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No. 37.

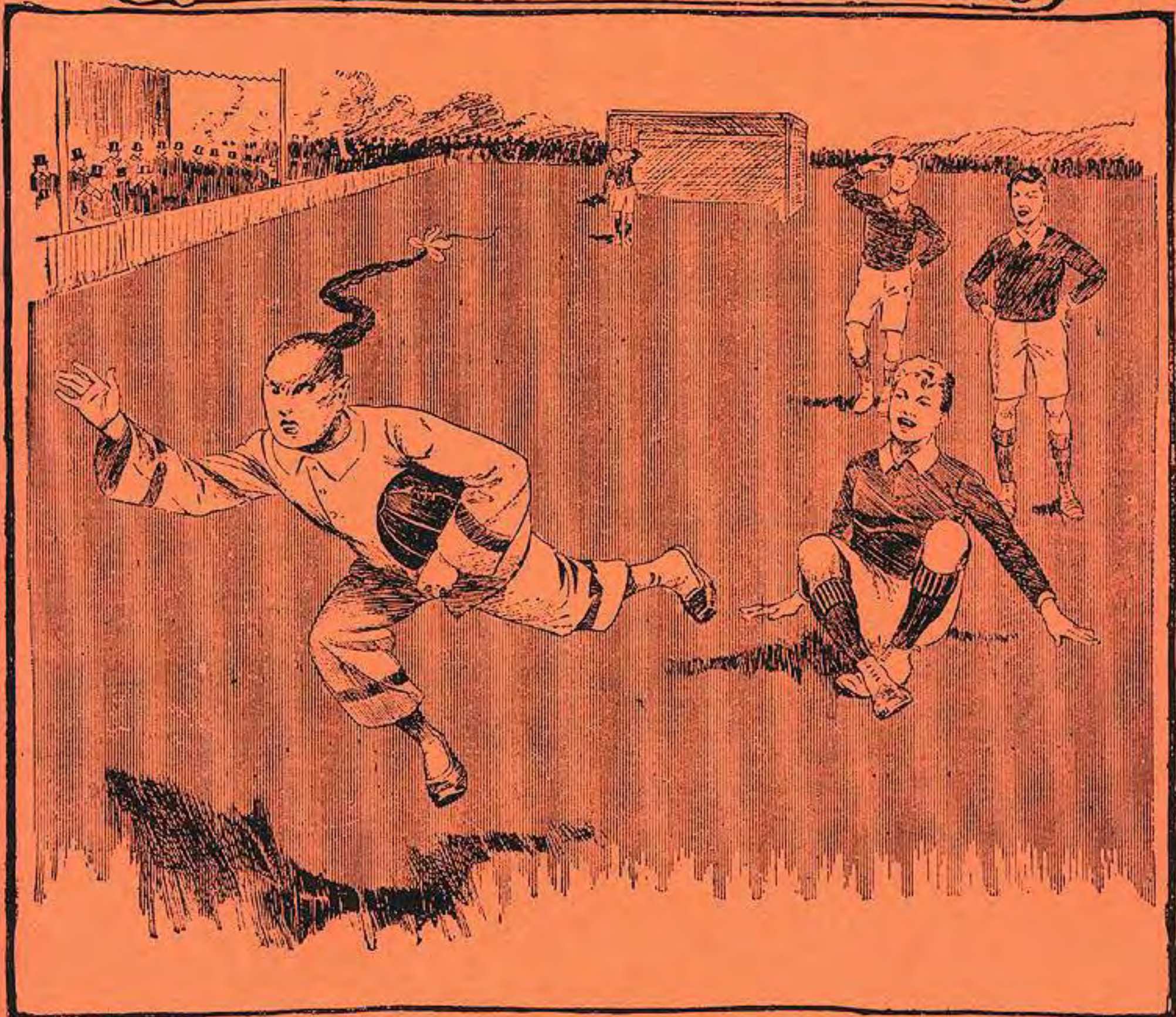
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Vol. 2.

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## THE GREYFRIARS CHINEE

By  
FRANK  
RICHARDS



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## The Greyfriars Chinee.

A Splendid Complete School  
Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

### THE FIRST CHAPTER.

#### Wun Lung Does Not Understand.

**B**ILLY BUNTER was stooping before the fire in Study No. 1 in the Remove, with a fork in his hand and a crimson glow upon his fat face.

There was a sizzle and a savoury smell in the study. Billy Bunter was frying sausages—a thing he could do to perfection, and which he thoroughly enjoyed. Bunter was never happier than when he was cooking, except, of course, when he was eating.

He was far too busily occupied to notice that the study door quietly opened, and that a face looked inquiringly in. It was a curious face—a little face with a deep olive skin inclining to yellow, oblique eyes, and an expression of innocent curiosity. A head adorned only by a pigtail.

It was the face of Wun Lung, the Chinee, the new boy in the Greyfriars Remove. He looked into the study, and sniffed the scent of frying sausages, and came softly in. Wun Lung had a cat-like tread. Billy Bunter, quite unconscious of his presence, rose with a sigh, and took the frying-pan off the fire.

"Done to a turn!" he murmured. "I don't think I ever saw sausages so really beautifully done before. If those fellows don't come in I shall scoff the lot myself. They oughtn't to be late for tea, when I've taken so much trouble."

Bunter stepped back from the grate, and gave a jump as he knocked against the Chinese boy. He turned quickly round.

"I say, you fellows, you startled me! You shouldn't come in so quietly. Why—who—what do you want?"

Billy Bunter blinked in amazement through his big spectacles at the unexpected visitor.

The Chinee smiled sweetly.

"Me Wun Lung," was all he offered in the way of explanation.

"Yes, I know you're Wun Lung," said Bunter. "But what I want to know is, what do you want here?"

The Chinee made a gesture towards the frying-pan.

"Wun Lung hungry."

Bunter blinked indignantly at the new boy.

"Well, of all the cheek," he said, "of all the nerve! Fancy a giddy heathen inviting himself to tea in a fellow's study! You'd better bunk!"

"No savvy."

"Bunk!" said Billy Bunter, pointing to the door with the frying-pan. "Skedaddle! Get out!"

The Celestial shook his head slowly, as if not comprehending.

"No savvy."

"I'll wager you could savvy if you wanted to," said Bunter. "But if you don't understand plain English, and as I can't talk Chinese, I shall have to proceed to demonstration."

"No savvy."

"See if you can savvy this!" grinned Bunter; and he took the Celestial by the pigtail, and drew him forcibly to the door. "There, that's the door! There's the passage! You travel! Bunk! Slide! Be off! Absquatulate!"

"No savvy."

"My only hat!" exclaimed the exasperated Bunter. "I'll teach you to savvy, if I have to bump your head against the wall! What study are you in—Russell's, isn't it?"

The Chinese boy nodded.

"Then come along; I'll see you home."

Billy Bunter led the new boy along the passage, by his pigtail, to the door of Russell's study. Wun Lung made no resistance. The meekness and mildness of his manners would have done credit to the curate of the Bab Ballads. Bunter opened the door, and jerked Wun Lung into the study. Then he wagged a fat forefinger at him warningly.

"You stay there," he said. "That's your place. You stay there."

He closed the door, and returned to No. 1. In the attractive occupation of turning the sausages out into a dish, and taking a snack to go on with while he waited for the other fellows to come, Billy Bunter forgot all about the Chinese boy. The tea-table was laid in Study No. 1, and the teapot was warming in the grate. All was ready for the evening meal, but the chums of the Remove had not yet made their appearance. The October evenings were drawing in so much that there was nothing to be done out of doors after tea, and the Removites made the most they could of what daylight they had after afternoon school. Billy Bunter could not understand it in the least, but Harry Wharton & Co. placed football practice before even meals in their estimation. Even fried sausages would not draw them indoors while light remained.

"Well, it's all ready," murmured Billy Bunter. "I suppose I had better not make the tea till they come. The kettle's boiling. I wish they'd come. I know I shall bolt all the sausages if they don't turn up pretty soon."

Bunter stepped back from the fire. There was a light footstep in the study, and he looked round.

"Is that you, Wharton? Why, it's that confounded heathen again!"

Billy Bunter blinked wrathfully at the Chinese boy. Wun Lung smiled blandly, and crossed to the tea-table, and sat down. Bunter watched him in speechless indignation. He drew a plate before him, and picked up a fork. He was about to help himself to the sausages when Billy rushed forward.

"Hold on, you young ass!"

Wun Lung looked at him innocently.

"Me likee sausage."

"I dare say you do!" grunted Billy Bunter. "But you'll have to wait till I ask you to tea before you feed on my sausages. Travel!"

"No savvy."

"Get off that chair!"

"No savvy."

"Look here, I shall sling you out if you don't go."

"No savvy."

Bunter grasped the Chinese boy by the shoulders, and jerked him off the chair. The next moment Bunter was sitting on the carpet, blinking dazedly. How he had got there he had not the faintest idea. Wun Lung was sitting at the table, helping himself to sausages. It seemed impossible that that slim, bland, smiling youth could have sat the fat junior down so easily, apparently without an effort. Bunter blinked at him in utter, blank amazement.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said a cheerful voice at the door. "Do you find the floor more comfy than a chair, Billy? I didn't know you had visitors."

It was Bob Cherry. He came in, looking curiously at the Chinese. Billy Bunter staggered to his feet.

"I—I haven't visitors!" he gasped. "That cheeky young villain has come in of his own accord, and started bolting the sausages. I've chucked him out once, and I was going to chuck him out again, when—when my foot slipped, and I fell down."

Bob Cherry fastened a grip upon the back of the Celestial's collar, and lifted him bodily out of the chair, and set him on his feet. Wun Lung looked at him with a disarming smile. Bob Cherry led him to the door.

"Get out," he said concisely.

"No savvy."

"That's what he says," growled Billy Bunter. "I know jolly well that he savvies anything he wants to savvy."

"You goee out," explained Bob Cherry, in the nearest approach he could make, on the spur of the moment, to the "pidgin English" of Wun Lung. "You bunkee, jolly quick. You scootee, or I kickee—kickee jolly hard. Savvy?"

Apparently Wun Lung savvied for once. He could understand an upraised football boot, at all events. He scuttled along the passage like a rabbit. Bob Cherry turned back into the study with a laugh.

"Funny little beggar!" he remarked. "He seems to have taken a fancy to this study. He would have been put in here if we'd had room, but we're five already."

"That's too many," said Bunter. "I know they have six in some of the Remove studies, but I should object."

"I don't suppose the Head would pay very much attention to your objections if he decided to put another fellow in here," grinned Bob Cherry. "Still, it wouldn't be quite fair. Counting you as two—and you're fat enough—we are six already."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"And we don't want any strange dogs in the kennel," said Bob Cherry. "I rather like that little Chinese beggar, but there's no room for him here. I say, those sausages look ripping, Billy."

"They are ripping," said Bunter. "I'm sincerely sorry it wouldn't run to chips. There's bread-and-butter. I've got

one baked potato for myself. You don't care for them, do you?"

"Awfully!" said Bob Cherry, with a grin.

"Then I'm sorry there's no more than one. Hallo, here's Wharton, at last! The sausages are getting cold, Wharton."

Harry Wharton, Nugent, and Hurree Singh came into the study. The chums were glowing from the exercise of the football field and the sharp rub down following it. Nugent sniffed the scent of the sausages appreciatively.

"Bunter, you're worth your weight in gravy!" he exclaimed. "These sosses are prime! I wonder if we can persuade Inky to have one!"

Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh shook his head.

"The esteemed banana and the honourable brown bread are excellent prog for my worthy self," he remarked.

"I prefer sausages myself," remarked Nugent, sitting down at the table. "Why, the fat young villain hasn't cooked any chips. I always like chips with sausages."

"The funds wouldn't run to it," said Billy Bunter. "You fellows get things done pretty cheap as it is. I had to have a pork-pie to keep up my strength, or I should have been too hungry to do the cooking, and so it wouldn't run to chips. I'm sincerely sorry! Fortunately, I have a baked spud for myself. I've made you a banana fritter, Inky, and it's really nice. I nearly ate it myself."

"I thank my esteemed chum," said the Nabob of Bhanipur, as he sat down. "May I pass you a banana fritter, my esteemed chum, Wharton?"

"No," said Harry Wharton laughing, "you can pass me the sausages."

The chums of the Remove settled down to tea. The four footballers were hungry, and Billy Bunter, though he took no exercise, had an appetite excelling any other there. The tea had just commenced when the door opened, and Bunter looked up with a grunt.

"My word, if it isn't that Chinese again!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Wun Lung Comes to Tea.

WUN LUNG came into the study with his soft step and his bland, insinuating air. The chums of the Remove all turned their heads to look at him. Harry Wharton gave him a good-natured nod. Harry had befriended the new boy in the Remove, and saved him from a set of rough spirits who had considered it great fun to "rag the Chinese." And since then Wun Lung had shown a great attachment for the captain of the Remove.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry.

"Me hungry," said Wun Lung.

"They're having tea in Hall," said Billy Bunter, with a withering look at the Chinese. "Go down and grub with the Form."

"No savvy."

"Travel! Bunk! Get out!"

"No savvy."

"Oh, let him stay to tea," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"Will you have tea with us, Wun Lung?"

Wun Lung's almond eyes glistened.

"Me savvy."

"Yes, I thought he'd savvy that!" grinned Bob Cherry, making room for the guest. "Sit down here, my pippin. You can hang your pigtail over the back of your chair. I hope you've brought your chop-sticks. We don't keep them in the study. We haven't a rush of Chinese guests, you know."

The Celestial grinned.

"Chopsee sticksee alone; knifsee-folkee now, allee samee foreign devil!"

"My hat! You mu-t'n't call your entertainers foreign devils," said Nugent. "It's not considered polite."

"Wun Lung solly."

"The apologyfulness is acceptable," said the Nabob of Bhanipur. "I, for one, am gladly pleased to welcome a guestful visitor from the farful lands of Asia. It is perhaps fully possible that you speakfully converse in my language. Tum Hindustanee bol sakte?"

The Chinese shook his head. He replied in a voluble volley of Chinese, to which the nabob in turn shook his head.

"Oh, don't!" said Bob Cherry. "If you're going to hold a conversation in Hindustanee and Chinese, I shall slide. Do you like sausages, kid? Savvy?"

"Me savvy. Me likee muchee!"

Bob Cherry gave the Chinese boy a liberal helping of everything. He had none of the prejudices of the Hindu with regard to articles of diet. All was grist that came to his mill, and he had a good appetite. His face glowed with pleasure and good-humour, while a cloud settled upon Billy Bunter's. Bunter was not inhospitable, but he was thinking of his supper. An extra guest at the table "queered" the

next meal. The chums of the Remove were content with the bread-and-cheese supper in hall; Bunter wasn't.

Tea finished, the chums of the Remove rose. They had their preparation to do for the morrow's lessons, and after that there was a meeting of the junior football committee to be attended.

Billy Bunter sat in the armchair to rest after his labours, and Bob Cherry swept off the tea things into the cupboard. Books were brought out, and pens dipped into ink. Wun Lung sat on the hearthrug and blinked at the fire.

"He's at home here now," murmured Bob Cherry. "He doesn't mean to shift."

"I suppose he has prep. to do," said Wharton, with a puzzled look, and he bent and tapped the Chinese boy on the shoulder. Wun Lung looked up with a childlike smile. "I say, kiddy, haven't you your prep. to do?"

"No savvy."

"Hadden't you better get along to your study and do your prep.?"

"No savvy."

It was pretty clear that Wun Lung did not choose to "savvy." Harry Wharton gave it up; and the chums of the Remove settled down to work. For a long time there was silence in the study. Billy Bunter rose from the armchair at last with a grunt, and joined the workers at the table.

Wun Lung coiled himself up in the vacated chair, and stared at the fire. He seemed to be asleep, but several times when Wharton looked round he caught the gleam of the firelight on the dark eyes of the Celestial.

At the end of an hour the Removites had finished their prep. Harry Wharton rose from the table with a slight yawn. The Chinese boy looked up.

"Wun Lung, old chap, hadn't you better run along and do your prep.?" asked Harry kindly.

"No savvy."

"You will have to prepare your lessons for the morning," said Wharton. "I thought Mr. Quelch had explained it to you. Have you your books?"

"Bookee in studee."

"Then run along and do your work."

"Me savvy."

The Chinese rose and scuttled out of the study. Wharton smiled. There was something he liked very much about the youthful Celestial—something infantile and very taking. But the captain of the Remove suspected, at the same time, that there was more in the young Chinese than met the eye. He belonged to the variety of still water that runs deep.

"Better get along to the committee, Bob," said Harry Wharton. "Nugent and Inky can play chess. The meeting is at eight in Trevor's study, you know."

"Right-ho!" said Bob Cherry, rising and stretching his long legs. "I—Hullo, hallo, hallo! Here's young cheerful back again!"

Wun Lung came scuttling in with several books under his arm. He had evidently misunderstood Wharton, or chosen to misunderstand him. He had brought his books to Study No. 1 to do his preparation there. Wharton burst into a laugh.

"Let him stop," he said. "One of you fellows might lend him a hand with the work, too. I would myself, only I've got to get along. You might, Inky."

"The pleasuredness will be terrific," said the good-natured Nabob of Bhanipur.

"What about my game of chess?" said Nugent.

"You can playfully work out an esteemed problem on the chess-board while you waitfully attend for me to reach the finishfulness."

"Oh, rats! I think I'll do a little sprint round the Close. You can do that after dark."

And Nugent went out with Harry and Bob. Hurree Singh and Wun Lung were soon busy over the books. The dark face of the Hindu and the yellow countenance of the young Chinese drew close together, and Hurree Singh explained in his curious English, and Wun Lung answered in English more curious still. Their voices soon sent Billy Bunter to sleep in the armchair.

Meanwhile, Wharton and Cherry went to Trevor's study to the committee meeting, and Nugent went out into the Close.

It was a dark night, but quite fine. It was too dark to sprint very fast, but Nugent took a rapid swinging walk round the Close, enjoying keenly the sharp October air after the warmth of the study. As he passed the gym, a voice floated to his ears from an open window of that building just above his head. It was the voice of Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove.

"If you fellows will stand by me, we'll make him go through it. Every new kid has to go through it, and why shouldn't a rotten Chinese? Wharton will give in if there's a lot against him."

Nugent did not choose to listen. He passed on without either quickening or slackening his pace, and left a murmur of voices behind him. There was a glint in the junior's eyes. He knew what Bulstrode's words meant. The Remove bully had not given up the idea of ragging the Chinese, and he

was seeking to gain support in his opposition to Harry Wharton.

Wharton had come down heavy on the raggers, and there had been some bitterness over it. Nugent walked on. He passed the porter's lodge, an swung on past the great iron gates of Greyfriars.

In the dim gloom a patch of something white at the gate caught his eye, and he glanced at it.

Then he gave a sudden start.

It was a human face that was pressed against the bars of the gate, and a pair of deep, black eyes were looking in, and they were fixed upon the junior.

The sudden discovery sent a strange thrill through Nugent.

He hesitated a moment, and then walked directly towards

enter, for the gates were closed for the night. A low ejaculation of amazement broke from Nugent as he came closer, and made out the form of the man outside the gate.

He was a Chinaman!

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Man from China.

NUGENT stared at the stranger in amazement. Till Wun Lung came to Greyfriars, Nugent had never seen a Chinaman. Now it seemed to be raining them.

Wun Lung had been only a couple of days at the school, and here was another Chinaman, peering in at the gates of Greyfriars under cover of the darkness. It was natural that Nugent should connect the two, and he jumped to the conclusion at once that the stranger was some relative of Wun Lung.

"Hallo!" he said, stopping at the gate.

The man looked at him. He was clad in the garb of China, with some modifications. But, apart from that, there was no mistaking the Mongolian features, the oblique eyes, the pigtail. The face was that of an old man, wizened and wrinkled, but the eyes were as keen and alert as a monkey's.

"Do you want anything here?" asked Nugent. "If you want to get in you have to pull the bell. Have you come to see anybody?"

The old man gave Nugent a sharp look, with a quick, sudden movement of the head that reminded the boy strangely of a parrot. He began to speak, in a language totally unintelligible to the junior, but which he guessed to be Chinese. Then, remembering himself, he went on in English without a pause:

"Is he here—is Wun Lung here?"

"Yes," said Nugent. "There is a boy of that name at the school—a new boy."

The old Chinaman nodded quickly.

"Do you want to see him?" asked Nugent.

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the old man eagerly. "Tell him—"

"You can't come in without ringing up the porter. The Head would let you see him if you asked. Ring the bell."

The Chinaman shook his head.

"No, no! I wish speakee Wun Lung, no others. Tell him I am here, and he will come."

Nugent looked uneasy. If the man were a relation of Wun Lung's, there was no reason why he should not apply to the Head for permission to see the young Chinese. There was something furtive, something secretive about the old Chinaman that made Nugent vaguely suspicious, and he hesitated to reply.

"Tellee him," urged the Chinaman—"tellee him the Mandarin Yen Hai is here to see him, and he will come."

"But why don't you get permission to come in?" asked Nugent.

The mandarin made an impatient gesture.

"Tellee him! Tellee him!" he repeated.

"Wait a minute or two," said Nugent shortly.

He walked back towards the house. There was something vaguely suspicious about the old Chinaman, yet it could scarcely do any harm to convey his message to Wun Lung. If the boy chose to see the mandarin, it was his own business. At all events, the locked gate was between them.

Nugent went in and up to Study No. 1. The two Orientals were busy over their books.

"Hallo!" said Nugent. "Nearly finished? I say, Wun Lung, have you any relations from China answering to the name of Yen Hai?"

The Chinese boy gave a sudden start.

"Yen Hai!"

"That's it. I can see that you know the name," said Nugent curiously.

It was easy enough to see that Wun Lung knew the name. He had turned pale under his dark skin, and a troubled look

came over his face. He rose from the table, and Nugent saw that his hands were trembling.

"Who is he, kid?"

"He is my uncle," said Wun Lung, the troubled look deepening on his face. "Me not likee see him—he not likee me come to England."

"Well, he has come to see you."

Wun Lung started again.

"He is not here?" he exclaimed, in a shrill whisper.

"He's at the gate, and he wants you to go and speak to him," said Nugent. "But, mind, you needn't go unless you like. I'll go back and tell him you don't want to see him."

Wun Lung shook his head quickly.

"I must see him! Who is he?"

"Outside the gate."

"Will you—will you come with me?" said the Chinese boy timidly. "I—I am afraid!"

"Nothing to be afraid of," said Nugent reassuringly.

"There's a locked gate, and he's on the other side of it. But we'll come—won't we, lanky?"

"The ratherfulness is terrific," replied the nabob promptly.

"Me tankee you muchee!"

"Rats!" said Nugent cheerfully. "We're not going to let your Uncle Gargoylo frighten you. We'll come along and see fair play. We sha'n't hear any of your conversation, as we don't know a word of your cheerful language. Come on, and tell the old boulder to get back on his tea-caddy!"

Wun Lung smiled, and followed Nugent from the study, and the nabob brought up the rear.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were just returning from the meeting in Trevor's study, and the juniors met them in the passage. Wharton stopped as Nugent tapped him on the shoulder.

"Come on!" said Nugent. "Wun Lung's Uncle Gargoylo has called to see him, and we're going to see that the old chap doesn't bite through the bars of the gate."

"Gargoylo!" said Bob Cherry, looking puzzled. "That's not a Chinese name!"

"Ha, ha, ha! His name is Yen Hai, but I call him Gargoylo after his features," explained Nugent. "Come on! He's waiting at the gate."

"Does Wun Lung want us to come?"

"Yes, rather! He's afraid of the gargoylo."

"Right-ho; we'll come!"

The Removites went out into the Close, and walked in a body to the gate. The old, wizened, yellow face was still pressed to the bars. The black eyes scintillated as they fell upon Wun Lung. A pair of clawlike hands grasped the iron bars.

"Yen Hai," said Wun Lung, in a low voice.

The old man replied in Chinese. He spoke in a shrill, harsh voice, and the Chinese junior listened with downcast eyes and a troubled brow. He shook his head as the mandarin paused; and then Yen Hai went on again more volubly than before. His voice sank lower, and there was a pathetic note in it, as if he were pleading with the boy. The wizened old features contracted, and the Removites, to their amazement, saw the fierce, dark eyes dimmed for a moment by moisture. But still Wun Lung shook his head.

Then the manner of the mandarin changed. His face flushed with anger, his eyes blazed, his voice took on a shriller and harsher note. Wun Lung threw up his head, and a red flush came into his pale cheeks; his eyes flashed, but he did not speak. A torrent of invective poured from the lips of the old mandarin. Not a word of the strange tongue was comprehensible to the Greyfriars boys. From beginning to end they did not grasp a syllable of it. But the old man's meaning was clear now, at all events. He was cursing the lad who had refused his demand, whatever it was; and in his rage his voice became husky, and his clawlike hands grasped and shook the strong bars of the gate.

His voice sank at last from sheer exhaustion. The Removites stood looking on in silence. Then Wun Lung replied in Chinese. He spoke only a few sentences, in a low tone, with perfect quietness. The invectives of the old mandarin had troubled him, but they had not roused his anger. The mandarin listened, his brow growing darker and darker. He interrupted the boy at last with a cry of rage, shook his fist fiercely through the bars of the gate, and then turning, disappeared into the darkness.

"My only hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "That's what I call a really agreeable old gentleman to have for an uncle."

The mandarin was gone. Wun Lung stood silent, with a pale face, and the juniors waited for him to move. He moved with a sudden start, turning back towards the house. Curious as they were, the chums asked no questions, and Wun Lung did not speak. But as they walked towards the schoolhouse, the Chinese boy slid his hand through Harry



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Wharton's arm, and held to him; and Harry knew by keen intuition that the instinct of seeking the protection of one stronger than himself had caused the action of the Chinese junior.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### A Fall for Bulstrode.

WINGATE, the captain of Greyfriars, looked into the common-room as half-past nine rang out from the clock tower.

"Bed-time, kids?"

Hurree Janset Ram Singh was playing chess with the Chinese junior. He had discovered that Wun Lung was proficient at the game, and it was a bond of union between the two Orientals.

Hurree Singh was a past master of the great game, and there was no junior at Greyfriars who could stand against him. But, somewhat to his surprise, the young Chinese was giving him a hard struggle. The nabob was too keen on the game to even hear Wingate's words.

Wharton, Cherry, Nugent, and Hazeldene were standing round the table, looking on at the game with great interest.

"Bed-time!" said the Sixth-Former again, looking over towards the group.

"Please wait momentarily, respected Wingate," said the nabob, in his purring voice. "I have the esteemed Chinese-fol chum mate in three."

A smile flickered over the bland face of Wun Lung. He moved a piece, and the expression of the nabob's dusky features changed. He gave a gasp, and fixed his dark eyes on the board in dismay. The captain of Greyfriars came over to the table, and glanced at the array of chessmen.

"Come, you'll never finish that game," he said, good-naturedly.

"The esteemed Wingate is mistakenly in error," said the nabob. "The game is already finishfully concluded. The honourable Wun Lung can finish in two."

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"My hat!" said Harry Wharton. "Has he beaten you, Inky?"

"He has beaten me lickfully."

"I don't see it," said Wingate, who was a chess-player himself. "Where's the move?"

Wun Lung smiled.

"Lookie takee pawnee," he murmured, "checkee. Kingee donee."

"The game is donefully finished," said the nabob, with a sigh. "I did not expectfully look for the lickful defeat. I shall try you againfully to-morrow, my worthy chum."

"Me likee muchee."

"Well, off you go to bed now" said the captain of Greyfriars.

"No savvy."

"You'd better savvy before I come to look for you again," said Wingate; and he went out.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh rose and swept the pieces into the box. Perfectly good-natured as he was, he felt a trifle on edge after his defeat, and would gladly have tackled the Celestial in another game. But bed-time at Greyfriars, for the juniors at least, was like the laws of the Medes and Persians. And there was no arguing with Wingate of the Sixth.

The Remove went up to bed. There was some whispering between Bulstrode, Levison, Trevor, and the rest of the rougher set in the Remove. Harry Wharton did not notice it, but Nugent, mindful of the sentence he had caught at the open window of the gym., guessed at once what was on.

"There's going to be trouble to-night, Harry," he said, in a low voice, as he sat on Harry Wharton's bed to take his boots off. Wharton looked at him quickly.

"In what way, Frank?"

"About the heathen." And Nugent explained. Harry Wharton's brow grew dark.

"There will be a row if they begin," he said briefly.

The juniors went to bed. It was evidently the intention of Bulstrode and his set to leave whatever they meant to do until after lights out.

Wingate came in, and found the Remove quietly in bed. Billy Bunter was already asleep. The fat junior was as good a sleeper as he was an eater. Wingate looked up and down the dormitory, and turned the light out.

"Good-night, kids!"

"Good-night, Wingate!"

The door closed. The Remove dormitory was dark and silent. A murmur of voices rose from the upper end of the long, lofty room. Bulstrode's tones could be distinguished above the others, though his words were only audible to those near him. Harry Wharton did not close his eyes. There was no sleep yet for him.

Five minutes elapsed, to make assurance doubly sure that the captain of the school was gone for good. Then there was a scratch, and a match flared out. A bicycle lantern was lighted, then another, and then several candle-ends. A flickering light spread through the Remove dormitory, and most of the fellows sat up in bed.

Bulstrode stepped out. He had kept on most of his under-clothing, and now he slipped on his trousers and a pair of slippers. The October nights were chilly. Trevor, Levison, Skinner, Crouch, and others followed him. Bulstrode, with one eye on Harry Wharton's bed, walked towards the bed of the unconscious Chinese boy. He laid his hands on the bedclothes, and dragged them off with a single jerk. Wun Lung started up with an exclamation in Chinese, and stared at the bully of the Remove.

"Out you come!" said Bulstrode.

"Don't move, Wun Lung," said Harry Wharton quietly. He sprang out of bed, and was upon the spot in a second. "Stand back, Bulstrode!"

Bulstrode looked at him furiously.

"It's no good, Wharton," he snarled. "You can't carry things with a high hand in the Greyfriars Remove. Every new boy goes through it, and this heathen can do it as well as others. You went through it yourself, and pretty stiff," he added, with a sneer.

"You shall not touch Wun Lung!"

"I shall touch him. I shall toss him in a blanket, and make him run the gauntlet, and souse him with cold water," said Bulstrode tauntingly.

"You will not!"

"Get out of it, Wharton!" said Trevor. "We're going to put him through it. Why shouldn't we?"

"Because he's a foreigner, because he's an inoffensive little chap," said Wharton. "He does not know our way. You don't know how much you might scare him."

"He'll have to chance that."

"Well, I can only repeat what I said before," said Harry Wharton. "The fellow who touches Wun Lung will have to walk over me first."

"It's a lot of trouble over nothing," said Levison, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I don't see why the heathen Chinese shouldn't go through it. But if Wharton makes such a point of it, I say let him alone."

"You can say what you like," said Bulstrode, between

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his teeth. "You have been sucking up to Wharton ever since the time he found you on the Black Pike. I'm going to put the Chinaman through it. Get out of the way, Wharton."

"No fightee," murmured the Chinese, taking hold of Wharton's arm, as the lad was about to raise his fist. "No fightee. Me not affaid."

Wharton looked at him curiously. Undressed, the Chinese boy did not look so helpless as his bland and childlike manner implied. His limbs, though diminutive, were hard as nails, the muscles like iron. It occurred to Wharton that Wun Lung's manner was deceiving, and that considerable strength dwelt within the slim frame. But against an opponent like Bulstrode the Chinese surely could have no chance. Bulstrode was bigger than Wharton in every way, and though Wharton had conquered him in fair fight, he was a powerful adversary, and another fight might easily end another way. A struggle between Wun Lung and Bulstrode would be like the war of the pigmies and giants.

"There you are!" exclaimed Trevor. "He's not afraid, he says. Let him go through it."

"Rats!" said Wharton. "He doesn't know what you mean."

"No affaid," said Wun Lung, in a murmur audible only to his champion. "Big fellow no hultee Wun Lung. Jiu-jitsu."

Wharton started. It had not occurred to him that the Chinese boy might be proficient in jiu-jitsu. Yet he was still unwilling to leave Wun Lung to the tender mercies of Bulstrode. He hesitated.

"All light," said Wun Lung, with a grin. "Lettee him tly takee me off bed, and you see. If he hultee me, you comee help. Savvy?"

"Very well," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Mind, I'll chip in the moment you want me."

"Allee light."

Wharton stepped aside. He sat on his own bed and looked on. The gleam of mischief in Wun Lung's eye gave him an idea that there was a surprise in store for the Remove bully, but he still had very strong misgivings. Still, he was ready to interfere as soon as his interference should be needed.

Bulstrode was astonished at the change of front on Wharton's part. Still, he was glad enough to avoid a personal encounter with the best athlete in the Remove. He swaggered towards Wun Lung, who was sitting on the edge of his bed in his pyjamas.

"Come off, you young rotter!" he grunted, seizing the Chinese boy by the shoulder, and giving him a powerful jerk.

Wun Lung came flying off the bed, and then he seemed to curl round Bulstrode like an eel. The bully's legs were swept off the floor, and he came down on his back with a crash that made the whole room ring. Wun Lung was sitting on his chest when he realised where he was, and he was pinned to the floor. The Removites gazed on in blank astonishment. It had been done so quickly that no one had been able to follow the heathen's motions with his eye; but they could all see Bulstrode lying on his back, and Wun Lung sitting on his chest.

"My hat!" gasped Levison. "My only summer hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "Is that how you like it done, Bulstrode?"

"The honourable Bulstrode seems surprisefully astonished."

The expression upon Bulstrode's face made the whole Remove roar. Had an earthquake suddenly happened in the Remove dormitory, Bulstrode could not have looked more amazed, more sick and dizzy. The back of his head had hit the hard floor in his fall, and his brain was buzzing like a hive of bees.

"I—I—I—lemme get up! Get off my chest!" he stammered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Drag him off, you fools!" yelled Bulstrode furiously.

Trevor and Crouch started forward. Wharton quickly stepped in the way.

"Fair play!" he said. "I should think Bulstrode's big enough to deal with a little chap like that without assistance."

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Levison. "Why don't you fling him off, Bulstrode?"

"Get off, you yellow imp!" roared the bully of the Remove.

Wun Lung smiled blandly. He had his weight on Bulstrode's chest, his knees on Bulstrode's elbows. His weight was not great, but it was sufficient to pin down the bully of the Remove. Bulstrode could not get rid of his diminutive assailant; he could not rise; he could only squirm and gasp, and his face was crimson with mortification. The whole Remove was laughing at the ridiculous sight.

"Let me get up!" he growled savagely.

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"Plomise," said Wun Lung sweetly—"plomise to let Wun Lung alone, and I lettee you lise."

"I—I won't!"

"Then you stay where you ale, I tinkee."

"Let me get up!"

"Lats!" said Wun Lung. His curious Chinese pronunciation, the changing of the "r's" into "l's," strangely transformed that familiar rejoinder; but there was no doubt as to what he meant. "Lats, my friend!"

"I—I promise," muttered Bulstrode, who would have given anything to get out of that absurd position. "It's all right."

"Allee light."

And Wun Lung sprang up like an india-rubber ball, and the bully of the Remove rose to his feet.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### The Terror of the Night!

**B**ULSTRODE stood panting—scarlet—his chest heaving. It seemed for a moment as if he would spring upon the Chinese boy and crush him. Wun Lung was sitting on the edge of his bed again, and the smile that was "child-like and bland" was playing over his features.

But the Remove bully restrained himself. He turned away with a sullen scowl, and went towards his own bed. And the intended raggers followed his example. Bulstrode had given up the idea, and his followers did not feel inclined to carry it out without him. In a few minutes they were all in bed again.

Harry Wharton patted the Chinese junior on the shoulder. "Good for you," he said. "I never thought it was in you."

"Me plactice," said Wun Lung. "The battle is not always to the strong. What you tinkee?"

"Quite right," laughed Wharton. "I think you can take care of yourself, anyway."

And he went back to bed. The candle-ends were blown out, and the Remove, after much muttered discussion of the curious development on the part of the Chinese boy, went to sleep, with one exception.

The exception was Bulstrode. He had given Wun Lung his promise to let him alone, and for very shame's sake he could not break it the next moment. But he was nursing his revenge. His bones, almost every bone in his body, ached from that tremendous bump on the floor. His head was still singing. He lay awake, and waited for the rest of the dormitory to sleep.

The buzz died away at last. Eleven rang out from the clock tower, and then half-past. Greyfriars was silent. The Remove dormitory was sound in slumber. Only Bulstrode, with his aching bones, lay awake and vengeful.

The bully of the Remove stepped out of bed. The night was very dark. There was no glimpse of the moon, and only the faintest glimmer of starlight in at the high windows in the bare, blue-washed walls.

There was a faint sound in the dormitory. Bulstrode heard it, but he attributed it to some sleeper stirring. In the darkness he could see nothing.

But he knew his way to the Chinese junior's bed. To seize the jug from the adjacent washstand, to invert it over the head of the sleeper, was his amiable intention. The shock and the drenching would sufficiently repay Wun Lung for that little exhibition of jiu-jitsu.

He groped his way along the dormitory, his bare feet making no sound.

He knew every inch of the great room, and he carefully avoided the beds, and anything else with which contact would have made a sound.

There was a faint sound in the darkness. It sounded like a stealthy footfall, and Bulstrode started for a moment, listening. He concluded that he must have been mistaken. It was impossible that there was another Remove out of bed beside himself.

He crept on towards the Chinese junior's bed.

Suddenly, in the dense gloom of the dormitory, a blacker shadow loomed up. In the darkness he was not aware of it for a moment. But he stopped, thrilling in every limb, his heart giving a sudden convulsive jump, as a sound of low, quick breathing caught his ears.

For the moment he was petrified with terror.

It was not another boy out of bed. The black shadow looming up before him in the dense darkness had the stature of a man.

Bulstrode started back, and in his terror he lost all caution, and his feet came heavily on the floor. There was a low, gasping sound from the black shadow, a sudden movement, and a hand reached out. Bulstrode felt the wind of it by his face as he dodged.

A loud and piercing shriek left Bulstrode's lips—a shriek

into which all the terror, all the wringing horror of that moment, found expression.

It ran through the dormitory with a thousand echoes.

There was a momentary mutter in the darkness, and a strong hand grasped Bulstrode, and he writhed in a powerful grasp.

"Silence!"

That single word, muttered in a strange tongue—English, but never spoken by English lips.

But Bulstrode was too convulsed by terror to heed.

He shrieked again, and struggled frantically, convulsively, and tore himself from the detaining grasp, and sprang away blindly in the darkness.

He collided with a bed, and fell to the floor, and, fearing every second that terrible grasp upon him again, he lay and shrieked almost in frenzy.

There was a quiet sound of a door softly closing.

"In Heaven's name, what is the matter?"

It was Wharton's voice.

The captain of the Remove was sitting up in bed, striving to pierce the darkness with his eyes, as he listened to Bulstrode's wild cries.

"What is it? Who is that shrieking?"

"Help, help!"

Wharton sprang out of bed. He seized a match-box and lighted a candle, and held it up, staring round him in the gloom. All the Removes were awake now—some sitting up in bed, some calling out, the more timid ones crouching under the bedclothes.

"Bulstrode!" cried Wharton, as the light of the candle fell upon the prostrate, quivering form of the bully of the Remove.

"What is the matter?" cried Bob Cherry.

He was out of bed and at Harry Wharton's side in a moment. Nugent and Hurrec Singh were quick to follow, and a dozen or more of the Remove tumbled out, grasping pillows, water-jugs, boots, anything they could lay hold of for weapons.

Harry Wharton stooped over Bulstrode and helped him up. Bulstrode's eyes were rolling, his face ashy white, his lips quivering and shaking as if with the palsy. The horrible fright in his face made Harry shiver. There had never been any love lost between these two. But that was all forgotten now. Harry threw his arm protectingly round the bully of the Remove, and Bulstrode, who seemed hardly able to stand, leaned heavily on his shoulder, gasping—gasps that were almost sobs.

The dormitory door opened, and Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came quickly in with a lamp in his hand. The Remove master had a poker in one hand, the lamp in the other. His face was very startled.

"Whatever is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Wharton, what is it?"

"I don't know, sir," said Wharton, completely mystified himself. "I was woke up by fearful shrieking, and I lighted a candle and found Bulstrode like this. Look at him, sir."

The Remove master came closer and threw the light upon Bulstrode's face. The deadly whiteness, the convulsive twitching of the features, made him start.

"Bulstrode! Calm yourself! What has happened?"

Bulstrode cast a fearful glance round the dormitory. The lights, the crowd round him, brought back some of his courage. He drew himself away from Harry Wharton's arm, but he was still trembling, and he had to grasp a bedstead for support.

"Is—is he gone?"

Mr. Quelch looked amazed, an expression that was reflected in every other face.

"What are you talking about, Bulstrode?" the Remove master demanded. "Is who gone?"

"He—it—My Heaven!"

"What has happened?"

"I—I don't know! It was a burglar, I suppose!" groaned Bulstrode. "But I came on him suddenly in the darkness. I—I thought my heart would stop beating."

"Do you mean to say that there was a burglar in the dormitory?"

"Yes, or—or somebody."

"I can see that you have had a great fright, Bulstrode, but I hardly think that there could have been a burglar," said Mr. Quelch quietly. "I have just come along the passage, and I have seen nothing of him. He cannot be here, either. Tell me exactly what occurred."

"I—I was coming along—just here—when I saw a kind of shadow, and then he took hold of me," muttered Bulstrode, through his trembling lips. "I shrieked."

"What were you doing out of bed at this time of night? Why should you have been coming along here when your bed is in the upper end of the dormitory?"

Bulstrode was silent.

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"Come, Bulstrode," said the Remove master, kindly enough. "You have had a bad dream, and it frightened you. To-morrow you will know it was all a dream."

"It was not, sir," stammered Bulstrode. "I was out of bed, and wide awake."

"Then why were you out of bed?"

"I—I was going to play a little joke on the Chinese," stammered Bulstrode.

Mr. Quelch's brow darkened, and so did Harry Wharton's. The latter, at least, had no doubt that the Remove bully was stating the facts now.

"You were going to play a trick upon a sleeping boy at this hour of the night, Bulstrode?" Mr. Quelch demanded, in a voice that made Bulstrode quake.

"It—it was only a joke, sir."

"And what kind of a joke, pray?"

"I—I was only going to throw some cold water over him, sir."

"And did you realise that such a sudden shock in the dark night might have an effect upon him equal to the fright you have yourself had?" demanded Mr. Quelch sternly.

"I—I didn't think of that, sir."

"You should have thought of it. You deserve the most severe punishment, and if you ever carry out your malignant intention, Bulstrode, you will be severely dealt with. I shall make it a point to keep myself informed. Now, about this person you imagine touched you. Are you quite certain, now that you are calmer, that there was anybody at all?"

"Quite certain, sir," said Bulstrode, with a shudder.

"I—I can feel his grip on me now."

"You did not see him?"

"Only a faint shadow. It seemed to loom up in the dark."

"It was probably a boy."

"It was too big for a boy, sir, and a boy could never have gripped me like that. It was the grip of a fellow stronger than myself, and I'm the strongest in the Remove."

Mr. Quelch looked round at the scared, excited faces of the Removites. The boys were casting uneasy glances into the shadows that lurked and flickered round the dormitory.

"Did anyone of you hear or see anything?" he asked.

There was a general shaking of heads.

"Was anyone awake before Bulstrode cried out?"

Another general negative.

"Might not the apparition have been a boy from a higher Form, coming here for a raid?" said Mr. Quelch, mindful of the rows between the Remove and the Upper Fourth, and turning to Bulstrode again.

Bulstrode shook his head firmly.

"It was a man, sir."

"Boys, you may search the dormitory while I remain here," said Mr. Quelch. "You will not sleep, I am sure, till a search has been made. Wharton, take two more with you and go and wake Wingate, and ask him to call the prefects to search the house for a burglar."

"Yes, sir."

Wharton, Cherry, and Nugent went to wake Wingate, taking a candle each to light their way. The Remove, under Mr. Quelch's eye, searched the dormitory from end to end. Every bed was carefully looked under. There were few other places where an intruder could possibly have found concealment, but every corner was ransacked.

It was all in vain. There was no trace of the burglar. If he was not a figment of Bulstrode's heated and terrified imagination, he had made good his escape.

The search over, the Removites felt easier in their minds. The three chums returned and announced that Wingate was up and calling the prefects.

"I will leave you now," said Mr. Quelch. "Keep your lights burning till I come back. The house will be thoroughly searched before I go back to bed. If there is a burglar we shall discover him, or, at least, evidence that he has left the house. None of you may stir from the dormitory."

And Mr. Quelch left the room.

The Removites were in a buzz of excited talk now. Even Billy Bunter was awake, and sitting up in bed now, and asking questions that no one took the trouble to answer.

Bulstrode was plied with questions from all sides, but he could only say what he had already said to Mr. Quelch. He had not seen his assailant, only a looming shadow, which he was certain was that of a man and not of a boy. He had been grasped, and had broken away. In the security of the light and the crowd Bulstrode began to be a little ashamed of the wild terror he had displayed. He had not, after all, been hurt. Many of the Removites were inclined to attribute the whole matter to an attack of nightmare, and Bunter asked Bulstrode what he had had for his supper. The answer to that question was a hurtling pillow, which flattened the inquirer down upon his bed, and put an end to further questioning upon his part.

The eager buzz of talk ceased as the dormitory door opened again, and the Remove master entered the room.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

### The Unknown.

THE Remove master's face was very grave. The juniors, as they looked at him, could see that there had been some discovery.

"Have you found him, sir?" broke out Bulstrode eagerly.

"No," said Mr. Quelch, "he has not been found. But it appears that the house has been entered by someone, and I must therefore regard your story as quite correct."

There was a buzz of quick-drawn breath among the juniors.

Bulstrode looked relieved. He had almost begun to believe himself that he had been misled by a disordered fancy.

"A window has been found unfastened," said the Remove master quietly. "It had been forced from the outside, and the scoundrel, whoever he was, has apparently effected his escape at the same point. Wingate and the other prefects are looking in the Close, but it is not likely that he will be found now. It is pretty clear that it was a house-breaker who frightened you here, Bulstrode, but there is no occasion for any further uneasiness. He must have come into the Remove dormitory by mistake, as there are few valuables here to tempt a thief."

Mr. Quelch turned to the door.

"You may go to sleep again quite securely," he said. "If you like, I will leave the light for the remainder of the night."

"Not for me, sir," said Bulstrode.

"Oh, no, sir," said Wharton quickly. "We're not afraid. Besides, the man is gone now."

"Very well," said Mr. Quelch. "Good-night, boys!"

"Good-night, sir!"

The Remove tumbled quickly into bed. The light was switched off, and the dormitory plunged once more into darkness. Bulstrode was shivering between the sheets. He guessed that he would be chipped by the others on the morrow if he had the light left on. But he would have liked it all the same. The darkness was full of terror to him—peopled with threatening shapes.

"Queer business," Bob Cherry remarked, as he settled his head on his pillow. "If any of us had run into the boulder, instead of that duffer Bulstrode, he might have been collared and laid by the heels."

"The ratherfulness is terrific," purred the sleepy voice of the nabob.

"I don't know," Wharton remarked. "It must have been a horrible shock for Bulstrode—though I can't say I'm very sorry for him. He was going to play a cowardly trick on Wun Lung."

There was a sound in the gloom, and Wharton started, as a shadow fell blacker beside his bed. But the next moment the soft voice of Wun Lung reassured him.

"No flaiddee," murmured the Celestial.

"Wun Lung! Why aren't you in bed?"

"Me flaiddee."

"It's all right, kid," said Harry, in a low, reassuring voice, "the burglar won't come back."

"You tinkee he bulglal?"

"Why, yes. What else could he have been?"

"Why he come to this dolmitoly?"

"Wandered in here by mistake, I suppose. He wouldn't know his way about the house, would he?"

"No, plaps not. Me flaiddee."

"What are you afraid of?"

The Chinese boy was silent. But Harry Wharton could hear his quick, nervous breathing in the darkness.

"Buck up, kiddy," murmured Bob Cherry drowsily. "There's nothing to be flaiddee of. Goteo into beddee, sleepee jolly quicke. Savvy?"

The Celestial did not move.

Harry Wharton touched him softly on the shoulder.

"Would you like to come into my bed, Wun Lung, for to-night?"

With a keen intuition he had guessed what was in the Chinese boy's mind.

There was a soft, grateful murmur from Wun Lung.

"Me likee muchee."

"There's room, then. Hop in!"

Harry Wharton made room for the Chinese junior in his bed. Wun Lung settled down there with a little purr of contentment like a kitten. In a few minutes more Harry was fast asleep.

But it was long before the eyes of the Chinese junior closed. Long, long the dark eyes were wide open, staring into the darkness. Had the Chinese boy a cause for fear, unknown to his comrades—some weight on his mind, some

deep uneasiness in his heart, that he could not explain to the English boys?

Harry Wharton did not think of it then. He thought of it afterwards. But the remainder of the night passed without alarm.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Bulstrode Catches It.

THE next morning there was only one topic at Greyfriars—the curious happening of the night. The fact that a window had been forced proved that the house had been entered, but otherwise there was no trace of the thief. Nothing had been taken, and no traces of him were discovered in the grounds. The police at Friardale were communicated with, and the inspector came over to the school. But he discovered little that was not already known.

He examined the forced window, and pronounced that it had been done by a clumsy hand—not at all that of a professional house-breaker. This circumstance suggested that some tramp had made the attempt at robbery. If so, the man had doubtless passed on his road after the failure, and there was but slight chance of identifying him. The inspector promised to do his best, and left. But everyone supposed that the matter was at an end. Tramps often passed by the road through Friardale, or camped in the Priory ruins in the wood. The man would not be likely to linger after his unsuccessful exploit. The chances were that he was already twenty miles away from Greyfriars. That was the general opinion.

In the midst of the almost endless discussion among the Removites, Wun Lung was silent. There was a shade upon the usually cheerful face of the Chinese boy, but he did not explain its cause. Wharton, who remembered his fear of the night before, thought that the matter was still weighing on his mind. It did not occur to him then that the Chinese junior might have a secret cause for uneasiness.

The "ragging" of Wun Lung seemed to have been quite given up, as far as the Form was concerned. Bulstrode retained some animosity, but the rest seemed inclined to let the "heathen" alone, save for some occasional chipping. Wun Lung, indeed, was so soft and gentle, that few could have disliked him, and his bland smile was very disarming.

Bulstrode had not forgotten, however. He had been chipped considerably on the subject of his fright. In the broad daylight it appeared rather ridiculous, even to himself. He rather unreasonably attributed it all to Wun Lung, who certainly had not wanted him to get out of bed that night. But Bulstrode was smarting, and he wanted to be "even" with somebody.

Wun Lung was placed next to Harry Wharton in the class-room. In spite of the peculiarity of his English, his education had been good for his years. His Chinese pronunciation was a national peculiarity he was never likely to lose, but otherwise he was on level terms with most of the fellows in the Remove. Sometimes, indeed, he did not understand plain English. But the fellows were beginning to suspect that that was only when he did not choose to understand it.

It was curious to hear the Chinese construing Latin. His Latin, so far as reading and writing went, was quite up to the Remove average, but when he was construing aloud his pronunciation had the effect of turning Virgil into a humorist.

The first time the Remove heard him on the *Æneid* there was a general chuckle.

Mr. Quelch, with some doubt in his mind, pointed to Wun Lung, who rose to construe, with a sweet, submissive smile. He proceeded in this wise:

"Tles notusce ableptasee in saxa latentiaee tolquetee—  
Saxa vocantee Italee, mediisee quae in flustibusee, Alas,  
Dolsun inmanee malee summo."

And a very audible smile swept through the Remove.

Mr. Quelch tried to keep his countenance; but it was of no use, he had to smile with his Form, and the smile became a laugh.

Wun Lung assumed an expression of innocent wonder. Apparently he did not know what was the cause of the merriment.

But a portentous frown from the Form master restored the gravity of the Remove, and the lessons proceeded.

Later, when Mr. Quelch was busy with the blackboard, Bulstrode leaned over from his desk towards the Chinese junior. He was sitting in the second row, just behind Wun Lung—having changed places with another fellow to get there. Harry Wharton happened to glance over his shoulder, and Bulstrode suddenly drew back.

Wharton looked at him sharply.

He knew that Bulstrode had been going to play some

trick upon Wun Lung, and that he had stopped him only in time.

The Remove bully gave him a defiant look.

"Better be careful!" muttered Wharton.

Bulstrode shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the little game?" murmured Levison, who was sitting next to the bully of the Remove.

Bulstrode grinned.

"Look!"

He had a pin in his hand—a long and sharp one.

Levison whistled inaudibly.

"I say, you'd better draw it mild," he muttered. "That chap would wake the house if you stuck that in him."

"I don't care. Who's to prove I did it?"

"Wharton would guess."

"He couldn't give me away. I'll make that young beggar jump!"

"Well, he'll jump if he gets that in his leg, and no mistake!" chuckled Levison.

Bulstrode waited for an opportunity. It came a little later. The master of the Upper Fourth, Mr. Capper, came to the Form-room door to speak to Mr. Quelch. While the Form master's back was turned Bulstrode leaned cautiously over the desk. Wharton, as it happened, was busy with his book, and had forgotten the previous incident.

Jab went the pin against the plump leg of Wun Lung.

The Chinese boy did not yell or jump. He gave a slight start, and turned his head, and looked Bulstrode in the face.

There was a bland smile upon his lips.

Bulstrode nearly fell over the desk. He gazed in blank amazement at the Chinese. He had stuck the sharp pin with all his force into the Celestial's leg, but apparently the "heathen" was insensible to pain.

"M-m-my word!" gasped Bulstrode.

He drew the pin away. It was red at the point.

Wun Lung smiled sweetly.

"No hultee muchee," he remarked. "Chinee leggee not softee likee you. Savvy?"

"M-m-my hat!"

Mr. Quelch looked quickly round as Mr. Capper departed. He saw the pin in Bulstrode's hand, and the look of helpless amazement on his face. He stepped quickly towards the class, a dark frown on his brow.

"Bulstrode!"

The bully of the Remove jumped, as the master rapped out his name.

"Ye-e-es, sir?"

"Give me that pin!"

"That—that pin, sir. What—what pin, sir?"

"The one you had in your hand a moment ago."

There was no trifling with Mr. Quelch. Bulstrode handed over the pin.

"You stuck this pin into Wun Lung, Bulstrode?"

"I—I—I—"

"Yes or no."

"Ye-es, sir," stammered Bulstrode.

"Did it hurt you, Wun Lung?"

"Not muchee, sir. Chinee not softee."

"Stand out before the class, Bulstrode."

The Oriental insensibility to pain had saved Wun Lung from being much hurt, but Bulstrode's action called for punishment, all the same. He stepped out reluctantly before the class. Mr. Quelch took up his pointer.

"Hold out your hand!"

Mr. Quelch rapped out the words.

Bulstrode gave a wriggle. The pointer was far more dreaded than the cane by the Removites. But there was no help for it. He held out one hand, and then the other, and had a cut on each that nearly doubled him up. His face went almost white with the pain.

"Now go back to your seat," said Mr. Quelch sternly, "and let that be a lesson to you not to play brutal tricks upon an unoffending boy."

Bulstrode went back to his place without a word. But there was fury in his breast, and the looks he gave the Chinese junior boded ill for that youth when Bulstrode's time should come.

When the class was dismissed, the chums of Study No. 1 hurried off at once to the football field. Wun Lung was following them when a savage grasp fell upon his shoulder.

"No, you don't!" said an unpleasant voice. And Bulstrode's strong grip dragged the Celestial into the shadow of the porch, where they could not be seen by the fellows in the Close.

Wun Lung looked at the bully of the Remove with a sweet smile.

"Likee talkee?" he asked. "Me happee talkee to Bulstrode."

Bulstrode smiled grimly.

"You won't be happy when I've finished with you!" he



"What ever is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, entering the dormitory with a poker in one hand and a lamp in the other. "Wharton, what is it?"

remarked. "It's no good looking round; Wharton isn't here now, you yellow-skinned rat!"

"No savvy."

"You got me into a row with Mr. Quelch, you young cad!"

"No savvy!"

"And now I'm going to make you sit up for it!"

"No sittee up. No savvy."

"I'll make you savvy!" grinned Bulstrode. "Take that—and that!"

The blows fell thick and fast on the Chinese junior. Suddenly Wun Lung seemed to curl like an eel round his bulky assailant, and Bulstrode felt himself going. He made a desperate effort to save himself, but quite in vain. The next moment he was lying on the cold stone, with an ache all over him, looking up at the arch of the old porch; and Wun Lung was strolling quietly down to the football field.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### Wun Lung Plays Football.

IT was a keen, clear October day. After morning lessons, most of the Remove had gone down to the football ground for practice. There was time for a good half-hour before the juniors' midday dinner. And Harry Wharton, the football captain of the Remove, had the responsibility of keeping the Form team up to the mark, and he did not spare them. A Form match with the Upper Fourth was shortly coming off, and after that there were two important fixtures close at hand—with Redclyffe and with St. Jim's. The Greyfriars juniors took football quite as seriously as their elders. And it was Harry Wharton's ambition to make the Remove team superior to that of the Upper Fourth—a difficult task in the nature of things, the higher Form, of course, consisting mainly of older and

bigger fellows. But Wharton hoped to "pull it off," and the Form match would bring the matter to a decisive test.

Wharton & Co. had hastily formed up a scratch match with six aside, to get to practice, and they were in the thick of it when Wun Lung arrived on the ground. The Chinese junior took a great interest in football. He had never seen the game till he came to England—and he had not been long in England. The rules of the game were a totally unknown quantity to him. He knew that the boys were struggling for the possession of a ball. That they fought under certain conditions he did not know. There are good old ladies in this country who have exactly the same view of football.

Nugent had come off the field, having had an accidental kick on the ankle which made him limp painfully. He was standing by the ropes with a coat round him, occasionally rubbing his ankle, when Wun Lung came up. Nugent usually made it a point to be very kind to the young Oriental, but just now he was watching the game keenly, and he did not see Wun Lung, and was not aware of his presence till he heard his soft, silky voice.

"Playee football, my friend?"

Nugent looked round with a grin.

"Yes," he said, "that's football."

"Why you not playee?"

"Knock on the ankle."

"Me savvy. You hurtlee?"

"A little bit. Have to be careful, you know, with the Form match coming off."

"How many playee?"

"There should be eleven aside," explained Nugent. "This is Association, you know." The Chinese junior nodded, though the explanation was so much Greek to him.

"But this is only a scratch match, for practice, and we've

knocked up six aside. I'm out of it, and there are only five with Wharton against six with Bob."

"Me savvy."

Wun Lung looked on earnestly. Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, Russell, Skinner, Hazeldene, and Levison were playing on one side, Harry Wharton, Trevor, Desmond, Rawlings, and Morgan on the other. Wharton was holding his ground. But the six were pressing the five hard, and Hazeldene, who was keeping goal for Bob Cherry, had come out from between the posts.

"You watch," said Nugent; "Harry will get the ball."

"He is tlying to get the ballee!"

"Of course."

"Whatee he do with it?"

Nugent laughed.

"He's got to shove it through the goal—those posts, you know."

"Why not thlough those postee behind him?"

"Ha, ha! That's his own goal. If it goes through there it counts a goal against him, you see, whoever puts it through."

"Me savvy. Why he not pickee up ball?"

"That's Rugby."

The reply left Wun Lung as wise as it found him. He watched the game earnestly, and his expression grew anxious as he saw Wharton being driven back goalward. The six were playing up well, and the struggle was now all on Wharton's side of the half-way line.

"Suppose me playee?" suggested Wun Lung.

Nugent gave a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! You'd make a ripping footballer! What you want is a thorough knowledge of the game, and I can see you have that!"

"Me playee in your place," said the Chinese. "Helpee Whalton. Me playee."

"You can't! Wharton's all right."

"Not allee lightee. Me helpee."

"Here, hold on, you young ass; come back!" bawled Nugent.

Wun Lung had hopped over the rope, and was making for the scene of action. Nugent's shout was in vain. The Chinese junior meant to help Wharton. With his fearful and wonderful ideas of the great game, his aid was likely to cause some trouble on the field. And it did!

"Come back!" bellowed Nugent. "Oh, my hat! Oh dear! You young villain! Come back!"

But Wun Lung paid no heed. He ran very swiftly, his pigtail streaming behind him. The ball had been kicked into touch on the side towards Wun Lung, and Wun Lung was "on the ball" in a twinkling. He stooped and seized the leather, and there was a yell from the footballers.

"Let that ball alone!"

"Keep off the grass!"

But Wun Lung did not heed. Claspings the muddy ball to his breast, he made a break for goal.

The players stopped still and stared at him in blank amazement. To see a Chinese playing Rugby on an Association ground was rather a novelty. Wun Lung had a good turn of speed. He went down the field like a Rugger three-quarter racing for goal. Hazeldene had advanced so far from his posts that he had no chance of stopping the Chinese, but he would not have been able to, anyway. He held his sides and roared, and the other footballers, passing from amazement to merriment, roared also. Bob Cherry threw himself on the ground and kicked up his heels in ecstacy. Harry Wharton roared, and the others roared, and everybody in sight of the football ground roared.

But Wun Lung paid no heed. He was on the ball! He raced on, right up to the goal, and slipped between the posts, and came down on his face with the ball under him.

Then he sat up and looked triumphantly round, having not the slightest doubt that he had scored a goal for his friend Wharton. He seemed surprised to see the whole field yelling hysterically.

"Goal!" shrieked Nugent. "Oh, my only aunt! Goal!"

"Goalee," chirped Wun Lung; "goalee!"

The players came up. Wharton held on to a goal-post, gasping. Wun Lung rose to his feet, the ball still in his hands.

"Me takee goalee," he said blandly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Wharton, with the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Why laffee? Me takee goalee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh dear!" murmured Bob Cherry, wiping his eyes. "Hand over that ball, and go and bury yourself somewhere!"

"Me takee goalee for Whalton."

"Ha, ha, ha! Are you going to count that goal Wharton?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No savvy," said Wun Lung. "Why laffee?"

"My dear kid, it would take too long to explain. But you don't play Rugby in Association games, and outsiders aren't allowed to join a football team at their own sweet will, and you don't play a ball in touch, and you had better go and eat coke, anyway. Hand over that ball and bunk!"

Wun Lung looked inquiringly at Harry Wharton.

"Me playee," he said. "Me likee football. Me takee more goalee."

Harry Wharton wiped his eyes.

"You'll have to learn the game first, kid," he said.

"Lucky for you this is only a practice match. If you interrupted a set match like that, you would get jumped on with both feet!"

"Why jumpee?"

"Oh, run along now, and I'll tell you later! Buzz off!"

"You not wishee me playee?"

"Ha, ha! Not till you've learned the difference between football and dominoes!"

"No savvy."

But Wun Lung gave up the ball, and trotted obediently off the field. He did not know why his goal was not acceptable to the person it had been taken for, but Wharton's word was law to him. The play was resumed, but the match was spoiled. Every now and then one of the players would burst into a shriek of laughter, which would be taken up by the rest. The sight of Wun Lung gravely watching the game overcame the juniors whenever they caught sight of him. They went off the field at last, still chuckling.

"Who winee?" asked Wun Lung, as he joined Harry Wharton. The captain of the Remove had the ball under his arm, and he looked very red and muddy and healthy.

"Nobody," said Wharton, laughing; "no goals on either side."

"But me takee one goalee for you!"

"I'm afraid that wouldn't be allowed to count," said Wharton, laughing.

The Chinese junior looked puzzled.

"No savvy."

"I'll tell you what, Wun Lung," said Wharton; "if you like to take up the game, I'll take you in hand and give you some instruction, and see whether I can make a footballer of you. You were very funny just now, but I noticed you could get over the ground!"

The Chinese junior's eyes sparkled eagerly.

"Me likee!" he said breathlessly. "Me likee playee! Me leearnee quicke!"

"Then it's settled."

"Wun Lung velly glateful."

"Oh, rats! That's all right."

And after dinner the Chinese chum had his first lesson in the grand old game.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### A Visit to Yen Hai.

"I'll walk down to the village with you, Harry," Bob Cherry remarked. Wharton shook his head.

"No, Bob. You get to practice. I'll run down alone—or, rather, I'll take Wun Lung with me. He ought to be shown round a bit."

"Right you are!"

The chums of the Remove, and most of the eleven, were soon at work on the junior ground, while Harry Wharton looked round for Wun Lung. He found the Chinese boy sitting under an elm, reading a curious-looking written volume in Chinese characters. He looked up with a smile as Wharton stopped, and rose to his feet.

"Like a walk to the village?" asked Wharton. "I am going there. You haven't been through Friardale yet, I believe."

"Velly tlee. Me likee come."

"Come along, thon."

Wun Lung fetched his cap, and they walked down to the gates. Some curious glances followed them. Hurree Singh, the other Oriental at Greyfriars, dressed in ordinary European garb, but his dusky complexion often drew personal remarks from thoughtless boys outside Greyfriars. What effect the garb of a Chinaman, to say nothing of the pigtail was likely to have upon the youth of Friardale, was a question that occurred to a good many minds. Wharton did not seem to care much.

They strolled down the lane. Wun Lung had to trot a little to keep pace with Wharton's strides. Harry noticed it presently, and slackened his pace. They entered the village, and passed down the old-fashioned High Street. In the little old shops the chief article displayed was fireworks, for it was nearly the end of October, and in a couple of weeks came November 5th. It was rather unfortunate for Wun Lung. For half a dozen little urchins immediately spotted him, and set up a yell.

"Ere's another guy!"

Wharton gritted his teeth angrily. But the Chinese boy

smiled blandly, and seemed quite impervious to the remarks of the village youths.

"When did yer get orf the tea-caddy?" demanded one youth.

"Here be another guy!"

"Rah, rah! 'Nother guy!"

The Removites marched straight on. Their way lay past the Red Cow, an old-fashioned hostelry lying back from the road, with a long garden behind it stretching away to the fields. On the balcony, covered with creepers that were turning brown in the autumn, a little old man sat, and as Wun Lung's glance fell upon him, he gave a start. Harry glanced round, and recognised Yen Hai, the mandarin.

The old Chinaman saw them, and his eyes scintillated. He gave no other sign of having observed them, however, and went on smoking his pipe stolidly. Wun Lung made a timid sign of recognition, which passed unacknowledged. There was a cloud on the face of the Chinese junior as they walked on now. He coloured a little as his eye met Wharton's.

"My uncle bad fiends now," he explained. "He not likee me comee to this countly. He old Chinaman—not likee foleign devil."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Then why is he here?"

"He comee tly makee me go backee."

"Oh, I see!"

"My fathel dead," said Wun Lung simply. "He speakee English—likee English—likee me dealuee English and be English. He leavee me in cholge of Majol Newcome to bling to England. My uncle not likee. If I in China, he have contol of me. Me savvy. Me not go backee, not till me glown up."

"I see."

Wharton understood clearly enough the difference between the Chinaman of the generation that was going out, and the Chinaman of the generation that was coming in. He had read of the Young China party, who wished to wake up their country on Japanese lines. He could understand the prejudices of the old mandarin, his horror of his nephew living and receiving his education in the midst of the "foreign devils." The old fellow must have had his good points. It was no light thing to undertake a journey half round the globe for the sake of the boy whom he supposed to be learning to forsake and despise the ways of his fathers.

They entered Crump's shop, and Harry found that the new football which he had ordered was ready, and paid for it. A dozen or more urchins followed Wun Lung when he came out, and they walked towards Greyfriars again. Wharton's brows knitted angrily. He was greatly inclined to charge into the crowd and knock them flying right and left. Wun Lung probably read his thoughts in his face, for he laid his hand gently on Harry's sleeve.

"Not gettee angly," he said. "Wun Lung no cale."

"The young rascals—"

"Allee lightee."

As they passed the Red Cow again, Wun Lung hesitated, and glanced at Wharton. The figure of the old Chinaman had disappeared from the balcony.

"You'd like to go in and speak to your uncle," said Wharton, guessing Wun Lung's thought.

"Will you come?"

"Would you like me to come with you?"

"Me feel mole safer."

"More safe? You don't flink the old gentleman would hurt you, do you, Wun Lung?"

"Me no savvy. Me likee you come."

"I'll come, with pleasure."

The host of the Red Cow, a white-whiskered, red-faced old fellow, grinned genially at Wun Lung when they entered.

"You want to see your dad?" he asked.

"Me wantee see uncle."

"Oh, uncle, is it? You'll have to go round by the garden, then. He's a queer old gentleman, he is. He's locked up his door in the house, and always goes into his room from the garden. That's the way you'll have to go."

The juniors went down the path beside the inn into the long, wide garden, sheltered by old trees. At the bottom of the garden a path through an orchard led down to the banks of the Sark. At the back of the house a flight of wooden steps led to a small verandah, upon which a door opened. In the doorway the old Chinaman was sitting. He was smoking a long pipe, as when the boys had seen him last, and did not observe them. Wun Lung ascended the steps. The old Chinaman caught sight of him then, and laid down the pipe. He turned towards the Chinese junior with his old wizened, yellow face strangely lighting up.

Harry Wharton did not understand a word of the sentences he began to utter volubly, but he guessed the thought that was in the old mandarin's mind. He fancied that Wun Lung had changed his mind, and had come back to him.

The Chinese boy looked sad and troubled.

He waited for the old man to cease, and then shook his head, and spoke in a low voice.

The expression of the old parchment face changed.

The mandarin made a furious gesture, and sat down again and took up his pipe. Wun Lung went on, in a pleading voice, but a second savage gesture, more decided than the first stopped him. He slowly descended the wooden steps, and rejoined Wharton, who was waiting for him below.

"Comee long," he said briefly.

His face was shadowed as he walked homeward beside Wharton. They were nearly at the gates of Greyfriars before Wun Lung spoke.

"Me tly makee fiend," he said. "No goodce. Yen Hai nevel folgive me; he tinkee me go back to China, or he culse me; he no savvy."

"His curses won't hurt you, Wun Lung," said Harry. "Try not to think about it. He may come to a more sensible frame of mind in time."

Wun Lung nodded, but the shadow did not leave his face.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### The Fat Junior's New Scheme.

"I SAY, you fellows—"

Thus Billy Bunter, greeting Wharton and Wun Lung, as they came in. There was a discontented look upon Billy Bunter's fat face.

"Tea ready?" asked Harry, laughing.

"No," said Bunter, blinking through his glasses, "tea isn't ready. Blessed if I know how you expect me to get tea ready when there isn't anything for tea. I was thinking—"

"Thinking how to get it ready?"

"Yes, in a way. Wun Lung is a new kid in the Remove—"

"What about that?"

"Don't you think his coming here ought to be celebrated by a bit of a feed?"

"Certainly. No objection to your standing a feed."

"Oh, don't be funny! Wun Lung will have to stand it, of course."

"Oh, shut up, you greedy young cormorant! I believe you'd cadge with your last breath!" exclaimed Wharton, in disgust.

"Oh, really Wharton! I was thinking that Wun Lung could stand a feed in our study if he liked, and come to it himself. He couldn't have one in his own study without a lot of greedy chaps wanting to wire in, too. Blessed if I know what you're giggling at. But if you don't like the idea, I was thinking you might advance me something off my—"

"Oh, draw it mild with the postal order!"

"I wasn't going to speak of the postal order. I am going to have a pound a week shortly, and I could pay up everything out of that."

Harry Wharton stared at the fat junior.

"Where are you going to get a pound a week from? Off your rocker?"

"Certainly not. It's only for thirteen weeks, but it will mount up. I shall get quite clear of all my old outstanding accounts, and start fresh with some capital in hand. Then I shall be able to fully square up the ten bob you lend me now."

"But where are you going to get a pound a week for thirteen weeks from?" demanded Harry, in amazement.

"It's the prize, you know, in 'The Gem' Football Competition."

"You utter ass!"

"I don't see why you want to call me names. It's a genuine and really intelligent sort of competition and the editor says plainly that the prize will be given for the correct names of the footballers. As I am practically certain of being right in every instance, I don't see how I can possibly fail to rope in the pound a week. You see, when a fellow of my brain starts on a thing, something is bound to happen."

"If the answers you send in are like those you've shown me, Billy, I'm afraid somebody else will get the pound a week."

"Well, you're not much of a judge, you know. About that ten bob—"

"What ten bob?"

"The ten shillings you were going to lend me."

"But I'm not going to lend you ten shillings. I haven't it, as a matter of fact."

"I don't mind making it five. You can have it back out of my next postal order, or out of the prize in 'The Gem' Competition, whichever you like."

"Rats!" said Wharton cheerfully. And he gave the Owl a gentle push, which sent him rolling to the ground. Harry walked on, and went to look for Nugent.

"Hallo, Skinner!" said Billy, groping about for his spectacles. "Help me find my glasses!"

"It's not Skinner," chuckled Bob Cherry, grinning at the perspiring and dishevelled Owl of the Remove. "What have you been up to? Dusting up the floor with yourself?"

"I think you might give a fellow a hand up, Bob Cherry, instead of standing there grinning like a Cheshire cheese—I mean a Cheshire cat. Ow! Don't jerk me so suddenly, you beast; you shake up all my nerves."

"What do you mean, by amusing yourself rolling about a dusty floor?" said Bob severely. "Think of your clothes."

"You ass! I wasn't amusing myself. I—"

"And I want you to come and do some cooking."

Bunter's face lighted up at once.

"Certainly, Cherry. I'll be very pleased. Who's standing the feed?"

"Nugent's had a remittance. Will you come, Wun Lung?"

"Me likee muchee."

"I don't see the use of having the heathen there," objected Billy Bunter.

"No use in having you there, for that matter," said Bob cheerfully.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Are you going to cut off and do the cooking, or not?"

"Oh, certainly!"

And Billy Bunter cut off.

### THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

#### Missing at Midnight.

**B**OOM! A single stroke from the clock tower.

Harry Wharton awoke. He hardly knew what made him wake. He lay in the darkness, wondering. It might have been the boom of the clock, sounding through the dim night, or was it some sound in the dormitory?

The room was very dark. As he lay there, wide awake, every sense on the alert, it was only natural that the scare of the preceding night should flash into his mind—that he should remember the unknown, the unseen and undiscovered visitant who had entered the Remove dormitory in the small hours of the night.

He lay and listened. The single boom was followed by a deathly silence. It was one o'clock in the morning. Greyfriars slept!

Wharton gave a sudden start, and sat up in bed.

A slight sound had caught his ear—a sound from below. What it was he did not know; it was simply a slight sound that made itself audible in the stillness of the night. The night was calm; on windy nights Greyfriars was full of sounds. But now it was still. And that dim, faint sound from the distance jarred on Harry's tense nerves with the shock of a sudden blow.

At the same time, he became aware of a strange and pungent odour in the dormitory. It seemed to proceed from the bed next to him—the bed where Wun Lung slept. It was a faint, lingering perfume, and it seemed to Harry Wharton that his senses grew heavier as he sniffed it. It needed no more to tell him that it was a drug. If it was not chloroform, it was something like it.

The boy, with every nerve quivering, sprang out of bed. He knew where to find a matchbox. He struck a match, and held it high in the air, his heart beating hard, half expecting to see in the darkness of the dormitory the mysterious form that had stricken Bulstrode with terror the night before.

He saw nothing. The match burnt down to his fingers. Nothing! But even as it expired a cry left Harry's lips. His glance had fallen on the Chinese boy's bed. It was empty!

He struck another match with a quivering hand. It was no mistake, Wun Lung's bed was empty. The Chinese boy was gone!

"Frank! Bob! Inky! Wake up!"

Harry Wharton's voice rang through the Remove dormitory. A dozen fellows started out of their sleep. Wharton found a candle and lighted it.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the matter?" demanded Bob Cherry's sleepy voice.

"There's something wrong."

"Eh? What is it?"

"Wun Lung's gone."

"What!"

Bob Cherry sprang out of bed. Nugent and Hurree Singh, Desmond and Hazeldene, were up a moment later. They gazed at Wun Lung's bed in amazement.

"I heard something," said Harry Wharton hurriedly. "I don't know what. Wun Lung is gone. Someone has been here."

"But—but he may have gone of his own accord."

"Why? I heard a noise downstairs, and sniff his pillow. Do you smell that? It is chloroform."

"Good heavens!"

Wharton was dressing hastily. He stayed only to put on trousers and boots, the latter unlaced. He hastily buttoned a brace, and caught up the candle.

"Come on, kids! Something's awfully wrong. I don't know what it is, but—"

He opened the dormitory door. The candle flickered in the windy passage. Bob Cherry was lighting a bicycle lantern. There was a faint sound from below.

Careless of the fact that he was unarmed, Wharton ran down the stairs. The candle was blown out, but he did not stop. He knew whence the sound came. It was from the window in the hall, the same window where the intruder of the previous night had entered—the window that had been found forced in the morning.

Wharton reached the window. A glimmer of starlight met his eye, a cold breath of the night air fanned his face. He knew that the window was open before he reached it. It was open. It had been forced again, and it swung open on its hinges. Someone had been in the house, but now was gone. Was Wun Lung gone with him?

Harry Wharton clambered upon the window. Bob Cherry came hurrying up with the lantern. Nugent had a stick in his hand, Hurree Singh a cricket-stump.

"Has he gone out?" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Yes, and Wun Lung with him. Come on, we may catch them in the Close."

"We're after you!"

The chums of the Remove were in the open air in a few seconds. They left an excited house behind them. The alarm had spread from the Remove dormitory. The other fellows were awake, doors were opening, voices shouting inquiries. Wharton and his comrades did not hear or heed. They ran through the Close towards the gates. The moon was showing over the clock tower, and there was a dim light in the Close. But there was no sign of Wun Lung or his kidnapper.

The juniors halted at the gates.

"They're gone!" said Wharton, between his teeth.

"Hark!" cried Nugent.

There was a sound of wheels on the road. The sound passed the gate, and died away in the direction of the village. Wharton set his teeth.

"Wun Lung is in that trap," he said quietly.

"But—but who—what—"

"I think I can guess." Wharton's brows were darkly knitted. "You remember what happened last night—the man who broke in—"

"The burglar!"

"He was no burglar. He came to the Remove dormitory—"

"Great Scott! You think he came for Wun Lung?"

"Yes. Bulstrode unintentionally saved the Chinese. What has happened to-night was intended for last night."

"My hat, I think you're right!"

"The rightfulness is terrific."

"You see," went on Wharton hurriedly, "it was no thief. The man of last night was the man of to-night. Thinking it was a burglar, we never dreamed he would come again. If we had guessed it was a kidnapper we should have been on our guard."

"But who—who—"

"I think I know. I think little Wun Lung had a suspicion himself last night, in the light of what has happened. He was so scared, I let him stay in my bed. I couldn't understand it then."

"Why couldn't he speak out?"

"He was not sure, and I think he shrank from giving his uncle away."

"His uncle?"

"No other," said Wharton decisively. "It was Yen Hai who came here to-night. You remember what Wun Lung told us—the old man came here to persuade him to cut Greyfriars, and go back to China? He wouldn't, and you remember the fury Yen Hai was in?"

"Yes, rather!"

"It looks to me as if he had taken the law into his own hands, and I believe now that Wun Lung feared it all along, and would not speak."

"But how could he find his way here, into our dorm—"

"My dear chap, it's easy enough to get a plan of Greyfriars. You can get one in the County Guide. Yen Hai is up to an easy dodge like that."

"It looks as if you've hit it, Harry. Shall we go and tell Mr. Quelch? The place is all awake now; Quelch will be up."

"No. There's not a moment to lose. We don't know what that crazy old Chinaman may do. Come!"

"Where are you going?"

"To the Red Cow, in the village."

"Good!"

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They wasted no more time in words. Wharton's chums believed that he was right in his surmise; but, right or wrong, it was the only clue they had, and they were ready to follow it up.

The night was fine, though cold. Half-dressed as they were, the four Removites clambered over the wall, and broke into a swift run along the lane to Friardale. The lantern was left behind. The moon was coming up higher over the grey old buildings, and her light glimmered in the lane.

The chums of the Remove ran hard, without a halt. The steady practice of the football field stood them in good stead now.

Through the glimmering night, through the dark shadows of the trees across the lane, they ran, with light, pattering footsteps, in the dead silence.

Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed as he caught a faint sound ahead—the distant sound of wheels on a rutty road.

The pursuers were not far behind the pursued. The sound died away, and at length, panting for breath, the Removites arrived at the gate which gave admittance to the path beside the old inn. The windows of the Red Cow were quite dark. All within the building were sleeping, but in the yard Harry Wharton discerned a trap, with the horse still between the shafts, tethered to a post. There was a sound in the stillness behind the inn.

"Look out now," muttered Harry. "Don't hurt him if you can help it—he's an old man."

"Right-ho! Lead on, old son!" murmured Bob Cherry.

"The eagerness for the esteemed combat is terrific!"

"Quiet now; don't give the alarm. We're not certain yet."

They were pretty certain, however. They crept in silence down the path beside the inn, and turned into the old shaded garden. Lights gleamed from the window of the room where Harry and Wun Lung had visited the old Chinaman in the afternoon. Harry had told his chums of that visit, and they understood—if Wun Lung was in the power of his uncle, he was there. Wharton placed his finger on his lips, and softly ascended the wooden steps. In spite of his care, the old, dry wood creaked a little. The others followed him as quietly as they could.

The door leading from the little verandah into the room was partly open, and a bar of light fell upon the gloom without. It was clear that the old Chinaman had but just gone in. But it was to the window that Harry Wharton hastily moved. There he could look into the room, and as he looked in his teeth came together with a sharp click.

Yen Hai was standing by the table, breathing heavily, spent by a great exertion. On the table lay a form wrapped in a blanket, evidently just as it had been lifted from a bed. The face, pale and set, was visible. It was the face of Wun Lung!

Even as Harry Wharton looked in upon him, Wun Lung stirred and woke.

## THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

### Exit the Mandarin.

**W**UN LUNG sat up on the table. The blanket fell aside, and showed the diminutive Chinese in his blue silken pyjamas. His almond eyes opened wide, and stared about him. They fell upon the wizened, gnome-like face of the old Chinaman, and he trembled.

"Yen Hai!"

The old man nodded grimly.

Wun Lung slipped from the table. His head was swimming, and he held on to the table for support. Yen Hai, with a quick, tigerish movement, placed himself between the boy and the door on the verandah. The other door of the room was locked, and the key was removed.

Wun Lung began to speak. He spoke in Chinese, and the chums of the Remove heard the murmur of his voice without understanding a word. The old man pointed to a pad lying on the table, from which a pungent scent still came. It was a mute explanation. Then he interrupted the boy, speaking harshly in Chinese. Wun Lung shook his head. An expression of ironic grimace came over the wizened face. The lean hand of the old Chinaman pointed to the chloroform rag again.

Harry Wharton could guess what it all meant. If the Chinese junior did not go quietly with his uncle, he was to be drugged again, and carried off insensible. The lean finger pointed to a large packing-case in a corner of the room, and Wun Lung evidently understood. He cast a hunted look towards the door.

Wharton looked round for his chums. They were close behind him.

"Are you ready?" he muttered.

"Yes, rather!"

"Collar him, but don't hit him if it can be helped."

Harry Wharton stepped to the door and pushed it open.

Yen Hai gave a violent start, and stared in blank amazement at the chums of the Remove as they sprang into the room. Wun Lung gave a cry of joy.

"Look out!" yelled Bob Cherry.

The lean hand of the old Chinaman was fumbling under his loose coat. Bob Cherry guessed what that action meant, and he hurled himself upon the mandarin. Wharton gripped him at the same moment. The lean hand came out, with something in it that flashed in the lamplight, but in a second Hurree Singh had wrenched it away, and flung it through the open door. There was a clink of steel on the wood without.

The old man struggled, his face convulsed with fury. His strength was wonderful for a man of his age, but a couple of the sturdy Removites were enough to hold him. He was pinioned, and Nugent, tearing the table-cover into two strips, tied his skinny wrists behind his back with it. Then the old man's resistance ceased.

Wun Lung was almost crying with joy and relief. He flung his arms round Wharton's neck and hugged him, but when his glance turned on his uncle his look grew troubled.

"I fancy the police-station is about the proper place for this amiable old gentleman," Nugent remarked.

"He is my uncle," said Wun Lung, in a low voice.

"Well, old chap, he can't be allowed loose after this."

"You won't be safe, Wun Lung," said Harry Wharton gravely. "It's not safe for you to let Yen Hai go after what he has done."

"I will speak to him," said Wun Lung. "He shall promise me to leave the countess, and if he makes a promise he will keep it."

Wharton looked at the sullen face of the old Chinaman, and hesitated. Wun Lung laid a pleading hand on his arm.

"Lettee him goee," he murmured. "Wun Lung velly glateful."

Harry Wharton nodded.

"Have your way, old chap."

Wun Lung began to speak to the mandarin in Chinese. And now the boy's voice took on a stern tone, and it was the mandarin's turn to tremble. English laws and English prisons were an unknown terror to the old Chinaman. It is quite probable that he pictured to himself the tortures he was accustomed to in his own delightful country. He was pale and shaking, and he nodded his head eagerly as the junior proceeded. When he spoke, it was in a low and broken voice. Wun Lung turned to his chums.

"He has promised to leave England by the next boat to Canton, and to keep away from Gleyfials till then," he said. "He will keep his word."

"Good! Then let him be."

Wun Lung unfastened the old mandarin's bonds. He spoke to him in farewell, but the old man did not answer. They left him, and Wharton's last glance back fell upon him, still in the same position—silent, sullen, crushed.

The juniors borrowed the trap standing in the inn yard for the return to Greyfriars. Glad enough was Dr. Locke to see them again—glad were their friends, too. The Head's brow was stern when he saw them, but as Wharton explained it cleared, and when the junior had finished, Dr. Locke shook him warmly by the hand.

"I am sorry we had to bolt off without permission, sir," Harry concluded, "but I thought there was no time to lose."

"And you were doubtless quite right, Wharton," said the Head. "You are fully excused. I am glad, too, that anything like a scandal has been avoided. It is much better for that foolish old man to quietly leave the country than for the papers to be filled with the case, as would happen if he were sent to prison. If you can be assured that he will go, Wun Lung—"

"He never bleakee word," said the Celestial.

"Good! If he keeps his word, all will be well. I will give a hint to the inspector in Friardale to keep an eye on him till he goes, to make all sure. Now, my lads, you may go back to bed. I can only say that I thank you from my heart for what you have done."

And the Removites went back to bed very well satisfied with themselves.

The mandarin did keep his word. There was no need to watch him—at daylight Yen Hai left Friardale, and the train bore him to London, and, as he had undertaken, the next steamer to Canton carried the mandarin as a passenger.

And Wun Lung breathed more freely when he knew it.

The mandarin was gone—disappointed, but uninjured—and Wun Lung was satisfied. And, in spite of the perilous adventure of the night, the next day there was no more cheerful countenance in Greyfriars than that of the Chinese Chum.

(Another long, complete school tale of Greyfriars next Tuesday.)

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## 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. On their way to the scene of war the 25th are continually "sniped" at by rebels, and Tom, with an officer and four men, have a sharp, but decisive tussle with four Pathans. (Now go on with the story.)

## An Outpost Affair.

Before they left the little cup-shaped hollow in the ravine where the fallen Pathans lay, Tom had dismounted, and, seeing a bronze ring on the finger of one of the men he had slain, he drew it off and placed it on his own hand. It was covered with strange characters, which were Chinese to him, and, as he put his toe in the stirrup, the little thought that the time would come when these hieroglyphics would stand between him and a cruel death.

When they rejoined the squadron, Captain Vincent rode off to report to the colonel, the others resuming their places in the ranks, and the advance continued its way.

Tom Howard described the little adventure in a few brief words to Sergeant Clavering, and relapsed into grim silence. It was Bill Sloggett who had most to say about the matter, and many were the envious eyes turned upon the stained sabre, which Bill sheathed very reluctantly after it had been passed very surreptitiously from hand to hand.

"Ow did yer do it, Bill?" said Alf Sligo, as they rode knee to knee.

"Oh, it weren't nothin'!" said Bill contemptuously. "I jost give 'im a point, and it went through a soft place! But you should 'ave seen 'Oward! 'E took on two at once! Pointed at left, and cut over on his right side, and the 'ole thing done in a twinklin'! 'E's a perfect marvel, 'e is!"

Sligo sneered behind his chin-strap. He hated the corporal for a variety of reasons. First, because Tom had had to tell him off more than once; but chiefly because he had been paid to hate him—and well paid, too. A miserable, white-livered hooligan was Alf Sligo—one of those cowardly young brutes who act in gangs, and use the buckle-ends of their belts and kick their man when he is down, and, having detected the admiration which Sloggett evinced for the gentleman ranker, Sligo's hatred was increased thereby. In fact, he was beginning to lose something of his opinion of the redoubtable Bill Sloggett himself.

Then, about noon, they joined the Malakand Garrison, which had been hotly attacked, but which had managed to beat the enemy off and was now organising a relief expedi-

tion for the gallant fellows at Shakardara Fort. Major-General Sir Bindon Blood, who took over the command as soon as he arrived, approved of the arrangements which the brigadier had made, and gave orders that General Smither's cavalry should join the relief force.

The day was drawing on, and it was agreed that they should march at the first streak of dawn. There was heavy firing from the hills above the position, the enemy advancing boldly among the rocks and getting to within three hundred yards of the British piquets, while on the hills all round large numbers of tribesmen were seen clustering and mustering.

The 25th marched off to their bivouac at Gretna Green, where they found some squadrons of the Guides Cavalry and of the 11th Bengal Lancers, with a party of the 24th Punjab, the 45th Sikhs, and two hundred rifles of the infantry of the Guides, with some gunners and native engineers. Glad were the men to get out of their saddles after the long march in the fierce sun, and glad were the horses, too, when the reeking girths were slackened. There was little sleep that night in the bivouac on Gretna Green, for the enemy kept up a continuous firing, and the hills resounded with the echoes of jessails and matchlocks, and even Martinis—for a good many of our weapons find their way into the hands of the tribes through a variety of channels.

Tom was on piquet that night, and suddenly challenged as a figure came through the darkness. On nearer approach, it proved to be the Honourable Algy, who, in spite of considerable affectation, was really a very keen soldier, and had had his appetite whetted by his encounter of the morning.

"Anything to report, Howard?" he said, lighting a cigarette in the inside of his helmet, and leaning up against a boulder.

"Well, I don't know, sir, whether it's fancy or not, but I have an idea that a lot of the enemy are mustering on yonder hill. I have heard stones rolling down several times, and, if you listen, there is something very like a murmur of voices."

The Honourable Algy concealed the glowing end of his cigarette in the palm of his hand, and bent forward in the darkness. They had grown used to the firing now—which was too far off to do much damage, and seemed, after all, a useless waste of ammunition—and the two stood peering at the outline of a mass of rocks in front of Tom's post. There was no firing from that point, and, save for the echo of the sniping in the hills round about, there was silence. But Mr. Armstrong had not been there very long when he, too, heard the rattle of stones rolling down.

"There is certainly somebody moving over there, Howard," he said, in a low voice. "What's that dark object straight in front, between us and the hill?"

"I make it out to be a clump of boulders, sir," said Tom.

"Let's go forward and have a look at them," said the Hon. Algy, screwing in his eyeglass. "Are you game, corporal?"

"I am game for anything, sir," said Tom, with a little laugh. "Still, you don't want to expose yourself unnecessarily, and you run the risk of a shot if any of the beggars are over there."

"Never mind, if we reach those stones we shall get the outline of the hill against the sky. It is just possible that the beggars are mustering for a rush, and we don't want them running amok among our horse-lines. Come on!"

And, loosening his revolver in its case, the lieutenant

bent down and went forward in the darkness. Tom followed, carbine in hand, holding his sword in the other to prevent any clatter that might betray them. And fifty paces away they reached the ragged mass of black stones, dotted here and there with patches of scorched herbage. Behind lay the bivouac; in front the towering hills, still echoing to the reports of the snipers on the other side of the camp. Horses neighed in the bivouac lines and sentries challenged, and through Tom's veins there ran a quickening pulsation, born of the sense of novelty, not unmixed with danger, as they stole silently along beside the outpost.

Was it the wind rustling in the grass? Tom turned his ear sharply to the left.

"Heavens!" whispered the Hon. Algy, kneeling down on one knee. "That hill is swarming with them!"

And Tom, bending down beside him, got an outline of the hill against the sky, and saw that it bristled with the movement of turbaned heads and men creeping stealthily to and fro.

"Don't you think it would be as well, sir," he whispered, "to send word to the brigadier? I believe those beggars mean mischief."

The Hon. Algy's reply was lost, for Tom seized the officer by the shoulder and flung him unceremoniously to the ground, and the crack of his carbine drew a sharp echo from the hill in front of them. A gigantic Pathan, who had loomed up out of the grass within striking distance of the lieutenant, sank back with a gurgle, and the razor-edged tulwar, which would have ended the Hon. Algy's career in a flash of time, struck the rock with a musical ring. Tom's shot had anticipated a ragged volley from over the boulder not three strides away, and the volley was followed by a wild yell, as a score of figures leapt from their concealment and sprang upon them. Tom had no time to draw his sword, so he clubbed his carbine, and with a sudden sweep felled a tribesman, who seemed to have sprung up out of the ground.

"Get back, sir!" he cried, swinging his carbine with a crushing blow on top of the turbaned head.

"Get back, be hanged!" cried the Hon. Algy, firing six successive shots in as many seconds, while the alarm rose in the camp behind them.

Then, springing to the shelter of a huge rock, which kept off any attack from the rear, they stood side by side, facing tremendous odds. The Hon. Algy had drawn his sword, and the two blades swept and circled and pointed at the living mass of Pathan valour before them. Looking back afterwards, Tom's recollection was one of shadowy forms springing up from nowhere and vanishing as suddenly into the unknown, of low, guttural cries, and wild shouting, and then of a sudden a sharp cry from the Hon. Algy, who sank on to his knee.

"Are you hit, sir?" said Tom.

"Rather think I am," said the lieutenant. "Don't mind me—but those beggars are a long time coming."

And there was a ring of acute agony in his voice.

Tom felt him collapse against his own leg, and he set his teeth hard. His arm was aching with the weight of the heavy, badly-balanced sabre, but he continued to cleave the darkness in front of him with whistling circles of steel.

Then he found that the enemy had vanished as suddenly as they had appeared, and, bending down, he placed his left arm under the lieutenant's shoulder and raised him; but the Hon. Algy, having fainted with the intense pain of his wound, sank down again, a limp, inert mass. Kneeling down to try and ascertain the nature of his wound, Tom caught sight of a dark mass against the sky, and he saw half a dozen stealthy figures creeping forward from the cleft of the boulders.

"Why the thunder don't those chaps come?" he thought.

And, laying the lieutenant against the rock, he took up his position in front of him, and shouted a great

cry for help. It was answered by Bill Sloggett's well-known cat-call, and a hum of voices came from the direction of the camp. But simultaneously the Pathans rose to their feet, and rushed at the solitary figure which stood between his officer and death. Stooping swiftly down, Tom disengaged the sabre-knot from the lieutenant's wrist, and, doubly armed, delivered two swift thrusts, both of which went home, and then the welcome crack of Captain Vincent's revolver rang out, and Sloggett and Clavering and twenty more swept past the face of the boulder and fell upon the enemy, who retreated with wild yells back among the boulders and up the hillside.

In a few minutes the Hussars returned, and Captain Vincent came up to our hero. Tom was kneeling down now, fumbling with his canteen, which had somehow got mixed up with his sword-belt.

"Anybody hurt?" said the captain, peering down through the darkness.

"Yes, sir. I'm afraid Mr. Armstrong has got hit rather badly. He's fainted, anyhow."

And then they carried the wounded man back to the camp, still unconscious, and Tom, picking up the two swords, returned with them, giving a modest account of what had happened to Clavering as they went. The whole of the relief force at Gretna Green had stood to arms, but the enemy contented themselves with sniping, and after a while they turned in again to snatch some sleep before they marched to Shakardara.

"I'd given somethin' to 'ave been wiv you, 'Oward," said Bill Sloggett, examining the two sabres by the light of the lantern, and finding them sullied from point to hilt with Pathan gore.

"I shouldn't have minded if you'd been there, Bill," said our hero. "It was a great deal hotter than I care about, I can tell you. It was just as dark as pitch among those boulders, and they seemed to be all over the place at once."

Meanwhile, the Hon. Algy, returning to his senses under the attention of the surgeon, asked straightway for Corporal Howard.

"He saved my life," said the lieutenant. "I should have been cut to mince-meat. I should like to know how many of the beggars he killed. He's a perfect demon with the sabre, and he flatly refused to leave me, but he just went on cutting away like a man carving a ham. We shall have to do something for him, colonel. He's no end of a good chap!"

Colonel Greville smiled in his moustache, knowing what he knew.

"Yes," he said drily; "he's no end of a good chap, as you say, and we must do something for him."

The Hon. Algy had received a tulwar gash perilously close to the sciatic nerve, and, to his great regret, the relief of Shakardara was not for him.

"You may thank your stars, old man," said the doctor, "if you sit your horse in a month's time. Anyhow, you're going back to the base hospital now."

And the Hon. Algy said many bitter things, and the sympathies of all the men present were with him.

(To be continued.)

(Readers of this story, and all lovers of good fiction, should make a point of obtaining a copy of next week's "ANSWERS," on sale everywhere October 27. Price One Penny. It contains the opening chapters of a Great New Short Serial, entitled "GREED."

In order to avoid disappointment, copies of next week's "ANSWERS," should be ordered to-day.

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THE EDITOR.



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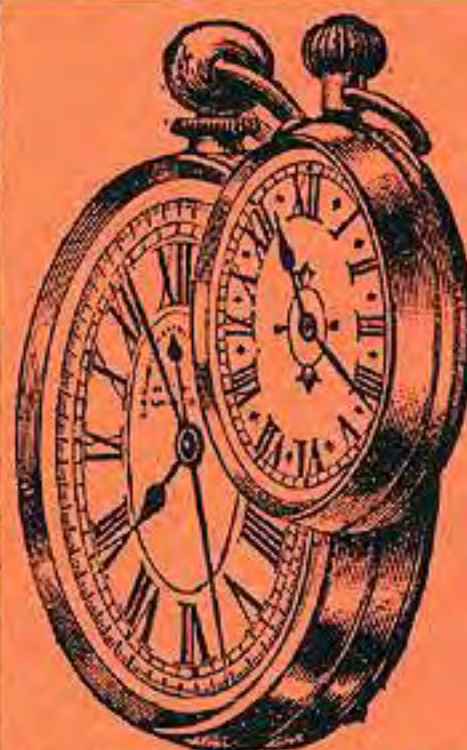
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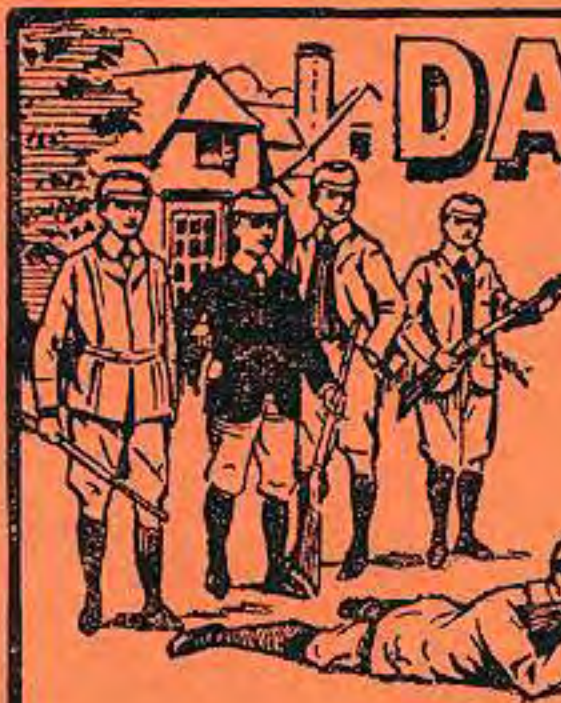
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