

In this
Number: **The New Boy at Greyfriars.**

And "In
the Ranks,"
a Tale of
Army Life.

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No. 36.

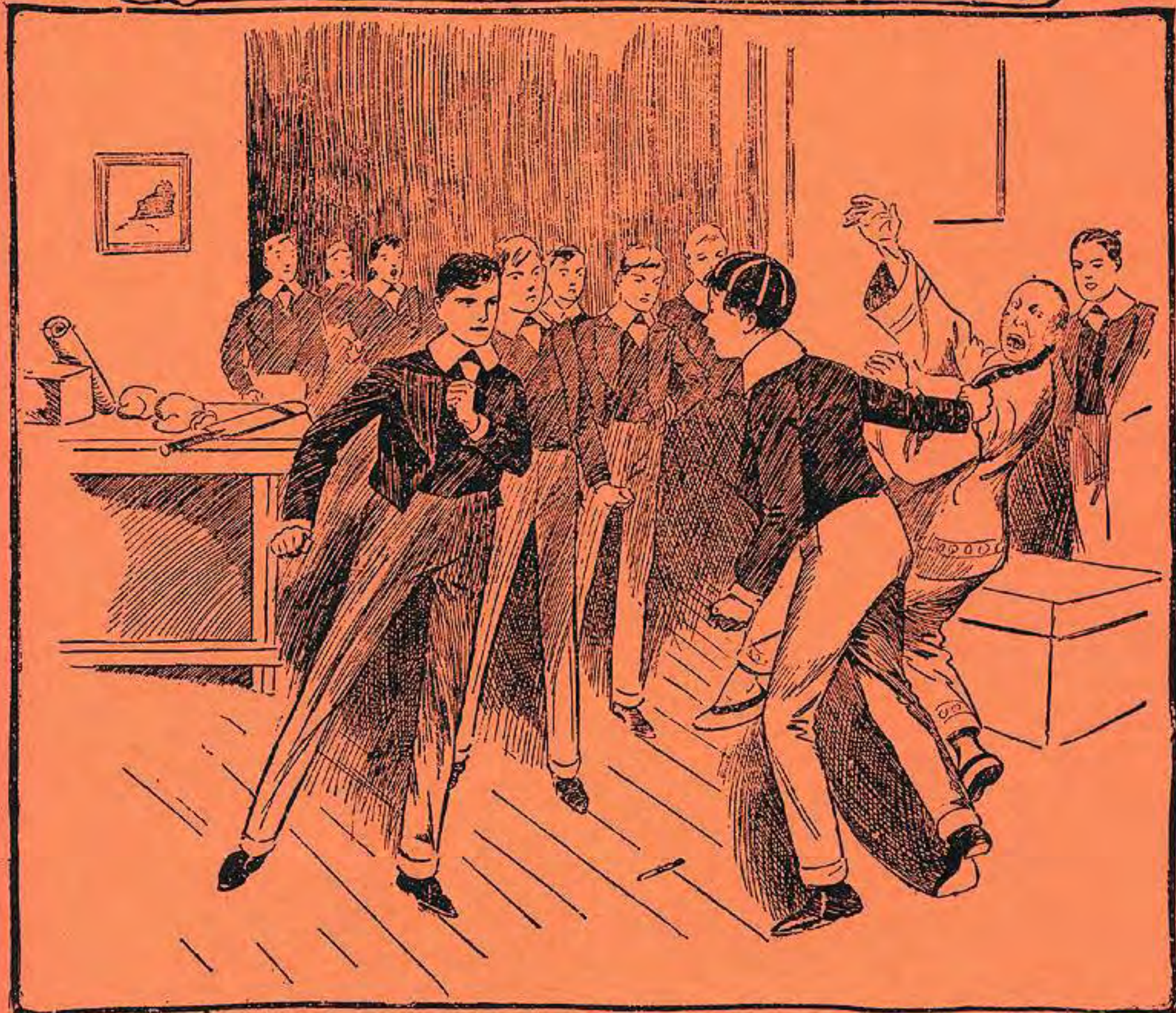
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Vol. 2.

COMPLETE
STORY
FOR ALL.

GRAND
COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE

By
FRANK
RICHARDS



"WHAT'S ALL THIS?" IT WAS A SHARP, RINGING VOICE, AS HARRY WHARTON CAME IN. AT A GLANCE HE TOOK IN THE SCENE, AND HIS BROW BECAME LIKE A THUNDERCLOUD AS HE STRODE INTO THE CROWD. HE SHOVED THE REMOVITES TO RIGHT AND LEFT WITHOUT CEREMONY, AND GAVE BULSTRODE'S WRIST A BLOW THAT SENT THE KNIFE WITH A CLATTER TO THE FLOOR.



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ONE HALFPENNY



THE FIRST CHAPTER. A Remove Raid.

WAKE up, Bob!"
"Gr-r-r-r!"
"It's time!"
"Yaw-w-w-w!"

Harry Wharton laughed, and shook Bob Cherry by the shoulder. Bob started out of dreamland, sat up in bed, and rubbed his eyes.

It was dark in the Remove dormitory at Greyfriars, and the darkness was very slightly dispelled by the candle-end that glimmered on Wharton's washstand.

"Gr-r-r-r!" grumbled Bob Cherry. "It's cold!"

"It's not warm," admitted Harry; "but it's time to get up. Have you forgotten that we are visiting the Upper Fourth to-night?"

"Well, yes, I had forgotten it, as a matter of fact. I've been to sleep, you see. Upon the whole, Wharton, it's not a very good idea, raiding a dormitory on an October night. It's jolly cold, and you know how windy it is in the passages. Better leave it till— Oh! Ow!"

Bob Cherry bounced out of bed, as a wet sponge was squeezed over him.

"Hold on!" he howled. "I'm getting up. Don't be an ass! Can't you see I'm getting up? Ow! Gr-r-r! It's cold!"

"Get your things on, then."

"Well, wake up the others!" growled Bob, making a dive into his trousers. "We shall all catch our death of cold, I'm certain of that."

"Who's that making a row?" murmured Frank Nugent

The New Boy at Greyfriars.

A Splendid Long, Complete Tale of
Harry Wharton & Co.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

from his bed. "Can't you keep quiet in the middle of the night, and let a fellow go to sleep?"

"It isn't the middle of the night," said Wharton, as he jerked off Nugent's bed-clothes. "It's just struck eleven."

"Oh! Ooh! I say, suppose we leave that raid over till—Keep off, you beast! I'm getting up."

"Buck up, then! Are you awake, Hurreo Singh?"

"The wakefulness is terrific!" purred the soft voice of the Nabob of Bhanipur, as he hopped out of bed. "The sponginess is not needed."

"Help me wake up the others."

The raid on the Upper Fourth dormitory had been planned in the Remove studies the evening before. It had seemed a simply ripping idea then to the Removes. The Upper Fourth were their old foes, and had been crowing over them lately in a manner that the Remove found intolerable.

A raid after lights out, a pillow-fight in the dark, and a general licking for the Upper Fourth seemed to Wharton and his friends the best way to deal with the situation, and the Remove had hailed the idea with enthusiasm.

But when the time came to put it into execution, the idea did not seem half so ripping as at first, for it was October, and the night was cold and rainy outside, and cold and draughty inside.

In windy weather a regular gale raged along the roomy, old-fashioned passages at Greyfriars, and the beds in the Remove dormitory were warm and comfy. Probably, under any leader but Wharton, the raid would have remained a plan that was never carried out. But Wharton had a will of iron when he had made up his mind.

There were grumbles from most of the beds. There were remonstrances from all. The reasons the fellows gave for not getting up, the reasons they advanced for putting off the raid till another night, were clear, complete, and convincing; but Harry Wharton had an answer ready that was more convincing still. It was a wet sponge. As soon as a fellow felt the cold water down the back of his neck he left off arguing, quite vanquished, and hopped out of bed.

In ten minutes the Remove were all up, with the exception of Billy Bunter. Bunter kept a watchful eye on Wharton, and as the captain of the Remove came towards his bed, he expostulated; but Wharton tossed the sponge into his basin.

"It's all right, Bunt; you're not wanted."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"You would only be in the way, so you can stay in bed."

"I say, you fellows, be as quiet as you can," said Billy Bunter. "I expect you will make a muck of it if I don't come; but I mean to take Wharton at his word, just to show you. You might come back as quietly as you can, so as not to wake me up."

"Rats!" said Bulstrode, the bully of the Form, who never could be uncomfortable himself without wanting to make others uncomfortable, too. "I don't believe in any rotten favouritism. Bunter ought to come with the rest."

"He wouldn't be any good," said Wharton.

"Still, I don't see why he should stick in bed while we go out in the cold."

"It won't make any difference to us."

"Still, we ought to have the fat little porker out, on principle."

And Bulstrode stepped quickly across to Bunter's bed, and laid hold of the sheets. Billy Bunter had curled himself up to go to sleep again. He was off his guard, and the next moment the bed-clothes were off Bunter. The fat junior started up with a yell.

"W-w-what—what's that?"

"Time to get up," said Bulstrode, grinning. "up with you, unless you want a spanking! You can come along, and keep watch in the passage."

"I—I really would rather stay in bed."

"I dare say you would, but you can come out in the cold, along with the rest of us."

"Wharton! I say, Wharton, you said I could stay in bed."

"Let him alone, Bulstrode," said Harry Wharton impatiently. "What's the good of wasting time? I tell you, he's no good. As for keeping watch, he's as blind as an owl."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Well, I'm not coming if he doesn't!"

"Don't, then! Get into bed, and be hanged to you! Come on, you fellows!"

The Remove, half dressed, and armed with pillows and bolsters, crowded towards the door. Bulstrode scowled after them, but finally joined them. He knew he would be twitted with cowardice if he kept out of the raid. Billy Bunter gathered up his bed-clothes, and rolled himself up like a hedgehog, and went to sleep.

"Don't make a row!" said Harry, as the Remove crowded along the passage. "Temple, Dabney & Co. may be awake—"

"Who's making a row?" demanded Bulstrode disagreeably.

"Oh, shut up!"

"The jawfulness of the esteemed Bulstrode is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh. "The shutupfulness would be the esteemed favour."

"Oh, rats!" said Bulstrode, without taking the trouble to lower his voice, though the raiders were very near now to the door of the Upper Fourth dormitory. "The fact is—"

"Will you be quiet?"

"No, I won't, unless I choose. I say—"

Bob Cherry clapped his hand over Bulstrode's mouth with a force that made him stagger. The bully of the Remove gasped.

"You—you rotter—"

"Be quiet!" said Harry Wharton, in a fierce whisper. "You'll wake them, and we sha'n't be able to surprise them."

"I don't care! I—"

There was a sound from within the dormitory. Harry Wharton quietly opened the door. The interior of the room was pitchy dark. The night was dark and cloudy, and hardly a ray entered at the tall windows. The Removes could see nothing, but there were indefinable sounds in the darkness which made Wharton pretty sure that the alarm had been given.

"Go for them!" muttered Nugent.

Swish!

Suddenly from the dense darkness came the swish of hurling water, and a jugful of cold fluid swamped over the leaders of the Remove.

"Oh!" gasped Nugent.

"Oh-h!"

"Ow!"

Swish—ewish—swish!

From different points in the darkness came the swamping water. The Remove could not see their foes, but their foes knew where they were, as they had just entered at the door. The water swamped over the invaders, and half of them were soaked to the skin in a few seconds. There was a chuckle in the gloom.

"Ha, ha, ha! Do you want some more washing, you Remove rats?"

"Go for them!" panted Harry Wharton.

And he led a forward rush. He stumbled against somebody, and the next moment was rolling on the floor in deadly conflict with Temple, the captain of the Upper Fourth. Temple was in his pyjamas, just as he had jumped out of bed. Two or three of the Remove fell over the combatants, and Temple yelled for rescue, and his Form fellows rushed to his aid and added themselves to the heap.

The melee was soon general, the fellows swiping out right and left with pillows and bolsters; but in the darkness it was impossible to tell friend from foe, and no one could see where his blows fell.

Still, that did not detract from their energy. So long as they smote somebody, it was all right, and the fun was fast and furious.

There was a sudden glimmer of light in the intense gloom. Fry, of the Upper Fourth, had lighted a candle, and, faint as the illumination was in the long, lofty room, it just sufficed to enable the boys to make out foes from friends.

"Go it, Remove!" cried Harry Wharton.

And the Lower Fourth rallied round their leader, and made a rush. The Upper Fourth went scattering back amongst the beds, but there they rallied, and held their ground well.

The fighting became more furious, and there were endless gasps and yells as the pillows and bolsters smote, and smote hard. The Upper Fourth, manfully led by Temple and Dabney, rallied and drove the Remove back almost to the door. Then the scrimmage became really terrific.

In the excitement of the combat, the juniors had forgotten prefects and masters—everything, in fact, but the combat.

But in the midst of the breathless struggle there was a sound of a door opening along the passage. A gasping warning from Temple followed.

"Cave!"

The pillow-fight ceased as if by magic.

"It's Capper!" muttered Temple. "My hat! What asses you fellows were to make such a row!"

"The rowfulness was terrific!"

"I think you chaps made as much row as we did," grinned Bob Cherry. "I say, I can hear him coming along! Shove that candle out!"

The candle was extinguished instantly. The dormitory was in darkness. The footsteps, slow and ponderous, were coming along the passage. It was evident that the master of the Upper Fourth had taken the alarm.

"Quick!" muttered Temple. "Into bed with you! Get in the pillows and bolsters—"

Fry chuckled.

"It's no good, old man. These chaps being here will give the show away."

"Do as I tell you! If you're caught here, Wharton, it will mean gating, and perhaps a licking. Get under the beds!"

"Whew! Under the beds!"

"Yes. Capper is short-sighted, and he mayn't see anything. Buck up! He'll be here in a minute, or less!"

"It's the only thing to be done," grunted Bob Cherry.

"Here goes!"

"I'm soaked with water!" growled Bulstrode. "I'm not going to—"

"Then stay where you are, and be caught."

It did not take the Remove long to get out of sight. They huddled under the beds, and the Upper Fourth jumped back between the sheets and pulled the bed-clothes over them. The dormitory door opened, and there was the glimmer of a lamp.

Mr. Capper, the master of the Upper Fourth, looked in. The dormitory was as silent as the tomb; the juniors still as mice.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Mysterious Sneezes.

"BOYS!"

The Form master's voice was the only sound that broke the silence, save for the deep and steady breathing of the Upper Fourth. Under the beds, the Remove were almost holding their breath.

"Boys," repeated Mr. Capper, "I have heard a—a noise, I may say an uproar, and I am certain that it proceeded from this dormitory. I am convinced that you are awake, and simply affecting sleep for the purpose of deceiving me!"

The deep and steady breathing continued without cessation, and Temple threw in a snore for additional effect.

Mr. Capper shook his head seriously and advanced into the dormitory. He cast the light of his lamp upon Temple's face. The junior kept his eyes closed, and snored steadily.

"Temple!" said Mr. Capper.

Snore!

"Temple!"

Snore!

The Form master looked baffled. He stepped to the next bed, occupied by Dabney, and turned the light upon him. Dabney's eyes were closed so tight that it looked as if a chisel would be needed to open them. So tightly were they closed, in fact, that the Form master was suspicious, and he lingered by Dabney's bed, looking at him narrowly. And just then the stillness of the dormitory was broken by a loud and prolonged sneeze.

Mr. Capper whirled round, the lamp flickering as he did so.

"Who was that?" he demanded. "I knew someone was awake."

Snore!

"Who was it sneezed?" demanded Mr. Capper.

The sneezer did not answer. As a matter of fact, it was Bob Cherry, who was crouching under Temple's bed. Bob was wet through with the sousing he had received. In the warmth of the combat he had hardly noticed it. But now he was quite still, and in a strong draught, under the bed. The consequence was that he was chilled in every limb, and he felt a premonition of a coming cold creeping over him. He had not been able to restrain that sneeze. Another was struggling to come, but Bob manfully held it back. He was nearly asphyxiated in the struggle to withhold the second sneeze.

Mr. Capper looked very suspiciously at Temple. The captain of the Upper Fourth looked the picture of sleeping innocence. The Form master turned away, and looked at Dabney, and then passed on to Fry's bed. Bob Cherry saw that his back was turned, and the long-held sneeze came forth with a violence rendered all the greater by its suppression:

"At-chew-ew-cw-ew!"

Mr. Capper turned quickly, and came back towards Temple. He laid his hand on the boy's shoulder and shook him. The captain of the Upper Fourth started, and opened his eyes.

"Temple, was it you that sneezed?"

"Sneezed, sir! I—I— Is there anything wrong, sir?"

"Wrong? Yes, certainly. I was disturbed in the midst of my studies, Temple, by a loud noise, which I may correctly characterise as an uproar. I am convinced that that untimely disturbance of the nocturnal peace proceeded from this dormitory."

"Really, sir? Perhaps you heard Dabney snoring——"

"It was not a sound of snoring," said Mr. Capper, who was too solemn a personage to dream for a moment that a junior could think of being humorous at his expense. "It was more like the sounds of combat, of individuals attacking one another with brutal violence."

"You amaze me, sir!"

"Has nothing of the kind been proceeding within the precincts of this dormitory?"

"Really, Mr. Capper, as captain of the Upper Fourth, I should regard it as my duty to put down any case of brutal violence that occurred in the Form."

"Ahem! I am almost certain that the sounds proceeded from this apartment," said Mr. Capper. "I—— Dear me, who is that sneezing?"

"At-chew—chew—chew-cw!"

"One of the fellows has a cold, I suppose," said Temple hastily.

"It sounded to me as if that sneeze came from under your bed, Temple."

"Under my bed, sir? Impossible!"

"At-chew—chew-cw!"

This time the sneeze came from Nugent, who was under Dabney's bed. Mr. Capper turned round. Then Harry Wharton sneezed from further up the dormitory. Mr. Capper turned red.

"This is someone having a joke with me, I presume," he said, with great majesty. "I call upon the person who sneezed to show himself at once."

"Perhaps it's a—ventriloquist, sir," said Temple, struck by a sudden idea. "He's making the sound come from different parts of the dormitory."

There was a chuckle from several quarters. But Mr. Capper did not notice it. Temple's suggestion seemed to him to hit the right nail on the head.

"It is very probable, Temple," he said. "That is, indeed, the only way in which I can account for the phenomenon. The sneeze in the first place seemed to come from under your bed, and then from Dabney's bed, and then from a distance."

"So I thought, sir."

The Form master's words were, of course, audible to all the hidden Remove, and two or three of the fellows furthest from the Form master promptly sneezed.

"There is the sound again," said Mr. Capper, his brows contracting. "I shall punish the practical joker very severely. Boy, I order you to come forth!"

The boy did not come forth. Mr. Capper went along the

dormitory from bed to bed, and looked at each member of the Upper Fourth Form in turn. All were in bed, and not one showed a sign of guilt. It was very difficult to divine which was the ventriloquist who had produced those sneezes from different directions.

"Very well," said Mr. Capper—"very well. I——"

"At-choc—choo—choo-o-o-o!"

The sound was under Dabney's bed again. Mr. Capper turned crimson with anger.

"The youth who possesses these ventriloquial powers," he said, "may regard it as a great joke to be impertinent to his Form master. But I shall inquire into the matter to-morrow, and ascertain which member of the Form it is. He will be caned severely. Good-night, my boys!"

"Good-night, sir!"

And the master of the Upper Fourth left the dormitory. There was a general chuckle when the door had closed. The Remove waited a few moments, and then crawled out from under the beds, shivering with cold.

"What the dickens did you keep on sneezing for?" demanded Temple. "It was all very well to work off a yarn about a ventriloquist on Capper, but you would have been hunted out by any other master at Greyfriars. Quelch would have had you out in a tick."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney. "It was a risky sort of a joke."

"It waddn't a joke," said Bob Cherry. "I couldn't help it. I've caught a cold."

"And so have I," growled Nugent. "I was wed to the skid, and I'm shibbering all ober now. There's a fearful draught under those beds."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Id's all very well for you to laugh," said Harry Wharton. "I can feel a cold cubbing on fast. I shall be sneezig and coughig to-morrow like anythig."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I thig we'd bedder get back," growled Bulstrode. "I've got it in the neg."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's get away from those laughig jackasses!" said Bob Cherry. "If that ass Capper had stayed here another minute, I should have exploded, I thig. I shouldn't wodder if this turns out to be influenza."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Upper Fourth simply shrieked. The Remove had come there to lick them hollow. The fight had been about evenly balanced, and the Remove had caught a set of colds that seemed likely to last them for a considerable time. The Upper Fourth could only see the comical side of the matter, and they shrieked.

It did not seem funny to the Remove. No one felt inclined for any more pillow-fighting. They quitted the dormitory, and took their way back to their own quarters. Nine or ten of the fellows were developing colds rapidly, and most of the rest were sniffing. There were growls among the raiders as they came into the Remove dormitory.

"Nice set out, and no mistage!" said Bulstrode. "I shall be as hoarse as anythig to-morrow mornig, you silly rodders! I thig Whartod ought to be scragged!"

"Rads!" said Nugent, as cheerfully as he could. "Id wasn't Whartod's fault we were caught by old Gapper. It can't be helbed."

"Whad I thig is this——"

"Oh, blow whad you thig! Let's get to bed."

And they got.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

A Crop of Colds.

"A T-CHEW-W-EW-W-W!"

That was the first sound heard in the Remove dormitory on the following morning. The fellows had been sniffing in their sleep, and they woke up sneezing. Bob Cherry had a swollen face, and Nugent's eyes were pouring with water as he sat up in bed. Harry Wharton looked very red, and Bulstrode had a nose like a danger-signal. Levison and Hazekleno sneezed and sneezed. Micky Desmond was cultivating a fine variety of cough, and Russell was experimenting with a curious combination of coughing and sneezing. Each junior, the moment he was out of bed, groped for a handkerchief. Billy Bunter sat up in bed and stared at the Removes in amazement. He had not awakened when the raiders returned the previous night, and this was his first view of the results of that ill-starred expedition.

"I say, you fellows, is anything the matter?" he asked, blinking round the dormitory.

"Nod ad all," said Bob Cherry. "We're doig this for fun, you know."

"You sound as if you had a cold."
 "I've got a cold, fadhead!"
 "Did you catch a cold last night?"
 "Yez, idiod!"
 "Well, you needn't call me names, Bob Cherry. It's not my fault. I knew you would make a muck of it somehow, if I didn't come. But you can blame Wharton. He said I wasn't wanted."

"You udder ass!" said Harry.
 "Oh, really, Wharton—"
 "Shud up, and don't jaw!"
 "I say, you fellows, if you'd like a cure for your colds, I can recommend a jolly good one. You feed a cold, you know, and starve a fever. If you like to supply the funds, I'll see about feeding the cold for you."

"And feedin' a fat pig at the same dime," said Nugent.
 "Well, if I have the trouble of looking after a lot of invalids, I suppose I ought to have a snack to keep up my strength," said Billy Bunter. "Don't be selfish. You mustn't muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, you know."

"But it might be necessary to muzzle the glutton that collars all the grub."

"Oh, really, Levison—"
 "At-chew—chew-ew-ew!"
 "I say, you've got a bad sneeze, Desmond. Would you like me to plan a little feed for you to cure your cold? I think I could do it on two bob—well, say three—"

"Faith, and if ye bother me whed I've got a gold, it's breakin' ye're neg I'll be after doin'!"

"Oh, really, Desmond—"
 "Shud up, then!"

Bunter's cure for colds did not seem to catch on. The Remove dressed and went down. It was rainy and windy in the Close that morning, and they did not go out. A sorry-looking Form were they when they presented themselves at the breakfast-table. The grins from the Upper Fourth were almost as worrying as the colds. Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, looked at his Form in amazement.

"You seem to have a cold, Wharton?" he remarked.
 "Yez, zir," said Wharton.

"And you also, Nugent?"
 "I'm zorry, zir; it's rather a bad wud," said Nugent.

"Dear me, you all seem to have colds! When did you catch them?"

"Last nighd, zir."

"That is very strange," said Mr. Quelch—"very strange indeed."

"Id's very draughty id some of the dormidories, zir," said Bob Cherry.

"I thig Ogtobher is just the dime for gatchig golds," remarked Hazeldene.

Mr. Quelch smiled.
 "Well, I am sorry. I hope you will soon be better."

"Thag you, zir!"

Breakfast was a rather doleful meal to the Remove that morning. It was worse when they came into the class-room for morning lessons. They were sniffing and sneezing all the time. None of them were bad enough to be sent into the sanatorium, nor even to be excused from lessons. But lessons were a horror under the circumstances. It was bad enough to be coughing, sneezing, sniffing, grunting, but to have to construe at the same time was horrid. The Remove hardly knew how they got through the morning's lessons. Mr. Quelch, who had a kind heart as well as a strict manner, was as easy with them as he could be. But they fairly gasped with relief when they escaped from the class-room.

"My only had!" gasped Bob Cherry. "I thig we ought to have a few days off to get ober dese golds—don't you, Whartod?"

"Yez, rather!"
 "Subbose we put id to Quelch, and ask him?"

"Nod a bad idea!" exclaimed Nugent. "We could pud it to him as an old spord."

"Ha, ha! I don't thig he would see it in that lighd."

"I feel the extreme sorrowfulness for my worthy chums," purred Hurree Singh, who was one of the few who had not caught cold. "I have a recipe for a wonderful cure of the esteemed colds, if my esteemed chums would care to give it the august trial."

"Oh, we'll dry it," said Nugent; "we'll dry anythig."

"Yez, rather!"

"Then I will buzz off bicycelfully to the honoured chemist in Friardale, and purchase the required ingredients for the esteemed medicine."

And Hurree Singh cycled away at once.

The chums of the Remove went out into the Close. The rain had ceased, and the sun was shining. Football was impossible, neither did they feel inclined for it. Life did not seem worth living to them just then.

"My had!" exclaimed Wharton desperately. "Some-thing must be done! I've heard that if you inhale oil of

eucalyptus with steam id will sed you up all righd. I think I'll ask the matron for some eucalyptus, and dry it."

"I was thigging of trying the Purple Pilules for Coughs and Colds."

"Rads!"
 "My dear kid, I'd try anythig to get rid of this fearful cold."

"Hallo!" said Temple, coming up with Dabney & Co.

"Still sneezing! Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Oh, cheese id!"

"You're getting a really nice colour on your nose, Cherry."

"Go and eat goke!"
 "Ha, ha, ha! Little boys should stay in their little beds of a night, and not come around waking up their elders."

"Well, you had a jolly good ligging, anyway."

"I think you had the licking, if you ask me."

"Well, I don'd ask you. Go and eat goke."

And the Removites strolled away, followed by the laughter of Temple Dabney & Co.

Meanwhile, Mr. Quelch had left the Remove class-room, and as he went down the passage Mr. Capper came out of the Upper Fourth room and joined him. The Upper Fourth master was looking very serious, and Mr. Quelch stopped at once.

"I want to see you," explained Mr. Capper. "I have been the victim of a trick. It was played upon me by a ventriloquist."

"Indeed," said Mr. Quelch.

"Yce." And Mr. Capper explained the circumstances of his visit to the Upper Fourth dormitory the previous night.

"You see, the sneezing must have been the work of someone with a knowledge of ventriloquism, who could throw his voice, as they call it, to whatever part of the dormitory he chose."

Mr. Quelch smiled grimly. He was no great believer in the powers of a ventriloquist in a junior Form, and he remembered the crop of colds contracted by the Remove. He thought he could discover a more plausible explanation of the mysterious sneezes.

"I have questioned every boy in my Form," went on Mr. Capper, "and each and every boy denies that he has any gift of ventriloquism. I think the denial is true, because I do not think they would speak falsely, and because I have heard of nothing of the sort in the Upper Fourth. But I have heard, Mr. Quelch, that there is a boy in your Form who has annoyed others near his study by continually practising ventriloquism."

"Yes; it is Bunter."

"Ah! Now it has occurred to me that it might have been this boy who was concealed in the dormitory, and who made the sounds proceed from different parts of the room."

"I hardly think Bunter's ventriloquial powers go so far as that," said Mr. Quelch. "But I will certainly question him, and elicit the truth, Mr. Capper; and if he was in the Upper Fourth dormitory last night, he shall be caned."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Quelch."

The masters separated, and Mr. Quelch called to the nearest junior, and sent him with a message to Bunter, bidding the Owl of the Remove come to his Form master's study at once. Mr. Quelch proceeded there to wait for him, and in a few minutes Billy Bunter made his appearance.

Bunter was looking nervous. He transgressed the rules of the college more often, probably, than any other junior, but not from mischief; simply because he was too thoughtless—or, rather, too incapable of reflection, to know better. He was not infrequently called up before Mr. Quelch, and he always came in with the air of a martyr about to be burned at the stake. But on the present occasion he could call to mind no delinquency that might have aroused the

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NEXT
TUESDAY.

"THE GREYFRIARS CHINEE."

anger of Mr. Quelch. He furtively wiped a smear of jam from his mouth as he faced the Form master.

"Bunter!" said the Form master, with an absence of sternness that at once encouraged Billy. "Bunter, I believe you have been practising ventriloquism?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Bunter, reassured. "I'm a pretty good ventriloquist, sir. I find it comes easier than hypnotism. I started by practising the ventriloquial drone, sir, to get the throat into the proper position. Would you like to hear me do the ventriloquial drone, sir?"

"No, Bunter, I should not. You need not trouble."

"No trouble at all, sir. I should be very pleased——"

"Have you made any progress with your art, yet, Bunter?"

"Yes, sir; my wonderful powers——"

"Can you throw your voice—I believe that is the correct term?"

"Yes, sir, that's right. I can do it, sir, as easy as anything. Shall I give you a specimen of my wonderful powers in throwing my voice, sir?"

"Yes, certainly!" said Mr. Quelch grimly.

"Good! I'll speak to a man up the chimney, sir. Then I'll make him answer. Now then! Are you there?" shouted Bunter. "I'm speaking to the chap up the chimney, sir."

"I understand."

"Now I'll make him reply." Bunter squeezed up his features into an expression of expiring agony, and a faint squeak proceeded from his throat:

"Yes."

"Where are you?" he shouted, in his natural voice.

"On the roof!" came the squeak.

Bunter turned triumphantly to the Form master.

"There you are, sir."

"But you were going to show me how you threw your voice," said Mr. Quelch.

"I—I have, sir. I made my voice proceed from the chimney, sir. Didn't you hear it say 'on the roof,' as if it were a man on the roof speaking?"

"I heard the words, certainly; but I thought that was part of your portion of the dialogue," said Mr. Quelch. "I should certainly never have imagined that the words proceeded from the chimney."

"Oh, really, sir!"

"Is that the best you can do as a ventriloquist, Bunter?"

"I should be very glad to give you another example, sir. I will make my voice proceed from that trunk in the corner. Now——"

"You need not trouble. I am satisfied as to the extent of your powers," said Mr. Quelch. "You may go."

"I should like to show you, sir——"

"One word more. Were you in the Upper Fourth dormitory last night?"

"Oh, no, sir! I didn't go—it was so jolly cold—I mean, I was fast asleep all night, and never thought of such a thing."

"You may go, Bunter."

"Certainly, sir!"

Billy Bunter quitted the study.

Mr. Quelch smiled grimly. He had no further doubt in his mind as to whence those mysterious sneezes had proceeded—as to what was the cause of the sudden and unaccountable crop of colds caught by the Remove.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Strange News!

DINNER was a meal the Remove at Greyfriars usually did ample justice to. But on the day following the raid on the Upper Fourth dormitory there were delicate appetites for once in the Remove. As Bob Cherry put it: "How could a fellow eat, when his eyes were weeping, and his nose sniffing all the time, and his throat half stopped up?"

Handkerchiefs were more in evidence than anything else among the Remove. Hurree Janset Ram Singh and Billy Bunter were almost the only two members of the Form who had not a cold. Harry Wharton had only a mild attack. All the chums of Study No. 1, in fact, had taken it less severely than the rest. It was owing to the excellent condition they kept themselves in by outdoor exercise and regular habits. Some of the more weedy members of the Form looked mere wrecks.

They ate without heart, but Billy Bunter did the best he could to make up for the deficiencies of the others. Mr. Quelch had a peculiar expression on his face during dinner. He did not appear so sympathetic as during the morning, and in fact, did not mention the affliction of his unfortunate Form at all.

After dinner the Remove adjourned to the junior common-room. They had it to themselves—the other junior Forms giving them a wide berth, for fear of catching their colds. The room was a babel of coughing and sneezing and nose-blowing.

"My had!" said Bulstrode. "This is whad I call enjoyable, and no mistage. I thig Whartod ought to be suffocaded."

"Rads!" said Harry Wharton.

"What about that idea of asking for the afternoon off?" said Bob Cherry. "We're nod fid to go in to lessods, you know."

"Quelch won't let us off, all the same, Cherry."

"Well, id would be bedder to try, anyway."

"May as well try," said Harry Wharton. "I feel as if my head would burst if I have to swot over rodden Ladin this afternoon. Let's go to Quelch."

"Rads!" said Bulstrode. "He'll dell you to go ad ead goke."

"How many of us?" said Cherry, taking no notice of Bulstrode. "We don't want a crowd. Suppose we four go?"

"You won'd gatch me goig," said Bulstrode.

"You can sday where you are, fadhead!"

"We four," said Wharton. "Come on! Let's ged it ober!"

The Famous Four proceeded to Mr. Quelch's study.

Wharton tapped at the door, and the Form master's voice bade him enter. Mr. Quelch was seated by the open window, reading. He laid his book across his knees as the juniors entered.

"Please do not come too near," he said, "I do not wish to catch your colds. They seem to be growing worse."

"They'll be worse before they are bedder, I thig, sir."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"Very probably. You can talk to me very well from the door. Excuse me if I smoke. It is safer under the circumstances."

And the Remove master lighted his pipe. The juniors looked doubtfully at one another. There was a lurking smile upon Mr. Quelch's face that somewhat disconcerted them. But it was useless to hesitate, and Harry Wharton plunged boldly into the subject.

"If you please, sir, we hab all got fearful golds."

"Yes, I think that statement is quite correct," said Mr. Quelch. "It is very draughty in some of the dormitories."

"We should like to be excused from lessons this afternoon, sir, if you please."

"I am afraid I cannot entertain that proposition, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch.

"We hab fearful golds——"

"I ab sneezing like anythig, sir," said Nugent.

"I geepon goughing," said Bob Cherry.

"Id is rather rodden for us, sir."

"Yes, I think it must be, Wharton. I cannot excuse you from classes this afternoon, but you are excused from making any more nocturnal visits to the Upper Fourth dormitory."

The juniors started.

"The dormitories are very draughty when one is not fully clothed, and when one hides under beds, for instance," pursued Mr. Quelch, with a bland smile. "Under such circumstances, one is almost certain to catch cold."

The Removites looked at one another in dismay.

It was evident that Mr. Quelch knew, or guessed, the cause of that famous crop of colds, and it was evidently useless to attempt to move him now.

"Thag you, sir," said Wharton.

And the heroes of the Remove turned to the door.

"I shall not inquire further into last night's freak," said the Remove master. "I think you have been sufficiently punished already. You must take the consequences of your folly. You may go; but stay a moment, Wharton, I wish to speak to you."

"Cerdainly, sir."

Nugent, Cherry, and the nabob went out, and waited for Harry in the passage. Wharton, somewhat surprised, and wondering what Mr. Quelch could have to say to him, in particular, waited for the Form master to speak. Mr. Quelch looked at him very keenly.

"I wish to speak to you, Wharton, about a new boy who is coming to Greyfriars."

"Yez, sir."

"As captain of the Remove, you will have a certain responsibility in the matter. But it is not only from that view that I wish to speak. The new boy is a little—a little out of the ordinary, and his path will probably be set with thorns in the Greyfriars Remove. I want you to do the best you can make things easy for him."

"Yez, sir, with pleasure."

"It is not so long, Wharton, since you were a new boy here, and you had some difficulties at first, I believe," the Remove master observed.

Harry Wharton coloured. He had probably had more difficulties at first than any other new boy in the Remove.

since the foundation of Greyfriars, a state of affairs due chiefly to his own intractable temper at the time. But that was a bygone now.

"You are right, sir," he said quietly.

"Well, the new boy is—is somewhat remarkable," said Mr. Quelch. "We have had some varieties of foreign boys here, especially before Herr Rosenblum's Academy was opened, when we had French and Germans in the Remove. We have now a Hindu. But the new boy——"

"He is a foreigner, sir?"

"Yes."

"I will try to make him feel at home, sir."

"Thank you, Wharton. But he is a little out of the usual line, even of foreigners. As a matter of fact, Wharton, he is a Chinese boy."

Harry Wharton gave a start.

The Remove at Greyfriars had, as Mr. Quelch said, seen many peculiar members during the past term or so. French and Germans and Belgians had been there, and there was still a Hindu, our old friend Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. But in the history of Greyfriars it was not mentioned that a Chinaman had ever been there.

"A—A Chinaman, sir?"

"Yes, a Chinaman—a lad somewhat younger than yourself, Wharton. I have not seen him yet. He is at present with Major Newcome, who is bringing him to the school on Friday. Dr. Locke tells me that he is a very pleasant little fellow, very polite, and extremely desirous to please. He speaks English very imperfectly, and may have some difficulty in making himself understood. You will see that the lot of a small and inoffensive lad, from a country so remote, may easily be a very unpleasant one in a Form like the Remove."

"Very likely, sir."

"I think I know you well enough, Wharton, to feel sure that you will understand my wishes upon the subject, and do your best to meet them."

"I shall try, sir."

"No favouritism, or anything of that kind, but, above all, no bullying, no ragging. There are some spirits in the Remove who will regard a Chinaman as fair game—as a rare opportunity for fun for themselves. It would be difficult, if not impossible, for a master to interfere for his protection, without making matters worse. What is wanted is a boy of courage and strong character who is determined that there shall be fair play."

Harry Wharton smiled a little.

"Thank you, sir. You may rely upon me."

"I am sure I can, Wharton."

And Harry Wharton left the Remove master's study.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Cures for Colds.

"WELL, what's the trouble?" asked Nugent, as Harry Wharton rejoined the three in the passage.

"Quelch recommended any cure for colds?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"No. There's queer news—a new kid cubbing into the Remove."

"Nothing queer in that, that I can see," said Bob Cherry. "We've had new boys before. Levison is a new boy, for instance."

"The new kid is a bid of a coughdrop, though, in one respect—he's a Chinaman."

"A Chinaman!"

"Yes."

"My had! A giddy heathen!"

"I suppose so. And Quelch wants us—wants me, at any rate—to make things easy for him at first," said Wharton.

"I wish somebody would make things easy for us!" groaned Nugent. "I sha'n't have any nose-bleeds soon."

"The kid will need it," Bob Cherry remarked. "I can imagine how Bulstrode will welcome him, for one. He will start bullying at once."

"We shall have to stob him," said Harry quietly.

"When is the giddy heathen cubbing?"

"Friday."

"Oh, no need to worry about it now, then. What we've got to bother about is some way to cure these rotten colds."

"I fancy we've got to grin and bear them."

The Removites returned to the common-room. The Form were awaiting them eagerly. Few expected that Wharton & Co. would succeed in getting the afternoon off, but there was a chance. The Famous Four's looks as they came in told the result plainly enough, without a word being spoken.

"I knew it wouldn't come to anything," said Bulstrode. "It was all rot."

"It can't be helped," said Wharton. "Quelch knows about our raiding the Upper Fourth last night, and that we gaught our golds there."

"How the dickens does he know it?"

"I don't know. Perhaps he has been jawing to Capper. Capper may have been inquiring for that ventriloquist."

"I say, you fellows, I believe Wharton's right," said Billy Bunter. "Quelch had me up in his study, and asked me a lot about ventriloquism, and made me give him a sample of throwing my voice. I made my voice come down the chimney, and Quelch was very much impressed, though he tried not to show it."

"Rads!" said Nugent. "You couldn't throw your voice any more than you could throw a ton of goke."

"Oh, really, Nugent——"

"Atchew-ew-ew-ew!" was Bob Cherry's contribution to the discussion.

"I say, you fellows have fearful colds, and no mistake!" said Bunter sympathetically. "I'm getting rather nervous of staying in the same study with you. I'm rather liable to catch cold, as I'm of a rather delicate constitution. You ought to do something for it. I am ready to get up a good feed that will soon put you right again, if you like to give me half-a-sovereign and carte blanche."

"Will a thig ear do instead?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I'm sincerely sorry that you don't want to take advantage of my assistance. Feed a cold, and starve a fever, you know. It's a good old proverb."

"Oh, rod! Don't bother!"

"I don't want to bother you. I'm trying to do you a service. I think you might show a decent amount of gratitude. Besides, it's not safe for me to remain in the study with you unless you get cured. You might think of that!"

"Go and eat goke."

"If you keep on coughing and sneezing like this, I may catch it. I can only hope to escape by keeping up my strength, and I can only do that by feeding well. I suppose you fellows couldn't do your prep. in the common-room, and let me have the study to myself till you get well?"

"You yug ass!"

"Well, I don't see that I'm a young ass because I don't want to catch your beastly colds. A cold sometimes takes away the appetite, and that might turn out a serious thing for me. I don't see how I can stay in the study with you."

"Well, you needn't, you know," said Wharton, laughing.

"You will do your prep. in the common-room?"

"No; but you can do yours there."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"At-chew-chew-chew-ew!"

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

The unhappy Remove coughed and sneezed, and sneezed and coughed. The bell rang for afternoon lessons, and they crept reluctantly into the Form-room. Mr. Quelch, for the first time on record at Greyfriars, smoked his pipe in the class-room. It was a measure of precaution, and it was needed, with almost the whole Form in the throes of sneezing and coughing and snuffing and sniffing.

The hour of dismissal was very welcome when it came. The Remove drifted listlessly out of the class-room. The weather had dried up, but they had no heart to even punt a footer about in the Close. Many of the Remove started off to walk to Friardale, to pay a visit to the chemist's there. They were willing to do anything, take anything, and suffer anything for the purpose of getting rid of those dreadful colds.

Harry Wharton had obtained the oil of eucalyptus from the matron. When Bob Cherry went to look for him a little later, he found him in the dormitory, with his head over a steaming basin of water, inhaling steam, and the pungent odour of eucalyptus. Bob Cherry sniffed and drew back.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What are you up to?" he demanded.

"Guring my gold."

"Blessed if I wouldn't rather have the gold," said Bob.

"My had! How that stuff niffs!"

"Yez, id isn't bleasant, I know."

"There's Nugent bolting a lot of Purple Pilules for Goughs and Golds," said Bob Cherry. "Filthy-looking things. It says on the bottle that you're to take three for a child, and four for an adult, and Nugent thought he had better take both, as his was a bad case."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's taken seven. I don't know much about it, but it seems to me that seven was too many. I say, do you think there's anything in the Purple Pilules?"

"No good, I expect."

"Well, a fellow must take something. No good lettig a gold run on, you know. Lend be half-a-crown, will you, Wharton?"

"Dake it oud of my bocket. I can't leave this till I'm finished."

"Right-ho! There isn't a half-crown here; but this four-shilling-piece will do. Ta-ta!"

And Bob Cherry walked out, leaving Wharton to inhale his steaming eucalyptus.

"I say, Cherry—"
 "Don't bother, Billy. I've got to get to Friardale."
 "Just a minute before you go. Don't you think it's a jolly good idea to feed a cold?"
 "Oh, rads! Ged away!"
 "Look here, I feel so concerned about you fellows, that I feel you must have a good feed to cure your colds, and so I'm going to stand one."
 "Now you're dalking. I'll cub."
 "Good. I'll have it ready in the study, then, by the time you get back from Friardale. What do you think you would like?"
 "Oh, anything—nothin—it doesn't madder."
 "Yes, it does matter, Cherry. It's very important. Do you think you could fancy a little cold chicken, with fried onions and chips, and sausages?"
 "Well, yez, thad would be ribbing."
 "I thought you would like it. You'll be pretty sharp set after walking to Friardale and back, so I may as well have plenty. Suppose we say some ham and beef, and a rabbit-pie to follow? Do you think you could tackle them?"
 "Well, I'd do my besd, you know."
 "And after that, I suppose jam-roll and marmalade-tarts would be all right?"
 "Oh, ribbing!"
 "Then it's settled."
 "Good. Now led me go—I've got to get to the chemist's at Friardale."
 "Just a moment. I'm expecting a postal-order—"
 "Ged out of the way, fadhead!"
 "I'm expecting a postal-order this evening. It should have come by the morning's post, but it's bound to be in this evening at the latest. At the present moment, owing to that delay in the post, I am short of ready cash. I suppose you can lend me half-a-sovereign till my postal-order comes?"
 "Ged out of the way!" roared Bob Cherry.
 "But, really, Cherry—"

The exasperated Bob hurled the fat junior aside, and passed him. Billy Bunter sat down on the linoleum, with a shock that jarred every bone in his fat body. He sat there for some moments, breathless, and then slowly scrambled up.

"Beast!" he murmured. "Fancy not trusting a fellow with a few bob for a few hours, when I only want it for the sake of feeding him up and curing his cold for him. I call it horrid, mean, and beastly selfish. They don't really deserve that I should take any more trouble about them. I suppose I had better do my duty, though."

And Billy Bunter set out to search for Harry Wharton, to do his duty by raising funds for a record feed in Study No. 1.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Billy Bunter Wants to do the Generous Thing.

HARRY WHARTON lifted his head from the steaming basin at last. His head felt much clearer. As a matter of fact, he had not taken cold so much as the others, and the cold did not get a real grip on his system. As he rubbed his face and head hard with a rough towel, Bunter came into the dormitory. The Owl of the Remove blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"I say, Russell, do you know where Wharton is?"

Wharton laughed from the folds of the towel.

"Do you know where the beast is?" went on Bunter, in cheerful ignorance of the fact that he was talking to Wharton himself. "I believe the rotter knows I want to see him about some money, so he's keeping out of sight. I say, Russell, I suppose you couldn't lend me half-a-sovereign till my postal-order comes this evening, could you? I wish you were captain of the Remove. You'd make a much better one than Wharton. What are you laughing at, Russell?"

"Ha, ha, ha! You young ass!"

"I say, is it you, Wharton?"

"Yes, you silly young rascal."

"I—I—I thought it was Russell. You see, I wanted to see you. I—I—I don't think—I mean I hope you didn't think I really meant you were a beast, Wharton. I wouldn't have dreamed of saying it if I had known it was you."

"I dare say that's quite true," said Harry, laughing. "But you had better be a little more careful in the terms you use, Billy. You might get a licking, you know."

"Certainly, Wharton. I'd do anything for a chap I respect as much as I do you. You know how different things have been since you became captain of the Remove—"

"Oh, cheese it! What do you want?"

"I—I really want to do you a favour, Wharton. I think you fellows ought to feed your colds, and I want to stand a feed in the study at tea-time, and I want you all to come."

"All right; I'll be there."

"Would you care for sausages and chips and fried onions, chicken and ham and beef, to be followed by jam puffs and marmalade tarts and cake?"

"My dear Billy, you're a prince. That would suit me down to the ground."

"Good! I want to get exactly what you would like. I've got a postal-order coming this evening, which will pay for the lot, and leave some over. What I wanted to see you about was to ask you if you could lend me a half-sovereign till this evening."

Harry Wharton picked up the basin of warm water.

"Do you want a ducking, Billy?" he asked.

"N-no, Wharton; certainly not," said Bunter, eyeing the basin nervously.

"Then you had better cut. If you're not outside this dormitory by the time I've counted three, this little lot goes over you."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"One!" said Harry quietly.

"But, I say, my postal-order's coming this evening for certain, and I really—"

"Two!"

"It's necessary for you to feed your cold, and—"

"Th—"

The "three" was never fully uttered. Bunter made a bound to the door and disappeared. Harry Wharton laughed heartily as he set down the basin. Bunter did not linger. He bolted along the passage, and ran down to Study No. 1. There he ran into Nugent, who was just coming to the study from the lower staircase. Nugent staggered against the door, and there was a clink of breaking glass.

"I—I say, I'm sorry, Bulstrode," gasped Billy Bunter.

"You ass!" roared Nugent. "You've broken my bottle of pilules."

"I say, is it you, Nugent! What have you broken?"

"My bottle of purple pilules. They're all over the floor," roared the unhappy Nugent. "How am I to cure my rodden gold now, you yug idiot?"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Billy Bunter, keeping out of reach of Nugent. "The best thing to do for a cold is to feed it. You feed a cold and starve a fever, you know."

"You yug ass! Come and pick up my purple pilules."

"I'm so awfully short-sighted, Nugent, I don't suppose for a moment I could find any of them," said Billy Bunter.

"Besides, I don't believe in purple pilules. What you want is a really good feed, and I want you to let me stand you one."

"Well, there's something in that," said Nugent. "I'm gettig hungry, and I've blued my last bob on these beastly pilules."

"Eh?"

"I say I've blued my last bob on these purple pilules."

"H'm, then I'm afraid the feed is off. You see, I sha'n't have any cash until my postal-order comes this evening, and I wanted you to lend me ten bob—really to cash the postal-order a few hours in advance."

"You—you—you—"

"Do you know whether Inky has any tin?"

"Go and ask him, you yug rodder."

"I think I had better. At-chew-chew-chew-ew!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Nugent, looking up with a grin, "That you sneezig?"

"Yes," said Bunter, with a look of alarm; "I believe I'm catching your beastly cold. That's all through your selfishness in sticking to this study, instead of keeping down in the common room till you got well."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's nothing to laugh at. I must get a good feed from somewhere. I shall have to feed my cold, and keep up my strength on good grub. At-chew-ew!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter left the study hurriedly in search of the Nabob of Bhanipur. He found Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh in the hall, looking out rather dolefully into the Close. A fine, drizzling rain was beginning to fall. The nabob found Greyfriars cold as the autumn came on, and the English climate was a terror to the native of India at any time. Billy Bunter tapped him on the arm.

"Is that you, Inky? I say, I'm catching a cold."

"The sorrowfulness of my worthy self is terrific, my esteemed Bunterful chum."

"Yes, of course; but it isn't exactly sympathy I want. Sympathy won't cure a cold, you know. What you have to do with a cold is to feed it."

"Then why does not the esteemed Bunter proceedfully go to feed it? There is half a stale loaf and some sardines in the study."

"Really, Inky—"

"There is also some coke in the coal-locker."

"The fact is, Inky, that I am expecting a postal-order this evening, and by the time it comes my cold may have become much worse. Only a good feed now at once will

save me. Will you lend me ten bob, and have my postal-order when it comes?"

"The otherful day I advanced the honourable Bunter a sum of money on the expected postal-order, and it did not arrivefully materialise."

"Yes, but don't you see, the fact that that one didn't come, makes it all the more certain that this one will come, by the law of chances."

"But when it comefully arrives, does it not already belong to my worthy self?"

"Not this order," explained Bunter patiently. "It was another postal-order you advanced me the cash upon. That postal-order never came. This one that is coming to-night is a different postal-order altogether."

"Then I take it receivefully for the postal-order that the honourable Bunter owes me?"

"Not at all! A lot you blinking foreigners know about business," muttered Billy Bunter. "Don't you see, Inky, you advanced me the cash on another postal-order, not this one at all."

"I advanced the sum of ten shillings cashfully——"

"Yes, but on another postal-order."

"So when the honourable Bunter's postal-order arrivefully comes, it belongs to my worthy self without the further payment of more cashfulness."

"I wish I could make you understand——"

"The understandfulness is terrific."

"You don't know anything about business. I suppose it's no good explaining to a benighted Hindu. I say, Inky, will you lend me five bob?"

"The lendfulness is impossible, my worthy chum."

"I must feed my cold, or I shall very likely expire. A cold that is not properly fed—I mean not properly attended to—often turns to pneumonia. Suppose you saw me expiring in agony on the floor of the study, Inky, what would you do then?"

"I should borrow Russell's camera and take a snap-shot of the worthy Bunter in his esteemed agonies," said the nabob; "and I should have it framed, and keep it always

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hanging up in my palace of Bhanipur, to remind me of the worthy, rotten Bunter."

"Oh, really, Inky! If you could lend me five bob, it might save my life."

"I cannot give you the five bob lendfully, my worthy, fat Bunter, but I can give them to you giftfully, if that will suit."

"Oh, I'm not the sort of chap to make a fuss about a trifle," said Bunter, as he took the five gleaming shillings from the dusky palm. "Of course, I shall consider that I owe you this, Inky. A fellow has his self-respect to consider, you know. It's all very well for a foreign chap like you to overlook such considerations, but I couldn't very well sponge on anybody. I shall put this down in our account."

The nabob chuckled as Billy Bunter walked away. He had long forgotten the number of items down in Billy Bunter's account. Bob Cherry came in, shaking the rain-drops from his straw hat. The nabob came towards him.

"You found it wetfully damp on the road to Friardale, I opine, my worthy chum?"

"Oh, that's just my beastly luck!" grunted Bob Cherry. "I never get caught in a shower except when I've got a cold, and I didn't thig of daking a coat. Never mind; I think I shall be cured pretty soon."

"What have you there, my esteemed Cherryful chum?"

"Only a bottle of Dr. Pink's Marvellous Medicine for Sneezig Snortlers. It beats Nugent's purple pilules all hollow. Would you like some?"

"I thank my worthy chum, but I do not like the look of the honourable Marvellous Muck for Silly Sneezers."

"You've got it wrong—Marvellous Medicine for Sneezing Snortlers. It's a wonderful stuff. It says on the bottle that it cures you in two doses, and the whole bottle only costs half-a-crown. You can get fifteen doses out of it, so that is at the rate of curing a cold for about fourpence. Cheap, I call it."

And Bob Cherry carried his bottle up to the study. There was a groan from within Study No. 1 as he approached it, and he hastened his footsteps. Nugent was lying extended in the only armchair, with his face pale and perspiring, and groaning away as if under contract to utter so many groans per minute.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Does Not Feed His Cold.

"**N**UGENT! I say, old chap, what's the madder?"
"Oh-h-h-h-h!"
"What is it? Are you hurt?"
"Ow-w-w-w!"

Bob Cherry looked at his chum in great distress. Nugent certainly seemed to be in great pain; and his hands, clasped over the lower buttons of his waistcoat, indicated the region of the pain.

"I say, what is it, old chap?"

"It's—it's the cold gone into my stomach, I think," groaned Nugent. "I've got a fearful pain there. Have you ever had a pain something like red-hot pincers, and something like being torn to pieces by wild horses?"

Bob Cherry scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Weil. I don't know that I remember a pain exactly answerig that description," he replied, "but it can't be the cold givig you that pain."

"Oh, yes, I haven't anythig else the matter with me."

"What about the purple pilules? How many of those have you taken?"

"Well, I waited half an hour, and my cold wasn't cured, so I thought I'd better take a few more," said Nugent. "I haven't had more than nine or ten altogether."

Bob Cherry roared.

"My hat, that's what's the madder with you!"

"What's the madder?"

"Those purple pilules. They're probably some rot, anyway; but to take a double or treble dose—well, you must be a yug ass, Nugent!"

"Rod! It's not the purple pilules!"

"You'd better have waited till I got in with this stuff," said Bob Cherry, uncorking his bottle. "It's a marvellous stuff for curing colds. It says on the boddle——"

"Rads! Some batent medicine muck, I subbose."

"I thig it's jolly good. Look here, I'll give you a dose if you like, and it may cure you of that pain in your tummy."

"No, thags!"

"It's a cuf for other thigs besides colds—pneumonia and lumbago and housemaid's knee, and so on. It's a wonderful stuff!"

"You can geeep id!"

"Where is there a beastly wineglass? Fancy not having a wineglass in the study when a chap wants to dake medicine to gure a cold!"

"There's the ink-bottle."

"Rads! I must have a wineglass. I subbose I shall have to use this rotten old dumber. I shouldn't wonder if the medicine isn't so efficacious daken in anythig but a wineglass. It says wineglass on the boddle."

"Oh, this is awful!"

"I'm sorry for you, Nugent, and if you like to dake a dose——"

"Oh, shud up!"

"You'll see the effect it will have on me, old chap. It acts like magig!"

"Rads! Rod! Gammed!"

"Well, you'll see, my bippin'."

Bob Cherry poured out a liberal dose into the solitary tumbler that belonged to Study No. 1, and drank it off at a draught. He made a horrible grimace the next moment, but, catching Nugent's eye on him, he tried to smile. That smile was a ghastly one.

"Nasely, I subbose?" said Nugent.

"Well, not exactly nice, I admid," said Bob Cherry cautiously. "But it's not so nasely as some medicines. And you must consider the effect, too. It beads your rotten old purple pilules hollow."

"Ow! I don't think I can stand this pain. I believe it's dangerous to catch cold in the stomach. I thig I had bedder have some more pilules."

"Don'd be an idled!"

"Whad else can I do for id?"

"Have some of this marvellous medicine. It's wonderful——"

"Rads! I'll stick to my pilules!"

"Then you'll have some more red-hot pincers and wild horses, you mark my words."

The power of faith is great. Bob Cherry already felt better, or thought he did. He put the bottle in his pocket, and generously went forth in search of other sufferers to be relieved. He met Wharton in the passage. Harry was looking very much better.

"How are you feelig now?" asked Bob.

"Mudge bedder."

"Good! I can see your cold isn't quite gone, though. I have some wonderful stuff here. Would you like to dake a dose?"

"What is it?" asked Wharton guardedly.

"Dr. Pink's Marvellous Medicine for Sneezig Snortlers."



"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton. "Do you mean to say that Bulstrode invited himself to tea?" "Yes, rather, the beast!" howled Billy Bunter. "I told him I was feedig my gold. But it didn't make any difference; he said he wanted to feed his. I'm still hungry."

"I—I don't think I'll have any, thags! My sneeze is quite gone, and I haven't started snortlig yet. You can keep it!"

"Bedder have some. It will do you good."

"Rads! You can dake it yourself!"

"Now, don'd be an ass, you know, Whartod!"

"My dear chap, I don't believe in batent medicines. I thig they're a fraud. I thig you are a silly ass to dake thad stuff. Thad's my opinion."

"Oh, rod! It's wonderful stuff!"

"Then you can drig the whole boddle."

And Wharton walked on without sampling the marvellous medicine. Bob Cherry shook his head solemnly.

"Suspicious beast!" he murmured. "I think he might have a likkle more faith in a thig like this. Why, the testimonials I've looked at show that thousands have been gured by it! Hallo, hallo, hallo, Bulstrode, old chap! You look rodden!"

"I feel rodden!" said Bulstrode. "I should like to jump on somebody hard! Catch me raidig a beastly dormitory on a gold night again, thad's all!"

"I've got some good stuff here for gurig a gold. You can hear by my voice how mudge I've been ibproved by dakig a dose."

"Yes, I can, and no mislake!" said Bulstrode sarcastically.

"You can have some, if you like. It's ribbig!"

"Rads! You can keep your muck!"

"It's splendid stuff! The yget so many destimonials for it that they haven't room to print the names and addreses of the people who send 'em. What are you grinnig at?"

"Some rodden swindle," said Bulstrode. "I know those desdimonials." And he walked on.

Bob Cherry went into the common-room, where there was the usual chorus of snorting and sneezing. Some of the Remove were better, but some of them were worse. And Billy Bunter was sneezing now with the rest. He had caught a cold.

"Nice rodders you are!" he remarked to Bob Cherry. "You see I've got the beastly gold, don'd you, you horrid rodder?"

"Well, why shouldn't you have it?" asked Bob. "Fair blay all round, you know."

"I shouldn't have caught it if you chabs had kept out of the study, and left me the room to myself, as I asked you."

"You should have kept out of the study yourself, my bippin."

"Now, you're talkig rod, and you know it, Cherry. But, I say, the only thing to do for a gold is to feed it."

"Go and ead goke, then."

"I borrowed five bob of Inky, and was going to get a feed in time, when I met Lantham in the Close," said Billy Bunter with a deeply-injured air. "He raked up an old story

about a few shillings I owed him, and he saw the cash in my hand, and made me give it to him."

"Hard lines!"

"Yes, wasn't it? I only owed him seven shillings, and I had promised my postal order when it came; but he's an unreasonable beast. He gollared the gash, all of id, and left me stony again. It's liddle bedder thad stealig, in my obinion. Fancy dakig it away from me, though I offered him a high rate of interest on his miserable loan if he would leave it ober till my nexd postal order came."

"Some chaps are so unreasonable," agreed Bob Cherry. "It's lucky you met me—"

"You'll lend me five bob, Cherry?"

"Well, no, I can't do that, but I'll give you a dose of this medicine, which will gure your gold like winkig. You dake a good dose—"

"That I jolly well don'd!" said Billy Bunter, retreating.

"I'm not dakig any of your filthy batent medicine."

"You yug duffer!"

"If you like to lend me five bob, Cherry, I'll cure the lod of you!"

"Oh, go and ead gokernuts!"

Bob Cherry wanted to do the kind thing, but he found no takers. He was, however, the recipient of similar generous offers himself. A taste for patent medicines seemed to have spread like a craze over the Remove. Skinner listened to Bob Cherry's explanation of the merits of the marvellous medicine, and shook his head, and mysteriously produced a small green bottle from an inside pocket.

"Whad do you thig that is?" he asked.

"Blessed if I know!"

"It's Professor Porker's Elysian Elixir. It gures a gold in one dose. I've taken three doses—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whad are you laughig at?"

"Your gold's nod gone yet, my boy."

"Well, of course, the thig doesn't act like magig!"

"That's the best of this marvellous medicine, Skinner. It does act like magig."

"Well, your gold's not gured!"

"Not absolutely," admitted Bob Cherry. "Bud you gan hear from my voice thad id is mudge bedder, can't you?"

"Blessed if I gan!"

"What an obstinate chab you are, Skinner!"

"Anyway, your gold's mudge worse thad mine. Mine's bodder, because I've taken a good lot of the Elysian Elixir. You can have a dose if you like."

"I thig I'll stig to the marvellous medicine."

"Then you're an ass!"

"And you're another!"

With which exchange of compliments they parted, each firmly faithful to his own remedy.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Nabob's Recipe.

BILLY BUNTER drifted disconsolately into Study No. 1. He was sneezing as he came along the passage, and he signalised his entrance into Study No. 1 by a loud and prolonged cough. Perhaps he wanted to excite sympathy. He did not succeed. A boot came hurtling across the study, and it smote Billy on the chest, and he sat down in the doorway.

"Now, you shud up!" said Nugent. "It's bad enough to have golds all round, without a yug borker like you startig sneezig for fun."

"You beast! You've hurt me!"

"I subbose I have. I'll hurt you again if you don'd shud up. I've got a pain; this cold has gone into my dummy. I'm not in a good damper!"

"I've got a gold too!" howled Billy Bunter.

"Rads! You haven't! You're only doig some of your rodden ventriloquism!"

"I'm not!" said Bunter, scrambling up, and sneezing violently. "I've got a fearful gold! Can't you hear id in my voice, you idiot?"

"If you gall me an idiot I'll bulverise you!"

"Well, then, can't you see I've got a gold? I could gure it, and yours too, if my postal-order had come. What I want is—"

"I'm sorry, if you've really got a gold," said Nugent. "Why couldn't you be more careful? I hate a careless rodder, who's always catchig golds! Bad enough for us to have 'am without havig you sneezig about. Don'd make such a row with it, anyway."

"You're makig row enough yourself."

"Thad's different. I've got a bain in my dummy."

"All through not feedig the gold. I say, you yellows"

"If you've really got a gold, you can have some of my purple pilules," said Nugent, feeling in his pocket.

"You've lost some of them, but I've a good many left. Would you like half a dozen or so?"

"Thag you, but I don'd want 'em. Bob Cherry has offered me some of his muck already. What you want to do with a gold is to feed it. You feed a gold and starve a fever."

"Rads! These purple pilules are the thig!"

"Look here, I want five bob!"

"Oh, go and hag yourself!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh came into the study. Billy Bunter tapped his arm.

"I say, Inky, can you lend me five bob?"

"The esteemed Bunter is somewhat overpowering. I have already lentfully given him the worthy cash once upon a time."

"That beast Lantham made me bay up a few paltry shillings I owed him."

"That was rough on the esteemed rotten Bunter."

"Yes, wasn't it? I had owed him the money for half a term, and it was really an old account. Some chabs are so beastly mean, you know. I subbose you couldn't stand another five bob, could you, Inky?" said the fat junior persuasively. "You see, I've gaught this rodden gold from these beasts!"

"I am afraid the cashfulness would be impossible, but I will cure the worthy cold of my Bunterful chum. I have here the ingredients which I purchased chemistfully at Friar-dale, to make up the recipe."

"I—I'd rather have a little cash, if it's all the same to you, Inky."

"But it is not all the same to me, my worthy chum. The cashfulness of my worthy self is exhausted, but the certainfulness of this wonderful recipe is terrific."

"I shall probably die of this gold," said Bunter. "You chabs will be sorry then that you didn't give me a feed in time."

Hurree Singh made no reply. He bent over the fire and stirred it, and put a little enamelled saucepan on it. Into this he poured some water, and then added a portion of the contents of several little phials. Then he shook some powder in from two or three little packets. The water began to fizz at once, and the nabob carefully stirred it with a pen-handle. A strange odour crept through the room as the fluid began to get heated, which increased in strength as it drew nearer to the boil. Harry Wharton came in, looking almost himself again. He started and sniffed.

"That young ass Bunter burning the grub?" he exclaimed. "What are you cooking, Bunt? Why, is it you, Inky! What are you up to?"

The nabob turned a warm face from the fire.

"I am making up the recipe for the cure of the honourable colds," he said. "It will make up into a pleasant liquid, very agreeable to the taste—"

"My hat! It's not very agreeable to the smell!"

"That will pass off and disappearfully vanish, my worthy chum!"

"I—I hope it will! Asafoetida isn't in it. Phoo!"

Bob Cherry looked into the study and changed colour.

"What the dickens are you doig there?" he demanded.

"Tryig to poison the whole school?"

"Inky's making up his recipe."

"My had! Bedder chug it out of the window, Inky!"

"I say, you yellows—"

"The smellful scent will soon pass off, my worthy chums."

"I—I think I'll wait outside till it's passed off," murmured Harry Wharton.

"I rather thig I will, too," agreed Bob. And they walked away very quickly. Frank Nugent staggered out of the armchair. He was gasping. The scent of the chemicals was growing positively poisonous, and there was a thin haze in the study.

"I—I thig I'll dake a durn in the fresh air!" gasped Nugent.

"But it is rainfully drizzling, my worthy chum!"

"I—I'll have a walk in the bassage, then."

And Nugent bolted from the study. Billy Bunter followed him and slammed the door. The nabob, with a patient smile, resumed the stirring of his compound. He seemed insensible to the horrid smell, which grew worse every moment. The chums of Study No. 1 had fled, and placed as great a distance as possible between them and the study. But the scent of the Oriental concoction was intensifying, and it could be sniffed all along the Remove passage. Other fellows came to the doors of their studies and looked out and sniffed.

"Id's scandalous," said Bulstrode. "The drains in this place ought to be seen to. Id's dangerous to a yollow's health, and no misdake!"

"Rodden, isn't it?" said Hazoldene. "I've never noticed it like this before!"

Mr. Capper, the master of the Upper Fourth, came along the passage, and he sniffed. He sniffed again, and looked amazed. Then he sniffed once more.

"Dear me!" he murmured. "Bulstrode, do you notice a—pungent and disagreeable perfume which impregnates the atmosphere in this corridor?"

"I notice a fearful smell, sir!"

"Yes—er—that is what I mean. Do you know from what quarter it proceeds, Bulstrode?"

"I haven't noticed it before, sir. It seems to come from up the passage."

"Er—yes—that is how it appeared to me! I must investigate the cause of this remarkable and exceedingly disagreeable perfume."

And Mr. Capper moved along the passage, slowly, sniffing like a dog trying to find a scent. Mr. Capper had already found a scent, and he was soon able to track it to its lair. It grew stronger and stronger as he came nearer to Study No. 1. Strongest of all was it just outside the door of Study No. 1. It was evident that the scent proceeded from that apartment, and it was absolutely terrible just there. Mr. Capper tapped at the door and opened it, and then staggered backwards.

"Dear—dear me!" he gasped. "I—I— This is terrible—I may say terrific! I have never previously experienced so extraordinarily unpleasant a perfume!"

The haze in the study had grown thicker. Hurree Singh had felt the effects of the compound at last, and he had tied a handkerchief over his mouth. He was kneeling on the rug stirring the bubbling compound in the little saucepan, and Mr. Capper peered at him through the haze in blank amazement.

"Boy!" he gasped. "Boy!"

The nabob looked quickly round, lifting the saucepan from the fire in case it should boil over. He bowed politely to Mr. Capper.

"Will it please the honourable and revered teacherful sahib to enterfully step into the humble study of my worthy self?" he inquired courteously.

"N-no!" gasped Mr. Capper, who would not have entered that study just then to pick up a thousand-pound banknote. "Boy! What does this mean? How dare you produce so fearful and exceedingly disagreeable a perfume in the house?"

"It will soon pass-off-fully disappear, sahib."

"What—what—what is it? What are you doing?"

"I make up the recipe for the cure of the worthy colds of my esteemed chums, sir."

"You—you—you— Dear me!"

"The smellful scent will vanishfully disappear, and the recipe will cure the colds of the giddy and honourable Remove. Will it please the august teacher sahib to look at the esteemed compound?"

And Hurree Singh stirred the saucepan and extended it towards Mr. Capper. That gentleman caught one whiff of it, turned deadly pale—and fled. Hurree Singh smiled sweetly, and replaced the saucepan on the fire and recommenced stirring.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Not a Success.

THE chums of the Remove did their preparation in the common-room. Billy Bunter had to be satisfied with the tea in Hall. Even Billy would not have faced that terrible odour for the sake of tea in the study. After prep. Harry Wharton went upstairs to investigate, and found that the perfume was clearing off.

The fire had gone down, and the nabob had taken the saucepan off, and poured his compound into a basin to cool. There was a thick, greenish liquid in the basin, setting almost into a jelly. A pungent odour hung about it still. The window was wide open to the wind and rain, but all the scent had not yet cleared off from the study.

The nabob was examining his compound, and he looked up with a beaming smile upon his good-natured, dusky face.

"The excellent preparation is now readyfully complete," he said. "I shall be glad to administer the dose to the honourable Wharton."

Wharton made a grimace.

"If it tastes like it smells, Inky—"

"The taste is a little bitter, but not extremely disagreeable."

"As a matter of fact, my cold's nearly gone, old fellow. I—I don't think I'll have any. Try Bob Cherry. He's in a rotten state still."

"Certainly! I will take the basin and a spoon to the common-room, and administerfully give out the excellent doses."

"Jolly good idea!" agreed Wharton.

And the nabob carried the basin and a dessert-spoon to the junior common-room. The Remove still had the room all to themselves; the Upper Fourth had no desire to share

it till the epidemic of colds had passed off. The fellows looked at Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh curiously as he came in with the basin of greenish jelly.

"Whad on earth have you got there, Inky?" asked Nugent.

"That is the compound, my worthy chum!"

"You don't think we're going to take id, do you?"

"It will curefully relieve the honourable colds."

"Rads! I've got some pilules here that are a marvel. I'm goig to stig to my pilules. The gold has gone into my dummy, and I've got to be gareful."

"A spoonful of the honourable mixture would relieve the cold immediately."

"Rads! Try it on Bob Cherry!"

"Thag you very mudge, Inky!" said Bob Cherry, with a shake of the head. "But I've got some 'Marvellous Medicine for Sneezeig Snortlers' here, and it's bractically gured my gold. You gan dell by my voice how mudge bedder I am already."

"The honourable voice of the esteemed Cherry sounds worsefully to my ear."

"Then there is somethig wrong with your ear, Inky. I am mudge bedder, and my voice is quite glear now!"

"It does not sound quite clear, my excellent chum."

"Oh, rads! I've daken dwo more dozes, and I'm bractically well."

"Will the esteemed Bunter taste my honourable mixture?" asked the nabob, offering spoon and basin to the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter blinked doubtfully at the basin through his big spectacles.

"Is thad the sduff that was niffing so fearfully?" he asked.

"That was only in the process of manufacture, my worthy Bunter. It is very nice now, and the tastefulness is quite exhilarating!"

"It looks a lot like table jelly," said Bunter, eyeing the mixture. "I'm jolly hungry. I had hardly anythig to eat in Hall, and you've done us out of tea in the study by makig that horrid sduff there. I thig I will taste it. Is it good to eat?"

"It is extremely strengthifying."

"You can give me a spoonful to try, then, if you like."

The nabob took up a generous spoonful, and extended it to Billy Bunter's mouth. The fat junior eyed it a little doubtfully.

"You take it in one gulp suddenly, and then you hardly notice the tastefulness, my Bunterful chum. It slidefully glides down the esteemed gullet."

"Well, go ahead, then. I suppose it can't do any harm!"

And the spoonful of mixture was inserted in Bunter's capacious mouth, and he swallowed it at a gulp. The next instant he sprang up as if moved by electricity, letting out a yell that would have done credit to a Red Indian on the warpath. He bumped against the nabob and sent him reeling, and basin and spoon crashed to the floor. Billy Bunter was clawing wildly at his mouth.

"Ow, ow, ow! I'm poisoned!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Whad's the madder?"

"Ow! I'm poisoned! Ow!"

"My worthy Bunterful chum—"

"You—you inky villain! You've poisoned me!"

"The mixture is extremely beneficial—"

"Gr-r-r! Ow! Gr-r-r-r! Ow-wow-wow!"

"The ungratefulness of the honourable Bunter is terrific!" said the nabob. "He is making the absurd fussfulness for nothing. The rest of the honourable mixture is spiltfully wasted on the floor, and I shall have to make some more—"

"Not in Study No. 1," said Bob Cherry. "We've had enough of it there. The place will smell for a week. You can make a fire in the upper box-room and make the next lot there. But I don't thig you need make any, though. I really thig that nobody in the Form exceptig Bunder will dake it."

"But it is an extremely beneficial mixture—"

"Rads! And many of 'em! If you want a really good thig for golds, there's the Marvellous Mixture of Dr. Pink—I mean the Marvellous Medicine—"

"Rads to you!" said Nugent. "What brice the Purple Pilules for Goughs and Golds?"

"More rads!" said Skinner. "I stig to the Elysian Elixir!"

"You can stig to it," said Bob Cherry. "Nobody else wants any."

"Faith, and it's Dr. Twister's Pills that I'm takig," said Desmond; "and sure they're a marvel! You dake one

before and after every meal, and an odd one whenever you feel inclined, and—"

"And a couple of dozen before going to bed, I subbose," said Nugent sarcastically. "Blessed if I can see why anybody should dake all that quack rod when there's the purple pilules to be had for a shilling and three-ha'pence!"

Hurree Singh collected up the fragments of the basin and cleaned up the compound. Billy Bunter was wiping his mouth out with his handkerchief and looking daggers at the nabob. Whether efficacious or not, it was evident that Hurree Singh's compound was a failure. To judge by Bunter's looks, the taste matched the smell. No one else was inclined to put it to the test.

A sneezing and sniffing procession went up to the Remove dormitory that night. And at intervals through the hours of darkness, the silence was broken by more sneezes and sniffs.

In the morning Harry Wharton's cold was almost gone. Probably that was due to some extent to his having taken no patent remedies. Bob Cherry and Nugent were no better, in spite of purple pilules and marvellous medicine. Skinner was a great deal worse. Billy Bunter had a swollen face, and weeping eyes and nose. He could not keep his spectacles on straight, and was a picture of suffering that would have touched every heart in the Remove, if they had not been suffering themselves.

"I—I don't veel thad I can get up this mornig, you yellows," said Bunter, in a faint voice. "Will you dell Mr. Quelch I wand my breakfast in bed, Whartod?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Certainly, Bunt; but he will come up with a cane if I do."

Billy Bunter groaned.

"I have a feelig thad I shall die this time," he said. "You fellows will feel zorry then that you didn't feed me up in dime."

"Oh, rads! You're no worse than the resd of us!" grunted Bob Cherry. "Grin and bear id!"

"That's all very well for a great strong brute like you, Cherry, but I've got a deligate gonstitution."

"Oh, blow your rodden gonstitution!"

The Remove went down. Mr. Quelch looked them over grimly. He breakfasted cheerfully, while most of the Remove ate next to nothing. Billy Bunter had not lost his appetite, however. He did his best to feed his cold. In the Remove room, Mr. Quelch beckoned to Bob Cherry and Nugent to come out.

"You look very bad, both of you," he said. "You stand out also, Skinner. You three seem to have taken cold worse than the others. I suppose you were in a low state when you caught the colds. I am sorry to see you like this."

"I am mudge bedder, sir," said Bob Cherry. "I've been dakig the Marvellous Medicine for Sneezig Snortlers, and id's nearly gured me. You gan dell by my voice that the gold's nearly gone, gan't you, sir?"

"It does not seem to me nearly gone, Cherry. Have you been taking anything for your cold, Nugent?"

"Yes, sir; I've been dakig the Purple Pilules for Goughe and Golds, and they've made a new man ob me. I ab feelig mudge bedder."

"And you, Skinner?" asked the Remove master, drily.

"Yes, sir. I've nearly gured myself with Elysian Elixir."

"You will throw away all that rubbish at once—"

"Whad, sir!" ejaculated three dismayed youths at once.

"You will throw away all that rubbish. I will give you a note to take to the matron, and you three will go into the sanatorium."

"But, sir—"

"That will do."

And the three Removites had to go. Mr. Quelch looked over the class keenly, and during morning lessons he picked on three more Removites, and they were despatched to nurse their colds in the sanatorium. Billy Bunter trembled under the eye of the Form-master. He believed in a cold being fed, but in the sanatorium the sufferers were more likely to get gruel than anything else. But Mr. Quelch did not notice him, and Bunter breathed again.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bulstrode Feeds His Cold.

HARRY WHARTON looked depressed when he came into No. 1 Study after morning school. It was drizzling with rain in the Close, and there was nothing to do out of doors. The common-room was a babel of sneezes and snorts. But the study did not seem itself without Bob Cherry and Nugent. These two unhappy sufferers were in the sanatorium, under the care of the matron and the school doctor, and they had been compelled to say a long farewell to their patent remedies.

"The study is loneful without our worthy chums," purred Hurree Singh. "It is roughfully beastly for them to be in the respected sanatorium. If they had taken the mixture this would not have happenfully occurred."

Harry Wharton smiled.

"No, they might have been in a cemetery instead," he remarked. "I should prefer the sanatorium of the two."

"I say, you yellows—"

"Hallo, Bunt! Aren't you feeling any better yet?"

"I'm feeling worse, Wharton. I know perfectly well that I shan't get any better until I have a chance of feedig my gold."

"My dear kid, it seems to me that you're always feeding. Dinner will be ready soon."

"What I want is a really good feed in the study."

"Well, I'd raise the tin for you if I could, Billy, but I am done till Saturday. You have cleaned out Inky, too. You'll have to grin and bear it."

Bunter certainly did bear it, as there was no choice in the matter; but he did not grin. His cold did not improve during the day. The Remove were a set of such miserable objects now, that even the Upper Fourth had left off chipping them. That day was a nightmare to the Removites. During the afternoon several more were packed off to the sanatorium. Others, however, seemed to pull ahead during the afternoon, and Bulstrode and Levison were almost well that evening. Bunter sneezed and sniffed endlessly, and always had a huge handkerchief well in view; but Harry could not help suspecting that a great part of his sufferings were put on for effect, to wring the hearts of the juniors who had failed to feed him up in time.

Funds were very low in Study No. 1. The purchase of patent medicines had exhausted the exchequer. Billy Bunter who always depended upon being able to borrow of one or another of the famous four, was stranded. At tea-time there was nothing but a stale loaf and a tin of sardines for the study tea, and Bunter was in a state of simmering indignation. Wharton and Hurree Singh, who cared little what they ate, cheerfully decided to have tea in Hall, but Billy Bunter was not so easily satisfied.

"It's all very well for you yellows," he said, eyeing the tin of sardines disdainfully. "but I've got to keep up my strength, or else expire of this fearful gold. The question is, what am I goig to do?"

"Come with us, and have tea in Hall, Billy."

"I've got to consider my gonstitution. A chap like me needs to be well fed, especially when he's got a gold. I don'd thig you are playig the game, Whartod."

"What can I do, Billy?" said Harry patiently. "I've got no tin, and my Saturday's allowance is booked almost to the last shilling."

"Mrs. Mimble would drust you to any egstent."

"But if I couldn't pay—"

"Oh, you could pay some time. I really thig, Whartod, that you ought to do somethig, you know. It isn't as if I were a vellow who was always wantig somethig."

Harry Wharton smiled, but it was a worried smile. He had a detestation for getting into debt, and the many temptations of schoolboy life had never been able to make him exceed his allowance, which was a generous one. Mrs. Mimble, at the school shop, would certainly have trusted him to almost any figure, because she knew he could be relied upon. To have credit at the tuck-shop, and not to take advantage of it, appeared to Billy Bunter a species of insanity. The day of reckoning that was bound to come, if bills were run up recklessly, did not enter into Billy's calculations. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, was his motto.

But Harry looked at the swelling face and red eyes and nose of the fat junior, and his heart melted. He determined to relax his rule for once, and he took up a pen. Billy Bunter watched him eagerly as he wrote on a sheet of paper.

"There you are, Billy. You can take that to the tuck-shop."

Bunter glanced over the paper and looked disappointed. It ran as follows, briefly and to the point: "Please supply Bunter with anything he likes up to half-a-crown, and credit same to me.—H. Wharton."

Billy Bunter gave an expressive grunt.

"You might have made it five bob while you were about it, Wharton."

"That's all I can spare, Billy. And it will be a bother making that up next week, too."

"Well, it wouldn't be much more bother makig up five bob, would it?"

"You can take it, or leave it."

"Oh, I'll take it, Whartod. I suppose you mean well, but some yellows are stingy by nature, and can't help it. It's all righd."

And Bunter walked out with the paper. Wharton laughed rather constrainedly. There was no reasoning with Billy

Bunter. The fat junior's face was clouded as he went to the school shop, dodging under the trees in the Close to get out of the rain. Mrs. Mimble looked far from amiable when she saw him come in. Billy Bunter was the least welcome of her customers. She glanced at the note he tendered, with a triumphant smile, and frowned.

"There you are," said Billy Bunter, "I suppose that's all right?"

"Yes, it is all right," said Mrs. Mimble; "but I am surprised that Master Wharton has so much patience with you. What do you want?"

"It isn't a question of what I want, but what I can get!" grumbled Billy Bunter. "I had made my blans for a feed at five bob, and now I've only got half-a-crown to spend. If you would care to make it up to five bob, Mrs. Mimble, I'd let you have it back out of my postal-order to-morrow."

"You owe me over thirteen shillings already, Master Bunter."

"Oh, that's an old account," said Bunter, rather indignantly. "I hardly expected you to make a bother about that, Mrs. Mimble. I suppose I can have a steak-pie, and some cake and tarts for this rotten half-crown. It's curious that a yellow like Whartod, with a big allowance should be so rotten mean about a few shillings."

"You're an ungrateful little wretch, Master Bunter!"

"Oh, of course, I am goig to pay Whartod out of my postal-order. But never mind, what can't be gured musd be endured. Give me my grub."

And Bunter gathered up his purchases. If Wharton and Hurree Singh were having their tea in Hall there would be no one but Bunter to have tea in Study No. 1, and half-a-crown's worth of provisions would not be so bad for one. Bunter felt a little more cheerful as he left the tuck-shop. He dodged through the rain to the house, and encountered Bulstrode as he went in. The bully of the Remove stopped him.

"What have you got there, Bunter?" he asked.

"Only some thigs for No. 1," said Bunter hastily.

"Hurree Singh and Wharton are having tea in Hall," said Bulstrode. "I was just goig in. And Nugent and Bob Cherry are in sanatorium. Are you going to gorge all that lot yourself?"

"I'm tryig to feed my gold, you see, Bulstrode. I have to keep up my strength." And Billy Bunter dodged past the Remove bully, and hurried up to the study. Bulstrode looked after him with a very peculiar expression.

There was no one in Study No. 1. Bunter soon had the fire raked up, and the steak-pie warmed, and some potatoes baking in their skins. A fragrant odour spread through the room, very gratifying to the hungry junior. He had placed the feed on the table, and was about to begin, when someone entered the study. Bunter blinked round.

"I say, Whartod, you've had your tea, haven't you?" he asked anxiously.

"It's not Whartod!" chuckled Bulstrode, closing the door, and turning the key. The latter proceeding considerably alarmed the fat junior.

"I say, Bulstrode, what do you want? I——"

"It's all right. I've been thinkig over it, and I've come to the conclusion that you're quite right about feedig a gold," explained Bulstrode. "I'm goig to feed mine."

"Good. If you're goig to have a feed in your study, and want me to come and do the cookig, I'll come with pleasure, as soon as I've had my tea. I haven't much here, and I will have tea afterwards with you if you like."

The bully of the Remove chuckled again.

"No, you won't, Bunter. You see, I'm going to have tea with you."

Bunter turned cold all over. Bulstrode was a big fellow, with a hearty appetite, and if he had resolved to feed his cold——

"Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"You see, you've had a good many feeds with me, when I used to be in this study before Cherry came to Greyfriars!" grinned Bulstrode. "It's about time you stood me one."

"I—I—I'll be jolly pleased to stand you one to-morrow, Bulstrode, when my postal-order comes!" stammered Billy Bunter. "I'll stand you a really ribbig one, then."

"But I've got to feed my gold, and I can't wait till to-morrow."

"But—but—but——"

"That steak-pie smells ribbig; so do those spuds."

Bulstrode drew a chair up to the table and sat down. Bunter eyed his proceedings in dismay. He was helpless to oppose the burly visitor, and help was far away, and the door was locked.

"Oh, really Bulstrode! I—I say, you can't have tea here, you know."

"Why can't I?" roared Bulstrode threateningly.

"I—I—I mean, I'll be jolly glad if you will have tea with me!" stammered Bunter. "I—I want to run out of the study a minute. I'll be back in a jiffy——"

"Where are you goig?"

"I shan't be a minute——"

Bulstrode seized the fat junior, and slung him into his chair again, with a shock that took most of his breath away, and then laughed unpleasantly.

"You're not going to fetch Wharton," he remarked. "We shall get on very comfortably without him, you know. There's just about enough for two here."

"Oh, really, Bulstrode, there isn't, you know."

"Then I'm sorry for you," said Bulstrode, helping himself liberally to the steak-pie. "Pass the potatoes this way. You lazy young porpoise, get the skins off! Do you thig I am goig to skin the potatoes for myself when I honour you by comig to tea with you?"

"I say, Bulstrode——"

"Are you goig to skin those potatoes?" roared Bulstrode.

"Yes," quavered out Billy Bunter.

"Then look sharp, or I'll warm you!"

Bunter peeled the baked potatoes. Bulstrode helped himself to two-thirds of them, and had three-quarters of the pie. He was hungry. His plate was crammed, and Billy Bunter watched him in utter dismay as he piled it up.

"This is pretty good," said Bulstrode. "I say, you'd better start. I may want a second helping, you know."

The warning was sufficient. Bunter took what there was left of the steak-pie and potatoes, and started. He made good speed, too, thinking that what he lacked in the first course he could make up in the second. But Bulstrode saw to that.

"Hold on, Bunter!" he said, as the fat junior pushed his plate away, took a fresh one, and reached out for the jam-roll. "Wait a bit for me."

"But I'm done, and——"

"Never mind; you can't have the second course till the first is finished."

"Oh, really, Bulstrode——"

"And you're such a yug cormorant that I'm not goig to risk your startig first."

And Billy Bunter had to wait. Bulstrode cleared his plate, eating at his leisure, Billy watching him with a glance like a dagger. It did not disturb Bulstrode. He enjoyed the meal, and at last nodded to Bunter to start on the next lot. Billy only needed permission. In a second he was eating away as if his life depended upon it. Bulstrode, who had taken the keen edge off his appetite, ate more slowly, and Bunter certainly had the best innings with the tarts and the cake.

"This is really ribbig!" said Bulstrode. "It was what I gall kind of you to feed my gold like this, Bunter."

Billy Bunter grunted.

"And you were quite right about it, too," continued Bulstrode blandly. "What you want to do for a gold is to feed id, and I've fed mine, and I must say I feel better."

"I haven't fed mine," groaned Bunter, "and I feel jolly hungry."

"Well, it's no good over-eatig yourself, you know. I've saved you from that. Now, is there anythig to drig knockig about?"

"I was going to make some coffee, but——"

"Make it, my son—make it. You can't do better."

Just then the handle of the door was tried, followed by a kick on the panels.

"Hallo, here! What have you got this door locked for?"

It was the voice of Harry Wharton. Billy Bunter half rose; but Bulstrode made a threatening gesture, and he sank into his chair again.

"I don't think I'll stop for that coffee, after all," said Bulstrode.

He threw open the door. Harry Wharton came in, and looked in amazement at Bulstrode and the fat junior.

"What on earth did you have the door locked for?" he demanded.

"We were afraid of beig interrupted," explained Bulstrode.

"Bunter has been treatig me to a feed, and we didn't want anybody else at the table, you see. Bunter advised me to feed my gold, and he's helped me to feed it. Bunt, I've enjoyed that feed!"

And Bulstrode walked out of the study. Wharton glanced curiously at Bunter. Billy blinked at him in return.

"The beast!" he groaned. "He's scoffed my feed. He's devoured about two-thirds of it, and there was barely enough for me at the start!"

Harry Wharton burst into a laugh.

"Do you mean to say that Bulstrode invited himself to tea?" he asked.

"Yes, rather, the beast! I told him I was feedig my gold; but it didn't make any difference. He said he wanted to feed his. I'm still hungry."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't thig you ought to laugh at a fellow-greature's misfortunes, Whartod."

"Well, it's funny, you know."

"I don't see anything funny about it. Bulstrode's scoffed my grub, and I can't feed my gold. Can you lend me another half-crown till my postal-order comes?"

Wharton shook his head.

"It's a special occasion," urged Billy Bunter. "I'll pay it up, as sure as a nail, and not put it on the old account."

"Can't be done, Billy. As a matter of fact, if you've had a third of that steak-pudding, you've had enough, to judge by the size of the dish."

"That's quite a mistake——"

"Well, if you dodge down into Hall quick, you may pick up some crumbs."

"I don't want any grubs. I want a jolly good feed to gure my gold. I thig you're a fearfully selfish chab, Whartod."

And Billy Bunter, with an injured expression upon his plump visage, started on the last fragment of the cake.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Boy from the Yangtse-Kiang!

"MY only hat!"
"Have you seen him?"
"He's a cough-drop!"
"Looks as if he had just hopped off a tea-caddy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was about half an hour after afternoon school on the Friday, the day upon which the new boy was to arrive at Greyfriars. Harry Wharton had gone to pay a visit to his chums in the sanatorium, and most of the Remove were idling about the common-room. Bulstrode had been to the tuckshop, and had come in with several packets under his arm, when the above exclamations attracted his attention. He looked into the common-room, and gave a whistle of amazement.

The new boy had arrived. He was seated on a box, gazing round him with an expression of innocent wonder.

He was a young Chinese of about fourteen. His figure was well-formed, supple, and graceful, but diminutive. He wore the loose garb of his native country, of a rich silken material, adorned with borders of strange characters. His face was oval, rather deep in colour, and not of the saffron hue some of the more imaginative Removes had expected. His eyes had the curious obliqueness of the Oriental. His pigtail hung down over his shoulders, and it was the pigtail more than anything else that excited the interest of the Remove.

"Now, young Chin-Chin Chinaman," said Bulstrode, with a grin to the Remove, "where did you spring from?"

"Me not splingee. Me walkee."

"Ha, ha, ha! I mean where did you come from?"

"My countly is China; me comee flom Yangtse-Kiang."

"Phew! And what do you mean by coming from a place with a name like that?" demanded Bulstrode, contracting his brows.

The Chinese youth looked at him with a smile that was "childlike and bland."

"No savvy," he said.

"H'm, I fancy you don't savvy just when you don't want to savvy," said Bulstrode. "Now, what's your name?"

"Wun Lung."

"My aunt! Do you mean to say that you go about in the daylight with a name like that?"

"Me no savvy."

"Did that thing grow on your head, or will it come off?" asked Bulstrode, taking hold of the Celestial's pigtail.

"No savvy."

"You young yellow-skinned ass, I'll teach you to savvy! Here, Levison, give me your pocket-knife. We can't have a giddy heathon going about the place with a pigtail! I'll cut it off."

A change came over the placid face of the young Celestial. He sprang to his feet, his looks wildly excited, as Levison opened the pocket-knife. The juniors had no real intention of cutting off the pigtail, Bulstrode knowing perfectly well that he would have to answer for such an outrage to Dr. Locke. But Wun Lung evidently believed that they were in earnest, and he began to gesticulate wildly.

"No cuttee!" yelled Wun Lung. "No cuttee!"

He made a desperate rush for the door. But the laughing Remove closed round, and he was promptly collared and dragged back into the room. He struggled desperately, exhibiting a strength and determination that no one would

have dreamt dwelt within his diminutive frame. He was as slippery as an eel, and as hard to hold. But the Remove held him fast enough, a dozen hands grasping various parts of his person and his clothes. He was dragged back and plumped down on the box, and Bulstrode waved the knife over his head.

"Now, then, off it goes!"

The almond eyes were dilated with terror.

"No cuttee!" wailed Wun Lung. "No cuttee!"

"Faith, and hould on," exclaimed Desmond; "I mane let go intirely! It's frightenin' the gossoon ye are, and it's a shame!"

"You go and eat coke, Tipperary!"

"The shamefulness is terrific," broke in Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Shut up, Inky!"

"I refusefully decline to shut up. I shall punchfully assault the honourable Bulstrode on his worthy nose if he does not stop his jokefulness."

"Hold that black idiot back!"

Two or three rough spirits collared the nabob, and he was dragged back. Micky Desmond was shoved away. Bulstrode put the knife close to the Chinese's pigtail, and the little Oriental quivered like a jelly.

"No cuttee!" he moaned. "No cuttee!"

"What's all this?"

It was a sharp, ringing voice, as Harry Wharton came in. At a glance he took in the scene, and his brow became like a thundercloud as he strode into the crowd. He shoved the Removes to right and left without ceremony, and gave Bulstrode's wrist a blow that sent the knife with a clatter to the floor.

"You beastly cowardly bully!" he cried.

Bulstrode's eyes blazed with fury.

"Stand back, Harry Wharton!"

"Bah! There is no one here who can make me stand back!" cried the captain of the Remove, his eyes flashing round him. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves for ragging a little chap like that!"

"I wasn't going to cut off his pigtail, you fool!"

"I know you weren't; you dared not, that is the reason. But he thought you were."

"Get aside!" said Bulstrode, between his teeth. "You may be captain of the Form, Wharton, but you can't ride the high horse with us. You're not master here. We aren't going to hurt the brat. But we're going to have our fun with him, so I tell you."

"You are going to let him alone."

"By James! I'll show you! Fellows, are you going to be bullied and dictated to like that? Is Wharton your lord and master?"

There was a murmur from many throats. Threatening looks were cast upon Harry from all sides. They did not daunt him. He had thrust Bulstrode back, and now he stood beside the Chinese boy, his hand on Wun Lung's shoulder, his eyes flashing defiance at the Remove.

"Stand aside, Wharton!" cried a dozen voices.

"I won't!"

"Then we'll jolly soon shift you!" yelled Bulstrode.

He rushed furiously at Harry. Five or six of the rougher Removes followed him up. Hurree Singh and Desmond and Hazeldene ranged up beside Harry. Wharton's eyes were blazing. He hit out savagely, and Bulstrode received the right-hander on his chin, and went over backwards as if he had been shot. The next moment Harry's left caught Trevor under the ear, and he sprawled across Bulstrode.

There was a shouting, a trampling, a fierce struggling for a few moments round the terrified Chinese boy. But most of the Removes held off from an attack upon their Form captain, and although Harry's chums were not there, he had friends to stand by him. Levison, rather unexpectedly, took his side, and Bulstrode, when he rose to his feet, was not feeling inclined to continue the conflict. He had had only one blow, but it was a terrible one. The scrimmage ceased almost as soon as it had begun, and Harry Wharton looked round with a flushed face and blazing eyes.

"There won't be any ragging of this kid while I can stop it," he said. "I don't want to ride the high horse, as Bulstrode suggests; but there's a limit, and you ought to stop at it. I'm going to see this kid through. As for Bulstrode, if he thinks I'm taking too much on myself, he's welcome to meet me in the gym. any time he likes, with or without gloves." Wharton linked his arm in that of the Chinese boy. "Come with me, kid. I'm going to look after you for a bit. You understand?"

"Me savvy," said the Chinese softly; and he held Wharton's hand tightly as they left the common-room.

THE END.

(Another splendid complete story of Greyfriars next Tuesday, entitled "The Greyfriars Chinese." Please order your copy of THE MAGNET in advance. Price One Halfpenny.)

ANSWERS

"THE GREYFRIARS CHINEE."

Another School Tale
By FRANK RICHARDS.

NEXT
TUESDAY.

GRAND TALE OF ARMY LIFE.



READ THIS FIRST.

On the death of his father (Colonel Sir Harry Dashwood), Jack Dashwood finds to his astonishment that he has been practically disinherited in favour of his Uncle Dominic and Cousin Leonard. He consequently enlists in the 25th Hussars, under the name of Tom Howard, and soon becomes a corporal. Unfortunately for Jack, however, his Cousin Leonard is attached to the 25th as second lieutenant, and, with the aid of a bullying trooper named Sligo, succeeds in getting Jack deprived of his stripes. By the death of his father (Dominic), Lieutenant Dashwood is at first prevented from accompanying the 25th to India; but he subsequently joins the troopship at Port Said, having travelled there overland. While at Port Said he bribes a Greek gambler named Constantinidi to kidnap Trooper Howard, whom he sends ashore on a false errand. Our hero is attacked and stunned, and wakes to find himself a prisoner. However, with the help of a party of officers from the troopship Ganges, Jack makes his escape and continues his journey to India, and eventually rejoins the 25th Hussars. Jack is soon reinstated favourite and becomes once more full corporal. Just as the irksomeness of Indian service in peace time is setting somewhat heavily on the men a frontier war breaks out, and the 25th receive orders to mobilise for the front. (Now go on with the story.)

First Blood.

The scene at Aldershot when the regiment got orders for India was nothing compared with the uproar that Corporal Howard and Bill Sloggett found when they reached the barracks at Secunderabad.

The whole thing was so unexpected, and the regiment so newly out from home, that the men went positively mad with delight at their good fortune.

As a matter of fact, the Blue horse that had gone up to Simla some months before had got "pink eye," and the 25th Hussars, being particularly smart and in very fine condition, had been selected by the powers that be, and so got their chance.

There is always trouble, more or less, on the mountainous frontier of our Indian Empire—always some tribal disturbance, which is generally settled so quietly that only the faint echo reaches our ears at home; but now and again things are very serious.

Some mad fakir hoists the standard of revolt, and sets the border in a blaze. Then the Government of India send up a field force, and there is much fighting in these immemorial hills. Victoria Crosses and C.B.'s are gained, and it was just one of these more serious revolts that the 25th were about to take part in.

As a matter of fact, they were ready to march in twenty-four hours; but it was three days before they entrained, and shook the dust of Hyderabad from their feet with wild cheers of delight.

During those three days Tom Howard had been uneasy. It was quite one of the cards that his cousin would report him to Colonel Greville.

He had an idea that Leonard Dashwood was fool enough for anything; but, as a matter of fact, his folly stopped short at that point, and when the Ploughshires followed the Hussars on their long journey northwards, Leonard Dashwood's face had assumed its normal appearance, thanks to the ministrations of his soldier servant, who was a past master in the art of curing a black eye.

Then they went up through Allahabad, Agra, and Delhi, all names that brought the old mutiny days back to Tom Howard, as he thought of his father's stirring stories; and at last they reached Simla, and saw the mighty chains of

the Himalayas towering up to the brilliant blue of the northern sky.

The 25th Hussars stayed in Simla only one day. Major-General Sir Ponsonby Smithers, K.C.B., G.C.S.I., etc., was collecting a field force to operate with the brigadier-general at Malakand, and, sitting silently on a white arab in the centre of a knot of officers, he watched the khaki clad squadrons file past, having apparently nothing on his mind beyond ordinary curiosity.

The keen grey eyes, however, were sparkling in the shadow of his helmet, and, the group suddenly parting, Sir Ponsonby Smithers cantered up and came alongside the colonel, who had not expected to see him.

"Ah, Greville, how are you?" said Sir Ponsonby. "How soon can your fellows be ready to march?"

The colonel looked sharply at the general, and his face grew redder under its tan.

"They can march at once, general," he said, a quiver of excitement in his voice.

"I do not know that I want them at once," said the general, laughing; "but that is the good old spirit of the 25th. I am going up yonder in a day or two, and you shall go with me. I am waiting for an infantry battalion, supposed to be on its way now. Do you know anything of the Ploughshires?"

"Yes; they have been lying with us at Secunderabad. Very good crowd," replied Colonel Greville.

"I am glad to hear it," said the general. "We are going to have hot work up there. Perhaps not much chance for the cavalry, but these Pathans" (pronounced Pattans) "are always worth fighting."

Both men smiled into each other's eyes as they shook hands and parted, and as the regiment went on its way the general stayed his white arab until they had passed, and made a mental note of their condition, very flattering to Colonel Greville and his men.

Once the grey eyes contracted as a smart young corporal passed the general, and the corporal's right-hand man, who was Bill Sloggett, thought that Howard's face flushed a deeper red.

"Where have I seen that face before?" muttered Sir Ponsonby Smithers to himself, as he cantered back to the knot of officers. "It is not often that I forget a man, and that youngster is singularly familiar to me."

Then the blare of a brass band away in the distance told him that an infantry battalion was approaching, and the general rode off to meet them. He had gone to Simla quite by chance, never expecting such good fortune would await him there, and his mind being set on the collection of men with which to play the great game of war up in the hills yonder, he had little thought to bestow upon Corporal Thomas Howard.

Tom's mind went back to the prize giving at Redminster Grammar School; and when Bill Sloggett ventured to ask him who the old bloke on the white horse was, the corporal told him sharply to hold his tongue, whereat Bill thrust the offending member into his cheek and smiled.

"Another of his toff pals," thought Sloggett to himself. "Blow me if 'Oward won't turn out to be a dook one of these 'ere days, only I don't fink that no dook who has ever lived could 'it it with his left as 'e can!"

The brass band belonged to the Ploughshires, who came stepping along very bravely from the train, and once more the general made a private inspection as they went by, and marked them down for his own. There was joy in the hearts of the 25th Hussars, which joy was reflected in the perspiring

bosoms of the 1st Battalion of the Ploughshires, and the two regiments turned their eyes to the silent, far-off mountain peaks where there was war.

"War, my chicken!" said Bill Sloggett, knocking all the breath out of Alf Sligo's body by a playful tap on the ribs. "War, my boy, and don't you forget it!" And that night, if it had not been for the sharp eyes of the corporal, Bill Sloggett would have been taken early to the guard tent.

Next day the 25th were sent along the railway to Peshawar, that ancient Afghan city which is now included in the Punjab, and thither followed the Ploughshires, where they waited for the arrival of Sir Ponsonby Smithers, who was not long behind them. Beyond Fort Jamrud lay the passes and mountains of that wild region which has been stirred up by the Mullah, or Hudda. Brigadier-General Meiklejohn's force was in camp at Malakand, and had been hotly pressed.

Messages were flashing backwards and forwards over the telegraph-wires, and when Sir Ponsonby Smithers stepped on the platform at Peshawar his nostrils dilated like an old war-horse, for he was met by an officer, who drew him aside and whispered a few brief words in his ear. The general nodded two or three times, and then superintended in person the removal of his horses, one of which was immediately saddled. He seemed to have grown ten years younger in the last five minutes, and, springing into his saddle, galloped away to the camp of his little brigade.

"It is coming now, Howard!" said Sergeant Clavering, as the general reined up in front of the colonel's tent. "I'll bet you a week's pay that we hear 'boot and saddle' in five minutes!"

And, sure enough, the stirring call rang out almost before he had finished speaking.

Then the regiment mounted, the Ploughshires fell in, and the turbaned regiment of native infantry that completed the brigade mustered, grinning in high glee, and they went along the high road and into the mountain passes, joining the relief force under Sir Bindon Blood, who was in supreme command of the operations at Mardan.

Then there came a telegram at three o'clock in the morning, bidding them push on to Meiklejohn's relief, with the information that he was hotly pressed in the Malakand and that the outlying post of Shakadara Fort was battling bravely for its life.

"B" Squadron of the 25th Hussars was acting in the advance, and, passing through a grassy plain with towering mountains on either side, the report of a musket suddenly broke the silence, and a white puff of smoke floated away from a cleft of rock on the left. The dust spurted up about twenty yards in front of the squadron, and the shot was followed by three more. Captain Vincent and the Honourable Algy whipped out their field-glasses and took stock of the snipers.

"By Jove, Vincent," said the lieutenant, "I believe we could round those beggars off! There are only four of them behind those boulders, and the hill is as steep as a house behind them. What do you say? Shall I take half a dozen men and have a shot?"

"Right you are!" said the captain. And the next moment the lieutenant was away at full gallop, with Tom Howard, Bill Sloggett, and four other troopers, riding as if their lives depended upon it through the long, parched grass.

Again the puffs of smoke floated away above the boulder, and Sloggett felt the wind of a bullet go by his cheek. Bill was riding all he knew, lifting his mare along like a jockey, and he gave a loud yell as four figures in flowing garments, which appeared to them like dirty dressing-gowns, rose from behind a rock and ran along the mountain-side.

"There's a pass in the hills, sir!" cried Tom Howard, as he went neck and neck with the Honourable Algy. "If they reach it, we are done!"

The lieutenant leaped his horse over a fragment of

some ruined fort and put in the spurs, and the squadron, turning round in their saddles, watched the race with the keenest excitement. The tribesmen saw their danger, and, bounding along the rocks and boulders that strewed the foot of the mountain-side, fled with wild yells for the narrow crack that meant safety for them.

But Bill Sloggett's mare had her own ideas on the subject, and, out-distancing her companions, she carried the triumphant trooper to the foot of the pass, where Bill waved his sword in triumph. Unfortunately, however, she had taken the bit in her teeth, and, pull as he might, he found it impossible to stop her, and the next moment she had plunged into the gully and disappeared from view. The Honourable Algy drew his revolver and fired three ineffectual shots at the tribesmen, who replied with yells of derision, and they, in their turn, reached the mouth of the cleft and disappeared too.

"Look out, sir," cried Tom; "they will have time to reload!"

And from the side of the opening a red tongue of flame shot out, and the Honourable Algy's helmet spun from his head. Then they reached the gully, only to see the four cat-like mountaineers still fleeing before them, and to hear the distant clatter of Bill Sloggett's mare as she tore up the stony pass. The Honourable Algy, who had now a good mark for his revolver, fired, and one of the mountaineers plunged forward and rolled down towards them, clutching and biting at the stones that strewed the track, while the others were making haste to reload as they ran.

They were out of sight of the squadron now, which had halted, and there was great speculation among the men as they were lost to view. Tom had darted two lengths ahead of his officer—it was no time for nice distinctions of precedence—and, rounding an angle of a narrow ravine, they found Sloggett, who had managed at last to check the runaway, prodding at three wild, unkempt Pathans, his mare terrified and waltzing about on her hind legs, at the imminent risk of flinging her rider into the arms of the enemy.

At the sound of the new-comer, two of them turned and faced the corporal—a fact which gave Bill Sloggett his chance. He took it with a neat thrust, and the misguided follower of the Mad Mullah dropped his long musket and fell. Bill Sloggett gave vent to his delight by a terrific cat-call, and wheeled his mare round to help the corporal. But if Tom had excited Bill's admiration by the masterly use of his fists, it was as nothing to the exhibition of swordsmanship which the cockney lad now witnessed.

One of the tribesmen was armed with a long jesail; the other had dropped his further down the ravine and drawn his terrible knife. Then they sprang one on either side of the corporal, and Bill Sloggett caught his breath. But like a lightning flash gleamed Tom's sabre. One swift point over his bridle-arm, and the man with the knife dropped grovelling on the ground, clasping his face in both hands. A curve of the gleaming blade above the head of the rearing mare, and the man with the jesail flung his arms up skywards and reeled back.

"Is that the lot, Sloggett?" cried Tom, as though the thing he had just done was an everyday occurrence.

"Scott; 'is that the lot,' he ses!" muttered Bill, staring with astonishment. "If you ain't a marvel, I never seed one! I thought I'd done something when I killed this nigger, but you do two to my one!"

Tom's lips betrayed an inclination to smile, but the smile died away as he saw the motionless form of the second Pathan lying so painfully still. And as the Honourable Algy and the other troopers came round the rock, Tom Howard's face had suddenly grown stern and old.

The Honourable Algy was very excited, for he, too, had killed his first man, and, bidding them gather up the weapons as trophies of the fight, they scrambled their horses down the defile in time to meet Jim Clavering and the captain, who had ridden out to their assistance.

(Another long instalment of this story next Tuesday.)

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