oriental junior to so desperate a step, but now that it had happened, he would gladly have recalled his conduct. But regret came too late.

"Ugly Lodee!" said Hop Hi. "Ugly beastly Lodee! Wun Lung spilit hauntee you now Wun Lung deadee."

"Don't be a little ass," said Loder, much less roughly than usual. "I'm sorry for what's happened to your brother, Hop Hi. Turn in, you fags."

"You be more solly when Wun Lung spilit comee."

Loder did not answer. He extinguished the light, and left the dormitory.

"Try not to think about it, Hop Hi, old fellow," said Dicky Nugent, from his bed. "Get to sleep if you can."

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"Hallo! What are you up to?"

"Me cly for Wun Lung! Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"For goodness' sake cry a bit more quietly!" said Sammy Bunter peevishly. "I want to go to sleep. Can't you cry in the English way for once?"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"Shut up, you young ass!"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

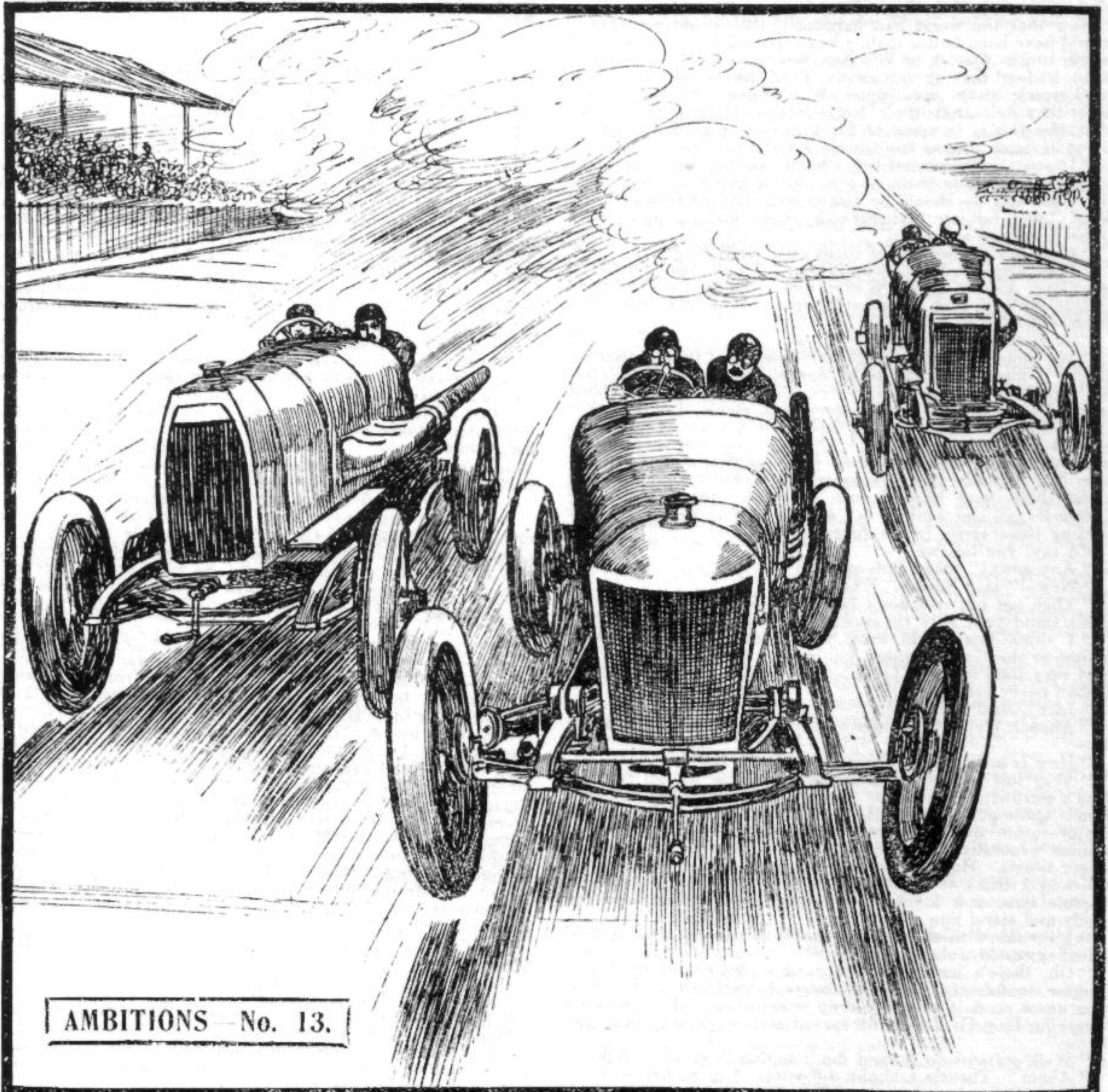
"My hat!" murmured Nugent minor. "I—I don't like to shut him up, under the cires, Gatty, but how are we to go to sleep if he keeps up that row? That's a jolly queer way of mourning for the dear departed, ain't it?"

"Blessed if it ain't worse than sharpening a saw!" groaned Gatty. "I suppose he's got his feelings, and that's the Chinese way of expressing them; but it is rather thick."

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"Oh, my aunt!"

"Great Scott!"

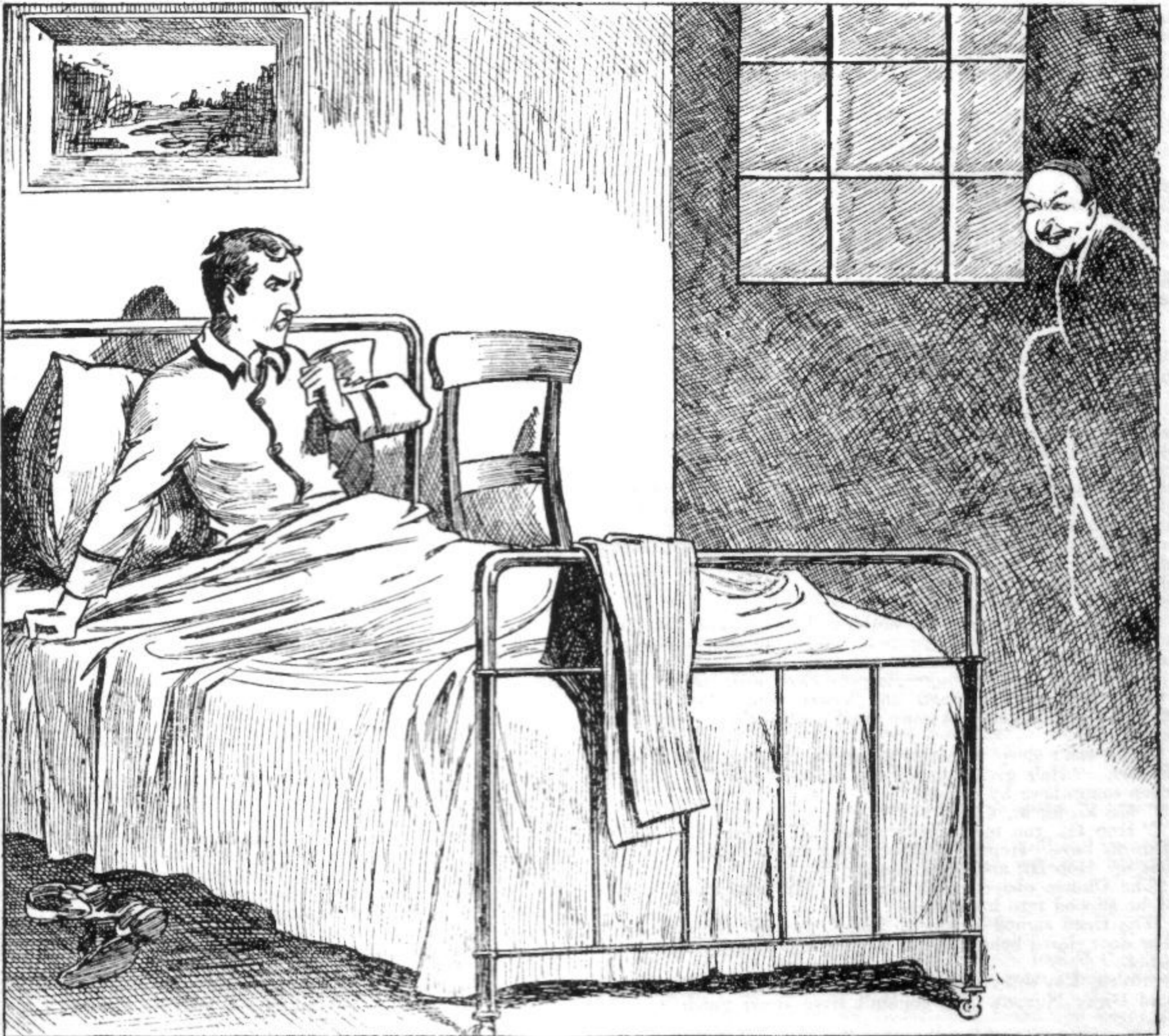


AMBITIONS—No. 13.

The racing-car driver must needs be a man of iron nerve and exceptional skill, for on these qualities depend his success in racing, and his life itself. Those of my chums who have visited the great race-track at Brooklands, where speeds of over one hundred miles per hour are commonly attained by the racing-cars, must have had their ambition fired and their enthusiasm kindled for this perilous but fascinating sport of speed.

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In the midst of the darkness, a faint glow of ghostly light made itself visible. Loder's eyes fixed upon it, fascinated. A pale greenish, wavering light—and in the midst of it a face—the face of Wun Lung! "Keep off! Mercy!" shrieked Loder. (See Chapter 10.)

"Put the brake on a bit, kid!"

"Shut up!" roared Sammy Bunter. "Look here, I'm not going to stand this. Shut up that awful row. Hop Hi. If you want to blub, blub, but don't make that fearful row!"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

The stolidity of the diminutive Chinese was gone now. He lay in bed and howled with grief, and his howls were simply terrific and nerve-racking. So long as that paroxysm of grief lasted there was evidently no sleep for the Second Form. They respected his grief certainly, but what was to be done? The loud jackal-like howls rang far beyond the dormitory.

"Hop Hi, do chuck it, old son!" said Nugent minor desperately. "You'll bust my eardrums, you know. That—that won't bring poor old Wun Lung back, you know!"

"I should think he wouldn't want to come back and hear that row," hooted Sammy Bunter. "I'm not going to stand it. It's not fair. I shouldn't make a row like that if my major was drowned."

"Well, it wouldn't matter much if your major was drowned, and you along with him!" growled Dicky Nugent.

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"Cheese it, kid! What's the matter all of a sudden?"

"Wun Lung spilit comee!"

"What!"

"Me see spilit of Wun Lung in darkee."

"My hat!"

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"Oh, dear!"

The fags started up in bed, their very flesh creeping on their bones. The dormitory was very dark, and Hop Hi's announcement that he could see a disembodied spirit in the darkness was decidedly disconcerting. The Second-Formers peered round them in the darkness, shuddering.

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"I—I say, you're spoofing!" stammered Nugent minor. "You can't really see anything, can you, kid?"

"Wun Lung spilit comee!"

"W-w-where is it?"

"Closee to your beddee—leancee ovec you—"

"Ow!" Nugent minor made one bound from his bed, and tumbled over on the floor amid the tangled bedclothes. "Ow! Yow! Grooh!"

"Now comee closee Gatty—"

"Yaroo!"

Gatty scrambled out of bed, and stumbled over Dicky Nugent on the floor, and rolled on him, and Nugent minor yelled.

"Ow! -What's that? Gerroff! Grooh!"

"It—it's me, you idiot!" panted Gatty. "Stop punching me, you silly ass!"

"Oh, I thought— Oh, dear!"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"I can't stand this!" gasped Dicky Nugent. "He makes

my flesh creep. Of course, he can't really see anything—I know that—"

"Wun Lung spilit comee—cleepee—cleepee—closee to you—"

Dicky Nugent's teeth chattered. Of course, he did not believe in ghosts, especially in the day-time. But in the darkness, it was horribly uncomfortable to be told that Wun Lung's spirit was creeping close to him. He ran to the door and threw it open. The light from the passage glimmered into the dormitory.

"Strike a match—get a candle, somebody!" howled Myers.

"I can't stand this!"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

There was a quick footstep in the passage, and the Head strode into the dormitory, and turned on the light.

"What is all this noise? What are you doing out of bed?"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"Bless my soul! Hop Hi, pray cease that dreadful noise!"

"It—it's Hop Hi, sir—he says he can see ghosts and things!" howled Sammy Bunter. "We can't sleep in the same room with him, sir!"

"It's awful, sir!"

"Hop Hi! Pray calm yourself! I respect your grief, my poor boy, but you must really—really—ahem!—oh, dear! This is quite—quite unnerving!"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

Dr. Locke stopped his ears. The howls of the little Celestial were ear-splitting. And he sat in bed with his eyes fixed upon space, as if seeing something there that was invisible to all other eyes, in a way that made the fags shudder. Now that the light was on, there was no other sign of a ghost in the dormitory, but Hop Hi certainly looked as if he saw something in space that was unseen by the rest.

"It is—is—is simply nerves!" said Dr. Locke. "Of course, the foolish boy sees nothing. Hop Hi, pray do not stare in that—that unnatural way."

"Me see Wun Lung spilit!"

"My dear boy, there is nothing here!" said the Head soothingly. "Pray calm yourself. What do you suppose you see?"

"Wun Lung spilit comee—cleepee—cleepee—closee to you!"

The Head gave a start, and looked round him quickly. Even his nerves were not quite proof against that creepy statement.

"We can't sleep with this going on, sir!" howled Sammy Bunter. "He's giving us all the horrors, sir. He ought to sleep somewhere by himself."

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"Hop Hi, you must really cease that noise. Go back to bed, my boys. Hop Hi shall occupy a separate room to-night. Get up, Hop Hi, and dress yourself!"

The Chinese obeyed with alacrity. His wild howls ceased as he slipped into his clothes.

The Head signed to him to follow, and left the dormitory. The door closed behind them, and the fags simply gasped with relief.

"Well, I'm sorry for him, but I'm jolly glad he's gone!" said Dicky Nugent. "I couldn't have stood much more of that!"

"I expect we shall hear him howling again, wherever he is!" growled Sammy Bunter. "He can be heard all over the house!"

But Hop Hi's howls were not heard again. Mrs. Keble, the housekeeper, prepared a room for him, where the little Chinese turned in by himself. Dr. Locke, who was greatly concerned about the little fellow, came to look at him after he had turned in. Hop Hi lay quiet and peaceful in bed, with the light falling on his face, showing it tranquil, with the eyes closed. Dr. Locke looked at him.

"Do you feel better now, Hop Hi?" he asked softly.

There was no reply. Dr. Locke bent over him, and heard his steady breathing, and gave a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness, he is sleeping! It was really very trying. Poor boy!"

The Head turned out the light and quitted the room, closing the door very softly. He was very glad indeed that Hop Hi was sleeping peacefully at last. But the good old gentleman's feelings would have changed considerably if he had known that, as soon as the door was closed, Hop Hi's closed eyes opened instantly, and the little Chinese grinned and chuckled softly in the darkness.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### The Ghost of Wun Lung!

GERALD LODER did not go to bed early that night. As a Sixth-Former, he could stay up as late as he liked; and he was not feeling in a mood for sleep.

His brutality to Wun Lung weighed upon his mind now that he felt that the unhappy little Chinese had gone to his

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death in consequence of it. And the nerve-racking howls from the Second Form dormitory had considerably disturbed him. When all was quiet at last he seemed to hear still the echo of those howls in the silence. Hop Hi's declaration that Wun Lung's ghost would haunt him worried him a little, though he did not believe in ghosts.

He had heard the Head speaking to Mr. Quelch of the scene in the Second Form dormitory, and the little Celestial's horrible fancy that he could see his brother's spirit close at hand, invisible to all other eyes. It would not have worried Loder much in the daytime, but as the night grew older, it weighed very much on his mind. He kept Walker and Carne in his room as long as he could. He did not feel inclined for his usual amusements, such as playing nap and banker, and neither did Walker and Carne. They were all gloomy. They smoked cigarettes, and talked in a desultory manner, avoiding the subject of the fate of Wun Lung, with a determination which showed that it was present all the time in their minds.

"You're not going?" said Loder as Walker rose at last.

"It's nearly twelve," said Walker. "Must get to bed."

"Yes, rather!" said Carne. "Good-night, Loder!"

"Stop and have another smoke!" said Loder.

"Can't smoke all night. I'm off!"

And the two seniors left Loder's room, and the prefect was alone. He heard the sound of his friends closing their doors, and then all was silent. All Greyfriars was in bed, and mostly asleep by that time. But Loder did not feel like sleeping. The deep silence of the house weighed on his nerves.

He sat by his table and smoked cigarette after cigarette, in the hope of soothing his nerves. But excessive smoking had its natural result, of rendering his nerves more raw than ever.

One o'clock boomed out dully from the clock-tower, and Loder started at the sound, and shivered a little.

The silence of the house, following the deep boom, was oppressive, and seemed uncanny to the fellow who realised that he was now the only one awake, probably, in the whole of the vast building.

At the best of times, there is something eerie in sitting up alone, late at night, when all the world is buried in slumber. Under the circumstances now, Loder felt that the silence was terrible, and it weighed on his nerves. He would have been very glad of a companion—any companion—at that moment.

And his twitching nerves made him conscious of all sorts of slight sounds he never noticed at other times. The scuttling of a rat behind the wainscot, the hoot of an owl in the ivy of the old tower, the rustle of the branches outside in the wind, made him start and listen. Once he was almost certain that he heard the sound of a window being cautiously opened somewhere in the house.

He felt that it was only his disturbed imagination, and yet it seemed very real. But nothing would have induced Loder to go down in the darkness to investigate. Not for worlds would he have left the lighted study at that moment.

"Better go to bed," he muttered at last. "I must sleep—I must!"

But he knew that it would be difficult to sleep, with the vision ever before his mind of the body of the lost Chinese washing to and fro in the waves, with cold, upturned face staring sightlessly from the wild waters. That was the picture that Loder had before his eyes, strive as he would to banish it, and he could not harden his heart against the remorse that gnawed it.

In the darkness he knew that he would see it yet more clearly. If only he had not bullied the poor little fellow quite so badly—if only he had stopped short of driving him to this! But how could he have known? He had always been a bully, and his bullying had never led to such fearful results before.

He had never consciously realised that he was a bully, for that matter; but now his conduct appeared to him in its true light, and he knew that he had been a brute, and that if it were possible for his victim's spirit to return and haunt him, he fully deserved that that should be his punishment. Many a bitter word, and many an angry cuff, he would have recalled now, had he been able. But regret and repentance came too late.

He turned in at last, miserable enough. He did not turn out the light. If the fellows discovered that he had kept on his light all night, he would be chipped the next day; he knew that. But he would have faced any amount of ridicule on the morrow rather than be left in darkness now.

Masters and seniors were allowed to burn lights as late as they liked, though, of course, it was understood that lights would all be out soon after midnight, if not before. That privilege had never been so valuable to Loder as it seemed now. He determined to leave the gas burning, and nip out of bed at the first gleam of dawn and turn it out.

He laid his head on the pillow, and closed his eyes and tried to sleep. But sleep would not come. The silence

of the house seemed full of vague, suppressed sounds. He jumped out of bed as he heard a faint creak in the passage. He knew that it was simply a creak, such as woodwork gives sometimes without any discoverable reason; but— With his heart beating like a hammer, he opened the door and looked out desperately. But, like the lonely poet who was visited by the raven in the dead of night, he beheld "darkness there, and nothing more."

He stared along the dark passage, his heart palpitating. Then he stepped back into his room, closed the door, and felt for the key. He breathed more freely when he had turned the key in the lock. He was not accustomed to locking his door, of course; but he intended to unlock it in the morning before it was discovered. He knew that in the morning, when the sun was shining once more, he would be ashamed of this terrible attack of nerves, but now he could not control it.

He returned to his bed, and lay wakeful and listening—listening—listening! He hardly knew why he was listening, but he could not help it. There was a slight sound in the passage again, and he started, his heart thumping. Surely that was not a rat in the wall—it was not the creak of dry wood!

A soft, gliding sound, as of loose garments brushing along—loose garments such as were worn by the boy whose body was being washed to and fro in the waves of the German Ocean!

Loder sat up in bed, trembling in every limb. Again that soft and ghostly sound! Were his strained nerves playing him tricks? It was not imagination this time—he felt sure of that. Somebody—or something—was outside his door!

A "rag" by the juniors was impossible at such a time; he knew it was not that. Then what was it?

He started again, as he realised that the light was fading.

Often in ghost stories he had read that the light would fail in the phantom presence. He had never believed anything of the kind; but now— With wildly staring eyes he gazed at the gas. Save for himself, the room was empty. That was certain. But the gas was going out!

It was gone!

Darkness rushed upon him.

Loder's heart beat almost to suffocation. He was alone in the room, and the door was locked; and the gas, untouched by mortal hand, had gone out under his eyes.

That was not imagination. There was no doubt about that. He sat in the blackest darkness. He was rooted to his bed; he could not move a limb. Terror—hideous terror of the unseen—lay like ice upon him.

Another sound—at the door now! His ears were strained almost to bursting. He heard the key turning in the lock.

He knew that he was alone, and that the door was locked on the inside, yet the key was turning!

There was a creak, and a cold draught of air! The door had opened! Somebody—something had entered!

Again that soft, brushing sound as of loose garments.

Loder was almost fainting now. He felt himself in the presence of the unseen—of the horrible. There was a presence in the room, and he knew only too well whose presence.

His distended eyes gazed into the darkness. He would have shrieked, but no sound would come from his dry throat.

In the midst of the darkness, a faint glow of ghostly light made itself visible. Loder's eyes fixed upon it, fascinated.

A pale, greenish, wavering light, and in the midst of it a face—a face he knew—the face of Wun Lung, the Chinese!

There was no mistaking it—it was the face of the junior he had bullied and persecuted, and who had gone to his death in the sea.

Lighted up by that pale, phosphorescent glow, it looked at him in the darkness, the eyes gleaming strangely, the teeth showing through the parted lips. It was as a face suspended in air, for the body was not visible in the darkness—only the face, with that pale, ghostly glow upon it. And it was coming closer to him!

Then Loder found his voice.

He plunged under the bedclothes, dragging sheet and blankets over his head to shut out that fearful sight, and scream after scream of terror rang out from his study.

Shriek—shriek—shriek!

## THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

### A Night Alarm!

**T**HERE was a sound of opening doors in the house—of alarmed voices. Lights gleamed. Footsteps came hurriedly along the passage; but Loder heard nothing. With the bedclothes over his head, he lay shuddering and screaming.

"What's the matter?"

"Loder!"

"Good heavens! He's in a fit!"

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FOR NEXT  
MONDAY—

"MY LORD FISH!"

EVERY  
MONDAY.

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ONE  
PENNY.

A hand grasped the bedclothes to drag them off. Loder struggled wildly, and shrieked.

"Keep off—keep off! Mercy—mercy!"

"He's mad!" It was the voice of Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars. "Mad, or in a fit, sir!"

"Something must have happened," said Mr. Quelch's voice. "Loder—Loder! Calm yourself at once! We are here!"

Loder recognised the voices, and he threw off the bedclothes. He blinked in the light.

The gas was burning steadily in the room, Wingate and Mr. Quelch stood beside his bed, and outside the open door a dozen fellows could be seen in pyjamas, with pale and alarmed faces.

Loder gazed round him wildly.

That dreadful vision had vanished. The terrified prefect almost sobbed. His face was white as chalk, his teeth chattering, his eyes starting from their sockets. His terrified glances to and fro made the onlookers shudder.

"What is the matter, Loder?" Mr. Quelch exclaimed sharply. "Have you been dreaming? What is the cause of this disturbance?"

"I've seen him!"

"Him! Who?"

Loder's teeth clicked together like castanets.

"Wun Lung!" he groaned.

"Wun Lung! Are you mad?"

"I—I wonder I didn't go mad!" panted Loder. "I tell you I saw him! His face—in the darkness! Oh!"

"In the darkness!" repeated Mr. Quelch, his eyes very hard on the prefect's face.

"Yes, yes! It was horrible! The light went out—"

"What nonsense are you talking, Loder? Your light was burning when we came in. You were here first, Wingate. You saw it?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was out!" shrieked Loder. "I saw it go out, under my eyes!"

"Did you light it again?"

"I? No; I—I couldn't move!"

"Then it certainly did not go out," said Mr. Quelch coldly. "It was burning when we arrived here, after your absurd shrieking had awakened us!"

"It went out while the ghost was here," sobbed Loder. "I watched it go out; and then I saw his face—Wun Lung's face—his dead face!"

"Nonsense!"

"And—and the door was locked on the inside," groaned Loder, "and it opened all the same!"

"You must be wandering in your mind," said the Remove-master. "The door was not locked when we came here, so you could not have locked it!"

"I did lock it!"

"Then you must have unlocked it again."

"I haven't been out of bed."

"Take care what you say, Loder. If you locked the door on the inside, it could not possibly have been opened from the outside."

"But it was!" screamed Loder. "I heard the key turn back! I felt the cold air when the door opened! And I had locked it myself!"

"You have dreamed this."

"I haven't been asleep. I've only been in bed half an hour. I couldn't sleep for thinking of that—that—" Loder shuddered, and did not finish.

"It is quite clear," said Mr. Quelch. "You have been thinking about Wun Lung, and you fell asleep without knowing it, and dreamed."

"I—I didn't! I—"

"Do you ask me to believe that a locked door was opened from the outside, Loder, and that your gas went out and came on again of its own accord?" exclaimed the Remove-master testily.

"Yes, sir."

"Nonsense!"

"It was his ghost."

"You are not yourself now, Loder," said Mr. Quelch. "And I think you must have something on your conscience with regard to that unfortunate boy, to make you dream so terrible a dream in connection with him."

Loder shuddered.

"It wasn't a dream! It was his ghost! I—I can't stay alone to-night, sir! I shall go mad if I stay alone!"

"You are certainly not in a state to be alone, with your nerves in that condition," said Mr. Quelch contemptuously. "You had better turn in with someone else to-night."

"You can come into my room if you like, Loder," said Wingate.

"Thanks! I will! You'll keep the light on?"

Wingate smiled.

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"Yes, if you like."

Loder got out of bed, trembling in every limb, eyed curiously by the fellows outside the study. Dream or reality, there was no doubt that Loder had had a fearful shock. He did not seem to care how he was regarded by the other fellows. He was past caring for that. Not for worlds would he have passed the remainder of the night alone. He dressed himself and followed Wingate to his room. Mr. Quelch turned out the light.

"You may all go back to bed!" he said crossly to the thickening crowd in the passage. "It is simply a matter of a nightmare! Go back to bed at once!"

And the half-dressed crowd dispersed.

Half the Remove had come down with the others, and they returned to their dormitory, considerably excited by the strange happening.

"This beats it!" said Bob Cherry in a low voice. "Do you think it was a dream, Harry? I've never seen a fellow in such a blue funk before. He was trembling all over."

"Either a dream, or——" Wharton paused.

"Or a ghost?" asked Nugent uneasily. They were in the dormitory again, and in the darkness it was not an agreeable subject.

"Not a ghost!" said Harry at once.

"Then what?"

"It seems rather a rotten thing to say when we know that the poor little chap is dead," said the captain of the Remove, "but—but if Loder really saw anything like what he described, I should say that Wun Lung had fooled us after all, and that he's in the house playing some trick."

"Phew!"

"But he couldn't get in," said Johnny Bull. "Even if he's alive, and came back, he couldn't get in after locking up."

"No, I suppose he couldn't. But—— Well, it wasn't a ghost, any way. Loder's got it on his conscience that he was such a brute to the kid, and he's been dreaming, I suppose."

"Jolly queer dream," remarked Vernon-Smith. "He said the light went out under his eyes, but Quelch found it burning when he got there."

"Dreamed it, of course," said Peter Todd.

"But what about the door opening, when he said he locked it on the inside?" said the Bounder of Greyfriars thoughtfully.

"Dreamed that too."

"I don't think so. You see, if he locked the door he must have done that before he went to bed, while he was awake. He must have known whether he locked the door or not, and he says he did."

"But it wasn't locked when Quelch got there," said Bob.

"No; it's queer. Are you fellows quite certain that it was Wun Lung hanging on to the kite when it was blown out to sea?"

"Of course! You were on the common when he was dragged up! You saw him!"

"Yes, I know; but you lost sight of him afterwards in the wood."

"Well, we saw him blown out to sea right enough."

"Then it's jolly queer," said Vernon-Smith. "I can't quite believe that Loder dreamed all that, and I don't believe in ghosts. Coker says he thinks it's all a trick of Wun Lung's."

"Coker's a silly ass!" growled Bob.

"Quite so. Only—— Well, we shall see!" said Vernon-Smith. "Anyway, the giddy ghost won't come here, and I'm going to sleep."

But it was a good time before most of the Removites were asleep. Many of them remained awake quite a long time, looking uneasily into the darkness round them. But if the spirit of Wun Lung had returned to haunt his persecutor, it did not visit the Remove dormitory, and the Removites were not disturbed again. And in Wingate's room, Loder, who did not close his eyes again that night, saw nothing more of the fearful vision that had visited him. Wingate slept soundly while Loder watched, and longed for dawn; and when the sun came up at last, and the early rays gleamed in at the window, they lighted Loder's face, haggard with sleeplessness and watching. But with the return of the daylight his terrors of the supernatural vanished, and he asked himself whether, after all, it had not been a dream.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Smithy is Suspicious!

L ODER was the cynosure of all eyes that morning. He came in to breakfast looking pale and haggard, and it was only too evident from his looks that he had not slept.

All the school knew by breakfast-time the story of Loder's extraordinary outbreak during the night, and they did not,

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of course, believe that he had seen the ghost of Wun Lung. Nightmare, nerves, funk, and a guilty conscience furnished a sufficient explanation of the matter for the juniors, at least. Wun Lung had gone to his fate chiefly because of Loder's persecution, and it was only natural that it should lie heavily upon the conscience of the bully of the Sixth. Hence his morbid fancy in the silent hours of the night.

Loder spoke to no one at breakfast—not even to Walker or Carne, who were regarding him very curiously. Once or twice, as he caught scrutinising eyes upon him, he flushed a little, and that was all.

After breakfast he was sent for by the Head.

The matter had been reported to Dr. Locke, and the Head was very much displeased. Loder found him with a stern brow.

But his expression changed a little at the sight of Loder's haggard face. It was only too evident that the prefect had suffered severely.

"You look ill, Loder!"

"I don't feel very well, sir, this morning," said Loder. "I had a horrible shock last night."

"That is what I have sent for you to speak about," said the Head. "I have heard a most amazing story. It appears that you fancied you saw a ghost."

"It was not fancy, sir," said Loder. "I can't understand it, but I am sure that I was not dreaming. The gas went out of its own accord——"

"Ahem!"

"Then the door opened, though it was locked on the inside——"

"Hum!"

"And then I saw the face of Wun Lung in the darkness, lighted up in a queer way."

"You must be aware, Loder, that what you have stated is quite impossible."

"I—I suppose so, sir. But it happened."

"It was, of course, a dream."

"I locked the door before I went to bed, sir. Yet Mr. Quelch and Wingate found it unlocked when they came to my room."

"Have you ever been addicted to somnambulism, Loder?"

"Never, sir."

"Yet it is certain that, if the door was unlocked, you must have unlocked it, and you do not remember doing so."

"I did not sleep one moment, sir."

"It is certainly extraordinary," said the Head. "The only possible explanation is a severe attack of nightmare. Loder, I am going to ask you a serious question. Had you anything in particular to reproach yourself with in respect to that unfortunate boy whose life has been lost?"

Loder flinched. He almost expected to see the ghostly face of Wun Lung peering at him as he answered with a lie on his lips.

"No, sir. I have kept him in order, as was my duty as a prefect. I have not been unduly severe with him. It was not upon my account that he acted as he did. He seems to have been very much disturbed because Mr. Quelch was cross with him and would not take him into favour again, owing to that trick with the keg of dynamite. He felt himself in disgrace on all sides, and I suppose it acted on his mind and made him desperate. He was not like an English boy."

"I punished him very severely for that prank, but not more severely than he deserved," said the Head musingly. "You are sure, Loder, that you have not—ahem!—been unduly harsh with the unfortunate lad?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Very well. You may go, Loder. But I trust there will be no more of these extraordinary fancies on your part. They have a most disturbing effect upon the school."

Loder left the Head's study. He hoped quite as sincerely as the Head that there would not be any repetition of the scenes of the previous night.

That day was Sunday, always a quiet day at Greyfriars, and it was quieter than usual now, with the shadow of Wun Lung's dark fate hanging over the school. Even fellows who had hardly known him could not help feeling depressed by what had happened to the little Chinese.

Hop Hi was the recipient of much sympathy, which he took in a stolid manner. The Second-Form fags were very sorry for the bereaved little Celestial, but they hoped sincerely that he would keep out of their dormitory until his grief had abated a little. They did not want their experience of the previous night to be repeated. They were glad to hear that it was arranged for Hop Hi to keep in his separate room for a day or two. Every now and then a mournful howl was heard from that room, as if Hop Hi were breaking out again into an ebullition of grief, but for the most part he was silent.

After chapel in the morning Harry Wharton & Co. took their "Sunday walk" along the beach in the hope of finding some trace of the runaway kite. It was possible that it had

been washed ashore, and the body of the little Chinese with it. They asked Vernon-Smith to accompany them, but the Bounder shook his head.

"I've got something to do this morning," he remarked. "I'm interested in Loder's ghost. I want to know how he got into Loder's study."

"But there wasn't any ghost," said Harry.

"Who knows?"

The Famous Five stared at him incredulously.

"Surely you don't believe in such rot, Smithy?"

"Not ghosts, certainly," said the Bounder, with a smile; "but in playing ghost—yes. If by some bare chance it turns out to be a trick, we know who the ghost was. But even otherwise, I've got my suspicions of Wun Lung's minor. Hasn't it occurred to you that he shows his grief in rather a queer sort of way?"

"I suppose it's the Chinese way," said Nugent.

"Perhaps; but they must be a funny people if they grieve like that. It looks to me more as if Hop Hi was deliberately making himself a nuisance in the Second Form dorm last night to get put into a room by himself."

"But—but why?"

The Bounder shrugged his shoulders.

"That's what I want to know," he said. "That little rascal is quite as deep as his major was, and I can't help thinking that those awful howls of his are not Chinese grief, but a Chinese idea of a joke."

"But he must be awfully cut up," said Bob Cherry. "He was very fond of his brother."

"Ye-es; if his brother's dead!"

"Don't you believe he is, then?" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"I don't know what to believe," said the Bounder frankly. "Last night I believed that Wun Lung was drowned, but Loder's ghost makes me doubt it very much. It would be just the trick that the young rascal would play, if he could work it."

"But—but——"

"We shall see!" said Vernon-Smith. "Anyway, I'm going to make a little investigation this morning, and I'll tell you the result when you come back."

"Right-ho! If it turned out that Wun Lung wasn't dead, I should be jolly glad, for one," said Harry. "But if this should be another of his japes, he'll be sacked from the school as sure as a gun for taking in the Head and upsetting the place in this way."

"Most likely he would have some lie ready to excuse himself," said Vernon-Smith coolly. "You know what an awful Ananias he was. I'll bet you he has got it all cut and dried."

The Famous Five left the school, and spent some hours looking along the beach. But there was no sign of the kite, and no sign of Wun Lung's body. Others were engaged in the search also, but the Head had had to report the matter to the authorities as soon as he felt sure that there had been a serious accident.

Meanwhile, the Bounder was keeping an eye upon Loder's study. Loder kept in his room after morning service, alone and buried in moody thought. He was feeling ill and utterly "rotten" that morning, and he was oppressed by a fear that the coming night would show a repetition of the previous night's horror. Just before dinner, however, the prefect made an effort to rouse himself from his heavy despondency, and left the House for a walk with Carne and Valence. Vernon-Smith saw them leave the school gates, and then he hurried into the House and directly to Loder's study.

If Loder had been near to see the Bounder's actions, he would have been surprised. Vernon-Smith took the key from the lock on the door and carried it to the window. There he examined it carefully through a microscope he had borrowed from the school laboratory. His eyes gleamed, and he uttered a sudden exclamation of triumph.

On the end of the key were two or three sharp marks that gleamed under the microscope, showing clearly on the general dull hue of the old key.

"Bowled out!" muttered the Bounder.

He put the microscope into his pocket, returned the key to the door, and left the study quite satisfied in his mind. He knew now how the ghost had entered Loder's room although the door was locked.

Vernon-Smith walked away down the Sixth Form passage, smiling. He ascended the stairs to Hop Hi's room, and paused outside the door. There was a sound of mumbling within, as if Hop Hi were talking to himself or someone else.

Vernon-Smith knocked at the door.

"Comee in!"

The mumbling died away at once, and Hop Hi's voice bade the Bounder enter.

The Removite stepped into the room. It was a pleasant bed-room, with windows looking on the Close and the playing-fields, a room that was generally used for guests. There was a big wardrobe in the wall, and before the closed door of the wardrobe Hop Hi was seated upon a chair with a stolid

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FOR NEXT  
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face. He turned his almond eyes inquiringly upon the Bounder.

"All alone?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"Me likee all alonee."

"Talking to yourself—eh?"

Hop Hi nodded.

"Me talkee to me about pool old Wun Lung."

"Why not take a run out of doors?" suggested Vernon-Smith. "It's not good for your health staying shut up in your room all day, you know."

"Me no wantee goee out."

"But you must think of your health," urged the Bounder.

"Me tinkee of nozzing but Wun Lung."

"Would you like me to stay with you and keep you company?"

"Velnon-Smithee velly goodee, but me plefer to be alonee."

"Oh, but this won't do!" persisted the Bounder. "You mustn't mope here alone. I'll stay with you till dinner-time, and after dinner we'll all take it in turns to come and keep you company."

His keen eyes noted a look of alarm that crept over the little yellow face. Hop Hi evidently did not relish that kind proposition.

"No wantee companee," he repeated. "Leavee me alonee with glief. Me cly fol pool old Wun Lung. Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"But I say——"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

The Bounder stopped his ears. He was not proof against that discordant yell. He beat a prompt retreat from the room. The howls ceased. Then the Bounder looked in again.

"Hop Hi, old man, you're jolly comfortably fixed up here. Is there anything that can be done to make you more comfy?"

"No, tankee!"

"Jolly comfy big bed—big enough for two," said Vernon-Smith, glancing round the room. "Nice big wardrobe in the wall—big enough for anything. You don't seem to have the key of it, though. Have you taken the key out?"

"No keyee."

"Is it locked?"

"No savvy."

"Oh, I'll soon see!" remarked Vernon-Smith. He tried the wardrobe, and soon discovered that it was locked. "Too bad that you haven't the key! You'd like to use that wardrobe, wouldn't you?"

"No wantee."

"Shall I ask Mrs. Kebble to find the key?"

"No wantee. Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"Hold on a minute! You can cry after I'm gone, you know. Now——"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"Look here——"

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

Vernon-Smith fairly ran from the room. Hop Hi closed the door behind him and grinned. With that hideous howl he was always able to chase away visitors whose presence he did not desire. But why the diminutive Chinese should have preferred to remain shut up in that room alone was known only to himself, though perhaps it was suspected by the Bounder.

## THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Alive or Dead?

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came in to dinner unsuccessful. If the giant kite had fallen into the sea near the coast, it was pretty certain to be washed ashore sooner or later and found. But it might be washed up miles down the coast, and might lie for days undiscovered among the lonely rocks. Wharton noticed that the Bounder was smiling at the dinner-table, as if amused by his thoughts, and when dinner was over he joined Vernon-Smith.

"Have you made that investigation you were talking about?" he asked.

"Yes. I know now how Wun Lung's ghost got into Loder's study. The door was locked on the inside right enough."

"If it got through a locked door, that would prove that it was a real ghost," said Johnny Bull. "Not that I believe anything of the sort."

"It got through a locked door, and it wasn't a giddy ghost," said Vernon-Smith coolly. "The thing is done lots of times by fellows made of flesh and blood—but they happen to be burglars, as a rule. But, of course, it's easy enough for anybody to get hold of a pair of key-nippers, if he likes to spend the money on them."

"Key-nippers?"

"Yes. I've examined the key in Loder's door under a microscope. There are marks on it that prove what I suspected last night. I dare say you have heard how burglars open a locked door from the outside?"

"Blessed if I have!" said Bob Cherry.

"Well, they have a pair of specially-made nippers for the purpose. You shove them into the keyhole on the outside, grip the key-end, and turn it by sheer force. Burglars always have them; I've read of them lots of times. And anybody can get them."

"My hat!"

"Only they always leave marks on the key, because the grip is so hard," explained the Bounder, "and those marks always show under a microscope. I spotted them on the key in Loder's door. His door was opened from the outside last night, though it was locked on the inside. A ghost could have come through the keyhole, I dare say—but I fancy it was a very solid ghost that Loder saw last night. He unlocked the door from the outside with a pair of nippers."

The chums of the Remove stared at the Bounder. They had certainly not thought of that.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Wharton. "Then it was somebody playing a trick on Loder, after all, and not a nightmare."

"Yes."

"Then it must have been Hop Hi! Only Loder said positively that it was Wun Lung's face he saw. He couldn't mistake Hop Hi's face for Wun Lung's—it's something like it, but it's much smaller."

"I fancy it was Wun Lung's face he saw," said Vernon-Smith coolly. "Hop Hi wouldn't feel in the humour for playing pranks if his brother were really dead."

Wharton drew a deep breath.

"That's true enough. But—but—"

"But Loder says the gas went out of its own accord!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Naturally!"

"Blessed if I can see anything natural in it," said Bob, rather peevishly. "If I saw the light go out of its own accord. I should jolly well think it was pretty ghostly, I know that."

Vernon-Smith laughed.

"Then I could make you think there was a ghost in Study No. 13 this evening, if that's all you want to convince you," he said.

"And how could you do it?"

"By turning off the gas at the meter."

"Wha-a-at!"

"My only hat!" gasped Wharton. "Why, of course that would be quite simple. Loder's was the only gas alight at that time of night. Turning it off at the meter would make it go out, and nobody else would notice anything, of course, as all the other gas was out."

"But if it was Wun Lung, he couldn't turn off the gas at the meter while he was in Loder's study!" said Johnny Bull.

"Hop Hi could," said the Bounder.

"Of course, they're acting together, if it's a little game," said Wharton excitedly. "That certainly looks like it. As for the ghostly face with the ghostly light playing over it, a little phosphorus would do that. We've seen Wun Lung play tricks like that in the dark before."

"The trickfulness of the esteemed Wun Lung was always terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But—"

"But the light was on when Quelch got there," said Nugent.

"Exactly," said the Bounder. "Loder got under the bedclothes to shut out the ghost. Wun Lung gave his minor some signal—the young rascal turned on the meter again, and Wun Lung coolly lighted the gas again, while Loder was shrieking out blue murder under the bedclothes. Then he bunked. It took some time for Loder's yells to awaken the house, of course, and for Wingate and Quelch to get there. When they got there, that Chinese rascal had cleared off. Very likely he was skulking in the dark at the end of the passage listening to all that was going on."

"My hat!"

Harry Wharton looked very thoughtful.

"If all that's the case, Wun Lung's as much alive as we

are," he remarked, "and he must have been in the house last night."

"So I believe."

"But—but what was it, then, that we saw carried out to sea on the rope from the kite?" exclaimed Bob. "I tell you he was hanging on the kite, Smithy. And if he fell into the sea, he was drowned, as safe as houses."

"He spoofed you, somehow, when you lost sight of him in the wood."

"But we saw him—we saw him with our own eyes!" said Bob excitedly.

"Did you see his face?" asked the Bounder sceptically.

"He was too far off, and high up, for that, of course; but we knew his clothes, and he was hanging on to the rope in exactly the same way as when you all saw him on the common."

The Bounder wrinkled his brows.

"Well, it beats me!" he said. "If he was carried out to sea, and drowned, he can't have been here at all last night, and Hop Hi must have played that trick on Loder. But somebody must have helped him, by turning the gas off at the meter, and then turning it on again. There wasn't any escape of gas in the study, or it would have been noticed, so there must have been two fellows on the job."

The juniors all looked puzzled. The light the Bounder had been able to shed on the matter did not explain the mystery—rather, it seemed to make it deeper.

"The joker probably intended to leave the study dark," added the Bounder. "But when he saw Loder hiding under the bedclothes, and unable to see him, he gave the whole thing a finishing artistic touch by relighting the gas. But he must have been waiting there ready to relight it, while somebody else was at the meter. Of course, Hop Hi may have been helped by some young rascal in the Second—Wun Lung may be dead after all, and Hop Hi may be doing this for revenge on Loder."

"That's more likely."

"Only," said the Bounder, "I believe it was Wun Lung—I believe that he was in the house last night, and that Hop Hi cleared out of his dormitory on purpose to let him in—and, more than that, I believe he's in the house now!"

"Now!" ejaculated the juniors.

"Yes. Hop Hi has got permission to keep that room for a few days—the Second Form don't like his howls in the dorm. I believe he's hiding Wun Lung in that room."

"Great Scott!"

"We'll jolly soon find out!" exclaimed Bob Cherry indignantly. "If it's a rotten trick on us all, the young rotter ought to be scalped!"

Bob Cherry started off with long strides. The other fellows followed him. Bob gave a loud thump at Hop Hi's door and opened it. Hop Hi was still seated in the armchair before the big wardrobe, and he blinked at the Removites as they came in.

The innocent expression on his little yellow face disarmed them somewhat. It seemed impossible to suspect him of the duplicity the Bounder had outlined.

"Found the key to that wardrobe yet, Hop Hi?" asked Vernon-Smith.

"No savvy!"

"Look here," said the Bounder. "We want to look into that wardrobe, Hop Hi."

The little Chinese looked mildly surprised.

"Why wantee?" he asked.

"Never mind why. Will you let us look into it, or have you any objection?"

"Looke if wantee!"

"We can't open it without the key," said Bob.

The Bounder stooped and picked up a key from the floor behind the chair.

"Here's the key," he said. "I didn't see it there when I was here before. Never mind, it's the key. Can I open this wardrobe, Hop Hi?"

"Open if likee!"

"Right-ho!"

The Bounder unlocked the wardrobe, and threw open the big, heavy door. The interior was quite empty. Vernon-Smith and the Famous Five stared into it; there was certainly no one there. The Bounder's jaw dropped. He had been so certain of his theory that he was quite staggered by the discovery that the wardrobe was empty.

He closed the door again angrily.

"Well, I'm done!" he said.

He looked round the room with searching eyes, and glanced under the bed. But there was no sign of any other occupant beside Hop Hi. The little Chinese watched him with wide open and wondering eyes.

"Whatee wantee findee?" he asked.

"Oh, never mind," said Bob Cherry, ashamed now of the

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suspicious that had brought them there. "It's all right, kid. Come along, you fellows!"

The Removites left the room, and closed the door. When they were outside, Hop Hi's gravity of manner vanished, and he placed his thumb to his nose, and extended his fingers in a most disrespectful manner towards the closed door. In that gesture of disrespect the little Celestial was evidently expressing his opinion silently of Vernon-Smith and his investigations.

"Nothing there!" said Harry Wharton, as the juniors went downstairs.

"I can't understand it," muttered the Bounder. "I could have sworn, when I was there before, that Wun Lung was in that wardrobe, hidden, and that Hop Hi knew it. He may have seen what I thought, and got him out, and hidden him somewhere else—"

"But where? Not in the room, anyway!"

"N-no—there wasn't any other place to hide him. Blessed if I can make it out," the Bounder confessed. "Anyway, I've got an idea of getting at the truth. Loder hasn't done with the ghost—whether it's Wun Lung or Hop Hi haunting him, he will keep it up, and I'm pretty certain that the ghost will walk again to-night. Don't you think so?"

"Very likely, but—"

"Well, I'm going to keep an eye open for it to-night," said the Bounder determinedly. "You fellows can come down with me, if you like. If not, I'll do it alone!"

"Oh, we'll come!" said Wharton. "If it's Hop Hi haunting Loder, we needn't interfere with him—that bullying brute ought to be punished. But if it's Wun Lung, we'll put a stop to his tricks jolly sharp. It's past a joke to make the whole school anxious and rotten believing in his death, for the sake of getting square with Loder. Only—only I can't believe that he is still alive."

"We'll see to-night!" said the Bounder. "No need to tell the other fellows."

"No; we don't want a crowd on the scene."

And the intentions of the ghost-hunters were kept strictly "mum." The feelings of the Co. on the subject of Wun Lung were very mixed now. It did not seem possible that he was alive, but if he was living, and allowing the whole school to believe him dead, they felt inclined to give him a tremendous ragging. And at the same time they shrank from feeling hard thoughts about a fellow who was, in all probability, tossing lifeless upon the waves at that very moment. They were in a most uncertain and anxious state, and very eager for the coming night to put the matter to the proof.

## THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Hop Hi is Consoled!

**N**UGENT MINOR, and Gatty and Myers, and two or three other heroes of the Second Form at Greyfriars, gave Hop Hi a look in after service that afternoon.

Hop Hi had remained in his room all day, apparently quite satisfied with his own company, and generally breaking out into grief-stricken yells when he received visitors, which had the immediate effect of driving his visitors away. He had come down to dinner, and that was all—he could not be induced to go out for a walk. His breakfast had been sent to the room in the morning, and the housekeeper had had to observe that grief had rather increased than diminished his appetite, for nearly all the loaf remained there, and all the butter that was sent up, and the jam.

It was nearly tea-time now, and Dicky Nugent and his friends felt that it was "up" to them to make an effort to draw Hop Hi away from his solitary grief.

"Feeling better, kid?" Dicky asked, as the fags came in.

Hop Hi shook his head solemnly.

"Feelee velly baddee."

"It's too bad," said Dicky Nugent sympathetically.

"We're all awfully sorry, Hoppy; but you must try to buck up, you know."

"No buckee up nevel no mole. Wun Lung deadee, and his spilit comee backee hauntee Lodee. Lodee goee madee some day. Then Hop Hi buckee up p'l'aps."

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Gatty. "I must say he is a savage, revengeful little beast, Dicky."

Dicky Nugent nodded. It struck him that Hop Hi did not by any means err on the side of forgiveness. Loder had been a brute; but he hardly deserved the terrific punishment so glibly outlined by the little Chinese.

"Well, come and have tea with us, kid," said Dicky Nugent. "We've made a whip round, and we're going to stand a good feed."

"No wantee feedee."

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"We've got a whole cake, and three sorts of jam, and a tin of sardines," said Gatty. "You'd better come along."

"No eattee in companee while glieve ovel Wun Lung. You blingee me something hele, and me catee. No comee."

"You'd like us to have the feed here?" asked Nugent minor.

"No. No wantee companee."

"Oh!" said Dicky, looking rather grave. The little Chinese was willing to accept the spread, but he did not want any company along with it. The Second-Formers exchanged rather doubtful glances. That was not exactly what they had intended.

"Ahem!" murmured Gatty.

"Can't be done!" said Sammy Bunter. "I'm hungry. Hop Hi can come and have his whack, or he can jolly well go without."

Dicky Nugent grunted.

"You shut up, fatty. We'll bring you the cake, Hop Hi."

"Tankee muchee."

"Sure you won't come in the Form-room, kid?"

"Quitee, tankee. Stay alonee with glief."

The fags left him, some of them looking rather grim. Under the circumstances, they admitted that it was up to them to part with the cake, but they did not wholly enjoy the prospect of giving away the piece-de-resistance of the fag feast. However, Dicky Nugent had his way; and he carried the cake from the Second Form-room to Hop Hi's quarters.

Several Removites met him outside the door on their way to visiting the grief-stricken youth.

"Hallo! What's that?" asked Peter Todd.

"Cake for Hop Hi!" explained Dicky. "The poor kid doesn't feel up to coming to a feed, so I'm bringing him this. If you chaps want to show your sympathy in a practical way, you can go and do likewise."

"Ahem!"

Dicky Nugent went in with the cake.

"Here you are, Hoppy."

"Tankee muchee."

"Hungry—eh?" asked Peter Todd, looking in.

"Velly hungly, but no catee in companee," said Hop Hi. "Me cly for Wun Lung! Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

"Oh, great Scott! Cheese it a minute, kid!" said Todd, in anguish. "I say, is there anything we can do for you?"

"Yes, if wantee."

"What is it?"

"Standee feedee."

"Oh!" said Todd. It was a peculiar request from a youth who was suffering in solitude from a consuming grief.

"Begad!" said Lord Mauleverer, who was among the visitors. "If the poor kid can get any comfort out of tuck, he shall have as much as he wants. Come and lend me a hand, my dear fellows—I've got lots in my study."

"Good egg!" said Peter Todd.

"Handsome Lord Maulevelei velly kind," murmured Hop Hi.

Lord Mauleverer and his companions proceeded to the schoolboy earl's study in the Remove passage. There was plenty of "tuck" of the first quality there, and they came out of the study laden with good things for the bereaved Chinese. Harry Wharton & Co. met them as they came in to tea.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Are you laying in provisions for a giddy siege somewhere?"

"Hop Hi!" explained his lordship.

Bob whistled.

"My hat! You don't mean to say that that kid is going to dispose of that cargo!" he exclaimed.

"Well, he wants a feed, and he seems to have a good appetite," said Lord Mauleverer. "I'd take more trouble than this to comfort him, I would really."

And he walked on, with a pie under his arm, and a cake in his hand, followed by Peter Todd with two pots of jam, and Bulstrode with a jar of honey, Tom Brown with a loaf and a dish of butter, and several other fellows with several other articles. If Hop Hi was as hungry as a whole party of hunters, there was enough there to satisfy him. The chums of the Remove looked after them very curiously.

"Queer thing that Hop Hi should want all that prog," Johnny Bull remarked, and the Bounder laughed.

"Looks as if there's another mouth to feed," he remarked, "and the mouth of a chap who's missed his dinner, too!"

"But we searched the room," said Bob.

"Yes, I know we did, but this looks jolly suspicious all the same."

The Bounder followed Lord Mauleverer & Co. to Hop Hi's room. The little Chinese was beaming over the good things so generously presented to him by the schoolboy millionaire. There were quite a number of fellows in the room unloading. The Bounder looked round the room, and stepped to the window and looked out. The dormer window looked partly upon a red-slatted roof, that sloped up to the leads above. The Bounder put his hand on the casement to open it, when Hop Hi called out.

"No opee window."

"Why not?"

"No wantee opee."

"Don't open his window if he don't want it open, Smithy," said Lord Mauleverer. "Chinese don't like fresh air perhaps."

"Right-ho!" said the Bounder; and he walked out of the room, his suspicions stronger than ever.

The other fellows followed him out. Hop Hi made no bones about telling them that he preferred their room to their company. Whether he wanted to indulge his grief, or whether he wanted to enjoy his feed, was a delicate question. But as some of the juniors were slow in going, he burst into his mournful howl once more.

"Ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki, ki!"

Then they departed hastily.

Hop Hi shut the door behind them, and the Bounder heard him lock it. Quite satisfied in his mind now, Vernon-Smith walked away.

He passed Loder in the Close a little later. The bully of the Sixth was looking white and worn. The coming night filled him with dread. Vernon-Smith smiled as he saw him. There was no love lost between Vernon-Smith and the Sixth Form bully, and he was not sorry to see Gerald Loder getting it "in the neck."

Loder was, in fact, in a state of the bluest of blue funk as the dusk came on. He looked forward with horror to the prospect of passing the night alone in his room. It was a privilege of the Sixth Form to have bed-rooms to themselves, but it was a privilege that Loder would willingly have sacrificed now for a share in any dormitory in Greyfriars.

He asked Walker and Carne and Valance in turn to share his room with him that night, and they all declined with thanks. They were not taking any. Not that they believed in the supernatural visitation Loder had so feelingly described, but they didn't want to sleep with a fellow who suffered from fearful nightmares and started screaming in the middle of the night, as Valance told him bluntly.

But Loder was determined not to occupy that room alone. Just before bedtime that evening, he called in Wingate, who was supping in his room with Courtney.

"Do you mind if I turn in on your sofa to-night, Wingate?" Loder asked, quite humbly.

The Greyfriars captain stared at him.

"I say, that's rot, Loder," he said. "The whole school will be cackling over it, if you show funk in this way."

Loder coloured.

"It isn't funk," he said; "but I simply can't stand it again. I can't pass the night alone, and that's flat."

"Your nerves must be fearfully out of order," remarked Courtney.

"They are!" said Loder, with a shiver. "Yours would be out of order, too, if you'd seen what I saw last night."

Courtney smiled.

"You can turn in here if you like, Loder," said Wingate good-naturedly. "But I'd advise you to make an effort and get over it. But please yourself."

"Then I'll turn in here. Much obliged!"

And when the Sixth Form went to bed, Gerald Loder turned in, in his clothes, on the sofa in Wingate's room; looking forward to the coming hours of darkness with terror, but comforted by the fact that he would, at least, not have to face the phantom Chinese alone.

## THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

### Laying the Ghost!

HARRY WHARTON & Co. went to sleep as usual when they turned in, in the Remove dormitory that night. Vernon-Smith did not sleep. The Bounder was determined to probe the mystery to the bottom, and he remained resolutely awake while his form-fellows slept round him.

Once or twice he dozed as the hours passed, but only for moments, and he was wide awake when midnight tolled out from the clock-tower. Then he slipped out of bed. He did not believe the "ghost" would walk until later, but he wanted to be in time. He bent over Harry Wharton's bed and tapped the captain of the Remove on the shoulder.

Wharton's eyes opened.

"Hallo!" he murmured sleepily.

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"Coming?" asked the Bounder, in a low voice. "It's past midnight."

"Right-ho!"

Harry Wharton turned out. Vernon-Smith awoke the rest of the Co., as he had undertaken to do. Johnny Bull yawned, and closed his eyes again immediately and went to sleep. Frank Nugent grunted, and followed suit. And Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh remarked in a drowsy tone that the sleepfulness was terrific, and promptly relapsed into slumber. Bob Cherry was the only one who followed Wharton's example.

"Shall I yank those bounders out?" asked Bob, as he slipped on his trousers.

"Better not!" whispered the Bounder. "We don't want to wake up a lot of the fellows. We three can deal with the ghost all right."

"Quite enough, either for the ghost or for the Chinese," said Harry Wharton.

"All right, then."

The three juniors finished dressing, and, putting on rubber shoes, they left the dormitory quietly. They left it sleeping soundly behind them. The House was dark and quiet, all lights were out. Wingate had allowed Loder to occupy the sofa in his study, but he had declined to burn a light all night. And Loder, as a matter of fact, had fallen asleep on Wingate's sofa in the dark, though he had not expected to close his eyes once.

The Bounder and his companions moved quietly along the dark passages, and down the first flight of stairs. Vernon-Smith was leading the way to the Sixth-Form passage.

If the "ghost" came again, that was where he would come, and they knew that Loder's study was empty, some of the juniors having seen him taking his blankets into Wingate's study to make up a bed on the sofa there. Vernon-Smith opened the door of Loder's empty room.

"Where are you going?" muttered Bob Cherry.

"In here!"

"But the room's empty."

"That's why!"

They entered the empty study, and Vernon-Smith closed the door silently. Then he turned on a momentary gleam of his pocket electric torch, to make sure that the room was empty, and that Loder had not changed his mind after all. The bed was unoccupied, and denuded of its coverings.

"That's all right," said the Bounder, in a low voice. "This is the place to watch from. We can keep the door ajar. If the ghost doesn't know that Loder has changed his quarters he will come back here, and if he does know, we shall see him from the doorway, wherever he goes!"

"True, O King!" murmured Bob.

The study was in deep darkness. The Bounder opened the door again, and set it about six inches open. In the passage the darkness was less intense, as there was a glimmer of starlight on the big window at the end. As their eyes were growing accustomed to the gloom, the juniors could see into the passage with tolerable ease. And their ears were strained to hear the slightest sound.

Half-past twelve had chimed out and died away, leaving a heavy and oppressive stillness after it.

The juniors waited.

Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton sat down to wait; but the Bounder seemed tireless. He stood at the door, his eyes on the opening, watching the passage and listening. The iron frame of the Bounder seemed insensible to fatigue. Bob Cherry's head fell forward before long, and he slumbered in his chair, and Harry Wharton dozed off for a few minutes at a time, and awoke by fits and starts. But the Bounder never moved.

There was a sound in the passage at last, and Vernon-Smith's eyes gleamed. He reached back in the darkness of the study, and touched his companions lightly. They were on the alert at once, Bob Cherry ruefully rubbing his sleepy eyes.

Without a word, the three juniors watched the narrow opening of the door, and listened. There was a soft, brushing sound of loose garments, and a dim figure passed the door of Loder's study.

Prepared as they were for it, the juniors could not resist a start and a slight shudder, for even in the dimness they made out the figure and the Chinese garb of Wun Lung.

The figure flitted by—and stopped.

Was it the Chinese, or— In the darkness and stillness the juniors asked themselves shudderingly if it was a supernatural visitation—if that silent form was the phantom of the boy who had found his death in the midst of the wild waves.

The figure had stopped outside the door of the next study—Walker's study. In that room Walker of the Sixth was sleeping.

Another dark figure, smaller than the first, came creeping along, and joined the first form outside Walker's door.



That was enough for the watching juniors. The second figure was that of Hop Hi, and as it was pretty certain that, even admitting the possibility of a phantom, Hop Hi would not be wandering about the House with his brother's ghost, it was quite clear that the first figure was Wun Lung in actual flesh and blood.

The cunning Chinese had been "spoofing" after all! And the three juniors felt their anger rise as they realised it. They had felt anxiety and sorrow on account of the young rascal, and it was a trick all the time. How he had worked it they did not know; but it was evident that he had done so, for here he was.

The two shadowy forms were whispering together in Chinese. The Removites could guess the purport of that whispering. Either Wun Lung knew that Loder was in Wingate's study, or else he had done with Loder. Walker was to receive his second visit, and to be terrified by the apparition of the drowned Chinese. And if the "jape" were allowed to continue, probably Carne would have a visit; and perhaps Mr. Quelch himself, if the little rascal had nerve enough to go so far.

Wun Lung was listening acutely at Walker's door, evidently to discover whether the prefect was asleep, before he ventured to open the door. He never made the discovery. For Vernon-Smith suddenly threw his door open, made a single bound into the passage, and grasped the listening Chinese by the shoulders.

There was a low gasp. "Got you!" said the Bounder grimly. "Lettee goee!" breathed the Chinese. "Come in here! I've got you!" Vernon-Smith took a strong grasp upon the pigtail, and then he had his prisoner safe. "Don't make a row, or you'll have Loder on your neck."

The Chinese had evidently realised that already. He made no sound, as soon as he knew that it was a Removite who had collared him. He allowed Vernon-Smith to drag him into the empty study without a word. He blinked at the shadowy forms of Wharton and Bob Cherry. Bob had taken a grip on Hop Hi's pigtail, and the diminutive fag came tamely in after his major.

Harry Wharton closed the door. They stood in intense darkness, and the Bounder, releasing Wun Lung, turned on his electric torch.

The Chinese blinked in the light, and looked towards the door. But the Bounder had his back to it.

"So you're caught, you young scoundrel!" said Vernon-Smith grimly.

"Handsome Bounder catchee me!" murmured Wun Lung. "You young rascal!" said Harry Wharton, in a suppressed voice, his eyes gleaming. "So it was only a trick, after all. You're alive."

"Velly muchee alivee!" said Wun Lung imperturbably. "Handsome Hally Wharton quitee light."

"What have you got to say for yourself, you inconsiderate little beast?" snapped Bob Cherry.

"Me velly bad Chinese," murmured Wun Lung. "Handsome Bob Chelly—"

"None of your soft sawder!" growled Bob. "What you want is a jolly good licking, and you're going to have it. You made us all believe you were dead."

Wun Lung grinned; but his face became serious again as he caught the angry gleam in the eyes turned upon him.

"Wun Lung solly!" he whispered. "Wun Lung velly bad Chinese. Velly bad and ugly."

"What did you do it for, you young rotter?" asked Harry. "Payee out Lodee."

"And you let us all think you were drowned!" said Harry angrily. "Didn't you understand that we should feel rotten about it?"

"Wun Lung velly silly; no tinkee," murmured the Chinese. "You mean you didn't choose to!" growled Bob. "Next time you get drowned, it won't worry me, I can tell you that!"

"Handsome Bob Chelly—"

"Oh, cheese it! How did you do it, you rotter—we saw you go up on the rope to the kite, and afterwards we were certain we saw you carried out to sea? What was it hanging on the kite if it wasn't you?" demanded Bob.

"Wun Lung swimme ashore."

"Don't tell lies!" snapped Bob. "If you don't tell the truth, I'll call Loder in to see you now."

"No callee Lodee," muttered Wun Lung hastily. "Me tellee whole thuttee to handsome Bob Chelly. Passee over tlees, you savvy, and stoppee in tlee."

"You stopped in a tree in Friardale Wood?" asked Harry. Wun Lung grinned and nodded.

"Yes. Tie lope to tlee, stoppee there. Dummee hidden in wood all leady—"

"Oh, you young villain! You had a dummy there, ready to tie on the rope, to be blown out to sea!" ejaculated Bob.

"Wun Lung velly solly. Not tinkee that handsome Bob Chelly mind if poor little Chinese drowned. Puttee dummy

in wood all leady on Fliday. Passee over wood, stoppee in tlee, gettee downee, tie dummee on lope—"

"On what? Oh, the rope! Get on!"

"Tie dummee on lope, and lettee kitee goee again," continued Wun Lung. "Me knowee flog way windee blowee that kitee blowee out to sea. Handsome Bob Chelly and others see kitee blowee away with dummee, tinkee Wun Lung dlownee and deadee. Wun Lung hidee in wood, and say nozzing. All Gleyffials believe Wun Lung deadee. Hop Hi showee great glief. Then, when ghostee comee, Lodee tinkee leal ghostee—what you tinkee?"

"You young rascal!"

"Lodee beaste—makee Lodee sit up!" said Wun Lung.

"You opened this door last night with a pair of steel nippers?" said Vernon-Smith.

Wun Lung nodded.

"And Hop Hi turned off the gas at the meter?"

Another nod and a grin.

"And you've been hidden all day in Hop Hi's room?"

Nod.

"And when I was there this morning, you were hidden in the wardrobe?"

Nod.

"And you guessed that I smelt a rat, and cleared out, and crawled out of the window on the roof, and hid among the chimney-pots?"

"Handsome Bounder knowee evelything," said Wun Lung admiringly. "Velly clevee Bounder!"

"Well, I spotted your little game," said the Bounder.

"Velly clevee. Too clevee for little Chinese—poor little Chinese!" said Wun Lung, in a wheedling voice. "Now goee backee beddee; leavee Wun Lung makee Walkee sit up!"

The juniors stared at him. The coolness of that request took their breath away.

"You—you young ass!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Do you think we're going to keep it dark, and allow the Head and the whole school to go on thinking you are dead? You're going to own up at once. You'll come to the Remove dormitory with us, and turn in there; and if you get out again to-night, we'll explain the whole matter to the Head ourselves in the morning!"

"Wun Lung comee if handsome Hally Wharton wishee," said the little Chinese submissively. "No tellee Head Wun Lung playee ghostee. Handsome Dr. Locke velly angly!"

"You'll get the sack, whatever we say," said Wharton grimly. "You can't expect a thing like this to be overlooked. You've upset the whole place, and the Head has called the police in to search for you. You'll be sacked, and very likely Hop Hi too, if it comes out that he has helped you!"

"No tellee 'bout Hop Hi. And no sackee; me spoofee Quelchee—ugly Mr. Quelchee—all light. You no talkee!"

The juniors exchanged glances. Wun Lung had served them a decidedly rotten turn, there was no doubt about that; but it was equally certain that the Chinese did not understand the "rotteness" of what he had done. He had thought only of revenging himself upon Loder, and not at all of the anxiety and alarm his supposed fate would cause throughout the school.

His punishment was likely to be severe enough when the Head knew that he was alive, and Harry Wharton & Co. had no desire to make matters worse for him.

"You've acted like a little beast!" said Harry at last. "But we don't want to make it worse for you. If you can wriggle out of this, you're welcome to. But you'll come back to the Remove dorm now, and you'll stay there all to-night!"

"Allee lightee. Handsome—"

"Oh, shut up!"

And Wun Lung went meekly and submissively to the Remove dormitory with the juniors, and Hop Hi went quietly back to bed in his own quarters. Walker of the Sixth never knew what a narrow esca; he had had of seeing a ghost that night.

"Great Scott!"

Bolover major simply yelled out that ejaculation, as the rising-bell rang out on the following morning; for Bolover major was the first to sit up in bed, and the sight of Wun Lung lying asleep a few beds away caught his eyes, and made him jump. He bounded from his bed.

"Great Scott! Wun Lung! My hat! That Chinese! He's not dead!" yelled Bolover major.

"Begad!"

"My hat!"

"It's Wun Lung! He's come back!"

The excited Removites gathered round Wun Lung's bed. They stared blankly at the little Chinese. It was evidently

(Concluded on page 27, column 2.)

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# THE BLUE ORCHID

BY SIDNEY DREW

A Wonderful Story dealing with the Thrilling Adventures of Ferrers Lord—Millionaire, and his comrades, Ching-Lung—Juggler and Ventriloquist; Rupert Thurston, and Gan-Waga, the Eskimo.

READ THIS FIRST.

Ferrers Lord, the famous multi-millionaire, is engaged on one of his adventurous expeditions in company with Ching-Lung (the Prince of China), Rupert Thurston, Gan-Waga (the Eskimo), also Prout, Maddock, Barry O'Rooney, and the rest of the famous band of stalwart seamen. Their quest is a field of blue orchids, which is said to exist somewhere up the great Amazon River, and their craft is a small steam launch named the Blue Orchid, which has been captured from Lord's enemy in this enterprise, a German millionaire named Hausmann, who is continually pursuing the millionaire in his magnificent yacht the Medea. The adventurers stumble across a village which is reigned over by a beautiful woman, who is known as Althara the Merciless, and are captured and taken prisoners. Ching-Lung, however, tells her he is a wizard, and by simple, yet wonderful, conjuring, he earns a reward from the queen, and the whole party are eventually reunited. Hausmann attacks the village. Realising that their lives are in great jeopardy, Ferrers Lord and his party gain the confidence of the Indians by a clever ruse, and induce them to join forces against the Germans. Four hundred native warriors are sent to dislodge the enemy, but the latter, with the aid of a couple of Maxims, have no difficulty in repulsing them. They return to the village, the majority of them wounded. Ferrers Lord hits upon a scheme, which he duly explains to Althara. The plan is to send a number of warriors to Hausmann, and demand a number of rifles and cartridges to show his good faith. Ferrers Lord himself forms one of the party, having dyed his skin the colour of a native. It is while they are on their way that one of the natives tells Lord he knows where the blue orchids are to be found, and shows the millionaire the spot. Greatly delighted Ferrers Lord continues the march, and they enter Hausmann's camp. All but Tarface, Lord, and one other take fright and run away, but the latter are thrown over the barricade. The millionaire and his two companions are dragged into the Germans' stronghold.

(Now go on with the story.)

Face to Face with Hausmann—The Climax.

"Keep quiet," whispered Ferrers Lord. "I will speak, dog. If you open your mouth I'll shoot you dead."

Tarface was past speech. He sat down with a flop and blinked vacantly at nothing.

"I see chief," said Ferrers Lord. "Queen send message." "Shoot them, Rudolf, and come and play cards," shouted a drunken voice. "Those black brutes smell."

Rudolf was the man who had spoken to them outside the village.

"I must tell Hausmann first," he answered. "When he's done I'll shoot them if you like."

"Oh, for my lads, each with a weapon," thought Ferrers Lord. "My lads and a revolver each to-night!"

It was a scene of riot. The floor was strewn with cards and empty jars of native wine. The place reeked of tobacco smoke. One fat German was sitting on the floor trying to make a pretty little fox-terrier dog stand on its hind legs and hold a pipe in its mouth. The man was drunk and the dog, exasperated beyond endurance, snapped at him. With an oath he snatched it up and hurled it at Tarface. The poor dog alighted on the interpreter's head.

The terrified interpreter shrieked and jumped up. He was utterly dazed with fright. He saw the open door, and fled for it, only to tumble forward with a great hoarse sob, roll over twitching, and then lie still never to stir again. Poor Tarface had paid the great debt.

"Good shooting, Fritz! Good shooting!" came the shout. "Try another. Take off the big brute's nose."

Fitz bowed and put the revolver back into his belt amid screams of laughter. The blue orchid lay beside the dead interpreter, and his blood was trickling closer and closer to the fatal blossoms. Then came a hush. The millionaire and Hans Hausmann stood face to face, eye to eye.

"You chief? Got message from Queen Althara," said Ferrers Lord. "It 'bout white men."

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Hausmann was woefully thin and flabby, for the wound had pulled him down. It was plain to see that there was only one master there, for even the drunken man managed to stand fairly steadily at salute.

"Who is this queen?" he asked.

"Althara," said Ferrers Lord, bowing as he spoke the name. "She rule my tribe. Great queen send to great white chief. She say peace to great chief. You catch her slave, and he bring message. She say she have white men prisoners, and say she give them you."

"She'll give them to me!" Hausmann's dull eyes sparkled vengefully. "Where are they? Have you brought them?"

The tall warrior shook his plumed head.

"No, no! The queen say you slay her people, but she has many warriors left. She ask peace, but no afraid of war. She say tell white chief to prove he mean deal fair. She say send gifts of firesticks, and you shall buy prisoners from her. That is queen's message."

Hausmann scowled, and paced up and down. Ferrers Lord watched him from over the shield. The trickling blood had reached the spray of orchids, tinging them with horrible crimson. A man laughed boisterously outside. Hausmann turned round.

"How many warriors have you?"

"T'ousand and t'ree hundreds."

"You have not five hundred," snarled the German.

"Send man and show. No harm him; send back safe. Him see and count."

Again the German millionaire turned restlessly on his heel. The next moment he had made up his mind.

"Weinberg!" he shouted; and one of his officers stepped forward. "Take twenty men and a dozen spare rifles, with thirty rounds of cartridges for each. Go with these brutes,

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and keep your eyes open! It is madness to fight when one can barter. Keep your tempers with the pigs!"

"And do I give up the rifles?"

"Yes; they will do themselves more harm with them than us. No nigger could ever learn to shoot. Promise anything, everything to get hold of Lord and his gang. Ach! I'd go in rags for the rest of my life to have them in my clutches."

The tall warrior smiled almost imperceptibly, and gripped his spear more tightly. Hausmann sat down, too weak as yet for such exertion. A bugle sounded, and Hausmann's men collected. It was pitchy dark.

"Reckless fools!" thought Ferrers Lord. "This is folly, not pluck."

Weinberg looked out at the darkness, and some doubt seemed to enter his mind.

"I don't like the look of it, Hausmann," he said, in a low tone. "These dogs may lead us into an ambushade. Is it wise to go in the dark? I can understand your keenness to square up with Lord and get out of this abominable place, but you can't afford to lose a dozen of us and more than thirty rifles. You may want every man you've got."

"Is there a moon to-night? Since that yellow demon shot me, I've hardly known night from day."

"The moon won't be up for a couple of hours."

"Wait for it, then!" growled Hausmann. "Thunder and lightning! I'm as weak as a kitten. Give me your arm, and I'll go and lie down again. Pah! How the place smells of sour wine! Where's that pig of a doctor? Is he drunk, too?" He glanced at the dead body of the interpreter. "Throw it out! I'm going to sleep, if I can, so no more of your shooting and brawling to-night, or I shall do some shooting myself!" he added threateningly. "I want quiet, and I must have it."

Ferrers Lord and his guide squatted down in native fashion, with their backs to the wall. Hausmann's threat had its due effect. The Germans went on drinking, but they drank in moody silence, not even venturing to whisper. At last the moon began to climb the sky, and Weinberg, with a revolver at his hip, and a malacca cane in his hand, came from the inner room.

"The old man has got the blues badly," he laughed. "Don't cross him to-night, or somebody will get hurt. Now, you black baboon!" he went on, in English, and drew the revolver. "You see that? It's a little firestick, but it will kill you as dead as a big one. Know what mean? I shoot you dead if think you no straight. Savvy?"

"Yaas, me savvy," grunted the tall warrior.

"Make them carry the rifles!" suggested a podgy man in spectacles. "That will keep them quiet."

The suggestion was promptly acted upon, and the rifles made two bundles of six each. As a rifle weighs about nine pounds, Ferrers Lord and his guide had to each carry nearly half a hundredweight. The bundle was placed across his shoulders, and tied there by rough bands.

"Dunder! Look at the nigger! He's pie-bald!" cried the German at his side.

The millionaire did not wince, though he felt that in all his adventurous career he had never stood in greater peril than at that moment. Some of the paint had been rubbed from his arm, showing a smear of white skin beneath. Luckily, the light was poor, and the man was only half sober, but it was a thrilling second. Then they were out in the moonlight, marching along between the rows of deserted huts.

"How far is it to this place?"

"Four miles," said Ferrers Lord, at a guess. "I not guide, sah, I only 'terpreter. Dat man guide."

"Then tell him to take us the nearest and easiest way, or we'll carve his ears off!"

The millionaire touched the native with his spear, and gave the message in one of the Indian dialects with which he was familiar. It was the dialect of Vasco's tribe, who were pure forest Indians.

"Oh, I will show them shortest and easiest way!" came the answer, to Ferrers Lord's pleased amazement. "But I will look after my ears. Strange you speak my tongue, master. It is music to hear it."

"You come from the north?"

"From Satjaro. I came to find the blue orchids. I came far with an orchid-hunter, and we found the blossoms. A snake bit me in the forest, and I know not what happened to the others. Althara's warriors found me, and I was so cunning a hunter that they took me into the tribe."

"And the blue orchids you showed me to-day?"

"I often hunt where his Excellency found them, where they grow like grass," answered the native. "I bring them back with me, and plant them again in the forest; for some day I hope to escape, and I know that if I can take them with me I shall be rich. But they are all yours, master, if you can take me with you to Satjaro. I have a mother there, and she is getting old."

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FOR NEXT  
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"MY LORD FISH!"

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"Stop that jabbering there, if you don't want to taste the flavour of a bayonet!" snarled Weinberg.

The millionaire muttered something below his breath, and quickened his stride. Here were all the blue orchids a man could wish for, almost within reach of his hand. There was no need to push on to where poor Whateman had discovered the priceless plants. Ferrers Lord was thinking hard. If they could only escape now with rifles, and ammunition! If only he could let the dead orchid-seeker's plan fall into Hausmann's hands and lay a false trail! Once he heard of their escape, and was in possession of the chart, the infuriated German would push on hot-foot. Hausmann knew that, without the orchids, Ferrers Lord would never turn back; and while he was flying in pursuit of nothing, they might be well on their way to Obidos. The tall warrior's eyes gleamed more brightly.

"Friend," he said softly to the Indian, "you speak a little of the tongue of Althara's people. Pass the word swiftly that my comrades must not be seen, for these madmen hold Althara's warriors so lightly, that they might shoot my men down and then refuse the rifles. I know they would be cut to pieces, but that would not bring my men to life. And if we escape, you shall go with us, and I will buy all the blue orchids at your own price."

"A bargain, master."

The moonlight flooded the parched plain, and lighted up the crags. The heavy weight was chafing the millionaire's skin, but he walked firmly and erect. The Germans tramped on stolidly with many "Achs!" and grunts, for the night was sultry. Still, they were trained men, and there was something in their utter contempt for the natives that compelled a certain amount of admiration. Tipped with silver, the column rose against the shining sky.

"We here, sah?" said the tall warrior. "Dis de place?"

Weinberg gazed at the bare, towering cliffs, and then dragged out his revolver.

"Why, you accursed black fool—" he began, but he did not finish.

A line of torches blazed out along the slanting path, revealing more than a hundred warriors. They seemed to be slung there from ropes, for no trace of a path was visible from below, or the slightest sign of anything that would



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afford foothold. Then the stone rolled aside, and the Indian shouted the warning about the prisoners. It passed from lip to lip.

"You go in, sah? No danger, sah," said Ferrers Lord.

Weinberg hesitated, as well he might, for if they passed through that narrow entrance, who could tell whether they would ever emerge? Suddenly, whether by accident or design the millionaire never knew, a spear came hurtling down. It grazed the shoulder of one of the Germans. The next instant a dozen shots were fired, and three or four of the torch-holders fell.

"In, in!" shouted Ferrers Lord.

He dashed through, the Indian behind him, and the spears hissed down like a silver shower. The stone moved back into its place. Howls of rage filled the air, and there was a rush of footsteps. Again the stone was pulled aside, and the howling warriors poured out and swept across the plain in pursuit of the flying Germans, who fired as they ran. Ferrers Lord and the guide pressed themselves back against the rock to let the human torrent sweep by.

They were vengeance-mad. Not Althara, not Charkoni, had the dead wizard come back to life, could have held them in check. They jostled each other in the narrow path, and many a warrior was forced over, to fall a mangled mass on the rocks below, his death-shriek drowned in the wild roar. They swarmed out like ants.

"If Hans Hausmann's lucky star does not burn bright to-night," said Ferrers Lord, "he will never see another dawn. Cut those ropes for me, friend. There is a spear yonder."

The shots became less frequent. Nothing could stop the warriors, not perhaps even the Maxims. They had no leader, but this only made the wild horde more terrible, for every man of them would fight like a wild cat. It would be a red dawn. Ferrers Lord walked out. He could hear the tread of the warriors. They were running mute now, saving their breath. A breeze was springing up—a breeze which, when the huts were afire, would burn the Germans out, and compel them to take to the open. On the ground lay the satchels containing the extra cartridges abandoned by the Germans.

"You will reach Satjaro yet, friend," said Ferrers Lord.

"Althara, I thought you were a ghost!"

The white-draped figure had glided like a spectre out of the gloom.

"Go in peace, strangers," she said brokenly; "for the path lies open. For the sick one take the queen's litter, for the queen needs it no more. Evil was your coming, evil is your going. And yet I blame you not, and curse you not. I leave this man with you. He is not of our tribe, but he will show you where the canoes are hidden. Althara goes to die with her people. Farewell!"

"Nay," said Ferrers Lord, "this is madness."

"Out of my way!" She shortened her spear. "By the gods, I will stab you, stranger, if you stand in my path."

"Farewell, Queen!" said the millionaire.

He raised her hand to his lips, and looked after her stately figure with a pang of pity and regret. She broke into a run.

"Hallo! what the mischief is happening here? Hallo!"

Ching-Lung was looking down from the rocky path. To his astonishment the tall warrior answered him in English.

"Work for your very life, Ching. It's all mischief to-night—black mischief. Collect what provisions you can, and get Gan-Waga into the queen's litter. Come down here with the lads. We have plenty of rifles. If the warriors are beaten, and they find us, they will spear us to a man. Go as if you had wings. Remember torches, if you can find any."

"Wonders will never cease," muttered the prince, and went bounding up the path.

"My name is Targi," said the forest Indian; "and if the master has a cigarette to spare I would be grateful."

Ferrers Lord took the case from the pocket of the skin robe.

"Targi," he said, "much depends on you. We must go back to the forest for my clothes. Can we hide there for the night without taking fever? We have one sick man, remember."

"I know a tree, and the man who eats one leaf of it will never have fever," said the Indian. He showed a little leather bag fastened inside his shield. "I have some of the leaves here. They are precious, for the tree is very rare. To-morrow we will gather the orchids, and then I will guide you to where the war canoes are hidden."

"And we can reach the Amazon by water?"

"Yes; but it is very far. With a sick man it is better by water, for there are mountains and swamps to be passed."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 336.

FRANK RICHARDS

Contributes a Splendid, Complete School Tale in our New Saturday Companion Paper—

"CHUCKLES," 1/2

Targi blew out a great cloud of smoke, and stooped to listen. A bat squeaked as it circled overhead, and the wind sent a cloud over the pale disc of the moon. Then they heard voices above them. Prout and O'Rooney carried out the litter with its richly embroidered curtains of native silk—a strange relic of the savage pomp of an unhappy queen. Behind them came the others. Their eyes sparkled when they shouldered the rifles.

"Forward, lads!"

"Bedad," said O'Rooney, as he grasped the handles of the litter, "there's niver a place Oi turned me back on wid more joy; but Oi'd give me little toe—the wan wid the corn on—to see the foight down yonder!"

"Keep in step, you fathead!" snapped Prout. "By honey, you're making the craft roll like a boat in a gale!"

"So you have abandoned the blue orchid at last, when too late," said Rupert.

"My dear lad," said the millionaire, "it is all very terrible and very sad. We cannot check the march of Fate. Poor Althara told a bitter truth when she told me our coming was evil, and so was our going. We can only regret, for we cannot mend it. Did I ever dream of this? If I had I would have turned back, and left the field to Hans Hausmann. It has cost us dearly, but it may cost him his all. If we reach the Amazon alive, I shall be able to say that what I set out to do I accomplished. But, unless the unforeseen happens, I shall say it not with satisfaction, but with sorrow."

"Then you have found these accursed flowers?"

"I have found them."

They all stopped. A crackle of rifles drifted across the plain, to be smothered the next instant by a crisp f-r-r-r-r!—the grim music of a Maxim gun. The notes lasted only for a few seconds. A red glare crimsoned the sky. They looked at one another in horror. Was the massacre enacted already? On the breeze came a chorus of wolfish howls.

"Horrible!" said Rupert, shuddering.

"Forward!" cried Ferrers Lord in grim, harsh tones.

The glare grew brighter, and they could see the flames stabbing upwards through the pouring smoke. The village, its roofs bone-dry, was ablaze from end to end.

"Bedad, they put up no foight at all, at all," said the warlike Irishman in injured tones. "Whist, they're at it!"

F-r-r-r-r-r! rattled a Maxim again; but the sound spluttered out swiftly.

"Nobody was working that gun, Lord," muttered Ching-Lung. "The fire had reached the cartridge-ribbon."

They stopped again at the edge of the forest. Targi took the bag and opened it.

"Eat these, master," he said, "and no fever will come near you."

The leaves were so bitter that it needed a stern order to make Gan, who had been roused for the purpose, swallow his portion. They entered the dark forest. Then Targi lighted a torch, and led them to the clearing, where the millionaire's clothes hung in a bundle from the branch of a tree. It was too dangerous to remain there. Even in

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defeat or victory they had no wish to meet any of Althara's warriors.

At last, and none too soon, they built a fire and camped under the trees in which the blue orchids grew.

### Through the Flooded Forests—Good News.

Targi, Vasco, and Ching-Lung worked far into the night weaving hampers of twigs to carry the precious freight. Most of the plants, the Indian told them, had finished blooming, and were, therefore, ready for transport. The vitality of orchids is so tremendous, that, after months of travelling, the parched, dead-looking, shrivelled things will throw leaves and sprays within an incredibly short period after being placed in suitable surroundings.

The night passed without alarm, but the hot vapours of the forest had drenched them through. After a breakfast of salt fish and native wine, Prout, Maddock, Joe, and Barry were sent to gather moss in which to pack the plants.

Vasco, Targi, and Ching-Lung climbed the banks into Targi's strange tree-garden. Here, bedded in moss on the great boughs, were plants worth a king's ransom. They were flung down like so much rubbish.

At that moment Ferrers Lord was peering cautiously out across the plain. Smoke was still rising from the blackened ash-heap that had once been the village. He saw no sign of a human being. Then he heard a dull rumbling sound like the noise of a distant avalanche or landslide—a deep, prolonged rumble.

It was the voice of the god of Althara's people, the roar of the stone idol perched above the altars of grey and red. He stepped back into hiding. A column of natives, with tossing plumes and shining spears, dashed across the plain in the direction of the stronghold of caverns. They did not resemble men who had been engaged in battle. He was puzzled. Presently, another column swept along after them. They came more slowly, for they were carrying boxes and bales and sacks, spoils captured from the Germans. His rifle leapt to his shoulder.

"Hands up, my friend!"

He dropped the weapon into the hollow of his arm, for he recognised the native who had crawled out of the bush as the brother of Tarfacc.

"What news?" he asked eagerly.

"Queen send say go quick, boss. One white-man run quick last night and give warning. Not know much speech, but he tell."

Little by little Ferrers Lord dragged the story out of him. One of the fleet-footed Germans had outrun all the pursuers and reached the village. No doubt he had exaggerated the danger, and his news had caused a panic. Hausmann had fired the village and abandoned it. In command of a small rearguard, he had fought a retreating battle until the main body had forded the river and taken up a strong position in the hills with one Maxim. In the midst of it all a messenger had arrived from Okarni, saying that his little force had been attacked by a hostile tribe, and, fearing for the safety of their women and children, and knowing that they could not take the white men's position without ghastly losses, the warriors had turned to meet the new foe.

"And why does the god speak?" asked the millionaire.

"Say we win battle, boss. Althara say quick and go. White man no come back. Queen got ambush everywhere. Scouts watch 'um, and they on trail Obidos. Scout says we kill twenty, and lot wounded. Queen say, 'Good Luck!'"

The Indian glided away, leaving the millionaire with a heart lighter than it had been for many days. He had dreaded a more ghastly ending than this—a butchery. Hans Hausmann beaten—the indomitable German in full retreat! Had he only drawn back to jump further, as the French say? Would he reorganise his shattered expedition at Obidos, and, spurred on by hate and fear, plunge back into the wilds?

"Too late, Hans Hausmann," muttered the millionaire. "It is a far cry to Obidos with wounded men, and before you reach it the rains will be upon you." He consulted a little almanac. "By that time, perhaps, the hares will have become the hunters, and the day of reckoning will have come."

He hurried back to his comrades. The hampers had been packed with the orchids, and all was in readiness for an immediate start. His news was hailed with ringing cheers.

(Another splendid long instalment of this grand serial next Monday.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 336.

FOR NEXT  
MONDAY—

"MY LORD FISH!"

## WUN LUNG'S WHEEZE!

(Continued from page 23.)

Wun Lung in flesh and blood, and no ghost. He opened his almond eyes, and blinked at them. He had been sleeping peacefully, when the shouts of the astounded juniors awakened him.

"Goodee-molning!" he murmured, blinking at them.

"You're alive!" roared Bolsover major.

"Me tinkee so!"

"But how did you get back here, you Chinese spoofer?" demanded Tom Brown.

Wun Lung shook his head.

"Me no savvy."

"Bosh!"

"Somebody had better tell Quelch's he's here," remarked Vernon-Smith.

Of the discovery of the previous night the juniors intended to say nothing. If Wun Lung's Oriental cunning allowed him to escape from the consequences of his deception, they felt that they were not called upon to interfere.

Two or three fellows rushed down half-dressed to tell Mr. Quelch the astounding news.

The Remove-master came hurriedly to the dormitory, his face very agitated. His eyes almost started from his head at the sight of Wun Lung. There was a hurried step, and the rustle of a gown, and the Head almost ran into the dormitory after the Remove-master.

"It is he, alive and safe!" the Head exclaimed.

"It is Wun Lung!" cried Mr. Quelch. "How did he come here?"

"He was asleep in bed when we woke up sir," said Bolsover major. "He says he doesn't know how he got here."

"Wun Lung! Answer me!" exclaimed the Head sternly. "As you are alive and well, it appears that this has been a deliberate trick on your part. Probably you played ghost last night in Loder's room!"

"No savvy."

"Did you fall from the rope on the kite?"

"No savvy."

"How did you get here?"

"Climbee in window," said Wun Lung calmly. "Me tinkee faller flom lope, knockee headee, make Wun Lung velly silly. No lemembel anyting. Losee memoly. Wakee up, and walkee away; comee to Gleyfials, climbee in window, and goee beddee!"

Dr. Locke and Mr. Quelch looked searchingly at the Chinese.

"You fell, and knocked your head, and remember nothing more?" said the Head slowly. "But it was the day before yesterday that you were lost, Wun Lung. Do you mean to say that during all that time you knew nothing—really?"

"Wun Lung knockee silly, velly badly hurttee," said the Chinese pathetically. "Kitee flyee velly long way with poor little Chinese. Fallee somewhere. Walkee boutee long timee. Not knowee any mole. Comee here all darkee—climbee in window, and goee bed. Wun Lung no savvy any more. Velly solly touble handsome Dr. Locke and handsome Mr. Quelch!"

"Ahem! I shall speak to you later about this, Wun Lung."

Dr. Locke and the Remove-master left the dormitory. Wun Lung's explanation seemed plausible, though it was extraordinary. And Wharton & Co. kept their own counsel.

After serious discussion of the matter, the Head and Mr. Quelch came to the conclusion that Wun Lung's explanation must be accepted, and they accepted it. But the Removes, who knew the young rascal better, had strong doubts; and Loder of the Sixth was quite certain that Wun Lung had deliberately spoofed Greyfriars, and that he had somehow played the ghost in his study that terrible night. But Loder was so relieved to find that the little Chinese was alive, after all, and that he had no more phantom visitations to fear, that he felt that he could almost forgive him. And he felt, too, that Wun Lung was a fellow best left alone; his Chinese schemes of retaliation were a little too far-reaching for Gerald Loder's taste.

There was endless talk on the matter, and most of the fellows decided that Wun Lung's explanation was a string of "whoppers" from beginning to end, and that he had really "haunted" Loder, with the help of his minor; but as Harry Wharton & Co. said nothing on the subject, the facts did not come to light concerning Wun Lung's wheeze!

THE END.

(Another splendid, long complete tale of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday) entitled "My Lord Fish!" by Frank Richards. Order your "Magnet" Library in advance. Price One Penny.)

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A Magnificent, Long, Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greyfriars. Order Early.



# My Readers' Page

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**FOR NEXT MONDAY:**

## "MY LORD FISH!"

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

In this splendid and amusing, long, complete story "Magnetites" are introduced for the first time to the great Hiram K. Fish, the "pater" of Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee junior of the Remove. The two Fishes, father and son, are on a new and original "lay," being on the verge of an amazing discovery. The Removites in the meantime get a good deal of harmless fun by introducing the title-loving Yankee to "Lord Percy," whom they very kindly provide for the occasion! The airs assumed by Fisher T. Fish cause a great deal of amusement and some irritation in the Remove, and Johnny Bull, for one, adopts stern measures with his study-mate. The Fishes do make a great "discovery" in the end, but it is not quite what they expect, and the ridiculous pride of

## "MY LORD FISH"

suffers a heavy fall.

## WHERE BLACK RULES WHITE.

A land of mystery and terror, of which only the most adventurous travellers have any experience, is the Black Republic of Hayti. In that country the negro is supreme, and the white man is only admitted on sufferance. The burlesque civilisation of the capital gives way, in the dark and mysterious interior, to barbaric savagery; and terrible are the tales of the savage rites and fearful customs of the Ju-Ju worshippers told by the few adventurers who have lived to witness them. The romance and fascination of this mysterious land provide an awe-inspiring background to the magnificent detective story of Sexton Blake's adventures in Hayti, with his faithful companions Tinker and Pedro, which appears in the current issue of our companion paper, "The Penny Popular." The title of it is

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## REPLIES IN BRIEF.

NOTE.—Will Edward Randall, of Croydon, communicate with his former Tolworth chum, Arthur G. Ripplingale, Courtenay Lodge, Hove, near Brighton, Sussex, who would very much like to hear from him again?

## SOME INTERESTING CRICKET FACTS.

According to "Wisden," Dr. W. G. Grace, when playing for the South of England against Grimsby and District, hit up 400 runs, not out, this being the only time the champion had ever reached the fourth century. But he did not reach it even then! The Grimsby score-sheet only credits him with 399.

Another curious error that was far-reaching in its results was made in the 1881 match at Hove, between the Players and the Gentlemen. Official records say the Players won by a single run, but a large number who checked the score on their account claimed that it was a tie. Of course, the records may be correct, but in the face of many independent "checkers," it looks as if the scorer was at fault somewhere.

In spite of the keen competition in the cricket world, and the eager eyes that are watching the "form" of every new aspirant to county honours, it is remarkable that a large number of players are "missed." As a rule young cricketers of promise are not allowed to remain long in obscurity, once their local or school reputation becomes known. But, notwithstanding this, there are a great number of players who have been practically "turned out" by one county, only to make a name for themselves in another. Some have even played for three or four counties before their abilities have become fully recognised.

## "Not Wanted" at the Oval.

No county has been more careless—or unfortunate—in letting good men slip through their fingers than Surrey, and if the "discarded" ones could get together they would give the Oval team's best side a warm time.

The Southerners never made a worse blunder than when they politely refused the services of C. B. Fry, who has done so many remarkable things for Sussex, and who is now playing for Hampshire. "C. B." was at Oxford at the time, and on several occasions was seen out in the ranks of the Surrey eleven. True, he was not at that period a great batsman—he had not met "Ranji" then, and he always says that it was "Ranji" who taught him to bat—but the Surrey authorities ought to have seen his possibilities and persevered with him. However, they did not, and the loss was theirs.

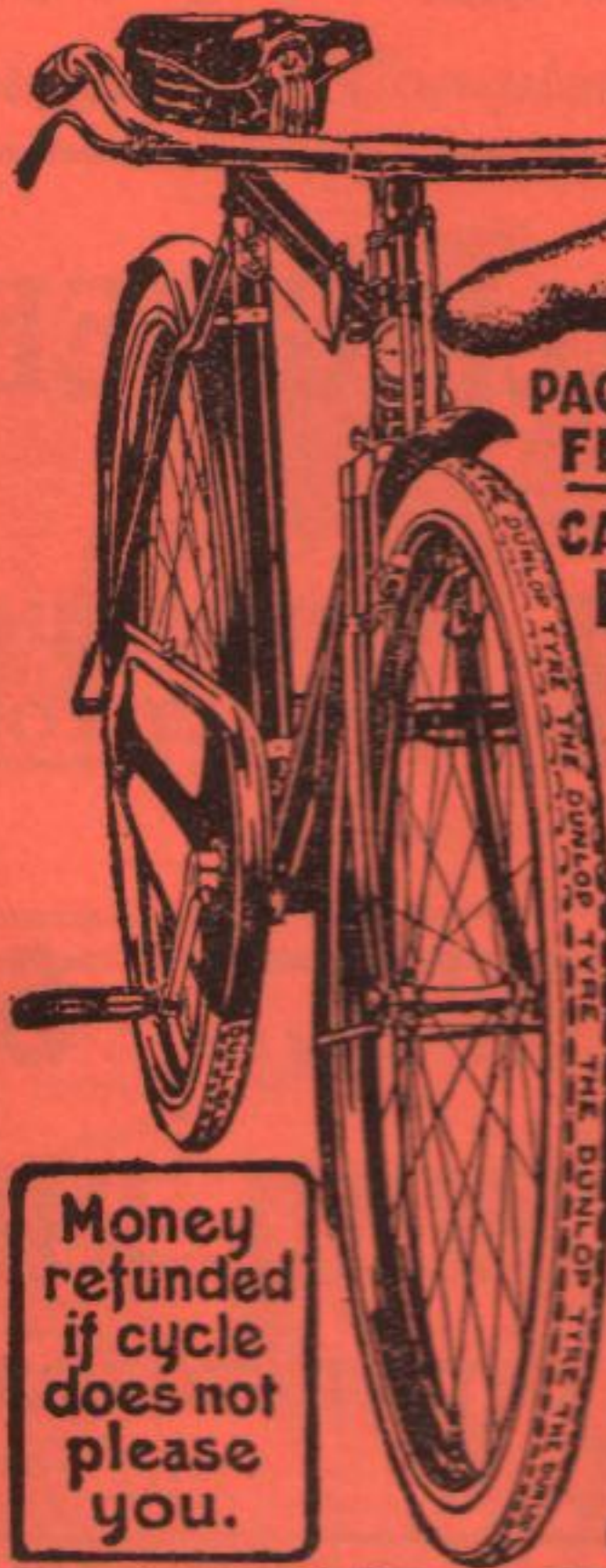
Next in order of importance comes Leonard Braund. It would indeed be difficult to say how many times Braund has practically carried the Somerset team on his shoulders, and yet at the Oval he was "not wanted."

The Somerset professional learnt his cricket at Richmond, and played as an amateur for the Gentlemen of Surrey, taking up the game as a profession and joining the Oval staff in 1892. Eventually he found his way into the county eleven, but his appearances there were so few and far between that he commenced to look around for fresh fields to conquer, or rather, for fields where he would have more chance of showing what he could do. He turned his attention to Somerset, which county gave him a warm welcome, and after joining them he soon developed into one of the finest all-round cricketers in the land.

His triumphs in Test matches have been numerous, and the Australians got to look on him as the greatest stumbling block in their path to victory. In view of the wonderful form he displayed, it seems incredible that Surrey should let him go and qualify for the western county, but it must be admitted he was only a qualified success for the Southerners—their fault lay in not recognising a great cricketer in the making.

Other ex-Surreyites "captured" by Somerset are A. E. Bailey and the Rev. A. P. Wickham. The first-named was in the Oval eleven in 1895, afterwards qualifying for the cider county, for which he has put up some notable performances. Truly Surrey has been a good friend to Somerset!

(Another Grand  
 Cricket Article  
 next week.)



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