

SPLENDID COMPLETE TALE OF SCHOOL LIFE, and our New Serial Story by SIDNEY DREW.



Bob Cherry gripped hold of the curtains, and, throwing them aside, leaped into the room. Wharton joined him a second later. There was a peculiar smell in the room, and Wun Lung lay upon a carpet, propped up against the wall with cushions. His head was upon his breast, and he was evidently quite unconscious. (A thrilling incident in our grand, long, complete story contained in this issue.)



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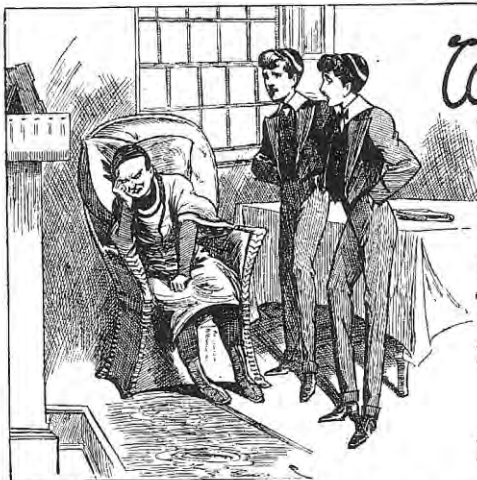
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WHARTON & CO.** at
Greyfriars.

By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

THE FIRST CHAPTER. No Admittance!

"O H! Oh, crumba!"
Bob Cherry roared with a roar that could be heard the whole length of the Remove passage at Greyfriars.

He was hurt!
Harry Wharton & Co. were waiting for him at the end of the passage. The chums of the Remove were going down to cricket practice, and Bob Cherry had run along to No. 13 Study for his bat. The door of No. 13 was closed, but Bob, of course, had no reason to suppose that it was locked. He turned the handle and rushed on without stopping, naturally expecting that the door would open to let him through.

But it didn't!
And Bob Cherry, unable to stop himself, brought up against the door with a terrific thud, his nose coming into violent contact with the hard wood.

"Oh, crumba! Oh, my nose! Ow! Ow!"
The door remained immovable. Bob Cherry staggered back into the passage, and clapped his hand to his nose. Through his fingers the "claret" ran red.

The juniors hurried along the passage. They were sympathetic. But at the sight of Bob Cherry clapping his nose, and dancing a war-dance of fury, they burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Bob Cherry glared at them. His nose was streaming red, and he did not see anything funny in the incident at all.
"Oh! Ow! By dose!" he gasped. "By dose—id's busted! Ow!"

"What did you try to push the door open with your nose for?" asked Johnny Bull innocently.

"You thilly ass! I didn't! I didn't know it was logged! Oh, my dose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Nugent. "I'm sorry, Bob—ha, ha, ha!—awfully—ha, ha, ha!—sorry! But you shouldn't have been in such a hurry. More haste less speed, you know! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I want to find the thilly ass who logged that door!" howled Bob Cherry, dabbing his nose with his handkerchief. "I suppose he's in the study," grinned Harry Wharton. "Perhaps it's Linley—looked in to do one of his giddy Greek exercises."

"Linley's down at the cricket," said Nugent.

"Groooh!" groaned Bob. "Lend me a hand somebody. I've finished this one."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Written kindly lent his handkerchief. Bob Cherry has nose with it furiously. His own handkerchief was reduced to a limp red rag.

"It's not Marley in there," mumbled Bob Cherry "and it's not Nugg! Here's the silly ass grinning like a Cheshire cat."

"The girlfulness is terrible, my esteemed and ludicrous chum," said Hurree Jamsai Ram Singh.

"Oh, my dose! It must be that heathen Chinese," groaned Bob. "What has he locked the door for, the heathen? I'll teach him to lock a door when I'm coming in a hurry! I'll wring his neck with his own pigtail! Ow!"

It was evidently Wun Lung, the Chinese member of the Remove, who was in the study. No. 15 belonged to four juniors—Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh, and Mark Linley, as well as the little Chinese. But what Wun Lung had locked himself in for on a half-holiday, and a perfect afternoon in early summer, was a mystery. If it had been Snop or Vernon-Smith, the juniors would have suspected smoking was going on. But the little Chinese had no vices of that sort.

"The thilly ass!" mumbled Bob. "He's made me smash by dose! Ch! I'll scalp him! I'll wallop him bald-headed! Lend me your handkerchief, Nugent—I've finished Wharton's."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Cherry kicked at the study door. He did not intend to carry out his direful threats with regard to Wun Lung; but he wanted his hat.

"Open this door, you silly Chinese chump!" he roared.

There was no reply from within the study. There was no sound of a movement. Bob Cherry kicked again and again, and shouted through the keyhole. But there was no answer, and the door was not opened.

"Can't he hear?" said Wharton. "The door must have been locked on the outside, after all."

"Nobody would lock it on the outside and take the key away, I suppose," growled Bob Cherry. "Besides, if you look, you can see that the key's in the lock—inside."

"Then why doesn't he open the door?"

"One of his blessed Chinese jokes, I suppose. I'll joke him!" Bob Cherry jammed his boot at the door again. "Open this door, Wun Lung, you fathead! I've busted my nose on it. I'm going to wallop you! Do you hear? I'm going to suffocate you with your own pigtail! Open the door!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nugent. "That isn't the way to get him to open the door."

Bob dabbed his nose again. The third handkerchief was in a very crimson state by this time, but Bob's nose was feeling a little better.

"Well, perhaps not, Franky," Bob admitted. "Wung Lung, you heathen, open the door, and I won't scalp you! I'll let you off if you open the door at once! I want my hat, you fathead! I want my cricket-bat, you chump! Open the door!"

And still there came no reply, and the door was not opened.

"He can't be asleep," said Johnny Bull.

"If he had been, I think Bob's boot would have woke him up," grinned Nugent. "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus would have woke up if they'd heard that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He must be in there, because the key's in the lock," said Bob Cherry. "This is a Chinese joke, I suppose—about as funny as Fishy's American humour, I think. I'll scalp him. Open this door, you almond-eyed son of a pigtailed Chinese junk!"

Bob Cherry hammered at the study door, and the key was heard to fall out of the keyhole on the other side. Nugent

dropped on his knee and looked through the keyhole to ascertain whether the Chinese junior was really there. A startled look came over his face.

"Can you see him?" asked Wharton.

"Yes."

"Grinning all over his beastly yellow face, I suppose?"

growled Bob with another thundering kick at the door.

"No. Shut up, Bob! He looks as if he's asleep."

"Asleep! Rate! How could he sleep through that row?"

"Or—er—ill!" said Nugent hesitatingly.

"All! I'll make him iller if he doesn't open this door jolly sharp!"

"Shut up, Bob! There's something queer about this," said Nugent, in a low voice. "He's lying back in the armchair with his eyes closed. Look for yourself."

Bob Cherry looked startled now. Wun Lung was a queer little fellow, with a sense of humour entirely his own, and he sometimes exasperated his Form-fellows. But they liked the little Chinese well enough, and they would have been very sorry if anything had happened to him. Bob Cherry took Nugent's place at the keyhole, and stared into the study.

"My hat!" he murmured.

Wun Lung was in full view. The little Chinese was reclining in the study armchair, with his eyes closed, as if in sound slumber. His little yellow face was quite still and expressionless. Bob rose with a scared look.

"He's asleep, or—"

"Rotting, perhaps," said Wharton.

"I don't think so. Look!"

The juniors looked in turn. And then they looked at one another with startled faces. There was something very queer in the Chinese's look. He could not be asleep with so much noise at the door—but he might be affecting slumber, and keeping Bob out of the study from his original sense of humour. But the juniors did not think so. They felt in their bones, as Nugent expressed it, that there was something wrong.

"I hope the poor little beggar isn't ill," muttered Bob, and he tapped on the door, more gently this time. "I say, Wun Lung, old chappy, let me in, there's a good fellow."

"He isn't moved!" said Nugent, looking through again.

"Wun Lung! Wun Lung!"

But there was no answer. Harry Wharton & Co. were decidedly uneasy by this time.

"Must be in a fit!" said Johnny Bull. "If he has fits, he might have locked the door, you know, so as to keep it to himself."

"The young ass! If he has fits he wants looking after," said Bob. "We shall have to get in somehow."

"He's not moving!"

"Wun Lung!" Bob Cherry rapped on the door again. "If you're larking, kid, just chuck it. We're going to bust in the door."

Grin silence.

"He's in a fit, or something," said Harry Wharton.

"We've got to get in, chaps. If it's a joke, we'll skin him! The lock's got to be busted."

"I'll get a chisel from the study," said Nugent.

Frank Nugent scudded along the passage to No. 1 Study, and returned in a couple of minutes with a hammer and chisel. There had been no sound from within, and the little Chinese had not moved.

"Get it open," said Bob. "We shall have to pay for the damage. But it can't be helped. If he's in a fit he wants looking after."

Bob Cherry had almost forgotten the damage to his nose by this time. The juniors waited anxiously as Nugent hammered in the chisel between the door and the jamb. The lock was not of the strongest, and a powerful wrench on the chisel burst it open. The door flew open, and the juniors rushed into the study.

If Wun Lung had been "rotting," he would certainly have leaped up then in alarm. But he did not move.

He lay back motionless in the armchair, his expressionless face like a yellow mask. The juniors gathered round him, gazing at him in amazement and awe.

THE SECOND CHAPTER. The Mystery of Wun Lung!

"WUN LUNG! Wun Lung, old man! Wake up!"

Bob Cherry shook the Chinese junior gently by the shoulder. Wun Lung moved as Bob shook him, and then lay motionless again. His heart was beating regularly, though faintly. He seemed to be plunged into a deep sleep. But what could have caused that sleep? It could be due to no natural cause. The eyes did not open; the stony stillness of the face did not change.

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[See Page 26, "The Gem" Library, Number 276.]



"You watchee me! You beastly spy, what you tinkee?" said Wun Lung. "Ma tinkee me twistee noosee off! You savvy!" "Ow! I waddn't wadgin you!" mumbled Bunter. "Led go by dose! I waddn't thinking about you! Led go!" (See Chapter 7.)

"It isn't a fit," said Harry Wharton. "But—but what can have sent him to sleep like that? Life can't have been drinking."

Nugent sniffed suspiciously.

"There's a queer smell in the study!" he said.

And the other juniors sniffed. There was indeed a faint, somewhat pleasant odour in the air, an odour that was new and strange to them.

"This is jolly queer," said Wharton. "If he doesn't wake up, we shall have to call in a doctor to him."

"Sure and are you fellows ever coming down to the cricket?" demanded Micky Desmond, of the Remore, looking into the study.

"We're waiting for you!" shouted Peter Todd, along the passage.

"Wun Lung's ill," said Wharton.

"Faith, and he looks queer," said Micky, coming into the study. "Pleaze is the matter with him entirely? Wake up, ye spalpeen!"

But Wun Lung did not wake up.

More fellows came along to look into the study. The news of Wun Lung's strange state spread, and fellows came from all quarters to look at him. The study and the passage were crowded, and there was a buzz of voices. Harry Wharton & Co. formed a ring round the sleeping junior to give him room to breathe.

"He's shamming," said Vernon Smith, the Bounder of The Magnet Library.—No. 275.

Greyfriars. "You know what a trickster he is! It's all spoof!"

"It isn't spoof," said Harry Wharton. "He can't wake up! There's something the matter!"

"I'll stick a pin in him, and see—"

"You jolly well won't," said Bob Cherry, pushing the Bounder of Greyfriars back. "You'll let him alone, Snooty, unless you want a thack at!"

"I tell you, he's spoofing—"

"And I tell you, you're an ass!"

"Better call Quackby," said Johnny Boll. "He ought to know. He can say what's to be done."

"Cut off, young Penfold, and call Quackby," said Wharton.

"Right-ho!" said Dick Penfold.

And Pen cut off, and in a few minutes returned with the master of the Remore. Mr. Quackby came in through the crowd of juniors, who made way for him. The Remore-master had been told that Wun Lung had been found unconscious, and he was looking very grave.

"Give him room, my boys!" he said.

The juniors crowded back. The Remore-master looked down intently upon the motionless, unconscious Chinese. Mr. Quackby was a very keen gentleman, and he could not help remembering that Wun Lung was as full of tricks as a monkey. He wanted to be assured that the little heathen was

not shamming before he telephoned for the medical man from Friarale.

"Wun Lung, get up! Can you hear me?"

Wun Lung gave no sign.

"I'm sure he's shamming, sir," said Vernon-Smith. "He's always playing tricks—and he'll only cackle if a doctor's sent for. May I stick a pin in him—"

"You may not, Vernon-Smith."

The Remove-master bent over the little Chinese, and grasped him by the arm, and shook him.

"There was an exclamation from all the fellows as the almond eyes opened, and fixed with a blank gaze upon the Form-master.

"He's awake."

"Wun Lung! What is the matter with you?" asked Mr. Quech.

The Chinese boy gazed at him fixedly without replying. It was evident that his senses had not wholly returned. "The juniors looked at him in curiosity mingled with horror.

What was the matter with the Chinaman? He seemed to be under the influence of some powerful drug; and yet that explanation seemed hardly possible.

"Do you hear me, Wun Lung?"

The little Chinese's slits of eyes gleamed a little, as if he were making an effort to grasp his surroundings.

"Answer me, Wun Lung!"

"Me velly solly!" murmured the little Chinese, speaking with a great effort, as if the words were wrung from him one by one.

"Are you ill, Wun Lung?"

"Allee light."

"What made you fall into so sound a sleep?"

"No savvy."

"Is anything the matter with you?"

"No savvy."

"Are you subject to fits?"

"No savvy."

Mr. Quech pursed his lips, and some of the juniors grinned. "No savvy" was always Wun Lung's answer when he did not choose to explain anything. As such times he would suffer under a deep ignorance of the English language. The meaning of the plainest question was apparently a mystery to him when he did not choose to answer. And it must be admitted that the little Oriental, good little fellow as he was in most respects, had a most appalling disregard for the truth. He did not seem to enunciate in the least that it was "up" to a fellow to tell the truth at all. He had his own code of honour; but that there was anything dishonourable in lying was a fact the Greyfriars' fellows had never been able to drive into his head.

"You must explain this extraordinary matter, Wun Lung," said the Remove-master severely. "I have found you in a state of trance—I might say of coma. You must explain it. If you are subject to fits, you must tell me, and I will have you medically attended. What is the cause of this extraordinary state I have found you in?"

"No savvy."

"Come, come, my boy. Is it a joke that you were playing upon your schoolfellows?"

Wun Lung's eyes gleamed again.

"What you think?" he said. "All lightee—little jokee."

"You were pretending?" demanded Mr. Quech angrily.

Wun Lung nodded.

"Me pretend sleepie," he said cheerfully.

"I said so!" remarked the Bounder. "I knew he was spoofing."

"All spoofee," said Wun Lung calmly. "Me havee little jokee with um. No sleepie—only pretend. All jokee."

Mr. Quech frowned.

"It was very, very wrong of you to do anything of the sort," he exclaimed. "You have alarmed your schoolfellows. Wun Lung, and caused me trouble, for the sake of a foolish joke."

"Me solly," murmured Wun Lung. "velly solly! No do so no more. Me velly bad boy."

"You are certainly a bad boy, Wun Lung, to play such a trick," said Mr. Quech, hardly knowing how to deal with the little Chinese.

"Velly bad boy," said Wun Lung penitently. "Good handsome master bekee wee stick."

Mr. Quech smiled. Wun Lung had a true Oriental insensibility to pain, and he did not mind in the least a caning that would have made another fellow wriggle for a whole day.

"I shall not cane you, Wun Lung," said the Remove-master. "You will take a hundred lines. You boys did quite right to send for me," he added. "But I am glad to see that it was nothing more than a joke."

And Mr. Quech left the study.

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Wun Lung blinked rather sheepishly at the juniors. Harry Wharton & Co. were regarding him with stern glances.

"You speeding young bounder," said Bob Cherry. "You've made us burst in the door for nothing. And look at my nose!"

"Velly handsome nose!" murmured Wun Lung.

Bob chuckled in spite of himself. For "soft sauder" the little Chinese had no equal, and he was an adept in the soft sauder which turneth away wrath.

"You young spoofee," he said, "I've a jolly good mind to tick you! I bumped my nose on the door because it was locked when I was running in."

"Wun Lung velly solly. He velly bad boy."

"If you play a rotten trick like that again, I'll cut your pigtail off," said Bob Cherry steadily. "Then you'll be in disgrace when you go back to China, and you won't get admitted into the Chinese heaven when you snuff it. Do you hear?"

"No touchee pigtail," said Wun Lung, in alarm.

"Then nose of your tricks, mind."

"No more ticks, Wun Lung velly solly."

And Bob Cherry took his bat, and the chums of the Remove left the study. Harry Wharton was a thoughtful and somewhat worried look as they went down to the cricket-ground.

"That young bounder was spoofing," he said abruptly.

"Yes! he owned up to it," said Johnny Bull.

"I don't mean that. He was spoofing when he owned up to it," said Harry. "You know what a awful fibber he is. He doesn't seem to know the difference between lies and the truth. He was really insensible when we got in—and he fibbed to Quech. He didn't want to explain."

Bob Cherry whistled.

"But if it was genuine, what was the cause of it, and why should he explain?" he asked, in surprise.

Wharton shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "But I'm jolly sure of one thing—his insensibility wasn't spoof! and his explanation was. There's something wrong with Wun Lung, your fellows—something awfully wrong—and he wants to keep it a secret. He looked like a chap who'd been taking morphine, or something like that. Goodness knows what tricks he may have learned in China; but if there's anything of that sort going on, it's up to us to keep an eye on him, and stop it."

"My hat! I should say so."

And the juniors thought with wrinkled brows about the matter, till they arrived on the cricket-ground, and the great game drove all other matters from their minds.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Peter Wants Too Much!

THE Remove were playing the Upper Fourth that afternoon. Temple, the captain of the Fourth, and his merry men were already on the ground, waiting for Harry Wharton & Co. The Upper Fourth were, of course, an older team than the Remove—the Lower Fourth of Greyfriars. But what they did not know about cricket would, as Bob Cherry declared, have filled whole books, indeed whole libraries, to overflowing.

In the Form matches the Remove generally came out an easy first. Which did not diminish the self-esteem of Temple, Daibey & Co. in the slightest. The air of condescension with which the Upper Fourth played the Remove was very exasperating to the heroes of the latter Form.

Temple was lounging outside the pavilion, with a bat under his arm, when the Remove team arrived.

"Screwing up your courage to the sticking-point, I suppose, you fellows?" he asked genially. "You're late, you know."

"Lots of time to wipe up the ground with you!" said Bob Cherry. "Gentlemen, Temple of the Fourth, is about to perform in his well-known and marvellous dock-segg act—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, choose it, and let's get to bizney, if you're ready?" grinned Temple.

And Wharton, having won the toss, the Remove went on to bat first, the innings opening with Mark Lunder and Johnny Bull. Peter Todd, of the Remove, tapped Wharton on the shoulder, as the Lower Fourth skipper stood with the rest of the waiting batsmen. Wharton looked round with a smile.

"It's all right, Todd; you're going in!"

Peter Todd smiled. Peter Todd was a nice boy at Greyfriars, but he might have been the oldest boy in the school—from his manner.

Peter Todd, the cousin of the great Alonzo, occupied No. 7 Study with Alonzo and Tom Darton and Billy Bunter. It was Peter's ambition to make No. 7 the "top study" in the Remove, and he had had great success.

Loder, the prefect, the special enemy of the juniors, had been utterly "downed" in a tussle with No. 7 Study. But Peter, like Alexander of old, sighed for fresh worlds to conquer. It was not enough to have downed the Remove's great enemy, the bully of the Sixth.

Peter intended to make No. 7 Study prominent in the juniors' sports; but in that matter he had a harder task before him. He was a good sportsman himself.

Tom Dutton, though afflicted with deafness, was a good cricketer. But Billy Bunter, the fastest and laziest junior at Greyfriars, was a champion nowhere but in the tuckshop; and Alonzo Todd was almost hopeless in such things.

If Peter succeeded in making No. 7 Study prominent in the sports, it would show that the chap who said that the age of miracles was past didn't know what he was talking about—so Bob Cherry declared.

But Peter Todd had a grim way of sticking to his point, and keeping on with deadly earnestness till he gained his end, and he did not despair of making a man even of Billy Bunter.

"I've put you in the team, Toddy," said Wharton. "We don't need much of a team to play the Fourth, you know. They're all duffers."

Peter Todd's eyes gleamed.

"Is that why you've put me in?" he demanded.

"Why, what other reason could I have?" asked Harry, in surprise.

And he grinned.

"Look here!" said Peter. "You're heard me say that No. 7 is top study in the Remove?"

"Yes," agreed Wharton; "I've heard you say so."

"It follows that we've got to have a show in the sports. Now, I would undertake to wipe you fellows off the field at cricket. Tom Dutton is a good bat. I'm going to keep Alonzo and Billy Bunter at practice till they're good cricketers."

"About the year 1990, I suppose?" asked Nugent.

"I want four places in the team for No. 7 Study," said Peter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the chums of the Remove.

Peter glared at them.

"I'm not joking!" he exclaimed.

"Ha, ha! My mistake! I thought you were!"

"My honourable impression was that the esteemed Todd was seriously joking!" said Harree Jamset Ram Singh.

"I'm sticking to the study," explained Peter. "I don't play till we all play!"

"Then you don't play—that's soon settled!" said Wharton.

"You see, if the others have any shortcomings, I should make up for it by extra good play," Peter explained.

"My hat! If cool cheek made a good cricketer, you'd beat Fry and Jessop and all the Graces in the world!" said Bob Cherry.

"This isn't a special match, either," said Peter. "Anybody could beat the Fourth. So I want you to put us by."

"Ask me another!"

"You won't do it?"

"No fear!"

Todd shoved his hands deep into his pockets, and wrinkled his brows. There was a shout from the juniors as Teupho of the Fourth, caught Johnny Bull out. Bob Cherry went on in his place.

"You see, Toddy," said Wharton good-naturedly, "the Fourth aren't much class at cricket, so I've put you in the team."

"Oh, rats!"

"But I can't put in Bunter or Alonzo. It would be asking for a licking, you know. And if we let the Fourth lick us, there would be no end to their swank. Now, I dare say you might take a wicket, once, and you might score three or four runs. But the others—"

"Where I came from we played cricket!" said Peter Todd, in a tone that implied that he did not consider that the Greyfriars' Remove played it at all.

There was a buzz of indignation from the cricketers.

"Rats!"

"Go home!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Don't put him in at all, Wharton!" said Ogilvy. "I'll bat instead, if you like."

Todd grinned.

"I'm not going on without the rest of the study," he said.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Then you can travel," he said.

And Todd travelled. His brows were wrinkled in grim thought as he strode away, and his ears burned as he heard the chuckle that followed him.

Wingate of the Sixth and Courtney came along, and Wingate called to the junior.

"Hallo, Alonzo—"

Peter snorted. He was so exactly like his cousin to look at that he was continually mistaken for Alonzo; but he did not take it as a compliment.

"I'm Peter!" he growled.

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"Oh, you're Peter, are you?" said Wingate. "All the better! I saw you bowling the other day, and I think you shaped very well for a junior. You can come and pitch me a few; I'm going down to practice."

"Right you are!" said Peter, with a grin.

There was no senior match that afternoon, and the Sixth Form cricketers were turning out to practise. Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, did not allow the first eleven to slack. Wingate had the cricket reputation of the school very much at heart, and he kept his men hard at work.

Peter Todd followed the two seniors to the first eleven pitch, where a good number of the Sixth were waiting for their slipper. Juniors were generally glad of the chance to "tag" at bowling for Wingate, though they were not so eager to be useful to other members of the Sixth. Wingate tossed the ball to Peter Todd.

"You're not playing yonder?" he asked, with a nod towards the junior ground. "I don't want to take you away from your own game, you know, kid."

"That's all right," said Peter. "Quite at your service. I suppose you don't mind if I take your wicket?"

Wingate chuckled.

"Not at all, my son!" he said. "If you take my wicket, I shall be pleased."

"Loder wasn't," said Peter. "He asked me to bowl for him yesterday, and chucked his bat at me when his wicket went down."

"You took Loder's wicket?" asked Wingate, with a curious glance at the junior.

"I can take wickets!" said Peter airily.

"Well, if you take mine, kid, I won't chuck my bat at you; I'll stand you a feed at the tuckshop," said the big Sixth-Former, laughing.

"Done!" said Peter.

Wingate grinned as he went to the wicket. He did not think it likely that a junior would be able to knock his sticks over. But he did not know Peter Todd yet. There was more in that simple-looking junior than met the eye. Fellows who had imagined, from his resemblance to his cousin Alonzo, that he was "soft" had discovered to their cost that they were decidedly mistaken.

Peter grasped the round, red ball, and went on to bowl. The Sixth-Formers standing round the pitch looked on, grinning. They expected Wingate, the champion bat of Greyfriars, to knock the leather away to the boundary.

But he didn't. The ball came down like lightning, and somehow or other Wingate's bat cleaved the empty air, and—

Click!

Wingate stared at his wicket. The left stump was horizontal, and the balls were down.

The captain of Greyfriars could scarcely believe his eyes.

"How's that?" yelled Peter Todd along the pitch.

"Out!" said Wingate, in amazement.

"Well, of all the giddy flukes!" said Valence, of the Sixth.

But George Wingate shook his head.

"It wasn't a fluke," he said. "I was looking for that ball, and it beat me fair and square. That kid's simply mustard!"

"You owe me a feed at the tuckshop!" said Peter, with a grin.

"I won't forget, kid!" said Wingate, laughing. "See if you can do that again!"

"As often as you like, Wingate!"

The ball was tossed back to Peter, who caught it in his left hand with perfect ease, though the pitch was not an easy one.

Wingate watched very carefully for the lightning ball to come. But it was not a lightning ball this time. It was a slow toaser that looked the simplest thing in the world, and broke in at an angle that took the captain of Greyfriars quite by surprise. Then—

Click!

The wicket was down!

There was a laugh from the Sixth-Formers.

"Wingate, old man, you'll have to wake up," said Courtney, laughing. "That won't do for the Sixth, you know."

"My hat!" said Wingate. He handed the bat to Courtney.

"Just see how you play the kid's bowling."

Courtney went on the pitch. There was a buzz round the field now. For the captain of Greyfriars to be bowled by a junior, and that junior a new fellow, was amazing. The news spread immediately, and fellows who had been looking on at the Form match on the Remove ground came over to watch Peter Todd bowling the Sixth. The Remove match was left without a single spectator, excepting the batsmen waiting their turn at the wickets. Harry Wharton looked across towards the senior ground in astonishment.

"What are the fellows crowding over there for?" he exclaimed. "There isn't a match, and they can see the Sixth at practice any time."

"I say, you fellows!" Billy Bunter rolled up, with an air of importance that was quite new to the fat junior. "I say."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, who was out now. "What's going on, Bunter? Wherefore that happy snick upon that full-blown existence?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! Our study is scoring, that's all!" said Billy Bunter. "You won't play us in the Form match. But we can take Sixth-Form wickets! He, he, he!"

"Rats!"

"Go and see for yourself then!" howled Bunter indignantly. "I tell you Peter Todd has taken Wingate's wicket twice!"

"Oh, draw it mild!"

There was a shout from the senior ground. The crowd there now was too thick for the Removites to see what was going on, from where they stood. But the amazed and delighted shout of the juniors told them what had happened.

"Well bowled, Todd!"

"He's taken Courtney's wicket!" grinned Billy Bunter. "Any other fellow in the Remove who could do that? He, he, he! No. 7's top study, and don't you forget it! He, he, he!"

And Billy Bunter rolled away, chuckling. Billy Bunter was sunning himself in the reflected glory of his study-leader.

"There's something in that chap Todd," said Harry Wharton, with a puzzled look. "He's a giddy dark horse. If he can bowl Wingate, he's going to play in the Remove team, if I have to drag him in by his ears. Go and tell him we want him, Bob."

And Bob Cherry hurried over to the senior ground, keen to see the extraordinary performance of the junior bowler. Courtney had failed to keep his wicket up against Peter Todd, Valence, of the Sixth, had gone on to try his luck, and Bob Cherry arrived just in time to see Valence's wicket knocked to pieces at the second ball. Valence scowled as his stumps fell; he did not like it, and he felt very much inclined to imitate Loder, and throw his hat at the junior who had knocked his wicket down. But Wingate gave a shout of appreciation.

"Bravo! Well bowled, kid!"

"It was a rotten fluke," said Valence. "He couldn't do it again!"

"Give him a chance."

"Oh, rats! I'm not going to bat to a junior!"

"Todd, you bouncer!" called out Bob Cherry. "Come off! We want you!"

"You can run along, Todd," said Wingate good-naturedly.

"Thanks. Don't forget that feed."

"I won't forget it," said Wingate, laughing.

Bob Cherry slipped his arm through Todd's, and walked him off.

"You spoofer!" he said. "Why didn't you let on that you could bowl like that? You're going to play for your Form!"

"On my own terms?" asked Peter.

"Oh, rats!" And Bob marched his captive up to the junior ground. "Here he is, Harry."

"You're going to play for the Remove, Todd," said Wharton.

"All the study?"

"Rats! No!"

"Then I beg to be excused. No. 7 Study always sticks together."

"Look here, you silly ass—" began Wharton.

"Goal-afternoon!" said Peter cheerfully.

And he jerked his arm away from Bob Cherry, and strolled away. Wharton looked after him with knitted brows.

"We don't really need him against the Fourth," he said. "But what a rod in pickle for Courtfield when we play them—what!"

"Yes, rather!"

"We'll make him play for the Remove, when we play Courtfield, or scalp him!" said Harry Wharton. "I hadn't an idea he was such hot stuff. But as for playing Bunter and Alonzo—rats to that!"

And then Wharton went on to bat, and later in the afternoon the Fourth were well beaten, by an innings and twenty runs, and there was a perceptible diminution of swank on the part of Temple, Dabney & Co., for quite a couple of hours after the match.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Very Kind of Wingate!

ALONZO TODD was seated under the shade of the old elm, outside the little tuckshop in the corner of the Close. Alonzo was reading his favourite volume, "The Story of a Potato, from the Seed to the Saucepan," a valued gift from his Uncle Benjamin.

Billy Bunter and Tom Dutton, the other members of the new "Co.," were looking into the window with hungry eyes. No. 7 Study was not blessed with overflowing cash. Billy Bunter, it is true, was expecting a postal-order, but the postal-order was delayed. Dutton was stony, and Alonzo was in his usual state of impecuniosity. Alonzo was so good-natured that when he had any money, he placed it at the disposal of anybody who wanted any, with the result that his pocket-money seldom lasted him long.

"I say, you fellows, I'm frightfully hungry," said Billy Bunter. "Everybody seems to be hard up now. Even that beasty Chinese is stony, and he's usually got lots of tin. I wanted him to cash a postal order for me, and he said he hadn't a brown—and I suppose he was telling the truth for once, as I was hammering him to make him cwa up."

No one replied to Bunter's remarks. Dutton did not hear them, and Alonzo was deep in the history of that interesting vegetable, the potato.

"I say, Dutton, old man, are you sure you haven't a bob in one of your pockets?" asked Billy Bunter persuasively. "Mrs. Mimble has a fresh lot of jam-tarts to-day."

"Eh?"

"Have you got a bob?"

"Eh? Who's odd?" asked Dutton. "If you mean Alonzo—"

"Have you got a bob about you?" bawled Bunter.

Dutton sniffed.

"Yes, I'd like to see you set about me," he said. "Why, I'd wipe up the ground with you, you fat porpoise!"

"I didn't say I'd set about you, fathead!" said Bunter, backing away. "I asked you if you'd got a bob you could lend me!"

"You needn't shout," said Dutton. "I'm not deaf."

"Oh, my hat! Will you lend me a shilling?"

"Willing? I should say so! If you act about me, you'll jolly soon find that I'm willing to give you a licking!"

Billy Bunter groaned, and gave it up. Wingate, of the Sixth, came along to the tuckshop, with his hat under his arm. He nodded genially to the juniors.

"Oh, here you are, Todd!" he said.

"Yes, my dear Wingate," said Alonzo, looking up from his volume.

"Come in," said Wingate, passing into the tuckshop. "I'm going to stand you a feed, you know."

Alonzo looked surprised. He gazed after the captain of Greyfriars, and then gazed at Billy Bunter and Tom Dutton. Wingate had disappeared into the shop.

"Dear me," said Alonzo. "This is very kind of Wingate. I should indeed like some tarts and ginger-beer, and I am unfortunately short of money. This is very kind of Wingate."

"Must be off his rocker," growled Bunter. "Never saw a Sixth-Form chap going round standing feeds to fags before. Must be joking."

Wingate looked out of the doorway.

"Come on, Todd. Don't you want that feed?"

"Certainly, my dear Wingate, and I consider it very kind of you," said Alonzo, rising. "May my friends come?"

Wingate laughed.

"Yes, if you like."

Billy Bunter did not need more than that. He was in Mrs. Mimble's little shop in the twinkling of an eye. Alonzo and Tom Dutton followed him in. Wingate laid five shillings on the counter.

"Give the kids what they want, as far as that, Mrs. Mimble," he said.

"Certainly, Master Wingate."

"Thank you very much, Wingate," said Alonzo, as the captain of Greyfriars turned to the door. "This is very, very kind of you."

"Not at all. A promise is a promise, isn't it?" said Wingate; and he left the tuckshop.

Alonzo looked surprised.

"I wonder what Wingate meant by that?" he remarked thoughtfully.

"Blessed if I know, or care," said Bunter. "Here's the feed! This is like giddy corn in Egypt. Jam-tarts, please, Mrs. Mimble."

And Billy Bunter started.

Alonzo was still in a state of great surprise. George Wingate was a very kind-hearted and good-natured fellow, certainly, but for him to stand a feed to the fags in this way

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Bunter went to the wicket, and Peter Todd yelled at him. "Leg before wicket, you ass! Get to the side, can't you? Kick him right, somebody!" Plenty of feet were ready to do Bunter that service. He was booted into the right position, breathing fury. (See Chapter 10.)

was most unusual. However, there the feed was, and the three juniors piled in.

Billy Bunter was an easy first. He made the tarts disappear at a record speed. It was Todd's feed, but Billy Bunter appropriated the lion's share, in his usual way. Jam-tarts disappeared down Bunter's throat as if by magic, washed down by ginger-beer. Alonzo looked at him with some concern.

"My dear Bunter," he said, in a tone of gentle remonstrance, "are you not afraid of injuring your digestion by eating with such exceeding rapidity?"

Bunter did not take the trouble to reply. He was too busy. And as Alonzo could not eat while he was talking, Bunter had no objection to his talking as much as he liked. The five shillings' worth of tuck was soon disposed of.

"I feel better now," Billy Bunter remarked.

"And it was very, very kind of Wingate," said Todd.

"Must be off his silly rocker, all the same," said Bunter.

"My dear Bunter, that is very ungrateful. I consider—"

Alonzo broke off as he received a powerful thump on the shoulder.

"Ow! My dear Peter! You startled me!"

Peter Todd hail came into the tuckshop. He looked round,

as if expecting to see someone there.

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NEXT MONDAY:

"You kids seen Wingate?" he asked. "He told me he would see me here after he'd finished playing. He promised me a feed if I took his wicket, and he's a fellow of his word."

"Dear me!" said Alonzo. "He has just been here, but he is gone. He has stood us a feed, and it was very, very kind of him—"

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter.

Peter stared at him.

"What are you rathinating about?" he demanded.

Bunter laughed till the tears ran down his fat cheeks.

"He, he, he! He told Todd to come in and feed. He, he, he!"

"It was very, very kind of him—"

"He took you for Peter!" roared Bunter. "We've had Peter's feed. He, he, he!"

"You—you—you burglars!" roared Peter Todd. "Do you mean to say that you've scoffed my feed?"

"He, he, he!"

"Dear me! That must be the explanation," said Alonzo.

"If Wingate promised you a feed, Peter, that accounts for his conduct, which was really very surprising. He must have taken me for you—"

"Why didn't you tell him you were Alonzo?" demanded Peter.

"HOLDING THE FORT!"

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums
of Groytians, Order Early.

"But he did not ask me if I was Alongo. He called me Todd, you know. How very satisfactory to have the matter cleared up like this, isn't it?" said Alongo.

Peter Todd snorted.

"Satisfactory, you say? I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I'm stony broke. I can't ask Wingate for another feed, you fathead! You've scoffed my feed—"

"He, he, he!"

"I'll teach you to 'he, he, he,' you he-he-heing ass!" growled Peter, making a rush at the Owl of the Remove.

Bunter whipped out of the tuckshop just in time, and fled, still he, he, heing.

"What's the matter, you fellows?" asked Tom Dutton, who was in blissful ignorance of all that had been said.

"You scoffed my feed!" roared Peter.

"Eh?"

"You've been wofling my grub!"

Dutton looked carefully round the shop, and shook his head.

"No, I can't see a tub," he replied. "What do you want a tub for?"

Peter Todd stalked away, and Dutton looked after him in astonishment, and turned to Alongo.

"What's Peter got his rag out for?" he asked. "I suppose he doesn't expect me to have a tub in my waistcoat pocket, does he? And what on earth does he want a tub for?"

"My dear Dutton, Peter did not want a tub. He was referring to the feed—"

"In case of need?" said Dutton. "But how could he possibly need a tub?"

Alongo sighed, and departed without further explanation. Tom Dutton looked puzzled, and shook his head sadly.

"My belief is, that those Todds are dotty!" he muttered. "One silly ass asks for a tub, just as if he expected a tub in a tuckshop; and the other silly ass says he wants it in case of need! Blessed if I can understand 'em!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. Very Queer!

BOB CHERRY looked suspiciously at Wun Lung as he came into the study after the match with the Upper Fourth. The little Chinese was curled up in the armchair, but he was awake, and he grinned and nodded to Bob Cherry. Mark Linley and Hurree Janset Ram Singh followed Bob in, and tossed their bats into a corner. Dusk was falling on Greyfriars, and the juniors were unusually late for tea. And they were hungry.

"You might have got tea ready, you young heathen!" growled Bob Cherry.

"Me volly solly!"

"Well, lend a hand now," said Bob. "Luckily, we've got plenty of grub in the cupboard, and it won't take long. I'm as hungry as a hunter!"

"The hungerfulness of my esteemed self is also terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Bob opened the cupboard door. Then he swung round and looked at Wun Lung.

"Where's the grub?" he demanded.

Wun Lung blinked at him, with an uneasy expression in his almond eyes.

"No savvy?" he murmured.

"But I gave you six shillings to get in the grub!" said Bob indignantly. "Two from me, two from Marky, and two from Taky. Haven't you got in the grub, you lazy young slacker?"

"Me no gettee."

"Then cut down to Mrs. Minble's, and get it now."

The little Chinese did not move.

"Don't you want to go?" asked Bob, puzzled. The little heathen was generally ready and willing to oblige. "All right; I'll go. Hand over the tin!"

"No savvy."

"Hand over the tin—five six shillings I gave you for the grub," said Bob.

"No gettee."

Bob Cherry stared at Wun Lung.

"You haven't got the grub, have you?" he demanded.

"No gettee grub."

"Then you must have the money?"

"No gettee."

"My hat! You don't mean to say that you've lost it?"

"Lostee," said Wun Lung quickly. "Me volly solly. All lostee."

"Well, you've got plenty of your own," said Bob. "You have a bigger allowance than any other chap in the Remove, THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 276.

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excepting Mauly and Vernon-Smith. If you've lost our money, kid, it's up to you to stand it yourself—see?"

"Me stoney."

"Oh, you're stony, are you?" growled Bob Cherry. "You were rolling in money a few days ago. I know you had six or seven pounds, because I saw you counting it. What have you done with six or seven pounds in a few days?"

"No savvy."

"If this is your larks, Wun Lung—"

"No larkee," said Wun Lung, looking distressed. "Me volly solly. No havee money. Allee lost. Wun Lung had boy."

"You've lost your own and ours as well!" asked Bob, in astonishment.

"Allee lostee."

"Then it will have to be inquired after. If you've lost a lot of money about the school like that, it must be found," said Bob. "I dare say some chap has picked it up, and you will only have to inquire for it."

"No goodee. Lost outside schoolee."

"Where did you lose it, then?"

"No savvy."

"I'm blessed if I understand this," said Bob Cherry. "You must be mind my saying that it looks fishy. Chaps don't lose six or seven quid and say nothing about it. You've been spending your money on something you don't want to tell us about."

"No savvy."

"If this is some more of your Chinese humour, I don't like it," said Bob Cherry crossly. "I'd prefer Fisher. I. Fish's American humour any day. Where's my six bob?"

"No savvy."

"You blessed heathen! Catch me trusting you with money again!" said Bob Cherry. He looked hard at the Chinese junior, and added: "Where did you get that fat nose?"

"Buntee punchee."

"What did Bunter punch your nose for?"

"Because me no lendee money."

"Oh, did he?" said Bob Cherry. "I'll see Bunter about that. Sorry, you chaps, there won't be any tea, as Wun Lung has lost the money. We'd better go along to No. 1 Study, and see if there's anything going there. It's too late for tea in Hall."

"Right-ho," said Mark Linley.

The three juniors left the study. Bob Cherry slammed the door as he went. He had been looking forward to a little feed after the cricket match, and he was cross. And he was not satisfied with Wun Lung's explanation as to what had become of the money. He liked the little Chinese, and he did not want to think harshly of him, but he knew that the little Oriental's ideas were very peculiar in some respects. And Bob could not help thinking that there was something decidedly "fishy" about the matter.

Bob paused in the passage as the trio were going down to Harry Wharton's study.

"Hold on a minute," he said. "I'm not going to have Bunter punching Wun Lung to get money out of him. We'll drop in and see Bunter. Wait a minute, while I get a cricket-stump. That's the only way to talk to Bunter."

Bob hurried back to his study. He threw the door open and entered quickly, and there was a sudden click of metal. Wun Lung, still seated in the armchair, was counting money on his knees, and Bob, thunder-struck, caught the gleam of gold and silver. In a flash it was whipped back into some recess of the little Chinese's loose garments, but not before Bob Cherry had seen it.

Bob stood transfixed, staring at the Chinaman. Wun Lung turned an innocent and bland smile upon him—a smile to childlike in its innocence that Bob wondered for a moment whether his eyes had deceived him. Then he strode towards Wun Lung with a dark brow.

"You young rascal! You've got plenty of money—mine as well as yours! What did you tell lies for?"

Wun Lung seemed to shrink into the big armchair till his very stature diminished, under the angry stare of the junior.

"No gottee money," he stammered.

"But I just saw it in your hands!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Maker mistakes!"

"What! Do you think I can't believe my own eyes?"

"No savvy."

"You've got plenty of money," said Bob Cherry angrily. "And you haven't lost it. You've got the money there that I gave you for the grub."

"No gottee."

"But I saw it!" yelled Bob, exasperated.

"Handsome gentleman mistakes!" murmured Wun Lung.

"No gottee money."

Bob Cherry picked up the stump he had come for. He

was greatly inclined to lay it about Sun Lung. But the defencelessness of the little Chinese disarmed him.

"Look here, Wun Lung," said Bob seriously. "You've lied to me. Don't you know that if you keep the money I gave you for the grub it will be stealing—you'll be a thief?"

"No, grottee."

"Don't you know it's wrong to tell lies?" demanded Bob, feeling quite helpless to deal with such barefaced prevarication.

"Wun Lung velly bad boy. Handsome Bob Chelly likee wiz stick."

"I won't lick you wiz a stick, as you call it," said Bob. "But I want you to hand over my six bob."

"No, grottee."

Bob Cherry debated in his mind whether he should seize the young rascal and shake the money out of his pockets.

"I don't know what you want to keep my money for, Wun Lung," he said. "But you can have it. I'll make it square with Markey and Inky, and you can keep it. Do you hear? I give it to you if you want it, and so you can keep it without being a thief."

"No savvy handsome Bob Chelly?"

"I'll handsome Bob Chelly you, you heathen!" growled Bob, in disgust. "I warn you that if you set like this, you'll get the order of the boot. Do you understand? Thieves and liars are not wanted at Greyfriars."

"Wun Lung velly bad boy," said the little Chinese, as if that candid confession set everything right and finished the matter.

Bob Cherry left the study. He was puzzled and nonplussed by this peculiar development in his Chinese class. He had been very kind to Wun Lung, and had protected him from much chipping and ragging in the school; and he knew that Wun Lung was grateful, and attached to him. This new phase in the Celestial's character astounded him.

"What's the row?" asked Mark Lanley, as Bob rejoined him in the passage.

"The little bouncer's got the money all the time!" growled Bob. "But he wants it for something, and I've told him he can keep it. I'll make it right with you fellows. Blessed if I don't think the kid's going off his pigtailed dot."

Bob Cherry bestowed a kick on the door of No. 7 Study, and it opened. Billy Bunter was alone in the study, getting tea. He blinked round at the juniors.

"I say, Todd!"

"It's not Todd, you owl," said Bob Cherry, seizing the fat junior by the collar. "It's me! You punched Wun Lung for not lending you money—"

"Ow!" roared Bunter. "Leggo my collar. You'll make me drop these eggs if you're not careful! Oh!"

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yarrah! Oh! Yah!"

Crash! The eggs smashed on the floor as Billy Bunter squirmed in the muscular grip of Bob Cherry. Bob whacked him with the cricket-stump till he roared.

"Owt Help! Fire! Murder! Yah!"

"There!" said Bob, releasing the Owl of the Remove.

"Now, if you bully Wun Lung again, I'll give you a real licking!"

And Bob Cherry strode from the study, feeling a little goaded. Bunter rubbed the places where the stump had smitten, and groaned.

"Ow, the beast! Yow-ow!"

There were footprints in the passage, and Bunter, with his eyes gleaming behind his big spectacles, grasped an egg from the table.

"The rotter! If he comes back in here, I'll jolly well let him have this in his eye!"

The door opened, and a junior strode in, and the egg whizzed through the air.

Squelch!

"Ow! Grooh! Oh!"

"He, he, he!" yelled Bunter. "Take that, you beast, and keep out of this study! Oh—oh, my hat! Is—is it you, Todd?"

Peter Todd did not reply. He rushed at Bunter, and thumped and thumped, with the egg streaming down his face, while the Owl of the Remove wriggled and roared for mercy.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Bunter's Scheme!

PETER TODD did not wait for explanations. He thumped Bunter till he was out of breath, and Billy Bunter was more than out of breath. Bunter collapsed into a chair, gasping, when Todd had finished with him. Then Todd jerked away Bunter's handkerchief, and nipped the streaming egg from his face.

"Now what did you do that for?" he demanded.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"What did you bang that egg at me for?" demanded Peter.

"Yow! I—I didn't like it was Bob Cherry! Ow!"

Peter grinned.

"You'd better make sure it's Bob Cherry next time," he said. "I don't like having eggs bunged at me—and it wastes the eggs. What have you been dropping eggs on the floor for?"

"Ow! It was that beast, Cherry—"

"Now what are we going to do for tea?" said Peter, with a growl. "Those eggs were the last shot in the locker. I suppose your postal-order hasn't come!"

"I'm expecting it by the next post."

"Oh, rats! There won't be any more (in till Saturday!" growled Peter. "It will mean tea in hall every day till then—and it's too late to-day. Nice state of things for the top study in the Remove!"

"I say, I've got an idea for raising the wind, you know," said Bunter cautiously.

Peter sniffed.

"Your ideas are rotten!" he said. "Still, out of the mouths of babes and fools—what's the idea?"

"Shut the door."

"What for?"

"It's a dead secret."

Peter smiled again, and closed the door. He had no great faith in Bunter's ideas. But the study was in a parlous state, and it was necessary to do something. All Peter could think of was a raid on the rival Co. in the Remove, and that would not be easy.

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

"You know that Wun Lung has lots of money!" said Bunter. "He's the richest fellow at Greyfriars—excepting Smithy and Lord Maulverer, and perhaps Inky."

"Well, I suppose Wun Lung's not going to give us any of his money, is he?" asked Peter impatiently.

"He might be made to!"

"What?"

"There's something jolly fishy about Wun Lung lately," said Bunter cautiously. "He's got a secret, and he's keeping it awfully dark. I notice things that go on, you know—more than most fellows do, because I'm so keen—"

"Because you're a spying sneak!" said Peter. "I'm going to give you something to cure all that, Bunter. You're a disgrace to the study at present."

"Look here, do you want to hear the wheeze, or don't you?" roared Bunter.

"Oh, run on!"

"Well, I'm on to this, you know—I've been keeping my eyes on Wun Lung," Bunter explained. "He goes sneaking out of the school—down to Pegg. I know. He's awfully secret about it, and when he goes out he looks round to see if there's anybody following him."

Peter whistled.

"I suppose he's up to something," he said. "But it's no bizen of ours. You're no right to spy on him."

"Oh rot! He's up to something against the rules of the school, and he ought to be shown up. I think," said Bunter. "Very likely bringing disgrace on the college, for all we know."

"Toh! And if he is, you're not going to speak about him. But what's this got to do with raising the wind?"

"Don't you see the scheme?"

"Blessed if I do," said Peter. "If Wun Lung's doing anything fishy outside the school, he'll get bowled out, and he'll get it in the neck, I suppose. Serve him right. But I don't see how it's got anything to do with us, or where it helps us to raise the wind."

"You haven't got my head!" said Bunter.

"No, that's one thing to be thankful for," agreed Peter, with a far from admiring glance at Billy Bunter's bullet head.

"Oh, really, Todd! Look here, I've thought this out. I'm going to follow Wun Lung next time he gets out of the school—"

"Don't let me catch you spying on him, or anybody else," said Peter. "There will be a slaughtered porpoise lying about soon afterwards if I do."

"Look here, will you listen to me or not?" said Bunter angrily. "I tell you I'm going to get hold of the thing, whatever it is; then I shall have the pigtailed young rotter under my thumb. And then he'll have to shell out!"

"What?"

"Don't you catch on? You know there was a chap expelled here once for going to pubs and places. I don't know whether that's what Wun Lung is doing—but he's up to something, and it's something fishy. And if we bowl him out, and keep it dark for him, it will be worth his while to hand out something—eh?"

And Bunter finished with a fat chuckle.

Peter Todd stared at him speechlessly for some moments.



He understood Bunter's precious plan at last. It took his breath away. He glanced round the study and picked up a dog-whip.

"Do you know what that would be, Bunter?" he asked quietly.

"A jolly good idea," said Bunter.

"It's what is called blackmail," said Peter Todd. "It's what grown-up people get sent to prison for. It's dirty! It's mean! It's dishonest!"

"If you're going to preach like Alonzo——"

"I'm not," said Peter calmly. "I'm going to do something more than preach. I'm going to give you the hiding of your life!"

"Wha-a-t! Look here, I was trying to help you raise the wind! I—I—— Oh! Hands off! Don't you touch me with that dog-whip, you beast! Ow—yarooh!—yarooh!"

Bunter was flung across the table, and the dog-whip made rapid play upon his fat person. Peter Todd thrashed him till his arm ached, and Bunter was reduced to limps. And when the fat junior was driven to resistance, Peter fastened an iron grasp upon his collar, and held him a prisoner, while he fished and fished. Billy Bunter's wild roars filled the study.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Alonzo Todd, coming in. "What over is the matter? What are you treating Bunter in that rough manner for, my dear Peter? I am sure Bunter cannot like it!"

"Ow! Ow! Groogh! Boo-hoo! Help! Yarooh!" roared Bunter.

"The mean and thinks Wun Lung has got some rotten secret, and he proposes that we should spy on him, and screw some money out of him," panted Peter. "I'm showing him what No. 7 Study thinks of schemes of that sort!"

"Yarooh! Yow! Help! I was only jarg-joking! Ow!"

Bunter rolled off the table and fled. Peter Todd threw the dog-whip into a corner, and gasped for breath.

"I don't think we shall hear any more of his precious scheme in this study," he panted.

And Peter was right—they didn't! But Billy Bunter had by no means given up his idea. But his further plans with regard to Wun Lung the Owl of the Remove were careful to keep to himself, as he was so dreadfully misunderstood by his study-mates.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Does Not Prosper!

WUN LUNG looked rather pathetically at Bob Cherry when he met the sturdy Removite again. Bob did not speak to him. Although he understood that the training of the little Oriental had been different from his own, and that "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," still, Bob Cherry could not quite feel friendly towards the little Celestial after what had happened. Wun Lung's indifference to the truth had come to be taken as a standing joke, but when he added to that an indifference regarding the proprietorship of money, Bob Cherry felt that it was the limit. He did not speak to Wun Lung when he went into the study to do his preparation that evening, and he took no notice of the Chinese junior when the Remove went to their dormitory. Yet the look of the little fellow touched his heart. Wun Lung was deeply attached to the big, strong English boy who had often defended him from raggings, and Bob Cherry's avoidance of him was a blow to him—Bob could see that.

The next morning, as the Remove were going into class, Wun Lung sailed on beside Bob and tugged at his sleeve. Bob looked down at him grimly.

"Handsome Bob Chelly angly with Wun Lung?" said the Chinese.

"Not so much of your soft soap," growled Bob. "Yes, I am angry with you, if you want to know. Follows shouldn't tell lies."

"Wun Lung velly bad boy."

"Then why don't you stop it?"

"Velly bad boy," repeated Wun Lung. "No good for mozing."

"And that isn't all," said Bob. "A Han's had enough, but you don't seem to be able to help that. But dishonesty's worse."

"Me sorry!"

"And what you did was mean as well as dishonest!"

"Awfully sorry!"

"Then don't do it again," said Bob. "You can keep the rotten secret, but I won't let that. Only do try to play the game like a decent chap."

"Me try," said the forlorn little Chinese. "I hope you excuse English chap."

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"I suppose not," said Bob. "But you know it's wrong to lie. See if you can stick to the truth for a bit."

"Me try, if handsome Bob Chelly not angly with Wun Lung."

"All right!" said Bob, laughing in spite of himself. "I won't be angry any more."

And Wun Lung brightened up.

Billy Bunter blinked at Wun Lung several times that day in a watchful sort of way. Billy Bunter had his suspicions. He did not mean to mention the matter to Peter Todd again. But he was fully determined to keep a watch upon the Chinese junior, and to discover his secret, whatever it was, and turn it to his own profit if he could. Billy Bunter was not troubled with any scruples on the subject. Peter Todd had declared his intention of making a man of Bunter, and making him a credit to the study. He had all his work cut out.

After lessons that afternoon, while most of the juniors went down to the cricket-ground, Wun Lung walked away to the gates. Billy Bunter chuckled to himself, and joined the little Celestial at the gateway.

"Going for a walk?" he asked.

Wun Lung nodded.

"Good! I want a walk myself," said Bunter. "I'll come with you, if you like."

"No like," said Wun Lung bluntly.

"Don't you want me to come with you?" demanded Bunter threateningly.

"What you like?"

"If you want a thick cat, you Chinese chump——"

"No touched Wun Lung," said the little Chinese. "Me tellow Bob Chelly, and Bob Chelly believe Bunter say stick."

The fat junior glared at him. He had not forgotten Bob Cherry's visit to his study with the cricket-stump the previous evening.

"Look here, you rotten heathen——" he began.

"Bunter go outside covey!" said Wun Lung.

And he walked away down the road towards Friarvale. Billy Bunter stared after him with a gleam in his little round eyes behind his spectacles.

"The sporting heathen!" muttered Bunter. "He's only pretending to go to Friarvale, because he knows I've got an eye on him. He's going to take the footpath through the wood and get to Pegg. He always goes there when he squaks out by himself, and I'm jolly well going to know the reason why."

Billy Bunter reflected for some moments, and then he rolled out of the gateway. He struck into the wood, and came out upon the footpath so as to intercept Wun Lung if he indeed turned off the road and made for Pegg.

The Owl of the Remove was very puzzled by Wun Lung's mysterious conduct of late. The other fellows had not noticed it; but there were very few things that escaped Billy Bunter's prying eyes. What could be the reason of Wun Lung's secret visits to the fishing village Bunter could not guess. He did not believe that the little Chinese had taken to "pub-haunting," after the example of Vernon Smith.

There's a foreign ship at Pegg now," Bunter murmured to himself. "Wun Lung may have somebody on board—some rotten Chinaman like he-sell. But if that's the case, he needn't be ashamed to say so. It can't be above board or he wouldn't be so jolly mysterious about it. I'm going to find out."

Billy Bunter took cover in the bushes beside the footpath, within sight of the stile on the Friarvale road, and watched.

If Wun Lung came down the footpath it would be a proof that his suspicions were correct. Then he would only have to follow the little Chinese secretly, and watch where he went, to discover the solution of the mystery—something discreditable, Billy Bunter was quite sure of that.

The fat junior uttered a sudden suppressed exclamation.

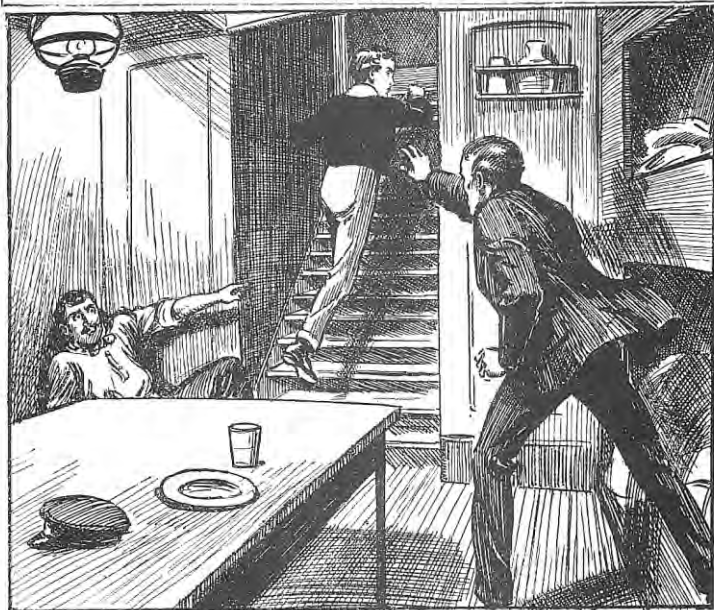
"My hat! There he is!"

Wun Lung had jumped over the fence, and was coming down the footpath. It was evident that he intended to go after all, to the village on the bay.

Bunter, in cover among the bushes, watched him advance.

Billy Bunter was somewhat like an otter in taking cover. The fat junior was very short-sighted, and it was hard for him to realise that others saw further and quicker than he did. Wun Lung had seen him as he jumped over the fence, but Billy Bunter drew back into the bushes in blissful ignorance of the fact. He was slowing a good half of his fat person, too, as he crouched in cover; but he was not aware of it. He waited for the Chinese to pass.

Wun Lung's face was quite innocent and un-suspicious as he came on. Not by the flicker of an eyelid did he betray the fact that he had seen the Owl of the Remove watching him from the thicket.



Tom Merry made a desperate spring for the companion-ladder. The Italian was in the way, but Tom grappled with him and rolled him over with a hold he had practised in the gym at the old school. With the American in hot pursuit, Tom flew up the ladder. (An incident from "The St. Jim's Adventurers," a grand, long, complete tale of Tom Merry & Co., by Martin Clifford, contained in this week's issue of "The Gem Library." Out on Wednesday. Price One Penny.)

His soft footfalls on the grassy path came nearer. He passed close to the bush which screened the Owl of the Remove, and then suddenly, without the slightest warning of his intention, he whirled round, and thrust his hand through the foliage, and his finger and thumb closed like a vice upon Billy Bunter's fat little nose.

Bunter gave a startled yell.
"Owl! Groooh!"
The grip on his nose brought the water with a rush to his eyes.

Wun Lung jerked at him, and Bunter rolled out of the bush—he had to go, unless he wished to part with his nose.

He gave a snuffling yell.
"Groooh! Let go by dose!"
The little Chinese gentled as he gripped the little fat nose tighter.

"You watchee me?" he said.
"Owl! Led go! Yow!"
"You watchee me! You heastly spy! What you tinkee?" said Wun Lung. "Me tinkee me twistee nose off. You spy!"

"Groooh!"
"Whatee you watchee for me?"
"Owl! I wadn't wadgin' you!" mumbled Bunter. "Led go by dose! I wadn't thinking about you. Led go!"
"Fattie beaste! You spy!"
"Groooh! Led go!"

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NEXT
MONDAY:

"HOLDING THE FORT!"

Bunter hit out furiously at the little Chinese with his fists. But Wun Lung, with great agility, kept at arm's length, still nipping Bunter's nose with his finger and thumb. The pain was so great that Bunter almost sobbed.

"Groooh! Led go, you Chinese beast!"
"You no watchee me any more?"
"No, no! Nunn! Led go!"
"Honour blight!"
"Owl! Yes! Owl!"

Wun Lung gave Billy Bunter's nose a final twist, which made Bunter feel as if the awful organ was coming completely off, and then released him.

He chuckled as he scolded down the path, leaving Billy Bunter clapping his injured nose with both hands, and groaning with anguish.

"Oh, oh, oh! Owl! Groooh! Oh, by dose!"
Wun Lung disappeared down the path. But Billy Bunter did not want to follow him any further. He turned and retraced his steps to Greyfriars, holding his nose and groaning all the way. His nose was feeling at least three sizes too large for him—and it was looking at least one size too large.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, spotting the Owl of the Remove as he came in. "Where did you pick up that prize proboscis. Bunter?"

"Owl! That Chinese beast!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You can cackle," roared Bunter; "but—"

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of Greyfriars. Order Early.

"Thanks, I will!" said Bob Cherry. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"But you'd better find out what that precious Chinese pal of yours is doing in Pegg!" howled Billy Bunter. "He's going to get himself sacked from the school, and a jolly good thing, too. Yow! And I wish you'd get sacked, too! Ow!"

"What do you mean? What?"

But Billy Bunter, still holding his painful nose, stamped away without replying. Bob Cherry had ceased to laugh. He ran after Bunter, and caught him by the shoulder.

"What's that about Wun Lung?" he demanded.

"Find out!" growled Bunter.

"That's what I'm going to do," said Bob grudgingly, "and you're going to tell me! Now then, sharp—before I bump you!"

"The beast pulled my nose!" howled Bunter. "I happened to be in the wood when he was going down to Pegg, and he thought I was watching him. Of course I wasn't!"

"Of course you were!" said Bob Cherry. "But what were you watching him for?"

"You'd better ask him what he does at Pegg, that he keeps so jolly dark!" sneered Bunter. "Ask him what he sneaked out of the dorm, for, after lights out last night—"

Bob started.

"He didn't!" he exclaimed.

"He jolly well did, because I saw him!" growled Bunter. "I don't know what his little game is, but the sooner he's found out, and kicked out of Greyfriars, the better I shall like it! Groo-o-ugh!"

And Bunter rolled away. Bob Cherry did not stop him. Bob remained with a wrinkle in his brows and a very thoughtful expression in his eyes. What was the meaning of the peculiar mystery that seemed to surround the little Chinese of late? The Chinese junior was a stranger in a strange land, and it was quite likely that he was getting himself into some trouble—but what? Bob Cherry resolved that he would know, though with motives very different from Billy Bunter's.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER. Wun Lung Does Not Mind.

PETER TODD put his books away, and yawned. He had finished his evening preparation in No. 7 Study. Alonzo and Dutton were still busy, and Billy Bunter was dividing his attention between his work and his nose. The latter was still feeling the pain. Bunter did not explain to his study-mates the cause of the trouble with his nose, as he had a very shrewd suspicion that there would be more trouble for him if Peter Todd became aware of the facts.

"It gets light much earlier than rising-bell now, these fine mornings," Peter Todd remarked—to the study in general.

Alonzo looked up.

"That is quite true, Peter. I have thought of rising early in the morning, and taking a ramble at sunrise, and observing nature—"

"Oh, blow nature!" said Peter Todd cheerfully. "My sons, you are going to get no half an hour before rising-bell to-morrow morning, and come down to the cricket-pitch. I'm going to put you through some cricket practice."

"I'm jolly well not going to get up before rising-bell!" growled Bunter.

Peter Todd picked up a ruler.

"What did you say, Bunter?" he asked sweetly. "Will you do me the extreme kindness of repeating the remark?"

The fat junior blinked at him and at the ruler.

"I said I should be very pleased to get up as early as you like, Todd, if you'll call me early!" he mumbled.

"Good!" said Peter.

"It's important, you know, Wharton's offered me a place in the Fern eleven for the Courtfield match. I'm not going to take it unless he plays the whole gang—No. 7 Study always sticks together, you know. But I really can't blame Wharton for leaving out two such awful bluffers as you and Alonzo—"

"Oh, really, Todd! I'm a jolly good cricketer! I made a catch once in a match at St. Jim's that simply made them gasp!"

"Yes; it must have made them gasp to see you make a catch!" agreed Peter. "But I'm not sounding out of Fern matches for good, and I'm not going to without my fellows—and so there's only one thing to be done—you've got to improve your form! I'm going to keep you at practice till you can play, or till you perish in the attempt!"

"I don't need much practice," said Bunter. "Cricket is a gift with some fellows—"

"You'll get the practice whether you need it or not," said Peter; "also, early rising is a good thing—it may thin you down a bit to get up early and have some exercise. You're THE MAGNET LIBRARY, No. 276.

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coming out half an hour before rising bell every morning it doesn't rain—you said you'd be pleased, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Bunter.

"I shall be pleased, too," said Alonzo. "I am sure my Uncle Benjamin would approve of early rising. 'Early to bed and early to rise—'"

"Makes you develop in muscle and size!" said Peter, putting a new end to the old proverb.

"I don't think that's how it goes, my dear Peter. 'Early to bed and early to rise—'"

"Is easy enough for a chap if he tries!" said Peter blandly.

"No; that is not it!" said Alonzo, in surprise. "I think—"

"Do you hear, Dutton?" demanded Peter, shaking the deaf junior by the shoulder. "We're turning out for cricket practice half an hour before rising bell. Do you hear?"

"What an idiotic question!" said Tom Dutton, with a stare. "Of course I'm here! Can't you see me, fathead?"

"We're going to get up at half-past six in the morning."

"By Jove! Anybody dead?"

"Dead? No. What are you talking about?"

"Then why are you going into mourning?"

"Oh, crumbs! Going to get up at half-past six in the morning!" roared Peter.

"Oh, I see! You needn't shout. Just speak plainly, and I can hear you all right. You can't expect a fellow to hear you when you mumble!"

"We're going to have some cricket practice before the other fellows are up and about."

"Yes; I think it's very likely," said Dutton, "and he needs it!"

"Why? Who? Needs what?"

"Didn't you say that cricket practice will make Bunter less stout?"

Peter Todd groaned.

"We'll let it go at that," he said. "The first time this study is in funds we're going to buy a megaphone, to talk to Dutton! Mind, I'm going to call you kids at half-past six! Chan who doesn't turn out will be jerked out on his neck!"

And Peter Todd walked out of the study with his hands in his pockets, whistling the shrill whistle which set fellows' teeth on edge, and caused obprobriations and looks and things to be hurled at his head.

Billy Bunter grunted discontentedly. Bunter considered that his cricket was quite good enough without practice, and that he was excluded from the Fern eleven simply from motives of personal jealousy on the part of the Famous Five. And he did not like early rising. But Peter's word was law in No. 7 Study. Peter was an advocate of the strenuous life, and Billy Bunter could only grunt and grumble, and toe the line.

In the dormitory that night, when the Remove went to bed, Wun Lung looked at Billy Bunter's reddened nose and grinned. The Owl of the Remove scowled at him. The little Chinese had come back from Pegg just in time for cutting-over, and he had not given a hint as to what he had been doing there. Wun Lung was extremely secretive about it—but no one, excepting Bunter, had watched him go.

Bob Cherry remembered what Bunter had told him in the Close, and he glanced at Wun Lung several times, debating whether he should tackle him on the subject. He decided to do so.

"Look here, kid," he said, dropping his hand on Wun Lung's shoulder. "Bunter says that you were out of the dormitory last night?"

"No savvy?"

"He jolly well was!" said Billy Bunter. "I woke up, I put you, and I saw him go. And I think it's rotten, breaking bounds at night! I think—"

"Is it true, Wun Lung?"

"Oh, really, I chery! If you can't take my word—"

"I'll take your ear, if you don't dry up!" said Bob Cherry. "Wun Lung, kid, you're making your pals anxious about you! Do you savvy?"

"Wun Lung solly!"

"Did you go out of the dorm last night?"

"No savvy!"

"You going?" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "You must know whether you went out of the dorm, or not?"

"No speak English velly well," murmured Wun Lung. "No savvy!"

"Not; you don't understand English when you don't want to, you fraud!" growled Bob Cherry. "I suppose that means that you did go out?"

"Wun Lung velly bad boy."

"Did you go out or did you not?" roared Bob.

"Flaps Bunter dlannee?" suggested Wun Lung.

"Bunter eatee too muchee, and dlannee!"

"Very likely!" grinned Tom Brown. "Jolly sure of eating too much, anyway!"

"Answer yes or no, un Lung!" said Bob Cherry, analyzing him. "Did you break bounds last night, or didn't you?"

"No savvy!"

"You—you—you—"

"P'haps walkin' in slceepce!" said Wun Lung.

"I suppose it means that he did break bounds," said Harry Wharton. "But what on earth did he do it for? Don't you know you'd be flogged if you were found out, Wun Lung?"

"No savvy!"

"You're getting yourself into trouble," said Bob Cherry. "As your pal, I'm going to stop it. Savvy?"

"Handsome Bob Cholly velly kind!"

"I'll handsome Bob Cholly you! You broke bounds last night, and you might have been caught by a prefect and flogged or sacked. You're not to do it again, and you're to tell us all what you did it for! See?"

"No savvy."

Bob Cherry snorted. The prevarication of the wily Oriental was exasperating.

"Are you going to explain, Wun Lung?" he roared.

"Wun Lung velly bad boy."

"Yes, that's true enough, you blessed heathen; but I'm going to look after you. You must have gone out to see somebody, and that somebody is going to see me next, and get a thick ear," said Bob Cherry. "Now, who was it, and where was it?"

"No savvy."

"I'll make you savvy! Get a blanket, you chaps, and we'll toss him in it, and see if that will make him savvy."

"Good egg!" said the Co. heartily.

The chums of the Remove were really concerned about the little Chinese. Breaking bounds at night was a serious offence, and Wun Lung was going the right way to get himself expelled from the school. It was high time for his friends to interfere, and as words seemed to be useless, it was time for action. Wharton whipped a blanket off his bed, and took one corner, Nugent and Jealung Bull, and Bob Cherry taking the other corners. Wun Lung sat on his bed and blinked at them.

"Chuck him in, somebody," said Bob Cherry. "We're doing this for his own good."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolover major picked up the little Chinese and tossed him into the blanket. Wun Lung gave a roar.

"Ow! No toossee Wun Lung! Wun Lung solly!"

"Then explain where you went last night."

"No savvy."

"Up with him!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Wun Lung whizzed up from the tossing blanket. He went half-way to the ceiling, and came down again into the blanket.

"Now, then, are you going to explain?"

"No savvy."

"Up with him again!"

Wun Lung went right to the ceiling this time. His knees and head touched the ceiling, and he came down with a whiz. He rolled over in the blanket, and grinned.

"Now, then, Wun Lung, what have you got to say?"

"Me solly."

"Where did you go last night?"

"No savvy."

Up he went again—and again. He grinned each time he came down into the blanket, and finally burst into a chuckle.

Bob Cherry glared at him exasperated.

"Blessed if the young rascal isn't enjoying it!" he exclaimed, in disgust.

"Allee light!" said Wun Lung. "Toossee in blanket gleat fun!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" called out Newland.

The dormitory door opened, and Loder, the prefect, came in. It was Loder's duty to see lights out that night. He frowned at the juniors.

"Hallo, bullying, eh?" he exclaimed. "I'm not surprised. You will take a hundred lines each you four, for bullying Wun Lung."

"We weren't bullying him!" roared Bob Cherry, exasperated. "We're doing this for his own good."

"Indeed!" said Loder unpleasantly. "And how is it for his good to be tossed in a blanket?"

Bob Cherry was silent. He could not tell the prefect that the little Chinese had broken bounds at night.

"You have prebible ideas of what is for the kid's good, I see, Cherry," said Loder. "You will bring your fees to me to-morrow. And if there is any more bullying, I shall report you to your Form-master."

"Allee light, Loder," said Wun Lung. "Me likee tussle in blanket. Gleast fun!"

"Hold your tongue!" said Loder. "Now, then, turn in, you kids! If you keep me wai'ng, you'll hear from me!"

And the Remove turned out with the secret of Wun Lung's curious escapade still unrevoked.

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THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Wun Lung Does Not Come Home Till Morning.

PETER TODD sat up in bed as the early rays of the sun gleamed in at the high windows of the dormitory. Peter had the gift of waking up at any time he pleased, and the clock in the old tower of Greyfriars was chiming out the half-hour as he sat up. It was a fresh, bright morning in early summer, and a warm bed and another snooze had no attractions for the energetic Peter. He jumped out of bed at once and shook Tom Dutton and Billy Bunter and Alonzo in turn. Dutton turned out at once, Bunter affected to be still sleeping. Alonzo opened his eyes and murmured.

"In the first place, the seed is planted in the ground—"

Peter grinned. Alonzo had evidently been dreaming about the Story of a Potato. Peter gave him another shake.

"Up with you, fathead! Bunter, if you don't turn out, I'll come to you."

Snore!

"Are you asleep, Bunter?"

Snore!

"Poor old Bunter," said Peter Todd. "He's fast asleep. I shall have to pour the jug of water over him to wake him."

Bunter sat up in bed quite suddenly.

"Don't you bring that jug near me, you beast!" he roared.

"Hallo, are you awake?" said Peter. "Time to get up."

"Look here, Todd, I'm not getting up till rising-bell. Upon the whole, I've decided not to go in for cricket practice early in the morning. The ground will most likely be damp, and I say—Ow! Ow! Yeh! Oh! Boast!"

Bunter rolled out on the floor as Peter yanked off the bed-clothes and spanked his fat limbs. He groped for his spectacles, and set them on his fat little nose, and blinked furiously at his study-leader.

"Look here, Todd, I'm not going to stand it! I—"

"Get into your cricket things," said Peter.

"I won't! I—"

Peter Todd picked up a slipper, and came towards the Owl of the Remove. Bunter dodged round the bed.

"You won't?" he inquired sweetly.

"I—I mean, I—I won't be a minute!" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, all right!"

And Bunter dressed himself, grumbling. Peter was in his flannels in a very few minutes. Bob Cherry opened one eye and blinked at him.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! It's not rising-bell yet!" he mumbled.

"Early morning cricket practice," Peter explained. "Top study in the Remove are setting you a good example."

"Oh, rats!" said Bob, and he closed his eyes again.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Peter suddenly, as his eyes fell upon Wun Lung's bed. "We're not the only chaps up early this morning!"

The little Celestial's bed was empty.

"My hat!" said Bunter. "I'll bet that Wun Lung wasn't up early. He's broken bounds again, and he hasn't come back."

"Phew!"

It was only too certain. Wun Lung had broken bounds again, and he had not come in, though it was now bright dawn. He could not enter the school now without discovery. Peter Todd shook Bob Cherry.

"Grook! Gerraway!" murmured Bob.

"Wake up, Cherry!"

"Gerraway!" mumbled Bob. "I'm not getting up till rising-bell."

"Wun Lung's not here," said Peter.

"What?"

Bob Cherry was wide awake enough now. He sat up in bed, and stared at Wun Lung's empty place.

"Great Scott! He must have got up very early."

Billy Bunter chuckled.

"He didn't get up early," he said. "He's been out all night! He, he, he!"

"That's what I was thinking," said Peter Todd. "You fellows come out with us, and we'll get Wun Lung among us when he gets back, if we can, and he'll be supposed to be one more early riser. We may be able to keep it dark. My hat! The Head would boot him out of the school like a shot if he knew he'd been out all night!"

Bob Cherry called his chums, and they all turned out quickly enough when they knew what was the matter. The news that Wun Lung had been out all night was astounding, and they realised the gravity of the situation at once. The fact that Wun Lung had done wrong was not the pressing

business for the moment. The business was to save him from the grave consequences of his folly.

"The young ass!" said Harry Wharton. "He will be sacked for this, as sure as a gun, if we can't screen him! The mad young duffer!"

"I say, you fellows, I don't think he ought to be screened," said Bunter loftily. "I don't believe in screening fellows who do wrong. There's such a thing as justice."

"You'd be in a pretty pickle if every fellow got justice, wouldn't you?" growled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, really, Cherry! I consider—"

"Shut up!" said Peter Todd. "You talk too much, Bunter. That's another thing I'm going to cure you of."

"My dear Bunter," said Alonzo, "I think that under the circumstances, it is our duty to save Wun Lung from the consequences of his foolish conduct. I am sure my Uncle Benjamin would take that view. While appreciating to the full the noble motives which cause you to take up that position, Bunter, I consider—"

"Oh, shut up!" roared Bob Cherry. "You're worse than Bunter!"

"My dear Cherry—"

"Come on," said Harry Wharton.

And the nine juniors left the dormitory, and hurried downstairs. Early cricket practice was not in Peter Todd's mind now. The juniors were only thinking of saving Wun Lung, with the intention of talking to him very plainly afterwards. There was no one about, in the house, with the exception of the early housemaids. The juniors hurried out into the Close, fresh and green in the early morning sunlight. There was no sign of the little Chinese there.

"The awful young ass!" growled Bob Cherry. "He must have got over the school wall, and he'll have to climb in again in broad daylight. What on earth can have made him play the giddy goat like this?"

"There's somebody else in it," said Wharton. "Wun Lung is under the influence of somebody else. He goes out to see somebody, that's certain. It's up to us to find out who it is, and put a stop to it."

The juniors made their way to a certain spot of the school wall, under the shadow of a big elm, where some of them had climbed before on occasions when they had left the bounds of the school unpermitted. The Close was quite deserted as yet, and there was no one about to observe them. Bob Cherry climbed the wall, and took an anxious survey of the road. An early market cart rumbled by on its way to Courtfield; but no sign was to be seen of the little Chinese.

Clang, clang, clang!

It was the rising-bell.

Bob Cherry sat his tooth. He was as angry with Wun Lung as he was anxious about him. In a few minutes now, there would be swarms of fellows in the Close, and if Wun Lung returned, he could not possibly be smuggled into the grounds unobserved. Only five or ten minutes more, and the chance of saving him from the results of his folly would be gone. And he was not in sight.

"Can't you see him, Bob?" asked Nugent anxiously.

"Sister Ann, Sister Ann, can you see anybody coming?" chuckled Bunter. Bunter was the only one of the party who would have been pleased if the little Chinese had been found out.

Bob uttered an exclamation.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he is!"

"Thank goodness!"

The little figure of the Chinese had come into sight. He was running towards the school, and he came panting up to the wall. Bob Cherry called to him.

"Wun Lung, here—quick!"

Wun Lung looked up, and started at the sight of Bob Cherry sitting on the wall. Bob reached down to him. At the same moment there was a warning whisper from the juniors inside.

"Quick, Bob! Loader's just come out, and he's coming over here."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Back up!"

"Quick, Wun Lung, give me your fist?"

"Allee ben!"

Bob Cherry grasped the little Chinese's hand, and by main force dragged him up the wall. Wun Lung came over the top of it, scrambling, and rolled down inside, and fell among the group of juniors there, and lay panting. At the same moment Loader, the prefect, came round the big elm.

Loader gave the juniors a suspicious glance. A few seconds earlier, and he would have seen the Chinese dragged over the wall. As it was, he was very suspicious.

"What are you doing on the wall, Cherry?" he demanded.

Bob Cherry looked down at him innocently.

"Sitting on it," he said.

"None of your cheek!" said Loader. "You know you are not allowed to climb the school wall, Cherry. You will take fifty lines!"

"Thanks!"

Loader stared suspiciously at the juniors, and at the gasp-

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"Where did you go last night?" demanded Bob Cherry. "No savvy." Up went Wun Lung in the blanket again—and again. He grinned each time he came down into the blanket, and finally burst into a chuckle. "Blessed if the young rascal isn't enjoying it!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, in disgust. (See Chapter 8.)

ing Wun Lung. He felt that something or other had been going on which the juniors did not choose to explain to him. But he did not suspect the facts; and he knew it would be useless to ask questions. He granted, and turned away.

Bob Cherry dropped lightly down from the wall. "You're had the closest shave of your natural, you young idiot!" he said, shaking Wun Lung by the shoulder. "If Loder had known that you'd been outside, he'd have gone straight to the Head and reported you. Do you understand? You'd have been sacked from the school!"

"Wun Lung velly solly,"

"Where have you been?"

"Me velly bad boy."

"I know that," howled Bob Cherry. "I asked you where you'd been. Don't you understand that this is serious? Where have you been?" Before the little Chinese spoke, Bob knew what the answer would be.

"No savvy."

"Oh, you don't savvy, don't you?" said Bob grimly.

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"Well, we're going to keep this dark, Wun Lung, and save you, though I'm blessed if I think you deserve it! But there's going to be an end of this; we're going to look into it and stop it, see?"

"Handsome Bob Cholly velly kind!" murmured Wun Lung.

"Why won't you explain what it all means, Wun Lung?" said Wharton gently.

"No savvy."

"You know we're your friends, and we want to keep you from getting into trouble," said Harry.

"Handsome Hally Wharton velly good!"

Harry Wharton laughed, in spite of himself.

"You young speeder! There's no getting anything out of him, you fellows."

Bob Cherry frowned as he turned away. Wun Lung touched his arm.

"Bob Cholly anely via Wun Lung?" he inquired.

"Yes!" growled Bob.

"Wun Lung solly."

"Tell me where you've been, then."
 "Wun Lung velly bad boy!"
 "Oh, rats!" said Bob; and he shook off the little Chinese's hand and strode away. Wun Lung went into the school-house with drooping head.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Cricketer Extraordinary!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here comes Todd and the three Graces!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

A chuckle ran through the crowd of juniors on the cricket field, as Peter Todd and his comrades came in sight. The heroes of No. 7 Study were in flannels, and carried bats under their arms. Peter Todd looked very fit, and Tom Dutton did not make a bad figure; but Alonzo and Billy Bunter could not be called cricketer-like. Billy Bunter seemed to be bursting out of his flannels, and he was puffing and panting as he kept pace with the long strides of his study leader. Peter was bringing his flock down to cricket practice, and the juniors gathered round, leaving their own practice, highly interested in watching how Bunter and Alonzo would shape.

"You're going to the wicket, Bunter," said Peter Todd. "I'm going to bowl to you. If you let the ball through, you'll hear of it."

Bunter sniffed.

"You jolly well won't be able to touch my wicket, Todd," he said. "I don't want to boast, but there are precious few batsmen like me in the Remove!"

"None at all," grinned Bob Cherry. "You are the one and only, Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter sniffed again, and went to the wicket. He took up an attitude somewhat on the lines of Ajax defying the lightning, and grasped the cane handle of his bat, and blinked along the pitch. Todd went to the bowler's crease, but he did not bowl. He yelled to Bunter.

"Leg before wicket, you ass! Get to the side, can't you?"

"Oh, really, Todd!"

"Kick him right, somebody!"

"Yatoooh!"

Plenty of feet were ready to do Bunter that service. He was booted into the right position, breathing fury.

"Now hold the bat as if it were a bat, and not a pole-axe!" said Peter.

"Look here, Todd, I know how to hold a bat—"

"And if your leg gets in front of that wicket again, you'll want a new leg to walk home with!" warned Peter.

"Look here, bowl, and not so much jaw!" said Bunter.

Peter Todd bowled. Billy Bunter made a wild slash at the ball, and sent his bails flying. The juniors howled with laughter.

"Out!" roared Wharton.

"Look here, that ball didn't touch the wicket!"

"But your bat did! Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat! How am I going to make a cricketer of that idiot?" groaned Peter Todd. "But I'll do it, or be the death of him! Chuck that ball over!"

Vernon-Smith picked up the ball and chuckled it over, intending to catch Peter Todd on the chest with it. It was a vicious throw, but Peter caught it quite easily.

"Not that time, Smitty," he said coolly. "Now, Bunter, look out!"

"Oh, really, Todd!"

The ball came down with a whiz. Bunter's fat leg was directly before the wicket, and the ball was straight as a die. There was a wild yell from Bunter, and he dropped his bat, and, clapping his leg with both hands, danced on the injured one.

"Ow, ow, ow! My leg's broken! Yaroooh! I'm hurt! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh! There's nothing to cackle at, you beast! You! My leg's fractured! Groooh! Todd, you beast, you did that on purpose! You-ow-ow!"

"I told you what would happen if you got leg before wicket," said Peter Todd. "Stop that howling, and pick up your bat."

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Are you going to pick up that bat?" roared Peter.

"You-ow-ow!"

Todd came dashing along the pitch, and Billy Bunter fled. He dodged round the pavilion and raced for the schoolhouse.

"Come back!" yelled Peter.

But Billy Bunter did not come back. He dashed into the house, and locked himself up in his study. He had had enough cricket practice.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Wharton. "Do you still want Bunter to be put in the Form eleven, Todd?"

Peter growled.

"I'll make a cricketer of him yet, or a dead porpoise," he said. "Now, Alonzo, get to the wicket, and try not to be an idiot!"

"My dear Peter!"

"Br-r-r! Take your place! Man in!"

Alonzo Todd obediently went to the wicket. He was very careful not to get leg-before-wicket as Bunter had done. He stood clear of the stumps, with the end of his bat resting on the crease, and so careful was he to keep off the wicket, that he looked like a letter U upside down, as he leaned over his bat. The juniors shrieked with laughter as they watched him.

"Oh, ye gods!" and Peter. "Alonzo, old man, straighten up a bit! And keep your zilly eyes open. I'm going to send you an easy ball!"

"Thank you, my dear Peter!"

Peter sent down an easy, slow ball. Alonzo blinked at it, and was still blinking at it when it whipped the middle stump out.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why didn't you hit it?" yelled Peter.

"My dear Peter, I was just considering where I should hit it," said Alonzo mildly. "Unfortunately, it struck the wicket before I had decided."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hit it next time, fathead, and consider afterwards."

"But surely, my dear Peter—"

"Don't jaw!" said Peter crossly.

Alonzo sighed, and faced the bowling again. Peter sent a slow ball that simply crawled to the wicket, and gave the worst batsman a chance. Alonzo hit at it this time. He hit within a foot of the ball, which was pretty good for Alonzo, and with such force, that he spun round with his bat in the air, and sat down on the crease.

Bump!

"Oh, dear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dear me!" said Alonzo, blinking round him. "Oh, dear! Did I hit that ball, my dear Peter? Is it a boundary?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is it a—a boundary?" gasped Peter. "Oh, my hat! Chuck that ball back, and pick the idiot up! Oh, my only Aunt Jane!"

Bob Cherry and Nagent picked Alonzo up. Alonzo blinked at the ball in great surprise. "Dear me, I struck very hard. I quite thought it was a boundary! Is it possible that I did not strike the ball at all?"

"Just barely possible," grinned Bob Cherry. "Most surprising, isn't it?"

"It is indeed most surprising, my dear Cherry!"

"Look out!" shouted Peter.

"Yes, my dear Peter."

Peter bowled again. This time, as Alonzo slashed wildly, a miracle happened, and the bat came into contact with the ball. The ball spun into the air, and Bob Cherry caught it, and

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Alonzo dropped the bat, and rubbed his hands with an exclamation of dismay.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!"

"What's the matter?" demanded Peter.

"I received a most unpleasant shock in my hands," said Alonzo. "My bat struck something—I suppose it was the ball—but it has jarred my hands most unpleasantly!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll jar your head in a minute!" said Peter. "Take that bat, you fathead, and don't be a bigger idiot than you can help."

Alonzo stood up to the bowling manfully, in spite of that unpleasant shock to his hands, which was caused by hitting the ball with the bat. He realised that that was one of the unavoidable drawbacks of the great game of cricket. He hit at the next ball, and missed it, and the bat flew out of his hands with the force of his terrific swipe in the empty air. There was a yell of alarm from the juniors as the willow flew into the air, and they crowded back out of the danger zone.

"Look out!" yelled Bob Cherry. "He'll brain somebody."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The bat came down fortunately on the ground. The juniors gazed with merriment, as Alonzo blinked round in search of his bat. Peter Todd came along the pitch, and picked up the bat, and jammed the end of it into his cousin's ribs.

"Take the ball," he said. "Go and bowl, fathead! You'll be less dangerous with the ball!"

"My bat!" said Bob Cherry. "If Alonzo is going to bowl, it's time he cleared off. I've seen him bowl before!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And there was a rush to escape as Alonzo took the ball to bowl. The fellows crowded to get behind Alonzo; though Johnny Bull suggested that the safest place would be in front of the wicket Alonzo was bowling at.

Alonzo grasped the ball with a determined air. All great bowlers have their own peculiar style of delivery. Alonzo's style was very peculiar indeed. He took a run of about a dozen yards, and his hand went up—and then went down again. Peter shrieked at him along the pitch.

"Why don't you bowl, fathead?"

"I am just going to, my dear Peter; but I wish to calculate—"

"Bowl, fathead, and calculate afterwards!"

"My dear Peter, in that case, I should probably not take the wicket!"

"That will be rather probable in any case!" grinned Bob Cherry; and Hurree Janset Ram Singh remarked that the probability was not too terrific.

Alonzo took another run, and up went his hand, and the ball flew. But it left his hand at the wrong moment, unfortunately, and flew back over his head. There was a wild yell from the juniors, who found their place of safety behind the bowler not so safe after all.

"Look out!"

"Oh!" roared Vernon-Smith, as the cricket-ball clumped on the side of his head. "Ow! Yahi! My hat! I—I—I'll smash the idiot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Alonzo looked round mildly.

"Have any of you seen that ball? Oh, my dear Smith! Oh—ow—ow!"

Vernon-Smith grasped the Duffer of Greyfriars, and got his head into chancery. Alonzo Todd struggled and roared as the Bounder hammered him. The juniors shrieked with laughter.

"You dangerous idiot!" roared Vernon-Smith. "Take that—and that! You've nearly busted my head! Ow—takes that! You—"

"Ow! Oh! Grooh! Help! My dear Smith—yaroo!"

Peter raced along the pitch, and dragged the Bounder away from Alonzo. Alonzo sat in the grass and blinked painfully with his hand to his nose.

"Oh dear! I am afraid Smithy must be insane. What was the cause of such a sudden and unaccountable act of violence? Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Get up and bowl!" growled Peter. "Here's the ball, idiot—you buffed Smithy on the napper with it!"

"Oh dear! I am sincerely sorry, Smithy—"

"I'll make you sorry!" roared the Bounder, making a rush at Alonzo again. Peter Todd put out his foot just in time, and Vernon-Smith rolled over.

"That's as good as a feast, Smithy," said Peter calmly.

"Keep your wicket on—"

"You—you—you—" pointed the Bounder.

"Oh, come off! Now, Alonzo, take the ball!"

"If he's going to bowl again, I'm going to go on the other side of the School House," said Bob Cherry. "He's dangerous!"

And the juniors streamed off out of range as Alonzo started bowling again. But Peter Todd seemed to possess the patience of Job. He kept Alonzo at the bowling for a good half-hour, with several narrow escapes to himself. He would

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have kept him at it longer, if it had not unfortunately happened that Leder, the prefect, passed on his way to the senior ground. As Leder was at right angles with the line of bowling, he did not imagine that he was in any danger—but he did not know what a bowler Alonzo was. He jumped clear of the ground as the ball caught him on the ear, and glared round him. And Alonzo chirped:

"Would you mind throwing that ball back, Leder?"

Leder did not reply. He made a wild rush at Alonzo, and Peter yelled to his cousin to run. Alonzo looked bewildered.

"But surely it is the batsman who has to run, not the bowler, my dear Peter!" he said. "I do not know very much about cricket, but surely—"

Leder made a grab at him, and then Alonzo understood that, upon this occasion at least, it was a good idea for the bowler to run. And he ran.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Wun Lung's Mysterious Acquaintance.

"COME in!" sang out Harry Wharton.

The chums of the Remore were at tea, when there came a tap at the door. Dick Penfold came into the study.

The Famous Five were all there, seated round the tea-table, which was unusually plentifully supplied. All of them looked a welcome at Dick Penfold. Pen, the son of the village cobbler, and a "scholarship boy" at Greyfriars, was well liked in No. 1 Study.

"Just in time!" said Nugent. "Behold the table groans under the goodly viands, as they say in the giddy novels. There's a chair, Pen."

"I haven't come to tea," said Penfold. "Thanks all the same. I've got something to tell you chaps that I think you ought to know. It's about Wun Lung."

The juniors became serious at once. As a matter of fact, they had been discussing the mystery of the little Chinese when Pen came in.

"Nothing wrong, is there?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I don't know. I've just been over to Peggy," said Penfold, "and I saw him. After what was said in the dorm, the other night, you know—and after his staying out all night—I've been thinking about him. It's quite clear that the young ass is getting himself into some trouble—though goodness knows what."

"Looks like it, and it's up to us to yank him out of it," said Bob.

"I had been to the Anchor, too—to take some boots home for my father," said Pen, colouring a little; "that's how it came about. You know the Anchor is out of bounds for Greyfriars' fellows. But I went there on business for my dad. There's a foreign ship in the bay; she put in nearly a week ago after an accident to her boilers, and she's not repaired yet. A lot of the seamen go to the Anchor. One of them is a Chinaman."

"Oh?" said Harry Wharton, and the juniors were interested at once.

"This Chinese chap is a kind of supercargo, sent by a firm in Canton, where the ship comes from," explained Pen. "His name's Chung. I asked the landlord of the Anchor about him. He is staying at the Anchor while the ship is under repair. He has a room on the ground floor, with a window on the garden. Well, I came through the garden, and I saw Wun Lung. He had just come in, and he was at the window of the Chinaman's room, talking to him. I shouldn't have taken any notice, of course, at any other time, but after what happened the other night, it struck me, and I thought I'd mention it to you. Wun Lung wants looking after, and wants it badly. I made some inquiries about Chung, and I heard that he isn't a very creditable sort of chap—he smokes opium in his room, and sometimes lies asleep the whole day after it. He isn't the kind of chap who will do Wun Lung any good. It's no business of mine, except for the kid's own sake."

"That's all," asked Harry.

"That's all."

"Did Wun Lung see you?"

"Yes, but he didn't speak. He looked scared when he saw me crossing the garden, too, and I could see he was annoyed at being seen. I wouldn't have said a word about it, only I know he's getting himself into trouble. I haven't mentioned it to anybody but you fellows."

And Pen quitted the study.

He left the juniors looking very serious. Pen's discovery had let in some light upon Wun Lung's peculiar conduct, though not much.

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"That explains why he's been going down to Pegg so much," Harry Wharton remarked. "This Chinese chap, Chung, may be a relation of an old friend from China, perhaps."

"Then why can't he see him openly, and not make a giddy secret of it?" said Johnny Bull. "More likely he's a rotter getting something out of Wun Lung. The kid's rolling in money, or, rather, he was till just lately."

"That's so," said Bob Cherry. "If the fellow is getting money out of Wun Lung that would account for the Chinese being short of tin, and pretending he hasn't any. But why should Wun Lung give him money? What hold could the man possibly have over him?"

"Blessed if I know."

"I think there's something more in it than that," said Wharton, with a shake of the head. "I can't guess what it is, but it's something deeper. It can't be a case of blackmail, because Wun Lung can't have done anything the man could hold over his head. He's under the fellow's influence somehow, and it's a rotten, bad influence. It must have been this fellow Chung he was seeing when he stayed out all night."

"It will have to be stopped," said Bob Cherry, frowning.

"I suppose the ship won't stay more than a week or two at Pegg," said Harry. "When it goes, I suppose this man Chung will go, too. But till then—"

"Wun Lung may be caught out of bounds any night and expelled. The Head would get his hair off if he knew that the kid was out all last night."

"What ho!"

"And he was nearly caught. We just saved him from being spotted by Loder. We shouldn't have the same luck another time. And I believe the kid is making a habit of it," said Bob, with a worried look. "I asked him to promise not to do it again, and he did; but you know the queer little beggar doesn't understand anything about keeping promises. He'd say anything to please anybody."

"Then we shall have to keep an eye on him."

"But we can't stay awake all night," said Bob.

"Nunno; that would be a rather big order," confessed Wharton. "We shall have to think of some dodge for giving the alarm if he gets up. He's a queer little beggar; but but

he's a foreigner in this country, and it's up to us to look after him a bit."

"The upfulness is terrific."

Bob Cherry was frowning thoughtfully as he left No. 1 Study. He looked about for Wun Lung, but the Chinese had not come in. Bob Cherry walked down to the gates, and waited for him there. At dark, Gosing the porter locked up the gates; but Wun Lung had not come in.

Then came calling-over, and the boys assembled in hall to answer to their names. Mr. Quelch was calling over the roll, and when he came to the name of Wun Lung there was no reply. Mr. Quelch cast a sharp look at the Remove.

"Wun Lung!" he repeated.

Mr. Quelch marked down the Chinese as absent, and the boys dispersed at the end of roll-call. Bob Cherry growled as they went out.

"The young ass is looking for trouble," he said. "We know where he's been—from what Pen told us. He'll have to report himself to Quelch when he gets in."

It was nearly an hour later when the little Chinese came in. Bob Cherry was waiting at the door for him, and he eyed him grimly.

"So you've got back," he growled.

"Me velly sorry later," said Wun Lung penitently. "Me fallen asleep in class, and goes past station."

"You fell asleep in the train, and went past the station?" repeated Bob Cherry, severely about to believe his ears.

Wun Lung nodded cheerfully.

"Walked to Courtfield, and taken train to Flindale," he explained. "Fallen asleep; velly sorry. Wun Lung velly bad boy."

"You awful Ananias!" said Bob Cherry. "Pen saw you in Pegg, and he told us."

Wun Lung did not change a muscle.

"Allee right," he said, with perfect calmness.

"You own up you were at Pegg?" growled Bob Cherry.

"Allee right."

"You just said you took the train home from Courtfield?"

"Walked to Courtfield from Pegg."

"But it's out of your way. It would have been quicker to walk straight back to Greyfriars," said Bob.

"Me knowed, but mee evened for walkin'."

Bob Cherry exploded.

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OUT ON TUESDAY.



This illustration depicts an amusing incident in the long, complete school story of Tom Merry & Co. at St. Jim's entitled "THE SCHOOLBOY REFORMER," which is contained in the issue of "THE PENNY POPULAR" now on sale. Don't miss it!

"You young rascal! You haven't been to Court-field at all!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Allice light."

"Where have you been?"

"Ah, is that you, Wun Lung?" said Mr. Quelch, coming out of his study at that moment. "You missed calling-over. Where have you been?"

"Take them from Courtfield, and fallow sleeper," said Wun Lung meekly. "Volly solly, Passee station, Wun Lung volly had boy."

Mr. Quelch smiled.

"It is not very bad to fall asleep and pass your station," he said. "It was very careless, and you must be more careful another time, Wun Lung."

"Tankee muchee, say."

Mr. Quelch passed on. He was quite satisfied with the simple explanation. Wun Lung grinned at Bob Cherry; but his grin vanished as he saw Bob's expression of disgusted contempt.

"Bob Chelly nearly?" he asked timidly.

"I don't like liars," said Bob Cherry coldly, and he turned away.

"Wun Lung solly."

Bob made no reply to that. He realized the uselessness of talking to Wun Lung upon the subject of speaking the truth. Yet, in spite of his disgust at that peculiar trait in the little Chinese, his concern for him was not diminished, and as he left him he was revolving in his mind a plan for saving the luckless Chinese from his own folly.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER. Bob Cherry Makes a Capture.

"YOU'D better be careful, you young rascal!" Loder, the prefect, said, as he came into the Remorse dormitory for lights out that night. "I shall be keeping an eye on this dormitory. Which of you was out of the dorm, last night?"

The juniors stared at him.

"One of you was out," said Loder grimly. "You've been breaking bounds, some of you."

"What's put that into your head, Loder?" asked Nugent.

"The box-room window was found unfastened this morning," said Loder. "Somebody got out, and forgot to fasten it when he came in."

Bob Cherry whistled softly. Wun Lung had evidently left by way of the box-room window the previous night, and as he had not returned until the morning, the window had naturally remained unfastened, as Wun Lung had come in another way. Loder gave Bob a sharp look.

"Do you know anything about it, Cherry?" he demanded.

"Of course I do," said Bob.

"Oh! What do you know about it?" asked Loder, taken a little aback.

"Why, it's as clear as daylight. If the box-room window was found unfastened, that proves that somebody must have unfastened it," said Bob innocently; "and if it wasn't fastened again, that proves that somebody didn't fasten it again. You can put that down to me. I certainly didn't fasten it again."

"Did you go out last night?" roared Loder.

"Oh, no! I was talking about the box-room window. We're all equally guilty. Not one of us fastened it again. Now, you'd better look for the chap who unfastened it in the first place, and the case will be complete."

"Hu, ha, ha!"

"I'm pretty certain it was somebody from this dormitory," growled Loder. "Mind, I shall have an eye on this dormitory. And if I catch you—"

Loder's majestic brow told the rest. He put out the light, and retired, and there was a buzz of voices at once.

"That was you, Wun Lung, you young ass!"

"Do you hear, Wun Lung?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Me heeler," said Wun Lung meekly.

"I'm going to keep an eye open, as well as Loder," said Bob, "and if you try to get out of this dorm, to-morrow I'm going to rope you to your bed. See?"

"Undesone Bob Chelly volly kind."

"Oh, go to sleep!" growled Bob in disgust.

But Bob Cherry did not go to sleep himself. He had formed over various plans in his mind, and he could think of nothing but staying awake to keep an eye on the little Chinese. It was not easy for Bob to keep awake, however. He had closed his eyes by the time half-past ten struck from the old clock tower.

Then he started out of a drowsy state as he heard a sound in the dormitory. He sat quickly up in bed and listened.

The dormitory door had opened softly.

"The young ass!" muttered Bob Cherry. "He's at it again—and after what he heard Loder say, too! The silly young ass! He's simply looking for trouble. Loder will be on the watch, and the silly kid will run right into his arms if I don't stop him."

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ONE
PENNY.

Bob Cherry stepped silently from his bed.

He did not wish to give Wun Lung the alarm. The little Chinese would probably have bolted at once, if he had heard Bob moving. Bob was very cautious. He made no sound as he stepped out of bed, and he moved towards the door with equal caution.

He had distinctly heard the door close, and so he concluded that Wun Lung had left.

It did not occur to him, for the moment, that a watchful prefect might have opened the door from the outside, to glance in and see if all was quiet.

Bob Cherry opened the door in his turn.

He stepped into the chilly passage. The cold draught struck through his pyjamas, and he shivered a little. The passage was intensely dark. From the direction of the staircase came a glimmer of light; lights were not yet out below. But in the dormitory passage all was blackness.

Bob Cherry peered along the passage and listened.

He could see nothing and hear nothing. But he could guess that Wun Lung had gone in the direction of the box-room, and he moved quickly and silently in that direction.

Then he uttered a sudden cry, as he came into violent contact with a form in the darkness.

There was a gasp, too, from the person he ran into, who was probably equally startled.

"Got you?" said Bob Cherry grimly.

"And he grasped the unseen figure with strong hands, and whirled him over to the wall with a bump.

"Ow!"

"Got you, you blunderer! Now—oh!"

But a heavy fist struck full into Bob Cherry's face, and he reeled back for a moment. But he did not let go. Surprised as he was at Wun Lung striking him so savagely, he did not loosen his grasp; but he was angry now, and he gripped his prisoner harder, and brought him to the floor with a crash, and rolled on him. In a moment more the unseen individual was grinding his nose on the linoleum, and Bob Cherry was seated on his back, pinning him down.

"Groosh! I Groosh-ho!" came an indistinct gurgle from the fellow underneath.

Bob Cherry paused.

"You young rascal! What do you mean by hitting me like that? You might have banged me in the eye!"

"Groosh! Leggo!"

"I'll jolly well rub your features on the floor, you young coter," said Bob, and he groped over the back of his prisoner's head for the pigtail, to get a good grip.

Then he jumped.

His groping hands came in contact, not with a Chinese pigtail, but with ordinary hair.

Bob Cherry was almost paralysed for a moment. It was evidently not Wun Lung whom he had captured in the passage at the darkness.

"M-m-m my hat?" gasped Bob. "Who—who is it?"

"Groosh!"

"Who are you, you silly ass?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Groosh! Goo-uh! I'm Loder!"

"Loder! Oh, great guns!"

Bob Cherry rolled off the prefect. It was Loder he had captured; and he understood now that it must have been Loder who had opened the door of the dormitory. Loder staggered to his feet, breathless and gasping, and almost speechless. But not quite.

"That's you, Cherry?" the prefect hissed out. "I know your voice—"

"Why didn't you say you were Loder?" demanded Bob, backing away against the wall to keep out of the prefect's reach.

"You know I was Loder, you young villain!"

"I didn't," said Bob. "I woke up and heard the door open, and after what you said, naturally I supposed it was a Remorse chap going out—and I got out to stop him. How was I to know you were spying on us?"

That question did not seem to calm Loder at all. He ground towards Bob Cherry, and guided by the sound of his voice in the darkness, aimed a savage blow at his face. If that blow had hit Bob, as Loder intended, it would have crashed his head back against the wall, and hurt him considerably. But Bob instinctively dodged aside, and there was a crash as Loder's knuckles came into violent contact with the wall instead of Bob Cherry's head.

The prefect uttered a hoarse cry of anguish.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Bob Cherry could not help chuckling.

"What are you knocking the wall about for, Loder?" he inquired.

"Ow, ow," mumbled the prefect, sucking furiously at his battered knuckles. "Ow! I'll give you the licking of your life for this! Ow!"

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"Well, it's not my fault if you use the wall for a punching-bag. No, you don't!" said Bob, doing again as the p.

"Come here, you young scoundrel!" roared Loder.

Bob Cherry retreated into the dormitory. The key was on the inside of the door, and Bob turned it in the lock. The next moment Loder turned the handle from the outside, but the dormitory door did not open.

"Open this door, Bob Cherry!" came Loder's voice, in tones of suppressed fury, from outside.

"Not this evening," said Bob cheerfully.

"I shall report you to Mr. Quelch!"

"Report away; and report to him that you were spying at the same time, and startling innocent little boys by opening their door in the middle of the night," retorted Bob. "He will be pleased to know about that."

He heard Loder growl and retire. Bob Cherry grinned. He was pretty certain that Loder would not report that case of assault and battery to the Form-master. Mr. Quelch was not likely to approve of Loder's methods.

"What's that blessed row?" came Harry Wharton's voice. "Is that you up, Bob?"

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Bob. "I went out to catch Wun Lung, and caught Loder."

"Is Wun Lung up?" asked Harry, sitting up in bed.

"I don't think so; but I'll look to make sure."

"He'll be all right."

"Oh, you're there, are you?" growled Bob Cherry. "I've just been looking for you, and I've bumped Loder by mistake."

"The little Chinese chuckled. "Velly funny!"

"What are you doing awake at this time of night?" demanded Bob.

"Handsome Bob Chelly wake me by talkee-talkoo."

"H'm, p'raps," said Bob. "Look here, if you got out of this dorm, Wun Lung you'll get into trouble. Loder's specially keen on catching some of us; and, besides, I'm going to lick you if you go out. Understand?"

"Me savvy."

"Go to sleep, then."

"Aller light; me sleepee."

Bob Cherry went back to bed. He did not intend to go to sleep, but in a few minutes his eyes were closed. He had taken the key from the door, as an additional precaution, so Wun Lung would not be able to escape that way, if he was intending to break bounds again that night. But there was the window—and the little Chinese could climb like a cat. Bob Cherry slept, but his slumber was uneasy, and when midnight tolled out from the clock-tower he started and opened his eyes.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Pursuit of Wun Lung.

BOB CHERRY lay awake, his eyes open in the darkness, collecting his thoughts. He had been dreaming, and in his dreams he had been chasing Wun Lung across the Close, with Loder on his track. The excitement of that chase in dreamland had awakened him, and he lay for a moment or two uncertain where he was, and whether it was real or not. His eyes turned on the dim glimmer of the high windows, and he heard the last stroke of twelve die away in the silence of the night.

He sat up in bed and peered in the direction of Wun Lung's bed. He could not see it in the gloom; and he growled to himself as he stepped out of bed. His night's rest was being considerably disturbed by his watch over Wun Lung, and he was greatly inclined to take the simpler and easier method of thrashing Wun Lung into good behavior. He groped his way to Wun Lung's bed, and peered at it, and was satisfied. He could dimly make out the form of the sleeper beneath the coverlet.

"Oh, you're sleeping now, are you?" he muttered.

There was no answer from Wun Lung's bed.

"Fast asleep—eh?" said Bob Cherry suspiciously.

He listened for an answer, but none came, and it struck him, at the same moment, that the sleeper was unusually quiet. He bent a little closer to hear the little Chinese's breathing; remembering the strange scene in the study, and that mysterious seizure the Chinese had appeared to be suffering from.

But, closely as he bent down, he could not hear Wun Lung breathe. Bob Cherry's heart gave a painful jump. Was the little fellow ill again? Had that strange unconsciousness seized upon him in the darkness of the night? Was he, perhaps—? He could not frame the word even to himself. He reached out his hand to pull the sheet from the face of the sleeper.

Then he started again, but now his face was angry. For it was not a face that the sheet covered—there was no face there. The pillow had been bulged up to look like a sleeper's head, with the sheet drawn over it, and under the coverlet there was nothing but an arrangement of bolster and blankets. Bob Cherry, with an angry exclamation, dragged the bed-clothes off. The bed was empty.

"My hat! The cunning young rascal!"

Wun Lung was gone. He had left his bed carefully arranged to look as if there were a sleeper in it—in case Bob should look at him again that night. And he was gone!

Gone—where? Another "night out" with certain discovery and punishment awaiting him if he returned after daylight again. The juniors would not have the luck to save him from exposure a second time.

Bob Cherry stood for a minute or two in silence, his brain in a whirl. He could guess where the little Chinese had gone; Pen's information of what he had seen at Pegg cleared up that point. But what was he gone there for—for what reason had he stolen out of Greyfriars at midnight, to meet the mysterious Chinaman at the Anchor?

Bob crossed over to Harry Wharton's bed, and shook the captain of the Remore by the shoulder.

Wharton opened his eyes.

"Is that you, Bob?"

"Yes. Wake up, old chap!" said Bob, in a low voice.

"What's the matter?"

"Wun Lung's gone again!"

"Gone?" exclaimed Wharton, starting up.

"Yes. The young rotter's left a dummy in his bed. I shouldn't have found him out, only I listened for his breathing, and couldn't hear it."

Wharton rubbed his eyes.

"The young ass!" he said. "What's going to be done? He'll be bowled out, as sure as a gun, this time, Bob! And dashed if I care about taking the trouble to get him in as we did before! We can't enter into this kind of thing. It's rotten! Besides, if it came out, we should have a good chance of all getting the boot together."

"I know that," said Bob. "It's got to stop. I'm not going to make myself a party to a fellow going out at night—now if I know it. But I can't leave that young ass to get himself sacked. There's only one way to stop him."

"What's that?" asked Harry, guessing what was coming.

"I'm going to fetch him back."

"That's a big order, Bob. It means breaking bounds yourself."

"I'm going to risk it," said Bob determinedly. "Will you come with me, Harry?"

"I will if you're going, that's a cert!" said Wharton.

"We're in this together. And we'll have something to say to that scoundrel who's making the young idiot do this."

"That's what I thought."

Wharton slipped out of bed, and the two juniors dressed quickly and quietly in the darkness. They did not want to awaken any of the other fellows.

"The door's locked," said Bob, in a low voice. "I've got the key. He must have got out by the window, Harry. Shall we risk it?"

"I've been down that way before," said Harry, "but it's jolly risky after dark. Why not get out through the box-room?"

"Loder might be still on the watch."

"He wouldn't stay up so late as this."

"He might catch us, though. He's got it into his head that somebody from his dorm, has been breaking bounds at night, and he'd give his little finger to catch one of us and get us sacked."

"The window, then," said Harry, after a moment's reflection.

Wharton drew a chair to the window, and mounted there. He uttered a suppressed exclamation:

"There's a rope here, Bob."

"A rope?" repeated Bob.

"Yes, Wun Lung must have left it to come in by."

"The young ass! Suppose he didn't come back till morning—the same as before! The rope would have given him away at once! Imagine Quelch's face if he found a rope hanging from this window when he trotted out into the Close in the morning! The little begger seems to be out of his senses!"

"There's something awfully queer in it, Bob. I don't know what we shall find out when we get to the Anchor," said Harry, slowly.

"Let's get the rope," said Bob, bravely.

The rope was fastened to the little iron railing outside the window. It hung down in the ivy. Wharton tossed it to make sure that it was securely tied, and then swung himself out on it. Even with the aid of a rope, it required a good deal of nerve to descend from the high window into the

darkness below. But neither of the chums of the Remove lacked nerve.

Harry Wharton swung himself down the rope, and shook it, as a signal to Bob that he was on the ground. Bob Cherry descended in his turn.

The Close was very dark. Only from one or two windows came a glimmer of light.

"I suppose it's pretty certain that he's gone to the place where Pen saw him?" Harry Wharton said, in a low voice.

"I'm sure of it."

"If we find him there—"

"I'm certain we shall find him there," said Bob.

"But if he won't come back—"

Bob Cherry set his teeth hard.

"He will come back," he said. "If he doesn't want to, we'll carry him by force. He's got to come back. And tomorrow I'll give him such a kicking that he won't give us this trouble again in a hurry!"

"Good egg!"

The two juniors crossed the dusky Close to the school wall. In a few minutes they were over the wall and striding along the dark lane towards the shore. The country road was deserted and lonely.

A light suddenly glimmered in the gloom as they came to the cross-roads. Harry Wharton grasped his companion, and dragged him through the hedge. Police-Constable Tozer, of Friarale, came along the road with his stately stride, his lantern gleaming into the darkness.

The juniors held their breath. Mr. Tozer had old scores against the heroes of the Remove, and if he discovered them outside the school at that hour of the night he would most certainly march them directly back to Greyfriars and deliver them into the hands of Dr. Locke—as, indeed, would be his duty.

The constable had evidently heard something, for he peered in the lane, and flashed the light of his lantern round him. The rays of light glimmered on the hedge behind which the two juniors crouched, breathless.

Would Mr. Tozer see them? It would be a sudden and inglorious end to the expedition.

Mr. Tozer blinked at the hedge, and then his lantern turned round, and he blinked in another direction. The juniors breathed again. He had not seen them.

Mr. Tozer murmured something to himself, and marched on down the lane. His portly form disappeared into the darkness.

Bob Cherry gasped.

"My hat! That was a narrow shave!"

"Jolly good mind to send a turf after him!" growled Wharton. "What right has the silly ass to scare us like that? I could knock his helmet off with one shot!"

Bob chuckled.

"Another time, you fathead!" he said. "We don't want trouble with Tozer now. Come on!"

And the juniors emerged from the hedge and hurried on their way to the Pegg. In a few minutes more they were in sight of the sea, murmuring on the shingle with a low, continuous sound in the darkness. The fishing village was silent and dark. The last light was out, and the Anchor Inn, as the juniors came in sight of it, did not show a glimmer from a single window.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER. The Opium Victim.

THE juniors' hearts were beating as they opened the creaking gate and entered the inn garden. The creak of the gate, faint as it was, sounded loudly in their ears in the stillness around them. The seriousness of what they had undertaken came more clearly into their minds now. If they should be discovered in the inn garden at that hour of the night, they would require a great deal of explanation. But they were there to save a chum, and it was from his own folly that he was to be saved. They moved silently along the garden path, and a glimmer of light struck upon their eyes from a window on the ground floor in the back of the house. Someone was up, evidently. They knew who it was. Pen had told them the situation of the Chinaman's room. Chung, the mysterious Chinaman who had lauded from the disabled ship in the harbour, was still up, and the juniors had no doubt that they would find Wun Lung with him.

They moved silently towards the window where the light gleamed. That Wun Lung's visits to the place were a secret at the Anchor, as well as at Greyfriars, was certain. The landlord of the inn would certainly have turned his Chinese guest out of the house if he had known that he was inducing a Greyfriars junior to visit him at midnight in his room. Mr. Chucks was not a gentleman of the best character, but he would certainly have drawn the line at anything of that kind. The juniors had to be very careful to proceed without awakening anyone belonging to the inn. For if the landlord had learned of their visit, he would have

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reported the matter to the Head of Greyfriars in the morning. They realised very clearly the risks they were running as they approached the lighted window of the Chinaman's room.

The curtains were drawn across the window, screening the interior from view. A narrow slit between the heavy, dark curtains allowed the gleam of light to escape, and gave a partial view of the interior of the room.

The juniors pressed their faces to the glass.

The narrow opening of the dark curtains allowed them to see across the room, but that was all. The greater part was hidden from their sight.

At first they could make out nothing but a shabby carpet and some articles of furniture. Then Wharton discerned a pair of feet on the floor. The feet were too large to be Wun Lung's, and they were encased in a pair of loose, flowered slippers. The owner of the feet was evidently reclining on the floor, and the feet were so motionless that it was evident that the man was asleep. The curtains hid the rest of him from sight.

"That must be Chung!" whispered Wharton.

Bob nodded.

"But what on earth is he lying on the floor for?" he murmured. "If he's gone to sleep, why hasn't he gone to bed?"

"And I don't see Wun Lung!"

"Look!" muttered Bob.

There was a slight movement in the room. A foot came into sight, as if someone, out of view, was stretching himself as he lay on the floor. It was a smaller foot than the others—the foot of a boy.

The foot remained in sight, motionless.

"That's Wun Lung!" muttered Harry.

"Yes."

"But what—what does it mean?"

"Goodness knows."

A strange chill of horror was creeping over the two juniors. What horrible mystery was hidden by those dark curtains?

For full five minutes the two juniors remained there, silent, their faces pressed to the window-pane.

There was no further movement in the room.

All was silent and still.

Bob Cherry made a movement at last. He seemed to be shaking off the uncanny horror that had taken hold of him.

"I'm going in, Harry!"

"Right, Bob, but quiet! We've got to get the young fool away without waking the house."

Bob Cherry nodded. It was easy to push up the sash of the window. It made no noise as it glided up under Bob Cherry's pressure.

If the occupants of the room had been awake, they would certainly have been alarmed by the opening of the window, silent as it was. But there was no movement in the room. The sash was up now, and Bob Cherry put his knee on the low window-sill.

He gripped hold of the curtains, and pulled them back, and leaped into the room at the same moment. Harry Wharton was only a second later. The curtains fell back over the window behind them.

The juniors, in the midst of a dead silence, looked about them. A strange odour smote upon their nostrils—an odour they knew! It was the same strange smell they had noticed in No. 13 Study, when they had broken into the study and found Wun Lung in a state of unconsciousness in the arm-chair. It struck them familiarly now.

Wun Lung lay upon the carpet, propped up against the wall upon cushions. His head was leaning forward on his breast, and he was evidently quite unconscious. In his hand was a strangely-formed pipe.

On the other side of the room a big, yellow-faced Chinaman was stretched, his head on a heap of pillows. He, too, had a pipe in his hand, and the mouthpiece was in his mouth. He was not asleep, however, and the juniors started as they saw his narrow slits of eyes open, the gaze fixing strangely upon them.

He was not sleeping, but he did not move. He showed no sign of surprise at this sudden invasion of his room. He made no movement, only his fixed, glazed eyes fastened upon them with a slow intentness. He was sunk into a lethargy from which nothing could have roused him. The steady, senseless stare of the fixed eyes made the juniors shiver.

What did it mean?

Wun Lung had been smoking that queer-looking pipe—there was no doubt about that. But what was the meaning of his strange insensibility?

Bob Cherry bent over him and shook him roughly by the shoulder.

"Wun Lung! Wake up!"

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Wun Lung's head sagged heavily to one side, but that was all.

The juniors' eyes met in horror and amazement.

"What's the matter with him?" whispered Harry.

"It's the same as when we found him in the study!" muttered Bob. "He can't wake up! He—he's been taking some drug or something!"

Wharton started.

Like a flash the true explanation of the mystery came into his mind.

"Opium!" he muttered breathlessly.

"Opium!" repeated Bob.

"Yes. You know, it's a Chinese habit; they eat and smoke opium, same as some silly idiots in this country take morphia. It's a common thing out there, and there are opium dens in London, too—I've heard of them."

"And—Wun Lung—"

"The silly kid! He's let that beast yonder give him opium."

Bob Cherry shuddered.

He realized now that that was what it was.

He had not known what he would discover at the inn. He did not believe that Wun Lung was guilty of the same folly as Vernon Smith, of the Remove—smoking, and drinking, and playing cards, or any blackguardism of that kind. He had not known what to suspect. But the explanation, when it came, was worse than anything he had dared to think of. Wun Lung, a mere lad, an opium fiend. It seemed too horrible to be true!

But it was true!

The little Chinese lay at his feet, helplessly overcome by the subtle drug. Bob Cherry understood now what had been the matter with the boy that day in the study. He had been taking opium there, and the juniors had found him sleeping off the effects of the drug. And that discovery had warned Wun Lung that it was not safe to indulge the vice at the school, and so he had come about the nightly visits to his Chinese acquaintance at the Anchor Inn. The juniors understood now the reckless—the wretched boy had shown—the risks he had taken of discovery. For to the victim of the opium habit nothing seems so dreadful as being deprived of the accustomed drug. The habit—worse than the worst form of drunkenness—once contracted, renders the victim a helpless slave, and slowly but surely saps away strength and courage, and every feeling save one—the craving for the drug itself.

"The young ass! The idiot!" muttered Bob Cherry. "Thank goodness we've found it out! Now to get him back to the school, Harry!"

"The young duffer might not have woke up till morning," Wharton said, in a low voice. "He would have been caught coming in, as safe as house, and expelled!"

Bob Cherry shook Wun Lung again.

But the little Chinese did not open his eyes.

"He can't wake!" said Bob. "We've got to carry him, Harry!"

"I suppose so. Lay hold!"

The juniors lifted the little fellow between them. Wun Lung was of very diminutive size, and a light weight. They bore him to the window, and Wharton held him on the sill, while Bob scrambled out. The heavy, dull eyes of the big Chinaman on the floor watched them, with fixed intusiveness, but without a glimmer of curiosity. He did not move, and did not speak.

Bob Cherry received the little Chinese from Wharton, and lowered him to the ground. Then Wharton scrambled out of the window.

Not a sound or a movement from the Chinaman in the room. If he had tried to interfere, the Greyfriars juniors were quite prepared to handle him, and they would not have handled him gently. But he was too far gone in the effects of the drug to take any notice of them, beyond that fixed and dreamy stare.

Wun Lung did not open his eyes. The juniors carried him out of the garden into the road. He remained quite unconscious.

"He doesn't weigh much," said Harry. "We'll take him in turns, Bob."

"Right you are!"

Wharton hoisted the little Chinese like a sack on his shoulder, and they started for Greyfriars.

Fortunately, at that hour of the night, the lanes were quite deserted.

They had no fear of meeting anybody, unless, perhaps, Police-constable Tozer. They kept their eyes well about them as they came into Friendly Lane.

There Bob Cherry relieved Wharton of his burden. The little Chinese was still in a deep, heavy sleep.

"I'll cut ahead, and keep an eye open for Tozer," said Harry.

Mr. Tozer, however, had gone on, long ago, and he was THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 276.

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Justly not sighted on the road. The juniors arrived at the school wall, and Bob Cherry set his burden down. As he stood breathing hard after his exertion, there was a murmur from Wun Lung.

"He's waking up!" said Bob.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER. A Narrow Escape.

WUN LUNG'S almond eyes opened, blinking dazedly.

"You wake me!"

"Do you know where you are?" said Harry Wharton.

"No knowee. Me goee sleepiee."

"You've been taking opium, you young rascal!"

"No lakkee."

"No good talking to him," said Bob. "He'd lie Ananias's head off. Get up, you little beast; we've got to get you over the wall yet."

"Me goee sleepiee."

And Wun Lung's eyes closed again. Bob Cherry shook him.

"Wake up, Wun Lung! You've got to get in!"

Wun Lung murmured, but did not open his eyes. Bob Cherry looked helplessly at his chin.

"We've got to get him in," he said. "You get on the wall, and I'll shove the little idiot up to you."

Wharton climbed on the wall. Bob Cherry raised the sleeping Chinese, and passed him up to Wharton, who pulled him on top of the wall. Then he lowered him into the Close, and let him slide down to the ground. The two juniors joined him there. Wun Lung had curled up on the ground, and was fast asleep.

The Close was very silent, and darker than when the juniors had left. It was past one o'clock, and the last light in the windows was out.

Wharton picked up the little Chinese, and carried him across the Close. There was only one way of getting him into the dormitory—by the window. He could not possibly be carried in through the house without discovery.

But to get him to the window was a difficult task. Without the rope it would have been impossible. Wharton took the end of the rope, and passed it round Wun Lung's body under the arms, and knotted it securely.

"We shall have to climb up, and then pull him in," he said. "I hope Leder isn't on the watch, that's all. Come on."

They climbed the rope, and clambered in at the window. A voice started them as they landed on the floor inside.

"Where have you bouders been?"

It was Peter Todd. He was sitting up in bed, peering at them in the darkness. The rest of the Remove were sound asleep.

"Don't make a row, Todd," said Wharton. "Come and lend us a hand, like a good chap. We've got to get Wun Lung in."

Peter Todd whistled softly.

"My hat! Why can't he get in by himself, if he's out?"

"He's unconscious—he's been taking opium with a scoundrel at the Anchor," said Harry, in a low voice.

"Great Scott! So that's the giddy secret."

"Yes. Keep it dark, for goodness' sake!"

"What ho!" said Peter.

And he turned out of bed to help the efforts of the Remove in their difficult task.

With their chests on the iron railing of the window-sill, Wharton and Bob Cherry pulled on the rope, and Peter Todd, standing inside the dormitory, pulled too, winding the rope as it came in, round a leg of the nearest bed, so that it could not possibly slip back.

The little Chinese came gliding up through the ivy, with a loud rustle as the passage of his body disturbed the clinging masses. The sound seemed terribly loud to the juniors in the silence of the night. But there was no help for it, and they had to take the risk of its being heard.

"Go him!" breathed Bob Cherry at last.

And he fastened his grip upon the little Chinese, and dragged him in over the rail, and lowered him into Peter Todd's arms in the dormitory.

Peter carried the insensible boy to his bed, and placed him in it. Wun Lung's eyes opened for a moment, and he blinked at Peter Todd.

"Me goee sleepiee!" he murmured.

"Best thing you can do!" growled Peter.

And Wun Lung fell asleep again.

Wharton pulled in the rope, and coiled it up, and hid it under the mattress of his bed. There was a sound in the passage, and the handle of the dormitory door was turned.

The sudden sound in the darkness made the juniors' hearts leap.

"Caught!" murmured Peter Todd.
"It's all right—the door's locked, and I've got the key!"
muttered Bob Cherry hurriedly.
"Oh, good luck!"

The door-handle was turned again.
Wharton closed the window silently, and the two juniors hurriedly undressed. There was a tap at the door.

"Open this door!" said Loder's voice. "I've heard you, you young rascals! I've been waiting up for you! Open this door at once!"

"Bob!" whispered Wharton.
"What's that?"

The juniors turned in.
But Loder was not satisfied. He had sacrificed a night's rest in the hope of catching the chums of the Remove, and his vigil had been rewarded. He had distinctly heard sounds from the dormitory, which showed him that the juniors were out of bed, and the prefect's belief was that the mysterious breaker of bounds had let himself out of the dormitory, and locked the door behind him, to prevent discovery.

Tap, tap!
"Will you open this door, you young hounds?"
Bob Cherry chuckled softly.

"I know someone is out of the dormitory," went on Loder's voice, through the keyhole. "I'm going to know which one of you young scoundrels it is. Are you going to unlock the door, or are you not?"

"Not!" murmured Bob Cherry, though not loudly enough to be heard.

"If you do not open the door immediately, I shall fetch Mr. Quelch here! He has a master-key, as you know."

"Fetch away!" murmured Bob Cherry.

The prefect's footsteps could be heard retreating. Whether he had gone away, or had simply gone to fetch the Form-master, the juniors did not know. They waited anxiously.

"My hat!" murmured Peter Todd. "If Quelch comes in we shall have to be awfully fast asleep. Mind, you fellows, don't wake up!"

"No fear!"

"Here they come!" murmured Bob Cherry, as there was a sound of footsteps in the passage, and a light glimmered under the door. "Quelch will be pleased at being fetched out of bed in the middle of the night—I don't think!"

"Not a sound!" murmured Wharton.

The juniors lay very quiet, breathing steadily. There was a slight tap at the door.

"Are you awake, my boys?"

It was the Remove-master's voice. As he received no reply, Mr. Quelch inserted a key into the lock, and unlocked the door. Nothing but steady breathing, and the deep, unmusical snore of Billy Bunter, could be heard, as Mr. Quelch stepped into the dormitory. The Remove-master curled a lamp in his hand, and the light glimmered over the white beds and the sleeping juniors. Loder followed the Form-master in, his face very spiteful in its expression.

"The boys seem to be all here!" said Mr. Quelch coldly. "I told you I thought you had made a mistake, Loder. I really wish you would not disturb me at this hour of the night on a mere suspicion. It is most annoying!"

The prefect hit his lip. He looked sharply at all the beds, quite prepared for a trick. But there was evidently a boy in each bed, and each boy was, or seemed to be, fast asleep.

"I'm sorry, sir!" said Loder, quavering his lip. "But I certainly heard someone moving in here, and talking, too. And the door was locked. You remember the box-room window was left open by somebody last night—and the Head has ordered all the prefects to be very watchful. I stayed up to-night to watch; I considered it my duty!"

"You seem to take a somewhat exaggerated view of a prefect's duty, Loder," said Mr. Quelch icily. "I commend your zeal—but it is really not a prefect's duty to stay up all night. And it is not his duty to wake up a master in the middle of the night, and bring him out of his room upon a wild-goose chase, Loder!"

Mr. Quelch was evidently not pleased.

"The door was locked," said Loder; "and I had already caught Cherry outside the dormitory after lights out, and I supposed—"

"I really wish you had made sure, Loder! However, I will speak to Cherry."

Mr. Quelch shook the junior, and Bob Cherry opened his eyes and yawned portentously.

"None of your larks!" he murmured. "Tain't rising-bell."

Mr. Quelch smiled slightly.

"No; it is not rising-bell, Cherry," he said. "It is scarcely two o'clock. It is I, your Form-master. Wake up, Cherry!"

Bob Cherry rubbed his eyes.

"Yes, sir? I'm awake!"

"Loder tells me he found you outside the dormitory after lights out, Cherry!"

"Yes, sir. Loder opened the door, and I thought it was a chap going out, and I went after him to lug him back, sir. I didn't know it was Loder spying, of course!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 276.

NEXT MONDAY: "HOLDING THE FORT!"

Mr. Quelch coughed, and the prefect turned red with rage.

"You must not say that, Cherry! Loder was doing his—ahem—duty as a prefect! You say you supposed someone had left the dormitory, as you heard the door open?"

"Yes, sir, and I collared him in the passage, only it turned out to be Loder."

"That is a perfectly satisfactory explanation, Loder."

"I don't believe a word of it, sir!"

"On the contrary, I believe every word of it!" said Mr. Quelch coldly. "Cherry is telling the truth, and it was quite meritorious of him to try to stop any boy here who left the dormitory after lights out. Naturally, he did not know that it was you who opened the door, as he did not know that you were taking such an extremely exaggerated view of your duties as a prefect. Why did you lock the door, Cherry?"

"To keep Loder out, sir. He was awfully waxy, and pyjamas aren't much protection when a fellow like Loder starts slogging!"

Mr. Quelch smiled again.

"Very well; that is quite satisfactory!"

"But, sir—" began Loder.

"The matter is ended, Loder!"

"But I heard them moving, and talking—"

"You might have heard some boy talking in his sleep, Loder, or perhaps that dreadful snoring of Bunter," said Mr. Quelch. "I am afraid you have been over-zealous, Loder. I should recommend you to go to bed now, and not stay up to such hours again!"

"I—I—I—"

"Good-night, Cherry!"

"Good-night, sir!"

Mr. Quelch left the dormitory, and the prefect had to follow him. The door closed. Not till the sound of footsteps had died away was there a sound in the Remove dormitory, and then three distinct chuckles might have been heard.

"Poor old Loder!" murmured Bob Cherry. "He wants to catch us napping so badly, and he always makes a mess of it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quelch's a brick, though," said Wharton. "If he'd asked us a lot of questions, we should have been in a fix. Jolly lucky we had the window closed and the rope hidden. If he knew that we'd been out after Wun Lung—"

"Thank goodness he doesn't! And we'll talk to Wun Lung in the morning!" said Bob Cherry, with grim emphasis.

And in a few minutes more the chums of the Remove were asleep.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Punishing a Rascal!

WUN LUNG looked very sheepish when the Remove turned out the next morning. The events of the night were dim in his mind, but he knew what had happened. He showed a great disposition to avoid Bob Cherry and Harry Wharton, but the chums of the Remove were not to be avoided. They had something to say to the little Chinese, and they meant to say it.

After morning lessons, Wun Lung scuttled away into the Close at once as the Remove came out, and Wharton and Bob Cherry ran him down under the elms. Wun Lung met them with a grin as he saw that there was no escape.

"Handsome Bob Chelly looker for me?" he asked innocently.

"Yes, I'm looking for you!" said Bob Cherry grimly.

"I'm going to talk to you like a giddy Dutch uncle!"

"Handsome Bob Chelly velly kind!"

"We know your secret now, Wun Lung," said Harry Wharton abruptly. "You have been going down to the Anchor, in Pegg, to take opium with that Chinaman Chung."

"No savvy!"

"No savvy" won't do now, as we caught you there, and carried you home!" said Harry Wharton sharply. "Do you understand that but for us you would have been found out, and expelled from the school, and that we were nearly found out, too?"

"Wun Lung solly! Wun Lung velly bad boy!"

"You've got to make a clean breast of it now," said Harry. "Who is that Chinaman—a relation of yours?"

Wun Lung shook his head.

"Me knowee Chung in Canton," he said. "He blongree to father's tea-plantation, you savvy. He takee opium. Me meetee him in Pegg, and me gooe see him."

"And he gave you opium?"

"Me askee for it. Me wantee slee whatee like."

"Then you haven't been in the habit of taking the beastly stuff?" asked Wharton, with a great feeling of relief.

(Concluded on page 26.)

START TO-DAY!

'Mysteria'



By SIDNEY DREW.

READ THIS FIRST.

Ferrers Lord, the famous multi-millionaire, is surrounded in his magnificent London residence by his friends Ching-Lung, O'Roonoy, Gan-Waga the Esquimo, and Prout & Co.—the stalwarts of the millionaire's famous submarine, the Lord of the Deep. After a period of inaction there is a rumour abroad that Ferrers Lord is about to start upon one of his great expeditions again. Meantime, the millionaire himself is, devoting all his attention to a curiously carved narwhal's tusk, which he has picked up in an East End curio-dealer's shop. The tusk proves to be hollow, and to contain some gold coins, and a small wad of parchment, which bears a strange message from the sea. In connection with this mysterious curio, Ferrers Lord, disguised as a seaman, visits the London dock district in search of a blind Lascar; the millionaire fails to find his man, whom he subsequently learns has been stabbed in a brawl.

(Now go on with the story.)

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Millionaire Has a Queer Visitor—Reading the Riddle—Gan-Waga Finds Trouble—Sailing Orders—"Southward Ho!"

Ferrers Lord was in his private room, an apartment utterly sacred to all except himself and Ching-Lung. It was a large room, but rather bare and dingy.

Nest cupboards covered the full length of one wall. There were several telephones and one tape-machine. The table was piled with dusty papers, and the massive safe, let into the left wall, would have made a cracksmen's month work.

The millionaire had put on a shabby flannel dressing-gown. A notebook rested on his knee, and he held the narwhal's tusk in his left hand.

The rays of a powerful electric reading-lamp were flung vividly on the curio.

With his long legs stretched out and his slippered feet on the fender, Ferrers Lord appeared to be taking his ease.

"Ching, old man," he said suddenly, "go in cupboard seven, like a good chap, and bring out the chart marked 'F. A.' I don't want the Admiralty chart; it's too full of blunders."

Someone had entered almost noiselessly, and the millionaire had not turned round. At the sound of a cough he did so. His hand sprang to the pocket of his dressing-gown and grasped the revolver that lay there. He never evinced surprise. His keen eyes scanned the face of his unknown and unexpected visitor penetratingly.

He was a little, white-haired, wizened fellow, clad in a rusty pea-jacket and serge trousers.

He kept on hobbing his head up and down like a Chinese mandarin. In one hand he held a sailor's peaked cap and in the other a bundle tied up in a red handkerchief.

"Well, how did you come here, my fine fellow?" asked Ferrers Lord coolly.

"Forgive me, your honour!" said the odd little seaman. "I made for the first port in search of fair weather. It was like this, please, your honour. I was waitin' leave to board your vessel, when two wild surgen's mates come along under full sail. They upsets the watch—the shellback in the red coat and stockings—and jumps overboard. Then they comes back yellin', and, thinkin' they was pirates loaded w' rum, your honour, I says into this 'ardour, and ere I be, Nelson Tonks, at your honour's service!"

Ching-Lung, his slanting eyes twinkling, was standing behind the sailor.

THE MARKET LIBRARY.—No. 275.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

"It's quite true, Lord," he said. "Prout and O'Roonoy have had a little tiff with Gan-Waga."

The sailor saluted Ching-Lung after another series of nods and bows. There was a glimmer of interest in the millionaire's face.

"They told me you had sailed again, Tonks, and I noticed that the vessel was lost, with all hands."

"Not me, your honour. I'll never set foot on a ship's plank again as long as I live. I've been through enough to kill a million men. I got the address from Rahmat Bux after that Chinee knifed him in Pusey's dooshouse. I see now, sir, as you was the man dressed up like a wind-jammer's A.B. as sat there listenin' to his yarn. They all laughed, and called him a dirty liar 'cept your honour and me. I didn't laugh, 'cos I was there, and I don't like to talk on it."

They saw him shiver. Ferrers Lord leaned forward and pointed to a chair.

"You are the very man I wanted!" he said. "Sit down, please. I fancy, Ching, that we are going to discover one of the most amazing of coincidences. How is it they reported to me that you had gone afloat, Tonks?"

"Well, sir, after the stabbin' we all had to lie low, you see, I didn't have no 'and in it, but the innocent don't always get off free. The second mate was my pal, and he set the yarn going."

"Give the fellow a whisky-and-soda and a cigar, Ching," said Ferrers Lord, "and then let us hear his story."

A more weird or incredible story human ears had seldom heard. When it was over the millionaire slowly opened his cigarette-case.

"What do you make of it, prince?"

"I don't know what to make of it. I am rather inclined to look upon our nautical friend as a modern Sinbad the Sailor."

"And I do not blame you," answered Ferrers Lord thoughtfully. "It sounds like a fairy-tale. But I have other grounds for thinking that there is some truth in it. Put this ancient mariner in charge of the bulkie, for I must interview him again. Don't disturb me for at least an hour, old boy. This is my busy day."

Left alone, the millionaire, with wrinkled forehead, turned his attention once more to the narwhal's tusk. Every few moments he pounced a word or two in the book.

The tusk was so battered and worn that even a powerful magnifying-glass failed to show up some of the characters.

The letters were Greek, and wretched early-century Greek, such as an uneducated man would carve; the words were ill-spelt, and the language was ungrammatical.

To render the task harder, cyudo birds, fishes, palms, and lants were mingled with the writing in a puzzling medley.

But Ferrers Lord was a master of tongues, a man of indomitable pluck and patience. He knew almost every language and dialect of the two hemispheres, but all of them contained one word that he knew nothing of—the word signifying failure.

When he rose, stretched himself, and drew back the shutters, the pale light of dawn was struggling over the sky, to mingle with the flaring arc-lamps of the street. His task was ended.

The millionaire was the first to enter the breakfast-room. He had not slept, but, except for his usual paleness, he looked quite as fresh and alert as Rupert Thurston, who followed him.

"A good frost, Ra," he said merrily. "Where are those other lazy rascals? Confound the letters! Look at this pile here awaiting my attention. That's one of the sorrows of being a millionaire."

"If you don't like the job, turn it over to me, old man," laughed Thurston. "I fancy I should make rather a decent millionaire. Hallo, Ching! Have you been out, then?"

Ching-Lung handed his fur overcoat to a footman.

"Oh! Do you think I live in bed, chappie? My snivs! I've nearly laughed myself ill: I ran O'Rooniey, Proust, Gan, and Joe out in the motor to have an early bit of skating. Ha, ha, ha! I let Gan drive when we got clear of the town. Oh, he's a daisy to drive, is Gan-Waga? Total casualty list: Nine fowls, four ducks, a pig, one old woman who damaged herself trying to climb a fence to get out of the way, a coster's barrow severely wounded, and—ha, ha, ha!—and Gan collared for furious driving and not having a licence! You bet it was exciting, and that it cost me a bit of money. I can't wait to drink all the interesting oil to pull himself together. He had a go at the petrol now, but he didn't care for that. Oh, what a happy land is England! Gan wanted to fight the policeman, so we all sat on him and brought him home."

"You got worse. You get madder than ever," said Thurston. "Did you skate?"

"Well, I don't know whether you'd call it skating exactly," grinned his Highness. "It was more like swimming on Proust's part. He fell in because they hadn't baked a hard enough crust on the top of the water. I bought an old corduroy suit and a smock for him from a farmer. I never knew Proust to sound so lonesome in my life."

A loud "Pip-pip!" was heard in the distance. It was followed by other "Pip-pips," each one growing louder.

Then a plaintive voice called:

"Ah, bodies seen by Ching? Where are you, Ching, huh?"

"Go on!" shouted the prince.

The appearance of Gan-Waga elicited a scream of laughter. The Eskimo wore a leather coat, trousers and leggings, and there was a fur bra round his neck. His face was hidden by a mask with goggles, and between his gloved hands he squeezed a large silver motor-horn which was responsible for the sweet music.

"Say, blubber-biter, have you bust your hill-climbing gear?" giggled Ching-Lung.

"Don't know, huh," said Gan-Waga. "Wants a crevasser."

"What in the name of thimpany boh do you want a crevasser for?"

"Want go back and shoot old policeman, Ching."

"Oh, my youthful but misguided friend," said Ching-Lung, raising his hands in horror, "to see your majesty or crave the vengeance! Do not forget that the poor man was doing his duty. Don't think for his blood. Take off your gloves and have some butter. People who shoot policemen gather no mias."

"Not want, bossed, want butter, Ching?"

"Then go downstairs and say that you say that I say, just as I say that you must say, they must give you butter, Sir."

"Got him!" he gurgled. "Ching say gets to have butter. He not, gives me butter, left crack and snorepans. See? Ho, ho, huh?"

The grunts of the motor-horn became fainter and fainter as the Eskimo descended deeper into the lower regions.

"Alas! these may be trouble," said Ching-Lung. "Proust isn't in a very agreeable temper, and I fancy Gan has almost worn out his welcome with the servants. Well, worst things happen in dynastic periplopes. Pass me the egg-stand, Rupert. My, they're nice eggs, but haven't they got brown shells? Somebody must have left them out in the damp, and they've got rusty. Morning, Hal!"

The handsome engineer bowed and took his place at the table. Ferrers Lord was busy with his correspondence.

"By the way," he said, "you had better start packing. We are leaving London to-night."

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 276.

EVERY MONDAY,	The "Magnet" LIBRARY.	ONE PENNY.
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Thurston dropped his knife and fork with a clatter, and from the unbroken egg on the prince's plate came a succession of shrill chirps as if a chicken was deliberately struggling to pierce the shell.

"But whether away, oh, king? Don't keep us on ice—I mean on thorns. Shut up, you little top of a chicken! You can't come out yet, silly! You're not hatched till Friday. Whither away!"

"Keep that irresponsible lunatic quiet if you possibly can," said the millionaire. "I cannot tell you where we are going. All I can tell you is that it is somewhere between the Molucca Islands, Meccassar, and Torres Straits. That, I admit, sounds vast and vague; but I cannot be more definite."

"Hurroo, hurroo! We're bound for Tinductoo—" began Ching-Lung.

Thurston placed his hand over the prince's mouth and silenced him.

"If you won't be quiet, Ching, I'll— Good Scott! What's that row?"

No wonder he asked the question. It was a mixture between a grunt and a squeak, and it was repeated rapidly.

The footman looked out, picked up one leg, and seized his mouth. Ching-Lung could see by the quivering of his shoulders that he was almost choking with laughter. He moved out of the room, and, directed behind a screen.

Then Gan-Waga, like some beautiful picture, was framed in the oaken doorway.

Gan's motor mask hung round his neck; his hair appeared to have been fighting the bulldog; his tallowy hair was covered with a white, sticky paste, and his coat was also white. He limply held the punctured motor-horn in one hand, making it squeak like a sick duck, and with his other hand he tenderly nursed his ear.

Ferrers Lord did not glance up.

"Oh, fan me!" gasped Ching-Lung. "He's been having a row with a flour-mill."

"No, I note, Ching," said Gan-Waga. "Have rows wid ugly Proust. Not gives me butters."

"Don't see like that, pet!" said the prince, winking at Rupert. "Diddums? Didn't you ask them nicely?"

"Say 'Pouals' (Highnesses Ching-Lungs says gives me butters. I say dat to cook."

"Yes, love!"

"Den I say if not gives butters quick! I hits you wid fenders."

"Yes, that was nice and polite. What next?"

"Den silly French cook makes him hollers 'Murlaires'—" gasped Gan-Waga. "And soft Prouts comes and punches my ears and dry sticks me in de beard-barrels. 'Ow! Gimme guns, and I shoot 'em, Ching."

Thurston just escaped choking himself with a piece of toast. Ching-Lung was gravity itself.

"To strike an Eskimo chiet in the ear and then to duck him in a flour-barrel, by which I presume, leeborg, you mean a flour-barrel, is an intolerable insult. They shall both die—some time. Keep that beastly squeaker quiet, and go and make yourself respectable. It's high treason and bigamy by the law of this country to come into the presence of gentlemen in such a disgusting condition. Only for your white hair, sirrah, I would kick you hence. Begone, and when midnight chimes throb from yonder ivy-covered tower, meet me at the banished windmill-stall. Hush! Not a word, lest you awake the dog watch and make it bite you! I dare not give you a gun, but presently I will show you how to make a cannon—off the cush."

Gan-Waga flinched away reluctantly.

"Your chatter more baldheaded and lunacy in one hour, Ching," remarked Thurston, "than all the minnies in Colney Hatch Asylum do in ten years."

"Den I do, old pal," answered the irrepressible Ching-Lung. "I can't contradict you. After being an inmate of that charming establishment for so long, you ought to know that the matter with you, Honour? Are you in pain? You look as sad as if you'd lost a halfpenny postage-stamp with no gum on it."

Ferrers Lord went the pile of letters and telegrams from the table almost indignantly.

"Keep that abominable tongue of yours quiet, Ching!"

"It isn't abominable at all; it's red," said Ching-Lung.

There was too much. The millionaire rose and beckoned Thurston and Hal Honour to follow him to the library. They drew three luxurious easy-chairs round the bright fire, and Rupert took the precaution of locking the door.

"Now, my friends," said Ferrers Lord lazily, "I am going to give you a brief outline of a queer story. We may, of course, be only grasping at a shadow, but, at least, a voyage will do us no harm. A few weeks before I picked up of newshis' tooth I was amusing myself by visiting some of

London's queer places disguised as a common sailor. I have these fancies, and they amuse me. In a certain close-house behind the docks I heard a sober Lascar telling a most astounding story to a semi-drunken crowd.

"It was the story of a floating island—a will-o'-the-wisp of the Southern Seas—an island peopled with weird monsters too terrible to describe in the pidgin English the poor fellow spoke.

"The man was a pearl-diver, employed on a small vessel that hunted for pearl oysters in the Papuan and Northern Australian bights. To be brief, in a terrible gale the vessel was wrecked on this strange island, an island that floated, that moved. Four men gained the shore. I have no time now to tell you of the horrors they encountered. Two of them escaped to another island, close to which their floating refuge had drifted. I have seen and listened to both men. The Lascar is dead, but his comrade's story is precisely the same."

As the millionaire paused to reach for the narwhal's tusk, the faces of both men betrayed intense interest.

"Here comes the astounding part. I have deciphered the carving on this piece of ivory dredged from the sea more than a hundred years ago. You will remember that the message you read, Thurston, did not say from what foreign port the vessel had sailed. It mentions that the demon came aboard at the Azores. I do not think so—I do not think so. I think he had been biding on the ship for months."

"But why?" asked Honour, breaking silence for once.
"Because this ivory identifies the Celebes group, and the Celebes are near the Moluccas," replied the millionaire.
"The wretched Greek sailor who carved this had also been tossed up in a storm on to a floating island, peopled by ghastly monsters."

Thurston uttered a long, amazed whistle.
"My dear fellow," he said, "the coincidence is extraordinary, but it is not convincing."

"It has convinced me, Rupert. As I presume you cannot read jargon Greek, I intend to translate this for you when I have leisure. At any rate, we sail to-night."

"In search of what?"
"Of the spectral island without a name. Christen it if you like."

"Then three cheers for Mystery!" cried Rupert. "You won't find a better name than that."
"As you will. Let us call our phantom 'Mystery.'"

A steady tramp of drilled feet rang hollowly against the oozy steps that led downwards into the cavern. The light of one dim lamp set high in the rocky roof glanced on the slanting musket-barrels borne by the mysterious millionaire's heavy sailors. As the leader swung round a sharp angle the file emerged upon a high gallery raised off by iron bars and formed up. At once dozens of are lamps lit into blue-white flame, filling the cavern with light.

Below, motionless, and half submerged in the shining water, lay a cone-shaped monster of steel. It was the millionaire's peerless submarine, Lord of the Deep. Her points blazed like rows of glowing eyes. Suddenly, at a signal from the solitary figure on her deck, she crept slowly astern, and became motionless. A gangway was pushed forward.

Then rifles sprang to the salute. Errors Lord walked briskly down the line, stepped onto a lift, and a moment later crossed the gangway. The tramp of feet sounded again. One by one the armed men were swallowed by the monster. It dropped out of sight under the sea, and every light was extinguished. Mysteriously, noiselessly, unseen, the strange vessel crept through the submerged entrance of the secret cavern, gained the open sea, and, turning her pointed nose southward, hoisted onward.

Thomas Prout, prince of stewards, beamed as he gripped his beloved wheel in the vessel's glazed conning-tower. Every atom of brasswork shone and twinkled merrily. On a stool close by was Mr. Benjamin Maddock. Maddock had been left in charge of the submarine, and he was heartily glad to have his chums around him once more.

To celebrate the joyous event, Maddock was regaling himself with pork-pie and butter beer, while Prout smoked a mahogany-coloured clay.

"Thomas," grunted the bo'sun, as he dug his teeth into an apple slice of the dainties. "I'm so pleased I could almost sing."

"If you do, I'll fit you with a 'hand-pike, shipmate," said Prout kindly. "I've 'ad some. You can't no canary."

(A grand instalment of this splendid adventure serial will appear next week. Order early.)
THE MAONET LIBRARY.—No. 276.

"THE GEM" LIBRARY,
Every Wednesday.

Our Companion Papers.

"THE PENNY POPULAR,"
Every Friday.

"WUN LUNG'S SECRET."

(Continued from page 25.)

The little Chinese shook his head again.

"No, we no take till Chung gives me. Me likee, me givee again. Wun Lung velly bad boy," said the Chinese penitently.

"Don't you know what a serious thing you've done?" demanded Wharton.

"Me knowee. Me sorry. Me promisee not goe again."

"Yes; but will you keep your promise?" said Harry doubtfully. "You are such a liar, you know, Wun Lung."

Wun Lung grinned.

"Allee light dis time."

"I hope so," said Bob, "and we're going to make sure of it."

Wun Lung looked at him curiously.

"How you makee sure?" he asked.

"We're going to shift that fellow Chung out of Pegg."

"Whatee you do?" asked Wun Lung uneasily.

"We're going down to Pegg with half a dozen chaps to see him," said Bob Cherry gruffly. "We're going to tell Mr. Chunks what kind of a rotter he's got staying in his place, and we're going to put the scoundrel through it. When we're finished with him, he'll be glad to get back on his ship again, I think."

"Handsome Bob Chelly—"

"Oh, shut up!"

And after lessons that day, a carefully-selected party of juniors made their way to Pegg. They were all fellows in whom the secret could be safely confided. Wharton, and Bob Cherry, and Nugent, and Johnny Bull, and Inky, and Peter Todd, and Tom Brown, and Bulstrode, and Mark Linley, called on Mr. Chung together. Mr. Chung was in the garden, rolling and smoking cigarettes, and looking very yellow and bleary-eyed after his night's opium debauch. Mr. Chunks, the landlord of the inn, was talking to him, and both of them stared at the juniors as they crowded up the path.

"Hallo, young gentles," said Mr. Chunks genially. "This isn't the way for the ginger-beer."

"We haven't come for ginger-beer this time," said Harry Wharton. "We're come to see that scoundrel."

"Eh? What?"

"He has been teaching a Greysfrink's chap to smoke opium," said Wharton. "You wouldn't allow that sort of thing in your house if you knew it, Mr. Chunks."

The innkeeper turned very red.

"No fear!" he exclaimed. "Chung, you villain—"

The Chinaman started up. But before he could escape into the house, the Greysfrink juniors were upon him. The Chinaman went whirling over in the grip of a dozen pairs of hands, and he came down on the ground with a mighty bump.

"The horse-pond!" said Bob Cherry.

They dragged the struggling, yelling Chung to the horse-pond, and in he went, with a terrific splash. And as he tried to scramble out again, the juniors pelted him with mud and stones, and anything else that came to hand. Mr. Chunks looked on grinning. He realised that Chung's conduct might have had serious consequences for himself, Mr. Chunks, and he was not disposed to assist the rascal—not that the juniors would have allowed him to do so.

The yelling Chinaman scrambled out of the pond on the opposite side at last, and fled, drenched with water, and smothered with mud.

A yell of laughter followed him.

"I don't think we shall see much of Mr. Chung again!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

And Bob was right—they didn't. The Chinese supercargo went back to the steamer, and did not leave the vessel again so long as she remained in Pegg. And the chums of the Remove were glad enough when the steamer went, and all possibility of temptation was removed from Wun Lung's way. The little Chinese was very penitent, and, as far as Harry Wharton & Co. could judge, his penitence was sincere, and they faithfully kept Wun Lung's secret. But Bob Cherry, after describing to him how Chung had been handled, solemnly promised to handle him ten times worse if he showed any signs of crying again.

To which Wun Lung replied with cheerful meekness:

"Handsome Bob Chelly, velly kind."

THE END.

Next Monday, "HOLDING THE FORT," by Frank Richards. Order your copy in advance. Price One Penny.)



My Readers' Page

WHOM TO WRITE TO :
EDITOR,
"THE MAGNET" LIBRARY.
THE FLEETWAY HOUSE,
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OUR TWO COMPANION PAPERS
"THE GEM" LIBRARY.
EVERY WEDNESDAY
AND
"THE PENNY POPULAR"
EVERY FRIDAY.

The Editor
is always
pleased to
hear from
his Chums,
at home or
abroad.

FOR NEXT MONDAY:

"HOLDING THE FORT!" By Frank Richards.

In next week's splendid long, complete tale of the chums of Greyfriars, entitled as above, Dame Fortune serves Dick Penfold, the scholarship boy in the Remove, a hard turn indeed. Penfold is the son of a Friar's cobbler, and more than once lately disaster has threatened his humble home. Now the blow falls, and Dick and his father are on the verge of despair, until the chums of the Remove, including Peter Todd and Lord Maudslayer, take matters into their own hands. While Lord Maudslayer communicates with the Penfolds' landlord, who, by a lucky chance, happens to be a relation of his, the rest of the juniors form themselves into a garrison, and hold the Penfold home against the broker's men. The latter try both force and craft to effect an entrance, but every artifice is effectually frustrated, and when relief finally comes, the plucky defenders are still successfully

"HOLDING THE FORT!"

OUR LATEST SERIAL.

All my chums with whom the famous millionaire, Ferrers Lord, and his gallant company of hardy adventurers are prime favourites, have something to look forward to indeed in our latest grand serial story

"MYSTERIA!"

Sidney Drew's name and fame alike are too well known to need further reference here. It will suffice to say that all that dashing spirit of adventure, all the wondrous fire of romance which this great author knows so well how to infuse into his stories—all his rich store of romance—is here called upon to create a story distinguished by its sheer holding-power from any other tale of the kind ever written.

"MYSTERIA!"

The second instalment of which appears in this issue, is emphatically a story which all my chums should read themselves, and get all their friends to read also, the sort of yarn which no one will willingly miss a word of once he or she has commenced reading it. For the next few weeks "Magnetites" all over the world will be handing out this sound piece of advice to all and sundry:

READ "MYSTERIA," BY SIDNEY DREW, IN THIS WEEK'S "MAGNET" LIBRARY!

REPLIES IN BRIEF.

Mabel Godfrey (Carlford).—You can obtain, at the full price, "The Boys' Friend" 3d. Library, from any newsagent; but at a reduced price, I am afraid not.

M. Wagner (London).—I cannot write to you, as you do not give your full address, but I am glad to tell you that a portrait gallery is now appearing in "The Gem" Library.

"Black and White."—Your idea is hardly suitable for my papers. I should say the idea is more suited to a weekly pictorial paper.

G. E. (Norwich).—A good journal on stamps is the "Philatelist's Weekly." It can be obtained at all bookellers at the cost of one penny.

A Living Picture.—Let me hear more of your idea. Your letter lacks detail.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 276.

NEXT
MONDAY.

"HOLDING THE FORT!"

A Fletcher.—Harry Wharton is an orphan, and lives with his uncle.

"ANSWERS" 25th BIRTHDAY NUMBER

On June 2nd will appear the 25th Birthday Number of "Answers" — the popular journal for Home and Train. Although the price will be only one penny, within its thirty-six large pages there will be contributed special articles by representative leaders in every phase of life. Lord Roberts will talk about the Army; Lord Charles Borsford on the Navy; Sir Horatio Trench on the Stage; Harry Lauder on Music-hall Progress; Lord Desborough on Sport; Charlie Grahame-White on Flying; R. J. Meerveld, of "The Irish Cyclist," on Cycling. A personal article by Lord Northcliffe, founder and first editor of "Answers." Other contributors will be Sir Robert Anderson, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, Sir Henry Lucy, W. K. Haselden, Charles E. Jennings (Marmaduke), and Max Pemberton. All my chums must look out for this wonderful birthday number of "Answers." On sale everywhere, Monday, June 2nd.

HOW TO KEEP FIT.—No. 3. By a Sergeant-Instructor.

To Strengthen the Arms.—Before I tell you how to make your arms strong, I want to point out to you that the great size of any one muscle does not mean that great strength lies therein. Indeed, over-development is worse than under-development. The strongest men in the great Military Gymnasium at Aldershot, were not noted for the size of their muscles, but for the fine proportion of every muscle in regard to the other parts of the body.

Beware, then, of over-development. Now for the arms. Stand firmly on both feet. By firmly, I do not mean rigidly. Stand so that you feel that your body is well balanced. Then close your hands tightly. Raise both slowly from the sides, fingers towards the feet, until you feel that the arms are in a line with your shoulders, and in the same direction—out from the sides. Twelve times up, and twelve down will be enough to start with. The great point in this exercise is to keep the fists tightly closed. If you have dumb-bells, you may use them with advantage; but remember the idea of the bells being of use at all lies in the fact that you must grip them to use them. If you can put enough grip into your fists to stretch the muscles during exercise, you need not worry about the weight of the objects you grip. Two pieces of wood about as thick as the bar of the bell will answer the purpose perfectly. But you must grip; you must be regular in the exercise, and persist till you feel fit.

To Strengthen the Muscles of the Upper Arm.—Close your fists as before. Hold arms out in a line with the shoulders. Now, bend the arms at the elbow, with the fingers upwards, until the fists come close to the shoulders. As your biceps—the muscles that show in the arms when you pull up to the bar—begin to develop, you will not be able to bring the fists anywhere near the shoulders. Continue this exercise until you feel a slight strain on the biceps. This proves that you are getting the muscles of your upper arm out of their old grooves. In one month you should have added an inch to the circumference of these muscles.

To Strengthen the Grip.—This is a very important point in the art of physical culture. Throw out the arms in line with the shoulders. Open the hands, and roll the fingers into a tight grip. Put a good deal of force into the grip, and do the exercise twelve times, each time extending the fingers with a smart jerk before again closing the hand. The great importance of the grip is seen when I point out to you that your staying-power on the end of a rope may mean the saving of your life either from fire or from the sea.

(Another of these splendid Articles next Monday.)
THE EDITOR.

A Splendid Complete Tale of the Chums of Greyfriars. Order Early.

THE "MAGNET" LIBRARY SPECIAL COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

A RAKISH YOUNG FELLOW!

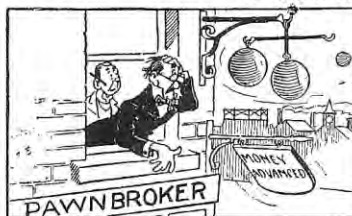


1. "There's Jimmy smoking again!" raged Mr. Blithers. "I can sniff a distinct odour of tobacco! If I find I'm right he shall suffer!"



2. But when he got round the corner to investigate, Jimmy wasn't smoking. Oh dear no; he was just doing a little gardening with his rake!

IT WAS A VERY GOOD SIGN!



1. "Dash it!" cried Macknab. "Part of my sign has blown away. What shall I do?"



2. But he was a cute fellow, and in two waggles of a canary's tail he had taken the globe off the gas bracket.



3. And fixed it on his sign. Quite a novel wheeze, and it saved the dear old boy from getting another ball, too. Cloyer, wasn't it?

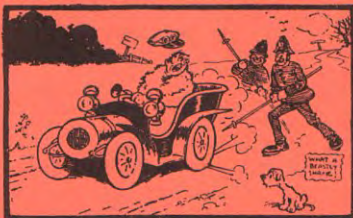
WHO BORROWED THE BARROW?



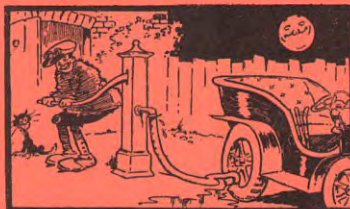
Foreman of Works (at dinner hour): "None of you men leave the works till you've been searched. There's a barrow missing."

(More comic pictures on pages iii. and iv. of cover.)

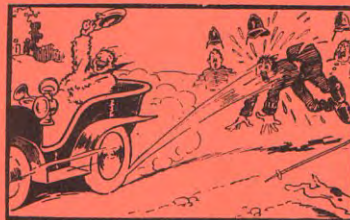
IT GAVE THE POLICEMAN THAT TYRED FEELING.



1. While Jones was out taking the air t'other day two country bobbies suddenly appeared upon the scene with long spikes, with which they punctured his back tyres for exceeding the speed limit.



2. However, Jones evolved a brilliant scheme to get his own back on those artful gentlemen. Here we see him in his back yard pumping water into the tyres.



3. Then he sailed back again, and when those bobbies once again made their appearance with the spikes—swish!—a stream of water shot out and drenched them to the skin.



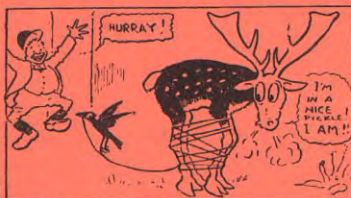
MOST A-MOO-SING!

Fond Mother: "Oh, Harry, baby can say 'cow' now. Say 'cow,' baby!"
Baby: "Moo."
Fond Mother: "There, isn't he clever?"

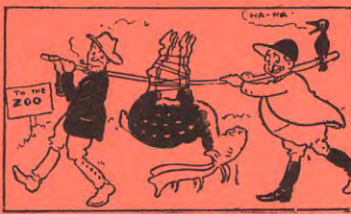
AS EASY AS WINKING!



1. "Ah," said the huntsman, "I'll capture that stag alive for the Zoo; it's a good specimen!" So he gave Reginald, his educated rook, the end of a long line, and told him to—



2. Fly in and out between that stag's legs while it was busily engaged chewing some carrots that the huntsman had left there. Well, soon Reggy had the stag in a terrible tangle.



3. Then all the huntsman had to do, was to get a man to help him carry his capture away to the Zoo, where he got a tidy sum for it.

BROTHERS OF THE BRUSH!

Farmer: "Say, young feller, d'you 'appen to know my son in London?"

Artist: "Cannot say I do."

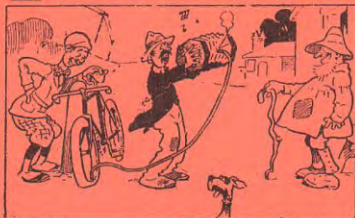
Farmer: "Why, I thought you artist chaps knew each other—he's a white-washer!"



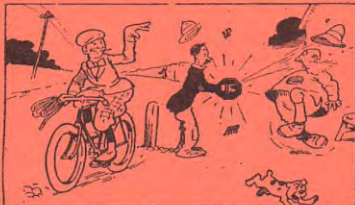
THERE WAS MUSIC IN THE AIR!



1. "There's my front tyre wants air badly; but you watch this wheeze, dear readers," said Sam the Scorchier, as he fixed the tube to the constant screamer.



2. And, of course, when that merry musician started playing again he was pumping up that tyre at the same time.

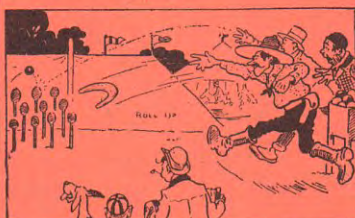


3. "There, ain't I smart?" said Sam, as he pulled the tube out and rode off, while old Turnip felt a draught from that hole in the bellows.

HE WILL "NUT" DO IT AGAIN!



1. "Sticking the nuts on with glue, eh? That's the little game! That's why I couldn't get one yesterday!" said Alf the Australian from the circus.



2. "This is where I get my own back, and a nut in the bargain!" he said, as he let fly a boomerang.



3. "There you are, people, see how you are being diddled!" said Alf, as the nut came back with the stick stuck to it.

A MODERN
"HERCULES!"

"Are you quite sure he could carry me?"

"Yus, lady, 'e's as strong as a elephant."

"But how can I get on his back?"

"Oh, I'll lift yer!"

CURRENT NEWS
AT SCHOOL!

First Scholar: "What's the electrician doing over at the school-room?"

Second Scholar: "Putting in an electric switch."

First Scholar: "Crums! If they are going to do the lickin' by electricity I'm going to leave."

