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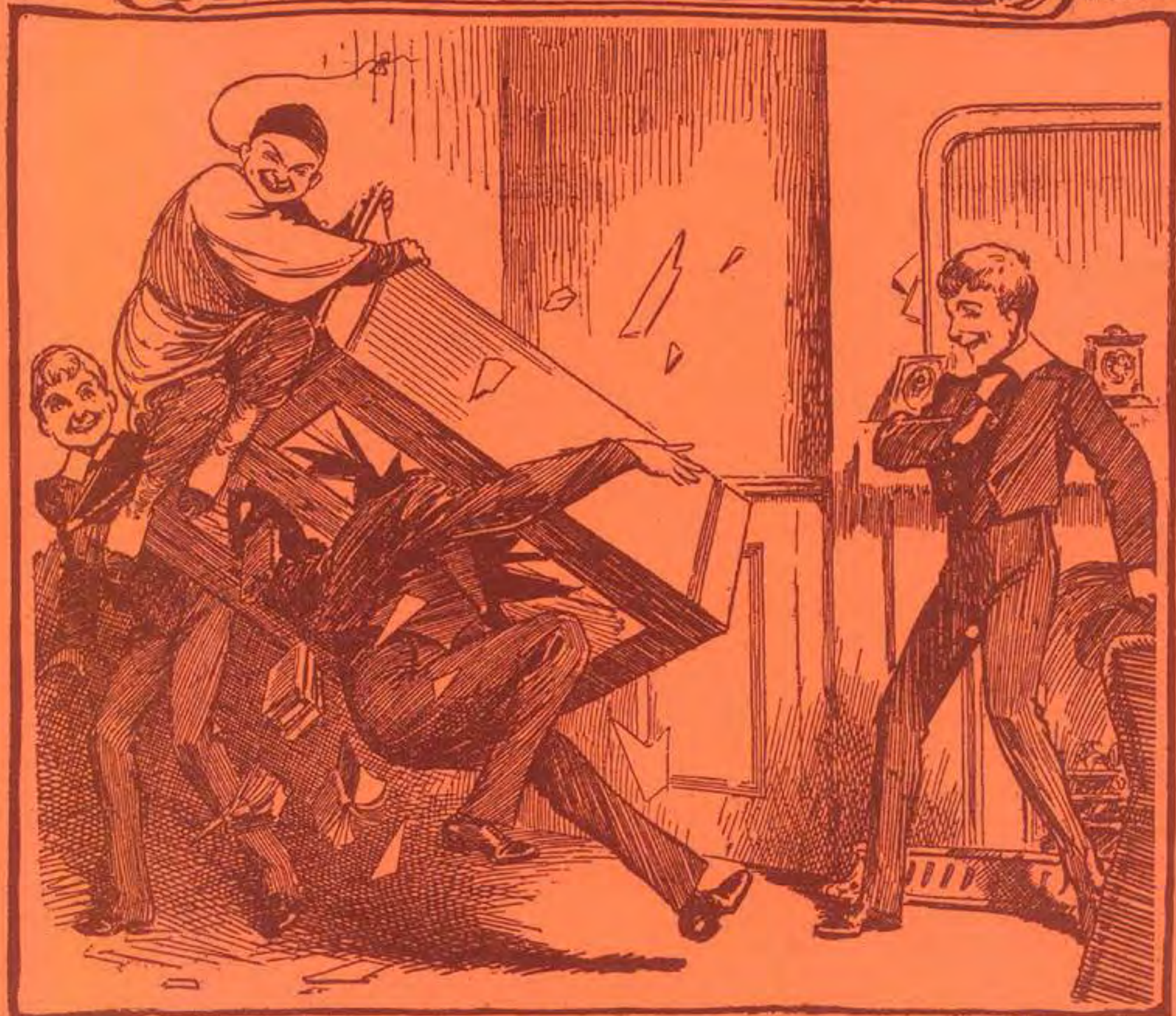
Vol. 2.

COMPLETE
STORY
FOR ALL

A TALE OF HARRY WHARTON & CO.

THE CHINESE CAPTAIN.

By
**FRANK
RICHARDS**



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The Chinese Captain



A Grand, Long,
Complete School Tale
of the
Boys of Greyfriars.
BY
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER. Captain Wun Lung.

HARRY WHARTON came into No. 1 Study, in the Remove passage at Greyfriars, in his travelling cap and coat, with a bag in his hand. Bob Cherry was there, sitting at the table, slowly and thoughtfully jabbing a pen into the cover of Nugent's new Latin grammar. The pen-nib was suffering considerably in the process, and the cover of Nugent's book was not improved. But Bob was thinking deeply, and he had no attention for trifles like that.

He did not notice Wharton come in till Harry dumped his heavy bag down on the table, and then Bob Cherry came out of his reverie with a start.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Is that you, Harry?"

"Yes," said Wharton, with a smile. "I'm just off. I've got to catch the six-thirty at Friardale. You seemed to be doing some deep thinking, Bob."

"I was," said Bob Cherry seriously. "I was thinking how affairs would go when you are gone, Harry. You're going to be away a week?"

"Yes."

"And Wun Lung is to be Form captain while you're away!" Wharton nodded.

He was somewhat troubled in his mind about it himself.

Harry Wharton was captain of the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form at Greyfriars. As Form captain, as President of the Sports Club, and as football skipper, he had very real duties to perform. The Remove captainship was no sinecure.

Harry had performed his duties well. He had been an energetic and a popular captain. Under his lead the Remove had formed a separate football team, instead of being content with two or three places in the Upper Fourth eleven. They had gone ahead, and were hoping to defeat the higher Form in the match that was to come off shortly.

Now Harry was called away from Greyfriars for a week. His place as head of the Form was to be taken by the vice-captain. But curiously enough, in the election held for vice-captain, Wun Lung, the Chinese, had scraped in on a small majority. There had been so many candidates that the votes had been very much split up, and twelve backers had been

sufficient to bring Wun Lung to the top of the poll. No. 1 Study had been rather in disfavour at the time, or Bob Cherry would have secured the captaincy. The fellows who had voted for Wun Lung had done so partly by way of a joke, partly as one "up against" No. 1 Study. When they came to think of it afterwards they rather regretted their action. But then it was too late! Wun Lung was vice-captain for the term, and during Wharton's absence the full authority of Form captain would fall to him.

The Chinese was a good-tempered, popular little fellow. But the mere idea of him as Form captain was absurd.

He had no idea of the gravity of the post, and he was as full of mischief as a monkey. Indeed, it was evidently in a spirit of mischief that he had put up for election at all.

But Harry Wharton did not see how it could be helped.

"You see, Bulstrode's next on the list, Bob," he remarked. "Bulstrode is a cad, and he would make a rotten captain. He has set himself against me, and he would do all he could to undo everything I have done. Wun Lung isn't much good as a skipper, but he won't do any harm that he can help. Bulstrode would do all that he could cram into the time. If Wun Lung were persuaded to resign, the captaincy would go to the next on the list, and the Remove would go further and fare worse."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"I suppose so—anything's better than Bulstrode. But I hear that Bulstrode's declared his intention of giving the vice-captain trouble as soon as you're gone."

"Yes, I expected that. You will have to back up Wun Lung."

"Look here, suppose you speak to him before you go—impress on him the importance of thinking over the matter, and of consulting this study before doing anything," suggested Bob Cherry. "He takes notice of what you say, you know."

"I don't know that it will be much good," said Wharton. "But I'll try, certainly. Where is Wun Lung now?"

"In Russell's study, I think."

"Come along, then."

Bob Cherry picked up his cap, and they walked down the Remove passage towards Russell's study, which the Chinese junior shared.

Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, met them at the corner, and he stopped to speak to Wharton. There was a smile on Wingate's rugged face.

"I hear you're going away for a week, Wharton," he said.

"That's right," said Harry.

"And you're leaving Wun Lung in your place?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate walked on, laughing; and the two juniors stared after him a little uneasily.

"Wingate seems to see something comical in it," said Bob Cherry. "I found Blundell and Bland of the Fifth cackling over it this afternoon. Everybody seems to expect that it will be funny."

They entered Russell's study. A little Chinese was curled up in the easy-chair there, his almond eyes blinking at the fire.

He turned his head as the juniors entered, and fixed his dark eyes on Harry Wharton.

It was a curious little face that the Celestial turned towards them—a quaint face, with a grave expression that contrasted curiously with the glimmer of fun in the eyes.

"I want to speak to you, Wun Lung," said Harry abruptly.

The little Chinese rose to his feet.

"You speak," he said. "Velly good."

"I'm just going to the station—"

"Wun Lung solly."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Thank you. But I want to speak to you about your new duties. You will be captain of the Remove while I'm gone."

"Me savvy."

"I'm rather anxious about you—"

"Me alleo light."

"Yes, but you may have trouble with the Form if you're not careful. Bulstrode will be up against you from the start, and so will Skinner and Stott and some of the other fellows. Now, I want you to listen to me."

"Me listen to anything Wharton say."

"Good! I want you to consult the fellows in my study before taking any important steps in any matter. In fact, you might as well dig in my study while I'm away."

The little Chinese nodded quickly.

"Me diggee in No. 1. Me savvy."

"And you'll consult Cherry and Nugent and Hurree Singh before acting in any matter of importance."

"Me consultee."

Wharton looked, and felt, relieved. He felt that he had done all he could, and the docility of the little Celestial was reassuring.

"Very good," he said. "I rely on that. And now, good-bye."

Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh walked down with Harry Wharton to the station. Harry spoke a last word from the carriage window.

"You'll back up Wun Lung," he said, "and help him all you can! He'll have a hard row to hoe as captain of the Remove."

"Yes, rather," said Bob Cherry emphatically. "If he consults us, and takes our advice, and follows us like a little lamb, we'll back him up for all we're worth. Seriously, though, we'll do our best to make things go."

"And let me know how you get on."

"Right-ho!"

And the train steamed away, and the chums of the Remove stood on the platform waving their caps after their departing Form captain.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Wun Lung Does Not Understand.

"WHARTON'S gone!"

It was Stott who made that announcement as he came into the common room. Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove, looked up eagerly.

"Gone! Sure?"

"Yes; gone to catch the six-thirty." Stott glanced at the clock. "He'll be in the train by now."

"Good," said Bulstrode.

It seemed to the Remove bully that a weight was lifted as soon as he knew that Wharton was gone.

His bullying proclivities had been kept very much in check by the captain of the Remove, and the smaller fags had had a wonderfully quiet time since Wharton had been Form captain in the Lower Fourth.

All that was to change now.

Richard was himself again, as Shakespeare puts it.

The incubus withdrawn, Bulstrode immediately blossomed forth once more into all his old self.

The old swagger, which had become subdued of late, returned to his manner, and his keen expression showed how ready he was to take advantage of his chance.

Wharton was to return in a week, but in a week many things might happen. Wharton might even find that the Remove no longer wanted him as captain if Bulstrode played his cards well.

"I'm jolly glad he's gone," said Bulstrode. "He was always an interfering puppy."

"You wouldn't say that if he could hear you," said Hazeldene.

Bulstrode turned round upon him at once.

Hazeldene had been his faithful follower and toady at one time, until he was taken up by No. 1 Study and considerably improved. But now that Wharton was gone, Bulstrode did not mean to take any "cheek" from his one-time follower.

"What's that?" he exclaimed.

"You heard what I said," said Hazeldene.

"Yes, I did, and now you hear what I say. For two pins I'd give you a licking on the spot. Wharton isn't here now. You'd better take care how you give me your lip."

"Oh, come off! Wharton will be back in a week, and if you begin your old tricks you'll jolly soon be sat upon."

Bulstrode did not reply in words.

He stepped towards Hazeldene and gave him a smack with his open hand that sounded like a pistol-shot.

Hazeldene reeled and sat down with a bump that jarred every bone in his body.

He sat there, staring stupidly up at the grinning bully.

"Have some more?" asked Bulstrode politely. "There's plenty more on tap."

"You—you beastly bully!"

"Get up, you worm!"

Hazeldene got up, and Bulstrode promptly knocked him

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ANOTHER COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE OF HARRY WHARTON & CO. NEXT TUESDAY.

down again. This time the junior elected to remain where he was.

"Well, do you want any more?"

"No, you beast!"

"Then take jolly good care, or you'll get it, whether you want it or not."

And Bulstrode strode away, accompanied by the awed and admiring Stott. A couple of little fags belonging to the Third Form were racing in the passage, and one of them bumped into Bulstrode.

He caught him a smack on the ear that sent him staggering.

The fag set up a tremendous howl.

"Get out of the way, then," said Bulstrode.

"Yah! Boo-hoo! I'll tell Wharton."

Bulstrode kicked him along the passage, and he vanished. The Remove bully marched on in a sort of triumphal progress, and arrived at the door of Russell's study in the Remove passage.

He kicked the door open, and Russell, who was at work, gave a yell.

"You ass! Look there!"

He pointed wrathfully with his pen to a group of blots that were ornamenting his exercise.

Bulstrode grunted.

"Oh, rats! Is that Chinese here?"

Wun Lung uncurred from the deep easy chair.

"Me here, Bulstrode."

"I've got a bone to pick with you," said the Remove bully, with a terrifying scowl. "Wharton's gone."

"Me savvy."

"There's been some rot about you being vice-captain of the Form," said Bulstrode.

"No savvy."

"Oh, you are giving up the idea, then?"

"No savvy."

"Look here, if you know what's good for you, you'll resign the place to me, and have done with it. We've had enough of your nonsense."

"No savvy."

"Look here!" roared Bulstrode. "I——"

"Me looker."

"We're not going to have a filthy heathen for Form captain."

"No savvy."

"Will you resign in my favour?"

"No savvy."

"I say——"

"Here, chuck it," exclaimed Russell. "How the dickens is a fellow to do his work with a wild animal roaring in his study? If you want to understudy a megaphone, go out in the passage."

"Shut up! Now, Wun Lung!"

"No savvy."

"Very well, then, I'll give you a jolly good hiding—and then—hold him!"

But Wun Lung had squirmed away like lightning, and the next moment he was looking down at Bulstrode from the top of the bookcase. The bookcase was a big, old-fashioned affair, in none too good a state of repair, and it rocked rather dangerously as the little Chinese took refuge on the top. From this coign of vantage Wun Lung's quaint little face looked down, a great deal like that of a scared monkey from a tree.

"Come down!" roared Bulstrode.

"Me quitee comfy."

"If you don't come down, I'll jolly soon shake you down," exclaimed Bulstrode, seizing the bookcase.

"Here, hold on," exclaimed Russell. "That bookcase is my property, and I'm not going to have it busted."

"You sit down," said Bulstrode, giving him a push on the chest that made him sit in his chair again quite suddenly. "Now, then, Wun Lung, are you coming down?"

"No savvy."

"I'll make you savvy," roared Bulstrode.

He shook the bookcase violently.

"Look out!" roared Stott.

But the warning came too late.

The bookcase was not built to stand that sort of usage. It tottered, and fell forward, and Bulstrode gave a yell as he was overwhelmed by a shower of books. As he staggered back, the bookcase crashed on him, and there was a terrific splintering of glass.

"My hat!" gasped Stott. "You've done it now."

Bulstrode bumped on the floor, with the bookcase bumping on him. The little Chinese landed on his feet and was out of the study in a twinkling. Bulstrode lay dazed amid a heap of books and broken glass, with the bookcase across his legs.

"You'll have to pay for that," hooted Russell.

"Ow! Oh! I'm nearly killed! I'm cut all over! Ow!"

"Serve you jolly well right! You'll have to pay for that bookcase."

"Ow! Oh! Ow!"

Bulstrode staggered up. He felt too much hurt to argue the point with Russell, and he went off without another word to bathe his injuries.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Three Pounds a Week!

"I SAY, you fellows——"

Billy Bunter was standing at the gates of Greyfriars as the chums of the Remove came back from seeing Harry Wharton off at the station. He was blinking anxiously down the road in the dusk, and he looked relieved when the three juniors came into the big gateway.

"I say, you fellows, I've been waiting for you."

"Go on waiting, old chap," said Bob Cherry, walking past Billy Bunter, and striding towards the house. Bunter ran after him.

"But I say, Cherry, I've got something important to say. I've been looking for you everywhere. It was very annoying to find that you had gone down to the station with Wharton when I wanted you."

"It must have been," agreed Bob Cherry. "You should keep us hung up on a row of hooks in the Remove passage, so that you could take us down just when you wanted us."

"Oh, really, Cherry! I wish you wouldn't walk so fast. How can I keep pace with you, when my legs aren't half as long as yours."

"Don't trouble to keep pace."

"But I want to speak to you. It's a rather important matter, involving a considerable sum of money," said Billy Bunter anxiously. "I suppose you wouldn't like me to lose three pounds a week through a little carelessness."

"Three whats a which?" demanded Bob Cherry, stopping in his surprise.

"The worthy Bunterful ass is talking out of his esteemed hat," said Hurreo Jamset Ram Singh, with a shake of the head.

"Nothing of the sort," said Bunter. "If you'd give me a minute, I'd explain. I've seen an advertisement——"

"Nothing surprising in that. I've seen lots."

"I wish you wouldn't try to be funny on a serious matter, Cherry. I am losing three pounds a week all the time this matter is unattended to. This advertisement—— Are you going up to the study, Cherry?"

"Yes; I've got my prep. to do."

"Oh, very well." Billy Bunter followed the chums up to No. 1 Study, trying to explain all the time. "You see, this advertisement explains how a chap can earn three pounds a week in the evenings——"

"You young ass!"

"I don't see what you want to call me names for, Cherry. Here we are in the study, and now I can explain comfortably. You see——what are you looking round for, Nugent?"

"My books, of course, ass, as I'm going to do my prep."

"But you can't do your prep. while I'm explaining."

"Better chuck the explaining, then."

"Oh, really, Nugent! Look here, I've got the advertisement to show you—I cut it out of the paper. You can earn three pounds a week by doing home work."

"Rats!"

"It's a genuine thing——"

"How do you know?"

"It says so in the advertisement. Listen to this: 'Anyone can earn three pounds a week and upwards by home work, done in the evenings with little trouble. This is genuine.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But it's clear enough that it's genuine, Nugent. Swindlers ask you to send money. This chap says plainly, 'Send no money.'"

"He won't keep that up long. That's only to induce nugs to write."

"Oh, really, Nugent! Look here, I've got a brilliant idea."

"Go and boil it, and let me do my work."

"It's simply ripping. Why shouldn't we do the home work, and get three pounds a week each?" said Billy Bunter. "That would be twelve pounds a week for this study, without Wharton, and when he joins in, it would be fifteen pounds a week. That's a great deal of money."

"It's more money than you will ever finger, Billy."

"I don't see it. Listen to this: 'The work is of a simple and artistic nature, and can be done by anybody of ordinary ability in the evenings.' Now, you fellows know I am artistic."

"Oh, yes! but if you want some artistic home work for the evenings, we haven't painted the floor round the new study carpet yet. You can take that on."

"Oh, that's rather beneath my abilities! Cherry can do that. Listen to this ripping advertisement: 'Send stamped envelope—no money—to the Patriotic Home Work Association, and particulars will be sent. Names and addresses of people now earning three pounds a week by our home work supplied, if desired. Now, it sounds absolutely genuine on the face of it.'"

"Rats!"

"I think you chaps might back me up a little when I'm getting up a scheme for making the whole study rich," said Bunter, in an aggrieved tone. "Some fellows would have kept this all to themselves, and kept the others out of it."

"But you're too generous for that, Billy."

"Yes, I am, Cherry; and, besides, I want you to lend me a stamp. I think we ought to seize on this opportunity of raising money. It isn't everybody who has a chance of making money by easy home work that can be done by any person of ordinary ability."

"Now, look here, you ass," said Bob Cherry. "If a person of ordinary ability can make three pounds a week by easy home work, do you think that millions of people would fag away working all day for a pound or thirty bob—as they do now?"

"Of course, they don't know about it."

"They'd jolly soon know about it if there were anything in it, you ass."

"I don't see it. Everybody doesn't read these advertisements. Why, I've seen hundreds of them myself and never read them. It's like being a pioneer. They said there wasn't any gold in Australia—till a man found it there. Lots of people had walked over the place, and never dreamed there was a rich mine under their feet. It's the same way here. Lots of people have seen this advertisement, and never thought there was anything in it. With my unusual brain power, I have seized upon it—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, if you chaps are only going to cackle, I'm done," said Bunter, blinking at the chums through his big spectacles with a very injured expression. "I'm jolly well going to try it myself, and when I'm getting three pounds a week for an artistic occupation that can be done by any person of ordinary ability, you'll sing to another tune, I think."

"Yes—when!" said Bob Cherry. "We'll wait till then."

"Well, lend me a couple of stamps, then."

Bob Cherry fished a crumpled stamp out of his waistcoat pocket, and, after some searching, another was discovered in Nugent's pocket-book.

"Thank you," said Bunter, with dignity. "Of course, I'm not taking these stamps for nothing. I shall put them down to the account."

"Yes, you mustn't overlook that," assented Bob Cherry gravely. "You can settle up for the lot when your postal order comes to-night."

"There's been some delay about that. It probably won't be here till to-morrow now. But that's all right; I expect to be in funds shortly."

And Bunter fished out a pen and a sheet of paper, and started writing to the Patriotic Home Work Association.

"What about your prep.?" asked Bob Cherry, as he got out his books.

"Can't stop to think of that now. I'm busy."

"Quelch will think of it to-morrow morning."

"It can't be helped. I can't let a chance like this slip because of preparing rotten lessons."

And the letter, after two or three attempts, was accomplished and duly posted in the school box. And Billy Bunter waited confidently for the reply.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Kicked Out!

BILLY BUNTER came in from posting the letter, and found the chums of the Remove just finishing their prep. A diminutive figure was curled up on the easy chair before the fire, but the short-sighted junior did not see it. The easy chair had been purchased of Mr. Lazarus in Friardale out of an unexpected remittance Frank Nugent had received from home, his chums owing him their "whack" towards it till funds came in. The article of furniture had only come in that day, but Bunter had already adopted it as his private property. Bunter was fond of easy chairs, and it never seemed to occur to him that anybody else might have a similar weakness.

He grunted as he came into the study, from the exertion of climbing the stairs, made straight for the easy chair, and sat down.

"Ow!"

Wun Lung squirmed like a worm under the champion heavy weight of the Remove. Billy Bunter looked over his shoulder at him, but it did not seem to occur to him to rise.

"Dear me! I didn't see you in the chair, Wun Lung."

"Gettee off!"

"I'm sincerely sorry, you know—"

"Gettee off! Me squashee!"

Bob Cherry seized Bunter by the shoulders and spun him off.

"Oh, really, Cherry—you—you—"

Wun Lung sat up, looking very crushed. He was gasping for breath.

"Still alive?" said Bob Cherry sympathically. "Anything busted? I really think I ought to have the medal of the Humane Society for life-saving."

"Me neally squashee," gasped Wun Lung. "Allee light now."

"Well, if you're all right now, you can get off that chair, and let a chap sit down," said Billy Bunter.

"No gettee off. Me stayee."

"Look here; you're not going to collar the easy chair. I hate a chap being selfish, and always sticking to the comfy seat."

"Me Fohm captain."

"Eh!"

"Fohm captain takee chair," said Wun Lung. "You 'bey orders."

"Obey orders! Catch me! Get off!"

"Me lemain here."

"Then I'll jolly soon shift you."

And Bunter laid hold of the Chinaman and essayed to shift him.

The next moment he was sitting on the rug, without having any very clear idea as to how he had got there, and Wun Lung beamed at him.

"Me Fohm captain," he said. "You tleatee me with respect, Savvy?"

"You—you heathen rotter—"

The door of the study was flung violently open, and Bulstrode came in. The bully of the Remove presented a curious sight.

His face and hands were cut, and his clothes were dusty. His expression was about as amiable as a demon in a pantomime.

"Is that Chinese beast here?"

"Me here."

"Oh, are you? Then—" Bulstrode rushed towards the little Celestial, but Bob Cherry promptly stepped into his path.

"Hold on, Bulstrode! What's the row?"

"I'm going to lick that heathen beast."

"Not at all; your mistake."

"Get out of the way, Bob Cherry, or I'll lick you."

"No, you won't—you'll have the three of us to lick if you start," said Nugent. "You are not going to begin your old tricks because Wharton's gone, Bulstrode. There's a fellow left in the remove who can lick you, and that's Linley, the chap from Lancashire—and anyway, there's going to be no bullying. Wun Lung is captain of the Remove—"

"Bosh!"

"He was elected by the Form. We are backing him up. You are not going to touch him, or we'll jolly soon touch you."

"If you'd like the gloves on with me, Bob Cherry—"

"I shouldn't," said Bob coolly. "You're too big for me. But Linley would take you on again with pleasure, and I'll ask him if you like."

Bulstrode gritted his teeth. His licking at the hands of the sturdy lad from Lancashire still rankled in his mind.

"I'm going to lick Wun Lung. He upset a bookcase over me—look at my hands—"

"I suppose you were bullying as usual—"

"That he was," exclaimed Russell, bursting into the study. "He chased Wun Lung on top of my bookcase, and now it's fallen down and busted. Bulstrode will have to pay for it."

"I jolly well sha'n't do anything of the sort."

"Then I'll call a Form meeting and appeal to the Remove," howled Russell excitedly. "I paid two pounds for that bookcase, and it was worth five."

"Oh, go and eat coke."

"I'll—I'll—"

"If Bulstrode refuses to pay, it's a matter for the Form to take up," said Nugent. "Wun Lung will have to call a meeting."

"Me callee meeting?"

"Stand aside, Bob Cherry. I'm going—"

"Yes, you are—go."

"I mean I'm going to—"

"Yes, I mean you're going, too. Lend a hand here, you chaps."

The three chums collared Bulstrode. The Remove bully struggled desperately, and his size and strength were great. He gave them a desperate tussle before they got him to the door.

But the odds were too great even for the burly Bulstrode.

He went flying out of the door, and crashed down in the passage on the hard linoleum.

"There he goes!" panted Bob Cherry.

Bulstrode sprang to his feet.

"Come out here, Bob Cherry!"

"Rats!"

"Coward!"

The blood rushed to Bob Cherry's face. He did not hesitate longer, but dashed through the door way. But Nugent and Hurree Singh seized him and dragged him back.

"Let me go!" roared Bob.

"You're not going," said Frank Nugent coolly. "You can't tackle a chap his size. Stay where you are."

"You're afraid," bellowed Bulstrode.

"Oh, clear off."

"Yah! Coward!"

"Let me go!" yelled Bob Cherry.

He wrenched himself loose and rushed into the passage. In a second he was locked in a struggle with Bulstrode. Both were

excited and determined; but the strength of the older and bigger fellow was bound to tell.

Bob Cherry went with a crash to the floor, Bulstrode bumping down on top of him. The Remove bully's face was furious.

"Now——"

Before he could get further he was grasped by Nugent and Hurree Singh. Nugent took his collar, and the nabob his ankles.

He was jerked off Bob, and dragged along the passage.

He struggled furiously, but he was at too much of a disadvantage to help himself, and he was rushed along in a most uncomfortable position to the head of the stairs. There he was rolled down, and he bumped from step to step, and was half-way to the bottom before he stopped himself by clutching at the banisters.

He sat on the stairs, glaring up at the juniors, but feeling too breathless and exhausted to pursue matters further just then.

The juniors returned breathless to the study.

Wun Lung was still sitting in the easy chair, with a smile that was child-like and bland upon his quaint little face.

He nodded and grinned at the chums of the Remove.

"Allee light," he murmured. "You backee me up, me makes lipping captain."

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Wun Lung Means Business.

"WHO'LL take Harry's place this afternoon?"

It was Bob Cherry who asked the question, when the Remove came down the next morning. It was Saturday, and the Greyfriars Remove were receiving a visit from Lowerdale Juniors in the afternoon, and Harry Wharton, who usually played centre-forward for the team, was away.

Frank Nugent started a little. He hadn't thought of that so far; but now a curious reflection occurred to him.

"That's for Wun Lung to decide," he remarked.

"Wun Lung!"

"Certainly—as captain during Wharton's absence."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"I suppose you're right, Frank—but——"

"It will have to be left to him. After all, he's a sensible little chap, and I dare say it will be all right. One thing's certain—he won't give the place to Bulstrode."

That Wun Lung would have the disposal of the vacant place in the footer team was a fact that gradually dawned upon all the Remove.

And it was curious to see how polite and attentive many of the fellows became to the little Chinese when they realised it.

To play for the Form was the highest honour possible to any boy, and all the young footballers were eager for the chance.

Even Bulstrode began to think that he had been a little too hasty in "jumping on" the Chinese captain, but it was too late now to think of making his peace, and he still hoped to carry the matter through by bluster. His idea was to call a meeting of the football committee to fill the vacant place. But Harry's chums had promised to back up the new captain, and as they formed the majority on the committee, Bulstrode was at a disadvantage. The committee could not be called together without its own consent, and Bulstrode had to give up the idea. But the thought of leaving the decision to Wun Lung made him furious.

Wun Lung received the attentions of his Form-fellows with his usual blandness, but in reply to questions as to whom he had selected to fill Wharton's place, he was dumb.

Perhaps he had not yet made up his mind, though the glimmer of fun in his eyes seemed to indicate to the more keen-sighted fellows that he was thinking of some surprise for the Remove.

They waited anxiously for the news. Morning lessons were over at last and then the chums of No. 1 Study forcibly marched Wun Lung into their quarters, to make him explain.

Wun Lung had dropped into Wharton's place in No. 1 Study now, and he had brought most of his books and his personal belongings there, much to the disgust of Billy Bunter, who expected to have a little more room while Wharton was away.

The smiling Chinese came in with Bob Cherry and Nugent linking arms with him, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh following behind.

"Now," said Bob Cherry, pinning him against the wall with a hand on either shoulder, "speak!"

"Me spokesee. Whatee me say?"

"Who's going to play this afternoon in Harry's place?"

The Chinese grinned.

"Me tinkee 'bout it."

"You've had enough time for thinking, kid. Am I going in as captain?" demanded Bob Cherry. "I can play centre, and you can put young Morgan in my place."

Wun Lung shook his head.

"Then it's I?" said Nugent.

Another shake of the head.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh indulged in a soft chuckle.

"It is my worthy self that the esteemed heathen has selected," he remarked. "And with all properful respect to my worthy chums, I must say that the choicefulness is excellent."

But Wun Lung shook his head for the third time. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh looked puzzled.

"Is it possible that my worthy self is left out?" he asked.

"What you tinkee?"

"Then what's the game?" demanded Bob Cherry. "One of us three ought to captain the team; but if we stick where we are, who's taking centre-forward?"

"Surely not Bulstrode?" exclaimed Nugent. "You're not thinking of putting him in, Wun Lung?"

The pigtailed head wagged another negative.

"Young Linley, that Lancashire chap?" asked Bob. "He's good enough, I think."

"No savvy!"

"Or Skinner,—surely not Skinner?"

"No Skinnee!"

"Then who is it?" roared Bob Cherry. "Answer, you young imp!"

"Me tollee—me!"

"Well, tell us, then! Sharp!"

"Me!"

"What on earth does he mean by saying 'me'?" demanded Nugent. "Is it a Chinese word, or what? Why don't you explain?"

"Me explaine," sputtered Wun Lung. "Me sayee 'me.' Me playee! Me make lipping captain for football teamee!"

The chums of the Remove fell back a pace or two, and stared at Wun Lung.

For some moments they could not credit their ears.

In silence they stared at the bland, smiling face of the Celestial.

"You!" said Nugent, faintly, at last. "You!"

"You play Lowerdale!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"The jokefulness is great," purred the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"The creamfulness of the ripping joke is terrific!"

"Me no jokee!"

"You don't mean to say that you're in earnest,—that you seriously intend to play football against Lowerdale?" shouted Bob Cherry.

"What you tinkee?"

"You can't!—you sha'n't!"

"Lats!"

The Celestial's pronunciation of the word "rats" was peculiar, but there was no doubting his meaning. Wun Lung was very much in earnest.

"You—you—you Chinese image!" spluttered Bob Cherry.

"You can't play footer for toffee!"

"No playee for toffee."

"You—you dummy! You—you don't know a soccer ball from a toy balloon. You must be joking!"

"No jokee."

"Look here——"

"I tell you——"

"My esteemed friend——"

"Lats!"

"You can't play!"

"Lats!"

"You sha'n't play!"

"Lats!"

The chums of the Remove looked at one another helplessly.

Wun Lung had made up his mind and meant business.

What was to be done?

"Me playee lippingly," said Wun Lung, by way of consolation.

"We beatee Lowerdale, you savvy!"

"You young ass! You'll let the side down! We shall be licked, and Lowerdale will go away yelling," said Bob Cherry excitedly. "Look here, if you persist in making a silly ass of yourself, we shall call a meeting of the Form football committee, and override your decision!"

"That is a wheezy good idea!"

Wun Lung shook his head with a gentle smile.

"You promise!" he remarked.

"Promise! What did we promise?"

"To backee me up."

"Yes, if you consulted us."

"Me consultee you now."

"Eh?"

"Me consultee you. No promise to follow your advice," said Wun Lung, with a beaming smile. "Me consultee you—you give advice. Me no takes it. That all light!"

The Removites simply gasped.

There was no doubt that Wun Lung had them, so to speak, in a cleft stick.

They had promised to back him up if he consulted them—but they had not thought of making it a condition that he should take their advice. The wily Oriental had been too sharp for them. He had consulted them—and intended to have his own way after the consultation! He had fulfilled his part of the compact; and now they were called upon to back him up in fulfilment of their part.

It was a curious situation, and there was cause for the glimmer of enjoyment in the almond eyes of the Celestial.

His curious sense of humour was very much tickled.

The juniors stared at him. They did not speak for some moments. Wun Lung glided softly towards the door, and Bob Cherry grasped him by the pigtail and jerked him back.

"Look here, Wun Lung!"

"Mo lookie!"

"You've got to be guided by us in this matter!"

"No guideo. Captain of football team always follow his own judgment. Me hear you say so yourself!"

"Yes, but that was when Wharton was captain, you ass!"

"Me tly to makee good captain as Wharton."

"Now, look here, you can't play footer—"

"Me captain! If you not respectful, me leavee you out of team, and play somebody else in place, Chelly."

"What!" roared Bob Cherry. "You'll leave me out?"

"What you tinkeo?"

Bob Cherry was incapable of saying more. He stared at Wun Lung, who smiled softly and glided from the study. In the passage outside he seemed to double up, for a moment, in a silent ecstasy of merriment.

"My hat!" said Nugent. "We're in for it!"

And there was no doubt about it—they were!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

The New Football Captain.

THE news that Wun Lung was to captain the Remove eleven in the match with Lowerdale Juniors was not long in spreading.

The Remove refused to believe it at first; and when there was no longer any possibility of doubt, they expressed diverse opinions on the subject.

Some were indignant; some hilarious.

Bulstrode and Co. chuckled over it. They were out of the match; and they hardly concealed their desire that the side should go down before the visitors. It would be a lesson to the Form, Bulstrode said. Next time they would have sense enough to consider him and his claims.

Every fellow who had hoped to get his head into the vacant cap was, of course, furious.

Wun Lung had taken kindly to football, and Harry Wharton had given him a great deal of instruction in the national game. He had learned that he must not use his hands on the soccer field, and that there were rules in the game, which were supposed to be more or less observed, but it could not be said that he was up to match form. Bulstrode said he might win credit in playing against the second eleven of a girls' school, but no one expected him to make much of a show against Lowerdale.

But what was to be done?

He was duly elected captain of the Remove, and the Remove had their eyes open when they elected him.

The chums of No. 1 Study, who formed the majority on the football committee, had promised to back him up.

Nothing, apparently, could be done.

The eleven had to follow the Chinese captain into the football field, and take the chance of playing a farcical game.

Bob Cherry shook his head despondently when they spoke to him about it. There was nothing to be done.

"Suppose we all refuse to play?" suggested Russell.

"We can't let Lowerdale come here for nothing!"

"We could scratch by wire."

"That would be rough on them, at the last moment. Besides, we're bound to meet them—and only the captain or committee has a right to scratch."

"Well, we can scrag that rotten Chinese!"

"We've promised to back him up!"

"Faith, you may have, but we haven't!" said Micky Desmond. "I'm more inclined to snatch him bald-headed, head!"

"Well, snatch him bald-headed, then—only we're backing him up. We shall play, and if you fellows stand out, it will be a licking for Greyfriars."

"It will be that, anyway!" said Trevor, wrathfully.

"I don't know. Lowerdale are a tough lot; but we're not chickens. We may be able to beat them playing a man short,—and that's what it will amount to."

"Yes, if Wun Lung has sense enough to keep out of the way!" exclaimed Hazeldene, "but I rather think he will want to have his share of the play!"

"And that means a licking for us!" growled Trevor.

"It can't be helped," said Bob Cherry. "And you've no right to grumble, for one, Russell. You voted for Wun Lung at the election for vice-captain!"

"Well, it was more a joke than anything else, and of course I never expected anything of this sort!"

"You never know what to expect when you're dealing with that confounded heathen. But it's no good jawing; we're in for it!"

Some of the Removites had a wild hope that Wun Lung was only "pulling their leg"—that at the last moment he would relieve them by announcing that someone else was to play in his place.

But the hope was delusive.

Soon after two o'clock Wun Lung made his appearance in a long coat, which notified them of the fact that he had his football things on underneath.

Football boots peeped out from under his coat. The pigtail was coiled up tightly on his head under the cap.

There was no doubt that Wun Lung meant business.

And the fellows made up their minds to go through with it. There was a faint chance that they might win, in spite of Wun Lung's assistance.

The worst of it was the hilarity with which the rest of Greyfriars treated the matter.

Temple, Dabney and Co. of the Upper Fourth were almost in hysterics on the subject.

They had loudly announced their intention of witnessing the match, even foregoing a practice match of their own for the purpose.

Temple said that it was too good to be missed, and Dabney observed that much might be learned as to Chinese systems of playing footer.

Fry remarked that it was worth while going down to the junior ground for the sake of a good snigger.

These remarks, and many more of the same kind, were made in the hearing of the unfortunate Removites; but the latter were too depressed by the circumstances to have even the requisite energy for a Form row.

But it was not only the Upper Fourth that had taken a hilarious interest in the match. Blundell and Bland, and many more of the Fifth, came along to see it, and were early on the ground to get good places at the ropes.

And even the Sixth—the high and mighty Sixth—condescended to take an interest in the matter. Many of them came along with condescending grins with the intention of honouring the Remove to the extent of laughing at them.

Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of the school, was the only one who seemed to see anything like a serious aspect to the case. He came up to Wun Lung in front of the pavilion, and tapped him on the shoulder.

The little Celestial's eyes glimmered for a moment, but he turned to Wingate with a smile of childlike innocence.

"Look here," said the captain of Greyfriars, in his brusque but kindly way, "don't you think this foolery has gone far enough, kid?"

Wun Lung looked at him with an expression of wonder.

"No savvy."

"Are you really intending to captain a Form team in the field, you young ass?"

"Me playee. Me captain, doee duty."

"Better give the job to somebody else—Cherry, for example."

"No savvy."

"You'll only let the side down, and lose the match."

"No savvy."

"Look here, I don't want to interfere in the politics of the Remove," said Wingate, half-laughing and half-vexed. "But this is all rot. It's turning football into a farce. You'd better get out."

"No savvy."

And Wingate gave it up.

Whether Wun Lung savvyed or not, he had made up his mind, and he was showing an unexpected firmness—or obstinacy—as the Remove preferred to consider it.

The arrival of the Lowerdale fellows cut short further discussion.

Lowerdale Juniors were a pretty strong team. Their individual form was not up to that of the Greyfriars juniors, but the team was taken from all Forms below the Fifth. There were Upper and Lower Fourth, and even Shell fellows in it.

The Remove eleven was a Form team, taken wholly from the Remove, the Lower Fourth of Greyfriars. But Greyfriars was a footballing college. They played the game hard, and as a rule the Remove was on equal terms with the Upper Fourth or the Shell in any other school, as far as football was concerned. But with a Chinese captain matters were likely to turn out differently.

Warrington, the Lowerdale Junior captain, looked surprised when Wun Lung met him with an agreeable smile and a graceful bow.

"Hallo!" he remarked. "Where's Wharton?"

"He's away," said Bob Cherry. "We've got a new captain for to-day."

"Right-ho! Who's the chap?"

"Here he is."

"Eh? Not the Chinaman?"

"Yes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Me pleasee meetee you," murmured Wun Lung. "Me captain—lather lipping captain. Allee light."

"Of course, it's all right," said Warrington. "Excuse my smiling. It's all right—ripping. We're all happy to meet you."

The Lowerdale fellows were all grinning.

At once they seemed to enter into the humour of the thing, and to regard the match as destined for a walk-over for them.

And most of the Removites could not help looking at it in the same light. But all the same, they meant to do their best, if only to show what they might have done under a better captain.

The Lowerdale fellows changed, and sounds of laughter were heard proceeding from their dressing-room while they were so engaged.

Bob Cherry waited with a gloomy brow. He was already in shirt and shorts. He was aroused from his pre-occupation by a tap on the elbow, and he turned rather impatiently to see Billy Bunter, with an expression of great earnestness upon his face.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

On the Ball.

BILLY BUNTER blinked at Bob Cherry, too much engrossed in his own thoughts to observe the footballer's impatience.

"I say, Cherry——"

"Oh, don't bother me now!" growled Bob.

"It's an important matter. You know I wrote to those homework people——"

"Yes. Have you found out it is a swindle?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I have found out nothing of the sort. They are a very decent firm, I think. They must have replied to my letter by return of post, as I've just had their answer."

"Well, and what is it?"

"It's a ripping letter, and bears out my first impression of them, Cherry. The thing is genuine enough. Can you lend me six bob?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at."

"If they don't want you to send any money what do you want six shillings for?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Well, you see, I can't expect them to provide materials for nothing, can I? It's no good being unreasonable. If they give me a chance to earn three pounds a week by doing easy and artistic homework, that's as much as I can expect. But I'll read out the letter."

And he read it out.

It was a type-written communication, or at least looked like one; but as a matter-of-fact, it was printed in imitation of type-writing. It ran as follows:

"Dear Sir,—We are in receipt of yours, and have much pleasure in sending you herewith particulars of our system of homework. You will see by the enclosed card of instructions that the work consists in colouring picture postcards. The work is easy to any person of average ability, and three pounds a week may be easily earned in spare time. We subjoin a list of persons now earning this sum and upwards by colouring postcards for us. The only condition is that you use colours supplied by the Patriotic Homework Association, at the cost price of six shillings.—Yours faithfully, the Patriotic Homework Association."

"You see, it's quite genuine," said Bunter. "Here's the list of people earning three pounds a week, and one of them is quite near Greyfriars—Mr. Jones, Albert Villas, Fernhill. I could go over and see him if I liked."

"I should advise you to go before you send the six shillings."

"Oh, that would lead to waste of time, you know. If I send the money now, I can get the box of colours down by Monday morning, and start earning the three pounds next week. It will come in very useful, you know. I owe several little accounts, and I don't like being in debt. Besides, I want to stand you fellows a feed. If you could lend me six bob——"

"Well, I can't!"

"You see, you could have it back out of the three pounds next week; but if you couldn't wait so long, I'd settle up out of my postal-order on Monday. I'm expecting a postal-order——"

"I haven't the tin!" bawled Bob Cherry.

"But you lent me a bob yesterday, and——"

"Yes, ass! But that's all the more reason why I haven't any to lend now."

Bunter blinked at him doubtfully; but he evidently did not see it in that light.

"Well, if you can't, you can't," he said. "You could have it back on Monday, and I'd be willing to pay cent. per cent. interest——"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"I say, Inky, will you lend me six bob?" asked Bunter, turning away from Bob Cherry hopelessly. "It's awfully important."

"I have no cashfulness about me, my worthy chum."

"Oh, I don't mind going up to the study for it," said Bunter generously. "I'd do any little thing like that to oblige you, Inky."

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"The obligefulness of my worthy chum is terrific, but the shortfulness of the cash is also great."

"Oh, really, Inky! I say, Wun Lung, will you lend me six bob?"

"Me havee no cashee boutee me," said Wun Lung.

"Well, I don't suppose you carry money in your football clothes," said Billy Bunter. "But I'll go up to the study if you like."

"That's a lot of flouble for Bunter."

"Never mind. I haven't any objection to taking trouble for a fellow I like."

"Velly good! You goee up to Lussell's study——"

"Yes," said Bunter eagerly.

"You open dlawer——"

"Eh? What's a dlawer?"

"Dlawer in bookcase."

"Oh, a drawer! Good! Which one?"

"Openee light-hand dlawer, and you takee out what is there, and you keepee it, with my kind legarda."

"Thank you very much, Wun Lung. You're a jolly good chap for a beastly heathen. Of course, you can have it back on Monday."

The Chinese grinned.

"Me no wantee it back."

"But I can't accept a present, you know, in cash. It saps away a chap's independence. If you're not in a hurry for it, I'll leave it till the end of the week, and let you have it out of the first three pounds I get from the Patriotic Homework Association."

"Me no wantee."

"I shall insist upon putting it down to the account, anyway. Thank you. I'll be off."

And Billy Bunter rushed off, leaving Wun Lung with a very peculiar grin on his face.

The Lowerdale fellows were coming out now, and it was time to play. Bowes of the Fifth had agreed to referee the match, and he swaggered on to the field in a Norfolk jacket and a whistle.

Wun Lung and Warrington tossed for choice of goal. There was a keen wind blowing from the sea, and the toss was a rather important point. Wun Lung won the toss, and chose, of course, the goal the wind was blowing from.

"Never mind," said Warrington. "I don't think they will give us much trouble."

The sides lined up, and there were ironical shouts of encouragement from the throng of fellows round the ropes.

"Go it, Ching Ching!"

"Buck up, Ah Sin!"

"Good old heathen!"

Wun Lung smiled expansively.

"Me buckee up," he murmured. "On the ballee, my fiends."

"On the ball!" groaned Bob Cherry. "I don't suppose we shall see much of the ball in this game."

Warrington kicked off.

The Lowerdale fellows were evidently taking the game in a spirit of fun; but even so they seemed very successful at first.

The home centre-forward was nowhere apparently, and the Lowerdalers came down the middle of the field like lightning.

But whatever the Greyfriars front line might be like, their defence was sound, and the backs rallied up manfully. There was a stiff tussle before goal, and it was only by great efforts that the visitors got through. Then there was Hazeldene between the posts, and of late Hazeldene had come out very strongly as a goalkeeper.

The leather came in from Warrington's foot, only to be fisted out again by Hazeldene, and it dropped to one of the home backs. It was cleared in a second, almost to the halfway line, and the rush of the players went to midfield again.

The Greyfriars forwards had something like a chance at last, and in a flash Bob Cherry was on the ball. The leather went bounding away from his foot, and Bob went bounding after it, and for the moment it seemed that the Removite would be through, with only the Lowerdale goalkeeper to tackle.

But Bob Cherry had reckoned without his captain. Wun Lung was very keen—too keen, as a matter of fact. He meant to show all Greyfriars and Lowerdale that he could play footer, and that he could captain a team as well as the next fellow.

He was "on the ball" also, with great energy. He raced up with a very fine pace, getting over the ground quite as fast as Bob; but he was not quite up to football yet. Instead of placing himself in readiness to receive a pass if Bob found it necessary to part with the leather, he lent his assistance to Bob in dribbling the ball.

The result might be easily guessed. His foot clumped on Bob's ankle, and Bob gave a yell. He half turned, collided with the Chinese, and both fell to the ground.

In a moment more the Lowerdale backs had cleared, and the goal was safe.

ANSWERS

ANOTHER COMPLETE SCHOOL TALE OF HARRY WHARTON & CO. NEXT TUESDAY.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

An Amazing Victory.

WUN LUNG jumped up like a cat. Bob Cherry was a little slower in getting upon his feet. He looked at the Chinese with an expression that ought to have withered him up on the spot; but Wun Lung apparently was none the worse for it. He grinned amiably at the incensed forward.

"Better luck next time," he remarked.

"You—you shrieking ass!" said Bob Cherry, in measured tones. "You screaming dummy! You unspeakable lunatic!"

"No callee captain names or me ordel offee field."

"Eh!"

"Fleat captain with lespect."

"You—you order me off the field!"

"What you tinkee?"

Bob Cherry's feelings were too deep to be expressed in words. His assistance was wanted, too. The Lowerdalers were pressing hard for goal. He raced away, without another word to the little Chinese.

Wun Lung followed him. The Removites were fighting desperately to defend their goal, and Wun Lung was shouldered out of the way by one of his own followers. The defence was made good, and the ball went to midfield again. Wun Lung rushed after it, his quaint little face glowing with determination.

The Lowerdalers had made up their minds to take the Chinese comically, and nobody paid much attention to him. But Wun Lung was as watchful as a cat. In the rush for the ball following a throw-in he found his chance. There was a shout of amazement from the crowd as Wun Lung was seen to be in possession of the ball.

"Look there!"

"Go it, heathen!"

"On the ball! Ha, ha, ha!"

The Lowerdalers were laughing too much to stop Wun Lung for the moment. He was through the halves in no time. The backs were laughing, too, but they closed up in a businesslike way to stop him. He was not backed up by his own side at all, the Removites all laughing as loudly as the spectators or the rival team.

Wun Lung's dribbling was indeed a marvel. He looked like a hen on hot bricks as Skinner remarked when he was dribbling the ball; and indeed his peculiar motions seemed to indicate that the ground was red hot under him.

But the ball went along all the same, and Wun Lung dodged round the backs in a way that made them gasp. It was luck more than anything else, but he did it. Only the goalkeeper was there to save, and for a moment the laughter was stilled.

Was it possible that the Chinese captain was going to score? The Lowerdale goalie was laughing; but he laughed a little too much. The leather shot in from a powerful kick, and the grinning goalie clutched at it a second too late. There was a roar!

"Goal!"

The goalkeeper stood petrified. It was a goal! There was the ball in the net, and there was no denying a patent fact.

The goalkeeper seemed dazed, and the Lowerdalers had left off laughing. The crowd simply yelled. There was as much laughter as cheering, but the Greyfriars fellows were in high good humour now.

"Hurrah! Goal! Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Wun Lung!"

"Bravo, heathen!"

Wun Lung beamed round upon his followers. He had scored by a succession of flukes, but he evidently attributed that goal to his superb football and expected admiration.

Bob Cherry clapped him on the shoulder with a clap that made him stagger.

"Bravo, kid! Ripping!"

"Me tellee you me makee lipping captain."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why you laffee?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The whole team roared. But the Lowerdalers had finished laughing. A goal against was no laughing matter to them. They fully expected to more than equalise. But they had wanted to leave Greyfriars with a blank sheet, and they felt that they ought to have done so. The first blood to Greyfriars—the first goal taken by the Chinese football captain! It was really too bad!

The goalkeeper flung out the ball, and the sides lined up again. Lowerdale were as serious as a bench of judges now. Encouraging shouts rang from all quarters addressed to Wun Lung.

"Go it, Chin Chin!"

"Show 'em how you play footer in China."

"Me showee," murmured Wun Lung.

And the tussle recommenced. The Greyfriars fellows were strongly tempted to play a wholly defensive game, one of those cautious and cold-blooded games we sometimes see a League team play as soon as a goal is taken—more's the pity! By packing their goal and kicking into touch at every oppor-

tunity, the Greyfriars fellows could undoubtedly have held their own and finished one up. But they were sportsmen all, and they would rather have been licked in a sporting game than have "sneaked" a victory by refusing to play the game.

The first half, however, was very near its close, and it ended with the score still one to Greyfriars and nil to Lowerdale.

In the interval the sides indulged in a much-needed rest, and Greyfriars laughed and chuckled over Wun Lung's goal. The Chinese was the only one who took it seriously, but there it was on the score, it counted, and that was the chief point.

Wun Lung was contentedly sucking a lemon, when a fat face adorned with a huge pair of spectacles was projected into the dressing-room.

"Is that beast here?" asked Billy Bunter wrathfully.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Which particular beast is it you want?" asked Bob Cherry. "There are a good many here, and one more since you came."

"Oh really, Cherry! It's that Chinese scoundrel!"

"Me hero."

"Oh, you're there, are you! I——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Time's up!"

"I say you fellows!"

"No time now, Bunt; buzz off!"

"But I say——"

Bob Cherry pushed the fat junior into a sitting position, and the footballers went out into the field again.

The change of ends brought the wind into the faces of the home team, and a keen and biting wind it was. They kicked off against it, and the second half of that curious match commenced.

The Lowerdalers were evidently out for scalps now. With the wind behind them, they attacked all along the line, and for a long time the tussling was wholly in the Greyfriars half.

The Lowerdale goalie stamped about and waved his arms to keep himself warm, but Hazeldene in the home goal had plenty of exercise otherwise. The leather seemed to rain upon him, until it really looked as if there were half a dozen balls being used in the game, one after another.

But Hazeldene played up wonderfully. "Paid!" was put to every attempt, and the Lowerdalers, baffled, fell back at last from the goal that was impregnable to their assaults.

The crowd cheered Hazeldene uproariously. He had had the hottest of hot ten minutes, and he had proved himself a first-class goalie, and the fellows who had objected to Harry Wharton putting him into the team, had to admit that Wharton had been in the right.

The Lowerdalers, spent somewhat with their exertions, fell back at last, and the tussle was transferred to their own half. They broke away again and again, but the Greyfriars' defence was sound, and they could not get through.

But at last, when the second half had only a quarter of an hour more to run, they succeeded in beating Hazeldene. A long shot from Warrington took Hazeldene by surprise at last, and landed in the net, and the Lowerdalers breathed again.

The score was equal now, and at least they had avoided a defeat at the hands of an opera-bouffe team.

Bob Cherry made a grimace as he walked to the centre of the field again.

"We sha'n't pull it off now," he remarked; "but it'll be a draw. If Harry were here we'd walk over them."

"Me walkee over them!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You?"

"Me takee another goallee."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Wun Lung was in earnest. The Greyfriars fellows were fighting hard, and in spite of the wind and Lowerdale, they brought the ball up, and forced the visitors to concede a corner.

The corner kick was followed by a rush for goal. Bob Cherry sent the ball in, and it came out again, and then Nugent headed it in. But the goalie was "all there," and he kicked the leather out, with a kick that saved the backs the trouble of clearing. The ball flew—and dropped fairly at the feet of Wun Lung. The little Chinese was on it in a flash.

A couple of Lowerdalers were bearing down upon him, and a frenzied yell rose from the Greyfriars crowd.

"Kick! Kick! Kick!"

The little Chinese kicked desperately.

The next moment he was rolling on the ground, charged over by a Lowerdale half.

But the ball?

It sailed fairly in—and the goalkeeper was about to smite it out again, when his foot slipped on the turf.

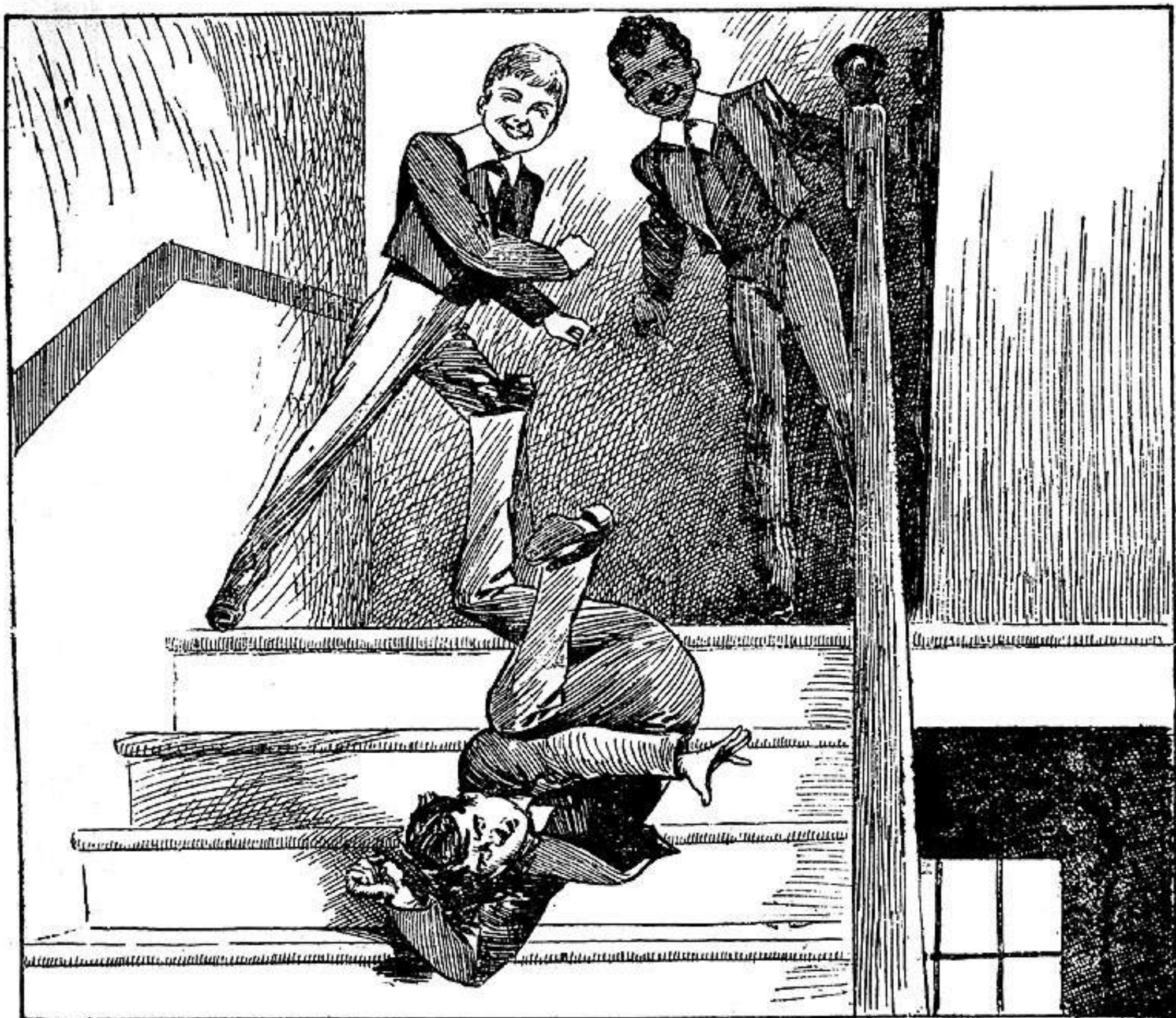
He stumbled, and before he could recover himself the ball was in the net.

It was the flukiest of flukes, but it was a goal, and Greyfriars roared!

"Goal! Goal! Hurrah!"

And what was more, it was the last goal of the match. For the whistle went a few minutes later, and the match was over, and the Greyfriars Remove retired from the field victors by two goals to one.

Wun Lung had captained a winning team!



Nugent and Hurree Singh dragged Bulstrode to the top of the stairs, and sent him rolling down, bumping from step to step.

THE NINTH CHAPTER. Wun Lung's Little Joke!

IT was long before Greyfriars left off laughing over that football match. Lowerdale did not laugh. The defeat was an absurd one, but it was a defeat all the same, and they went home with their colours lowered.

Wun Lung was received with ironical cheers from the Greyfriars fellows when he came out of the pavilion. He had certainly won the match, as both goals had been taken by him. The little Chinese seemed to take the cheering in deadly earnest. He lifted his cap and bowed gracefully to the crowd, whereat the laughter and cheers redoubled.

"You'd better chair him in," said Bulstrode, sarcastically. "A chap who can kick goals like that ought to be chaired—or suffocated—or something."

Bob Cherry took him at his word.

"Good wheeze!" he exclaimed, "collar the Chinese."

And in a twinkling Wun Lung was grasped by three or four pairs of hands and hoisted into the air.

The little Celestial looked alarmed for a moment, but he quickly realised that it was an ovation, and his face was suffused with beaming smiles.

"No dloppee me," he said.

"We won't drop you, Chin-chin," said Trevor. "Bring him along."

"Hurrah! Stand back there!"

Way was made for the triumphal procession. Most of the Remove crowded round Wun Lung as he was borne aloft.

Nugent, who fortunately had his mouth-organ in his pocket,

strode ahead, playing: "See the Conquering Hero Comes," or as near as he could get to that famous air.

So they brought the Chinese to the door of the house, and there at last he was allowed to slide down and stand on the steps.

"Speech! speech!" howled the Remove.

"Me speakee."

"Go ahead!"

"Silence for Chin Chin."

"Fire away, tea-caddy!"

"Shut up that unearthly row, Nugent, and let's hear the Chinese."

"You utter asses," said Nugent, removing the mouth-organ for a moment, "I can't shut up in the middle of a bar, can I?"

"Why not?" said Ogilvy.

"Oh, duffer! Ass!"

"Besides, what you're playing is inappropriate," said Ogilvy warmly. "Fancy playing the Dead March in 'Saul' on an occasion like this."

"The Dead what—in which?" shouted Nugent, glaring.

"I was playing the Conquering Hero."

"Great Scott! were you? I thought it was the Dead March in 'Saul.' But it doesn't matter, so long as you leave off."

"Speech! speech!"

"Me speakee!"

"Order! Silence!"

"Me speakee, my friends. We have played a gleet gamee to-day—"

"Hear, hear!"

"The greatfulness of the esteemed game was terrific."

"We have won a gleet match. I have been backee up velly well by my team—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Me kickee goals, but much credit due to the rest of the team."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Me ploud of my team," said the Chinese captain. "Me congratulate you all. Me glad goodee news for Wharton when he letuln. Me glad leadee Lemove eleven again, and kickee more goals. Me done."

And the Chinese walked into the house. The Remove laughed and cheered. Bob Cherry gasped.

"Is it possible that the giddy ass really thinks he can play footer?" he asked. "Luckily, Wharton will be back before the next match, and we shan't have to go through this again."

"The turnfulness out has been pretty good, my worthy chum."

"Yes, but a miracle won't happen twice in the same spot."

The chums went in, and Billy Bunter caught Bob by the sleeve in the passage. He blinked up at Bob Cherry, who looked at him good-humouredly. The result of the Lowerdale match had improved Bob's temper.

"Well, what is it, duffer?" he asked.

"Can you lend me six bob, Cherry?"

"Oh, dear, are you on that tack again? Didn't Wun Lung lend it to you?"

"Wun Lung is an utter beast."

"But I'm sure I heard him say you could go to the bookcase in his study, and take what you found in the right-hand drawer."

"Yes, and of course I thought he meant the six shillings," blinked the fat junior, "I supposed he kept money there, from what he said."

"Well, and didn't you find any?"

"He's an utter beast!"

"What did you find in the drawer?" asked Bob Cherry, grinning.

"The heathen rotter had it fixed up. It moved a spring or something when I pulled the drawer open, and a cloud of pepper flew up into my face. There wasn't any money in the drawer—nothing but pepper."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle about," growled Billy Bunter. "It was very unpleasant, and I was sneezing for ever so long. And I haven't got the six shillings. I particularly want to send for the colour-box to-day."

"Look here, ass, the thing's a swindle, on the face of it—"

"I don't think you ought to be uncharitable, Bob Cherry. I firmly believe that the thing's quite genuine."

"Aas! They want your tin."

"Oh, really, Cherry; they distinctly stated in the advertisement that you were to send no money."

"Yes, ass—and now they've got you to write, they're asking for six bob."

"That's for the colour-box."

"Oh, dear! How much do you think the colour-box is worth?"

"Six shillings, I suppose."

"Sixpence, more likely."

"Oh, no," said Bunter, confidently. "They distinctly state in their letter to me that the colour-box is supplied at cost price."

"My only hat! They'd distinctly state anything for the sake of roping in your tin. Can't you get that into your napper?"

"I'm sincerely sorry—"

"Oh, that's all right. So long as you give up the idea—"

"I'm sincerely sorry to see that you allow personal jealousy—"

"Eh?"

"To carry you so far," said Bunter, with dignity. "You don't want me to earn three pounds a week, and put you fellows in the shade."

"Oh, suffocate him, and come on," said Nugent.

"I say, you fellows, you might manage that six bob. I could let you have it back for certain on Monday, with interest, if you like—"

"Oh, shut up! Can we raise six bob, you chaps? It's cheap to get rid of him at the price, and I suppose when he sees that the thing's a swindle he will be satisfied."

"You see, the thing's quite genuine, Cherry. They say so distinctly in the advertisement. It will be ripping to have three pounds a week, practically for life. I shall be able to settle up a lot of little accounts, and I am thinking of standing a series of extensive feasts—"

"Here's the tin, dummy—now buzz off."

"Thank you, Cherry. I shall put this down to the account. Of course I cannot accept it as a gift. I—hold on, a minute, don't march off while I'm speaking to you," exclaimed Bunter, indignantly, "I want to ask you a question."

"Buck up, then."

"Would you rather have this back out of my postal order on Monday, or out of the first three pounds I get for doing artistic home work?"

But the chums of the Remove were striding away, and Bunter's question was never replied to, and that important point remained unsettled.

THE TENTH CHAPTER

An Interrupted Rehearsal.

THE unexpected victory over the Lowerdale footballers had put the Remove into a good humour with their Chinese captain. The whole thing was absurd, but it was a victory, and the storm Bulstrode was trying to raise was lulled for the time.

But the Chinese captain was soon found to be trying the patience of his followers again. His leadership of the football team had accidentally turned out well. But his next proceeding caused anxiety.

As captain of the Remove he was President of the Form Debating Society, and at the next meeting of that society he claimed his rights.

As he consulted No. 1 Study first, they were bound to back him up—though the consultation was on the same lines as that preceding the football match.

They advised him to keep off the grass, and he declined to take their advice; but he had kept his part of the compact and they had to keep theirs. But this was not the end; it was only the beginning.

The meeting of the debating society was on Monday evening, and it was got through, to the perfect satisfaction of Wun Lung.

On Tuesday came a rehearsal of the Operatic and Dramatic Society.

Harry Wharton was President and stage manager of that important society which had many times distinguished itself in the history of the Greyfriars Remove.

The vice-captain of the Remove naturally took Wharton's place, though it was quite unexpected on the part of the rest of the Operatic and Dramatic Society.

The meeting of the operatic dramatists was to take place in No. 1 Study, and Wun Lung was already there. The little Chinese had taken Wharton's place in the study, somewhat to the disgust of Billy Bunter. Wun Lung was a good cook, and would willingly have relieved Bunter of some of his labours in that line. But the chums did not trust his cooking. He had a way of working into his dishes items only to be found on a Chinese menu, and dog stew or cat soup, however well done, never did appeal to the Removites.

After tea on Tuesday prep. was hurried through, as there was business on hand. Billy Bunter was clearing the table when Ogilvy, a member of the society, came in. He had a parcel in his hand, which had evidently just come by post.

"That's for you, Bunter," he said; and he slammed it down on the table. Bunter gave a howl of alarm.

"Careful, you ass—you might break it!"

"What the dickens is it, then?" said Ogilvy.

"My colour-box."

"Your which?"

"My colour-box," said Bunter, unfastening the string. "I've been expecting it all day, and all day yesterday, too."

"My hat! Are you taking up painting instead of ventriloquism?"

"I'm earning three pounds a week by home-work," said Bunter loftily.

Ogilvy stared.

"Rats!" he remarked. "And many of 'em."

"You can believe me or not as you like," said Bunter. "A firm I know is paying three pounds a week for artistic home work easily done by any person of ordinary abilities."

"Some spoof advertisement, I suppose," said Ogilvy, who was a canny Scotsman, and generally knew how to look after his money.

"Nothing of the sort—quite genuine. You don't have to send any money—only six shillings for a colour-box, and here's the colour-box to prove that they are reliable," said Bunter, finishing opening the packet, and taking out a flat wooden box.

The Removites stared at the box. It was a cheap thing—worth perhaps a shilling, and evidently made in Germany. Even Bunter was a little disappointed as he opened it.

"You've given six shillings for that!" said Ogilvy. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!"

"It's worth about a tanner."

"I suppose they know the value of their own colour-boxes," grunted Bunter. "They distinctly stated in their letter that the colours would be supplied at cost price."

"Then where would their profit come in, ass?"

"They get their profit from the postcards I am going to colour," said Bunter, in a tone of patient explanation. "They are running an immense business in coloured picture-postcards, which they supply in huge quantities to the Colonies."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you'll see!" snapped the fat junior. "You'll change your tune, I expect, when I'm getting in three pounds a week. I'm going to begin at once. They have sent a packet of postcards for me to colour, and I can do them this evening. I shall post them to-night, and get the first cash down to-morrow or the next day."

"I should like to see the colour of that cash," said Ogilvy.
 "Look here," said Bunter, as Morgan and Hazeldene came into the study, "I hope you're not going to make a row here this evening when I've got to work."

"Certainly not," said Nugent. "We're only going to rehearse."

"Couldn't you do it out in the passage?"

No one troubled to reply to this question. More members of the Operatic and Dramatic Society were arriving, and Bunter had to retire into a corner with his colour-box and his picture-postcards.

There, but with an extremely discontented expression upon his fat face, he set to work. There were six postcards in the bundle, and the colouring did not seem a difficult matter. Billy expected to get it done in an hour or so, and post the cards off to the Patriotic Home Work Association.

"Now we're nearly all here, quite enough, at all events," said Bob Cherry, "it's time for the giddy rehearsal. We had started on Julius Caesar. We shall have to leave Mark Antony out of the show this time, as Wharton isn't here."

"Well, we can get on all right without Mark Antony," said Hazeldene. "I'm Brutus, and you're Julius Caesar, and Russell's Cinna—"

"Who's a sinner?" demanded Russell.

"Ass! Cinna in the play."

"Oh, I see! Why can't you say what you mean?"

Wun Lung rose softly from the easy-chair.

"No, leave out Mark Antony," he remarked.

"Must," said Nugent, "Wharton's not here."

"Suppose me takes palt?"

"You—you take the part of Mark Antony?"

"Me consultee you 'bout it."

"Well, then, we advise you to let it alone. Now—"

"Me consultee you—now you backee me up."

"Eh?"

"Me captain Lemove—Plesident of Dlamatic Society. Me takee palt of Mark Antonee, and you backee me up."

The chums of the Remove looked at one another helplessly.

"Oh, talk sense," said Bob Cherry, in a hopeless tone. "You take the part of your grandfather! You can't even talk English."

"The Englishfulness of the honourable rotter's speech is absurd," said Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh. "As one trained with terrific carefulness in that esteemed language, I speak with the ear of authority."

"Me speakkee lipping. Me takee palt of Mark Antonee."

"Let him rip," said Nugent, "it can't be helped. Where were we in the play?"

"Mark Antony's oration comes next."

"Oh, dear! Can we cut that?"

"No cuttee. Me rehearse."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Ogilvy. "Go ahead! We ought to let the fellows in to hear this."

"Here, hold that row!" growled Billy Bunter. "How's a fellow to do artistic home-work with a din like that going on!"

"Friends—"

"Go ahead!"

"On the ball!"

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him—"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"The evil that men do lives after them,
 The good is oft interred with their bones,
 So let it be with Caesar."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The noble Brutus—"

"Oh, don't!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "I can't stand the noble Brutus!"

"The noble Brutus,
 Hath told you, Caesar was ambitious,
 If it were so, it were a grievous sin,
 And grievously hath Caesar answered it."

The Removites were roaring by this time, and Billy Bunter growling discontentedly at the noise. But Wun Lung went on bravely.

"You all did see that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "A kingly crown!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Play be quiet while me recite my palt," said Wun Lung.

"Hold on! As secretary of the dramatic society I move that the present rehearsal be adjourned indefinitely!" exclaimed Nugent.

"I second the motion," said Ogilvy.

"And I third it!" roared Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha! I'm off!"

And the amateur dramatists rushed out of the study, laughing like hyenas; and Wun Lung was left rehearsing alone, with a look of wonder on his face.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Wun Lung Does the Thing in Style.

"GREAT Scott! Look!"

"My hat!"

"Oh, figs!"

The Removites had cause for amazement. It was the morning, and the Form were in their room waiting for Mr. Quelch, who was not so punctual as usual.

Wun Lung was the last to come in, and when he came in the Remove simply gasped. For Wun Lung was in splendid array. The fellows had known for some time past that something was going on, for Wun Lung had had several visits from the Friardale tailor, who brought bundles of garments; but they were always fitted in the secrecy of a locked study. Now the secret was out!

Wun Lung had evidently taken his position as Form captain seriously, and was dressing for the part to do it full justice. The little Chinese was clad in the full and gorgeous robes of a mandarin on State occasions in his own country. His everyday attire was a little singular, and generally attracted attention from rude little boys when he took his walks abroad. But his present get-up was, as Bob Cherry put it, a flabbergaster.

He was almost lost in the ample folds of his robes, from which curious figures stared out in all the colours of the rainbow. Blue and green and gold peacocks, mandarins in gorgeous robes, were depicted on the flowing garments of the little Chinese. It was a triumph of colour, at all events.

Wun Lung's face was quite serious as he entered the classroom, and he did not appear to understand the gasp of merriment that greeted him. He looked round innocently, and moved towards his place in the Form with a swish of flowing skirts.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "I think this takes the bun."

"What on earth will Quelch say?" said Nugent.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The door opened, and the Form master came in. He glanced at the class with elevated eyebrows as he heard the laughter. Then he caught sight of Wun Lung—and stared.

"What—what is this?"

The Remove giggled.

"Wun Lung! Is that you?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Come here!"

Wun Lung approached the Form master.

Mr. Quelch looked at him with a severe brow. The Form-master was strongly inclined to laugh, but he restrained himself. A smile on his face would have led to an explosion from the whole Form.

"What does this mean, Wun Lung?" he asked sternly.

"No savvy."

"Why have you dressed yourself in this—this absurd fashion? Boys, silence! I do not allow laughter in the class-room. Answer me, Wun Lung."

"No savvy."

"Why have you put on these clothes?"

"Mandalin's robes, sir," said the little Chinese innocently. "Me havee them madee to fit, and me weal them."

"But why?"

"Me captain of the Lemove, sir."

"But—but—"

"Me dress as mandalin now me captain," said Wun Lung, with a beaming smile. "Lookie all light. What you tinkie?"

Mr. Quelch smothered a laugh.

"You may go to your place, Wun Lung."

"Tankee you, sir!"

And Wun Lung sat down.

Mr. Quelch's stern brow brought the Remove to something like gravity, but there were little gusts of laughter all through the morning lessons.

A good many impositions fell to the lot of the juniors, for the Form-master was not to be trifled with. But Bob Cherry said that the fun was worth it. When the morning lessons were over, and the Remove was dismissed, Wun Lung rose from his place and marched at the head of the juniors to the door.

He moved with a dignity that befitted his garments of State. With a slow and dignified stride he marched on, and would doubtless have reached the door in safety, had not Skinner purposely trodden upon the tail of his flowing robe and kept his foot there.

The little Chinese was brought to a sudden stop, and he stumbled and fell.

He went down with a bump, and there was a yell of laughter. Wun Lung sat up and blinked round him.

"Sorry," said Skinner. "Quite an accident."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beastee!" said Wun Lung. "Lottel! Tleadee on lobe on pulpose!"

"Go out quietly, please," called out Mr. Quelch.

And the Remove marched out.

Wun Lung carefully gathered up his robes as he went down the passage, and a facetious junior yelled to him that he was showing his ankles. Wun Lung took no notice. He sailed down the corridor in great style.

"My hat!" exclaimed Temple, of the Upper Fourth, as he came out into the passage at the same moment. "What's that? The ghost of Greyfriars, or a nightmare come out for a walk by daylight—or what?"

"It's a tropical beetle," said Fry.

"Oh, rather," assented Dabney.

"Better capture it and pin it up, then," grinned Temple. And the Upper Fourth Formers made a rush for the gorgeous Chinese.

But two or three Removites ran up, and they changed their minds. They contented themselves with marching along solemnly after the Celestial into the Close, looking for an opportunity of tripping him up.

"We shall have the whole school cackling at us over that duffer," Bulstrode growled to his crony, Stott. "Somebody ought to yank that rubbish off him."

"Let's," said Stott.

"Well, come on then—we may as well! We'll roll him in the puddles."

And Bulstrode dashed towards the little Chinese.

Bob Cherry stepped quickly into the way, with a dangerous look in his eyes.

"What's the little game?" he asked quietly.

Bulstrode glared at him.

"Get out of the way! We're going to bump that duffer."

"Your mistake. You're not."

"Will you get out of the way?" roared Bulstrode.

"Not much."

"Then I'll jolly soon shift you!"

And Bulstrode rushed at Bob. The sturdy junior did not move. He met the attack steadily, and in a moment more they were reeling to and fro in each other's grip.

There was a shout and a rush of fellows to the spot at once.

"Hallo! A fight! A fight!"

"It's Bulstrode and Cherry again!"

"Go it, Bulstrode!"

"Go it, Cherry!"

They were "going it," and did not seem to need much encouragement. They had been on the verge of it ever since Wharton left.

Bob was really not a match for the burly Bulstrode, but he was the last fellow in the world to stand bullying. And, although not so big nor so strong as the Remove bully, he was a tough customer, and Bulstrode soon found that he would have all his work cut out to get the better of him.

They stumbled, and rolled on the ground, fighting furiously.

"By Jove, that looks like business!" said Ogilvy. "Go it, Cherry! Give him beans!"

Nugent and Hurree Singh dragged the struggling combatants apart.

"Stop that!" said Nugent. "You can have it out on your feet, you know, according to rules. Now then!"

"Mind your own business!" snarled Bulstrode savagely.

"Oh, you shut up! Toe the line now."

And the two juniors, both very red and excited, faced one another. In a moment they were at it hammer and tongs.

Bulstrode had the advantage of longer reach and greater height. But he had less pluck than his opponent, and more regard for getting hurt.

Both received severe punishment; but it was pretty clear that Bob Cherry was getting the worst of it.

But that made no difference to Bob's determination. He was game to the last, and he did not give in till he could no longer stand, and both his eyes were closed up, his nose swollen, and his face darkened with bruises.

And when he reached that state Bulstrode also was staggering, and evidently not worth another round.

"I—I'm done!" gasped Bob Cherry, as he made an effort to rise, and sank back again from sheer exhaustion. "But I'll take you on again to-morrow, Bulstrode."

"And I'll give you another licking," grunted Bulstrode.

But when the morrow came he was careful not to quarrel with Bob Cherry again. He had won the fight, but such a victory was worse than many defeats might have been; and it was a long time before Bulstrode got rid of the marks of the victory.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Harry Wharton Returns in Time.

"WHARTON'S coming back this afternoon," Nugent remarked the next day. "I shall be jolly glad, for one. I miss him."

Bob Cherry blinked out of his half-closed eyes. He was still feeling very severely the effects of the previous day's mill.

"Yes, rather! I think the whole Form misses him. Things are getting into a pretty mess without him, anyway."

"I say, you fellows, I'm thinking of standing a big feed when Wharton comes back," Billy Bunter remarked. "It would please him, and look as if we were glad to see him again. I was thinking of blueing a pound on it."

"Good wheeze! Go ahead with the blueing."

"Well, I haven't had my remittance yet from the Patriotic Home Work Association. There's been some delay——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to cackle at, Nugent. They've answered me fairly enough. I sent in the postcards I coloured, and they replied that the work isn't quite up to their standard. That's not surprising, considering that I was doing the work with a crowd of silly asses making a row round me."

"So the idea's done in?"

"Not at all. They've sent me a fresh packet of postcards to colour, and it will be all right next week."

"Who's paying postage?"

"I am, of course. I couldn't expect them to. I pay postage in advance for their replies to me."

"So it costs them nothing to go on with the wheeze?"

"I suppose not—except their time."

"I dare say they've got plenty of time," grinned Bob Cherry. "People who don't work for a living generally have. And, anyway, they'll get 'time' some day, when the police get hold of them."

"Oh, really, Cherry! As a matter of fact, they must have plenty to do, with their gigantic business in London and distributing agencies in every British Colony."

"I expect their gigantic business in London is carried on in a single room at the top of some building in the City," growled Bob Cherry.

"Well, you'll see it will be all right next week, Cherry, only it places me in a rather awkward position now, as I'm short of money, and I want to do Wharton down well when he comes. Will you fellows lend me the pound I want, and have it back out of my first remittance from the Patriotic Home Work Association?"

"Is that a conundrum?"

"Of course it isn't," said Billy Bunter indignantly. "I want to raise the pound to-day, as Wharton's coming back, and I think you fellows might——"

"Ask us another," said Bob Cherry. "I don't know the answer to that one."

"Oh, really, Cherry——"

"We'll go down and meet Wharton's train," said Bob Cherry.

"I say, Cherry, I was talking——"

"Yes, I know you were, Billy—you generally are. We'll go down and meet Wharton's train, Nugent, and walk home with him. I'm jolly glad he's coming, to put a stop to the pranks of that howling ass of a Chinese."

The doings of the "heathen Chinese" were indeed making the Remove restive.

Wun Lung seemed to think that his rank as Form captain was a grand opportunity for indulging his peculiar sense of humour in every possible way.

He had called a Form meeting the previous evening, and contrived to lock up the whole of the Remove in the Form-room, and keep them there raging for a whole hour. He explained through the keyhole that there had been signs of insubordination, and that this was an instruction in discipline.

But the Remove did not appear to see quite as Wun Lung did in the matter, and for some time afterwards it was dangerous for him to go near any of them.

Bulstrode had led a party in search of him, in fact, with the idea of avenging the injury, and had led them into a booby trap, a bagful of cayenne pepper descending upon their heads as they opened the door of his study.

The avengers had fled, but they had not left off sneezing till they went to sleep that night, feeling as if they had no noses left.

Bulstrode was not satisfied with that, and he had arisen in the middle of the night to take summary vengeance on the Chinese, by inverting a jug of water over him in bed.

Then a fearful yell had startled the Removites from slumber. Bulstrode, in approaching the Celestial's bed, had trodden with his bare feet upon a dozen tinctacks, of which Wun Lung had sagaciously scattered two or three hundred round his bed, in anticipation of something of the kind.

Bulstrode received little sympathy. The whole Form laughed at him, and the bully was still limping.

It dawned upon him and his friends that it would be safer to let Wun Lung alone; but it was pretty certain that if Wharton did not soon return there would be an explosion in the Remove.

For that reason, as well as for others, the chums of No. 1 Study were glad that Friday had come, and that Harry was returning to Greyfriars at last.

Wharton was coming by the five o'clock train, and immediately after afternoon lessons Bob Cherry, Nugent, and Hurree Singh put on their caps and coats to go down to the station to meet him.

Bunter blinked at them inquiringly as they went out.
"Wait a minute for me," he said. "I'd like to come and greet Wharton, you know. I suppose you'll be standing him a bit of a feed at the tuck-shop?"

"No, we shan't! Buck up if you're coming!"

"H'm! On second thoughts, I think I'd better get on with colouring these postcards, and I may have some money down in time for a feed to-morrow."

And Bunter did not join the party.

The chums walked down to the station, and arrived there in good time. They were on the platform as the train came steaming in.

A door swung open, and Harry Wharton jumped out.

"Here he is!"

And the three juniors rushed up to greet him. Harry had only been away a week, but his chums had missed him, and glad enough were they to see him again. And his looks showed that he was glad too.

"How have you been getting on while I've been away?" was his first question, as they walked out of the station.

"Rotten!" said Bob Cherry. "I wrote and told you the result of the football match."

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Yes; that was a stroke of luck. What has Wun Lung been doing since?"

"Everything that he shouldn't do, I think," growled Bob Cherry. "The whole Form's in an uproar. Of course, Bulstrode's been making all the trouble he could."

"You look as if there had been trouble."

Bob Cherry grinned.

"Yes; we had a row yesterday. But that's nothing. Things are getting into an uproarious state. I firmly believe that Wun Lung would be lynched in the Form-room if he remained captain of the Remove much longer."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Harry Wharton listened to the tale of the doings of Wun Lung, and laughed heartily over it, as they walked to Greyfriars. But he fully agreed that it was about time the captaincy of Wun Lung came to an end.

They entered the gates of Greyfriars, but though it was still bright daylight, there were no Removites in the Close. It was somewhat surprising, and the chums guessed at once that something was "on."

"Wun Lung again!" said Bob Cherry resignedly.

Wharton looked a little anxious.

"Better have a look for him!" he exclaimed.

He tossed his bag into the porter's lodge, and they looked for Wun Lung. The gym. was drawn blank, then the Form-room, the studies, and the dormitory.

Curiously enough, none of the Remove could be seen, either.

A grinning Third Form fag enlightened them at last, as Bob Cherry caught him by the ear and demanded to know where the Remove were.

"They're in the wood-shed."

"What on earth are they doing there?"

"Ragging the Chinese."

"What has he been doing?"

"Experimenting with the garden hose."

"My hat! Come on, kids!"

The chums hurried off in the direction of the wood-shed.

A crowd of many voices soon warned them that they were on the right track. A crowd of Removites, all highly excited, surrounded the wood-shed, against the door of which Wun Lung was held in the grasp of Stott and Skinner.

EVERY TUESDAY, The "Magnet" ONE HALFPENNY. LIBRARY.

Bulstrode had the garden hose in his hand. It was fixed for use, and only the junior's thumb on the nozzle kept the water from streaming out.

Bulstrode did not look a pretty sight. He was drenched from head to foot, and stained with mud, and his face was dark with savage anger.

"Hold him!" he said savagely. "I'll teach him to turn the hose on us! We'll show him how to captain the Remove!"

Swish—sizz—swish!

There was a terrific yell from the unfortunate Chinese. The stream of water smote him full in the chest, and he was drenched to the skin in a moment.

Splashes of the water went over Skinner and Stott, and they yelled, and promptly let go the prisoner.

"Hold him!" shouted Bulstrode.

"Rata! We're getting soaked!"

"Help!" yelled Wun Lung. "Ow! Me wet! Me velly wet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Bulstrode!"

"Make him dance!"

"Dance, you beggar! Dance!"

Bulstrode kept the stream of water playing on the Chinese.

And Wun Lung did dance. The stream was strong and fast, and he was dazed by the impact of the water, and he jumped to and fro like a frightened rabbit as it drenched him.

The Remove yelled with laughter. Wun Lung had been experimenting with the hose, and by accident or design had drenched a dozen or more of the juniors. They were getting their own back now, with a vengeance!

Harry Wharton dashed swiftly up to the scene. He had little doubt that the Chinese's peculiar sense of humour had led him into the scrape, but he thought it had gone far enough.

"Hold on!"

Bulstrode swung round as the Famous Four dashed up.

"Oh, get out!" he growled. "Mind your own business! Hallo!"

There was a roar from Stott. As Bulstrode swung round, the stream of water caught him in the neck. Bulstrode started, and turned the hose away, and the water streamed into the very midst of the Removites.

There was a general scattering and yelling.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You'd better chuck it, Bulstrode."

Bulstrode grinned, and dropped the hose.

"Well, he's had enough. He won't be so funny next time."

Wun Lung had rolled over in a flood of water. Harry Wharton picked him up. The little Chinese was streaming, and looked curiously like a half-drowned cat. He caught hold of Wharton's arm and clung to him.

"You'd better come and change your things," said Harry, with a smile.

The Chinese gasped.

"Me glad you come back," he murmured. "Me had nuffee of being captain! Me resign."

And so ended the reign of the Chinese captain of the Greyfriars Remove.

THE END.

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GRAND TALE OF ARMY LIFE.



READ THIS FIRST.

On the death of his father, 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. Dominic Dashwood's death occurs just as the 25th are sailing for India. On their arrival there, Leonard joins the Ploughshares. A frontier war breaks out, and the 25th receive orders to mobilise for the front. A trooper named Sligo is bribed by Dashwood to drug Tom Howard one night while the young corporal is on picket duty. Tom falls asleep at his post and is told that in due time he will be court-martialled. One day Sligo has a letter from his wife, describing how, while cleaning out a certain set of offices in Lincoln's Inn Fields, she discovered a dusty document under a safe, relating to Tom Howard's affairs, and that Sergeant Hogan, a former servant of Colonel Dashwood's, with whom Mrs. Sligo was acquainted, had joyfully affirmed that it established Jack Dashwood's claim to the Colonel's estates. This letter Sligo maliciously shows to Leonard Dashwood, who manages to destroy it, together with one from Sergeant Hogan to Tom Howard, who has been promoted to sergeant. An I O U for £95, which Dashwood had given to Sligo as hush-money, falls into Colonel Greville's hands.

A general advance is now ordered, and the column moves into the difficult Mahmud country. Lieutenant Blennerhassett and the Hon. Algy, with a handful of men, are attacked by tribesmen, and take refuge in a rocky cave. At nightfall they manage to beat the enemy off, but their ammunition is exhausted. In an attempt to bring ammunition from a native village, the Hon. Algy, Howard, and Sloggett are trapped by tribesmen in an old tower, where arms and ammunition are stored. They defend themselves vigorously, and the noise of their rifles causes great anxiety to the little garrison in the cave.

(Now go on with the story.)

Warm Work.

When it was daylight, Ali Khan rode in a wide circle round the tower to see things for himself, mounted on a splendid little Arab pony whose long tail trailed behind him in the sand, taking good care, however, to keep well out of range of those deadly rifles, and making his survey at a hard gallop.

Some jewels that were set in the hilt of one of his daggers sparkled in the rising sun, and suggested an idea to Sergeant Howard. In the lower room he had seen a piece of broken looking-glass, and, without saying a word, he ran down and returned with it.

"What on earth are you up to now?" said the Hon. Algy, whose breech-block had jammed, and who was preparing to go down for another rifle.

"We can see the cave, sir," said Tom. "Why should we not helio to them, and let them know what's happening?"

Tom took his stand on the centre of the tower-top working his glass until he caught the sun's rays, and the others, riveting their eyes on the black spot upon the hillside, waited anxiously.

The cave was too far off for them to hear the shout of relief that went up from every throat as Private Rogers read off the message. Mr. Blennerhassett, groping in his saddle-wallet, brought out a little shaving-mirror, which he placed in Rogers' hand.

The three men on the tower below felt their hearts leap within them as a little flash up on the hillside told them their message had been seen and understood, and was even then being answered.

"Dot, dash, dot, dot, dot, dash!" twinkled the message, as Trooper Rogers flashed Mr. Blennerhassett's reply through space.

The Hon. Algy on one side took out his notebook, and Mr. Blennerhassett did the same on the other, and each read the words aloud amid the tremendous excitement of his comrades.

"We are in the tower of the Khan's house," signalled Tom. "Rifles and ammunition, but no food."

"That's all right!" came the answer. "Thought you were killed last night. Hold on till all's blue. Help sure to come."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Corporal Sloggett. "They're a pretty good height up there, and can see for miles. If we tell them to helio in the direction of the general, our chaps out there might get on to it, and bring us all off."

"That's a jolly good idea of yours, Sloggett! Send that up, Howard."

And Tom twinkled his mirror like mad.

"We are going up to top of rock," came the reply. "It's worth trying."

And then there was a long pause, but by the aid of the Hon. Algy's glass they could see some little brown specks above the openings of the cavern—specks of men in khaki showing their profiles to them—and they knew that the shaving-glass was winking and twinkling over the hills.

The three men on the tower paid no heed to the clamour below them, or to the heavy blows that were being showered upon the door. They were all anxiety as to the success of the experiment; and presently all three gave a great shout as the glass was turned in their direction again, and Tom read off the words:

"Got on main body!"

"That's all right!" said the Hon. Algy, putting his glass away with a snap. "Now, boys, what do you say to a little more shooting?"

And, repeating the tactics of the previous night, they bagged four more Pathans with eight successive shots, and sent the whole of the rebels flying back to the shelter from which they had unwisely emerged.

Said the sergeant in charge of the helio attached to the headquarters staff:

"Bust me, if there isn't someone signalling from over yonder! We've got no troops in that direction—Second Brigade's there." And he pointed with his finger. "And General Ellis can't have come anywhere near yet. Take it down, Tom!"

And his mate had soon scored down the exciting message:

"Very tight place! Can't hold out much longer!"

The sergeant looked at his companion with a puzzled expression, and got his own apparatus to work, signalling "Who are you?" and getting the reply: "Blennerhassett, 25th Hussars!"

"This is a job for the general," said the sergeant.

And very soon Sir Bindon Blood and half a dozen staff-officers were standing round the heliograph, dots and dashes flying merrily backwards and forwards over the intervening country.

Little did Ali Khan and his rascals think what was going on—if not under their very noses, at any rate immediately over their very heads! And well might the Hussars cheer themselves hoarse as the general's message came:

"Stick to it! Am sending squadrons and four companies to your relief!"

This was duly helioed by Trooper Rogers to the three isolated men on the tower of the Khan's house, and there was joy in that wild village and in that romantic Cave of

the Winds. And away up the valley, miles off, there was mounting in hot haste, and the Ploughshires fell in, and Major-General Sir Ponsonby Smithers, K.C.B., G.C.S.I., etc., prepared to lead the rescuing force in his own august person.

The general was determined there should be no mistake about it this time, and three squadrons of the 25th Hussars and four companies of the Ploughshires were soon under way through the red-brown dust, perhaps the keenest of them all being Dick Vivian.

But it was not to be a triumphal progress, for they had barely gone more than a mile from the camp when they were sniped on from the hills on each side, and the sniping was so heavy that the general decided to clear the snipers out before he proceeded. The resistance was much greater than even he had anticipated at first, but at length he drove the tribesmen into a little gorge that ran almost at right angles to the main valley, and the temptation to pursue and cut them down being too great, the Hussars were sent at a gallop, and did some slaughter.

All this took time, and it was high noon before the Mahmuds in the village became aware of the dust cloud approaching down the valley.

But in the meantime other things had been happening, for Mirza Ali had, on a sudden, taken his beard in both hands and plucked at it dramatically.

"Sons of burnt fathers, that we are!" he cried. "There is another way into the Cave of the Winds. Do thou, oh, Ali Khan, make pretence of attacking once more, while I and my men will climb to the mountain top and drop down among them?"

Then Ali Khan cursed Mirza Ali roundly that he had not remembered this thing before, and Mirza Ali, with a wicked glitter in his hawk's eye, said spiteful things about Ali Khan's family ancestry, and marched away with his men behind him, pausing when he had gone a few yards, and shouting back a signal by which they should know when he had reached the top of the mountain. And the fierce tribesmen of Ali Khan brandished their swords, and shouted and danced an uncouth war-dance to while away their waiting.

Mr. Blennerhassett drank a deep draught from the babbling stream, dusted the knees of his riding-breeches carefully, replaced his handkerchief in his sleeve, and said:

"Rogers, we will go up the chimney again, and have another try to get on to H.Q."

They were getting used to "the chimney," as they had nicknamed that long, tunnel-shaped cave that led them out on to the top of the mountain.

Private Rogers fell in behind his officer, and up they went, sometimes on hands and knees, and reached the top puffing and blowing, the heat of the noonday sun glaring full through the opening as the lieutenant stretched his hands up to grasp its sides.

"Back for your life, man!" he shouted suddenly, ducking down. "The demons are on top of us. We are lost!"

The officer and man began a perilous retreat, shouting to the others as they did so.

"It's all up men," cried the lieutenant hoarsely. "Look, those beggars are coming up again. We can't possibly hold this show any longer. For my part, I would rather die in the open than be shut up in here. What do you say?"

"We say right to anything you command, sir!" said several of the men. "The water-course is one way, and we might make a good fight of it down yonder."

"It means losing the horses, anyhow," said the lieutenant, with a pang in his voice. "But here they come, so over with you!"

Down the slippery rocks, in the darkness of the cave, tore Mirza Ali and his savage tribesmen, and up the slope dashed Ali Khan, yelling like a fiend.

The Hussars were in the nick of time, but their difficulties had by no means ceased when they vaulted, rifle in hand, over the breastwork, and began the steep descent—the foothold rendered more difficult by the water that flowed over the surface of the black rock.

The cavern behind them boomed with the roar of many voices, and as the first thing Mirza Ali's men did was to overthrow the barrier, an avalanche of stones came thundering in their wake, and after the stones the tribesmen in full pursuit.

Mr. Blennerhassett's face grew white beneath its sun brown, but he stayed till the last, like the gallant fellow he was, and one stone battered his helmet out of all shape.

They gained the angle where the stream flowed into the gorge, and with no fixed idea of what they were going to do, the Hussars tore madly down the winding way in the direction of the village. It was a death race, and behind them the lithe, active Mahmuds, used to mountain climbing from their earliest boyhood, gained rapidly. The descent was so steep, and the gorge a mere tortuous cleft in the mountain side, that there was nothing for it but to bound along until they could reach where they could turn at bay. Encumbered by the heavy rifles, they slipped and floundered, stumbled, and got up again, until they rounded a shoulder of rock that gave on to the valley itself.

"Halt, men!" cried Mr. Blennerhassett. "We have got to fight it out here, and we will send some of them to blazes before we get snuffed out."

His voice had never sounded so stern before, and there was a gulp in his throat as he thought for a moment of Muriel Vivian, as he had seen her last on the siding at Aldershot.

He drew himself up to his full height, flashing a glance at his men, which he knew, too well, was one of farewell, when the next moment his eyes opened very wide, and his rifle almost fell from his grasp.

A hundred yards away stood the Khan's house, with its cluster of stone dwellings round about it. Through the spaces between the houses a mob of terrified Asiatics tore, with loud cries, Captain Vincent's squadron on top of them, bending down from the saddle, pointing and slashing in the bright sunlight; and on the tower the Hon. Algy, Tom Howard, and Bill Sloggett jumped and whooped and shouted like schoolboys, forgetful of all rank distinction in their joy at seeing the rescue party, that had arrived so opportunely.

The little band of Hussars which had rallied in disorder around Mr. Blennerhassett gave a hearty cheer, but they saw that the flying Mahmuds were making for the very gulley whose mouth their presence barred; and even as they looked, Mirza Ali and his fanatics reached the shelter of the rock and sprang into view.

"Face the enemy, lads! We must stand back to back, like the 28th at Alexandria!"

And, kneeling down, Mr. Blennerhassett fired at Mirza Ali, who promptly doubled up and fell on his nose.

The Mahmuds behind pushed the foremost of their companions forward, not fifteen yards from the kneeling line, and the Martinis barked loudly and deep, while the other ranks which had faced towards the village took the flying tribesmen by surprise.

With that row of deadly barrels in front of them, and Vincent's keen sabres upon their heels, they scattered and fled over the plain, screaming with terror, and pursued by the Hussars in little knots of twos and threes, until friend and foe alike were concealed in a huge cloud of red-brown dust.

Mirza Ali being slain, and his men having recovered from their surprise, the band disappeared once more into the gorge, where they could be heard yelling, as they fled for their lives towards the Cave of the Winds again.

As for Ali Khan, he had barely reached the abbatis, when firing in the valley told him that something unusual was going forward; and leaving his brother chieftain to make short work of the garrison in the cave, as he thought, the old rascal rushed down to the village with a couple of hundred men at his back in time to see the whirl of Hussars riding by, with a hoarse shout of rapture, as they pursued the tribesmen who had occupied the village.

Behind the Hussars came an infantry column, swinging along at a great pace through the dust; and directly Ali Khan and his men showed themselves, the Ploughshires opened out, flung themselves on to the ground, and commenced a withering fire with their Lee-Metfords.

Discretion was the better part of valour, and Ali Khan, with a roar of disappointment, fled back again into the mountains, followed by a hearty British cheer, in which none joined more loudly than brave Sir Ponsonby Smithers, who had followed the Hussars with his staff, and now reined up at the Khan's house, with a satisfied smile on his mahogany visage.

"Good-morning, sir!" said a voice from the sky.

And, looking up, the general saw the Hon. Algernon Armstrong peering over the parapet, and behind him the sergeant and corporal, standing at attention.

"Hallo, young man, what are you doing up there?" said Sir Ponsonby.

And the Hon. Algy, having been helped with some difficulty down the staircase, came out of the house with his companions, and gave the general an outline of their night's adventures.

Sir Ponsonby listened with a flashing eye as the Hon. Algy painted his picture with glowing colours, not sparing Tom Howard the gallant part he had played.

"Oh, we have met before, sergeant!" said Sir Ponsonby. "Let me see, it was—" And the general paused, a sly smile creeping round his mouth.

"When we were attacked, sir, by that treacherous Khan, and afterwards at the Buddhist monastery."

"Yes, I have not forgotten that," said Sir Ponsonby drily. "But I was thinking of the old country just then." And Tom's face flushed scarlet. "However, it is not fair of me to pry into your secret."

And Sir Ponsonby made a mental note of what he had heard, then ordered his bugler to sound the "Recall!"

Colonel Greville came back at a gallop, and his men streamed in after him. He formed them up, an excited band enough, with satisfaction and laughter on every face. They had reaped a tremendous vengeance among the flying tribesmen, and paid off several old scores that the squadrons had been keeping up their sleeves.

"Now, gentlemen," said the general, addressing the knot of officers who drew near him, "I have heard of the pickle you were in, and how pluckily you held your own. There is no time to be lost, and we must give these beggars a severe lesson. They can't be far off, and we will get on their track without delay. And there are the horses, too, that were left in the cave; they must be recovered."

And giving a few brief orders, the Ploughshares were soon swinging up the rocky track, followed by the squadrons of the 25th, the Hon. Algy, whose ankle had swollen up enormously, riding a troop-horse, from which Colonel Greville had dismounted one of his men.

They found the cave deserted, and were welcomed by neighs from the troop-horses, whose owners quickly took possession of them; and then—Dick Vivian's company having reported that the enemy were quite close—the general advanced up into the hills, carefully reconnoitring with his glasses as he went.

Some sniping shots rang out from the front, and were replied to by Dick's men. The cavalry had to dismount and lead their horses where the path was difficult, and the relieving force pushed rapidly away from the valley, leaving the village in flames, Sir Ponsonby having ordered its destruction.

Ali Khan now found himself in a tight place. He had gathered between two and three hundred followers about him, and turned resolutely at bay. But the force was too strong, and the Mahmud chief had to retreat step by step.

But the avenging British had not left the valley very long, when its dust was once more disturbed by the feet of an armed band, and the Hadda Mullah himself, at the head of nearly a thousand warriors, stole cautiously upon Sir Ponsonby's rear.

From the high altitude of a mountain-side Ali Khan looked back, and saw the neck of a gorge behind the British suddenly alive with his own kinsfolk, and Ali Khan once more expressed it as his opinion that there was but one God, and Mahomet was his prophet.

Down below the track wound through a glen clothed with red-stemmed pines, and through it the Ploughshares marched in single file, followed by the Hussars, still leading their horses.

"We have them in a trap, from which not one will escape!" cried Ali Khan exultantly, brandishing his sword, as the first shot from the Mullah's party caused the British force to halt.

"Hallo, what the dickens is this?" said Sir Ponsonby Smithers, reining up in the shadow of the pines, and taking out his glasses. "By gad, Greville, there is a perfect horde of these chaps behind us! If those rascals on in front had only the sense to make a stand of it, they might do us a lot of mischief."

The colonel had been sweeping the scarp of the hill, and, without removing his glasses from his eyes, intimated to the general that the beggars were making a stand.

And now, from the front and rear, bullets began to fall upon the straggling British lines. Luckily Ali Khan had few firearms in his band; but with the Mullah's party it was different, and leaves and branches began to fall in a shower about the ears of the general himself.

"Something has got to be done!" said Sir Ponsonby, looking from left to right; and then, turning to one of his gallopers, he said: "Shove ahead, Egerton, and tell the officer commanding the two foremost companies that he must charge that hill with the bayonet and clear them out. Your fellows had

better lead their horses into the trees, where there is plenty of cover, Greville, and open fire." And the word having been given, the Hussars, dragging their mounts after them, took temporary shelter in the wood.

Then the carbines began, as the Mullah's followers opened out, and seemed to cover the whole hillside. Sir Ponsonby, knowing that the attack on his rear would be checked for the time being, went forward to watch the bayonet charge he had ordered, and soon the scarp of the hill was dotted with little brown spots, as the companies extended and began their toilsome climb.

Dick Vivian looked round, with a flush on his boyish cheeks. He knew that Tom was behind somewhere, and with pardonable pride hoped that he might be watching him at that moment. But Tom had something else to do, and, with his reins over his left arm, he knelt behind the stump of a tree, and loosed round after round.

Up the steep face of the hill—black rock, for the most part, but here and there little clumps of sun-brown verdure—went the Ploughshares. Overhead was the blue sky, with the fierce sun beating down with a heat that was almost intolerable, and down the face of the mountain whistled the Mahmud bullets.

Luckily there were not many of them; but behind the sangar of rocks Ali Khan and his men leaped and whooped and brandished their swords, and clanged them on their shields, as the little brown lines came closer and closer.

For half the distance the advance was made by rushes. The foremost line opened out to several paces interval, ran forward, scurrying like rabbits, flung itself down on its face, and fired upwards. Then another line would join it, and the first go on again, the officers making it a point of honour to stand as erect as was possible on a plane whose angle was something like seventy-five degrees.

A good deal of the distance had to be done on hands and knees, for the hill was in places almost precipitous; but rush after rush, pause after pause, brought them at last to within fifty yards of the sangar, and Captain Montgomery drew his sword and called out, "Fix bayonets!"

A little glittering wave ran along the front line, as the short, broad-bladed knives were plucked from their sheaths, and secured over the muzzles of the rifles.

Then the whistles blew, the word to charge was given, and with a loud yell the Ploughshares sprang up the intervening space, and were hand to hand at last.

"By Jove, they do it in style!" said Sir Ponsonby. "I'll be hanged if the Highlanders could have done it any better!"

And, with a sterner set of the mouth beneath the white moustache, the general watched the rough-and-tumble among the rocks high above him.

Private Johnson rolled back, and Dick caught him in his arms, let his sword dangle, and fired three shots with his revolver. Dick's smart khaki jacket was smeared with crimson as he laid the wounded man in a shoulder of a rock, and sprang to Montgomery's help.

The captain was surrounded by half a dozen savage gentlemen, in dirty garments, all hacking and cutting at him with their keen blades; and if Dick and a colour-sergeant had not been near at hand, Captain Montgomery's company would have lost its leader. But the supports came up quickly, and the Ploughshares were very busy with the bayonet.

In less than three minutes, by the general's watch, they had broken the back of the resistance, and were bayoneting Pathans in holes and corners, at last driving them helter-skelter higher up the mountain, the strident notes of a bugle far below in the valley sounding the recall unheeded.

Leonard Dashwood's shoulder-strap had been torn away by a bullet, and something of the old fighting spirit of his family burned for a moment in his face.

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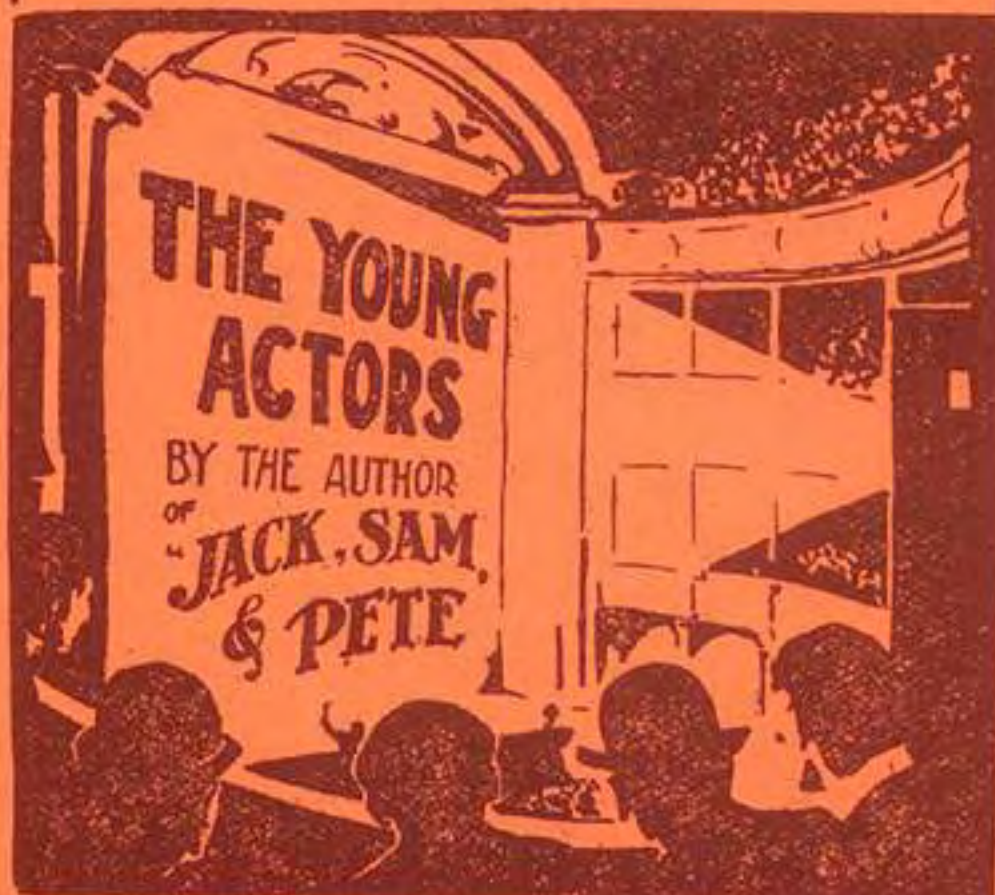
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