

“WUN LUNG MINOR.”

The
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NO 117.
VOL. 4

Grand Complete School Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.



“KO KO KO! KI KI KI! KO KO KI!”

A black and white illustration of a vintage bicycle. The bicycle is shown from a side profile, facing right. It has a high frame, large spoked wheels, a chain drive, and a seat. The text "WRITE FOR LISTS" is printed in a bold, sans-serif font in the upper right area of the image. At the bottom left, the word "COVENTRY." is partially visible.



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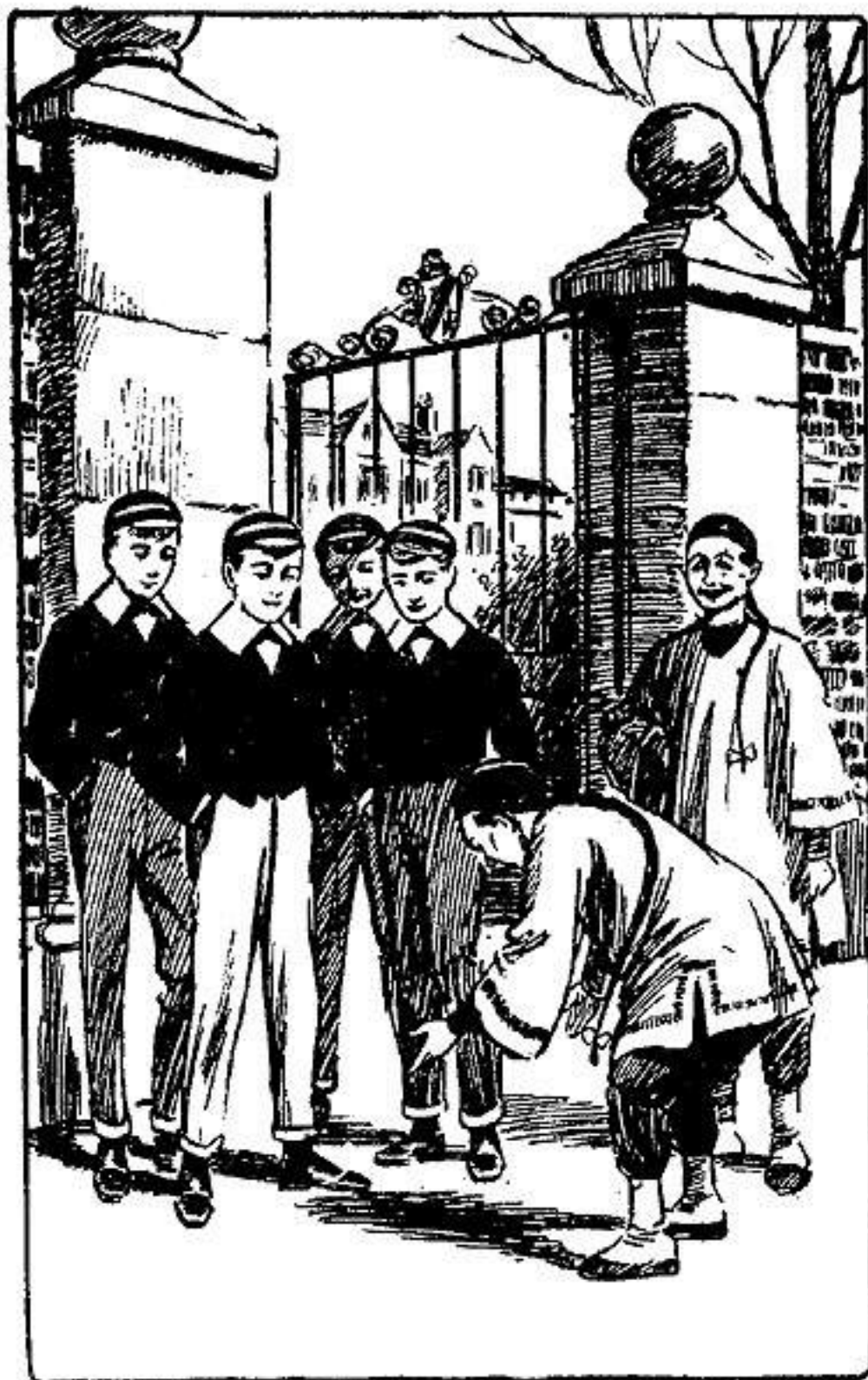
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Harry Wharton & Co.



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THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Wun Lung Causes Excitement.

"LOOK!"

"Great Scott!"

"He's off his giddy rocker!"

"My hat!"

"My only aunt Sempronia!"

The juniors, gathering outside No. 13 Study in the Remove passage at Greyfriars, were excited, and no wonder.

No wonder their startled exclamations formed a sort of chorus in the passage, and drew other fellows to the spot from far and near.

WUN LUNG MINOR.

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

— BY —

FRANK RICHARDS.

Bob Cherry had been the first to make the astounding discovery.

Bob Cherry had the honour of sharing No. 13 Study in the Remove with Mark Linley, the Lancashire lad, and Wun Lung, the little junior, who hailed from the far-off Flowery Land.

Wun Lung, the Chinese, had many peculiar ways. And his smile, like that of the famous Ah Sin, was generally child-like and bland.

He was seldom excited. In the most trying situations he would preserve an Oriental imperturbability.

So it was no wonder that Bob Cherry started back in amazement as he opened the door of the study, and stared in blankly instead of entering, and invoked his only aunt Sempronia.

And when his exclamation drew Bulstrode and Skinner and the rest to the spot, it was equally unsurprising that they should stare, and exclaim as Bob Cherry did.

For the scene they looked upon was remarkable.

Wun Lung, the Chinese, was alone in the study. He was not seated curled up in the arm-chair, as he generally was when he was there. He was not practising tricks with a pack of cards, a favourite amusement of his. He was not at work—a thing he seldom did if he could help it.

He was dancing!

He was dancing upon the centre of the study table, a wild

and irregular and yet graceful dancing, and at the same time he was chanting what appeared to be some sort of a song of triumph, to judge by his tone.

It sounded something like this:

"Ka, kay, ko, ko, ko! Fi! Fo! Ko, ko, ko!"

He seemed quite oblivious of the fact that the study-door had opened, and that astonished eyes were glaring at him.

He danced with a curious rattle of his feet on the bare table, and every now and then a book or some other article would go shooting off as it was knocked by his feet. He had not taken the trouble to clear the table before he started his terpsichorean exercises.

"Ko, ko, ko!"

"My only Aunt Sempronia!" said Bob Cherry, yet again. "Of course, he's mad!"

"Mad as a giddy hatter!" said Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove. "What he wants is a straight waistcoat."

"And sharp," said Skinner.

"Ko, ko, ko!"

"I say, Wun Lung——"

"Wun Lung, old man——"

"Chuck it——"

"What's the matter?"

"Are you dotty?"

Wun Lung did not reply or look round. He danced on, still chanting that mysterious refrain, punctuating it with chuckles expressive of great satisfaction.

"What on earth's the matter here?" exclaimed Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove, coming down the passage with Frank Nugent and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, his study-mates in No. 1 Study. "What's the crowd about?"

"It's Wun Lung."

"He's mad!"

"Mad as a hatter!"

"Look at him!"

"Just look!"

Harry Wharton & Co. elbowed their way through the crowd of juniors to the study-door. They looked in at Wun Lung, and stared blankly.

"My hat!"

"Great pip!"

"The great pipfulness is terrific," murmured Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The esteemed Wun Lung is certainly off his honourable rocker."

"Ko, ko, ko!"

"Wun Lung, you ass!"

"Cheese it!"

Crash!

Wun Lung's foot caught the inkpot on the table. It was a very large glass inkpot, and full of ink. It shot off the table, crashed on the wall beside the doorway, and smashed, and there was a shower of inkspots upon the crowded faces in the doorway the next moment.

And there was a yell.

"Oh!"

"Ow!"

"You duffer!"

"You heathen ass!"

"Yaroo!"

Wun Lung danced on. His dance was growing faster and more furious. His legs could hardly be followed by the eye, so fast were they moving.

The juniors wiped the ink from their faces and stared blankly.

Was Wun Lung really insane? He had many, many peculiar little ways; but no one had suspected him of not being sound in the brain before. But now——

"He's got it," said Bulstrode.

"Yes, rather."

"The ratherfulness is terrific."

"Mad as a hatter."

"Clean off his dot!"

"Ko, ko, ko!"

"Collar him!"

"Stop him!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "There goes the gas globe."

Crash!

Wun Lung had given an extra high hop, and his pigtailed head crashed against the globe of the gas-jet over the table.

The globe was smashed into a thousand pieces, which descended in a shower round the dancing Chinaman.

An English head would certainly have been severely hurt by the glass, but Wun Lung did not seem to mind it at all.

He danced on without turning a hair.

"My only hat!" gasped Nugent. "What's his head made of?"

"Ko, ko, ko!"

"What does that sing-song mean, I wonder?"

"Oh, he's mad!"

"Wun Lung! Are you dotty?"

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Clatter, clatter, clatter, went the nimble feet. "Ko, ko, ko!" chanted the triumphant voice. The little Chinese might have been a savage dancing in triumph over the body of a slain enemy by his looks and tone.

The crowd in the passage thickened.

Nearly all the Remove were gathered there now, for it was the hour of tea, and most of the juniors were indoors.

And the row going on at the end of the passage naturally attracted them all there.

Harry Wharton was thinking of forcibly stopping the Chinese, and making him explain, when suddenly the dance came to an unexpected termination.

The study tables at Greyfriars were made strong enough for use by reckless juniors; but they were not meant to be danced upon.

There was an ominous groan from the table, and Harry Wharton shouted a warning to the little Celestial.

"Look out, Wun Lung! The table's going!"

But Wun Lung did not heed; besides, the warning came too late.

Clatter! clatter!

Crash!

The study-table collapsed.

Wun Lung's chant broke off, and was changed for a wild yell, as the table crashed down on its collapsing legs, and he sat down with a bump upon the ruins.

"Ow!"

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The News!

"Ow! Oh!"

Wun Lung sat where he had fallen, apparently dazed.

The juniors crowded into the study, and surrounded him, and the little Chinese blinked at them with dazed eyes.

"Ow! Me hultee!"

"Serve you jolly well right!" exclaimed Bob Cherry wrathfully. "If you weren't hurt, I'd jolly soon hurt you. You've smashed up the table."

"Ow! Bonee ahee!"

Bob Cherry snorted.

"Serve you right. What have you busted that table for?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Ow!"

"What were you dancing about?"

"Yow!"

"You ass!"

"You chump!" exclaimed Bulstrode. "What does it all mean?"

"Yaroo!"

"Are you mad?"

"No. Bulstrode maddee, Chinees allee light."

"Why, you cheeky ass——"

"Bulstrode goee eat cokee!"

"Why, I——"

Harry Wharton pushed back the bully of the Remove as he was about to lay a violent hand upon Wun Lung's pigtail. Bulstrode glared at him.

"Keep your paws to yourself, Wharton."

"None of that, Bulstrode."

"Mind your own business."

"Oh, shut up!" said Harry sharply. "Look here, Wun Lung, what have you been playing the giddy ox for?"

"No savvy."

"What's all this rot about?" exclaimed Nugent.

"No savvy."

"What were you dancing for, I mean?" said Wharton.

The little Chinese grinned.

"Oh! Me savvy."

"Well, what was it about?"

"Chinee dance because Chinee happy."

"And what do you mean by being happy in my study, if it takes you like that?" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Who's going to mend that table?"

"No savvy."

"You young heathen——"

"But what were you specially happy about, Wun Lung?" asked Harry Wharton. "Have you come into a fortune?"

"Perhaps he's had a postal order," said Billy Bunter, blinking into the study through his big spectacles. "Have you had a postal order, Wun Lung?"

"No savvy."

"Oh, rats, you must know. Look here, I'm rather short of tin, and if you're in funds, you might lend me——"

"Shut up, Bunter."

"I'm not going to shut up. Wun Lung wants to lend me five bob till my postal order comes to-morrow morning, and you're not going to stop him."

"Cheese it, Banty."



Wung Lung major and minor pelted away with the eggs at express speed. Their aim was good, though the eggs were not. Squelch, squelch, squelch!

"I say, Wun Lung—"

"No londee."

"Well, of all the heathen beasts—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "What a lightning change, from an old chap to a heathen beast. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Shut up, Bunter. Now, Wun Lung, what were you celebrating by breaking up the happy home?" asked Nugent.

"Wun Lung happy," said the Chinese, grinning at them from his seat on the collapsed table top. Wun Lung dances because Wun Lung happy, you savvy."

"Yes; but why?"

"He's had a postal-order," growled Billy Bunter. "I think he ought to stand a feed. I think he ought to be made to."

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

Harry Wharton reached out with his foot, and gave the fat junior a gentle push which made him sit down on the table beside Wun Lung. Bunter gasped.

"Now then, Wun Lung—"

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NEXT WEEK: "THE REMOVE'S CHALLENGE."

"Wun Lung dances because his bluther comes to Gley-fials."

"My hat!"

"Phew!"

"Your brother!"

"Another Chinese!"

Bulstrode snorted.

"Blessed home for aliens, that's what they're turning this school into!" he exclaimed. "First Inky, then Wun Lung, and now another blessed Chinaman. Huh!"

"Oh, shut up, Bulstrode!"

"Your brother's really coming to Greyfriars, kid?" asked Wharton.

The little Chinese nodded. He gave Bulstrode a rather unpleasant look. There was no love lost between the little Celestial and the bully of the Lower School.

"What's his name?" asked Nugent.

"Hop hi."

"My only hat!"

"What a name!"

"What a giddy patronymic!"

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nancee allee light!" said Wun Lung, a little offended.

"Hop Hi nicee boy. What you tinkee? Me lonely in England, you see. Mostee boy nicee to Wun Lung, but not likee Chinee, you savvy. Me glad Hop Hi comee."

"Of course," said Harry Wharton. "I'm glad too. Is he anything like you?"

"Oh, tell me, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?" chanted Skinner.

"Shut up, Skinny!"

"Well, I only want to know, you know."

"He like me," said Wun Lung. "Smallee smallee."

"Oh, your minor, I suppose?"

"Allee light."

"When is he coming?"

"To-morrow."

"Good! Look here, we'll give him a reception," said Frank Nugent. "We don't have a China kid come to school every term."

"Good egg!" said Harry Wharton heartily.

"Right-ho!" said Bob Cherry, a little dubiously. "But no more dancing in this study, Wun Lung. The furniture won't stand it."

"Ko, ko, ko!"

"My hat! He's beginning again!"

"Cheese it!"

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

"What does that mean, you chump?"

"Meanee Wun Lung happee."

"Well, you won't make anybody else happy with a row like that!" exclaimed Skinner. "You'd better chuck it!"

"Ko, ko, ko!"

"My word! I can't stand it!"

There was a general exodus from the study. The shrill and monotonous chant of the Chinese was decidedly trying to the ear.

"Ko, ko, ko, ko!"

"Cheese it, Wun Lung!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You've got to help me mend this blessed table now you've finished your celebrations."

"Ko, ko, ko!"

Harry Wharton & Co. left the study rather hurriedly. They could stand most kinds of noise, but that Chinese chant was a little too much for them at close quarters. There was an historic occasion upon which Wun Lung had been asked to sing a song at a study party. The juniors had never forgotten it. Wun Lung had sung in that strain, and he had not left off till he had driven everybody out of the study, and remained singing to an empty table.

Wun Lung had a curious sense of humour, as the Greyfriars fellows had discovered before now.

Bob Cherry glanced at his Chinese chum.

"Chuck that row, Wun Lung."

"Ki, ki, ki!"

"Ring off, you ass!"

"Ko, ki, ko!"

"Look here! My only hat! If he isn't dancing again!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, aghast.

Wun Lung was hopping round the broken table in a mazy dance. The sturdy junior dodged out of his way.

"Stop it!" he roared.

"Me happee!"

"Well, you can be happy without turning the study into a blessed bear-garden. Chuck it, do you hear?"

"No savvy!"

"Stop that giddy goating!"

"No savvy!"

"Then I'll stop you!" roared Bob Cherry wrathfully; and he rushed at Wun Lung.

The little Chinese caught him in his arms, and danced him round. Bob Cherry was much bigger and much stronger than the little Chinese, but Wun Lung had a curious knack with him, and he was not always to be mastered by a fellow twice his size.

Bob Cherry, in spite of himself, was whirled round and round the study, in a wild dance that made his head swim.

"Leggo!" he roared. "Stop it! Chuck it! Yah!"

"Ko, ko, ko!"

"Lemme go!"

"Ki, ki, ki!"

Bob Cherry made a desperate wrench, and went flying through the doorway backwards as he tore himself away.

He sat down in the passage with a lump, and glared into the study. The wildly excited Chinese was dancing round the table and chanting shrilly.

"Ko, ko, ko! Ko, ko, ki!"

Bob staggered to his feet.

"Well, my only hat!" he murmured.

And he went down the passage, leaving Wun Lung with the study to himself till he should have danced off the first flush of his enthusiasm.

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THE THIRD CHAPTER.

An Invitation to Tea.

THE news that Wun Lung minor was coming to Greyfriars was received with mixed feelings by the Remove—the Lower Fourth Form at that famous school.

Wun Lung had many queer ways, but he was generally liked. But the general opinion was that one Chinese was enough. Bulstrode said it was enough and to spare.

But whether the Removites liked it or not, Wun Lung minor was coming. On the morrow Hop Hi was to take his place among the Lower School fellows.

Harry Wharton & Co. intended to do anything they could to make him welcome. They were not likely to come much in contact with him, as he would be in a lower Form. But anything they could do, they intended to do. Bulstrode, on the other hand, was already "up against" the new-comer.

Bulstrode had never got on well with the Chinese in the Remove. Wun Lung was small enough to be bullied; but he had a deep Oriental cunning which generally enabled him to keep his end up, even against Bulstrode.

And the Remove bully had found that it did not pay in the long run to rag Wun Lung. But that had not increased his love for the little Celestial.

The coming of Wun Lung minor seemed to Bulstrode to offer an opportunity for a great deal of ill-natured fun, which would have the additional effect of making Wun Lung himself "squirmy," as Bulstrode elegantly expressed it to Skinner.

And Skinner fully agreed. Skinner was the practical joker of the Remove, and he seldom stayed to consider whether his jokes were ill-natured or not.

That evening Bulstrode and Skinner and Snoop did a considerable amount of whispering together, with many suppressed chuckles; and anybody who knew them could have guessed that there was some mischief afoot.

"I believe Bulstrode means to make it warm for the new kid," Nugent remarked, as he came into No. 1 Study to tea. "He and Skinner have got something up their sleeves, I know that."

Harry Wharton frowned.

"If Bulstrode begins any bullying of a new kid, and a foreigner, too, there will be trouble for Bulstrode," he said.

"The troublefulness will be terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The esteemed Bulstrode is an honourable beast."

"Look here, Nugent," said Wharton thoughtfully, "I've been thinking about it. Wun Lung says he thinks his minor will be put in the Second Form. Hop Hi's been prepared for it by an English tutor, you see. Now, your minor's in the Second Form."

"Young Dick," said Nugent. "So he is."

"Suppose you put it to him, and ask him to look after the new kid a bit," Harry Wharton suggested. "Those kids in the fag Forms are awfully thoughtless, you know, and Hop Hi is likely to get a lot of ragging in the Second Form-room. A chap in a pigtail will be a novelty in the Second Form, and kids don't think much before they act. It would be a shame if he were ragged as soon as he gets here; and it would hurt Wun Lung, who's a decent little chap."

Nugent nodded.

"Well, I don't know how much influence I have with young Dick," he remarked. "He's paid more attention to me since the time he got into trouble with Carberry and his gang. That sobered him a bit. But—"

"But he's still rather wild."

"That's it. As a matter of fact," said Nugent, with a grin, "I rather fancy that young Dick will be as likely to rag Wun Lung minor as anybody in the Second."

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"But if you speak to him——"

"Well, I'll try."

Nugent looked very thoughtful. Harry Wharton was making toast, and a pleasant smell of it filled the study. Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh was warming the pot preparatory to making tea. There were eggs on the table—a dozen of them, newly boiled. Billy Bunter had been sent down to the tuckshop for a cake, with dire threats as to what would happen to him if he ate any of it on the way back.

"Look here," said Nugent, "a good plan would be to ask young Dick to tea here. Then we could butter him up, you know, and make him see things in a right light."

"Good egg!"

"The goodness of the egg is terrific."

"Well, shall I go and ask him?"

"Certainly," said Harry. "Hallo, here's Bunter! Got the cake?"

Bunter came in and laid a parcel on the table, and sank in a chair, gasping. The fat junior was never in good condition, but he was never as tired as he affected to be. Bunter was born to play the mock martyr.

"Oh, those stairs are fagging!" he exclaimed.

"Rats!"

"Oh, really, Nugent! You see, I've got a delicate constitution. I had to take a snack to keep myself going, or I should never have had the strength to get upstairs."

"You young rotter!" exclaimed Nugent. "Does that mean that you've scoffed the cake, when we've got a visitor coming to tea, too?"

"Oh, really——"

Nugent opened the parcel. Half the cake had been taken; it was evidently a big "snack" that Billy Bunter had indulged in.

Bunter eyed the chums of the Remove nervously.

"You see, I—I'm a delicate chap," he said. "You wouldn't like me to—to stagger into this study and fall down in an expiring fit at your feet, would you?"

"I'd rather you did it in the passage," said Harry.

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"The young porpoise has scoffed half the cake!" growled Nugent. "And Dick's coming to tea. Better kick Bunter out. He can have his tea in Hall."

"I'm jolly well not going to do anything of the sort," said Bunter indignantly; "and I don't think you ought to invite visitors to tea when the grub's so short."

"Why, there's enough for five or six here!" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes, but I'm hungry——"

"I'll sling him out!" said Nugent.

"Oh, really!" Billy Bunter jumped up with marvellous alacrity, considering that he was exhausted, and dodged round the table. "Oh, really!"

"It's all right!" said Harry, laughing. "We'll get another cake, and some tarts, and do the thing in style."

"Good!"

"Young Dick may like to bring a friend or two," said Harry. "He generally hangs about with Todd and Gatty. Let him bring them if he likes."

"Right you are!"

"I—I'll go and get the things, if you like," said Bunter.

"No, you won't; you're too tired."

"I don't mind making a great effort for a fellow I like——"

"Well, you're not going; you might need another snack, and the things might never get here," said Harry. "I'll go, while you watch the grub, Inky, and see that Bunter doesn't take any snacks while I'm gone."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"The watchfulness shall be terrific," said the nabob of Bhanipur. "If the esteemed Bunter attempts any snackfulness, I shall smite him with terrific force, and rejectfully hurl him forth!"

"Look here, Inky——"

"Right-ho!" said Harry. "I'll buzz off to the tuckshop, Frank, while you find your minor and bring him along."

Nugent nodded, and while Harry made his way to Mrs. Mumble's little shop, his chum strode off in the direction of the Second Form-room.

The Second Form-room—or any Form lower than the Remove—did not have separate studies; and the members generally congregated in the Form-room. There they would cook herrings at the common fire, and boil eggs in tin cups, and make toast that tasted of smoke and coal, and was as tough as canvas. But the fags seemed to like it, and pretended that they wouldn't have studies of their own if they could have had them.

Frank Nugent reached the Second Form-room and opened the door. There was a smell of grilling herrings. A group of fags were gathered round the fire-grate, all of them talking at once, and there seemed to be some dispute on.

"Look here, Nugent minor——"

"Oh, shut up, Myers——"

"I'll jolly well——"

"Keep that herring a bit further off from the bars, Toddy."

"Well, don't shove me, then!"

"It's done!"

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NEXT WEEK: "THE REMOVE'S CHALLENGE."

EVERY
TUESDAY,

The "Magnet"
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ONE
PENNY.

"You're burning the tail!"

"I don't care if I'm burning the tail. I want to get it well done. I suppose you weren't going to eat the tail, were you?"

"Oh, don't jaw!"

"Rats!"

Nugent grinned as he advanced into the room. There was a big fire piled up in the grate, and Todd was cooking a herring there, the herring being impaled upon a toasting-fork. The heat from the fire was great, and Todd was red as a rose or a tomato. The fags round him gave him plenty of advice, but no one offered to help.

"Blessed if I shall like to eat that herring at all when you've finished!" growled Gatty.

"Don't, then!"

"Why, I bought it!"

"Well, shut up!"

"Look here, Todd——"

"Oh, cheese it!" said Nugent minor.

He was sitting on the end of the fender, eating chestnuts, and he looked less ruddy than Todd, and less untidy than Gatty. He was a very handsome lad, with curly hair, limpid blue eyes, and a happy, innocent face—a happy, innocent face which certainly did not reveal the fact that he was the wildest and most mischievous young rascal at Greyfriars.

"Hallo!" said Frank.

The fags all turned their heads—with the exception of Todd, who dared not take his eyes off the herring, in case it should catch alight.

"Hallo, what do you want?" demanded Gatty. "You know jolly well we don't allow the Fourth in this room!"

"Yes, get out!" said Nugent minor, in a not very brotherly manner. "Kick that Remove chap out, somebody!"

"Why, you young rotter——"

"Oh, get out!"

Frank grinned as he looked at his brother. Dick Nugent was independence itself; and his manner could not be called respectful to his major. But he had improved since he came to Greyfriars. Nugent could forgive a little "cheek" in his minor, when there was no trace of far graver faults he had seen in Dick on his first coming.

"I want to speak to you, Dicky!"

"You can speak, I suppose?" yawned Nugent minor.

"Gather round, you chaps. Franky is going to preach!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Nugent turned red.

"I'm not going to preach!" he exclaimed.

"Dear me! What is the matter with you, then? Are you ill?" asked Dicky.

"You—you young waster! I——"

"There! He's beginning! I knew he would!"

Nugent could not help laughing.

"Look here, Dick, have you got a very ripping tea this time?" he asked.

"Not much; but you're welcome to join," said Nugent minor. "Gatty's blowed twopence on a herring. I say, it's wanky, but he says it isn't!"

"It isn't," said Gatty warmly.

"Well, it won't matter much whether it is or not wher Todd's done cooking it," said Nugent minor.

"I'm cooking it all right!" grunted Todd. "What's the matter with my cooking, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing, old chap; if you're intending that herring as a burnt offering," said Dick blandly.

"Look here, young Nugent!"

"I prefer to look another way while you're cooking that herring. You see, my nose has to be considered."

"I'll jolly well——"

"Rats!"

Todd breathed heavily. If that troublesome herring hadn't demanded all his attention, he would probably have hurled himself upon Nugent minor there and then. But Todd had undertaken to cook that herring, and Todd was a fellow of his word.

"You see what we've got," said Nugent minor. "One herring—wanky, but wonderfully cooked—between three of us. If you like to make a fourth——"

"You young ass! What I mean is, would you care to come to tea in No. 1 Study? We've got something special."

Nugent minor rose from the fender.

"Now, you're talking!" he exclaimed emphatically.

"Yah!" growled Gatty. "Who's crawling up to rotten Removites! Yah!"

"Are you looking for a thick ear, Gatty, before I go to tea with my major?" asked Dick politely.

"Yah!"

"Yes, yah!" said Todd, looking up from the smelly herring at last. "That's what I say, too—yah, yah! After I've cooked this herring——"

"There'll be all the more for you and Gatty!"

"Yah!"

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Boo!" said Gatty.
 "If Gatty and Todd would care to come with you, we'd be pleased," said Nugent. "There's eggs and toast, cake, and tarts, and some jelly!"

"Well, that's decent of you," said Gatty, at once. "I'll come with pleasure!"

"So will I," said Todd, getting up. "You can have that herring, young Bilsby. It's jolly well cooked!"

"It is," said young Bilsby, eyeing the herring with a doubtful sniff as he accepted the toasting-fork from Todd's hand.

"I'm ready!" said Gatty.

"Yah!" said Myers. "Sucking up to Fourth-Formers! Yah!"

Gatty reached out his hand and seized Myers by the collar. Myers was seated upon the floor with a startling suddenness, which took his breath away and left him gasping.

"None of your cheek, young Myers!" said Gatty loftily. "I've said often enough, I think, that I don't approve of this setting Form against Form, and fellows quarrelling, just because they're higher up or lower down in the school."

The Second-Formers gasped. Gatty had always said exactly the opposite of that, but he was the biggest fellow in the Form, and at liberty to change his opinions if he wanted to.

Myers sat and gasped, and Nugent minor, and Todd and Gatty followed Frank out of the Form-room, and made their way with great satisfaction to No. 1 Study.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

No Snacks.

BILLY BUNTER sat in the armchair in No. 1 Study, and looked at Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh finished arranging the table, and then stood leaning on the mantelpiece, and looked at Billy Bunter. Bunter needed watching, and the Nabob of Bhanipur knew it. On the fender was a plate laden with hot buttered toast, and the fat junior had fixed a longing gaze upon it. All was ready for the feed when Wharton and Nugent returned; but Bunter was ready before they returned—in fact, when it came to eating, he might truly have said that the old Scottish motto was his—"Ready, aye ready!"

"I say, Inky!" said Bunter, at last.
 The nabob's clear dark eyes were fixed upon him.
 "Did you hear a tap at the door, Inky?"
 "I did not, my worthy chum."
 "I think there's somebody in the passage."
 The nabob shook his head.
 "The ratfulness is terrific," he remarked.
 "Was that somebody calling in the Close?" asked Bunter, a few minutes later.

"I did not hear it."
 "I—I say, Inky, old man," said Bunter desperately, "I—I think I'd better have one round of that toast, you know."
 "My worthy chum had better think again, then."
 "I'm hungry."

The nabob grinned.
 "I—I say, Inky, the kettle's boiling over."
 Hurree Singh involuntarily turned towards the grato at that, and Bunter had hold of a slice of toast in a twinkling. He hid it behind him in his hand as the nabob looked back the next moment.

"The kettle is only singing, my worthy Bunterful chum."
 "Oh, is it?"
 The nabob's keen eyes noted the missing piece of toast at once. He came over towards the fat junior.
 "The honourable Bunter is an esteemed lying rotter," he remarked. "Where is the piecefulness of the excellent toast?"

"The—the what?"
 "You have taken the toast, my worthy porpoise!"
 "Oh, really, Inky——"
 "Where is it?"
 "You see——"
 "Hand it over producefully at once."
 "Yes, but——"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh inserted two dusky fingers in Bunter's collar, and jerked him out of the armchair.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "You're chick-chick-choking me!"

"Where is the toast?"
 "Groo!"
 "The honourable toast, my worthy chum?"
 "Yaroo!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh shook the fat junior till his teeth rattled, and his big spectacles slid down his fat little nose. Bunter wriggled painfully.

"Oh, really, Inky—— Ow!"
 "Produce the worthy toast, my honourable fat porpoise!"
 "Ow! D-d-don't shake me like that, or you'll make my

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spectacles fall off, and if they get broken you'll have to pay for them."

"Where is the toast?"

"Yow!"

Billy Bunter dropped the toast upon the hearthrug. Hurree Singh allowed him to fall back into the armchair with a bump that knocked out what little breath he had left. Bunter gasped faintly like a fish long out of water.

"Ow-w-w-w-w!"

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh picked up the toast. It was hardly in a fit state to be eaten now, and the nabob tossed it into the fire. It crackled up and was consumed.

Billy Bunter blinked at this proceeding in breathless indignation.

"You—you black beast!" he gasped at last. "You—you brown rotter! You bronze-coloured waster! You coppery chump! You've wasted it now."

The nabob grinned serenely.

"It is the principlefulness of the thing, my worthy chum," he remarked. "I am upholdfully looking after the principlefulness."

"Beast!"

Bunter recovered his breath, and sat and glowered. Hurree Jamset Ram Singh leaned on the mantelpiece and regarded him serenely.

Suddenly a voice was heard from the passage; at all events, it seemed to come from the passage, though the fat ventriloquist in the armchair could have told better.

"Inky! Rescue!"

"It is the esteemed Wharton!" exclaimed the nabob, and he ran to the door and threw it open.

The thought came into his mind at once, of course, that Wharton had been waylaid in the passage on his return from the tuckshop, by rivals eager to "lift" the provisions he was bringing. Such raids very commonly enlivened the monotony of life in the junior studies.

Inky ran out into the passage, ready for battle. But the passage was empty; Harry Wharton was not in sight.

The nabob stared up and down in perplexity.

Then he looked into the study again. Billy Bunter was bending over the plate of toast, and his jaws were working at a really alarming speed.

The nabob understood in a flash.

The Greyfriars ventriloquist had been at his tricks again; it was another dodge to get his eye off the toast.

Hurree Jamset Ram Singh's dusky face set grimly as he ran into the study again.

Before the fat junior knew that he was returning, Hurree Singh's hand was on the back of his collar, and Bunter's head was forced still lower.

It was forced down, past the plate of toast, and past the fender, into the hearth, where a considerable quantity of ashes had collected during the past two days, and had not yet been removed.

Bunter gurgled wildly.

"Ow! Leggo! Yaroo!"

Hurree Singh took no heed.

He forced the fat and glowing face downwards, and rubbed it forcibly into the collection of ashes, and rubbed and rubbed again.

Billy Bunter spluttered and gasped furiously.

"Ow—groo—leggo—yow—groo—gerrooh!"

Rub, rub, rub!

Bunter spluttered and shrieked.

"Ow! Hellup! Leggo! Yaroo—groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton, appearing in the doorway with a bundle under his arm. "Ha, ha, ha! What's the game?"

The nabob looked round breathlessly.

"Is that a new system of face massage?" asked Harry.

"Ow! Help! Take that black maniac off, Wharton!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The esteemed Bunter has been bolting the honourable toast," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "I am, therefore, shoving his esteemed chivvy rubfully into the ashes."

"Groo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter wrenched himself loose at last. His face and collar were in a shocking state. He glared at Inky through a mass of ashes and dust and perspiration.

Wharton roared again, and the nabob chuckled softly.

"You—you black beast——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! I—I—— Oh! Yah!"

"Better go and get a wash, Billy; you'll be late for tea," grinned Wharton.

"I—I—I——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter gave the nabob a last furious blink, and dashed from the study, followed by a yell of laughter from the chums of the Remove.



"You see, I—I'm a delicate chap," said Billy Bunter. "You wouldn't like me to—to stagger into this study and fall down in an expiring fit at your feet, would you?"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Tea in No. 1 Study.

NUGENT MINOR gave an appreciative glance at the table as he followed his major into No. 1 Study. Gatty and Todd exchanged looks of satisfaction. Feeds like this did not often come the way of the Second-Formers—or Third-Formers, either, for that matter. The heroes of the Second were not only having tea with upper Form fellows, but they were having an extra-special feed; and smiles overspread the faces of all three of them. This was better than a single scorched herring among three in the Second Form-room. "Here we are," said Frank Nugent, as he came in. "Gatty and Todd have kindly honoured us with their company to tea, as well as Dick." "Delighted!" said Harry Wharton, with great courtesy. "The delightfulness is terrific." "Not at all," said Gatty. "Glad to come," remarked Todd. "We're always willing to help at any little function like this."

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"What-ho!" said Dick Nugent. "Sit down, kids," said Harry Wharton politely. "Will you begin with toast? Do you care for toast?" "Don't we?" said Gatty significantly. "Just!" said Todd. "And eggs," said Dicky Nugent cheerfully, helping himself. "This is really decent of you chaps. We'll stand you a feed in the Form-room some time." "Yes, rather!" "When we get another herring," said Nugent minor. "Tuck in!" said Frank. "That's what we're doing, old son." "What-ho!" "You bet!" The three heroes of the Second lost no time. The feed was good, and they were hungry. It was well past their usual hour of tea, for the cooking of that unfortunate herring over the Form-room fire had taken a considerable time. They were hungry, and it was a time for letting themselves go. And they did.

NEXT WEEK: "THE REMOVE'S CHALLENGE."

**A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.
By FRANK RICHARDS.**

The Removites contented themselves at first with looking after their guests. Nugent minor and his chums were well looked after. They did justice to the feed. Soon, however, Harry Wharton & Co. joined in. Then the meal proceeded with great cheerfulness, the Second-Formers showing the greatest friendship and cordiality towards the Removites.

To judge by their cordial aspect, no one would have suspected that Nugent minor had ever paraded the Close with a poker down the back of his jacket, in alleged imitation of Harry Wharton, who was supposed to be extremely stiff for a junior. No one would have supposed that Gatty had, only the day before, put a large quantity of treacle into Nugent's Sunday topper.

All was peace now.

Billy Bunter came into the study, newly swept and garnished, so to speak; his fat face glowing from the towel. He did not speak a word; he took his place at the table, and wired in with a speed that showed how determined he was to make up for lost time.

Bunter did not waste any time looking after the guests. He had, as he would have explained, enough to do in looking after himself.

The first keen edge of the Second Form appetite having been taken off, the guests in No. 1 Study slowed down, and toyed with cakes and buns and tarts.

They were in cheery and friendly humour; at the same time, there was a curious twinkle in Dicky Nugent's eye.

He wondered what it all meant.

No. 1 Study had not taken the three fags up for nothing, he knew that, and there must be some explanation of this sudden and surprising hospitality.

It came at last.

"Another cup of tea," said Harry.

"Yes, please," said Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter. I was speaking to our guests."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Certainly," said Nugent minor. "That's the fifth. Have some more tea, Gatty. This is better than we get in the Second Form."

"What-ho!"

"Another tart, Todd?"

"Certainly!"

"Try these cream puffs," said Frank Nugent.

"Good!" said Bunter. "Pass them over!"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, Nugent—"

"Good!" said Gatty. "I like cream puffs. I could eat them by the dozen."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Well, I must say that you're doing us down well," said Dicky Nugent. "I move a vote of thanks to the founders of the feast."

"I second it," said Fatty.

"And I pass it unanimously," said Todd.

"Hear, hear!"

"Not at all," said Harry Wharton. "By the way, I hear there's a new chap coming into the Second Form."

"Oh!" said Dicky.

He smelt a rat at once. The explanation of that amazingly warm reception in No. 1 Study was coming at last.

"Yes," said Wharton affably. "There's a new kid in the Second to-morrow, I hear. Didn't you chaps know?"

"No," said Gatty. "Pass the cheese-cakes, please."

"Minor of yours, perhaps?" said Dick.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Oh, no, I have no minor. It's Wun Lung's minor."

"Wun Lung's!"

"Yes; the Chinese, you know."

Wharton looked rather anxiously at the Second-Formers. The way in which they received the news was not promising for the reception of Wun Lung minor.

The three young rascals looked at one another, burst into a general chuckle, and ejaculated together:

"What larks!"

"Ahem!" said Wharton. "You see—"

"What giddy larks!" said Dicky Nugent.

"Try the currant cake!" said Nugent.

"Thanks! I will!"

"You see," said Wharton, "Wun Lung is an awfully decent chap, and rather a friend of ours. We all like him. You like him?"

"Don't know much about him," said Gatty. "He's not in the Second."

Gatty's tone implied that not to be in the Second was to be in some sort of an unknown and benighted state. The Removites swallowed their desire to take Gatty by the collar and hurl him into the passage.

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"Well, he's awfully decent," said Nugent.

"Shouldn't wonder! Pass the currant cake!"

"Here you are! Wun Lung is awfully attached to his minor—"

"Queer taste!"

"Ahem!"

"Is Wun Lung minor awfully attached to Wun Lung major, too?" asked Dicky.

"I suppose so."

"Queerer taste still!"

"Now, you see—"

"These cheese cakes are good! You fellows know how to select a feed, I will say that. I don't think much of the Remove's brains, as a rule," observed Dick Nugent; "but I will say that this is all right!"

"Look here—"

"I'm waiting for the cheese cakes!"

"Here they are! Now," said Nugent, in his softest tone, "I was thinking that you chaps, as leaders of the Second Form—"

"Hear, hear!" said Nugent minor, Gatty, and Todd in unison.

"As leaders of the Second, might look after Wun Lung minor a bit when he gets to Greyfriars."

"That's the idea!" said Harry Wharton. "You see, he'll feel a bit of an outsider when he comes, and he won't be able to see so very much of his major, who's two Forms above him."

Dicky Nugent chuckled.

"Oh, we'll look after him, never fear!" he exclaimed.

"What-ho!" said Gatty.

"We'll give him a warm reception in the Second," said Todd, munching cheese cakes. "My hat! It will be fun having a Chinese in the Form-room!"

And the three fags chuckled together.

The Removites exchanged glances, not very hopefully. The evident anticipation of fun on the part of the Second-Formers did not say much for their friendly reception of the little stranger from the Flowery Land.

Wharton tackled the subject again, in his most persuasive way.

"You see how it stands," he remarked. "Young Wun Lung minor will be a stranger in a strange land—"

"Well, he'll be stranger than most of the new kids that come into the Second, that's a dead cert.!" grinned Gatty.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I was thinking that you chaps would take his part, in case any of the silly sort of chaps were to think it funny to rag young Hop Hi—"

"Young what?" demanded three voices at once.

"Hop Hi."

"My only hat! You don't mean to say that that's his name?" exclaimed Dick Nugent.

"Yes; it's a Chinese name, you know!"

"Hop Hi," murmured Dicky Nugent, chuckling. "My hat! We'll make him hop high, won't we, kids?"

"Ha, ha! Yes!"

"Look here—"

Dicky rose from the table, and his comrades followed his example. The heroes of the Second were feeling very well satisfied, and very pleased with themselves and things generally—and they looked it.

"Well, I think we'll be getting along!" remarked Nugent minor. "Thanks awfully for the feed! It was ripping of you!"

"Jolly ripping!" said Gatty and Todd.

"Now, look here," said Harry Wharton, "you'll look after young Hop Hi when he comes, won't you, and make things all right for him in the Second?"

"We'll look after him!"

"What-ho!"

"I'm sure you'll do the decent thing—"

"Well, if you're sure, I don't see what you're so jolly anxious about!" said Nugent minor, with a grin. "Come on, kids! This will be great news for the Second!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the guests of No. 1 Study took their leave. Harry Wharton & Co. looked at one another. Had the feed been a success? They could hardly tell. Billy Bunter blinked at them, evidently assured that it was not a success.

"I say, you fellows, you've wasted a fearful lot of good grub for nothing! You've queered to-morrow's tea, and—"

"Oh, shut up, Bunter!"

Harry Wharton stepped to the door to close it. From the passage, in the direction of the retreating Second-Formers, came a chuckle, and the words, in the voice of Dicky Nugent:

"What larks!"

Wharton looked a little grim as he closed the door.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.
Unwelcome Companions.

WUN LUNG wore a cheerful smile the next morning. That day Wun Lung minor was to arrive at Greyfriars, and the little Chinese was looking forward to the arrival of his minor with great delight.

So were a great many of the Remove, to say nothing of the Second Form.

Things had not been very brisk of late, and there were no important cricket matches on, and, as Skinner remarked, the arrival of Hop Hi would fill a long-felt want.

There was certain to be some fun in it, and fun was what Skinner was always looking for. And Bulstrode was entering heartily into it, as well as several other of the choice spirits of the Remove.

It was a half-holiday that day, and Wun Lung was to go down to the station to meet his minor immediately after dinner.

After morning school he arrayed himself to go out, and many a grinning face watched him descend the stairs and trot out into the Close.

Harry Wharton & Co. were going out to cricket practice, but they stopped to speak to Wun Lung as he left the House.

"What's the time of young Hop Hi's train?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Half-past-two!"

"Then you've got lots of time to walk down," said Bob, with a glance at the clock in the tower. "I'd like to walk down with you, but I've got to go to the cricket."

"Allee light!"

"Got plenty of tin, Wun Lung?" asked Harry Wharton. "You may need some—and I'm in funds to-day, if you want any."

Wun Lung grinned.

"Gottee much plente, tankee!"

"Let's see young Hop Hi when you bring him in," said Nugent. "And, look here, if there's any rot from any of the fellows, let us know. We'll jolly soon jump on them!"

"Tankee—tankee!"

"The jumpfulness will be terrific!" said the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Tankee muchee!"

And Wun Lung trotted down to the gates. Harry Wharton cast a doubtful glance after him, and then walked towards the cricket-ground with his chums.

"I wish some of us were going with him," he said; "but we've arranged the cricket practice now, and we can't put the fellows off!"

"That's so."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Here's Linley and young Frozen Mutton, and they're going out."

Mark Linley and Tom Brown, the junior from New Zealand, were crossing towards the gates. They nodded cheerfully to the Famous Four.

"Going out?" asked Harry.

"Yes; down to the village, about Brown's new cricket bat," said Linley.

"Good! Wun Lung's gone down to the station to meet his minor. I can't see Bulstrode about anywhere. You might keep an eye open for Wun Lung."

Mark Linley nodded.

"I understand! We're going by way of the river, but we'll have a look in at the station while we're in the village."

"What-ho!" said Tom Brown. "If there are any tricks played on the giddy Chinese, we'll take a hand in the game!"

And Harry Wharton felt more easy in his mind as he went to the nets.

Wun Lung left the school gates, and took the lane to the village, and walked along quickly with his trotting stride. His peculiar little Oriental face was glowing with anticipation.

Kind as most of the fellows at Greyfriars were to him, the little Chinese was alone there, in a sense—a stranger in a strange land. The arrival of one of his own race and kindred was a great event to him.

He had reached the bend in the lane, where the footpath branched off through the wood towards the priory, when he observed three figures seated in a row upon the top bar of the stile at the end of the footpath.

They were Bulstrode, Skinner, and Snoop.

Wun Lung glanced at them uneasily out of the corners of his almond eyes, and passed on more quickly, pretending not to notice them.

Bulstrode grinned at his companions, and they slipped from the stile, and strode after the Chinese.

The latter quickened his pace, but the three juniors were on a level with him in a minute or two.

"Hallo, kid!" said Bulstrode affably. "Going to meet the train?"

"Yes, Bulstrode."

"Good! We'll come with you!"

Wun Lung looked uneasy.

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NEXT WEEK: "THE REMOVE'S CHALLENGE."

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

"Allee lightee!" he said. "No wantee trouble, Bulstrode. Goe alone!"

Bulstrode's brow darkened.

"Do you mean that you don't want us to come?" he demanded.

"N-n-n-no!"

"What do you mean, then?"

"Allee light!"

"We're coming, anyway!" said Snoop. "Why, we wouldn't miss this for anything!"

"We want to give Hop Hi a friendly reception!" remarked Skinner.

"Exactly!" agreed Bulstrode. "We don't have a giddy Chinese arrive at Greyfriars every day, and naturally we want to make the most of it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wun Lung walked on, with dismay in his face.

There was certainly no getting rid of Bulstrode & Co.; they evidently intended to stick to him like leeches.

And that they intended to play some ill-natured trick on the arrival of Hop Hi was equally certain.

Wun Lung was greatly troubled as he went on.

The three cads of the Remove grinned at one another, and kept pace with him. They entered the village together.

Wun Lung paused as they passed Uncle Clegg's tuckshop. A familiar figure was lounging outside—that of William George Bunter, of the Remove. Bunter blinked at the juniors through his big spectacles.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Unkee Cleggee, nicee talts," Wun Lung remarked eagerly. "S'posee you goee in, Bulstrode, and me standee feedee."

"Good!" said Bulstrode. "Come on!"

"Me goee to station."

Bulstrode chuckled.

"You jolly well don't get rid of us that way, kid," he remarked.

"No savvy."

"We're going to stick to you, you see."

"No savvy."

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, "Uncle Clegg has got in some fresh tarts, and they're better than Mrs. Mumble's. Would you care to sample them?"

"Are you going to stand treat?"

"Well, I'd like to, awfully, but I've been disappointed about a postal-order. If one of you chaps likes to lend me a couple of bob till to-morrow morning, when I'm expecting my postal-order to come—"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—"

The bully of the Remove strode on, leaving Bunter to address his remonstrance to the desert air. Wun Lung glanced back at the tuckshop.

"Nicee talts!" he urged.

"Rats!"

"Me tinkee—"

"Bosh!"

And the little Celestial gave it up. There was no getting rid of Bulstrode & Co. They arrived at the station, with ten minutes to spare before the train came in. The Greyfriars boys were well known at the station, and they had free access to the platform. They strolled there to wait for the train.

"Ten minutes!" yawned Bulstrode, glancing at the clock, and then strolling into the little stuffy waiting-room. "What do you mean, Wun Lung, by bringing us here so early?"

"Like his cheek," said Skinner.

"Bump him!" said Snoop, who was always prepared to bully anybody when the odds were greatly on his side.

"Jolly good idea!"

Wun Lung retreated in alarm.

"No bumpee!" he exclaimed. "Allee light. S'posee you waitee, me goee gottee talts, and eattee while you waittee."

"Well, that a good idea!" said Bulstrode, more amiably. "Cut off!"

"Mo lunce fastee."

Wun Lung left the little waiting-room, and closed the door after him. Bulstrode called out to the little Chinese.

"Leave that door open!"

Wun Lung did not reply, but clicked the door shut.

"Leave that door open!" called out Bulstrode again.

"It's jolly stuffy in here. Don't you hear me, you young ass?"

Whether Wun Lung heard or not, he did not answer.

"Go and open that door, Snoop."

"Yes, Bulstrode," said the sneak of the Remove mockly.

He went to the door and turned the handle. The door did not budge. He pulled at it hard, but still it did not move. Snoop looked puzzled.

"It's got jammed somehow."

"Bosh!" said Bulstrode. "Open it!"

"I can't."

"If I have to come and help you, you'll be sorry."

Snoop tugged at the door.

"I can't help it," he gasped; "it won't come open."

Wun Lung must have locked it on the outside."

"Rats! There's never a key in that lock."

"Well, it's fastened."

"Rot! Open it, I tell you!"

"I can't!"

Bulstrode scowled, and rose to his feet. He came over and pushed Snoop roughly out of the way, and grasped the handle of the door himself, and tugged. The door did not move.

"There, what did I tell you?" exclaimed Snoop.

"Oh, shut up!"

Bulstrode tugged again; but the door was fast. It was not locked, for it yielded a trifle each time it was tugged. But it was certainly fastened on the outside. It did not take Bulstrode long to guess how it was fastened. A length of whipcord had been looped on the handle, and fastened to some firm object outside the waiting-room.

Until the cord was removed, the three juniors were prisoners in the room.

Bulstrode stamped with rage. He could hardly credit the fact that Wun Lung had dared to play this trick upon him, the bully of the Remove.

"My hat!" said Skinner. "We're prisoners!"

Bulstrode snapped his teeth.

"I'll make that Chinese worm wriggle for this!"

"Blessed if I see how you're going to do it, when you're fastened up in here."

Bulstrode did not reply, but went to the little window which looked out on the platform.

The window was too small for him to think of getting through it. He looked out through the glass.

Wun Lung was standing on the platform.

Bulstrode tapped on the glass of the window. The little Chinese turned his head.

"Let us out!" roared Bulstrode.

Wun Lung chuckled.

"Do you hear? Let us out of this, you yellow little imp!"

Wun Lung did not reply, except by an expressive gesture. He placed the thumb of his right hand to his nose, and extended the fingers. Then he placed the thumb of his left hand to the little finger of his right, and extended the fingers of his left hand.

In that expressive attitude he stood and grinned at the furious bully of the Remove.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Shut Up.

SKINNER chuckled softly, and Bulstrode turned a savage look upon him. Skinner became serious at once. He didn't like Bulstrode's look.

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Bulstrode.

"Oh, nothing."

"Well, shut up, then."

Bulstrode turned to the window again. He opened the lower sash, and put his head out. There was hardly room for his burly shoulders to follow.

"Wun Lung!" he shouted.

The Chinese grinned.

"Will you unfasten that door?"

"No savvy."

"Let us out of this stuffy hole."

"No savvy."

"I'll break every bone in your body!" roared Bulstrode.

"No savvy."

"Will you open that door?"

"No savvy."

Bulstrode simply gasped with rage.

"You heathen imp," he shouted, "I'll—I'll squash you! Wait till I get hold of you! I'll pulverise you!"

"No savvy."

"Look here, we've got to get out of here somehow," said Bulstrode, gasping with fury, "and I'll simply smash up that heathen when I do."

"When you do!" said Skinner.

"We shall have to get through the window."

"Too small."

"Well, Snoop's very slim, and he can get through."

"I'll try," said Snoop.

"Come on, then—quick! The train will be in in a few minutes now, and then the young beast will get away."

Snoop came to the little window and put his head out. Wun Lung grinned at him and came over towards the window. His little round pigtailed head was just on a level with the window. With calm deliberation he drew a long

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sharp pin from the folds of his loose garments, and held it up to view.

"Snoopee no gettee out," he remarked.

"Look here, you heathen—"

Wun Lung stickee pin in Snoop. What you tinkee?"

"I—I don't think the window's large enough, Bulstrode," faltered Snoop; "I—I couldn't get my shoulders through."

"You'll jolly well have to," retorted the Remove bully.

"Get out!"

"I—I can't."

"Then I'll help you."

"Hold on, I—I'll try!" gasped the wretched Snoop.

"Buck up, then!"

Snoop squeezed his shoulders through the window. Wun Lung reached up with the pin, and Snoop squeezed back just in time to escape a lunge. He knocked the back of his head on the sash, and gave a yell of agony.

"Ow!"

"Clumsy dolt!" growled Bulstrode.

"Ow! I'm hurt!"

"Serve you right."

"Is that all you've got to say?" shrieked Snoop, dancing and rubbing the back of his head. "Then you can get out of the blessed window yourself. I'm jolly well not going to try again."

Bulstrode clenched his fists.

"You can get out of the window, or you can take a licking," he said, "I don't care which; but it's one or the other."

"Look here, Bulstrode, I won't—"

The bully of the Remove advanced upon him, and Snoop retreated towards the window. He was between Scylla and Charybdis, so to speak, and had the choice only of two evils.

"Hold on, Bulstrode, I—I—"

"Are you going?" demanded the Remove bully threateningly.

"I—I—I'll try."

Snoop squeezed his shoulders out of the window again. Wun Lung brandished the pin, and seemed to be selecting the spot he should plunge it into. Snoop turned cold all over.

"Lemme get out, Wun Lung, old chap," he gasped, in a furtive whisper. "I—I'll cut out of the station, honour bright."

Wun Lung hesitated a moment, and then grinned. He was not afraid of Snoop. Although the smaller of the two, Wun Lung had heaps of pluck, and his knowledge of jiu-jitsu rendered him much more than a match for the sneak of the Remove. He resolved to risk it.

He gave a quick nod of assent.

Snoop squirmed through the window with some difficulty, and rolled out on the platform.

He gasped with pain, and scrambled up.

"Now, then, unfasten the door!" shouted Bulstrode.

Wun Lung made a plunge at Snoop with the pin. The Remove sneak ran along the platform at top speed, and Wun Lung chuckled. Bulstrode put his head out of the window and roared.

"Snoop! Snoopey! Come back! I'll lick you! Snoop!"

But Snoop did not heed. He had had enough of Bulstrode for one afternoon. He vanished out of the doorway at the end of the platform.

Bulstrode simply gasped. Skinner indulged in a soft chuckle. The outcome of Bulstrode's efforts so far seemed humorous to Skinner.

The Remove bully turned on him with a savage scowl.

"You can get out of the window, Skinner."

"No fear!" said Skinner promptly.

"I'll jolly well lick you, if you don't!"

"Well, I won't!"

Bulstrode wasted no more time in words. He wanted somebody to wreak his fury upon, and Skinner was the only available person. He ran at Skinner, hitting out, and the practical joker of the Remove was knocked all round the waiting-room. He staggered to and fro, and finally collapsed in a heap on the floor.

There he lay gasping, and Bulstrode stood over him with glowering face and clenched fists.

"Get up!"

"Ow!"

"Get up, you worm!"

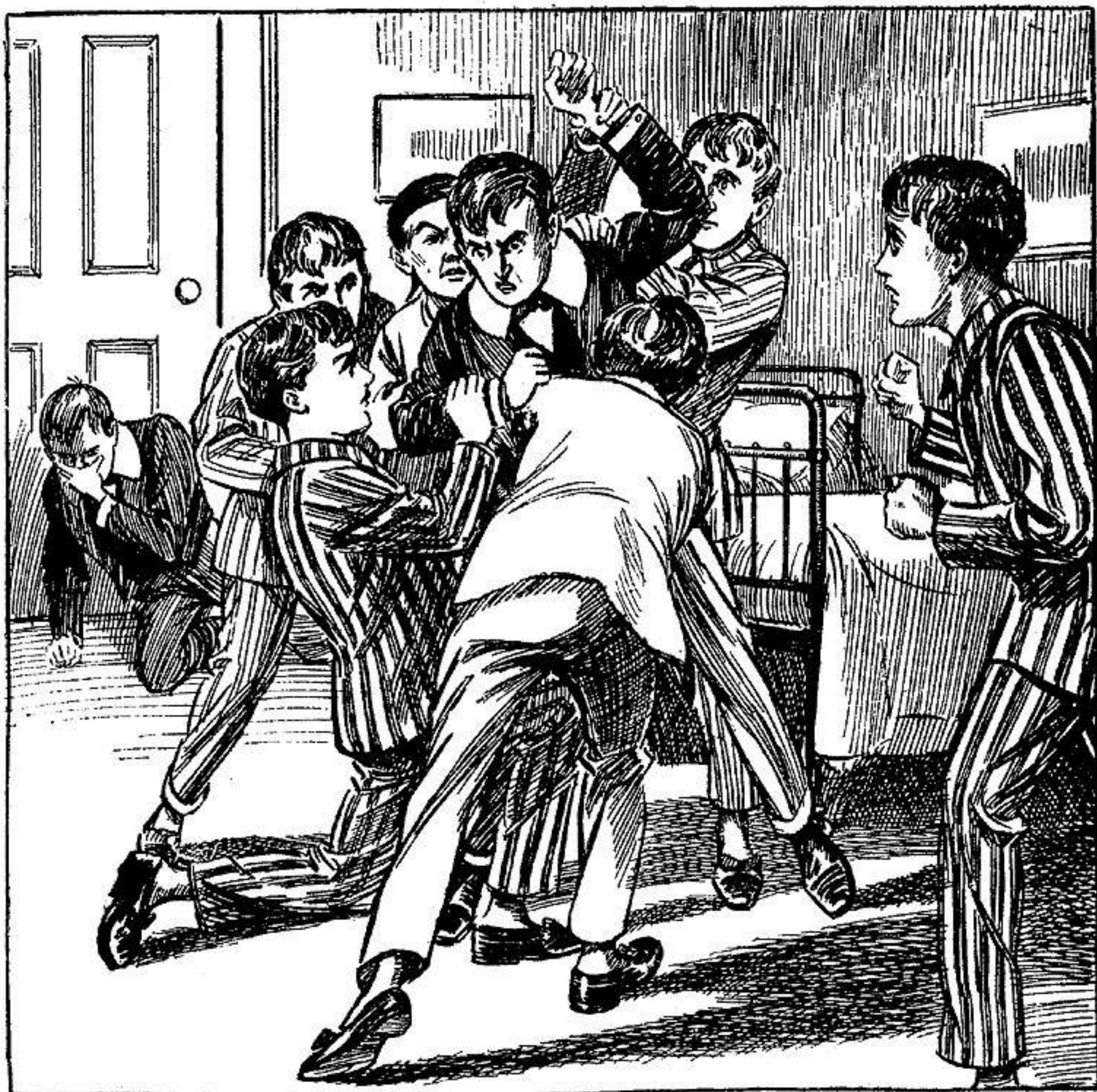
"Yow!"

"Will you get out of the window, then?"

"I—I—I'll try!" gasped Skinner.

"Then look sharp!" growled Bulstrode.

Skinner staggered to his feet. He was feeling very much damaged, and did not want any further fisticuffs with Bulstrode. He put his head out of the window, and squeezed his shoulders through.



A flood of fags swarmed upon Bulstrode. They were upon him, and round him, and over him, like flies, in the twinkling of an eye.

"Now, then, Wun Lung—"

"Skinner goes back."

"Look here—Ow!"

The pin pricked into Skinner's arm, and he jerked himself back, and his head banged on the window-sash. He gave a wild yell.

"Yaroo!"

"Oh, shut up!" said Bulstrode. "Get out!"

"Ow! Ow!"

Bulstrode shoved him from behind. Skinner came half out of the window. The little Chinese's face set grimly. He jabbed again and again with the pin, and Skinner writhed with anguish.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" he yelled. "Lemme get in, Bulstrode! The beast is puncturing me all over! Ow! Yow! Groo! Yaroo!"

"Stick to it!"

It was easy enough for Bulstrode to stand behind and shove Skinner on, and say "Stick to it!" It was not so easy for Skinner to do the sticking to it.

"Lemme go!" he gasped.

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NEXT
WEEK:

"THE REMOVE'S CHALLENGE."

"Oh, rats!"

Jab—jab—jab! Yell—yell—yell!

Skinner kicked out backwards at Bulstrode desperately. He had had enough and to spare. Bulstrode gave a fiendish yell as Skinner's heel caught him on the shin, and he rooled away from the window, gasping with pain. Skinner squeezed himself back, and landed in the room again.

Wun Lung chuckled.

There was a whistle down the line, and the train rolled into the station.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Hop Hi Arrives.

WUN LUNG turned to the train at once. But Bulstrode and Skinner were not in a condition to renew their attack on the window. Bulstrode was sitting down, nursing his shin and groaning, and Skinner was rubbing a dozen wounds.

The train stopped alongside the platform, and Wun Lung looked along the line of carriages anxiously for his brother.

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.
By FRANK RICHARDS

A queer little yellow face looked out of a window, and a pair of bright black almond eyes peered and twinkled.

Wun Lung uttered an exclamation as he caught their glance.

"Hop Hi!"

He ran towards the carriage. Bulstrode rose to his feet in the waiting-room with a groan. He scowled fiercely at Skinner.

"You coward!" he snarled. "Why didn't you get out?"

"Oh, go and hang yourself!" retorted Skinner. "I'm punctured all over! Why couldn't you try yourself?"

"The train's in now."

"I don't care!"

"There's the new kid getting out."

"Blow the new kid!"

"If we don't get out now the jape's up."

"Blow the jape! I've had enough of it!" groaned Skinner.

"I'm punctured!"

"You're a rotten coward!"

"Rats!"

Bulstrode looked savagely out of the window. He saw a diminutive Chinese alight from the train and embrace Wun Lung effusively.

This was evidently Hop Hi.

He was an exact repetition of Wun Lung, only on a smaller scale, and looked about two years younger.

He had the same sinuous figure, in the same loose garments; the same almond eyes and pigtail and yellowish-olive complexion, the same Mongolian features, and the same smile that was "child-like and bland."

He had, too, the same innocent and trustful expression, but by experience of Wun Lung, Bulstrode knew how much that was probably worth.

Several other passengers had alighted from the train, and the Friardale porter had come along the platform, looking as if he had been aroused from an afternoon nap by the arrival of the train, as no doubt he had.

Bulstrode called to him from the window.

"Here, porter!"

The porter stared at him drowsily, and went on slamming the doors of the carriages.

"Come here, fellow!" shouted Bulstrode.

The train rolled out of the station. Then the sleepy porter condescended to pay some attention to Bulstrode. Possibly he was not particularly pleased by Bulstrode's mode of address.

"Yessir!"

"Open that door!"

"Eh?"

"Open that door!" roared Bulstrode.

The porter blinked at him.

"Which, door, zur?"

"That door—the waiting-room door!" bawled Bulstrode.

"Can't you see? Haven't you any eyes in your silly head?"

The porter blinked at the door. He saw that the handle was tied on the outside, and a slow grin came over his face.

Bulstrode raved from the window.

"Will you open that door at once, porter? I'll report you to the stationmaster! I'll report you to the company! I'll have you sacked!"

"Yessir!"

"I'll have you kicked out of your job!" roared Bulstrode.

"Thanky, sir!"

"Will you open that door?"

"Tain't in my dooty to unfasten doors," said the porter stolidly. "Which I'd like to oblige a perlte young gent, but—"

"You—you fool! Open the door!" yelled Bulstrode, as he saw Wun Lung and his minor walking quickly down the platform towards the exit.

"That's not the way to make him open the door, you ass!" grunted Skinner. "Let me speak to him. I say, porter—"

"Mind your own business, Skinner!"

"Oh, all right; have it your own way!" said Skinner, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't care! You won't get out, that's all!"

"Porter!" yelled Bulstrode, as that official walked away.

The Friardale porter seemed to be affected with a sudden deafness. He walked on without turning his head.

It did not occur to Bulstrode that a railway porter had feelings to be hurt like any other person. The indignant porter would not have opened that door then if Bulstrode had tipped him liberally. He went his way, growling to himself, and Bulstrode raved and shook his fist from the window in vain.

"I told you so!" growled Skinner.

"Oh, shut up!"

"Well, didn't I?" demanded Skinner.

"If you want a thick ear you're going the right way to get one," said Bulstrode, between his teeth. "Wun Lung's gone now; you can get out of the window."

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Skinner looked dubiously at Bulstrode. In his present mood the Remove bully was not safe to argue with. Skinner squeezed out of the window, and dropped upon the platform.

"Now open the door—quick!" said Bulstrode.

Skinner was greatly inclined to walk away and leave the Remove bully a prisoner in the waiting-room, but thoughts of the consequences later restrained him, and he was anxious, too, to punish Wun Lung, which could not be done without Bulstrode's assistance. He went to the door and hacked through the whipcord with his pocket-knife, and Bulstrode dragged it open from within.

The Remove bully came out on the platform breathing fury.

"Now we'll have a look for those alien cads!" he exclaimed. "They can't be gone far yet."

"Right-ho!" said Skinner.

They ran towards the station exit. The form of the porter barred the way, and with a decidedly unpleasant grin he held out his hand for tickets.

Bulstrode stared at him.

"Let us pass, you fool!"

"Tickets, please!"

"Eh?"

"Tickets, please!"

"What do you mean?"

"Tickets, please!"

"You know we haven't any tickets," exclaimed Bulstrode.

"We came on the platform to meet a train. You saw us."

"Tickets, please!"

"You—you idiot—"

"Young gent's 'ave no right to enter the platform without tickets," said the porter stolidly. "It's trespassing. Tickets, please, or fare from the station you came from."

"Station we came from!" yelled Bulstrode. "You saw us go on the platform."

"I don't care what I see," said the porter. "Tickets, please, or fare, or I'll call a policeman and give you in charge for attempting to swindle the company."

Bulstrode glared at him. His rudeness to the porter was being paid for now; the man was quite in earnest.

"Pay him the blessed fare!" said Skinner. "It's only twopence from the next station on the line."

"I—I won't! It's a swindle!"

"Oh, I'm a swindler as well as a fool, am I?" said the porter unpleasantly. "Werry good! But you don't go till you've paid your fare."

"I'll give you twopence, but—"

"You won't give me twopence," said the porter grimly. "You'll pay your fare from the junction—that's a shilling each."

"Why, you—you thief—"

"A shilling each, please. Twopence is the fare from the next station. Did you get in at the next station?"

"You know we didn't—"

"Then you'll pay from the junction!"

Bulstrode and Skinner looked at one another in silent wrath. The porter certainly had the whip-hand of them. There was no help for it, and each of the juniors drew a shilling from his pocket and handed it to the porter.

"We'll jolly well have a receipt for it, though!" said Skinner.

The porter grinned, and gave them the receipt. Then they stamped out of the station, with only one consolation in prospect—that of "taking it out" of Wun Lung and Wun Lung minor.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Cheap Eggs.

"THERE they are!"

Bulstrode uttered the exclamation as he caught sight of Wun Lung and Hop Hi in the village street.

They had reached the tuckshop kept by Uncle Clegg, one of the last shops in the street. The two Chinese were walking quickly, Wun Lung knowing well enough that Bulstrode would not be very long in getting out of the waiting-room. And Wun Lung did not want to come to close quarters with Bulstrode.

But the two Removes had run hard from the station, and they overtook Wun Lung and Hop Hi at the tuckshop.

Wun Lung looked round nervously as he heard the pounding footsteps. Bulstrode and Skinner were bearing down upon him at top speed.

Hop Hi looked round, too.

"Whatees mattel?" he asked.

"Beastee bullee," replied Wun Lung anxiously.

Hop Hi nodded intelligently.

"Lackee?" he asked.

"Yes."

"No plenty good," said Hop Hi. "S'posee we lun!"

Wun Lung shook his head. He knew that it was of no use running. He drew his minor towards the tuckshop.

"Gettee inside," he said.

"Allee light!"

The Chinese juniors hurried into the tuckshop. Bulstrode and Skinner slowed down, panting. Their victims were safe now!

"Got 'em!" said Bulstrode, with much satisfaction.

"Yes, rather!"

"Now we'll make 'em sit up!"

"What-ho!" said Skinner. "I'll teach the young beast to puncture me all over!"

"Come in!"

And they walked towards the tuckshop. There was no hurry now. Their intended victims could not escape.

Uncle Clegg came into the shop as the Chinese came in. He grinned affably enough at Wun Lung. Wun Lung had a larger allowance than any other junior at Greyfriars, not excepting even the Nabob of Bhanipur. He spent it royally, too, and the village tuckshop came in for a good share of it. Uncle Clegg was always glad to see Wun Lung.

Wun Lung laid a sovereign on the counter.

"Me wantee eggs, plenty muchee eggs, and soda-watol," he said.

Uncle Clegg stared.

Eggs and soda-water in large quantities made a rather unusual order; but a junior who had a sovereign to spend could order what he liked in Uncle Clegg's little shop.

"Certainly, Master Wun Lung. Beautiful new laid eggs, twopence each——"

"Me no wantee new laid eggs."

"Fresh eggs, ten a shilling——"

"No wantee flesh eggs."

"There's the ordinary kind, fourteen a shilling," said Uncle Clegg.

"Me wantee velly old eggs, velly old, smelly."

Uncle Clegg gasped. He had heard that the Chinese had some peculiar tastes in diet, but he had never dreamed that even a Chinaman could possibly prefer old and mouldy eggs to new, fresh ones.

"Just as you like," he said. "Take 'em out of that box there—that box ahind the others. They're pretty old—I've had 'em in for weeks—and they're not English, anyway. You can 'ave 'em for eighteen a shilling."

"Tankee muchee."

Wun Lung grabbed out the eggs in handfuls, and filled his minor's hands with them, and piled them on the counter. By that time Bulstrode and Skinner were looking in at the door. Bulstrode grinned unpleasantly.

"So you're here, you heathen beast!"

"Me helo, Bulstlode."

"I suppose you know you're going to have a licking?"

"No savvy."

"I'm going to lick you, you Chinese worm!"

"No savvy."

"Come on, Skinner! You collar the now beast, while I lick Wun Lung. We'll jolly well smash those eggs over them, too!"

"What-ho!" grinned Skinner.

And they came into the shop with grim looks. Wun Lung exchanged a quick glance with his minor.

"Chuckee, chuckee!" he murmured.

"Allee light!"

And the two Chinese began to hurl the eggs.

Uncle Clegg grinned. He understood now why the Chinese wanted smelly eggs, and cheap ones. They were not for eating purposes.

The first egg caught Bulstrode on the nose, and burst there. The Remove bully staggered back with a yell.

The next moment an egg smashed under Skinner's chin, and squelched over him. Skinner reeled against the door.

"Ow!"

"Oooch!"

"Groo!"

"Poof!"

Smash, smash, smash!

Wun Lung major and minor pelted away with the eggs at express speed. Their aim was good, though the eggs were not.

Squelch, squelch, squelch!

Bulstrode and Skinner simply staggered. They had not expected anything like this. The eggs smashed all over them—they were blinded, choked, suffocated.

"Go it!" panted Wun Lung.

"Ha, ha! Muchee good!"

"Ow!" gasped Skinner, staggering out of the doorway. "I'm done! Stop it, you young fiends. Yow! Ow! Gerroch!"

Bulstrode rushed blindly at the Chinese.

An egg caught him in the right eye, and another in the left, and another under the chin, and a fourth on the nose.

Bulstrode gasped and spluttered, and reeled against a big box of eggs, and sat down violently in it.

There was a yell from Uncle Clegg.

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NEXT
WEEK:

"THE REMOVE'S CHALLENGe."

EVERY
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LIBRARY.

ONE
PENNY.

Bulstrode had sat down in his best six a shilling!

And the havoc the burly form of the Remove bully wrought in the box of eggs was, as Hurreo Singh would have said, terrific.

"You young villain!" roared Uncle Clegg. "You'll pay for them eggs! Do you hear? You'll pay for them!"

"Yaroo!"

Wun Lung seized a syphon of soda-water from the counter and turned it upon the bully of the Remove, as he struggled in the egg-box.

Swish, swish, swish!

"Yow-wow-ow!"

A steady stream of soda-water played upon the Remove bully, and it washed some of the eggy stickiness from his face, but without much comfort to Bulstrode.

He struggled furiously out of the egg-box.

"I—I—I'll smash you!" he panted.

"Lunnee!" gasped Wun Lung.

The two Chinese dodged out of the shop.

Skinner was scraping the eggs and eggshells off his face and clothes outside, and he made no attempt to stop them. Bulstrode, streaming with broken eggs, made a rush after them, but Uncle Clegg had whipped out from behind the counter, and he grasped the Remove bully by the shoulder.

"Lemme go!" yelled Bulstrode.

"No, you don't!" said Uncle Clegg grimly. "You've smashed them eggs, and you'll pay for them eggs! Sixteen shillings, please!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Then I'll come up to the school and complain to your headmaster!"

"You old fool——"

"That's enough!" said Uncle Clegg. "We'll see wot Dr. Locke has to say about bullying little boys, and smashing up a poor man's stock!"

"Don't be an idiot! I'll pay you for the rotten eggs!"

"They wasn't rotten eggs—they was six a shilling!"

"Here, take that!" yelled Bulstrode, slamming a handful of silver on the counter. "Do you think I can't pay, you old fool? Now get out of the way!"

"Uncle Clegg let him go, and Bulstrode rushed from the shop. A yell of laughter from two juniors who had just come down the street greeted him. They were Mark Linley and Tom Brown. The New Zealander had a bat under his arm.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Mark. "What's the matter? Ha, ha, ha! Have you been wallowing in eggs, Bulstrode?"

"Mind your own business, hang you, you factory hound!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's that Chinee?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode glared round in search of Wun Lung and Wun Lung minor. They had vanished down the lane in the direction of the school.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Tom Brown. "We were going to look after Wun Lung; but it's Bulstrode that needs looking after. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm going to smash him!"

"You're not!" said the New Zealand junior quietly.

"You're not going to touch him!"

"You see what he's done!"

"You were ragging him, I suppose?"

"That's not your affair!"

"Your mistake. It is," said Tom cheerfully. "Before you touch Wun Lung or Wun Lung minor, you'll have to walk over Linley and me, Bulstrode."

"Yes, rather!" said the Lancashire lad.

Bulstrode glared at them. But he was in no condition to tackle them, and Skinner certainly wouldn't have backed him up in such a tussle. Bulstrode scowled savagely, and strode away, and a crowd of village urchins, attracted by the peculiar state and smell of his attire, with the eggs clinging to it, followed him all the way to Greyfriars, making various complimentary remarks en route.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Feeding the Brutes.

"LOOK!"

"Behold!"

"See, they come!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

At the gates of Greyfriars a group of Second-Form fags watched and waited. Dicky Nugent, Gatty, and Todd were there, of course. There were five or six more fags with them. They were waiting for the arrival of Wun Lung and Wun Lung minor.

When the two Chinese juniors came in sight there was a general grin and chuckle among the Second-Formers.

"Here they come!"

Dicky Nugent grinned at his comrades.

"Now for the circus!" he ejaculated.

By which it will be seen that the feed of the evening before in Harry Wharton's study had failed in its object. As a matter of fact, the Second Form meant to have some fun with the new Chinese; and, if it would worry the Remove, they were only too likely to be more than ever determined upon it.

Wun Lung grinned amiably as he came up to the gates and saw the group of fags. Hop Hi bowed low to his future Form-fellows. The brothers had been talking all the way from the village, and Wun Lung had apprised his minor of his probable reception. But Hop Hi did not seem to be scared. He had a great faith in his ability to take care of himself.

"Here they are!"

"Here's the new kid!"

"Here's the blessed heathen."

"Velly nicee day," said Hop Hi affably. "Me glad see handsome young gentlemen of Second Form."

The handsome young gentlemen of the Second Form grinned.

"My hat!"

"Soft sawder!"

"Pile it on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Me velly glad see handsome young gentlemen," said Hop Hi, with a beaming smile. "Nicee wahu day—velly plenty thilsty. S'posee handsome young gentlemen comee drinkee gingee-pop with Hop Hi?"

"Well, that's a jolly good idea," said Todd.

"Not bad," agreed Gatty.

"Nicee gingee-pop, nicee talts," said Hop Hi. "Hop Hi pleasee standee treat to nice handsome young gentlemen."

Dicky Nugent chuckled.

"Blessed if he isn't a more agreeable worm than his major!" he exclaimed. "But it's a warm afternoon, and it's a good thing. This way to the tuckshop."

And the Second-Formers swarmed off towards Mrs. Mimble's little establishment. Wun Lung and Hop Hi went with them in the midst of the crowd.

A dusty junior came in from the road, and followed them. It was Billy Bunter. Billy Bunter was thirsty, and, of course, hungry.

It was evident that there was a treat going on, and Bunter didn't care if it was being stood by a Second-Form fag, or a First-Form babe, for that matter, so long as he was allowed to share in it.

"I say, you fellows—" he began, entering the tuckshop in the wake of the Second-Form crowd.

He was interrupted by a general yell.

"Get out!"

"Turn that Remove rotter out!"

"Outside!"

"Oh, really, I say, you fellows—"

"Outside, Fatty!"

And Bunter was hustled out of the tuckshop. Wun Lung was the only Removeite the fags were inclined to stand. Wun Lung was giving generous orders to Mrs. Mimble.

"Thlee dozen of gingee-pop, please, Mrs. Mimble, and six dozen of jam-talts."

"My hat!"

"He's a giddy millionaire."

"Go it, Wun Lung."

"He's a brick."

"So is the new kid."

"Yes, rather."

"This is ripping ginger-pop."

"And the tarts—lovely!"

"Spiffing!"

The Second-Formers tucked in. More of the Form, attracted by the news that a feast was toward, crowded into the tuckshop. The little shop was soon full up to its fullest capacity.

Dicky Nugent sat on the counter, with a bottle of ginger-pop beside him, a foaming glass in his hand, and a plate of

tarts on his knees. The other fags were sitting or standing, and all wiring in for all they were worth.

And all new-comers of the Second Form were welcome.

The supply of tuck was unlimited.

Wun Lung had probably heard of the old maxim—Feed the Brute. And he was feeding the brutes, so to speak, right royally.

Hop Hi beamed upon the crowd.

And the crowd beamed back again at Hop Hi. A fellow who could stand a feed like this, Chinese or not, heathen or not, was not a fellow to be ragged.

He was rather a fellow to be taken to their hearts, and petted and made much of. A fellow like this would make a lot of difference to the skinny feeds of the Second Form-room.

Dicky Nugent held up a foaming glass of ginger-beer.

"Here's to the new kid!" he exclaimed.

"Hear, hear!"

"More ginger-pop, Mrs. Mimble! I must drink that," said Myers.

"Hear, hear!"

"Here's to the new kid, and—and long may he wave!" said Nugent minor.

"Hurrah!"

And the toast was drunk with enthusiasm.

Wun Lung grinned affectionately at his minor, and quietly left the shop, leaving Hop Hi to carry the matter through. Wun Lung could be very tactful. It was necessary for Hop Hi himself to make a good impression upon the Form, if he was to have a quiet life among them, and his major had shown him how to do it.

"You're a brick, Hop Hi," said Todd, slapping the new fag on the back. "You may be a giddy heathen, but you're a brick."

"Hear, hear!"

"Me likee muchee handsome gentlemen in Second Form," said Hop Hi, beaming.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Me likee comee Gleyfials. Pellaps handsome young gentlemen helpee Hop Hi takee glub in dolmitoly to feedee affel lights out. What you tinkee?"

"What-ho!"

"Yes, rather."

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurrah!"

There was no doubt that the young gentlemen would. And when the Second Form crowded out of the tuckshop, Hop Hi was walking with his arms linked quite affectionately in Gatty's and Dicky Nugent's.

As for ragging, such a thought would have been scouted by the whole of the Second Form to a man.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Making it Pax.

HARRY WHARTON came towards the house with his cricket-bat under his arm, and a glow of colour in his healthy cheeks. Cricket practice was over for the afternoon, and the chums of the Remove were thinking of tea. Near the door they met the Second-Form crowd, and they stared a little at the sight of the new fag, and the excellent terms he appeared to be on with the Second-Form leaders.

"My only hat!" said Bob Cherry. "How's he done it? I'll bet anything that they intended to give him a warm reception."

"I'm jolly sure they did," agreed Wharton. "We stood them a feed to put them into a good temper, but I know they went away from our study determined to make Hop Hi sit up when he came here."

"It's Wun Lung's doing somehow," grinned Frank Nugent. "That blessed young heathen is as deep as a well. He's managed it."

"I suppose he has—I don't know how."

"The deepfulness of the esteemed Wun Lung is terrific," remarked the Nabob of Bhanipur. "Here he is; let us ask him requestfully to explain."

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"The Fifth jolly well don't have a feed like this," said Myers. "It's first chop, and I propose, second, and pass a vote of thanks to Hop Hi."

Wun Lung grinned as the Removites stopped him. The Second Form were going in, Nugent minor and Gatty showing Hop Hi round the school in the most cordial and hospitable manner.

"How did you do it, kid?" asked Wharton.

The little Chinese laughed his peculiar silent laugh.

"Wun Lung tinkee tinkee," he explained. "Good dodge! Feedee Second Form up to chinee, putee in good temper. See?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wun Lung gotee lotee cashee," explained the little Chinese. "Spendee any amount to makee allee light for Hop Hi. You savvy?"

"Good," said Harry, laughing. "It's a case of feeding the brute. Well, it's worth it, and I'm jolly glad young Hop Hi has started so well with his Form."

"Me glad, awfully beastly jolly."

And Wun Lung glided away grinning.

The Remove chums went up to their study laughing. Whether the present halcyon weather in the Second Form would last, was a question; but there was no doubt that Hop Hi had started well, and that was a very great point.

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Bulstrode and Skinner came in a little later, and a crowd of Removites stared at them as they came into the Remove passage. They had scraped off as much of the eggs as they could, but they were still pretty well smothered with yolk, and the smell of those eggs clung lovingly round them.

"My hat!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "What's the matter? What have you kids been doing with yourselves? You want disinfecting."

"Have you seen Wun Lung?" demanded Bulstrode.

"Yes, he's come in."

"I'm going to smash him."

"Ha, ha! Is he responsible for your eggy condition?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, stop your rotten cackling!" said Bulstrode savagely. "I'll make that Chinese wriggle for this, I tell you!"

"You won't," said Harry Wharton.

Bulstrode did not reply to that, but stamped up to the dormitory to get his clothes changed.

All the fellows chuckled over the story of the eggs, and even when Bulstrode had got rid of the smell of them—which was not soon—he was constantly reminded of the incident by the remarks and chuckles of the Removites.

He was soon in a state of mind bordering on frenzy, for Bulstrode, like many persons who play ill-natured tricks, could not take it quietly when a joke was turned against himself.

The only consolation he had was the prospect of licking Snoop for deserting him at the station; and with that amicable intention he looked for Snoop. But the sneak of the Remove had no desire to meet Bulstrode, and he kept out of the way.

He could not do so all the evening, however, and Bulstrode ran him to earth at last in a corner of the common-room.

Bulstrode's eyes gleamed as he caught sight of him. Snoop rose to his feet, looking very nervous.

"I hope you—you got out of the waiting-room all right, Bulstrode," he said.

"I did—no thanks to you," said Bulstrode.

"I—I had to go, you know."

"Yes; and now you have to take a licking for it," said Bulstrode.

Snoop cast a longing glance towards the door. Bulstrode moved to cut him off from it, and stretched out his hand.

Snoop dodged.

"Lemme alone," he gasped.

"I'm jolly well going to—"

At that moment Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry entered the common-room. Snoop, with a gasp of relief, rushed towards them. Bulstrode rushed after him.

"Stop, you young cad!"

Snoop dodged behind Harry Wharton. Bulstrode hit out at him, and Harry caught the blow on his shoulder.

Wharton uttered an angry exclamation.

"What on earth do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"Sorry—I was hitting at Snoop."

"You'd better be a little more careful whom you hit at."

"Come out from behind Wharton, you cad!" roared Bulstrode.

"I—I won't," stammered Snoop. "I—I say, Wharton, keep him off! You—you ought to put down bullying, as—as Form captain."

Wharton's lip curled.

"He—he's going for me because I wouldn't help him rag young Hop Hi," said Snoop, dodging round Wharton again as Bulstrode made for him.

"Oh, I see. Ow!" roared Wharton, as he caught another drive intended for Snoop. "You frabjous ass, if you hit me again you'll get hurt!"

"Get out of the way, then!"

"Rats!"

"Keep him off!" gasped Snoop.

"Come here, you young cad!"

"I—I won't!"

Bulstrode hit out again, and Wharton caught the drive in his ribs. Perhaps it was not so very much of an accident. Wharton's patience was exhausted. He had warned Bulstrode, and now he proceeded to more active measures. His right fist shot out, and Bulstrode caught the hard knuckles on his chin, and went backwards as if he had been shot.

He crashed upon the floor with a sounding bump.

"Ho, ha, he!" giggled Snoop. "Serve him right."

"Sit on him," suggested Bob Cherry, as Bulstrode lay dazed. "Make him make it pax, you know."

Snoop caught at the idea.

In a moment he was sitting astride of Bulstrode, pinning him down to the floor. Strong as Bulstrode was, he was now at so great a disadvantage that he was at Snoop's mercy.

"Get off!" he roared, struggling.

"I jolly well won't!" said Snoop.

"You worm. I—I'll smash you!"

"Make it pax."

"I won't! I'm going to lick you!"

"Then you sha'n't get up," said Snoop.

Bulstrode struggled furiously, but Snoop had him down, and kept him there. Snoop was, as a matter of fact, afraid to let the bully of the Remove rise. If Bulstrode had succeeded in getting up, things would have been very warm for Snoop.

The sneak of the Remove pinned him down, and kept him there, showing an unusual courage and determination from sheer cowardice.

Bulstrode struggled in vain.

A crowd of juniors gathered round, laughing and chuckling at the absurd figure the Remove bully cut, with the smaller lad sitting astride of him. No one offered to help Bulstrode till Skinner came in, and he came up, looking businesslike. But Bob Cherry gently pushed him back.

"Stand off!" he said.

"Look here—"

"Keep back, Skinner!"

"Drag this cad off, Skinner!" yelled Bulstrode.

"All right. I—"

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"Come on, then," said Bob Cherry, pushing back his cuff. "You can walk over me first, Skinny, old man."

Skinner promptly retreated. He knew which party was likely to do the walking over, if he tackled Bob Cherry.

"It's all right," he said hastily. "I don't want to interfere."

"Drag him off, Skinner!"

"Sorry, Bulstrode! He's smaller than you are. Why don't you fling him off. One to one is fair play, you know."

"He's got me down."

"Well, get him down, then."

"It's not fair play to hit a chap when he's down, you cad!" roared Bulstrode.

"But he's not hitting you."

"Yank him off!"

"Sorry, but—"

"I'll lick you when I get up, Skinner."

Skinner shrugged his shoulders.

"Then you can stay there, kid."

"Lemme gerrup, Snoop!"

"Make it pax."

"I won't!" yelled the Remove bully.

"Then I'll jolly well keep you here till bedtime," said Snoop.

The fellows standing round roared with laughter. Bulstrode struggled furiously, but in vain. Snoop had him tight. No helping hand was offered. The chums of No. 1 Study saw to that.

It was between Bulstrode and Snoop, and as Snoop was not hitting him when he was down, it was nobody's business to interfere.

Bulstrode almost choked with rage.

"Will you make it pax?" said Snoop.

"N—ye—es! Yes!"

"It's pax."

"Yes!" panted Bulstrode.

Snoop rose, and Bulstrode staggered to his feet. The Remove bully was dishevelled and dusty, and in so great a fury that he had completely lost control of himself. "Pax" was sacred, even among the most reckless fellows; but even "pax" did not restrain Bulstrode at that moment. He reached out at Snoop.

There was a yell at once.

"Cad!"

"Stop that, Bulstrode!" exclaimed Wharton. "You've made it pax. Don't be a worm."

"Mind your own business, Wharton," said Bulstrode fiercely. "I—"

"Cad!"

"Hands off!"

Bulstrode glared defiance, but he had gone too far this time. A score of hands seized him, and he was dragged to the door of the common-room, and flung out into the passage. Even his old friends were against him now, when he had broken the most sacred pledge of schoolboy honour.

"Outside!"

"Cad!"

"Kick him out!"

And Bulstrode fell in a heap in the passage. He scrambled up, and charged madly back, only to be hurled forth again by the excited Removites.

This time he did not return. He limped away, sore and savage. He did not attempt to break the pax after that; but in his mind he saved up vows of vengeance for Hop Hi, the innocent cause of his discomfiture.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Japers Japed.

"H'E'S a good sort," said Dicky Nugent, rather aggressively.

"I don't say he isn't said Gatty."

"Oh, he's all right," remarked Myers. "That feed was a treat!"

"It was jolly decent."

"All the same," observed Todd, "I don't see why the Second shouldn't have a little fun with a new boy."

"Hear, hear!"

"Oh, let him alone," said Nugent minor. "You can't break bread with a chap, and then rag him. Don't be an outsider."

"Well, I didn't break bread. I broke tarts and buns," said Todd.

"Oh, don't be funny, Toddy!"

Todd rose and whistled, and strolled away towards Hop Hi. The Second Form of Greyfriars were mostly in the Form-room, and the new junior was there.

Hop Hi was curled up in a chair before the fire, blinking at it with his almond eyes, and looking very much like Wun Lung.

His cheery little face was very good-humoured and contented.

He had started with the Second Form very well, and things bade fair to go quite smoothly for the new boy.

But there were some of the Second who thought they were being defrauded out of the expected fun, and when the first flush of enthusiasm about the great feed had passed off, they wanted the fun to begin.

Nugent minor set his face against the idea.

Dicky had a sense of honour, and after making much of the little Chinese on account of the feed, he felt that it would be "rotten" to rag him all the same.

But other fellows had other opinions.

Dicky looked rather angrily at Todd as the latter walked towards the Chinese boy. He knew that Todd intended some jape.

But he was not disposed to interfere. He did not consider that he was expected to go so far as that.

Hop Hi seemed to be quite unaware of Todd's approach. Perhaps his bright little eyes twinkled at the fire a little more brightly. His impassive features gave no sign.

He sat in the chair with his feet curled under him, and his pigtail hanging down over the back of the chair.

Todd stepped behind him with a grin. Gatty joined him, and then Myers, and then two or three other fellows. Todd had taken an inkpot from the table, and he proceeded to tie a piece of string round the metal lid. The string was then carefully attached to the end of the Chinese's pigtail.

The inkpot rested on the floor: but when the little Chinese rose, it would be swung up by the open lid, and there would be a shower of ink, of which Hop Hi would receive the chief benefit.

Todd grinned and retreated.

Hop Hi had not moved a muscle; he appeared to be wholly unaware that his pigtail had been tampered with.

The Second-Formers burst into a chuckle.

Even Dicky Nugent grinned.

From his seat on the table, he watched the little Celestial, wondering what would be the outcome of the jape. Hop Hi did not move.

The Second-Formers grew impatient.

"I say, Hop Hi," called out Todd. "Get up!"

The little Chinese blinked round.

"Me allee lightee."

"Oh, get up!"

"Whatee why?"

The little Chinese slowly rose from the chair. The Second-Formers stood in a ring round him, waiting with anticipatory grins for the result.

The result happened, and it was an unexpected one.

Hop Hi swung his head, and the pigtail tautened out to its full length, and the inkpot was jerked off the floor and swung round in a circle.

"Ow!" roared Gatty.

"Yow!" gasped Todd.

"Ah! Oh!"

"Groo!"

"Ooch!"

From the inkpot, as it was swung round in a circle, swept a stream of ink, and it splashed upon face after face of the unprepared Second-Formers.

In a twinkling a dozen faces had been blackened, and then the inkpot was emptied, and the fags were yelling with fury.

The inkpot clinked against the chair, and Hop Hi looked down at it with an expression of child-like wonder.

"Inkee-potee on pigtail!" he exclaimed, unfastening the string. "Velly funnee thickee."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nugent minor.

Dicky did not believe for a moment that the little Chinese had been ignorant of the inkpot being there. That sweep of the pigtail was too well done for that.

It was another sample of the "ways that are dark" which are supposed to belong to the smiling children of the Flowery Land.

Todd rubbed the ink out of his eyes furiously.

"You heathen beast!" he roared.

"You yellow rotter!" shrieked Gatty.

"Bump him!"

"Thump him!"

"Squash him!"

"Collar him!"

Hop Hi looked alarmed.

"No collee!" he exclaimed. "No bumpee! Me no savvy! Me no playee thickee!"

"Let him alone!" shouted Nugent minor. "He didn't play the trick. Let him alone, and bump Todd, if you want to bump somebody!"

"Here, shut up!" exclaimed Todd.

"Nugent's right," howled Gatty. "It was Todd played that rotten silly jape——"

"Why, you——"

"Bump him!"

"Hands off! I——"

"Rats! Bump the silly ass!"

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NEXT WEEK: "THE REMOVE'S CHALLENGE."

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ONE
PENNY.

And Todd was fiercely bumped. Hop Hi, who had a suspicion that he might come in for the next attentions of the Second Form, glided quietly from the Form-room. He was followed down the passage by the yells of the unfortunate Todd.

"There!" exclaimed Gatty. "That's a lesson to you not to play rotten tricks."

"Ow!"

"Now let's bump the Chinese beast!" exclaimed Myers. "He ought to have his turn, too."

"Good egg!"

"Why, where is he?"

"Where's that giddy heathen?"

"He's gone."

"He's bunked."

"Never mind," said Gatty, "let's bump Todd again."

"Good!"

Todd made a rush for the door—but too late! He was promptly collared, and in spite of his yells, he was bumped again, harder than before. And he was left sitting on the floor, dazed and dusty, with his collar torn out, and fervently wishing that he had never thought of playing a jape upon Hop Hi, the Chinese.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Hop Hi Does Not Get the Licking.

HOP HI glided down the passage, losing no time in putting a good distance between himself and the Second Form-room. The little Chinese did not intend to see his Form fellows again till bedtime, if he could help it. The feast for the Second dormitory had already been laid in; and on the occasion of a feed it would be safe enough for him to encounter the Second again. Until then, Hop Hi deemed it prudent to keep out of sight.

He did not know the interior of Greyfriars very well so far, naturally. He wanted to get to the Remove passage, to join his brother in No. 13; but he found himself in the Sixth-Form passage ere long, and there he stopped to look about him.

A junior passed the end of the passage, and Hop Hi started towards him.

"Pleasee you tellee me——"

Then he stopped, recognising the junior. For it was Bulstrode, the bully of the Remove. Bulstrode looked at him and stopped.

He could hardly believe in his good luck. There was the new junior—at his mercy. There was very little mercy in Bulstrode's breast at that moment.

He had gone through enough that afternoon to make even a good-tempered fellow angry, and Bulstrode was not a good-tempered fellow by any means.

He came towards the little Chinese quickly, and Hop Hi shrank back against the wall of the passage. He read the bully's intentions only too clearly in his face.

"Yes," said Bulstrode, with an unpleasant grin. "What do you want me to tellee you, you little yellow-skinned imp?"

"You tellee me findee Lemove studee," stammered Hop Hi.

Bulstrode chuckled.

"Not just yet! Come here, you imp!"

Hop Hi dodged away.

"You lettee me lonee!"

"Come here!" roared Bulstrode. "I'll make it warmer for you if you give me the trouble of catching you."

"No comee."

Bulstrode rushed at him, and the little Chinese dashed away. The bully of the Remove, with his great strides, rapidly overtook him. There was no chance of getting clear; and Hop Hi dashed into an open door, and slammed it behind him. It happened to be the study belonging to Ionides, of the Sixth; but fortunately for Hop Hi, Ionides was not there. The Greek was a very unpleasant fellow to disturb, as many a junior had found to his cost before now.

Bulstrode halted at the door of the study. If Ionides was there, he didn't want to enter; and he knew that the senior would make it hot enough for the intruder.

But no sound came from the study save the hurried breathing of Hop Hi; and Bulstrode, looking in, saw that the room was empty save for the little Chinese.

Ionides was absent, but he had probably only just stepped out of the study, for the table was laid for tea, and the kettle was singing on the hob.

Bulstrode strode into the study.

"Now, you young sweep——"

Hop Hi dodged round the table.

"You keepee off!" he panted.

"Come here!"

"No catchee!"

"I'll jolly soon catch you, you alien cad!"

Bulstrode rushed round the table. Hop Hi dodged round it quickly, and they changed sides, but Bulstrode was no nearer.

The Remove bully panted with rage and exertion.

"Stop, you young hound!" he shrieked.

"No stopee."

Bulstrode made another rush, but Hop Hi dodged him again. The Remove bully made a clutch at him across the table, and there was a crash as two or three articles of crockery went flying to the floor.

"Bleakee clockely," grinned Hop Hi. "No catches. What you tinkee?"

"I'll—I'll—"

"Bulstrode gleat duffel."

The Remove bully made a furious round of the table, so fast that the little Chinese could not dodge in time. His outstretched hand caught the little Celestial by the shoulder, and Hop Hi caught at the table to save himself from being dragged back.

His grasp closed on the tablecloth, and tore it away, and with it all the preparations for Ionides's tea.

Crash! Crash! Clatter!

"My—my hat!" gasped Bulstrode, letting go Hop Hi in his dismay.

The tea things, the eatables, and the tablecloth, were in a heap of ruins on the floor.

Hop Hi darted away.

Bulstrode sprang after him, trod on the teapot, and smashed it, and stumbled. Before he could recover himself, Hop Hi was out of the study, and fleeing along the passage.

The little Chinese went down the passage like lightning, with his pigtail flying behind. He almost ran into two fellows who were coming out of Loder's study. They were Loder himself, and Ionides. Ionides had called on his chum to bring him in to tea, and they were just coming.

Loder started back just in time to avoid a collision, and Hop Hi went flying on.

Ionides scowled after him.

"Cheeky brat!" he muttered.

"It's the new Chinese kid," said Loder. "He's been up to some trick here, I suppose. I thought I heard a noise in your study."

Ionides did not reply, but ran quickly towards his study. He was just in time to meet Bulstrode coming out of the doorway.

Bulstrode stopped in dismay.

It was an unlucky meeting for him. Ionides blocked the doorway, and Loder was just behind him, and the Remove's escape was cut off.

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed Ionides roughly.

"I—I—"

Then the Greek caught sight of the wreck upon the floor. His olive face flamed crimson with rage.

"What! What!" he exclaimed. "You—you dare to play tricks like that on me! You have broken my crockery—"

"It was that young—"

"You have spoiled everything—"

"I didn't—it was—"

"The young hound!" exclaimed Loder. "This is a Remove jape, and I suggest that we make the japer sorry for it, now we've caught him."

"I will cut him to pieces!" exclaimed Ionides.

Bulstrode made a wild spring to escape. The Greek grasped him, and swung him back. Powerful as he was, the Remove bully was no match for the senior.

Ionides swung him back into the study, and Loder closed the door. Then he picked up a cricket-stump.

"Good!" exclaimed Ionides. "I will hold him upon the table, Loder, while you thrash him. I will teach the brats not to play these tricks upon the Sixth."

"Right-ho!"

"I didn't do it!" yelled Bulstrode. "It was that Chinese imp—"

"Liar!"

"You foreign cad!" howled Bulstrode. "Leggo! I—"

Ionides gritted his teeth, and forced Bulstrode across the table, face downwards. The Remove bully struggled desperately, but the sinewy Greek held him fast there.

"Now, Loder, thrash the young scoundrel!"

"What-ho!" grinned Loder.

The cricket-stump rose and fell, and the dust rose in clouds from Bulstrode's garments. The Remove bully squirmed and struggled, and kicked out savagely.

"Ow!" yelled Loder.

Bulstrode's heavy boot had caught him on the chest, and he staggered back.

"Lemme gerrup!" roared Bulstrode. "Cads! Bullies! Yah!"

"I'll—I'll smash him!" gasped Loder.

"Go it!"

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Ionides held the Remove fast, and Loder, carefully avoiding the lashing legs, laid on with the cricket-stump.

Bulstrode yelled and roared and struggled in vain. Loder did not leave off till his arm was tired.

Then the Remove was allowed to slide to the floor.

He stood wriggling with pain and rage.

"You cowards!" he roared. "You cads!"

"Oh, he wants some more!" said Ionides, with a grin. "Collar him!"

Bulstrode tore from the study, slamming the door behind him. With an ache in almost every bone, he tore away.

He caught sight of Hop Hi in the distance; but did not take any notice of him then. At this moment, Bulstrode was not feeling fit even for vengeance upon Wun Lung minor. He only wanted to get into a quiet corner and groan.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Cornered.

HOP HI grinned as he saw Bulstrode limp away. The Remove bully had only received what he had intended to bestow upon the little Chinese, and Hop Hi could not be expected to feel much sympathy for him.

The Celestial was still grinning, when there was a rush of footsteps in the passage, and he caught sight of the heroes of the Second. They had sighted him and were bearing down upon him.

Hop Hi dodged away.

"There he is!" exclaimed Gatty.

"After him!" shouted Myers.

"Collar him!"

Hop Hi ran at top speed. He ran up a side passage, and down another. The Second Formers were only half in earnest, but Hop Hi would have been ragged if he had fallen into their hands, without a doubt, and he took care to give them a wide berth.

He ran and dodged till they were thrown off the track, and then he halted breathless in a wide passage, with study doors on either side of it.

He was in the Remove passage now, although he was not aware of the fact. A fat junior came along from the direction of the staircase, and Hop Hi recognised Billy Bunter, whom he had seen at the tuckshop.

He approached him to ask the way to No. 13 Study in the Remove. Billy Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"I say, Wun Lung—"

"Me Hop Hi!"

"Oh, you're the new kid, are you?" said Bunter, with a grunt. "The new beast who wouldn't let me take a snack in the feed!"

"Hop Hi solly," said the little Celestial, in his smoothest tones. "Me likee handsome fat gentleman velly much!"

"Who's fat?" demanded Bunter, who was a little touchy on his girth—Bob Cherry had remarked that he had enough to be touchy about.

"Handsome young gentleman," said Hop Hi, leaving out the other adjective this time, "you showee me way to Wun Lung studee."

"Well, I don't mind," said Bunter. "It was pretty mean of you to leave me out of the feed, but I never bear malice. By the way, are you flush of tin?"

"No savvy."

"You see, I've been disappointed about a postal-order," explained Bunter, blinking at the new junior. "I was expecting one this evening, but it hasn't come. I shall have to wait for the morning post now."

"Hop Hi solly."

"Well, if you could lend me a few bob of it, it would be all right," said Bunter. "The tuckshop isn't closed yet. I've had tea; of course, but I'm treated rottenly meanly in my study, and I never get enough. I'm a chap with a delicate constitution, and unless I'm kept going with plenty of good, nourishing food, I get into a low state. Can you lend me ten bob?"

"No savvy."

"Five bob would do at a pinch."

"No savvy."

"Your money's just as safe as if you put it into the Bank of England," explained Billy Bunter patiently. "My postal-order will be here by the first post in the morning, then I immediately hand you the five bob."

"Me no savvy."

"You rotten heathen beast," growled Billy Bunter. "You're very like your brother, and I can tell you you won't get on at Greyfriars if you're going to be a mean rotter."

"You showee me—"

"A bob would do."

"No savvy."

"Look here, you beastly heathen—"

"You showee me wayee to Studee No. 13," suggested Hop Hi. "You savvy?"

Bunter blinked at him wrathfully. As a matter of fact, Wun Lung had cautioned his minor not to part with any money to the champion cadger of Greyfriars, and Hop Hi was loyally carrying out his instructions.

"Look here, will you lend me some tin, or won't you?" demanded Billy Bunter.

"No savvy."

The fat junior glared.

"S'posee you tellee me wayee?" said Hop Hi sweetly.

Bunter grunted.

"Oh, come on!" he said. "You want Wun Lung's study?"

"Me wantee."

"This way!"

Billy Bunter led the way. Wun Lung's study was only a dozen paces distant, as a matter of fact, but Billy Bunter did not lead the little Celestial in that direction.

He opened the door of Bulstrode's study and looked in. The room was empty. Bunter knew that Tom Brown and Hazeldene, who shared the study with the Remove bully, were in the gym. Where Bulstrode was he did not know—he had hoped to see him there. But he was certain to return sooner or later.

"Here you are," he said.

Hop Hi entered the study unsuspiciously enough.

"I'll tell your major you're here," said Bunter.

"Muchee tankee."

Bunter closed the door, and grinned, and trotted away. Hop Hi sat down in the armchair before the fire. In a Remove study he was safe from the pursuit of the Second-Formers, and he did not for a moment suspect the trick the fat junior had played on him.

He curled up in the armchair and dozed off to sleep in the quiet of the study. He did not hear the door open a little later. Bulstrode came in, and closed the door, and turned up the gas.

Bulstrode was looking decidedly savage. He was still aching from the castigation he had received from the Sixth-Form bullies.

He did not see the Chinese lad, who was hidden by the high back of the chair. The window was open at the bottom, and Bulstrode crossed towards it to close it, and then he caught sight of the recumbent figure.

He gave quite a jump.

"Hop Hi!" he ejaculated.

The little Chinese awoke at once. He sat bolt upright in the chair, looking with dilating eyes at Bulstrode.

The Remove bully grinned. Hop Hi made one bound towards the door, but Bulstrode reached it first.

"So you've paid me a visit, have you?" he said grimly.

"What are you doing in my study, you young hound?"

Hop Hi's eyes opened.

"No savvy. Buntsee sayee Wun Lung's studee."

"Ha, ha! Well, it's my study, you young rotter, and now I'm going to pay you!"

Hop Hi retreated as the burly Removite came towards him. He retreated as far as the window, and there he stopped, facing the savage junior with dilated eyes.

"No touchee Hop Hi," he faltered.

Bulstrode laughed savagely.

"I'll give you an ache in every bone," he said. "You won't be able to sit down for a week after I've done with you." And he reached out for the little Chinese and grasped him.

Hop Hi struggled, but he was like an infant in the hands of the burly junior. But suddenly Bulstrode gave a fearful yell and released him. Hop Hi's teeth had closed upon his wrist.

"Ow! Oh! Yaroo!"

He staggered back, clasping his wrist with the other hand. Hop Hi looked round wildly for an avenue of escape, and scrambled through the window. Bulstrode, who was rushing at him furiously, stopped aghast.

"Come back, you silly imp! You'll break your neck!"

"No comee backee."

"That window's fifty feet from the ground."

"No mattel."

Bulstrode gritted his teeth.

"You young hound! You think you can frighten me!" he exclaimed. "Come in, I tell you, or I'll jolly well yank you in by your pigtail!"

Hop Hi blinked in at him from the darkness outside. The little Chinese was quite out of the window, hanging upon the sill with both hands, his body invisible in the gloom outside. The fact that he was fifty feet from the ground, and that a fall meant certain death, did not seem to affect him. Either he did not realise his peril, or he had a wonderful nerve.

"Will you get in?" roared Bulstrode.

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ONE
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"No getee in."

"I'll yank you in, then."

Hop Hi let go with one hand and lowered it beyond the sill. He was hanging on with only one arm now.

Bulstrode turned pale.

"You mad young idiot! Get in!"

"No getee."

Bulstrode reached forward, intending to seize the junior and drag him in—rather to save him from his peril than anything else, though he would certainly have licked him when he was once in the study.

Hop Hi's hand slid from the window-sill, and the pigtailed head disappeared in the darkness.

Bulstrode uttered a cry of horror.

"Good heavens!"

Hop Hi was gone!

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Bad for Bulstrode.

BULSTRODE stood transfixed for some moments.

He listened with straining ears for the sound of a thud in the quad. below. But the distance was doubtless too great—there was no sound, only the soft sound of the night breeze stirring the branches of the old elms of Greyfriars.

Bulstrode was white as death.

If the little Chinese had fallen, he was dead on the ground fifty feet below—no one could have survived so terrible a fall.

The Remove bully sprang to the window at last, and leaned out, and sought in the darkness with a wild and anxious gaze.

He could see nothing.

There was hardly a star in the sky, and the Close below was wrapped in deepest gloom.

"Hop Hi!" he murmured.

Silence.

"Hop Hi! I—I didn't mean to—to—"

His voice died away.

The little Chinese must be dead, and the very thought of it froze Bulstrode's soul with horror.

True, he thought less of Hop Hi than of himself!

What were the consequences likely to be to him? He stepped back into the study, pressing his hands upon his throbbing brows.

What was he to do?

"Hallo! What's the matter?" asked a cheery voice, as Tom Brown came into the study with Hazeldene. "Got an ache in your napper?"

"I hear you've been having a high old time with Ionides, Bulstrode!" said Hazeldene, with a grin. "Hurt?"

Bulstrode stared at them wildly. For a moment he could not find his voice.

"Yes—no," he muttered thickly.

"Well, that's jolly lucid, anyway!" said Tom Brown, laughing. "But I say," he went on, more seriously, "what's the matter? You look ghastly!"

"N-n-nothing."

"What were you staring out of the window for? Anything going on?"

"N-n-no."

The two juniors looked at Bulstrode very curiously. They saw plainly enough that something unusual had happened, though they did not know what it was. Bulstrode was utterly shaken up, and he strove to recover his self-possession in vain.

Billy Bunter blinked in at the door, with his fat chuckle.

"Have you licked him, Bulstrode? Oh, I say, you fellows, I—I didn't see you!"

"Licked who?" asked Tom Brown suspiciously.

"Oh, nobody! I—I didn't tell Hop Hi this was Wun Lung's study, you know! It would have been a good jape, but I didn't do it!"

Tom Brown grasped the fat junior by the shoulder, and dragged him into the study, and shook him.

"Now, then," he said grimly, "what's that about Hop Hi?—quick!"

"Ow! Oh, really, Brown—"

"Answer me, you fat young sweep!"

"I—I really wish you wouldn't shake me like that, Brown. It—it disturbs my digestive system, and—and you might make my glasses fall off, and if they get broken, you'll have to pay for them."

Shake! shake!

"Ow! Ow!"

"Now, then, explain."

"There's nothing to explain," said Bulstrode thickly. Bunter seems to think that Hop Hi has been here—"

"Exactly. You see, you fellows—"

Tom Brown glanced at the open window, and at Bulstrode's ghastly face. A terrible thought crossed his mind.

ANSWERS

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 117.

NEXT WEEK: "THE REMOVE'S CHALLENGE."

A Splendid Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.
By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Good heavens, Bulstrode——"

"What—what are you babbling about?" exclaimed Bulstrode fiercely. "Do you think I——" He broke off, realising that he was betraying himself.

Tom Brown's grasp tightened upon Billy Bunter.

"Was Hop Hi here, Bunter?" he exclaimed sharply. "Tell me the truth."

"Yes," stammered Bunter, scared by Brown's tone. "I—I made him think this was his major's study, for—for a joke, you know."

"To get him a licking from Bulstrode, you mean, you young cad."

"Oh, really, Brown, of course, I never meant anything of the sort. It was horridly mean of him not to lend me a few bob, but——"

Tom Brown slung Bunter to the door, and he reeled into the passage, and fell there in a heap. Then the New Zealand junior turned fiercely upon Bulstrode.

"Where is Hop Hi?" he exclaimed.

"I don't know."

"He has been here."

"I don't know."

"What have you done with him?"

"Find out."

Tom Brown gritted his teeth.

"I will find out," he exclaimed, "and I think it will be a bad thing for you, Bulstrode. Do you think I've forgotten the time when you were bullying Wun Lung, and he jumped into the river to get away from you? If you have played the same game over again with his minor——"

"I—I haven't. I——"

"Come on, Hazel. Let's look in the Close."

Hazeldene nodded, and they left the study without another word to the Remove bully. Bulstrode remained alone, with white face and throbbing brow.

He staggered rather than walked from the room at last, leaving the gas at full flare in his agitation.

When his footsteps died away, the study was silent, and for some minutes it remained quite silent and unoccupied.

Then a head rose over the window-sill, and looked slyly in. It was the little pigtailed head of Hop Hi.

The little Chinese grinned as he looked into the empty study, and climbed in actively over the window-sill from the rain-pipe he had been clinging to.

The Celestial had played a cunning trick upon the Remove bully. As a matter of fact, Hop Hi had no desire to break his neck, and he would have taken any number of lickings from Bulstrode rather than a fall from the window into the Close.

As he hung from the sill, he had felt the rain-pipe that ran level beneath, and he had grasped it with the hand he lowered from the sill, and when he appeared to fall, he was simply hanging to the pipe instead of the window-sill, though in the thick darkness outside Bulstrode could not see the diminutive figure.

As soon as he was sure the room was empty, the little Chinese climbed in again.

Down below in the Close there was a glimmer of lantern-light. Tom Brown and Hazeldene were looking for Hop Hi below the study-window.

There was no trace of the little Chinese there, of course, and the juniors were considerably puzzled. They had certainly judged from Bulstrode's manner that a tragedy had occurred.

"He can't have fallen here, after all," said Hazeldene.

"Doesn't look like it."

"Then what was Bulstrode so ghastly about?"

"He must have thought—ah, look!"

Tom Brown and Hazeldene looked at one another, and burst against the square of light was visible the form of the little Chinese as he clambered in. The dark shadow disappeared in a few seconds.

Tom Brown and Hazeldene looked at one another, and burst into a simultaneous chuckle.

"The young rascal," said Tom. "He has been playing a game with Bulstrode. I forgot about the rain-pipe under the window."

"So did I. But how came he out of the window at all?"

Tom Brown's brow darkened.

"Bulstrode must have been bullying him, I suppose?"

"And he's giving Bulstrode a fright in return!" chuckled Hazeldene.

"That's it, and serve him right."

"What-ho!" agreed Hazeldene. "We won't say a word!"

"Not a whisper."

And the two juniors, greatly relieved to find that Hop Hi was safe after all, extinguished the lantern and returned to the house. If Hop Hi intended to give the bully of the Remove a scare by way of punishment, they were not at all inclined to interfere.

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Read the
Tale of

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL in "THE EMPIRE" LIBRARY. Now on Sale. Price One Halfpenny.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Truthful Bunter.

"O H, cheese it, Bunter!"

"Draw it mild."

"Ring off!"

"Well, you needn't believe me unless you like——"

"Thanks; we won't," said Harry Wharton, laughing.

"But it's true——"

"Rats!"

"I saw it——"

"Bosh!"

"Tom Brown and Hazeldene saw it too."

"Brown and Hazeldene present?" asked Wharton, looking round. "No? Your witnesses aren't here, Bunt. Didn't any fellow present see it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

"Cheese it, Billy. Why can't you tell a likelier yarn?"

"I say, you fellows, it's the solid truth. I saw Bulstrode——"

"Rats!"

"The ratfulness is terrific."

Billy Bunter blinked at the group of juniors in the common-room in great indignation.

He had rushed in there bursting with news, so to speak, and it was too bad to have his startling tidings greeted in this cavalier way.

"I wonder what enormous lies he would tell us if we let him," Frank Nugent remarked. "If you don't stop him, they grow bigger and bigger."

"The esteemed Pelion piled upon the honourable Ossa," remarked Hurree Singh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you can snigger if you like," said Bunter, blinking in a very offended way; "but it's true. I saw Bulstrode——"

"Go it," said Nugent resignedly. "He won't give us any peace till he's told his lies, you chaps, so let him go ahead."

"Go on, Bunter."

"Pile it on."

"Oh, really——"

"Yarn away!"

"Well, it was like this. I went into Bulstrode's study to repay him a little loan I'd had from him——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I told you they grew bigger!" chuckled Nugent. "Now, look here, Bunter, can you possibly expect anybody to swallow that?"

"I went into Bulstrode's study to repay him a little loan," repeated Billy Bunter firmly, amid a general yell of laughter, "and found him standing by the open window, with a grim, ghastly, ghostly, horrible, uncanny look upon his face——"

"My only hat! How did he manage it?"

"He must have looked fascinating," said Harry, laughing.

"Have you got to the end of your adjectives, Billy?"

"It was a fearful, awful, terrific look——"

"Good."

"I said to him, 'Bulstrode, what hast thou done?'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean, I said, 'Bulstrode, what have you done?'" corrected Bunter hastily, realising that he was getting a little too dramatic, "and he fixed me with his eyes——"

"Phew!"

"And gave me a ghastly, grim, unearthly, fearful look——"

"Did it hurt?"

"And said, 'He is dead.'"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"His blood is upon my hands."

"Let's look."

"Ass. I mean, Bulstrode's hands."

"Then why did he say it was upon your hands?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"He didn't. He said, 'His blood is upon my hands.'"

"There you go again. If it's upon your hands, give us a show."

"Idiot! I was speaking in the first person."

"But you couldn't have been the first person," said Bob Cherry argumentatively. "According to your own showing, Bulstrode was in the study when you got there, and he must have been the first person."

"What I mean is, I was speaking in the first person, because Bulstrode spoke in the first person, and——"

"You couldn't both have been the first person."

"Look here, Cherry——"

"Oh, shut up, Bob!" said Harry, laughing. "Let him get on. This is as good as most six shilling novels. Get on, Bunt."

"Then Tom Brown and Hazeldene rushed forth——"

"They did what?" said Bob.

"Rushed forth——"

"Third and fourth, you mean. You and Bulstrode were

first and second, and Hazeldene and Brown must have rushed third and fourth."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, I say, you fellows, how can I explain if Cherry keeps on interrupting me? Brown and Hazeldene rushed forth and looked for the body—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"They will be bringing it in now."

"Oh, good."

"And I think Bulstrode ought to be arrested before he can escape."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see, he has killed Hop Hi."

"Too bad."

"We must ask Hop Hi if it hurts."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, here come Brown and Hazeldene!" exclaimed Billy Bunter triumphantly. "Ask them!"

Hazeldene and the New Zealand junior entered the common-room. The group of juniors turned towards them at once.

"I say, you fellows," exclaimed Billy Bunter, "have you found the body?"

"The body!"

"Yes; Hop Hi's body, you know."

"Oh, Hop Hi's body!" said Tom Brown.

"Yes. You know Bulstrode hurled him from the window—"

"Did he?"

"You know he did!" exclaimed Billy Bunter indignantly.

"You went out into the Close to find the body. Have you found it?"

"Alas!" said Tom Brown, with a wink at the other juniors which the short-sighted Owl of the Remove did not see. "Alas!"

"Boo-hoo!" said Hazeldene, taking his cue from Tom Brown.

"Poor Hop Hi!"

"Boo-hoo!"

"Alas!"

"Boo-hoo!"

"There you are!" exclaimed Billy Bunter triumphantly.

"Didn't I tell you that Brown and Hazeldene would bear me out?"

"Somebody ought to bear you out and chuck you into the nearest rubbish heap, you frabjous romancer!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Can't you see Brown and Hazeldene weeping over—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

Brown and Hazeldene walked away, overcome with dramatic emotion. They had their handkerchiefs out, and everyone but Billy Bunter could see them grinning behind their handkerchiefs.

"There!" said Bunter. "I say, you fellows, you can't have any doubt now, I suppose. Poor old Hop Hi is done in, and Bulstrode will be hanged of course. I think I had better go and inform the Head at once, so that he can be arrested."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. This is a tragedy."

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Don't you understand? I think you're awfully heartless," said Bunter indignantly. "There's poor old Hop Hi wallowing in his gore under Bulstrode's window, and—"

"Oh!"

A diminutive figure walked into the room as Bunter was speaking, and the fat junior was interrupted.

It was Hop Hi!

"M-m-m-m-my word!" stammered Bunter.

Hop Hi blinked at the almost hysterical juniors in his sleepy way.

"You young scamp!" roared Bob Cherry. "What do you mean by walking in here when you ought to be wallowing in your gore in the Close? You've come to life just in time to spoil Bunter's story."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's Hop Hi!" gasped Bunter. "I saw him hurled forth from the window—at least, I—I thought he had been hurled forth—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Perhaps it's a ghost," suggested Tom Brown. "A chap can't wallow in his gore, and walk around the school, at the same time. It may be a giddy spook."

"Oh, really, Brown—"

"Pinch him and see!" suggested Skinner.

"No pinchee," said Hop Hi hastily.

"It can speak," said Nugent. "What may this mean, that thou, dead corpse, revisitest thus the glimpses of the moon?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There are more things in the heavenful earth, as the esteemed Shakespeare remarks, than are dreamt of in your geometry," observed the Nabob of Bhanipur.

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NEXT

WEEK:

"THE REMOVE'S CHALLENGE."

EVERY
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ONE
PENNY.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's alive," said Wharton. "It's really Hop Hi. It's rather inconsiderate of him to come to life in this way, but there you are, Bunter. Now, confess that it was all lies from beginning to end."

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Me alive!" said Hop Hi, grinning. "Me pletendes falloe flom windee, fighten beastly Bulstrode. What you tinkee?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Harry, laughing.

"Rotten heathen outsider!" growled Billy Bunter. "I say, you fellows, I think he ought to be ragged—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"Yes, but I say—"

"Cheese it! Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here comes Bulstrode!" said Bob Cherry, in a quick whisper. "Get out of sight, Hop Hi."

The little Chinese caught on to the idea at once. He dodged behind the sturdy forms of the Famous Four, and the grinning juniors formed a ring round him to conceal him from the view of the bully of the Remove. Bulstrode entered the room the next minute.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for Bulstrode.

BULSTRODE was looking white and worn.

He had been tramping about by himself for some time, trying to think what to do; but his thoughts were in a whirl.

Remembering the trick that had been played upon him once by Wun Lung, it had occurred to him that Hop Hi might have deceived him, and he remembered the rain-pipe under the window-sill. When that came into his mind, he rushed back to the study to ascertain if he might have been tricked. He scanned the wall below the window with the aid of a bicycle lantern.

But it was too late; in the interval, Hop Hi had climbed in, and was gone. Bulstrode's heart was like lead. His light would not reach to the ground, of course, nor would he have dared to look there for what he expected was lying on the hard earth.

He left the study again, his heart throbbing with horror and fear. It seemed impossible to doubt now that a terrible fate had overtaken the new junior.

Bulstrode came into the common-room because he was afraid to be alone. From every corner he seemed to see the little quaint face of the Celestial looking.

Why had he ever bullied the boy? Why had he not let him alone? Why had he not taken a lesson from his experience with Wun Lung? It was useless to ask these questions now; but they hammered in his brain.

The eyes of all the juniors were upon him as he came in.

That he had bullied the little Chinese, and that Hop Hi had pretended to fall from the window, they now knew; and so they understood clearly the cause of his wretched looks. But there were few who felt sympathy for him. The Remove was a rough form, and some of the fellows certainly were given to bullying. But Bulstrode always went too far in that direction to please the roughest of his form-fellows.

Bulstrode did not look at the fellows. He knew they were looking at him, and a spasm of fear went through him. Brown had been talking, perhaps; or they had guessed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You're looking seedy, Bulstrode."

The Remove bully did not reply.

"Anything wrong?" asked Snoop.

"No."

"Have you seen Hop Hi?" asked Skinner.

Bulstrode started.

"No."

"Oh, really, Bulstrode—" began Billy Bunter.

The Remove bully gave him a fierce look. Wharton glanced curiously at Bulstrode. He wondered what maze of falsehoods the Remove bully would entangle himself in to cover up his imaginary guilt.

Some of the fellows could not help grinning as they saw little Hop Hi hidden behind the group of juniors, within six paces of Bulstrode, who had not the faintest idea, of course, that he was there.

But Bulstrode was too confused and scared to see their grins. He was thinking only of his supposed danger.

"Yes, tell us what you know, Bunter!" chorused half a dozen voices.

"He knows nothing!" said Bulstrode fiercely. "If he begins his lies about me, I'll knock them down his throat again!"

"Oh! I say, you fellows—"

"We'll look after you, Bunter," said Tom Brown,

getting in front of the Owl of the Remove. "Bulstrode sha'n't touch you."

"Go ahead, Bunter!"

"Pile it on."

"Unfold the ghastly tale!"

"Well, all I know is, I played an awfully clever trick on Hop Hi," said Billy Bunter. "I told him Bulstrode's study was Wun Lung's, you see—"

"You young Ananias!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! It was a joke, you know."

"Only a cad would tell a lie for a joke."

"Well, Bunter is a cad," said Ogilvy. "No need to go into that now. Get on with the washing, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Ogilvy—"

"Buck up!"

"Well, you see, Hop Hi stayed in the study, and then Bulstrode came in—"

"It's a lie!" said Bulstrode.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Hop Hi never was in my study, as far as I know," said Bulstrode.

"Oh, really—"

"I—I had gone in," said Bulstrode haltingly. "I saw the window open, and was going to close it, when Brown and Hazeldene came in."

"Brown and Hazeldene, give your evidence."

"I say, you fellows, I haven't finished yet."

"Yes, you have," said Bob Cherry, pushing the fat junior away. "You ring off; you're dead in this scene. Now then, Browney!"

"We came into the study," said Tom Brown. "We found Bulstrode staring at the open window, as if—as if —"

"As if he'd dropped a sovereign out," said Hazeldene.

"As if he'd seen a ghost," said Brown.

"Did you see Hop Hi?"

"No; he wasn't there."

"Had you reason to suppose that he had been?"

"Yes; Bunter said so."

"Stuff! If Bunter said so, that was a reason to suppose that he hadn't been there."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Any other evidence?" asked Bob Cherry.

"No; only Bulstrode seemed to be frightened out of his wits about something."

"It's not true," said Bulstrode fiercely. "Why should I be frightened? I was a little bit startled at your rushing in on me like that, that's all—"

"Then Hop Hi is all right, as far as you know?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Ye-es, of course," said Bulstrode. "I don't see any—any reason to suppose that—that he's not all right."

His trembling lips as he said it betrayed him. The juniors looked at one another. A punishment was coming for Bulstrode, quite adequate to the case.

"Then you wouldn't be surprised to see him walk into the room here?" said Bob Cherry.

Bulstrode cast an involuntary glance towards the door; a look full of such fear that Bob Cherry, in spite of himself, relented.

"You ass!" he said. "You've lied before us all, and I hope the Remove will keep the sort of chap you are in mind, when you begin swanking again. Hop Hi is all right, as a matter of fact. Show yourself, young 'un!"

The juniors parted, and Hop Hi stood revealed to view. Bulstrode reeled back.

The little Chinese grinned at him.

"Allee lightee!" he remarked. "No falllee ffrom winddee, you savvy. Playee little jokee on Bulstlode."

The Remove bully gasped. For some moments he could not get his breath; the relief was so great.

He found his voice at last.

"Hop Hi!"

The little Celestial nodded cheerfully. He was not afraid of Bulstrode, with the Famous Four round him.

"Me allee lightee!"

"You young hound!" shouted Bulstrode, quite himself again now, and making a step towards the little Chinese.

"So you were fooling me?"

"What you tinkee?"

"I'll—I'll—"

"You'll keep your paws off the kid!" said Harry Wharton coolly. "I should think you'd had a lesson which would stop your bullying for a bit!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Mind your own business!" said Bulstrode savagely. "Do you think I'm going to have a trick like that played on me? I—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Bob Cherry contemptuously. "The less you have to say now the better, Bulstrode! You've stood up before us all and lied—"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 117.

Read the **THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL** in **"THE EMPIRE" LIBRARY.** Now on Sale. Price One Halfpenny.

"I—I—"

"You've rolled out lie after lie, and shown yourself in your true colours!" said Nugent. "You'd better shut up now!"

"What-ho!" said Tom Brown. "Least said the soonest mended; but I really think that the palm for lying ought to be taken away from Bunter and presented to Bulstrode! When it comes to real, solid lies, Bulstrode is an easy first!"

"Oh, really, Brown—"

Bulstrode gave the Removites a savage look, and then thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and strode away.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Settling the Question.

NUGENT MINOR burst into the Second Form-room with a yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gatty jumped so suddenly that he upset a game of draughts he was playing with Todd, and Todd gave a snort.

"You ass! You've mucked up the game!"

"Never mind! I'd nearly won it!" said Gatty.

"Eh? You mean you had only three moves left?"

"What! You had only two—"

"Rats!"

"Rubbish!"

"Look here—"

"Oh, shut up!" exclaimed Nugent minor. "Stop that rotten ragging, and listen to me—"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Go and chop chips!"

"I've got the biggest joke to tell you," said Dicky Nugent. "I was in the junior common-room just now—"

"Hanging round the rotten Remove, I suppose!" said Gatty, with a sniff.

Nugent glared at him.

"If you want a thick ear, Gatty, you'd better say so in plain English!" he exclaimed. "You can have one, you know!"

"Rats!"

"I'll jolly well—"

"Oh, don't rag!" exclaimed Myers. "What's the joke? You've forgotten that."

"It was that young Chinese," said Nugent minor, calming down, and giving Gatty a disdainful glance. "He's done Bulstrode beautifully. Look here, you kids, that new kid will be an acquisition to the Form, and he'll help us to keep our end up against the Third and the Remove."

"Pooh!"

"If you say 'pooh' to me, Gatty—"

"Pooh!"

Nugent minor wasted no more time in words. He went for Gatty, and they closed and rolled under a form.

"By George, I'll wallop you—"

"I'll—"

"I'll—"

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Todd. "Go it! Wipe up the dust!"

"Ha, ha! Go it!"

And Nugent minor and Gatty were going it with a vengeance.

As a rule, they pulled together pretty well, but sometimes there came an interruption of this sort to their friendship, after which they would make it up and go on again as before.

They rolled under the desks, punching and pummelling, and collecting up more dust in a few minutes than the housemaids collected in an equal number of hours.

The Second Form gathered round, cheering. Anything in the way of a fight was welcome to break the monotony.

"Go it, Gatty!"

"Pile into him, Nugent minor!"

"Go for his nose!"

"Thump him!"

"Hurrah!"

"Had enough?" gasped Gatty, getting Nugent minor down under a form, and sitting on him. "Now then, you worm! Had enough?"

"No!" gasped Dicky.

"Then—Ow!"

Gatty rolled over, and Dicky rolled on him, and they pummelled and punched again. Then Gatty's head went into chancery.

"Now then!" gasped Dicky. "Had enough?"

"Ow! No—yes! Yes!"

"Sure?"

"Ow! Yes!"

Dicky Nugent released his enemy and rose. He was dusty and dishevelled, and his collar was hanging out, and his jacket split up the back. A black circle was forming round his left eye, and a thin red stream issued from his nose.

But the Second Form hero did not mind trifles like that. He grinned at his equally dusty and disordered foe.

Gatty grunted breathlessly.

"It's all right!" he growled. "But, as for that Chinese

"I've taken him under my wing!" said Dicky Nugent. "Anybody who goes for him, gets it where the chicken got the chopper—that's in the neck!"

"Look here, young Nugent—"

"Shut up, Myers! You'll get a thick ear if you don't! Besides, the chap's going to stand a dorm. feed to-night!"

"Something in that!" assented Myers, smacking his lips at the recollection of the great feed in the tuckshop.

"Yes, rather!"

"Hop Hi's all right!"

"Of course he is," said Dicky Nugent; "and he's just made Bulstrode look sick, too! And we're all up against Bulstrode."

"What-ho!"

"But what's the jape?" asked Todd. "You haven't told us yet."

"How could I tell you when that ass Gatty insisted on being licked first?" demanded Nugent minor.

"Well, go ahead!"

And Nugent minor related what he had heard in the common-room. The Second Form yelled over the story.

"My only hat!" said Gatty. "It's too good! Ha, ha, ha!"

"One thing's jolly certain," said Myers, "and that is that Bulstrode won't take it lying down!"

"Rather not!"

"I shouldn't wonder if he gives us a look in in the dorm. to-night," Tatton remarked.

Nugent minor sniffed.

"Who cares!"

"Well, he's a big beast!" said Myers.

"I suppose we're not going to let the Remove bully us in our own dorm., are we?" demanded Nugent minor hotly.

"Not much!"

"Hardly!"

"If Bulstrode came to the dorm. after Hop Hi, we'd stand up for him, if he was the howlingest sort of outsider!" exclaimed Dicky.

"Hear, hear!"

"Hurrah!"

"Bulstrode will get a jolly warm reception if he comes, that's all! Besides, we can't have him interrupting the feed!"

"By George, no!"

Loder, of the Sixth, put his head in at the room.

"Get off to bed, you young sweeps!"

"All right, Loder!"

And the fags marched off to their dormitory. Hop Hi came out of the juniors' common-room and joined them, with a rather dubious expression on his face.

But he was soon reassured.

Nugent minor slipped his arm through the little Chinese's, with a defiant glance at Gatty; but Gatty only grunted. Gatty had a black eye, a thick ear, and a swollen nose, and he was not inclined for more arguments of the same sort.

"It's all right, kid," said Nugent minor; "you're under my giddy wing!"

"Allee lightee!" said Hop Hi contentedly.

Wun Lung saw the fags pass in the passage, the Remove bedtime being later than that of the Second Form.

Wun Lung was feeling a little uneasy as to what ordeal his minor might have to pass through the first night in the fags' dormitory.

His face lighted up at the sight of Hop Hi with his arm through Dicky Nugent's, and the Second-Formers evidently all in a good temper with him.

Hop Hi grinned at his major confidently.

"Allee light?" he said.

"Jolly plenty good!" said Wun Lung, hugging his minor.

"Goodee-nightee!"

"Goodee-nightee!"

And Hop Hi went into the Second Form dormitory with the Second, and Wun Lung departed, feeling easy in his mind.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

A Second Form Feed.

LODER, of the Sixth, waited patiently while the fags tumbled into bed. Loder didn't want to waste much time on the Second Form, and as long as they went to bed at the appointed hour, Loder didn't care what became of them afterwards. They might turn out and feed or pillow-fight without Loder caring much about it.

He didn't even notice that some of them got into bed half-dressed, and wouldn't have cared if he had noticed it. Loder was not a conscientious prefect. He had succeeded in getting the post of prefect after Carberry left; but he was not much more dutiful than the expelled bully of the Sixth had been.

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NEXT
WEEK:

"THE REMOVE'S CHALLENGe."

EVERY
TUESDAY,

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ONE
PENNY.

He looked up and down the Second Form dormitory.

"Good-night!" he grunted.

"Good-night, Loder!" said the Second-Formers, with unusual cordiality.

Loder extinguished the light, and left the dormitory.

The Second Form hardly waited till his footsteps had died away down the passage before they were up again.

Dicky Nugent lighted a candle-end, and his example was followed by half a dozen other fags.

Two or three bicycle lanterns glared out, and added to the illumination of the dormitory.

Myers spread a blanket along the door to keep the light from showing underneath into the passage.

Hop Hi hopped out of bed. He was grinning genially, and quite relieved in his mind now from any fears of Form ragging.

"Where's the grub?" asked Gatty.

"Allee light."

Hop Hi pulled a big bag out from under the bed. It was a huge travelling-bag, and looked large enough to carry the personal property of a family in it.

The fags gathered round eagerly.

Hop Hi opened the bag, and began to hand out the contents.

The fags received them, and they were arranged on the floor, there being no table in the dormitory for the feast to be arranged upon.

But the fags were not particular.

So long as there was plenty to eat, they were quite willing to picnic on the floor of the dormitory.

And there was certainly plenty to eat.

Wun Lung had helped his minor in making the purchases with unlimited cash, and most of the Second had made some suggestion or other, and all the suggestions had been adopted.

The result was that Mrs. Mimble had had an order that almost cleared out her stock, much to the good lady's delight.

And the amount of good things packed in the big bag was large enough to feed the Second Form twice over, with a great deal left, though, as a matter of fact, there was not likely to be much left when the fags had finished. Those cheerful youths had elastic appetites.

"My hat!" said Gatty, forgetting his black eye, as he surveyed the provisions with the other. "This is ripping!"

"Gorgeous!" said Tatton.

"Spiffing!"

"First chop!"

"The Remove don't often have a feed like this," Nugent minor remarked, "and the Third never."

"Good!"

"The Fifth jolly well don't," said Myers. "It's first chop, and I propose, second, and pass a vote of thanks to Hop Hi."

"Hear, hear!"

"That comes after the feed, and Hop Hi will have to make a speech," said Nugent minor. "The feed first."

"Oh, yes, rather!" said a dozen voices, very heartily.

"Better fasten the door," said Tatton.

"They don't give us a key in the lock," growled Gatty.

"Shove a chair under the handle, then."

"That's a good wheeze."

Gatty took a chair; there were only two in the dormitory, and they were of the cane variety, with round topped backs. He shoved the back of one of them under the handle of the door, and jammed it tightly. The door would not open from without now unless the chair slipped from its place.

In case of a master or a prefect demanding admission, of course, the door would have to be opened. The idea was to keep out Bulstrode or any other raiding junior.

The door secured, the Second Form settled down to the feed.

Seated on the floor, on pillows, or on the beds, they handed round the good things, and the supply seemed to be almost endless.

Hop Hi beamed upon his Form-fellows.

The little Chinese spent most of the time in hospitably handing out the provisions, and looking after the wants of his numerous guests.

But he was evidently enjoying the feed as much as anybody.

"My hat! These are ripping tarts!" said Gatty.

"First rate!" agreed Todd. "Pass them this way."

"Here you are! Shove the jelly over here!"

"I think I'll have some more of the ham first."

"Tongue this way!"

"Strawberry jam, please!"

"Where's that cake? Myers, you boulder, shove that cake over here, and don't scoff it all!"

"There's plenty more."

"Ginger-pop, please!"

"I say, this is jolly!"

"Jolly, and no mistake!"

There was no doubt that the Second Form were enjoying themselves, and that they were in high good humour with the founder of the feast, who beamed upon them cheerily with his bright little almond eyes.

Suddenly Gatty stopped a spoon on its way to his mouth laden with jelly.

"Hark!"

The fags listened.

There was a creak in the passage outside, and that creak was a sufficient indication of a stealthy footstep. They did not hear the footstep.

Creak again!

"Some blessed sneak creeping along there," said Myers.

"It can't be a prefect; he wouldn't be tiptoeing," said Todd.

"Bulstrode, very likely."

"Never mind him; get on with the feed."

"Rather! Pass the jam!"

"And the cake!"

The fags fed. But they started a little again as the door was tried from the outside. It did not open, of course.

Dicky Nugent chuckled softly.

"It's only a giddy raider," he said. "A senior wouldn't be sneaking about like that. He can't get in, so it's all right."

The fags ate on unconcernedly. Some of them looked at the door. There was a steady pressure from without, and the chair jammed under the lock began to creak.

But the door did not open.

The pressure increased, and the chair creaked again and again. But it did not budge. Then the pressure ceased, and there was silence for a few minutes.

"He's done!" grinned Gatty.

But Gatty was mistaken. A sharp tap came at the door. The fags grinned, and took no other notice of it.

Tap, tap!

"Yes, I can see us opening the door! I don't think!" murmured Dicky Nugent, helping himself to seed cake.

"Tap away!" grinned Gatty. "You can tap till you're tired, but that blessed door won't come open."

And the fags chuckled.

"Open this door!"

It was a voice from outside, the voice of someone speaking thickly through his nose.

Some of the fags started anxiously. Mr. Filmer, the master of the Second had a way of speaking through his nose.

"Hallo!" called out Nugent minor coolly. "Hallo! Who's there?"

"Your Form-master."

"Rats!"

"I am Mr. Filmer."

"More rats!"

"Open this door immediately."

"I—I say, it sounds like Filmer's voice," said Tatton nervously.

"Stuff! It's somebody imitating him," said Nugent minor. "Filmer wouldn't creep about like a blessed burglar."

"Of course he wouldn't!" said Gatty. "Shove the jam over here, young Myers."

"Open this door!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Nugent minor, I shall cane you severely."

"More rats!"

"Will you open this door?"

"And many of them!" said Nugent minor.

The fags chuckled gleefully. There was a heavy shake at the door, and Bulstrode's voice, undisguised now, roared through the keyhole.

"Open this door, you young cads, or I'll lick the lot of you when I get in!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nugent minor.

And the fags took up the yell. And that yell of laughter was all the reply Bulstrode received, as he rattled and shook at the door.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

Hop Hi's Triumph.

"PASS the jam tarts!" said Nugent minor cheerfully. "Bulstrode can rattle and bang till he's tired, or until a prefect comes and shifts him. He can't hurt us."

"The rotter!" said Gatty. "He's sneaked out of the Remove dormitory to pay us this visit. Wharton wouldn't have let him come, if he'd known."

"Well, he can't hurt us."

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"No gettee in," said Hop Hi, with a grin. "Bulstrode donee blown this timee."

"Quite brown!"

Bulstrode shook the door savagely. But he was afraid of attracting the attention of a prefect or a master, who would certainly have wanted to know why he was out of the Remove dormitory at that hour, so he could not venture to make much noise.

He desisted at last, and the fags heard a sound of whispering outside the door, which showed that the Remove bully was not alone.

Then there was another tap, and Bulstrode's voice, subdued, through the keyhole.

"You young cubs——"

"Oh, get out!"

"Will you open this door?"

"Yes, to-morrow morning."

"Look here, I don't want to touch any of you. I'm going to lick that Chinese rat. I shall let the rest of you alone."

"Go hon!"

"It doesn't matter to you cubs if I lick him."

"My dear chap," said Nugent minor, "he's our best friend at the present moment. He's the founder of a jolly good feed, and worth ninety of you."

"Yes, rather!" chorused the fags.

"You can't come in, Bulstrode. You'd better go back to bed like a good little boy."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bulstrode made no reply, but the chair creaked again as the door was pushed forcibly from outside. Gatty jumped up suddenly.

"Hallo, it's slipping! My hat!"

He ran towards the door too late. The round top of the chair-back had slipped from under the lock as the door was savagely jerked.

Gatty reached the door, and had only time to jump back again to avoid a nasty knock as it flew open.

Bulstrode and Skinner rushed in.

The fags jumped to their feet in alarm, and tarts and cakes and ginger-pop were dropped to the floor in confusion.

"Shut the door, Skinny!" said Bulstrode savagely.

"What-ho!"

Skinner slammed the door, and put his back against it. Bulstrode glared at the startled fags, his eyes ablaze.

"Well, I've got in, you see," he said sneeringly.

"Yes, and now you'd jolly well better get out again!" exclaimed Nugent minor undauntedly. "You're not wanted here, you bully."

The burly Removite scowled at him.

"Not so much of your cheek!" he exclaimed. "It wouldn't be much trouble to give you a licking as well as Wun Lung minor."

"Look here——"

"Hold your tongue, you cub! Where's that Chinese cad?"

Hop Hi had promptly placed a bed between himself and Bulstrode. His little bright eyes were gleaming as he fastened them on the Remove bully.

Bulstrode caught sight of him, and strode towards him with knitted brows. Hop Hi dodged round the beds and over them.

"Come here, you Chinese cub!" shouted Bulstrode angrily.

"No comee!"

"I'll break every bone in your body!"

"No catchee."

"Won't I? I'll jolly soon show you, you alien rotter!"

And Bulstrode rushed in pursuit of the little Celestial.

"Hop it, Hop Hi!" shouted Gatty. "Don't let him catch you!"

Hop Hi did not mean to, if he could help it. He ran and dodged desperately, eluded Bulstrode at the end of the dormitory, and came pelting back.

The Remove bully rushed after him at top speed, knocking out of the way several fags who purposely got into his path.

Nugent minor frowned darkly.

It was no light matter for fags to tackle the burly Removite, who was as big and strong as many a fellow in the Upper Fourth and Fifth. But the Second-Formers were by no means disposed to have their dormitory invaded in this way; and least of all Nugent minor. Hop Hi was under his protection.

"Look here, we're not going to stand this!" he exclaimed.

"Not much," growled Gatty.

"He can chase Hop Hi as much as he likes, but if he touches him, we'll pile on him," said Nugent minor resolutely.

"That's the ticket!"

"He's a big beast, but there's enough of us, I should think," said Tatton.

"Yes, rather!"

"Stop him, Skinner!" shouted Bulstrode.

Skinner ran out from his post at the door, and intercepted Hop Hi as he came racing up the dormitory. The little Chinese lowered his head desperately and charged at Skinner.

"Ow!" gasped Skinner.

He reeled backwards and rolled on the floor in anguish. Hop Hi's hard round head had knocked every ounce of wind out of him.

"Stop him!" yelled Bulstrode.

"Ow-w-w!"

"You ass—"

"Gro-o-oo!"

Skinner lay on the floor and gasped, and Bulstrode rushed on after the elusive Chinese. Hop Hi dodged him once more and came tearing back the length of the dormitory. The Remove bully was flaming with rage by this time. Most of the fags were laughing at him. He made a supreme effort, and caught up with the little Chinese, near enough to grasp his streaming pigtail.

He grasped the pigtail, and jerked, and Hop Hi came to a sudden halt with a howl of pain.

"Now, you young cub!" gasped Bulstrode, as his strong grasp closed upon the diminutive form of the Chinese boy.

"Helpee Hop Hi!" gasped the new fag.

"Keep off, you young cads—"

"Come on," said Nugent minor, between his teeth.

"Down with the Remove!"

"Sock it to him!"

A flood of fags swarmed upon Bulstrode. They were upon him, and round him, and over him, like flies, in the twinkling of an eye.

He was a match for any three of them, but against such numbers even the powerful bully of the Remove had little chance.

He was forced to release Hop Hi, to defend himself, and his defence availed him little. He was borne to the floor, and pinned there under an overwhelming weight of fags.

"Rescue, Skinner!" he yelled.

But Skinner was in no condition to rescue anybody. He was gasping on the floor of the dormitory, painfully trying to get his wind back.

"Got him!" said Gatty.

"Got the beast!" chuckled Nugent minor triumphantly.

"Let me go—"

"No fear!"

"Kick him out!"

"Chuck him out!"

"No goodee!" interposed Hop Hi. "He comee backee again. Tie Bulstrode up, and lettee him lookee while we feedee. What you tinkee?"

The fags yelled with laughter at the idea.

"Jolly good idea."

"Got a rope?" demanded Nugent minor.

"Twist up a sheet; that will do."

"Good!"

"Let me go!" roared Bulstrode.

"Yes—when we've done with you," said Nugent minor cheerfully. "Yank the beast to the nearest bed, and tie him up!"

And the Remove bully was rolled over towards the bed by many hands, and a twisted sheet speedily bound him to the leg of the bedstead.

He struggled furiously, but he struggled in vain. He was soon secured; and then the victorious fags turned their attention to Skinner. Skinner was trying to crawl away towards the door; but the fags pounced upon him before he could reach it.

"Collar the cad!"

And they collared him—not gently.

"Lemme go!" gasped Skinner. "I'll—I'll go quietly! I—I only came here with Bulstrode. I'll get out."

"Yes, and send a prefect to stop the feed, perhaps," sniffed Gatty. "You'll stay here with Bulstrode. Yank him over!"

Skinner was "yanked" to a bed, and his wrists were tied to the leg of it, behind him, so that he could sit up and watch the feed. Bulstrode was writhing with rage.

"Untie me!" he said hoarsely. "I'll yell, and bring the prefects here if you don't."

"Will you?" said Nugent minor coolly. "I'll see that you don't! Hand me a cake of soap, Myers."

Bulstrode opened his mouth furiously to yell; and Nugent minor jammed the cake of soap into it. Bulstrode spluttered and spluttered wildly.

Nugent minor coolly proceeded to tie a handkerchief over his mouth to keep the soap in place. The Remove glared at him speechlessly. He gasped and gurgled, but he could not get rid of that unsavoury gag.

"I hope you can breathe through your nose," said Dicky Nugent. "I should be sorry to have the trouble of disposing of your body."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the fags.

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Bulstrode could breathe through his nose. He sat and gasped and gurgled, while the fags resumed their interrupted feed. Skinner made no attempt to yell. He didn't want to be gagged with a cake of soap.

Under the eyes of the captured raiders, the Second-Formers resumed the feed, and it proceeded merrily.

Unmindful of the glares of rage bestowed upon them, they ate and drank and made merry.

Hop Hi's health was drunk dozens of times in ginger-beer and lemonade, and the corks popped merrily till the last bottle had been opened and emptied.

There was very little left of the feed by this time; and the fags finished up the fragments in a conscientious manner. There was nothing wasted by the Second Form when they were having a feed.

Dicky Nugent gave a long sigh of satisfaction as he finished the last tart.

"Well, you chaps, I must say this has been a ripping feed!" he exclaimed.

"Magnificent!" said Gatty.

"I propose a vote of confidence—I mean a vote of thanks to the founder of the giddy feast."

"I second it," said Gatty, finishing the last of the currant jelly.

"And I third it," said Myers, with his mouth full.

"Hear, hear!"

"Passed unanimously," said Nugent minor, with a look round. "You've got to make a speech now, Hoppy. Not too long, because we're sleepy."

"Hear, hear!"

Hop Hi rose to his feet with a modest grin.

"Me makee speechee allee light," he remarked. "Mo letulsee tanks for kind leception. Me hopee always be goodee fliendee with Second Folmee."

"Hear, hear!"

"Me lubee England, and me glow up to be all samee Englishman," said Hop Hi. "Me be jolly plenty good Gleyffials chap."

"Bravo!"

"Me likee Second Folm, and me sayee that if astel, and when me sayee, why not so?" said Hop Hi. "If not, why not?"

Hop Hi doubtless had a meaning in his mind, but it did not become very clear in his speech. He grew more tangled as he went on.

"If not, and why?" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Fol so as much as to come astel, me sayee that those befole ale not samee ting, and so it comee 'bout that in the futule they shall all sayee samee if not befole with all of us."

And the Second Form cheered enthusiastically; so enthusiastically that it occurred to Nugent minor that the cheering might reach the ears of a master, and necessitate painful explanations.

"Shut up, you chaps," he said. "It's all right. Hop Hi's a jolly good fellow, and we're going to stand by him, especially against Remove cads. Kick those rotters out, and let's get to bed!"

"Hear, hear!"

Bulstrode and Skinner were untied, and promptly kicked out. They offered no resistance. They were aching all over, and in nowise inclined to renew the combat. They disappeared into the passage, and the Second Form put away the traces of the feed, extinguished the lights, and went to bed, very well satisfied with Hop Hi and with one another.

The next morning Wun Lung grinned with satisfaction as he beheld Hop Hi parading the Close, arm-in-arm with Nugent minor and Gatty.

Hop Hi had started well; and henceforth there was to be no trouble—at least, as far as the Second Form was concerned—for Wun Lung minor.

THE END.

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STANLEY DARE

The Boy Detective

INTRODUCTION.

Stanley Dare has just returned to England from a trip to Australia, where he has been successful in saving the life and fortune of a client. The young detective is enjoying a period of rest at Deal, after his adventures abroad.

The Wounded Messenger—A Lost Memory—The Only Clue.

"There's a man at the door, sir. Wants to see you. He seems to be in a bad way—badly hurt, I mean. I don't exactly know what's happened to him, for he talks uncommonly wild."

The head waiter of the Southdown Hotel at Deal was even more grave of demeanour than usual, when he made the above announcement to Stanley Dare, as the young detective was taking his after-dinner coffee on the verandah.

"Badly hurt, and wants to see me!" exclaimed Dare. "Where is he? Did he tell you his name?"

"He didn't give a name, sir," replied the waiter. "At this moment he is on the steps at the front entrance. Shall I bring him round here, sir? I can bring him through the grounds without anybody noticing him."

Stanley Dare glanced up and down the verandah, and finding that he was the only occupant of it, agreed to the waiter's suggestion.

"You bring him here," he said. "And if the man is badly hurt, as you say, you had better perhaps send for a doctor."

"Yes, sir!"

The waiter hurried away, and the young detective, having finished his coffee, waited for the appearance of the badly-hurt stranger who had come to the hotel to see him. He could form no opinion of who the man was, or what he wanted, for he did not know anybody in Deal, having only come to that quaint old town for a complete mental rest after the long and tedious search for Tom Winfield, whose fortune he had found in Australia.

The voyage back to England had been an exceedingly bad one, and although the young detective had had a time of inactivity he was not feeling particularly fit, and so he had made up his mind to have a good rest.

He smiled grimly to himself now, however, for the very fact of an injured man coming to the hotel to see him looked like a "case."

A few minutes passed, and then a man, partially assisted by the waiter, who seemed to be somewhat afraid of him, staggered on to the verandah.

He appeared to be in the last stage of exhaustion, and a linen bandage, which was bound round his head, was very much stained with blood. He sank into the chair which the young detective placed for him, and, leaning forward on the marble-topped table, groaned as though he was in the last extremity of pain.

"Fetch a doctor, quick!" said Stanley Dare, to the waiter.

The man looked up.

"The doctor will do later on!" he gasped. "Are you Stanley Dare, the detective?"

"Yes," replied Dare. "What can I do for you? Who sent you to me?"

For reply the man thrust a fragment of paper into the young detective's hands. It was the half of an envelope which had been torn across the centre.

"They nearly got it from me!" continued the man, in a voice weak and broken by pain and exhaustion. "But I baffled them, although they have nearly done for me!"

He paused, and Stanley Dare held a glass of weak brandy-and-water to his lips. The man drank it slowly.

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"What was I saying?" he muttered.

"You brought a message which had been written on an envelope," said Dare, prompting him. "But the paper is torn in half. Some men attacked you, apparently; but you say you baffled them."

"I did!" exclaimed the man, with sudden and unexpected energy. "They must have found out that she had contrived to communicate with me. But you must help her. She had heard of you, and knew you were here. I don't know how she found out, but she is in deadly peril, and if—"

"Who do you refer to?" asked Stanley Dare. "And what form does the peril take in which this lady that you speak of is placed?"

The man looked stupidly at him, and passed his hand in a bewildered way across his forehead.

"Why, haven't I told you?" he said. "I don't seem to remember—I don't seem to remember."

With a heavy sigh he again dropped forward on the table, and relapsed into unconsciousness.

The head waiter at this moment returned, accompanied by a doctor. They carried the man into a spare bed-room, where his wounds were dressed, but he did not recover his senses. Dare went to his own room to read what was written on the scrap of paper which the man had given him. The words did not convey much, for there was only half the message there. It was a woman's handwriting, and ran as follows:

" . . . at the mercy
 . . . an. For the
 . . . ave me.
 . . . enger will tell you."

This was written on the blank inner side of the torn envelope, which was one that had been used. On the reverse was all that was left of an old address.

"Hugo . . .
Tho . . ."

"There is not much to be made of that," said the young detective, as he folded the scrap of paper up carefully, and placed it in his pocket-book. "However, as the messenger will be able to give me some reliable information when he recovers his senses, it is not of much consequence."

But it was ordained by fate that the messenger should perform no further service for man or woman for many a day to come. At the risk of his life he had brought that fragment of a message, and had he arrived unwounded he would no doubt have been able to tell by word of mouth much that it was necessary Stanley Dare should know before he could take any definite action.

An hour passed, and still the doctor remained in the room with the wounded man. The young detective waited patiently for his reappearance. If a woman was in deadly peril, every minute of inactivity might make it more difficult to aid her. Still, it was impossible to hurry a medical man who was in attendance on a patient who was himself in grave danger. Another half-hour passed before the doctor came to Stanley Dare's room to announce that the messenger had recovered consciousness.

"Can I see him?" asked Dare. "I will not trouble him with unnecessary questions, but he brought a message from

someone who is in grave peril, you are aware, and he became insensible just as he was about to give me the most important part of his information."

"I regret to say," replied the doctor, "that the poor fellow will be quite unable to furnish you with any further information. He has recovered his senses, and in a few weeks he will have recovered his hurts. But his memory has completely gone. He does not remember anything that has taken place. He does not even know who he is, for he has forgotten his own name."

Here was startling news, indeed. Dare had heard of cases of loss of memory before, and he knew that the persons so affected in some cases never recovered their memory at all, while in the most favourable cases many weeks often elapsed before it came back to them.

"This is terrible!" exclaimed the young detective. "Not only for the misfortune which has overtaken this poor fellow, but also from the fact that a girl's life depends upon the information which it would have been in his power to give. Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing," the doctor answered; "at least, until he has fully recovered his ordinary health and strength. He has received a blow on the head which has forced a tiny scrap of bone from the skull against the brain. The delicate operation of trepanning will have to be performed before any hope can be entertained that he will recover his memory."

This statement was final; so, as far as the messenger was concerned, the only thing for Dare to do was to endeavour to find out who the man was.

From the condition of his boots and clothes he appeared to have come a considerable distance, but at the same time Dare had to remember that the stains of dust and mud may have been caused during his struggle with his assailants.

"The girl who appeals for help must be held prisoner in some house," mused Dare. "And the house must surely be situated in this district, for how otherwise could she have discovered that I am at Deal? I think I must send a wire to the professor. This is a case which will interest him."

The doctor had already taken his leave, so Dare set off at a brisk walk to the head post-office, which was the only place he could despatch a wire at that time of night.

It had also occurred to the young detective that Professor MacAndrew might be able to do something to aid the stricken man. True, the professor was not a doctor; that is to say, he had not passed the qualifying examinations required before a man can start in legitimate practice, but he could easily have done so had he wished. His knowledge of pathology was remarkable, and he had devoted much study to many abstruse branches of medical science. Stanley Dare had had personal experience of his amazing skill in the healing line.

Returning to the hotel, but with no present intention of retiring to rest, Dare set to work to try and supply the missing words of the broken message.

With a sheet of foolscap, and his favourite stump of pencil—worn down now until it was little more than an inch in length—he fitted in all sorts of words to fill up the blanks, and so absorbed was he with the occupation that he did not hear a stealthy footstep in the corridor, nor notice that the door, which he had closed, was now slightly open, while a pale, evil-looking face was thrust in just far enough at the doorway to enable its owner to see what the young detective was doing.

"I have it!" exclaimed Dare at last, speaking aloud. "At least, so far as it goes, though there are still some words missing. This is what I make of it."

He read what he had written on the bottom of the sheet of foolscap.

"I am at the mercy of a man. For the love of Heaven save me! The messenger will tell you—"

"And there it ends. But the ending is of little consequence, unless she signed her name to it, for the messenger cannot tell me anything. But if it is in my power, I will save this girl from the danger which threatens her, whatever it may be. The task will not be an easy one, for I have no idea who the girl is, nor where she is; and I have only this slender clue"—he placed his finger on the torn envelope—"to work on."

As he spoke the last word the pale, evil face at the doorway vanished, and the dark form of the eavesdropper, moving with catlike silence, soon disappeared also amid the dark shadows at the end of the corridor.

Thorndyke Lodge—A Queer Interview.

"I canna dae onything," observed Professor Seth MacAndrew, as he helped himself to another slice of cold beef. "It's no' that the case is beyond me, ye'll understand, Stanley, but if I make an attempt to restore that man's memory in the condection he is the noo, the chances are he would lose his life."

"Then you believe that you could be successful in your

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PENNY.

experiment," said Dare, "and actually restore the man's memory within a few hours?"

"Yes," replied MacAndrew. "But ye'll ken that it would only be temporary restoration. It canna be permanently restored until the operation of trepanning is performed."

"We should have no right to risk a man's life without his concurrence or knowledge," said Dare, "in order to serve a woman, or girl, who is in danger. That is our position. It is not a question of whose life is most worthy to be saved, but what we have the right to do."

"We dinna ken who the girl is—the handwriting is a girl's, no' a middle-aged or auld woman—an, therefore, we dinna ken her worth," said the professor cautiously. "The messenger has already reeked his life for her, that is eneuch. If it was ma ain sister in danger I couldna, wi' a clear conscience, venture on the experiment. A mon's life is his ain. We maun dae the best we can, laddie, in this case, an' I'm thinking ye'll hae to dae it wi'oot hope of gaining a fee."

"My thoughts are not always running on fees, Mac," laughed Dare. "It is sufficient for me that a girl is in need of help, and to the best of my ability I will endeavour to save her from her peril."

"An unknown peril tae us," the Scotsman reminded him.

"Why, yes," replied Dare. "By the way, I am going for a drive this afternoon; would you care to accompany me?"

"Whaur tae, laddie?"

"Thorndyke Lodge, about three miles out from Deal," said Dare.

"And why are you gaeing there?"

The young detective produced the half envelope, on which there remained the part of the message, and he pointed to the fragmentary words of the address:

"Hugo Tho"

"I have looked through a county directory," he continued, "and I find that there is a Hugo Thorndyke living at a house called Thorndyke Lodge. It is quite evident that it is part of an old envelope which was addressed to him, and sent through the post with an enclosure in the ordinary way. I must interview Mr. Thorndyke."

"I'm with ye, laddie, though it'll be as weel tae be prepared for a disappointment. The envelope may just hae been picked up, and the girl may ken naething o' Thorndyke, or Thorndyke of her."

"I know that," replied Dare.

As the day was fine they decided to walk the distance, and shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon they came to a rambling old red-brick house, standing in its own grounds, with the name Thorndyke Lodge painted upon the gate-posts. The house, so far as its outward appearance was concerned, did not seem to be very well cared for, and its generally neglected state was fully borne out when they saw the interior.

The rooms of the house contained plenty of good furniture of an old-fashioned description, but it was all being allowed to fall to decay. There were holes worn in the carpets, and in some of the less used rooms the dust lay thickly.

Dare and the professor did not, of course, observe all this directly they entered the house, but they had an opportunity of seeing a great deal before they quitted it.

They were admitted by a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman, who proved to be the housekeeper. She apologised for the state of the room into which she showed them, explaining that there was only a manservant beside herself, and that it was "more than two persons' work to keep a large house properly clean."

"And every now and then the master goes away with Finlay for weeks at a time," she added, "and the house is always shut up then. But I beg your pardon, gentlemen; I am talking here when I ought to be letting Mr. Thorndyke know that he has visitors."

"Is it an unusual thing for him to have visitors?" asked Dare.

"He doesn't have many people to see him, sir," replied the housekeeper. "And yet I wonder sometimes—but there, I'm talking still. I'll let him know you're here at onco."

"One moment!" interrupted the professor. "Ye were mentioning someone o' the name of Finlay. Noo, I'm acquainted wi' a mon o' that name, and I was just wondering whether it would be the same person. Was this Finlay ever in the Army?"

"Oh, no, sir; not by the look of him!" said the housekeeper. "I suppose he's always been a servant. He is a sort of general manservant here—butler and coachman and valet combined."

When she had left the room Professor MacAndrew rubbed his chin thoughtfully, and murmured:

"Muckle might be learned frae her if she kens onything. But I'm afraid—"

"You're afraid she knows too little," cut in Dare. "Well, so am I; but it is just possible that this is merely the establishment of a somewhat eccentric old gentleman, and there is nothing particular to know—at least, nothing that would be of any service to us. By the way, are you really acquainted with anybody of the name of Finlay, or were you merely pumping the housekeeper?"

"Just pumping," replied MacAndrew coolly. "I was never acquainted with anybody of the name, but I should like well to see this mon Finlay."

"So should I," returned Stanley Dare; "and if he's in the house, I mean to see him before we leave."

Further conversation was put an end to by the appearance of Mr. Hugo Thorndyke, a grey-haired gentleman of about fifty years of age. He received his visitors courteously. Stanley Dare noticed a curious look in his eyes—a sort of hunted look, as though he was in constant dread of something or some person that was a source of danger to him.

The young detective and Professor MacAndrew had arranged beforehand the lines on which the interview was to be conducted under certain given circumstances. MacAndrew opened the ball.

"You'll have seen by my card, Mr. Thorndyke," he said, "that I'm a professor of Ancient History at Edinburgh University, among other things, and I'm interested in the past history of this corner of Kent. There are many curious remains in this neighbourhood, and I was thinking that as you are an old resident, you might be able to supply me with some information that would aid me in my researches."

"I'm afraid not," replied Mr. Thorndyke. "As a matter of fact, I am not an old resident in the neighbourhood, for I have only been here a little over four years, and I don't like the place. I say, I don't like the place!"

He repeated the words with a sudden, fierce energy that was almost startling in its intensity. Dare and the professor exchanged glances. Then the young detective turned to their host and asked abruptly:

"Have you any relatives living in the neighbourhood, Mr. Thorndyke?"

"None," replied their host.

"And have you heard anything of the mysterious disappearance of a young lady from a house, either in Deal or at no great distance from that town?"

"I have not heard anything of such an event," said Mr. Thorndyke, evidently surprised at the question.

"This is a piece of an envelope which I believe I am right in surmising was addressed to you," pursued Dare, showing him the fragment which the messenger had delivered.

"I think it very probable," replied Mr. Thorndyke, "though I fail to recognise the handwriting."

"Perhaps you recognise the writing on the reverse side?" continued Dare. "The words written in pencil."

Mr. Thorndyke puzzled over it for some time, and the young detective watched his face keenly. It was lighted up, or shadowed, by varying expressions, and it seemed as though at one moment he believed that he did recognise the writing, while at the next he could make nothing of it. Broadly speaking, this was the case, as was shown when he spoke again.

"I have an idea that I've seen this handwriting before," he said slowly, "but I can't call to mind when or where. It is a lady's hand, and I have but few correspondents among the fair sex."

"That fact should make it easier for you to fix upon the writer."

"It should, but it doesn't," replied Mr. Thorndyke. "The words that are written appear to bear a strange significance, although half the message is missing. But may I ask why you have come to me on this matter at all, for this, I imagine, is the principal object of your visit, and not the collection of information regarding the ancient history of Kent?" he added drily.

"We came to you," said Dare, "because the message was written on an envelope which was addressed to you."

"Very natural," admitted Mr. Thorndyke;

"but what has become of the other half of the envelope with the remainder of the message on it?"

Dare explained, as briefly as possible, how the torn fragment had come into his possession. That explanation was at least due to their host, who had listened to them with polite attention throughout.

"It is a very queer business," said Mr. Thorndyke, when Stanley Dare had finished, "and I don't understand it. I am sorry that I cannot aid you in any way, gentlemen, or the poor girl who appears to be threatened by some mysterious danger. But I have troubles of my own—I have troubles of my own."

He rang the bell, and the manservant appeared in answer to the summons. This servant was a soft-voiced, oily individual, with a cunning look in his small eyes that caused Dare to at once take an instinctive dislike to him. His face was so sallow as to be positively sickly in hue, and his narrow shoulders were slightly rounded, which added to the unpleasantly servile demeanour which he affected. Yet, notwithstanding this, Dare caught a look in his eyes as he entered the room which was the reverse of friendly to his master's visitors. Indeed, it almost seemed to contain a veiled menace, but it was a mere fleeting expression.

It came and went in a flash, leaving the cunning, servile look, which Stanley Dare liked the least of the two.

"Good-afternoon, gentlemen!" pursued Mr. Thorndyke. "Finlay, the door!"

This was an intimation which there could be no possibility of mistaking that the interview was at an end. The servant obsequiously threw open the street door, and kept his eyes fixed upon the ground as Dare and MacAndrew passed out. His face was as expressionless as a mask.

"There is something queer about that establishment," said Dare, as they gained the road. "I don't like that manservant; the fellow is a cunning scoundrel, if I am any judge of physiognomy."

"You are a good judge," said the professor. "I wouldn't trust the fellow as far as I could see him. And Mr. Hugo Thorndyke is queer—unco queer. There's naething suspicious about him, but there's a look in his eye that I cannot understand. The only explanation of it is that he is always haunted by some terrible fear."

"I noticed that," replied Dare; "but fear of what?"

"I'd like well to find out," rejoined the professor. "In his general manner there was naething unusual, except when he said that he didn't like the place. He spoke then like a man who is fighting against some hidden danger. There were fear and anger in his tone, laddie."

"I am inclined to believe," said the young detective, "that the solution of the mystery into which I have in so strange a way been drawn will, after all, be found at Thorndyke Lodge."

"I'm of that opinion," replied Professor MacAndrew. "But I'm thinking we'll no gain admittance to Thorndyke Lodge so easy a second time."

"I shall find a way of gaining admittance when I desire to do so," rejoined Stanley Dare.

After dinner that evening, Professor MacAndrew retired to his own room to finish an article which he was writing for a scientific journal, and Stanley Dare went for a walk on the marine parade, for he wanted to quietly think over this problem which he had set himself to solve.

To him it was a terrible thing that he had been unable to respond, so far, to the wild appeal for help from the girl who apparently was in extreme peril. The fact that he knew nothing of, or about her, that he had not the most remote idea of even what her personal appearance was like, was nothing to him. Above all things, he was a courageous, healthy-minded young Briton, and that being so, no woman in distress would appeal to him for help in vain.

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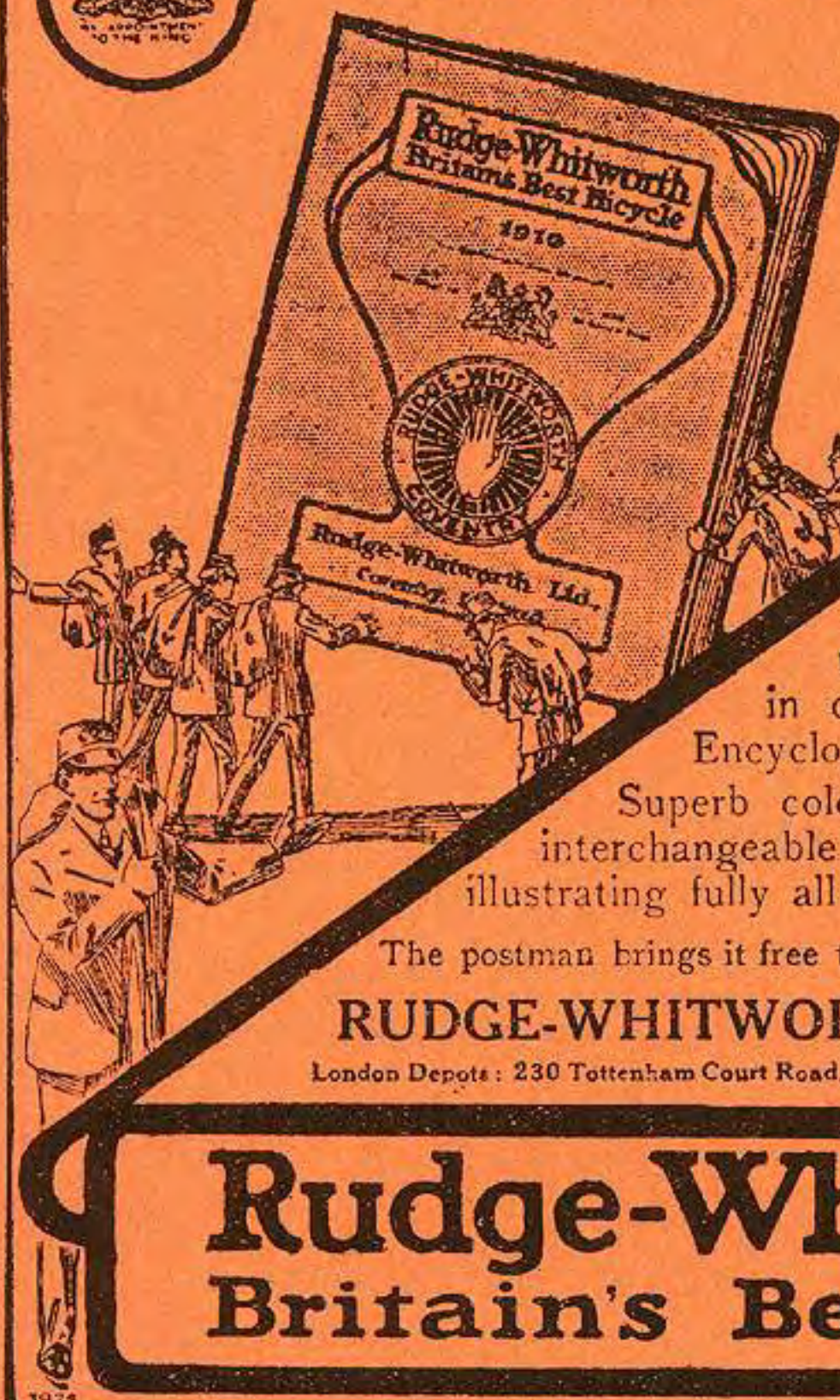
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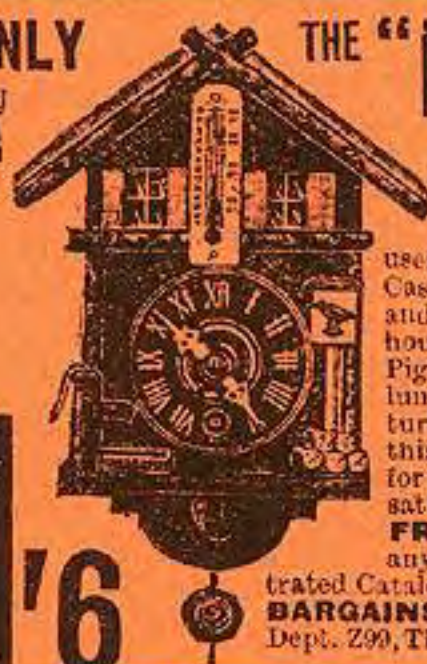


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