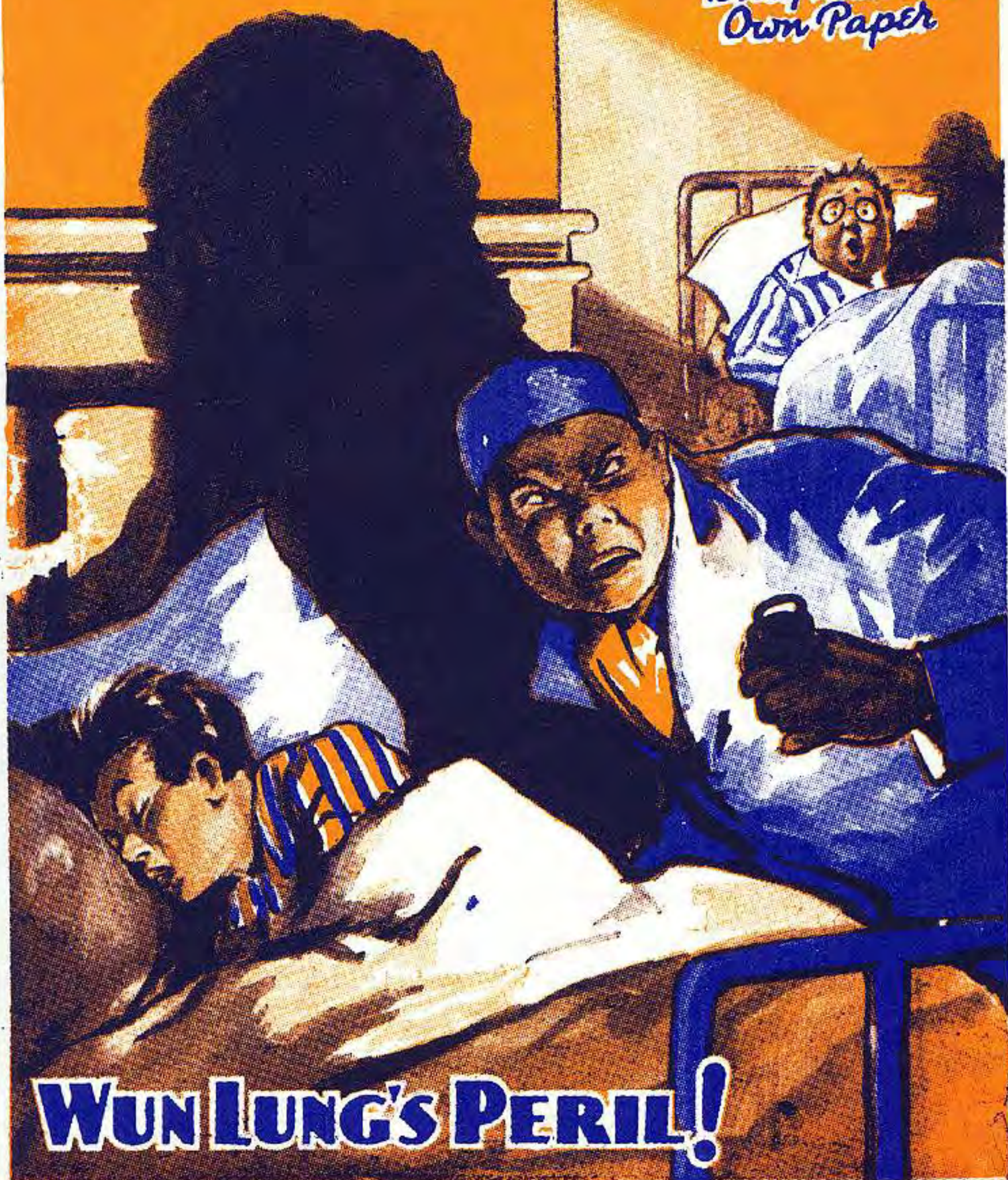


"THE SINISTER DOCTOR SIN!" Thrilling New Series Starts Inside!

The Magnet ^{2^d}

*Billy Bunter's
Own Paper*



WUN LUNG'S PERIL!

THE FIRST STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS' GREAT NEW SERIES—

The SINISTER DOCTOR SIN!



—featuring Wun Lung, the Chinese Junior, and Harry Wharton & Co.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Pie for Bunter!

“WILL you lend me—”

Billy Bunter had no time to get further.

Five Remove fellows answered in unison, without waiting for him to finish:

“No!”

It was a case of five souls with but a single thought, five hearts that beat as one!

“I say, you fellows,” hooted Bunter, blinking in at the door of Study No. 1 in the Remove through his big spectacles, “I want you to lend me—”

“No!”

“You silly asses! Will you lend me—”

“No!”

“I mean—” yelled Bunter.

“We know what you mean, old fat man!” chuckled Bob Cherry, “and what we mean is—no!”

“N-O, no!” said Frank Nugent, spelling it out for Bunter.

“The answer is in the negative!” said Harry Wharton. “Now roll away, barrel.”

“Shut the door after you!” said Johnny Bull.

“I mean to say—” howled Bunter.

“Speech may be taken as read!” interrupted Bob. “We know what you mean to say, old porpoise! Your postal order hasn’t come! No need to say so! We could guess that one!”

“The guessfulness is preposterously easy!” grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

“Will you let a fellow speak? I want to borrow—”

“Look here, fathead, money’s tight just before the holidays,” said Harry Wharton. “Try Study No. 4. Smithy’s got lots.”

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“If you think I’ve come here to borrow money—” hooted Bunter.

“Eh?”

“What?”

“Haven’t you?”

The Famous Five stared at Bunter. He blinked at them with a wrathful and indignant blink.

“To hear you fellows,” snorted Bunter, “anybody might think I was a fellow always borrowing money—”

“Oh, my hat! Aren’t you?” gasped Bob.

“Beast!”

“Well, if it’s not that, what is it?” asked Harry Wharton. “If you want me to lend you a boot, I’ll do it with pleasure.”

“Oh, really, Wharton! I want you fellows to lend me your picnic-basket!” yapped Bunter.

“That picnic-basket? There’s nothing in it.”

“I know that.”

“Well, you can’t eat the basket. Even you—”

“You silly chump!” roared Bunter.

“I just want to borrow the basket! You can lend it to me, I suppose? A chap can’t walk about the quad with a pie under his arm! Will you lend me that basket?”

“A pie!” repeated Harry Wharton, staring at the fat Owl of the Remove. “If you’ve got a pie, what the thump do you want to walk it about the quad for?”

“I—I don’t mean a pie! I—I mean—”

“Whose pie?” grinned Bob.

“I wonder if Coker of the Fifth has missed another pie from his study!” remarked Nugent.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Tain’t Coker’s pie this time! I mean, it’s not a pie at all!” said Bunter hastily. “I mean to say, I’m going to get a pie at the school shop, and I want

that basket to carry it in. I think you might lend a fellow a mouldy old basket, after all I’ve done for you.”

“Chuck it over to him, Bob!” said the captain of the Remove.

Bob Cherry picked up the picnic-basket and chucked it over to Billy Bunter, as requested.

“Catch!” he said.

Billy Bunter’s fat paws grabbed at the whizzing basket too late! He caught it—with a fat little nose!

“Wow!” roared Bunter. “You clumsy ass—wow! You silly fathead—ow! You blithering idiot—Yow-ow-ow!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Beast!” hooted Bunter.

Rubbing his fat little nose with one hand, the Owl of the Remove picked up the basket with the other, and rolled out of the study.

Harry Wharton & Co. dismissed his fat existence from mind. They were discussing the Rookwood match—the last big feature before Greyfriars broke up for the holidays. It was due on the morrow; and it was a much more important matter than Billy Bunter and all his works.

But a few minutes later they were reminded of Bunter! He had left the study door open and gone up the passage. So when he came rolling back, he passed in view of the juniors of the study.

The picnic-basket was in his hand, and evidently weighty. Something was in that basket now, hidden by the closed lid and it was extremely probable that that something was a pie.

Bunter rolled on and disappeared.

Cricket “jaw” was resumed in Study No. 1, till there was a sound of footsteps again, this time from the direction of the stairs.

Two juniors stopped at the open doorway.

One of them was Wun Lung, the Chinese fellow in the Remove. The other was his young brother, Hop Hi, of the Second Form.

Wun Lung's slanting eyes beamed into the study.

"You fellee comee along study blong me," he said.

"Anything on?" asked Bob.

It was tea-time in the Remove, though the Famous Five, deep in cricket jaw, had rather forgotten that circumstance.

"All you fellee comee tea!" said Wun Lung, beaming. "This li'll Chinees got nicey pie—"

"Oh!"

"Me goey fetch li'll blotter blong me, along eatee that nicey pie!" explained Wun Lung. "Plenty big pie, all you fellee comey. What you tinkee?"

The Famous Five exchanged glances.

Money was rather tight just before the holidays, as Harry Wharton had remarked. The chums of the Remove had intended to tea in Hall—the usual resource of fellows short of that necessary article, cash.

So that invitation to tea with Wun Lung really came like corn in Egypt in one of the lean years! Especially as the little Chinese was a wonderful cook, and could turn out dishes that beat anything from the school shop hollow.

But—there was a but—and a big one!

"Did you leave a pie in your study, Wun Lung?" asked Harry Wharton.

Wun Lung shook his head.

"Oh, all right, then! I was afraid it was gone, if you had!" said the captain of the Remove, laughing. "It's all right if you didn't leave it there."

"Fathead!" said Bob Cherry. Bob shared Study No. 13 with Wun Lung, Hurree Singh, and Mark Linley. As a fellow in the same study, he was more in mind of Wun Lung's manners and customs than the other fellows. "The kid means yes when he shakes his silly head!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Wharton. He had forgotten that peculiar Chinese custom of shaking the head in sign of assent, instead of nodding like a European.

"Me leavee pie along study!" said Wun Lung. "Allee light! Plenty nicey pie. You comey?"

"That fat scoundrel!" said Johnny Bull.

"That podgy pirate!" said Frank Nugent.

"That bloated brigand!" said Bob Cherry.

The Famous Five had no doubt now why Billy Bunter had borrowed that picnic-basket! They strongly suspected that the pie had disappeared from Study No. 13 while Wun Lung had gone down to the Second Form Room to fetch Wun Minor.

"You speakee along Buntree?" asked Wun Lung. He recognised the description! "Oh clikey! S'possee Buntree spot that nicey pie—"

He cut up the passage, Hop Hi after him. Harry Wharton & Co. followed on. They were quite ready to deal with the pie, if it were there! But they doubted very much whether any pie would be discovered within the precincts of Study No. 13!

Their doubts were justified! Wun Lung stood in the study, staring at the table! There were books, papers, and an inkpot on the table. But clearly there had been something else, that was now missing.

"That pie—he gone!" wailed Wun Lung. "Fat beaste Buntree baggee that pie!"

"The burglarious bloater!" exclaimed

Bob Cherry. "Look here, he can't have scooped it yet! He's taken it out of the House—that's why he wanted the basket—but he can't have wolfed it; it's not five minutes since we saw him scoot! Get after him!"

"Come on!"

The Famous Five rushed down the passage to the stairs. After them scuttled Wun Lung and Hop Hi. A minute more, and they were out in the sunny quad, asking every fellow they met for news of Bunter, and hunting for the fat Owl of the Remove, up, down, and about.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

After the Feast—

BILLY BUNTER beamed.

"Prime!" he murmured.

The fat Owl of the Remove was sitting on a bench in Gosling's woodshed. That little building was far from the school buildings, and as safe a refuge as the grub-raider of the Remove could desire.

On the floor lay the picnic-basket. On the bench beside Bunter stood a large pie in a dish. Bunter plied knife and fork on that pie, and was happy.

At tea-time, naturally, Bunter was hungry. Nothing could have happened more fortunately—from Bunter's point of view—than Wun Lung's proceedings with that pie. Ever since class he had been busy with it. When it was ready he

Who was the mysterious figure that crept into the Remove dormitory at midnight intent on kidnapping the Chinese junior, Wun Lung? What malignant enmity did he cherish against the boy from the East?

had gone down to call his minor to the feast. Really, he had played into Billy Bunter's fat hands.

It was a large pie—a gorgeous pie! Wun Lung could make any kind of pie, but a rabbit pie was his masterpiece. How he turned out such marvels of cookery with the limited resources of a study was quite a mystery. It had a flavour that Mrs. Mumble's pies, at the tuckshop, never had.

Bunter would have been glad, when he spotted that pie, to sit down and begin on it at once. But that, of course, was impracticable, as Wun Lung would be coming back to the study, probably with guests. He had to get it away, and his own study was no refuge; any Remove fellow who missed a pie would have looked in Bunter's study first thing as a matter of course. He had to get it safe away; and a fellow walking about with a big pie under his arm would certainly have attracted attention—which Bunter, in the circumstances, did not want to do. The picnic-basket had solved that difficulty. And here was Bunter, having the time of his life.

The Greyfriars porter's shed was rather secluded; it was improbable, Bunter thought, that he would be looked for in such a spot. But, to make assurance doubly sure, he had put the key on the inside of the lock and turned it.

If a suspicious rotter of a Chinese, who suspected Bunter of bagging his pie, hunted him down, Bunter was as safe as houses.

He munched; he gobbled; he grinned; he beamed! It was, he was sure, a rabbit pie; but a tenderer and tastier rabbit pie he had never devoured in all his career as receptacle for all kinds and quantities of foodstuffs.

It melted in his mouth.

Bunter's table manners were not considered polished in the Greyfriars Remove. In Wun Lung's country they would have gone down better, where they display appreciation of food by noisy mastication. Wun Lung, indeed, might have been flattered by hearing Bunter's keen and audible appreciation of that magnificent pie.

"Prime!" said Bunter, for the second time.

He had had almost enough, and still half the pie remained. Actually, the fat Owl had, for once, more than he was likely to eat. But he was going to do his best to polish that dish clean.

Bang!

"Grooogh!" gasped Bunter.

Bunter had a capacious mouth, and it was packed to capacity when there came a sudden bang on the door of the woodshed.

Some went down the wrong way. Bunter gasped and gurgled and choked.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! It's locked!" came a voice outside.

"That fat bounder's there, then!"

"Open this door, Bunter!"

"Let us in, you fat scoundrel!"

"We're going to burst you!"

"The burstfulness is going to be terrific!"

The Famous Five were there. But Bunter did not heed. The enemy at the gates did not worry him so much as a large section of pie going down the wrong way.

"Urrrh!" gurgled Bunter. "Wurrgh! Beasts! I'm chook-chook-choking—Wurrgh! Ooooooooooooooooooh!"

"He's there!" said Bob Cherry. "I can hear a sound like a pig at the trough! That must be Bunter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"L'll fat beaste; scoffee my pie!"

"Open this door, Bunter, you fat villain!" shouted Harry Wharton. "We know you're there, you podgy pirate!"

"Gurrrrrrrgh!"

"Do you hear, you bloated bandit?" roared Johnny Bull.

"Groooooooooh!"

Billy Bunter got rid of the impediment at last. He cleared his fat neck and resumed operations on the pie.

Bang, bang, bang! came at the door.

"I say, you fellows, don't kick up that row!" exclaimed Bunter. "You'll get old Gosling here at that rate!"

"Where's that pie, you pernicious pincher?"

"Eh—what pie?" asked Bunter.

"You frabjous, fat foozler! You bagged that pie from Wun Lung's study, and walked it off in our picnic-basket!"

Bunter gobbled. His voice, as he answered again, came rather muffled through a mouthful of pie.

"I don't know what you're talking about! I've not got a pie here! What the dickens makes you think I've got a pie?"

"What are you doing there, locked up in Gosling's shed?"

"I—I—I'm swotting, old chap! I've got some Latin to do for Quelch, and I've come here because—because it's so noisy in the Remove passage!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Wharton.

"Go away, and be quiet, will you?" called out Bunter. "You might leave a chap in peace when he—he's swotting for an examination!"

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"You've got Wun Lung's pie!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Not at all, old fellow! I never knew Wun Lung had a pie! It wasn't on his study table when I went in, and I never saw it there! Besides, I never went into his study! Think I'm the fellow to go poking into a fellow's study?"

"Oh crikey!"

"I'm swotting maths here!" went on Bunter. "You know how Lascelles keeps on ragging me over my maths, and—"

"As well as Latin?" gasped Bob.

"Oh! I—I mean Latin—Latin for Quelch, you know! I don't mean maths—I mean Latin! Look here, you fellows, do go away! I'm pretty deep in irregular triangles—I mean, isosceles verbs—"

"Open that door, you fat fibber! We want that pie!"

"There's hardly any left, old chap—I mean, there isn't a pie here! It's pretty thick, I think, that fellows always think of me at once if they miss a pie or anything! As if I've got time to think about pies when I've got to get this French done for Mossos—"

"French?" yelled Bob.

"I mean maths—that is, Latin! Do go away and leave a fellow quiet when he's swotting Latin!"

"Fat beast, Bunter—"

"Yah! You beastly little heathen!"

Billy Bunter grinned, and went on with the pie. Perhaps he hoped that his statements convinced the Remove fellows that the pie was not there. They could not see him through the door, anyhow, and there was a shutter over the window. Having finished, Bunter was going to stick the dish out of sight and roll away, with all evidence of his grub-raid safely hidden—the dish in the woodshed and the pie in Bunter!

Bang, bang! at the door.

"I say, you fellows, do stop that row!" said Bunter peevishly. "I'm not coming out till I've finished the pie—I mean, the Latin—"

"I suppose we can't burst in the door!" said Harry Wharton. "We'll burst Bunter—afterwards! Wun Lung, old bean, you've lost that pie!"

"Make another for supper," suggested Bob Cherry.

"No can!" wailed Wun Lung. "Missee Kebble no got 'nother cat!"

"What!" yelled the Famous Five.

They gazed at Wun Lung.

"Missee Kebble gottee only one cat!" said Wun Lung. "No got 'nother cat! When me findes 'nother cat, makee 'nother pie!"

"You—you—you ghastly little heathen!" shrieked Bob Cherry. "Did—d—did—did you make that pie of Mrs. Kebble's cat?"

"Cattie makee nicey pie!" said Wun Lung innocently. "In China, makee pie along cat, along dog, velly nicey!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Nugent. "I'm rather glad we missed that pie, you fellows!"

"The gladfulness is terrific!" gasped Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

There was a sound from within the woodshed. It was a sound such as a Channel passenger sometimes makes on a rough day.

"Urrrrgh! Groooogh! You putrid, little Chinese beast! M-m-mean to say it was a kik-kik-kik-cat in that pip-pip-pie! Ooooch! Ooooch!"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Poor old Bunter! Bunter's scoffed the cat—"

"Oooo-er!"

"And now he's shooting the cat!" remarked Johnny Bull.

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"Urrrrh! Groooogh! Ooooooch! Wooooch!"

"Whattie mattee 'long ole fat Bunter?" asked Wun Lung. "He no likee nicey pie? Nicey big fat cattie, makee plenty nicey pie!"

"Ooooo-er! Groogh! You little heathen beast! Ooooch! I say, you fellows, I—I'm dying! Oooogh!"

Bunter had not quite finished that luscious pie. He was not going to finish it now. For the first time on record, Bunter had a pie he did not want to finish.

He tottered to the door and unlocked it. The Famous Five gazed at a fat, ghastly, horror-stricken face.

"I say, you fellows! Groooogh! Sus-sus-send for a dick-dik-doctor!" moaned Bunter. "I'm dud-dud-dying, I think. I—I—I feel— Oooooogh!"

"Bunter no likee cattie?" asked Wun Lung.

"Urrrrgh!"

"Nicey fat cat, makee nicey pie—"

"Ooo-er!"

Bunter clung to the door, and heaved and groaned. The Famous Five, grinning, walked away and left him to it. His moans followed them.

"Look here, Wun Lung!" said Bob Cherry, as they went back across the quad. "Was it really a cat pie?"

Wun Lung closed one slanting eye.

"Nicey labbit-pie," he said. "Makee Bunter tinkee cattie. Makee fat ole Bunter plenty solly he pinchee pie blong me. What you tinkee?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Harry Wharton & Co. went chuckling in to the Hall.

Billy Bunter did not turn up to tea in Hall, or tea anywhere. Bunter had had enough—more than enough. Bunter was suffering for his sins.

When Billy Bunter was seen again he had a pallid face, looking as if he had just come off the Channel boat. Certainly he did not look like a fellow who had scoffed a gorgeous rabbit-pie—as, in point of fact, he had. In the awful belief that he had scoffed Mrs. Kebble's cat, Billy Bunter heaved and quaked, and felt that the life of a grub-raider was hardly worth living. There was no doubt that the artful little Chinese had made Bunter "plenty sorry" that he had pinched that pie.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Messenger from O!

"D R. SIN."

"A furrin genelman, sir," said Trotter.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Greyfriars Remove, glanced again at the name on the card that the House page had brought to his study.

He did not need Trotter to inform him that that card had been sent in by a foreign gentleman. "Dr. Sin" would have been a rather remarkable name for any gentleman who was not foreign.

"You may show him in, Trotter," said the Remove master.

"Yessir."

Mr. Quelch was busy, like all school-masters at the end of term. But if Dr. Sin wanted to see him, he had to spare a few minutes for Dr. Sin. From the name, he concluded that the visitor was some connection, or relation, of the Chinese boy in his Form.

He rose to his feet politely as Dr. Sin was shown into the study.

Dr. Sin was a plump little gentleman, with the yellow complexion and slanting eyes of the Far East. He bowed deeply to the Remove master

as he came in, with Oriental politeness. He was dressed in European clothes, in which it was difficult to perform the kow-tow of his native land. But he got as near as European trousers would allow.

All sorts of parents and relations of Greyfriars fellows came along at various times, but Chinese visitors were few and far between. Wun Lung of the Remove was too many thousands of miles from home for relatives to drop in to see him. Only once since he had been at Greyfriars School had he visited China to see his father, Mr. Wun Chung Lung, and Grandfather Wun Ko, and the other members of the tribe of Wun. His only relative who had seen him in England, so far, was his minor, Wun Hop Hi of the Second Form at Greyfriars. But this visitor might, so far as Mr. Quelch knew, be a relation.

"Dr. Sin?" asked the Remove master.

He was careful not to smile over the name—odd enough as it was to English ears. To Chinese ears there was nothing, of course, odd about it. It was quite probable that the owner of the name had no idea what the word signified in English.

"That is my wretched name, sir," said the plump Chinese gentleman, bowing again. "It is honoured by utterance on your very old and venerable lips."

Mr. Quelch started just a little.

He was not accustomed to Chinese politeness.

Mr. Quelch, who was the shady side of fifty, liked to think that, to a casual observer, he looked in the early forties.

But he remembered that, to a Chinese, age is a very honourable distinction, and that a polite Chinaman cannot flatter a man more than by hinting that he is extremely old.

Dr. Sin followed up his polite speech by taking his left hand in his right and shaking it.

The Remove master, who had been going to shake hands politely with his visitor, remembered in time that a Chinaman shakes hands with himself.

"Pray be seated, sir!" said Mr. Quelch. "What—"

"I have ventured to crawl into your beneficent presence, sir, by the command of my sun-like master, Mr. O."

"Wha-a-at?"

Mr. Quelch had guessed at once that "Sin" was a Chinese name. But "O" was a new one to him.

"Mr. O!" repeated Dr. Sin. "The very wealthy and magnificent uncle of the son of Wun Chung Lung."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir, O," said Dr. Sin, misunderstanding.

"I—I—I see!" almost gasped the Remove master. "Wun Lung has an uncle who is—is—is named O?"

"Precisely, honourable sir! This humble worm has the undeserved honour to be secretary to the excellent Mr. O."

"Oh—I—I mean, yes! Quite! Mr. O has sent you here to see his nephew Wun Lung. Is that it?" asked Mr. Quelch. "Is Mr.—er—O in England then?"

"No, sir. Mr. O is of venerable indeed uncounted years, and he has travelled no farther than Paris," explained Dr. Sin. "But he has dispatched my humble and contemptible self to carry messages of greeting to the son of Wun Chung Lung."

"I—I see. You shall certainly see Wun Lung," said the Remove master. "He has a brother at this school. No

doubt you would desire to see Hop Hi, also."

"It is only to Wun Lung that I carry my honourable master's greetings, sir. Also, Mr. O has instructed me to see, for report to him, the honourable school in which the son of Wun Lung displays the light of his countenance. Mr. O desires to know how his nephew lives in the country of the foreign devils—"

Dr. Sin checked himself suddenly.

"That is to say, the land of the highly civilised and very honourable English," he amended.

Mr. Quelch smiled faintly. He was aware that beneath the flowing polite-

sticks are—are not practised by Wun Lung at—at Greyfriars."

Mr. Quelch wondered for a moment what would be the effect on the Lower Fourth if Wun Lung started burning joss-sticks to his gods in the Remove dormitory.

"Please come with me, sir," said Mr. Quelch. "I shall be very pleased to show you Wun Lung's quarters here. Then I will send for the boy to see you in the visitors' room."

"I crawl humbly in the honourable company of one born a thousand years before me," said Dr. Sin politely.

And he accompanied Mr. Quelch from the study.

and evidently it had been disregarded now by the fat ornament of Mr. Quelch's Form.

Billy Bunter was extended on his bed.

He was not asleep. He was moaning and groaning; he was gurgling and guggling. It was an hour since the awful experience in the woodshed, but Bunter had not recovered. He had a feeling that he never would recover. He had gone to the dormitory to lie down, in a sick state that was a full punishment for his many sins.

"Bunter!" rapped Mr. Quelch angrily. "What—"

"Oh lor'!" gasped Bunter.

He set his spectacles straight on his



Keeping a wary eye on Gosling's slumbering form, Skinner moved the clock hands on an hour. "Safe as houses," chuckled Bolsover from the doorway. It was the porter's duty to close the school gates at seven. When he awoke and looked at the time he would get a shock!

ness of a Chinaman, Europeans were only "foreign devils" in his almond eyes.

"Oh, quite!" said the Remove master. "If you desire to view the school, I shall be very pleased to show you over Greyfriars."

He glanced for a moment at the heap of papers on his table. But there was no help for it. Relations of the boys in his Form were a thing that a Form-master had to endure somehow.

"If you would carry your beneficent kindness to such a length," murmured Dr. Sin.

"I shall be very pleased," said Mr. Quelch, which was as near to the truth as a Form-master could get, in the circumstances. "You would like to see Wun Lung's study—"

"Is that where the son of Wun Chung Lung burns his joss-sticks to his gods before he sleeps?" asked Dr. Sin.

Mr. Quelch almost jumped.

"N-n-no!" he stammered. "The boys work in the studies, Dr. Sin. They sleep in a dormitory—the whole Form in one room. I—I—I think that—that such customs as—as burning joss-

Dr. Sin did not seem interested in the Form-rooms, or the school generally, or even in Wun Lung's study in the Remove passage; but he seemed very keen to see the Chinese junior's sleeping quarters, where, perhaps, he fancied that Wun Lung burned joss-sticks before he turned in.

So Mr. Quelch shepherded him up to the Remove dormitory.

As they reached the door of that apartment, both of them were startled by a sound of anguish from within.

It was a prolonged groan.

Mr. Quelch started, and Dr. Sin's slanting eyes turned on him curiously.

"There is someone who is sick?" asked Dr. Sin. "Someone who is about to become a guest on high?"

"Oh, no; certainly not!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "No one should be here in the daytime—it is against the rules. I cannot understand—"

He threw open the dormitory door.

"Urrrrgh!" came a moaning gurgle.

"Bunter!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

The Remove dormitory should have been vacant. Fellows were not allowed to go up, without leave, till bed-time. That rule was sometimes disregarded,

fat little nose, and blinked at Mr. Quelch and the plump gentleman by his side.

"What are you doing here, Bunter?" snapped Mr. Quelch.

"I—I feel s-s-sick, sir!"

"Nonsense!"

"I—I'm awfully ill, sir!" moaned Bunter. "I—I've eaten something that—that disagrees with me, sir."

"You are a greedy boy, Bunter! Go down at once!"

"I—I don't feel as if I can move, sir!" moaned Bunter. "My tummy—"

"What?"

"My tummy seems to be walking about, sir! Oooooo-er!"

"Take fifty lines, Bunter, and go down at once!"

"Oh lor'!"

Billy Bunter rolled dismally out of the dormitory. Dr. Sin smiled slightly as he passed, as if he found something amusing in the pallid, fat schoolboy.

Bunter gave him an inimical blink through his spectacles.

It was just like some beast to come barging in when Bunter wanted to be left undisturbed. What the dickens did

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that foreign-looking beast want in the Remove dormitory? And what was the slant-eyed blighter grinning at, Bunter would have liked to know?

However, the fat junior rolled away, and Mr. Quelch proceeded to show Dr. Sin the sleeping quarters of the Remove, pointing out Wun Lung's bed, and his box at the foot of it. Dr. Sin's sharp, slanting black eyes noted everything with the keenest attention. There was no doubt that he was interested; but when they left the dormitory his interest in Wun Lung's surroundings evaporated. Not displeased that the visitor from a far land desired to see nothing further, Mr. Quelch piloted him to the visitors' room, and sent a message to Wun Lung to call the Chinese junior there.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Bob Cherry, Too!

"HALLO, halló, hallo! You're looking merry and bright, old heathen!"

Wun Lung grinned.

He was looking very merry and very bright, as Bob Cherry met him on the stairs.

"Li'll Chinees velly melly!" he said. "Goey talkee Chinees along Chinaman."

"On, ripping!" said Bob, laughing. "You don't get many chances of talking that nut-cracking language here, old bean. Somebody come to see you from the Flowery Land?"

"Secretary belong Uncle O, come see this Chinees," explained Wun Lung. "Uncle which?"

"O!" "You've got an uncle named O?" ejaculated Bob.

"O nicey namee along China!" grinned Wun Lung. "Plenty Chinese name O. Name O Bo."

"O Bo!" murmured Bob. "Oh crikey! O Bo! Sounds frightfully musical! Pulling my leg, you young ass? How can you have an uncle named oboe?"

"No oboe!" chuckled Wun Lung. "Surname O, comey first in China. Bo what you call Chlistian name."

"Oh, I remember now, you've told me that they put the surname first in China like we do in the directories," grinned Bob. "So your uncle's named O, is he, and his front name is Bo?"

"Nicey name, O Bo," said Wun Lung.

"Oh, fine!" said Bob. "And what's the jolly old secretary's name?"

"Sin. Other name, Song."

"Sin Song!" ejaculated Bob.

"Velly good name along China."

Bob chuckled. Wun Lung grinned cheerfully. He had been long enough in the West to learn that Chinese names struck the Western mind as a little comic.

Certainly it sounded odd enough to a Remove fellow at Greyfriars to hear of Dr. Sin Song, secretary to Mr. O Bo!

"You comey along this Chinees see Sin Song," suggested Wun Lung. "Nicey fat man; velly good-tempered."

"Right-ho!" agreed Bob, and he went down the stairs with the little Chinese. He was rather curious to see the gentleman who rejoiced in the name—remarkable to English ears—of Sin!

They entered the visitors' room.

The fat and smiling doctor was seated at the window, gazing out with his slanting eyes into the quadrangle, where plenty of Greyfriars fellows were to be seen.

He rose at once to his feet as the juniors entered, and bowed almost to the

floor. His black, slanting eyes gleamed keenly at Wun Lung as he saw him.

He addressed Wun Lung in his own language, and Bob smiled as he saw the brightness in the little Chinese's face.

That strange monosyllabic language was a sealed book to Bob. He understood not a single word of it. But to Wun Lung it was the tongue of his native land, seldom heard since he had left China, and it was music to his little yellow ears.

Wun Lung answered in the same tongue, and apparently made an allusion to Bob, for Dr. Sin turned to him with a low obeisance.

Bob, not to be outdone in politeness, bowed as low as he could.

"Friend belong me, namee Bob Chelly," said Wun Lung, speaking in his queer English, which was rather different from the more careful English of Mr. Sin.

"This humble worm is honoured by the presence of the handsome and venerable friend of Wun Lung," said Dr. Sin. "I crawl in the dust at your magnificent feet."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob.

Chinese was resumed. To Bob's ears it sounded as if Wun Lung and Dr. Sin were alternately cracking nuts.

Every now and then he caught the monosyllable "O," from which he could guess that the secretary was speaking of Wun Lung's uncle.

Then Wun Lung turned to him.

"Sin Song likee takes this Chinees drive in car," he said. "You likee comey?"

"Yes, rather!" assented Bob, at once.

He had noticed a handsome car standing outside the House, and guessed that it belonged to the Chinese gentleman. Bob quite liked the idea of a run round in that car.

"We shall have to ask leave of Quelch!" he added.

"Goey askee."

The two juniors went to Mr. Quelch's study to ask leave. The Remove master looked up from a heap of papers.

"Certainly there is no reason why Dr. Sin should not take you for a drive in his car, Wun Lung," he said. "You are, I conclude, personally acquainted with him?"

"Savvy velly much, sir," answered Wun Lung. "Me savvy Dr. Sin along China, long time ago. He velly nicee man."

Mr. Quelch smiled. His own impression of Dr. Sin, with his fat, beaming face, was that he was quite a nice man. And if Wun Lung had known him in his childhood in China, there could be no reason why he should not be entrusted to his care.

"Very well, Wun Lung," he said, "you may go, if you take care to return before the gates are closed."

"Me velly careful, sir."

And the two juniors returned to rejoin Dr. Sin. They found him waiting by the car outside the House. There was no chauffeur; Dr. Sin drove the car himself.

"The honoured master gives leave?" asked Dr. Sin.

"Yes, that's all right," said Bob cheerfully. "We've got to be back for gates, that's all! That's a good hour."

"Will you deign to honour this wretched car by stepping into it?" asked Dr. Sin.

Bob, grinning, deigned to honour the car by stepping into it. Wun Lung sat down at his side. It was a large, roomy car, with plenty of space for half a dozen fellows, and it occurred to Bob

that his friends might like to share in that run round the country. As if the same thought had occurred to Dr. Sin, he turned his head, at he sat at the wheel, and smiled at Bob.

"Others, perhaps, would like to accompany!" he suggested. "This wretched car is unworthy of your magnificent notice, but there is space."

"Good egg!" said Bob. "Like the idea, Wun?"

"Muchee glad!"

"Then I'll call them!"

Bob Cherry stepped out of the car again. The other members of the Co. were at a little distance, talking to Lord Mauleverer, Vernon-Smith, Redwing, and some other Remove fellows.

Bob cut across towards the group.

As he did so the car suddenly started and shot away down the drive to the gates. Bob, in surprise, stared round as it whizzed away—and Wun Lung gave a startled ejaculation. Dr. Sin, bending over the wheel, did not heed either of them, and the car shot towards the gates, almost like lightning.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER

Late!

SKINNER grinned.

Bolsover major suppressed a chuckle.

Gosling snored.

It was a hot summer's day. In the drowsy heat, it was not surprising that William Gosling, the ancient porter of Greyfriars School, had fallen asleep in his chair, in his lodge at the gates. It would, in fact, have been surprising if he hadn't; for Gosling, naturally, was thirsty in that hot weather, and he quenched his thirst with a fluid that he certainly did not draw from the tap!

There was a faint aroma of gin in the room, and a fly had settled unheeded on Gosling's red nose when Skinner and Bolsover major grinned in.

"Fast asleep!" murmured Skinner.

"Safe as houses!" grinned Bolsover major.

Skinner tiptoed across to the mantelpiece, on which stood Gosling's clock. The clock indicated ten minutes to six. Gosling, when he settled down in the armchair, had had ample time for a little nap before his next duty came round—of closing the gates at seven. But in that Gosling had not counted on the practical joking propensities of certain members of the Remove.

Silently Harold Skinner opened the clock and moved the hands onward. Bolsover major watched him, grinning.

From ten minutes to six time made a sudden jump to ten minutes past seven! Then Skinner closed the clock again and tiptoed back to Bolsover in the doorway.

Gosling snored on.

The two young rascals backed out of the lodge. They grinned cheerily. Gosling's feelings, when he woke and found—as he would fancy—that he was late for lock-up, could be imagined.

"Gates" were very strict at Greyfriars; and Gosling, though no whale on his other duties, was always keen to perform that duty right on time. There was something entertaining, to his crusty nature, in banging the gates shut, with latecomers pelting up the road, hoping to get in in time. Not a second would Gosling allow—not a split second—or the tenth part of one! Right on time, Gosling would slam that gate,

even if a fellow had only one more jump to get in. The trouble of opening the gate again for a latecomer was more than compensated by the pleasure of taking his name for a report to his Form-master!

The day before, Skinner had been three seconds late—but he might as well have been three minutes, or three hours! The gate had clanged on his nose, and his name had been taken! Which had amused Gosling, but not Skinner!

Hence Skinner's little joke. Skinner thought, and Bolsover major agreed, that it would be fearfully funny to make the old, grumpy ass shut the gates an hour before time!

Crowds of fellows would clamour at the gates, finding them closed at six, instead of seven! Gosling, assured that it was seven, and not six, would want to take their names. There would be no end of a row—to the ultimate confusion of Gosling! It would be quite a valuable lesson to the crusty old gentleman on the subject of refusing a minute's grace to a fellow bolting in at the last moment.

"You're going to wake the old bargee up?" whispered Bolsover major.

"Yes, rather!"

"If he sees you he'll guess who put the clock on when he finds it's wrong."

"He won't see me," grinned Skinner.

He moved away to Gosling's little window, which was wide open to admit such little breeze as there was that hot afternoon. Gosling's snore floated out like a deep note from a trombone.

Skinner took a small green apple from his pocket. It was small, green, and hard, and not of much value as an apple. But it was quite useful for Skinner's purpose.

Taking careful aim at the red nose that glowed from the armchair, Skinner let the apple fly!

Plop!

"Urrrrgh!"

Gosling woke!

Instantly Skinner and Bolsover major were scuttling in retreat. Having awakened the porter, their work was done.

"Urrgh!" grunted Gosling. He sat up and rubbed his nose. He had had quite a smart tap on that prominent proboscis, and he could guess the cause as he saw the little green apple lying at his feet! He glared at the open window. "Drat 'em! Young rips! Waking of a 'ard-working-man hup when he's taking a little rest! Blow 'em! Wot I says is this 'ere—all boys ought to be drowned. Drowned, that's what I says!"

Gosling stepped to the window and glared out.

But Skinner and Bolsover major had dissolved into space, as it were. No one was near the porter's lodge.

Gosling scowled at the universe.

Some playful young rascal had buzzed that apple in at his window, but he was gone, and there was no chance of reporting him.

But the next moment Gosling forgot all about that playful young rascal as he looked at the clock.

"My heye!" gasped Gosling.

Evidently—to Gosling—he had slept longer than he had supposed. It was nearly a quarter past seven.

"My heye!" repeated Gosling.

He grabbed his keys and rushed for the door.

Lock-up was strict, and he was nearly a quarter of an hour late, according to the clock. Seldom, or never, had

Gosling been called over the coals for lateness in shutting the gates! He hoped, fervently, that his very unusual error would not be noticed this time! The Head would be annoyed, if he heard of it, and it would not be much use for Gosling to explain that he had gone to sleep and forgotten the time! The Head was certain to take the view that it was up to a school porter to postpone his slumbers till the night.

With his bunch of keys jingling in his horny hand, Gosling rushed out of his lodge. A quarter of an hour late already, he was not going to be another second late, if he could help it!

Gosling seldom moved swiftly; but on this occasion he fairly whizzed! Happily unaware that it was five minutes to six, completely convinced that it was a quarter past seven, Gosling fairly flew!

Bang! went the gate.

Jingle, went the keys!

Two or three fellows in the road ran up.

"Here, what's the game?" roared Coker of the Fifth, glaring at Gosling through the bars of the gate. "What are you shutting us out for, you old ass?"

Gosling grinned at him.

Late as it was, apparently, there were still latecomers to be caught!

"I'll take your name and let you in, Mr. Coker!" he grinned.

"Take my name?" roared Coker.

"Yessir, for report to Mr. Prout!" grinned Gosling.

"Is the old ass mad?" asked Coker, turning to his friends, Potter and Greene. "Mad or drunk, do you think?"

"Spot of both, I fancy!" remarked Potter.

"Look here, open this gate, Gosling, you old frump!" said Greene.

"I got to take your names, sir!" said Gosling. "Sorry, sir, of course!"

Gosling did not look sorry.

"Hallo, what's up?" Hobson of the Shell came up the road and arrived at the gate. "What's the gate shut for?"

"Gosling's gone balmy!" answered Coker.

"Look out, you old chump!" shouted Potter. "Here's a car coming down from the House!"

Gosling stared round at the roar of a rapidly-driven car behind him.

From the distant House a car came whizzing down the drive, and Gosling blinked at it.

It had started, even as Gosling shut the gate, and the driver was quite unaware of what had happened till he came shooting round the curve of the drive.

Then there was a sudden, frantic jamming on of brakes.

"Oh, my heye!" gasped Gosling.

It was unusual, of course, for a car to be driven at speed within the gates. This was, indeed, the first time Gosling had ever seen a car come down the drive looking as if the driver fancied that he were at Brooklands.

He gaped at it.

There was a crunching grind of hastily applied brakes, and the car, jamming to a stop, almost left the earth. Really, it was a wonder that it did not skid and shoot off the drive into the shrubberies or into Gosling's lodge. As it was, it stopped only five feet from the gates—as narrow an escape from a crash as any driver could have wanted.

The slant-eyed man at the wheel panted.

With a little less swiftness and

presence of mind he would have piled up the car on the gates—with a result that it was not pleasant to think of. Car and gates would have mingled in a terrific mix-up.

Outside startled fellows stared through the bars. Gosling stood blinking, transfixed. From the quad Bob Cherry and a score of other fellows came running. The door of the car flew open, and Wun Lung jumped out.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Dr. Sin Is Agreeable!

DR. SIN SONG sat at the wheel of the halted car, breathing quickly. His narrow escape from a crash seemed to have shaken him. No doubt, too, he was surprised by finding the gates shut when he knew that they were not due to be closed for another hour.

Wun Lung stood by the car, staring at him in surprise.

"What you startee for without fiends blong me?" exclaimed Wun Lung.

Dr. Sin panted.

"Something wrong with the starter?" asked Bob Cherry, coming up, breathless.

Sin Song's slant eyes gleamed at him for a moment.

"The honourable one has stated the truth," he assented. "Self-starter, recommended by maker as absolutely reliable, must be out of order! This humble one was greatly astonished by car shooting away like arrow. By grace of the god of fortune the brakes are quite good, and there was no danger for sun-like son of Wun Chung Lung."

"Jolly lucky you stopped in time, with the gates shut!" said Bob. "What the thump has Gosling shut the gates at six for?"

"Might have been an accident, with the car shooting off like that!" said Harry Wharton. "Thank goodness you braked in time."

"The thankfulness is terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, his dusky eyes resting rather curiously on the Chinese gentleman.

"You fellows comey?" asked Wun Lung.

The Chinese junior fully accepted Dr. Sin's explanation that something was wrong with the works, and that that sudden start had been unintentional. He had no reason to think otherwise.

But Bob Cherry could not help feeling a spot of doubt. Certainly such a thing might happen—and, apparently, had happened! But Bob, though by no means a suspicious fellow, could not help wondering a little whether Dr. Sin would have preferred to take the Chinese junior for that drive, unaccompanied by his English friends.

He did not like thinking so, in view of Dr. Sin's good-natured, beaming politeness. But it was at Dr. Sin's suggestion that he had stepped from the car, and immediately afterwards the car had shot away! It was, at least, a queer coincidence.

Likely enough, the gentleman from the flowery land wanted to talk to Wun Lung in Chinese on matters connected with his relations, and did not desire the presence of other fellows in the car. More than that, Bob Cherry did not dream of suspecting! But he could not help thinking that perhaps that sudden and unexpected start was not wholly accidental.

With that spot of doubt in his mind, Bob Cherry would rather have preferred to wash out the drive. But Wun Lung was evidently satisfied, and he

proceeded to explain to the other members of the Co. what had been planned. They were all on the spot now, with a crowd of other fellows.

"Let's!" said Frank Nugent.

"Yes, rather, kid!" said Harry Wharton. "That is, of course, if Dr. Sin doesn't mind."

Whether Dr. Sin minded or not, his flowing politeness left nothing to be desired. If he had wanted to leave Bob and his friends behind that game was up now, for certainly he could not allow Wun Lung to guess.

"Such honour is almost too great for this humble one!" declared Dr. Sin. "But if the lofty lord-ones will deign to enter this poor car the cup of satisfaction will be full for this wretched worm."

"You gettee in!" grinned Wun Lung.

"What-ho!"

"Get that gate open, Gosling, you old ass!"

The Famous Five packed in the car with Wun Lung. A dozen fellows were arguing with Gosling.

"You old ass, it's only six!" roared Coker of the Fifth from outside. "What do you mean by shutting a man out at six?"

"Don't you talk nonsense, Mr. Coker!" grunted Gosling. "It's nearly 'arf-past seven—"

"It's six!" roared Coker. "Look at my watch!"

"I shuts them gates by my clock, and my clock ain't never yet kept wrong time!" retorted Gosling.

"I fancy your clock's a bit fast to-day, Gosling!" remarked Skinner. And Bolsover major gave a chortle.

"That there clock ain't never wrong!" said Gosling stolidly.

"Open that gate, you old duffer!" bawled Bob Cherry. "Are you going to keep this gentleman here all night?"

Gosling opened the gates.

The packed car rolled out. It rolled away down the road, leaving a hot argument going on at the school gates. Gosling wanted a lot of convincing that it was, after all, only six o'clock! When he was finally convinced on that point he wanted to know who had put his clock on! But on that subject no information was forthcoming.

Harry Wharton & Co. enjoyed that run in the rapid car, which Dr. Sin drove well in spite of that little accident in starting.

They covered miles of country roads by Courtfield and Highcliffe, round by Woodend to Wapshot Camp, and home by Pegg and Cliff House School.

Dr. Sin talked to Wun Lung in Chinese and to the other fellows in his flowing and flowery English with such urbanity that Bob felt ashamed of his spot of doubt. He came to the conclusion that that sudden start had, after all, been an accident and that Dr. Sin would have braked and stopped even had not the school gates been unexpectedly closed.

However that might be, the secretary of Mr. O Bo. made an excellent impression on all the juniors, and they were quite sorry when the drive came to an end.

But they had to be back for lock-up, and just before seven Dr. Sin brought the car whizzing up to the school gates.

The gates were open now, though Gosling, at the door of his lodge, had a sort of hungry eye on them! At the first stroke of seven from the clock-tower Gosling was ready to get into action!

But the Remove party were in time, with minutes to spare. They turned out of the car at the gates, said a friendly good-bye to Dr. Sin, and walked in.

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The car buzzed away with Dr. Sin.

"Decent old bean, that chap!" remarked Harry Wharton, as the juniors went to the House.

"The decentfulness is terrific!" agreed Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Me likee velly much!" said Wun Lung.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! How are you getting on with the cat, Bunter?"

"Beast! I say, you fellows, I'm feeling awfully ill!" said Billy Bunter pathetically. "I went to the dorm to lie down a bit, and that old ass Quelch brought a silly Chinese idiot up there and disturbed me. I say, Wun Lung, you putrid heathen, was—was there anything else in that pie as—as well as the—the—groooogh!—cat?"

"Lot nicey things!" grinned Wun Lung.

"I mean, I never ate it all!" said Bunter anxiously. "There was some left. I—I think I—I might have left the cat—see? What else was there? Was—was there a rabbit as well?"

The Famous Five grinned.

"Anything else in that pie, Wun?" asked Bob.

"Oh, yes! What you tinkee?" said Wun Lung. "Cattee only makee half! Othel half othel things."

"Oh!" Bunter looked hopeful. "I—I may have eaten only the other things—see? What other things?"

"Nicey snail—"

"What?" yelled Bunter.

"Velly nicey slug—"

"Sus-slug!" moaned Bunter faintly.

"In China makee nicey pie along snail and slug," said Wun Lung blandly. "Nicey allee samee cat and dog."

"Oh, you beast! Urrggh! Gurrgh! Groooogh!"

Billy Bunter tottered away, his fat hands pressed to his waistcoat. Snails and slugs seemed to appeal to him no more than cats! Indeed, this further information seemed to make the fat Owl seem worse instead of better! His complexion took on a green tinge, and he gurgled horribly.

Wun Lung chuckled as he went into the House with the Famous Five.

"Tinkee fat ole Bunttee no pinchee pie blong me any more!" he remarked. And the Famous Five admitted that it was probable that Bunter wouldn't!

At calling-over, Billy Bunter had a sea-sick look. At supper, marvellous to relate, he ate nothing! Foodstuffs had lost their attraction—which indicated that the fat Owl of the Remove was feeling very bad indeed.

And when the Remove went to their dormitory that night, Billy Bunter's snore did not, as usual, wake the echoes a minute after his fat head touched the pillow. Almost for the first time in history, William George Bunter remained awake after the rest of the Form had gone to sleep!

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Man in the Night!

BILLY BUNTER blinked.

It was dark in the Remove dormitory. But there was a gleam of clear summer starlight from the high windows.

Across that gleam, a dark shadow passed.

Bunter blinked at it.

No eye but Bunter's was likely to fall on it. For it was past midnight, and the Remove fellows were deep in the healthy sleep of youth.

But for the episode of the pie, Bunter

would have been more soundly asleep than the others.

But that pie haunted Bunter!

Every time he thought of it he quaked and shuddered; and he could not help thinking of it.

Having missed his supper, he was feeling empty as a drum. But though he was hungry, he was not feeling inclined to eat. The mere thought of eating, at present, was distasteful. Something seemed to heave within him at the thought. He fancied that it was the cat. Greyfriars fellows had sometimes been annoyed with that cat, when they heard his melodious voice on the tiles in the small hours. But the wail of Thomas on the tiles would have been music to Bunter's fat ears, could he have heard it then! It would have enlightened him on the subject of that pie!

Sleepless, the fat Owl turned his fat head again and again on the pillow. Seldom did Bunter hear the chimes at midnight; but this night he heard them, and he was still sleepless when the hour of one boomed out over the silent school.

It was a few minutes later that he blinked and stared at that moving shadow against the starlight.

His first impression was that some fellow had got out of bed, improbable as that was at one in the morning.

But that impression was immediately followed by a spasm of terror that made him forget for the moment that he was feeling awfully sick and seedy.

There had not been the slightest sound in the dormitory, and a fellow could hardly have got out of bed without a creak or two. And that moving shadow came from the direction of the door. And it moved absolutely without a sound, which no Greyfriars fellow would have been likely to do.

Bunter's fat heart gave a startled jolt.

It was some intruder from outside, who had entered the room silently, creeping like a thief in the night.

Bunter gazed with distended eyes.

He dared make no sound!

A burglar, in a junior dormitory, was improbable, if not impossible. But if it was not a burglar, who and what was it? Bunter hardly breathed, as he blinked at it in terror.

All the other fellows were fast asleep. In the long row of thirty beds, only Billy Bunter was wakeful. And he would have been glad to be asleep!

Had that gliding shadow approached his bed, Bunter would probably have yelled out from sheer fright.

But it did not come near his bed. Palpitating with dread, the fat junior gazed at it in scared silence, too scared to think of doing anything else.

There was a sudden, tiny beam of light.

A flash-lamp had been turned on, obviously to guide the creeping intruder. It swayed quickly along the beds.

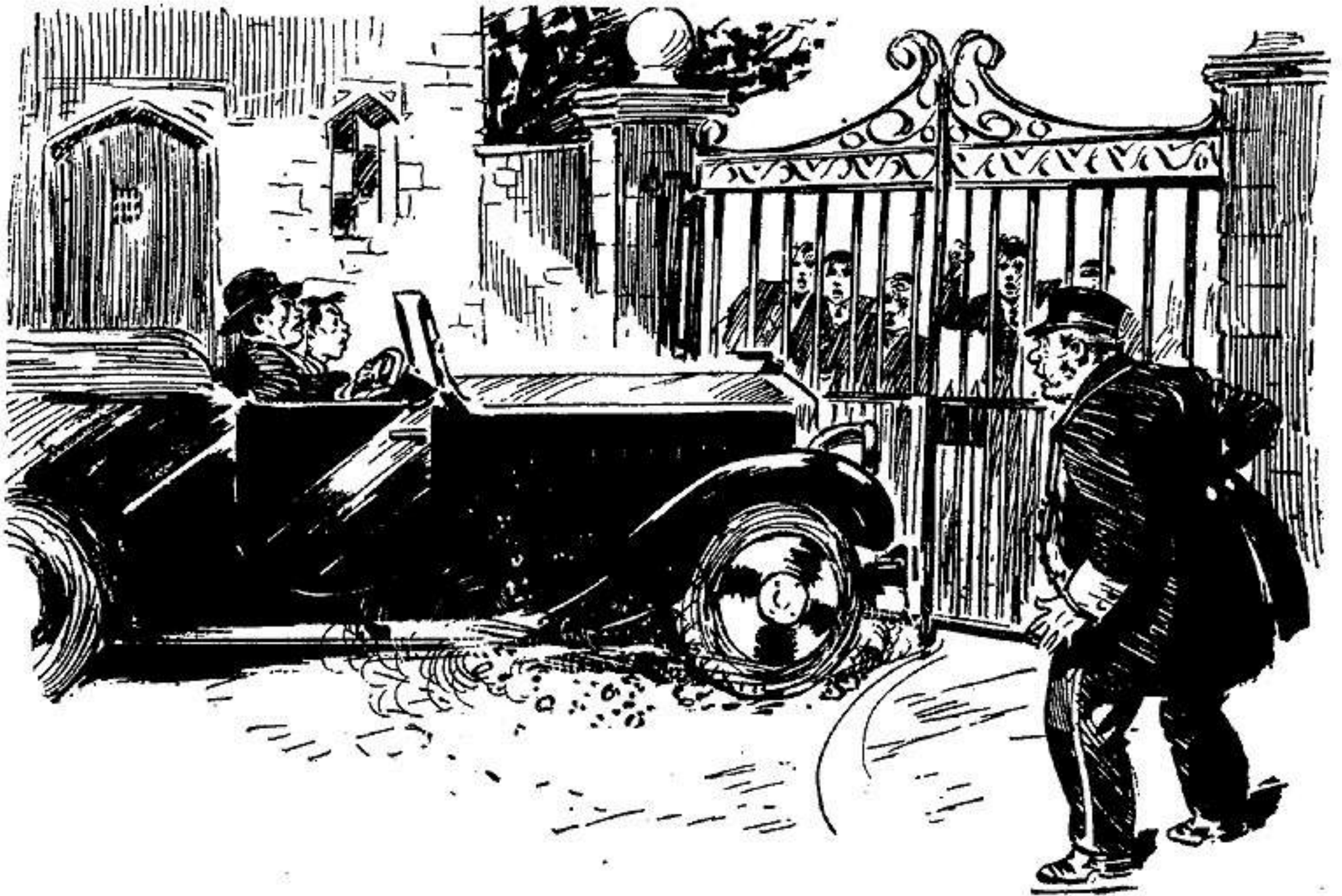
As it moved, a gleam, for a second, glimmered on a face; and Billy Bunter blinked, in stupefaction, at a face he had seen before that day.

It was the yellow face of Dr. Sin!

For a split second, Bunter saw the yellow, plump face, the glinting black eyes, but with a startlingly changed expression.

The plump face was not beaming and smiling with good-humour, as it had been that day. It was set and hard—the face of a man engaged on a desperate task.

Only for a fraction of a second did Bunter see it! Then the light was shut off, and all was deeply dusky again. The Chinaman had spotted the



"Oh, my heye!" gasped Gosling, as a large car, furiously driven by a slant-eyed Chinese, came hurtling down the drive. The next moment there came a crunching grind of hastily applied brakes, as the driver saw that gates were shut.

bed he sought! Still without a sound, the shadow glided on, and stopped by the bedside of Wun Lung!

Billy Bunter lay stupefied with fear mingled with amazement.

He had seen Dr. Sin that day—and he had heard the talk about him among the juniors. He knew that the man was secretary to Mr. O, Wun's uncle; or, at least, claimed to be such. That he could intend to harm the Chinese junior seemed unthinkable! Yet why was he creeping into Wun's dormitory in the dead of night—creeping to his bedside with the stealth of a prowling animal?

He knew his way about there—having visited the dormitory with Mr. Quelch that afternoon, and having had Wun's bed pointed out to him. But for that, he could not have known in which room in the great building to look for the son of Wun Chung Lung.

But, knowing so much, he had found his way to the Remove dormitory easily enough, and the merest glimmer of light had enabled him to pick out the bed.

He must have entered the House secretly and surreptitiously—like a burglar! No one would be admitted at that hour of the night! What could his game possibly be?

Bunter lay quaking—though it was not, now, the cat that made him quake! In his terror at this midnight intrusion, he forgot the cat.

What was the man doing?

He was out of the starlight now, but the fat Owl had an impression that he was bending over Wun Lung's bed.

Bunter gave a faint sniff.

A strange, faint, sickly odour floated to him. He knew the smell of chloroform.

A shiver ran through the fat junior.

Amazing, unthinkable as it seemed, that the secretary of Wun's uncle should design to harm him, there was no doubt.

He was holding a chloroform pad over the face of the sleeping Chinese boy, and Wun Lung was passing from sleep to insensibility.

In a dazed and dizzy state, between terror and amazement, Bunter wondered whether he had fallen asleep and was dreaming this.

There was a faint sound in the silence, the creak of a bed, as a still figure was lifted from it.

Then Bunter understood.

Wun Lung, drugged into unconsciousness, was being taken away; it was kidnapping that was intended.

The shadow passed in the starlight again. Bunter's distended eyes fell on it, and discerned that the shadow was now more bulky—it was carrying a still form rolled in a blanket.

Silently, but swiftly, the shadowy figure crossed towards the door, the little Chinese a light weight in his grasp.

A few moments more, and he would be gone—and Wun Lung would be gone! No one in the dormitory had awakened.

Billy Bunter sat up in bed.

He grabbed his spectacles, and jammed them on his fat little nose. Then, in the glimmer of the starlight, he saw the shadowy figure more clearly. It had almost reached the door, carrying Wun Lung rolled in the blanket. As Billy Bunter's bed creaked, under his movement, the figure stopped and the face was turned towards Bunter in sudden wariness.

Bunter's fat heart was almost in his mouth. But he knew what he was going to do. Billy Bunter was not of the stuff of which heroes were made, but he was not going to keep quiet when a Remove fellow was kidnapped in the middle of the night. Had the kidnapper been near him, Bunter's courage, such as it was, might have failed. But he was nearly at the door, when Bunter clutched up his pillow

with both hands and hurled it with all his force.

Crash!

That sudden missile caught the shadowy face, before the Chinaman had the remotest idea that it was coming.

There was a gasping exclamation, and a sudden bump, as the man staggered and went over, Wun Lung falling to the floor in the blanket. Then there was another bump as the man fell.

At the same moment, Billy Bunter bounced out of bed, shrieking.

"Help! Help! Help! I say, you fellows, help!"

His terrified shriek rang through the Remove dormitory, and far beyond. It woke every echo, and it awakened every fellow in the dormitory.

Startled voices exclaimed on all sides.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"What—"

"Who—"

"What the thump—"

"Help!" yelled Bunter. "Help! He's got him! Oh, help! Help! Help! Words failed Bunter, and he emitted piercing shriek after shriek.

"Is that Bunter—"

"What's the row?"

"Get a light!"

"Bunter, you ass—"

"That fat idiot's got a nightmare, and—"

"Bunter—"

Bunter, almost out of his fat senses with terror, shrieked and shrieked.

Harry Wharton, leaping from his bed, cut across to the door, to turn on the light, the switch being inside the doorway.

He gave a startled howl as he crashed into a figure that was bending over another figure on the floor. In spite of the alarm, the kidnapper was seeking to pick up the burden he had dropped, still hoping to get away with it.

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Wharton, crashing into him, sent him sprawling.

The captain of the Remove staggered from the shock; then, catching his foot in the insensible Chinese junior on the floor, stumbled and fell over Wun Lung.

"Help!" panted Wharton. "Somebody's here—help!"

The door opened and shut.

There was a swift patter of retreating footsteps in the corridor outside. At that stage, the kidnapper realised, only too clearly, that success was impossible, and that he had barely time to make his own escape, without the kidnapped schoolboy.

He was none too soon! The fleeing footsteps could still be heard in the corridor when Wharton scrambled up, found the switch, and flashed on the electric light.

The Remove dormitory was suddenly illuminated, revealing a crowd of startled faces, Billy Bunter shrieking like one demented, and Wun Lung lying senseless on the floor, almost at Wharton's feet.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Bunter's Bombshell!

"SILENCE! Silence at once!"

The dormitory door opened, and Mr. Quelch's voice barked in.

The Remove master, in dressing-gown and slippers, glared into the room. Seldom had he looked so angry.

"Silence!" he repeated. "What is this disturbance, at this hour of the night? Wharton, why are you out of bed? Bunter—"

Shriek, shriek!

"Silence, Bunter!"

"Shut up, you fat ass!" breathed Bob Cherry.

"Oh! Oh lor'! Oh crikey! I say, you fellows, is he gone?" stuttered Bunter. "Oh crumbs! Oh dear! Ow! Oh!"

"Wharton! Tell me at once what this disturbance means!" hooted Mr. Quelch. "Why are you out of bed—and you, Cherry, and you, Vernon-Smith—what is Wun Lung doing—what does this mean?"

"I—I hardly know, sir!" stammered Harry. "Someone has been here—"

"What is the matter with Wun Lung?" Mr. Quelch stared down at the motionless figure of the Chinese junior.

Harry Wharton, kneeling beside him, lifted the little Chinese's head, and rested it against his knee. Wun Lung's slanting eyes remained shut, his lips closed, his face set and expressionless.

"He seems unconscious, sir!" said Harry. "I—I don't know what's happened. Bunter woke us all up, shrieking, and I cut across to turn on the light and ran into somebody—he's gone now."

"You think someone has been here?" exclaimed the Remove master. "Some boy from another dormitory, do you mean?"

"I—I think not! I don't know—"

"Bunter seems to know, sir!" said Vernon-Smith. "He woke us up!"

"Bunter, tell me at once what has happened here!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. His frowning brow had relaxed now. He realised that it was not a midnight rag, as he had at first suspected.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter. "He crept in in the dark—oh lor'! I saw him, just a shadow, sir— Oh crumbs! I—I wasn't frightened—"

There was a chuckle from some of the juniors. Not only had Bunter been

frightened almost out of his fat wits, but he was frightened still! His fat knees were knocking together as he stood.

"He got to Wun Lung's bed, and then I smelt chloroform!" mumbled the fat Owl. "Oh crikey!"

"Chloroform!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Yes; I knew the smell! Oh dear! I buzzed my pillow at him when he was getting Wun Lung away, and knocked him over and called for help! Oh crikey!"

Mr. Quelch gazed at Bunter blankly. The Remove fellows stared at him, almost petrified.

"Nightmare!" murmured Skinner.

"Some nightmare, too, I guess!" grinned Fisher T. Fish.

"Wandering in his poor little mind!" murmured Wibley.

"Draw it mild, Bunter, you ass!" whispered Peter Todd.

But Mr. Quelch, after a long look at Bunter, bent over the insensible little Chinese. That Wun Lung was unconscious was clear; that circumstance bore out Bunter's strange tale, startling as it was.

The Remove master gave a sniff! He knew the narcotic scent that lingered about the little Chinese, where the pad had been pressed over his sleeping face.

"Chloroform has been used!" he said quietly. "Wun Lung is under the influence of it now."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Is Quelch going to make out that Bunter's telling the truth?" murmured Skinner.

But it was dawning on the juniors now that Bunter was telling the truth. Wun Lung was chloroformed; the blanket on which he lay had evidently been wrapped round him when he was taken from his bed; and he was within two yards of the door. A few feet from him lay the pillow from Bunter's bed!

Not one, but Bunter, had been awake. Something had stopped the unknown intruder, who was carrying Wun to the door. Bunter had done it!

But now that it became clear what had happened, the mystery was rather deepened than cleared. For it was evident that some person unknown had crept into the Remove dormitory, with the object of kidnapping the Chinese junior. And that was utterly amazing.

"Lift the boy on his bed, please!" said Mr. Quelch.

Three or four juniors rushed to carry Wun Lung back to his bed.

He was placed therein, and made comfortable; but he remained unconscious, and Mr. Quelch scanned him anxiously.

The Chinese junior had not been harmed apart from the effect of the drug; and it was a matter of time before consciousness would return. For the present, Wun Lung remained insensible to all that was going on.

The Remove fellows exchanged very startled looks.

The man into whom Wharton had run, and whom he had knocked over, was plainly a kidnapper, and he had succeeded in getting away, only just before Mr. Quelch arrived. He might yet be in the House!

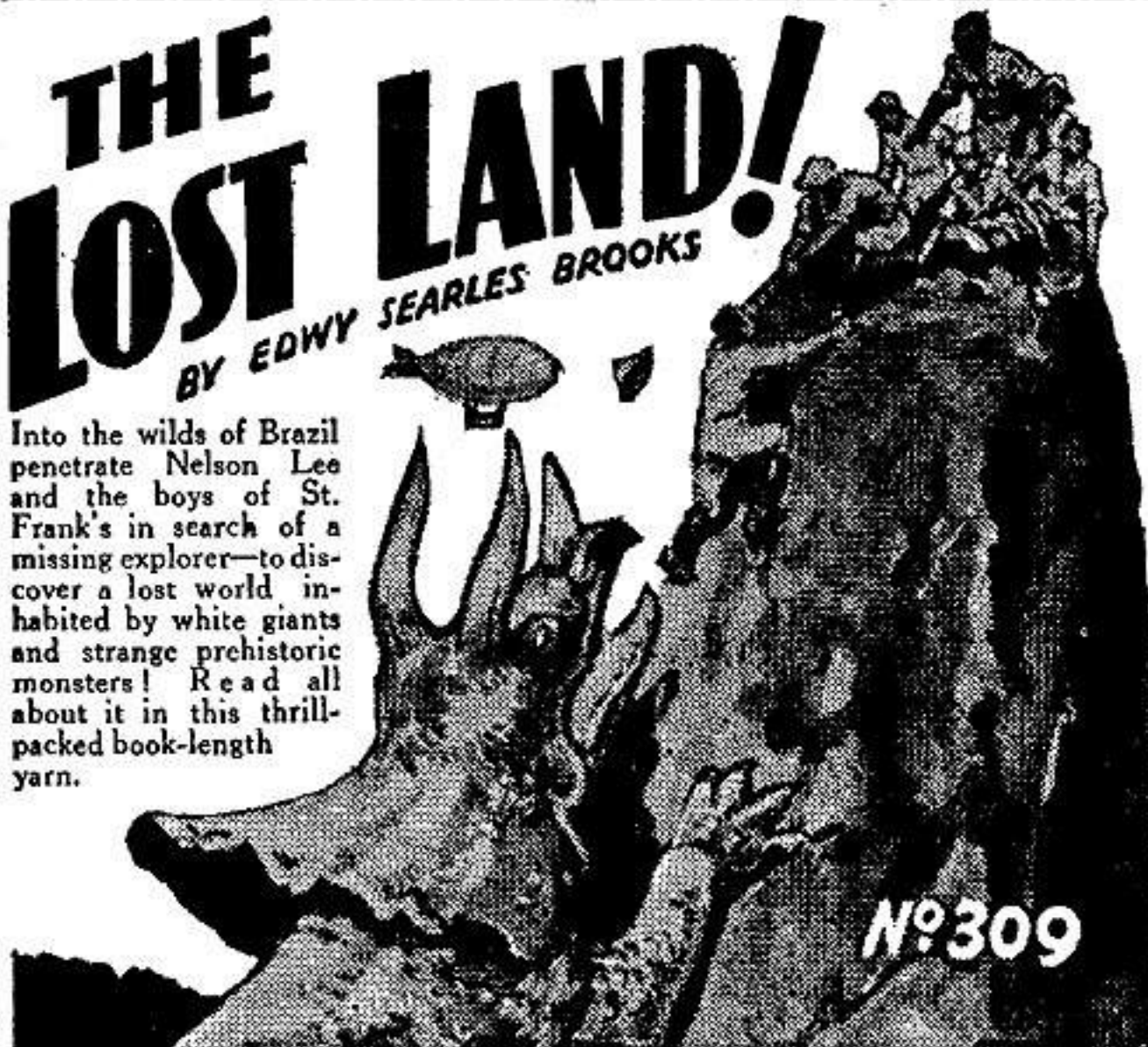
A deep voice boomed in at the doorway. Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, stared in.

"What is all this? Is that you, Quelch? What—what—" Prout stared at the crowd of startled faces. "This disturbance, Quelch—this extraordinary disturbance at such an hour— Someone has gone downstairs, Quelch. I distinctly heard someone running down the stairs—"

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"Please call up the prefects, Mr. Prout! Someone has been here—there has apparently been an attempt at kidnapping! The House must be searched for the man at once!"

"Goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mr. Prout. He fairly blinked at the Remove master. "Impossible, Quelch! What—"

"This boy, sir, is under the influence of chloroform!" barked Mr. Quelch. "I cannot leave him for the moment! Will you give the alarm or not?"

"Oh! Certainly!" gasped Prout.

He rolled away.

Lights flashed on below; footsteps and voices were soon heard.

"May we go and help, sir?" asked Bob Cherry.

"You may not!" rapped Mr. Quelch. "Go back to bed, all of you, at once! I have little doubt that the wretch has already made his escape—there is no danger. Go back to bed, my boys."

Unwillingly, the Remove turned in. Most of them would have liked to scamper over the House in search of the intruder.

Mr. Quelch sat by Wun Lung's bedside, his eyes anxiously on the face of the Chinese junior. Billy Bunter fielded his pillow, and went back to bed—but not to sleep. He had forgotten the cat—but he could not forget the kidnapper! He sat up in bed, hugging his fat knees, his eyes and spectacles fixed on the open doorway. Even Bunter, however, realised that the kidnapper was not likely to come back.

Footsteps came up the passage, and Wingate of the Sixth came in. All eyes turned on the captain of Greyfriars.

"Has anyone been found, Wingate?" asked Mr. Quelch.

"No, sir; but a window was open on the ground floor—a piece had been cut out of the pane," said Wingate. "Someone has entered—and I suppose he cleared off the same way—"

"Please ask Mr. Prout to telephone to the police station at Courtfield, Wingate."

"Yes, sir!"

The Greyfriars captain left the dormitory again.

"Bunter!"

"Oh dear! Yes, sir!"

"It appears that you were the only boy awake in the dormitory, Bunter, when that—that unknown person came. You deserve great credit, Bunter, for having acted as you did. It seems clear that you have saved this boy from falling into unknown and lawless hands."

"Oh! Yes, sir!" said Bunter. "I know it was jolly plucky, sir—"

"What?"

"I wasn't frightened in the least—"

"Never mind that! It seems that you were the only boy here who saw the wretch. You have spoken of having seen a shadow. Can you give any kind of further description of the man which would be useful to the police?"

"Oh, yes, sir! I saw him—" said Bunter at once. "A Chinaman—"

"A Chinaman!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Dear old Bunter can see in the dark, with the help of a little imagination!" murmured Skinner, and there was a subdued chuckle from the beds near Skinner's.

"Silence, please! How do you know that the man was a Chinaman, Bunter?" asked Mr. Quelch, with a very doubtful look at the Owl of the Remove.

"I saw him quite plain for a moment when he turned on the flashlamp, sir, and—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "He turned on a light?"

"Just for a tick, sir—I suppose to find Wun Lung's bed. Then I saw him, just for a tick."

"That is very fortunate," said the Remove master. "Speak carefully, Bunter, and kindly keep to the exact facts!" Mr. Quelch was only too well acquainted with the manners and customs of that member of his Form! "You are sure that the man was a Chinaman? If so, it should be easy for the police to trace him. You are sure of this, Bunter?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I'd seen him before."

Mr. Quelch jumped.

"You had seen him before, Bunter!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, I knew his face all right!" said Bunter.

Peter Todd gave the fat Owl a warning look.

It was like Bunter, when he found himself the centre of attention, to draw the long bow, and furnish all sorts of details from his fertile fancy. Peter had no doubt that Bunter, who never could tell a plain, unvarnished tale, was going to add some thrilling trimmings of his own invention. Most of the Remove fellows had the same impression—and it was pretty plain that the master of the Remove shared that impression.

But Bunter did not heed warning looks. By this time he was recovering from his funk and beginning to swell with importance. He had a feeling that he, William George Bunter, was a hero!

"Tell me when and where you saw the man before, Bunter!" said Mr. Quelch, his gimlet eyes boring into the fat Owl. "I warn you once more to relate only the exact facts—"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Where had you seen the man?" rapped Mr. Quelch.

"In this dormitory, sir, this afternoon."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Bunter, you ass—" breathed Harry Wharton.

"For goodness' sake, fathead—" hissed Peter Todd.

Mr. Quelch, who was sitting by Wun Lung's bedside, rose to his feet. He stared, or, rather, glared at Bunter.

"Bunter! What do you mean? How could you have seen a stranger—a Chinaman—in this dormitory in the afternoon? What do you mean?"

"He came up with you, sir, while I was there."

"Are you in your senses, Bunter? The Chinese gentleman who came up with me this afternoon was Dr. Sin, the secretary of Wun Lung's uncle."

"I know, sir! He was the man!"

Billy Bunter blinked round, through his spectacles, at staring faces. The Remove fellows gazed at him as if hypnotised. Bunter, really, might have dropped a bombshell, to judge by the effect of his statement.

Mr. Quelch broke the silence.

"Bunter! I warned you to state the facts."

"That's the facts, sir!" said Bunter. "It was that Chinese chap, Sin. I saw his chivvy when he flashed on the light—"

Mr. Quelch drew a long, deep breath.

"What you state, Bunter, is absolutely impossible! Dr. Sin is a respectable gentleman, known to Wun Lung in his early boyhood in his own country, and he came to the school with messages from Wun Lung's uncle. You are making a ridiculous mistake, Bunter!"

"Oh, really, sir—"

"I trust," added Mr. Quelch grimly, "that it is only a mistake, and not a

foolish statement deliberately made to cause a sensation."

"Oh crikey!"

"In any case, it is groundless and absurd! Say no more!"

"But I say—"

"Be silent!" rapped Mr. Quelch.

And Billy Bunter, after an indignant snort, was silent.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Piles It On!

GREYFRIARS, the next morning, was buzzing with the startling story of the happenings in the Remove dormitory overnight.

From the Sixth to the Second Form every fellow in the school was discussing it.

Billy Bunter, as the fellow who knew most about it, was much in request; and before morning school he had related the story at least a dozen times to eager hearers.

Every time he related it, however, it differed a little.

William George Bunter was constitutionally unable to keep to the facts! For the life of him, Bunter could not help improving on a story every time he told it.

The facts were creditable enough to Bunter. He had been in a blue funk, but he had found courage enough to intervene, and it was unmistakable that he had prevented the Chinese junior from being carried off in the dead of night. Had Bunter been content to stick to the facts, all Greyfriars would willingly have given him the credit that was his due.

But the facts were not enough for Bunter! The credit that was his due did not suffice for the fat Owl! He wanted more!

So he gave himself more, with a liberal hand; the result being that a good many fellows doubted even the facts!

Just before the bell went Harry Wharton & Co. came on him in the quad, telling the story for the umpteenth time to a crowd of fellows, most of whom were grinning.

"Leaping from my bed," Bunter was saying, "I rushed at him! 'Let that kid alone, you scoundrel!' I shouted. My very words! The other fellows may not have heard me, as they were all fast asleep. He turned on me, grinding his teeth, his eyes flashing fire! But he couldn't scare me! I whopped him with the pillow, and knocked him spinning! Crash! he went. Crash! Just like that!"

The Famous Five exchanged glances as they heard that.

Evidently Bunter's desire to make a good story of it had been too strong for him! This was quite different from what he had told Mr. Quelch in the dormitory the night before.

"He sprang up, drawing his knife!" went on Bunter cheerfully. "The blade flashed before my eyes!"

"What did you draw?" asked Temple of the Fourth.

"Eh? I didn't draw anything."

"Not the long bow?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Temple! He came at me like a—a tiger, brandishing the dagger—"

"He had a dagger as well as a knife?" asked Hobson of the Shell.

"I mean the knife! He came at me brandishing the knife—springing at me like—like—like—"

"Like a jack-in-the-box?" asked Temple.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Like a tiger!" hooted Bunter. "Or—or a leopard! I got in one with my left, and knocked him right over! The knife crashed on the floor."

Temple grinned round at the Famous Five.

"Anybody pick up any jolly old knives or daggers in your dorm last night?" he asked.

"Nobody's mentioned it," answered Harry Wharton, laughing.

"He—he must have grabbed it up again when he bolted," said Bunter hastily. "Anyhow, there it was! It barely missed me as he slashed. In fact, it cut a slit in my pyjama jacket, grazing the skin—"

"Let's see the jolly old pyjama jacket!" suggested Hobson.

"I'll show it to you, if you like!" said Bunter scornfully.

"Do!" said a dozen voices.

"Only—only it's gone to the wash, as it happens—"

"Ha ha, ha!"

"I wonder if that fat ass could tell the truth if he tried?" remarked Johnny Bull thoughtfully.

"Oh, really, Bull—"

"Did anything at all happen in your dorm last night, you fellows?" asked Temple.

"Look here, you cheeky beast!" roared Bunter. "You asked me to tell you what happened, and I'm telling you. You can cackle, but you'd have cackled on the other side of your mouth if you'd been in my place—facing a desperate ruffian single-handed. I'd like to see you standing up to his automatic like I did! Yah!"

"Oh scissors!" yelled Hobson. "Did he have an automatic, too?"

"I—I mean, his dagger—that is, his knife—"

"Not much difference between a dagger, a knife, and an automatic pistol!" remarked Stewart of the Shell. "Did he shoot you with the dagger, Bunter, or slash your pyjamas with the pistol? Or did he take deadly aim with the knife—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah!" snorted Bunter.

The bell rang, and the Greyfriars fellows headed for the Form-rooms—a good many of them chuckling over Bunter's tale.

Harry Wharton tapped the fat Owl on a podgy arm, as the Remove fellows went in.

"Look here, Bunter," he said quietly, "you did a pretty decent thing, and it really looks as if you stopped some blighter from kidnapping the little Chinee. Leave it at that!"

Bunter blinked at him.

"If fellows ask me to tell them what happened, why shouldn't I?" he asked. "Of course, I know you're jealous of my pluck—"

"You fat frump!"

"Yah! This eternal jealousy is pretty sickening," said Bunter scornfully. "You hate me seeing the Cliff House girls because you're jealous of a fellow's good looks—"

"Oh crikey!"

"You've left me out of the eleven because you're jealous of a fellow's cricket, though you know jolly well I'd like to go over to Rookwood today and get out of lessons—"

"You pernicious porpoise—"

"Now you can't hide your jealousy because I've shown pluck!" said Bunter contemptuously. "I call it sickening! It's not as if it's anything

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new—I've shown pluck before, I suppose! I don't brag of it—some fellows are plucky, and some are not! You fellows are not, and I am! I'm not blaming you—"

"Oh scissors!"

"But facts are facts!" said Bunter. "You'd have been scared stiff at the mere sight of that villain's automatic dagger—I mean, knife—that is, pistol! Think I was scared?" The fat Owl sniffed. "My advice to you, Harry Wharton, is this—if you can't help feeling jealous of a fellow who puts you in the shade, don't show it."

The captain of the Remove breathed hard and deep, whilst the other members of the Co. grinned.

"I suppose," said Harry, "that I mustn't burst him all over the quad, after what he did for Wun Lung last night. But—"

"Oh! You admit I did something?" sneered Bunter. "More than you'd have done, I fancy! I'd like to see you rush on a fierce and desperate kidnapper, armed to the teeth, with only a pillow—"

"I'd like to see you do it, too, old fat top!" said Harry. "Look here, Bunter, you can't tell the truth, and it's no use expecting it; but take my tip and don't stick Wun's uncle's secretary into your silly yarns. That's outside the limit. Leave Dr. Sin out of it."

"Why, you silly ass!" gasped Bunter. "That part's true—I—I—I mean, that's as true as the rest."

Harry looked at him.

"Does the silly owl really fancy that he saw Dr. Sin, or is it gammon, like the rest of his rot?" he asked. "You fellows know?"

"Blessed if I do!" said Nugent. "I don't think Bunter quite knows himself. He gets awfully mixed when he's telling fibs."

"He can't fancy so!" grunted Johnny Bull. "It's rot!"

"The rotfulness is terrific!"

Bob Cherry did not speak. Like his friends, he thought it quite impossible that the kidnapper of the night could have been the sleek and smiling Dr. Sin. Yet at the back of his mind was a strange twinge of doubt.

Of that doubt, however, Bob said nothing so far. He wanted to think the matter over carefully before he put such a thought into words.

"I saw him quite plainly," Bunter went on. "Think I don't know a Chinaman again when I see him the second time on the same day?"

"Can't you see it's impossible!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"Dr. Sin is Mr. O's secretary—"

"I know that!"

"Mr. O is Wun's uncle—"

"I know that, too!"

"Wun's uncle is fond of him—he's often sent things to him here, jolly valuable things, too. Wun writes him letters in Chinese. They haven't seen one another for a long time, but they're fond of one another."

"What about it?"

"Well, you fat ass, do you think an affectionate uncle, like old O, would have a secretary who would kidnap his nephew? Dr. Sin couldn't have come here, or to England at all, if Wun's uncle hadn't sent him to see the kid. But for old O, Sin Song wouldn't ever have entered the school at all."

"Well?" grunted Bunter.

"Well, doesn't that make it perfectly plain that it wasn't Dr. Sin who burst into the dorm last night?"

"Looks like it," admitted Bunter. "Only—"

"Only what?"

"Only it was Dr. Sin!" said Bunter.

"You blithering owl, I'm trying to make you understand that it wasn't, and couldn't be?" howled Wharton.

"No good trying to make me understand that it wasn't, when it was," said Bunter. "Have a little sense."

"Do you think the old sportsman's secretary runs kidnapping as a sideline?" hooted Johnny Bull.

"I know he got Wun last night."

"Oh, you fat idiot!"

"Beast!"

"Look here, Bunter," said Wharton, almost in despair, "this is a case of attempted kidnapping—the police will have to take it up! Inspector Grimes will come to question you about it."

"I know that."

"You can't tell him that idiotic tale about Wun's uncle's secretary! Do be a sensible chap!"

"I'm bound to tell old Grimes the truth, if he asks me," said Bunter. "Wharrer you mean, Wharton? It's against the law to refuse information to the police."

"You mustn't tell a police-inspector lies?" howled Harry.

"I'm not going to, you ass! I'm going to tell him that I saw that man Sin bagging Wun Lung, because I did—"

"You pernicious porker, you didn't!" said Frank Nugent. "You didn't, because you couldn't have! Sin was very likely back in Paris with his governor when that happened last night—"

"He couldn't have been in Paris when he was in the Remove dormitory."

"Chump!"

"Beast!"

"Do have a little sense, Bunter!" urged the captain of the Remove. "Wun likes that chap Sin Song—he knew him long ago in China. He will be fearfully upset if you start a rotten story about the man."

"I know he's an ungrateful little beast—look how he treated me yesterday, after all I've done for him! Still, I should think he would be grateful, if I help the police to get hold of the kidnapper."

"It's no good talking to him," said Johnny Bull. "Boot him!"

"Yah!"

"Then—then you're going to tell Inspector Grimes that it was Dr. Sin in the dorm last night?" gasped Harry.

"Of course I am!"

"Well, he won't believe it—that's one comfort! But if you've got the sense of a bunny rabbit—"

"Beast!"

Bunter rolled into the Form-room. And when, a quarter of an hour later, he was called out to see Inspector Grimes, who had arrived at the school, he gave Harry Wharton & Co. a disdainful blink as he went. Evidently, his fat mind was made up, and the juniors could only wonder what would come of his—to their minds—recklessly libellous statement concerning Mr. O's secretary.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Dark Doubts!

BOB CHERRY had rather a worried look.

He was the only member of the Co. who had.

It was a great day for the Remove cricketers, and their faces were bright and cheery when they packed into the train for Rookwood.

There was only one class that morning for the members of the eleven,



Inside the box-room, Wun Lung stared round him in surprise. He had expected to find Bolsover and Skinner there engaged in bullying his brother Hop HL. "Fattee fool, Buntree!" he snapped. "Tell plenty big whoppee lie!" "He, he, he!" cackled Bunter, the Chinese junior had fallen into his trap without suspecting.

and the two or three fellows who had leave to go with them.

After first school, they left for the railway station; leaving less fortunate fellows to continue work in the Form-room.

That alone was rather a catch! And it was a glorious summer day; and there was going to be a great game at Rookwood; and they were—they hoped—going to wind up the summer with a glorious victory over Jimmy Silver & Co.

The Famous Five had special cause for satisfaction, because the whole of the Co. were in the team this time. Frank Nugent, who did not often get a chance of playing for School, was in the eleven against Rookwood, greatly to the satisfaction of himself and his chums.

So the Famous Five were merry and bright as the train rolled away with them—but Bob's face clouded every now and then with a look of worry.

The party were separated along the train, and the five, as it happened, had a carriage to themselves, the passengers in the other seats getting out after a time. Then Bob Cherry, after long cogitation, came out with the subject that was on his mind.

"You fellows—" he began.

Harry Wharton smiled.

"Cough it up," he said. "I can see that something's been biting you! Don't say you don't feel equal to a couple of centuries at Rookwood to-day."

"Dozens!" said Bob, laughing. "I wasn't thinking about the cricket—"

"Not!" ejaculated four voices.

"No! About Wun Lung—"

"The kid's all right," said Harry.

"You don't suppose that the kidnapper will butt in in the daytime after him, do you?"

"No, ass! But who the dickens is that kidnapper?" said Bob.

"The who-fulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a dusky grin.

"The fact is," said Bob, "I'm rather worried about what Bunter said. It seems such utter rot—"

"It is utter rot!" said Johnny Bull. "You're not ass enough to suppose that there could be anything in it, surely."

"Well, no! But—"

"Bunter's a blithering goat," said Harry. "It looks as if he really fancies that he saw Dr. Sin. But he's short-sighted, it was in the dark—a flash of the light for only a moment, as Bunter himself admits—and we know jolly well that he was in a blue funk and trembling like a jelly. He'd seen Dr. Sin that afternoon, and fancied that he saw him again."

"But it's queer that he should fancy specially that Chinaman—a man he'd only seen once, for a few minutes—"

"Oh, Bunter would fancy anything! He's fancied knives, and daggers, and automatic pistols since."

"Yes—there's no telling with that silly ass!" said Bob. "But—"

"The buffulness appears to be preposterous!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, with a curious look at Bob's troubled face. "You have something else in your absurd mind, my idiotic Bob?"

"Well, yes," said Bob. "I shouldn't take the slightest notice of Bunter's rot, only—only—look here, you men! That man Sin barged in yesterday, and Quelch seems to have shown him over the school. That's natural enough, of course, but—but that was how he came to step into the Remove dorm, where Bunter saw him."

"What about it, old chap?"

"I mean, after that, Sin would be able to find the place, if he wanted to—and that kidnapper last night knew all right!"

"Oh!" said Harry slowly. "A lot of the fellows have been wondering how the man knew that Wun Lung was in that special room; a stranger couldn't know much about the interior arrangements at the school."

"Might have gone from one room to another till he found the right one!" suggested Johnny Bull. "We don't know how long he'd been in the House."

"Yes, that's so, too!" said Harry. "Might have been on the prowl for a couple of hours, for all we know."

Bob Cherry nodded.

"Yes, I see that!" he said. "It looked as if the man knew the room—but after all, he may have scouted round and found it."

"He must have, you mean!" said Johnny.

"The esteemed Bob has not finished endfully yet!" murmured the Nabob of Bhanipur.

"Cough up the rest, Bob," said Harry, smiling.

"Well, there was that queer thing that happened in the afternoon," said Bob, slowly. "The way the car started all of a sudden just after I'd stepped out of it—"

"That was an accident, wasn't it?"

"Dr. Sin said it was," admitted Bob, uncomfortably, "and he seemed so decent, I should hate to—to think—but look here, it was owing to a suggestion from him that I got out of the car. Then it shot off—with Wun Lung still in it. But for that stunt of Skinner's, putting Gosling's clock on and getting him to shut the gates an hour early, it would have scuttled out—"

"Sin would have stopped as soon as he got it under control!" said Johnny Bull.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Nugent. "Bob, old man! You fancy that he was going

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(Continued from page 13.)

to cut off with Wun, and was only stopped by Skinner's joke on Gosling."

"I'm telling you fellows what's in my mind," answered Bob. "At the time, I rather suspected that it wasn't any accident, but that he wanted the kid to himself for a Chinese pow-wow, without any foreign devils barging in. After the car had had to stop, owing to the gates being closed—"

"Sin would have stopped it anyhow," said Johnny Bull. "He had it under control pretty quick."

Bob gave him a look.

"Shut up a minute, Johnny, old man!" murmured Wharton. "Carry on, Bob! It's all moonshine—but carry on."

"Well, I hope it's all moonshine," said Bob. "I'd never have given it a thought, but for Bunter thinking that the kidnapper last night was Dr. Sin. Then—then I couldn't help thinking how it looked. Putting it that Sin was after the kid, he was going to pretend to take him for a drive, and hike off with him. He found that Wun was taking a friend—and diddled that friend out of the car, and shot away. The gate was closed, and he had to stop—so he called it an accident with the starter. And—and he had taken a squint at Wun's sleeping-quarters, as a second string to his bow—meaning to drop in for him at night, if he failed in the day—as he did, owing to Skinner. See?"

Harry Wharton whistled.

"Blessed if you haven't mapped it out like a detective novel, old chap," he said.

"Bit too much like a novel for me!" said Johnny Bull. "Sin drove us round for fifty miles or more, and brought us all back safe, Wun and all."

"He couldn't do anything, fathead, with five fellows along with the kid, if that was his game. If Sin's the man, we saved Wun Lung by going out on that drive with him."

"I'm ready to save him again, or any chap, for a run in a ripping car like that!" grinned Johnny.

"Fathead!"

"You're the fathead, old chap! It's just a coincidence that these things happened, and that that fat ass fancied he saw Sin."

"That's what worries me," said Bob. "Is it more than a coincidence?"

"What motive could Sin have?" asked Nugent. "He seems a decent chap, and Wun knew him long ago, and likes him. He's old O's secretary, and will have to go back to his boss. He couldn't take his boss' nephew, kidnapped, along with him, could he?"

"No good asking me why he did it, if he did! Why did anybody, if you come to that?" asked Bob. "It was somebody."

"Oh, that's easy enough," said Johnny Bull. "Wun's people are frightfully rich—I hear that that old uncle of his, Mr. O, is fairly rolling in oof. The rotter was after a ransom, I suppose, as he can't have been after anything else."

"Well, what was it then?" said Bob. "Sin must know all about his governor's wealth, and he might—"

"It's possible, I suppose," said Harry Wharton. "But it really all hangs on Bunter fancying he saw Dr. Sin—and Bunter's short-sighted, funky, silly, stupid, fatheaded, and would say anything to make fellows listen. He takes himself in, though he takes nobody else in—I really think that he believes, sometimes, that he's expecting a postal order in the morning. Even if Bunter thinks he's telling the truth, the chances are that he isn't. Wash it out, old bean."

"Well, I thought I'd get it off my chest and see what you fellows think," said Bob. "If there seemed to be anything in it, I ought to tip Wun Lung to be on his guard."

"Guard yourself when you do!" grinned Nugent. "Wun likes that Chinese chap, and he might tap you on the nose."

"Wun certainly wouldn't believe there was anything in it, and he would be jolly offended," said Harry. "There really isn't, Bob! If you want my advice, forget all about it."

Bob glanced round at the Co.

"You fellows think the same?" he asked.

"Yes, old bean!"

"That does it, then!" said Bob. "I suppose there's nothing in it, really, but it worried me. Let it drop."

And the subject dropped.

Bob, perhaps, could not quite dismiss a lingering doubt. But nothing more was said about it; and the other fellows dismissed it from mind—which Bob also did, when the party arrived at Rookwood School. Cricket with Jimmy Silver & Co. required all a fellow's attention; and, with the willow in his hands, Bob forgot the existence of Dr. Sin Song, though, as it happened, he and his friends were to be reminded of that sleek and smiling gentleman before the last ball was bowled in the Rookwood match.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Too Thick!

BILLY BUNTER, in third school that morning, had the look of a fellow who was feeling that his wrongs and grievances were getting altogether too much to be tolerated.

Considering his deeds overnight, Bunter's opinion was that he was, or at least ought to have been, the hero of the hour. Fellows should have cast admiring glances after him as he passed. He should have caught a whisper here and there:

"See that chap? That's Bunter—chap who tackled the kidnapper, you know!"

Instead of which, most of the fellows seemed to take his heroic action rather as a joke than anything else.

Boiled down to actual facts, Bunter had buzzed a pillow at a man who was trying to get a Remove fellow out of the dormitory to kidnap him—and fellows asked, wouldn't any chap have done it?

Adding daggers, automatics, and other deadly weapons did not seem to have improved matters.

Tubb of the Third came up to Bunter in break, and asked him whether the kidnapper had had one machine-gun, or one under each arm! This, as even Bunter realised, cast ridicule on the whole thing.

Nevertheless, whether Bunter had done much or little, he had saved Wun Lung from being carried off in un-

known lawless hands. And even if his embellishments found no credence, it was rather hard lines that the actual facts shouldn't.

He had seen Dr. Sin! Nobody believed he had! Mr. Quelch was annoyed with him for making the statement. Wun Lung was still more annoyed and angry.

The most charitable-minded fellows supposed that the fat Owl, confused and scared in the dark, had made one of his usual idiotic mistakes. Others said out openly that he had made it up, just to cause a sensation. They believed in Dr. Sin's visit to the dorm no more than they believed in the daggers and automatics, putting it down, along with those lethal weapons, to Bunter's fat imagination.

Whether Inspector Grimes believed him or not, Bunter could not tell.

He had told the Courtfield inspector the truth—and a little over. It was up to Mr. Grimes to winnow the wheat from the chaff, and his final opinion he kept to himself. But his manner to Bunter was very grim and discouraging. Only too clearly he did not regard Bunter as a bold, fearless, daredevil fellow—but as a fat and fatuous ass, who hardly knew what he was talking about!

All this was, Bunter thought, too thick!

Added to all this, he was sticking in class, when the fellows in the eleven were gone over to Rookwood to play cricket. Bunter, as usual, left out of the team by inferior players who disliked being put in the shade!

Even that was not all!

For, in break, Bunter had beheld a startling sight—nothing less than Mrs. Kebble's tom cat, Thomas, sunning himself and trimming his whiskers on the porch of Gosling's lodge.

That was not an uncommon sight, and it astonished nobody but Bunter. But the fat Owl gazed at Thomas as if he could hardly believe either his eyes or his spectacles!

Up to that moment he had firmly believed that he had devoured Thomas, in what he had supposed, at the time, to be a rabbit-pie!

Obviously, he hadn't!

Thomas, evidently undevooured, was enjoying life as usual. And it was borne in on Billy Bunter's mind that Wun Lung had pulled his leg about Thomas, to punish him for pinching the pie, and that he had had an evening of seasickness and a wakeful night for nothing!

So it was no wonder that Billy Bunter had intense exasperation in his fat face, in third school, and felt that things were getting altogether too thick!

Neither did Quelch go easy with him, as might have been expected, when a fellow had been up at night, doing heroic deeds.

Quelch was annoyed by his mention of Dr. Sin—still more annoyed by his repeating that name to Inspector Grimes. He suspected Bunter of taking advantage of the happening in the dormitory, to spin a fanciful and sensational yarn—which was, in fact, a proceeding quite in Bunter's line.

Bunter had to work in third school, just as if he wasn't the hero of the hour and hadn't lost his beauty sleep in heroic stunts! And as he did his work badly, as usual, he reaped a crop of lines.

When the Remove came out after morning school, he found a little comfort in the fact that a crowd of fellows gathered round him at once, to hear more about the mysterious affair in the dormitory.

But he soon discovered that they were only bent on "drawing" him, and encouraging him to roll out bigger and bigger whoppers—greeting the same with howls of merriment.

And, in fact, even Bunter realised that he had piled it on a little too thick, on reflection. A description of a desperado with a pistol in each hand and a dagger in the other, could not really be expected to carry conviction. In the fervid flow of invention, Bunter provided the villain with three hands—which was really excessive.

At dinner Billy Bunter frowned at rows of grinning faces.

One face at the table was not grinning—Mr. Quelch's. That one was frowning more darkly than Bunter's.

"Bunter!" Mr. Quelch rapped out the name at the end of the meal.

"Yes, sir!" grunted Bunter.

"I hear that you have been giving foolishly exaggerated and absurd descriptions of what happened in the Remove dormitory last night, Bunter."

"Oh, really, sir—"

"Your action, Bunter, in intervening, was creditable—all the more, because I have no doubt that you were very much frightened at the time—"

"Not at all, sir! I—"

"But your exaggerated accounts of the occurrence, Bunter, are absurd, and I warn you to make no more foolish statements on the subject."

Grunt from Bunter! This was the sort of thing a fellow had to expect from Quelch when he covered himself with glory!

"I must mention another matter, Bunter," said Mr. Quelch, his voice growing deeper. "You have connected the name of a very respectable gentleman with that occurrence."

"I saw that man Sin, sir—"

"I am willing to believe, Bunter, that you fancy so! But it can only have been a foolish, frightened fancy. You must not repeat that statement."

"I saw him, sir—"

"If you believe so, Bunter, I command you to keep your belief to yourself, and not to mention Dr. Sin's name again!"

Bunter made no answer to that; indeed, his feelings were too deep for words. He went out of Hall, with the Remove, boiling with indignation.

"I say, you fellows, what do you think of that?" he gasped, in the quad. "Did you hear him?"

"Well, it's time you chucked it, old fat man!" remarked Wibley. "Why not tell the truth, for a change?"

"It's the truth, you silly fathead!" hooted Bunter. "I tell you that the kidnapper was that man Sin—"

"Look here, chuck it!" said Bolsover major. "Stick to the daggers and pistols and machine-guns, if you must tell crammers! What's that man done to you for you to tell lies about him?"

"Tain't lies!" shrieked Bunter. "You rotter, are you making out that I tell lies?"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Do you ever tell anything else?" yelled Wibley.

"Hardly ever!" chuckled Skinner.

"I say, you fellows, I really did see him. It was that man Sin who was yanking Wun Lung out of the dormitory, and I can jolly well say—Yaroooh! Who's that beast kicking me?"

Bunter spun round as a boot landed. He met the angry stare of Wun Lung's slanting eyes.

Wun of the Remove was showing little sign of his strange experience of the previous night. The effect of the drug

had passed off before morning; and by this time he was his usual self once more. But he was looking very angry, and his slanting eyes gleamed at the Owl of the Remove.

"You shuttee up, you fat duffee!" said Wun Lung. "You no talkee plenty too much lie along Dr. Sin, seclately along uncle blong me!"

"You ungrateful beast!" roared Bunter. "Didn't I save you from being kidnapped by that man Sin?"

"You speakee namee Sin again, me punchee silly fat head!"

"I tell you it was that man Sin—"

Smack came on a fat ear!

"Yaroooh! Why, you cheeky heathen beast, I'll mop up the quad with you!" roared Bunter, in indignant wrath.

And he rushed at the little Chinese, with his fat fists flailing the air.

"Go it, porpoise!" grinned Skinner.

"Stand up to him, Chink!" chortled Bolsover major.

Wun Lung, grinning, dodged Billy Bunter's charge, and smacked again as the fat junior barged past, landing the smack on Bunter's other ear.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wow! I—I—I'll smash that beastly heathen!" gasped Bunter.

He whirled round at Wun Lung, and stumbled over a foot that the little Chinese put in his way.

Bump!

"Yoo-hoop!" spluttered Bunter, as he sat on the quad.

He did not remain sitting. Wun Lung grasped his collar, twisted his fat head over, and banged the same on the hard, unsympathetic earth.

Bunter's wild roar woke all the echoes.

"Yaroooh! Leggo! Yarooop!"

"Now you no talkee any more along nicey Chinaman Sin!" said Wun Lung.

And he walked away, leaving Bunter rubbing his head and roaring and the other fellows yelling with laughter.

"And that," gasped Bunter, "is gratitude! Talk about a serpent's child being sharper than a thankless tooth! Ow! My napper!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow! I jolly well wish I'd let that man Sin bag him now! Ow! Wow! My napper! It's too thick! Ow!"

"Your napper always was too thick, old oyster!" remarked Skinner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter rolled away, rubbing his head. Really, it was too thick—not only the head, but everything else! For once in his fat career, Billy Bunter had told a spot of truth, and his reward was general disbelief and a smacked head. It was no wonder that William George Bunter was indignant, and that he was wrathful!

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Ruthless Vengeance!

"WHAT you wantee?"

Wun Lung, generally the politest of mortals, snapped as Billy Bunter put his head into Study No. 13 that afternoon.

The little Chinese was seated at the study table, writing a letter—in the weird-looking Chinese characters that were written in columns from right to left. Wun Lung's correspondence might have been left about anywhere with perfect safety; even Billy Bunter could not have pried into it.

Wun's studymates were away, Bob Cherry and Hurree Singh and Mark Linley being over at Rookwood with the team. He had the study to himself,

and he was writing a long letter to Mr. Wun Chung Lung, in far-away Canton, when the fat Owl of the Remove blinked in.

Bunter favoured him with a fat sneer. This was the way the beastly little heathen treated a fellow who had very likely saved his life!

In point of fact, Wun was not ungrateful. Ingratitude for services rendered is not a fault of the Chinese by any means.

Had Bunter asked Wun for anything in return, he would have given it without a moment's hesitation or a second thought.

But the fat junior's statement that Sin Song was the kidnapper worried and distressed and exasperated Wun.

He liked the man, whom he had known in early boyhood at home; and Dr. Sin was, moreover, a messenger from his Uncle O, whom, as an elderly gentleman, Wun was bound to regard with the deepest respect, according to Chinese ideas. In such matters as respect for age, the East has nothing to learn from the West.

Wun did not think of believing for a moment that his uncle's secretary had anything to do with the kidnapping attempt. It seemed to his mind too absurd to be considered—in fact, the most ridiculous and outrageous nonsense that even Bunter had ever invented.

Placable as he was, he was angry, and his anger was not likely to diminish so long as Bunter persisted in what he considered a reckless slander.

So he gave the fat Owl a look like cold steel from his slanting eyes, and snapped.

"What you wantee?" he repeated. "Me no wantee see ugly Buntsee?"

"Well, I like that!" said Bunter. "Ugly—from a yellow-faced, cock-eyed heathen! Yah!"

"You goey 'way!"

"Oh, all right!" sneered Bunter. "If you don't want to know what they're doing to your beastly little heathen of a minor, all right!"

Wun's expression changed at once. He jumped up from the table and came towards the doorway.

There was a very strong bond of affection between Wun Lung and Wun Hop Hi, his young brother in the Second Form. And it was not exactly uncommon for thoughtless fags to rag the small Chinese a little. Hop Hi had been found once with his pigtail tied to the leg of a desk!

"Where Hop Hi?" asked the Chinese Removee quickly.

"Oh, if you don't want to know, I'm not going to tell you!" jeered Bunter. "Bolsover major and Skinner may have hiked him up into the top box-room, and they may not! If you can't be civil to a fellow—Don't barge me over, you rotten heathen!"

Wun Lung pushed the fat junior aside and cut out of the study.

He shot away down the passage.

Billy Bunter grinned after him, and then rolled after him. Wun Lung moved quickly, but for once Bunter's fat little legs moved quickly, too.

They fairly twinkled as he cut after the little Chinese.

Wun Lung ran across the landing to the upper stairs, with Bunter puffing and blowing on his track.

The top box-room was on the dormitory floor, forbidden in the day-time. If the bully of the Remove and the malicious Skinner were ragging the small Chinese, it was exactly the secluded spot they might have chosen—far from the possibility of yells being heard.

Wun Lung ran up the stairs, with

gleaming eyes. After him panted the Owl of the Remove.

Stairs did not appeal to Bunter. Generally he mounted them very slowly, and never mounted them at all if he could help it.

But no doubt he had his own reasons for keeping Wun in sight on this occasion. Puffing and blowing, panting and puffing, Billy Bunter put on speed, and, marvellous to relate, kept almost at Wun's heels.

Wun Lung cut past the dormitories and reached the box-room.

He hurled open the door and rushed in headlong.

Bunter panted after him and stopped at the door.

Inside the box-room, the Chinese junior stared round him with surprised eyes. He had not doubted Bunter's news; there had been no reason why he should.

But he knew now that his Oriental leg had been pulled. There was no one in the top box-room.

Hop Hii was not there; Bolsover major and Skinner were not there, and Wun Lung stared round angrily at boxes and trunks, and nothing else.

He turned and stared at the fat, panting Owl in the doorway.

"Fattee fool, Bunttee! Tell plenty big whoppee lie!" he snapped.

Slam!

Bunter dragged the door shut.

"Fattee duffee!" snapped Wun Lung; and he ran back to the door.

Click!

In his hurried entrance, he had not noticed that the key had been placed on the outside of the door.

He became aware of it now as it turned in the lock outside.

A fat, breathless chuckle came through the keyhole.

"Yah! Beast! Yah!"

"Silly fat Bunttee!" exclaimed Wun Lung. "You unlockee that dool! Me no wantee stoppee here!"

"He, he, he!"

Wun Lung wrenched at the door-handle—uselessly. He understood now why the fat junior had tricked him up to the top box-room. He had locked him in there, with no possibility of getting out until the fatuous fat Owl chose to unlock the door.

"He, he, he!" cackled Bunter, through the keyhole. "Perhaps you're sorry for smacking a fellow's head now after he saved your life, you ungrateful little heathen!"

"Me smackee Bunttee fat head plenty more, you no lettee me out!" hooted Wun Lung. "You tinkee me stop along this room?"

"He, he, he! Sort of!" chuckled Bunter. "You can stay there till after tea, you cheeky little beast! Serve you jolly well right to miss your tea—see? I'll come and let you out for call-over!"

And the fat Owl rolled away, with the key in his pocket.

Wun Lung, on the wrong side of a strong oak door, listened to his departing footsteps.

He was a prisoner. Even if he shouted at the top of his voice, no one was likely to hear him. He was booked to miss his tea!

That, to Billy Bunter's mind, was about the most crushing and devastating vengeance that a fellow could possibly take.

Bunter knew what it felt like to miss a meal. It was awful, fearful, excruciating—like a nightmare, only worse!

That ungrateful heathen who had smacked his head was going to miss a meal—a ruthless, merciless vengeance!

Bunter was implacable.

Awful vengeance as it was, he did not relent.

He descended the stairs, grinning, and rolled out of the House, still grinning. That afternoon being a half-holiday, Lord Mauleverer had walked down to Courtfield, and Bunter decided to do the same, in the hope of discovering his lordship at the bunshop. Still grinning, he rolled out of gates.

Bunter's luck was in. He found Mauly at the bunshop, and Mauly—perhaps comforted by the reflection that Greyfriars was about to break up for the holidays, and that he would not be seeing Bunter after that for quite a long time—stood tea, and stood Bunter and Bunter's conversation.

Perhaps, as he parked muffins and cakes, Bunter felt a pang of remorse as he thought of the hungry Chinese in the top box-room—tea-less!

If so, remorse came too late, and Bunter's terrible vengeance had to go its destined way.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Shock for Dr. Sin!

"THAT jolly old Chink again!" remarked Skinner.

"That chap Sing Song," said Bolsover major.

Plenty of fellows regarded the plump Chinese gentleman curiously as he drove in at the gates of Greyfriars in a handsome little two-seater.

The previous day, Dr. Sin had arrived in a large car. This time he was in a small two-seater. If it was his idea to take Wun Lung for another drive, there was no room this time for Wun's friends to go with him.

That Dr. Sin had been anywhere near the school since he had left the previous afternoon, nobody but Billy Bunter believed. But Bunter's strange tale was all over Greyfriars now, and it caused fellows to eye Dr. Sin very curiously, many of them wondering what he would have said had he known what Bunter had been saying about him.

He was not likely to hear. Nobody would think of offending his feelings by repeating Bunter's nonsense—unless, indeed, Mr. Grimes felt it his duty to see him about the matter. But it was generally supposed that Inspector Grimes would take no more notice of Bunter's "rot" than anyone else.

Dr. Sin certainly did not look as if he had heard anything disagreeable. His plump, good-natured face wore its smooth, sleek smile. Some of the fellows "capped" him, and he acknowledged the salutes with polite grace.

He left his car outside the House, and Trotter showed him in to Mr. Quelch. That gentleman rose to greet him courteously but with a little constraint in his manner.

He had not expected another visit from Dr. Sin. He was too busy to want visitors in the last days of the term. But, worst of all, Inspector Grimes had asked him where Dr. Sin was to be found—a question he had not been able to answer. Now that he saw Dr. Sin again, he could scarcely do other than ask him his address, to be passed on to Mr. Grimes, which was exceedingly unpleasant and distasteful to Mr. Quelch.

"This miserable worm pleads for a thousand pardons for his impertinence in crawling into your beneficent presence, O born-before-me!" said Dr. Sin.

Dr. Sin spoke excellent English, wore European clothes, and seemed acquainted with the manners and customs of the Western world; but probably he had not been long away from China. At all events, he preserved unchanged the

flowing and long-winded courtesy of that ceremonious land.

"Not at all!" said Mr. Quelch.

"In excuse, I must explain that, in the estimable and numerous company of school friends of Wun, yesterday, this foolish person forgot and omitted certain messages from Mr. O," explained the secretary. "For this reason I venture to blot the sunshine of your venerable presence once more."

"I quite understand," said Mr. Quelch. "I will send for Wun Lung, if you desire to see him again. Trotter!"

"Yessir?"

"Please find Wun Lung, of my Form, and send him here at once."

"Yessir!"

Trotter departed in search of Wun Lung. Owing to the remarkable manoeuvres of William George Bunter that afternoon, he was not likely to have much luck.

Mr. Quelch begged his visitor to be seated, and waited for Wun Lung to appear. He did not expect to have to wait more than a few minutes.

Having asked Dr. Sin's pardon, which Dr. Sin graciously accorded, he resumed work on a stack of Latin papers while he waited.

Ten minutes passed, and then Trotter reappeared—alone!

"I can't find him, sir!" said Trotter.

"Dear me! Possibly the boy has gone out of gates, as it is a half-holiday," said Mr. Quelch. "Do you know whether that is the case, Trotter?"

"I've asked a lot of the young gentlemen, sir, and they ain't seen him since soon after dinner, sir," said Trotter. "I 'ear that a lot of the Remove 'ave gone over to Rookwood, sir."

"Oh, no doubt!" said Mr. Quelch.

Plenty of Remove fellows were likely to follow the team if they were able to raise the railway fare. That detail presented no difficulty to Wun Lung, who had plenty of money.

He turned to Dr. Sin.

"Wun appears to have gone out," he said. "Possibly he has gone to Rookwood School, where his friends are playing cricket this afternoon. I am sorry. As he has been absent, it appears, since soon after dinner, it seems very probable that he left to go over to Rookwood."

Dr. Sin rose to his feet.

"It is urgent that the estimable message of the sun-like O Bo should be given to his nephew," he said. "The weight of my negligence is very heavy on my foolish mind. But there is, as you say in your beautiful English language, nothing doing."

"One moment, sir!" said Mr. Quelch, as the Chinese gentleman was about to take his leave. "I am compelled to mention a matter as disagreeable to me, I can assure you, as it can possibly be to you."

The slant eyes narrowed, the black pupils glinting at the Greyfriars master like bright pin-points.

"This dull-witted one must confess that he does not understand!" murmured Dr. Sin.

"Last night, Dr. Sin, an attempt was made to kidnap Wun Lung in this school."

"Impossible!"

"I should have said so yesterday, sir; but unfortunately it is only too true. Some unknown person entered his dormitory at night, administered chloroform, and would have carried him off, had not another boy flung a pillow at him and awakened the others in time."

"What dreadful tale is this!" exclaimed Dr. Sin. "What wretch, what vile creature unfit to be touched by the



A gasp of dismay escaped from Vernon-Smith's lips as Nugent started to run a second. Did the idiot intend to face the bowling again? The Bounder did not stir.

muzzle of a pariah dog, can have done this unheard-of wickedness? But your police—the efficient and admirable English police—they have seized this dastardly scorpion, and have him safe with manacles on his disgusting limbs?"

"I am sorry to say, no; the rascal escaped on the alarm being given, doctor. The matter is, of course, in the hands of the police."

"I breathe freely, venerable sir, in the certain knowledge that the admirable police will not fail to seize upon the villain."

"No doubt—no doubt! But—I am extremely unwilling to mention it, sir—but the boy who gave the alarm—a very short-sighted and stupid boy, named Bunter—was so foolish as to fancy that you—"

Dr. Sin started a little.

"That you were the kidnapper last night," said Mr. Quelch. "Pray do not be offended; no one, of course, believes for a moment so wild a statement, and it is explained by the fact that the boy Bunter was frightened at the time, and probably hardly conscious of what he did or what he saw."

"But the boy does not make such a statement seriously, surely, sir!" exclaimed Dr. Sin. "Is he in his right senses?"

"Unfortunately he has made that wild statement, sir, and actually repeated it to the police inspector who questioned him."

"It is beyond understanding, sir! I am overwhelmed with grief and shame that such words should be uttered in connection with my poor name. But the lily-like son of Wun Chung Lung does not believe this?"

"No one does, sir, and Wun Lung least of all. But Inspector Grimes would like to exchange words with you, and he asked me your address. I could not give it; but perhaps now—"

"My poor address is the Hotel Majestic, in the beautiful south-west of the great city of London, bearing the enumeration of one."

Mr. Quelch had to think a moment or two before he wrote down "Hotel Majestic, London, S.W. 1."

"Thank you, Dr. Sin," he said. "I am sure you understand that this is merely formal. The police inspector has his duty to do, as your name has been so unfortunately mentioned in connection with this matter."

"I understand, sir!" said Dr. Sin. "The respected police lord is very welcome to know my wretched address. I take my humble leave, O venerable one, born many thousands of years before me."

And Dr. Sin took his leave.

He was unfailingly polite, but he gave an impression of being hurt, if not offended, by Bunter's absurd mistake.

Mr. Quelch frowned as he sat down to his Latin papers again. He was annoyed and distressed by the necessity of speaking to Dr. Sin on so disagreeable a topic, and his chief feeling was a desire to reward Billy Bunter with six of the very best.

If Dr. Sin was hurt, however, he recovered quite quickly after leaving the Remove master.

He did not immediately re-enter his car.

Perhaps, with all his sleek, smiling good humour and flowing Oriental politeness, Dr. Sin had a spot of suspicion in him. At all events, he walked into the quad and entered into talk with several fellows he found there, one after another, on the subject of Wun Lung.

But all he could learn was that the Chinese junior had not been seen since early in the afternoon.

That was natural enough, as Wun

Lung had gone to his study to write home to China, very soon after dinner, since when he had been locked in the box-room, at the top of the house, out of sight and hearing.

As nobody was aware of that, however, the Remove fellows to whom Dr. Sin spoke supposed that Wun Lung had gone out, and that, as he had gone so early, and had not come in, he had gone over to Rookwood, to see the match, as six or seven other fellows had done.

That was Dr. Sin's own final impression, and he got into his two-seater at last, and drove away. But he did not take the London road. His car was small, but it was very fast, and it covered the ground at a tremendous rate—for Rookwood!

If Wun Lung was with the cricketers at Rookwood it would be quite a simple matter to get him into the car. At least, so thought Dr. Sin.

Dr. Sin's sleek face smiled occasionally over the wheel as he drove hard and fast. Dr. Sin Song was, as only Bunter knew, the man who had come in the night, and, having failed in the night, he was trying it on again by day. And if Wun Lung had gone over to Rookwood to see Harry Wharton & Co. play cricket there, as now seemed certain, nothing could have suited Dr. Sin's plans better, for what could be more natural and unsuspecting than to offer him a lift back to Greyfriars in his car, during which drive he could deliver all those forgotten messages from Mr. O. Bo?

Though, if Wun Lung had a lift from Rookwood in the smiling Dr. Sin's car, it was more than doubtful whether he would ever see Greyfriars again!

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Close Finish!

BOB CHERRY hardly breathed. Harry Wharton almost held his breath.

Johnny Bull and the Nabob of Bhanipur stood as if transfixed, gazing from the pavilion at Rookwood.

Those four members of the Famous Co. had their eyes on the fifth member of the same—Frank Nugent!

Other fellows had their eyes on Nugent also, keenly and anxiously, but not with the same breathless intensity as Frank's special chums.

For it was touch and go with the Rookwood match—and everything hung on the willow in Frank's hands.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had taken the first knock in that match. They had put up ninety for Rookwood. Greyfriars followed, with ninety-six. In their second innings Rookwood scored a level hundred. Greyfriars stood at ninety-two for their second knock when the last man came in. Last man was Frank Nugent—and he had the bowling.

Two to tie—three to win—and Jimmy Silver with the ball! Jimmy, the best junior bowler that Rookwood could produce!

At the bowler's end was Herbert Vernon-Smith—with compressed lips. The Bounder was feeling savage. As good a man as any in the Greyfriars team, so far as cricket went, he was not a good loser, and he had no patience with the chances of the game. Had the batting been in Smithy's care the game was won—all was over bar shouting! Smithy could have knocked up the three that were wanted on the back of his neck, so to speak.

But last man in had the bowling—and it was Frank Nugent. Good man and true, but at the tail of the eleven, and at the tail on his merits!

Frank did not often play for the School; but he had shown such good form lately that Wharton felt justified in giving him a chance in the Rookwood match—which, as Frank's best chum, he was eager to do if his duty as cricket captain permitted. Frank was glad enough to play, and he did not grumble at being put at the tip of the tail. But now, as it happened, the game depended on the tip of the tail!

If Frank went down to Jimmy Silver's bowling, the game was up! If only—only Smithy had had the bowling! Keen as Harry was to see his best chum do something in the match, he would have given a good deal to hand that over over to Smithy, had it been practicable. The Bounder was in tremendous form; he was the man for a close finish. He had bagged twenty-six in his first innings—Nugent only four. And now—now Smithy had to stand and look idly on while the "rabbit" of the team saved the game, or let it down with a bump!

The Co. were eagerly keen—the other batsmen at the pavilion were anxious. Smithy was savage, as well.

His eyes gleamed along the pitch at Nugent as Jimmy Silver prepared to bowl, with a keen field watching for chances.

There was, in Smithy's opinion, only one thing, or two, that Nugent could and ought to do!

He could go all out to block the bowling, and keep the game alive for Smithy to win it in the next over. Or he could snaffle a single, and thus hand over the bowling to Smithy for the finish!

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If only the ass had sense enough to do the first, or gumption enough to do the second!

They were not Nugent's thoughts! He was there to play the Rookwood game, not the Bounder's game. He was feeling uncommonly fit; he was at the top of his form, and he was conscious of being equal to a dozen overs, if they had been wanted. He was not, in point of fact, thinking of the disgruntled batsman at the other end at all. He was concentrated on Jimmy's bowling, and what he was going to do with it.

The ball came down, and Frank blocked it! Smithy breathed again—the ass was, apparently, going to display the sense that Smithy desired!

But when it came down again Frank saw it where he wanted it, and hit. The leather flew, and the batsmen ran.

There was no chance of a catch, though the Rookwood field was very good. The ball travelled fast and far, and this time for two. Two, at least! The flannelled figures crossed the pitch like lightning!

Vernon-Smith grinned with relief at Nugent's wicket. This was the single he wanted! Then he glared as Nugent started back again.

He glared, and snapped his teeth! The fool was going to try for two, instead of letting Smithy bag the bowling!

He did not stir for a long moment! Nugent was racing back, and the Bounder stood and stared.

Bob Cherry clenched his hands. "Is that fool glued to the ground?" he hissed.

"Smithy!" yelled Wharton.

"By gum, if he chucks away a wicket now—"

"Smithy!"

But Smithy woke up, as it were, and ran! Once started, he ran like lightning. He glared at Frank in passing.

"You fool!" he flung at him as he went.

Frank hardly heard him. His bat clumped on the crease, and he was safe. Vernon-Smith tore home. He was safe home before the leather came whizzing in.

It was quite a safe two! But it was not the single that Smithy wanted. It left the batting in Nugent's hands.

"Tie, at least!" breathed Harry Wharton.

"One to win!" said Johnny Bull.

Jimmy Silver grasped the ball again. Perhaps the captain of the Remove, at the bottom of his heart, wished that it had been a single. The game was won with Smithy at the batting end. With Nugent there, it was still on the knees of the gods! But there was Nugent, and his chums watched him breathlessly. A tie was a tie; but what was wanted was a win, and Smithy had victory in his pocket! But Nugent was there to take what most of the fellows fancied would be the last ball bowled in the Rookwood match.

At that thrilling climax of the game nobody was likely to notice a plump gentleman, who had walked on the cricket ground, though, at any other time, his yellowish complexion and slanting, black eyes would have drawn a second glance—Chinese were few and far between.

Dr. Sin arrived at the pavilion. His slanting eyes roved over the Greyfriars men who were out, and over half a dozen other Remove men, who had turned up during the afternoon to see the game.

There were plenty of fellows round the field, most of them, of course, Rookwood men. But here and there a Greyfriars cap showed, and Dr. Sin scanned them all keenly. But under no Greyfriars cap, or straw, was a Chinese face to be seen. Wun Lung did not seem to be present.

Harry Wharton, watching Frank with his heart almost in his mouth, felt a touch on the elbow. He made an irritable movement, as if to brush off a troublesome fly.

"Estimable young gentleman—" said Dr. Sin.

"Shut up!"

Wharton did not even know it was Dr. Sin; he paid no attention to the mode of address. He did not look at him. He was only conscious of being bothered by somebody when Frank was about to take the last ball of the game—he had no doubt that it was going to be the last!

Certainly he would not willingly have been wanting in politeness to a foreigner, a stranger in a strange land. But he was living and breathing cricket at the moment, and simply could not give anybody attention at that thrilling climax.

Dr. Sin blinked at him. Acquainted as he was with the manners and customs of the Western world, Sin Song probably had much to learn about the games of that part of the globe, and the keenness of the "foreign devils" thereon.

He turned to Bob Cherry. "Honoured young sir—" he began. "Don't bother!" yapped Bob, over his shoulder.

Dr. Sin breathed rather hard. Chinese politeness seldom failed, in any circumstances; but among the foreign devils it snapped under certain strains. He turned to Johnny Bull.

"Esteemed young friend—" he started.

Johnny paid no heed, only turning a broad shoulder to Dr. Sin without taking his eyes off the pitch.

"Estimable Highness"—Dr. Sin addressed the Nabob of Bhanipur next—"I am here to speak to the lily-like son of Wun Chung Lung."

If Hurree Jamset Singh heard, he did not heed. The ball was coming down now, hot from Jimmy Silver's hand—and the Rookwood match hung on the next few seconds.

Dr. Sin Song stood with his slanting eyes gleaming to and fro.

The day before these foreign devils had been politeness itself to Mr. O's secretary. Now they treated him like a pariah dog.

Something, it seemed, was going on in the field that banished all other considerations. Dr. Sin had seen cricket played before, but he did not grasp how that particular game was standing. It seemed to him that these youthful foreign devils were as concentrated on staring at a boy who held a flat stick in his hands as a Chinaman might have been when burning joss-sticks to his gods. Which was absurd and annoying to Dr. Sin.

Or else, it meant that they had changed their opinion of him since yesterday—and that that change was due to what he had learned from Mr. Quelch.

In which case he might not find it so easy as he had reckoned, to get hold of Wun Lung at Rookwood.

Anyhow they had nothing to say to him. They utterly disregarded his presence, turning their backs on him.

They did not notice the angry,

(Continued on page 22.)

The GREYFRIARS GUIDE



AFTER SCHOOL HOURS. "The Greyfriars Herald."

(1.)

We're not always keen on writing,
Beastly Virgil is a bore,
But the "Herald" is exciting,
So we slam our study door
To keep out the other poets
Who are nothing but a pest.
Then I write the verse, and know it's
Bound to be the very best!

(2.)

Through the keyhole loudly bawling
Dicky Nugent's voice is heard,
When we find out who is calling
We admit him like a bird,
For his stories of Jack Jolly
And of Dr. Birchmall,
Antidotes for melancholy,
Are well-liked by readers all.

(3.)

With its bright and breezy features
Still the "Herald" leads the field.
Scholars, prefects, even teachers
Have found something which appealed
To their love of all things youthful
In our Greyfriars masterpiece;
It's not learned, deep, or truthful,
But it's fun shall never cease!

A TOUR OF GREYFRIARS The Cloisters

(1.)

In dull December's cheerless nights
When winds are howling through the
gables,
The Cloisters is the home of frights
If we may credit all the fables.
For here the ghost is seen to walk,
An abbot clad in robe and sandals,
Thus goes the tale in whispered talk
Among the dormitory candles.

(2.)

I do not actually know
A fellow who has seen the spectre.
I've heard it's whiter than the snow
And fiercer than a tax collector.
At any rate, his home is here
When Christmastide comes round to
free him.
But walk right in and do not fear
For I am with you—till I see him!

(3.)

Old broken stones lie at the base
Of every ivy-covered column,
And there's an air about the place
Of something sinister and solemn.
Perhaps it's dreaming of the days
When monks walked here in deep
reflection.
We'll leave it thus, and go our ways
Upon our journey of inspection.



The Ed.'s told me many a time,
"The limericks you write are a crime!"
Well, here's one to-day,
And whatever he may say
About the metre of some of the lines,
He can't find any fault with the
rhyme.



A WEEKLY BUDGET OF FACT AND FUN

By
THE GREYFRIARS
RHYMESTER

GREYFRIARS GRINS

The heavy roller broke down when we tried to roll the cricket pitch last Wednesday. Bunter also broke down when we tried to use him as a substitute!

Loder was angry because we laughed when he sat on a drawing-pin the other day. He didn't see the point of the joke.

The iced ginger-beer on sale at the tuckshop is guaranteed to make anyone feel cool. This is very useful, because the price of it makes you go hot all over.

PUZZLE PAR

When Bunter was staying with his uncle, he had an egg for his breakfast every morning. His uncle didn't keep chickens, he didn't buy, borrow, beg, or steal the eggs, and nobody gave them to him. Where did he get them?

Answer at foot of column 2.

Why is Tom Dutton like a Swiss clock? Because we can make neither of them here (hear).

What did Bunter do when he woke up hungry in the night? He had a roll and a turn-over in bed.

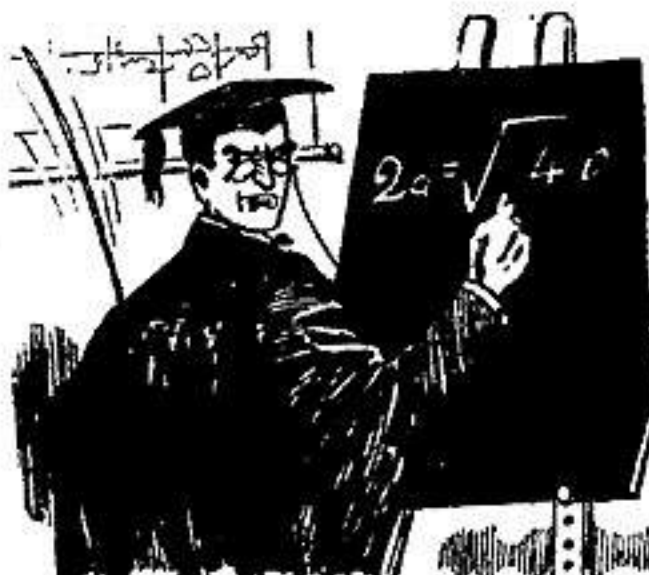
What letter helps you most in exams? The letter P—because it makes an ass pass.

Coker was seen to be laughing heartily at something in his study to-day. It is believed that he was looking at his features in the glass.

Fishy offered to tell Bolsover's fortune the other evening. He said he could look into the far future. Had he been able to look into the near future, he wouldn't have tried to tell Bolsover's fortune.

Why does Bunter always keep his word? Because he can never find any one to take it.

THE GREYFRIARS ALPHABET



MR. CAPPER

(Master of the Upper Fourth)

C is for CAPPER—Algernon!
What a name to fasten on.
A mild and fussy little beak
Who lives on Algebra and Greek.
The Upper Fourth will all agree
Their master might be worse than he,
He doesn't often use the cane,
Although the net amount of brain
Within the Upper Fourth is nought!
(Or so, at least, I've often thought!)
No, Capper isn't Quelch's type,
He talks a large amount of tripe
About his views so wise and deep,
While grateful scholars fall asleep!
And we, who writhe in pain and sorrow,
Would swop our Quelch for him to-morrow!

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

His uncle kept ducks!

suspicious gleam in his slanting, black eyes, because they did not notice him at all, or remember his existence.

There was a tap of willow meeting leather. That was all that the Greyfriars fellows noticed.

If Smithy had hoped that Nugent would have sense enough, gumption enough, to block the rest of the over, he had to give up that hope.

Nugent swiped the ball.

Arthur Edward Lovell, of the Rookwood Classical Fourth, was seen to make a bound; but he did not get the ball. It flew, and the batsmen were running. Bats clumped home, and there was a roar:

"Good man, Nugent!"

"Oh, good man!"

"Greyfriars wins!"

"Hurrah!"

The sudden tension broke up. Dr. Sin's contempt for the intelligence of foreign devils intensified as the juniors, only a moment ago strained at attention, shouted, and yelled, and waved their hats, and roared. Bob Cherry, brandishing a cap with utter recklessness, landed it on a yellow face, bang on a pair of slanting eyes, and there was a howl from Dr. Sin. Then the Greyfriars fellows became aware of his existence.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Dr. Sin Is Suspicious!

"**D**R. SIN!" exclaimed Harry Wharton.

"The esteemed Sin!" remarked Hurrce Jamset Ram Singh.

They were surprised to see Dr. Sin on the Rookwood cricket ground. And, in fact, in the exuberant satisfaction of having beaten Rookwood with a wicket to spare, they did not specially want to bother about him. Still, now that the stress was over, they remembered their manners.

"Oh, it's you!" Wharton coloured a little as he recalled that he had told some troublesome bargee to shut up, and realised that it must have been Dr. Sin. "Oh, glad to see you, sir! Quite a surprise!"

"Did you look in to see the game?" asked Bob, anxious to say something civil—now that he had leisure so to do.

Dr. Sin's eyes slanted from face to face. These young foreign devils were all politeness again.

Did they, after all, suspect him? Or had it only been their extraordinary interest in the boy with a flat stick that had caused them to disregard him?

He wondered. He was aware, of course, that foreign devils had all sorts of strange ways—absurd customs which they took with great seriousness.

But while he wondered, his plump, smiling face expressed only beaming good humour.

"The son of Wun Chung Lung is here?" he asked. "I have called at your magnificent school to see him, and have learned that he came to this delectable place to see cricket."

"Did he?" asked Harry. "I haven't seen him, Dr. Sin. If he came over, he's about somewhere."

"I'll look for him, if you like," said Bob.

"You overwhelm this humble slave with beneficent kindness," said Dr. Sin. "I have much to say to Wun from his uncle, the sun-like Mr. O, and if he is here, no doubt he will honour my wretched car by returning to his school in my loathsome company."

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"I dare say he'd be glad of a lift back, if he's here," said Harry. "See if Wun's about, you fellows, will you?"

Nugent and Vernon-Smith had joined the Greyfriars fellows at the pavilion, and the Rookwood field came off.

Harry Wharton squeezed his chum's arm, again forgetting Dr. Sin.

"Topping, old man!" he said. "By gum, we were on tenterhooks!"

Frank grinned.

"Not sorry you shoved me in—what?"

"Hardly, old man!"

"Smithy was a bit worried, I'm afraid. I forgot for the moment that Remove matches are Smithy's private property."

"Oh rats!" said Smithy.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Anybody seen Wun?" bawled Bob Cherry.

"One what?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, of Rookwood.

Bob chuckled.

"A Chinese! I'm looking for a Chinese."

"There's one," said Lovell, with a nod towards Dr. Sin.

"That's not the Wun I want," grinned Bob. "That one has come here looking for the other Wun. You see, the kid's name is Wun."

"Oh, my hat! What a name!" said Lovell.

A dozen fellows looked round for Wun Lung. But nobody had seen a Chinese at Rookwood before Dr. Sin arrived. It was clear that Wun had not, after all, come over to see the game.

That information, conveyed to Dr. Sin, brought the gleam of suspicion back to his eyes.

Wun was not—as he believed—at his own school. The fellows there had taken it for granted that Wun had gone over to Rookwood, as he seemed to have cleared off for the afternoon.

Dr. Sin could see now—with his keen, slanting eyes—why these fellows had greeted him so cavalierly. It had not been concentrated interest in the boy with a flat stick—it had been suspicion. They suspected him, and were keeping Wun away from him.

Now they were pulling his Chinese leg. Sin Song had not a doubt about it.

He did not reveal his thoughts in his smiling face. He thanked the juniors at considerable length for the trouble they had taken, and went back to the spot where he had parked his two-seater.

Harry Wharton & Co., taking leave of the Rookwooders, and, packing into their bus for Latcham Station, forgot him again, except, perhaps, Bob Cherry.

Bob had forgotten all about Dr. Sin, and his vague doubt of him during the day, cricket filling all his thoughts. But he could not help being struck by Sin's arrival at Rookwood, to take Wun Lung back in his car.

There might be nothing in that, or there might be much. Bob could not help feeling an uncomfortable jolt of doubt.

However, he packed in with his friends, and the Greyfriars crowd rolled away for the station.

"Hallo, there's the jolly old Chink!" remarked Peter Todd.

Bob stared.

A little two-seater was following the motor-bus. Dr. Sin was driving it. That fast little car could have beaten the bus hollow, but the doctor contented himself with keeping pace.

Bob Cherry knitted his brows.

"You see that, Harry?" he said, in a low voice,

"Eh—yes!" said Wharton. "What about it?"

"If Wun had been there, and Sin had given him a lift, Wun couldn't have taken any of his friends with him—in a little two-seater."

Wharton looked at him, and then at the following car.

"That's so!" he assented. "But—"

"He would have had Wun to himself!" said Bob.

"To drive back to Greyfriars, old chap!"

"I wonder!" muttered Bob.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"It's all right, old bean! Anyhow, Wun wasn't there, so, as the jolly old lawyers say, the question does not arise."

"What is he following us for?" asked Bob quietly.

"Same way home, I suppose."

"He's keeping us in sight."

"He's welcome—we're rather nice to look at, you know."

"Oh, don't be an ass! It looks to me as if he suspects that Wun was there all the time, and fancies that he may be in this crowd."

"Oh, my hat!" said Harry. "If he's heard what that fat idiot, Bunter, said about him, he might. I hope he hasn't! Look here, Bob, if it's as you fancy, he will follow us to the station and watch us get out, to spot Wun among us. Well, he won't!"

"I wonder!" said Bob again.

"Two to one in doughnuts he doesn't!"

"Done!"

The bus ran on to Latcham. The two-seater shadowed it there. Latcham Station was off the main road, and no motorist could be supposed to have any reason for turning off the main road and stopping at the station, unless he was going to take a train. Harry Wharton had no doubt, therefore, that when the bus turned off, Dr. Sin would drive straight on and disappear.

Instead of which, the two-seater turned after the bus and followed it to the station!

And that was not all—for it stopped when the bus stopped. Dr. Sin did not get out—evidently not intending to take a train. He sat in his car at a distance, with keen eyes on the Greyfriars crowd as they streamed into the station. Now that they were in the open, he could see that no Chinese was with them. As that was all that Dr. Sin wanted to see, he backed and turned his car and drove away again.

Bob gave the captain of the Remove a significant look as they went into the station.

"You owe me two doughnuts!" he said quietly.

"Looks as if he thought we were pulling his leg," said Harry, with a puzzled brow. "But—"

"And it looks as if he thinks we've left Wun behind, to keep him clear, and as if he's gone back to look for him!"

Harry Wharton whistled.

"Well, we can't go after him to see," he said. "But— Look here, Bob, even if it's as you think, it only means that he thinks we distrust him, because of Bunter's rot. That's all there is in it."

"I'm blessed if I feel sure!" said Bob uneasily. "I know it sounds thick, but it all seems to fit in. Look here, if that sportsman barges in at Greyfriars again for Wun, I shall jolly well see that the kid doesn't go out with him alone, and chance it!"

"Ten to one he won't!"

And in that, at least, the captain of the Remove was right—Dr. Sin didn't!



Twisting Bunter's fat head round, Wun Lung pressed the edge of a sheet of notepaper into his neck. "Stop him! Hold him! Mercy!" howled the fat junior. He was convinced that he could feel the sharp edge of a razor-keen Chinese knife with which Wun Lung was determined to cut off his head!

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Bad Outlook for Bunter!

"HE, he, he! Still there?" Billy Bunter squeaked through a keyhole.

It was getting near time for calling-over. Bunter had rolled home from Courtfield—rather slowly, for he had taken cargo aboard in bulk at the bunshop. After which, he had taken a long rest before he negotiated the many stairs up to the top box-room.

But here he was at last! The Chinese junior deserved exemplary punishment for smacking Bunter's fat head—even so devastating a punishment as missing a meal! But he could not be left in the box-room after the bell rang for calling-over, or he would be missed and looked for. So here was Bunter at last to let him out.

"Little fat beastee Buntree!"

That reply showed that Wun Lung was still in his prison.

"He, he, he! Tired of it?" grinned Bunter. "I say, Wun, I've done you rather a good turn by locking you up here. I've heard that that man Sin called for you while I was out this afternoon!"

"Oh, nastee little beastee Buntree!"

"Well, you jolly well know what he was after, after what he did last night," said Bunter. "He was going to hike you off, if he got a chance!"

"Buntree tellee plenty big whoppee lie!"

"I've saved your life very likely——"

"Fattee duffee!"

"Well, look here, do you want me to let you out?" demanded Bunter. "If you do, make it pax! I'm not going to scrap with you, Wun Lung—it's a bit beneath a fellow's dignity, scrapping with a benighted heathen. Besides, I'm tired! I've traipsed up all these beastly stairs to let you out, out of sheer kindness. Make it pax?"

"Me killy fat Buntree!"

"Well, you beastly little savage heathen!" exclaimed Bunter, in indignant alarm. "Nice way to talk to a chap, after all I've done for you! Mind, I shan't let you out till you make it pax! I'll take your word, though you're only a putrid heathen!"

"No makee pax! Killy fat ole Buntree!"

"Beast!"

Billy Bunter blinked uneasily at the locked door. A fellow who "made it pax" was bound to keep the peace! The fat Owl would willingly have left Wun locked in till he gave his word through the keyhole. But Wun had to turn up in Hall when the bell rang. If Mr. Quelch discovered a member of his Form locked in a box-room, he would want to know who had locked him in—and he would want to know very emphatically!

"You opee door, little fat beastee Buntree!" came Wun Lung's voice from within. "Me killy you plenty too dead, cuttee off silly head!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Bunter.

Even the fat Owl did not quite believe that the incensed little Chinese would go to the length of cutting off his head! Still, with beastly heathens from the Far East, a fellow never knew what to expect! Billy Bunter was worried and alarmed.

"I—I say, old fellow, don't you be shirty!" he breathed through the keyhole. "I say, to tell you the truth, old fellow, I only locked you in to shave you—I mean, to save you—because I guessed that villain Sin might be coming! See?"

"Buntree silly fibbee!"

"Beast! I mean, look here, old chap, I'll let you out if you'll make it pax! And look here——"

"Killy fattee ole Buntree!"

"Then you can jolly well stick there till dorm!" howled Bunter. "Go and eat coke—or cats and dogs, you beastly little heathen blighter! Yah!"

"Cuttee off fat head b'long ole fat Buntree!" yelled Wun Lung through the keyhole.

Billy Bunter rolled away. He had no doubt that Wun was fearfully shirty—after an afternoon in a box-room. Whether his fat head was in danger or not, he fully expected reprisals—as Wun refused to make it "pax."

So he departed! Wun had to be let out for roll-call; but Billy Bunter was not letting him out in this ferocious frame of mind.

Bunter's idea was to pass on the key to someone else, and hunt cover before the vengeful Chinese was loose. He came to Skinner in the Remove passage and hailed him.

"I say, Skinner, somebody's locked Wun Lung up in the top box-room——"

"What have they done with the other?" asked Skinner humorously.

"Eh? The other what?"

"The other lung."

"You silly ass! I mean that Chinese beast!" yapped Bunter. "I say, old chap, here's the key—will you go up to Wun Lung and——"

"I'm a good walker," said Skinner. "But I could hardly walk to Rookwood, old fat bean! Try a softer man."

"Eh? Wun Lung isn't at Rookwood, you ass! He's in the top box-room—I locked him in, hours ago, to pay the little beast out for smacking my head."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Skinner, staring at him. "Is that where he was when that Chinese sportsman was asking for him?"

"Yes, and a jolly good thing, too, as that man Sin's after him to kidnap him!" hooted Bunter. "The fact is, I—I—I locked the little beast up to save him from kidnapping, you know; but he's ungrateful, and——"

"Yes, I fancy he'd be a bit ungrateful, if he's been locked in the top box-room all the afternoon!" chortled Skinner.

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"Ungrateful enough to dot you in the eye when he gets out, I fancy."

"Well, you go and let him out," suggested Bunter. "If he asks about me, tell him I've gone to meet the team coming back from Rookwood."

"My dear Ananias, you can tell your own lies," said Skinner, "and if you want a fellow to fag up half a mile of staircase, you'll have to ask some fellow whose name isn't Skinner!"

And, as Skinner walked away, laughing, Bunter proceeded so to do; but he found nobody willing to negotiate long staircases, in addition to breaking a House rule, even for the important purpose of saving his fat little nose from a punch when Wun Lung got out.

Then he remembered Hop Hi of the Second Form, and rolled away in search of that small Oriental.

Wun Hop Hi, learning from Bunter that "some fellow" had locked his major in the top box-room, willingly took the key and scuttled off to let him out.

Billy Bunter saw him start, and then hunted deep cover—from which he did not emerge till the bell rang for call-over.

Whether Wun Lung looked for him or not, he did not know; but when the Remove turned up in Hall he found the little Chinese there with the rest—and Wun's slanting eyes gleamed at him.

"You waitee piecee," murmured Wun Lung. "Me goey along study, sharpee big knife, cuttee off fat head blong you."

"Beast!"

After calling-over Wun Lung cut off to his study. And Billy Bunter, in a state of considerable trepidation, hunted cover once more—and did not emerge from it till prep.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

Not An Execution!

"I SAY, you fellows!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Still got it on?"

"Eh, what?"

"Your napper!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five were in Study No. 1 after prep, playing the Rookwood match over again, as it were. But they ceased to discuss that great victory over Jimmy Silver & Co. as the study door opened and the fat Owl of the Remove popped in like a fat rabbit into a burrow.

They chorled cheerily at Bunter's fat, worried face. Bunter did not chorle. He was looking fearfully serious.

By that time all the Remove knew that Wun Lung was hunting Bunter, with the declared intention of cutting off his head. Nobody, of course, believed that Wun Lung was going to do anything of the sort; but fellows found it amusing to pull Bunter's fat leg on the subject. So quite a number of them affected to take the matter with great seriousness, with the result that the Owl of the Remove was getting into a bluer and bluer funk.

"I say, you fellows, coming down to the Rag?" he gasped. "I—I—I'll come with you if you are! I say—"

"You fat villain!" said Harry Wharton. "We've heard about your trick on Wun Lung. That Chinese chap came over to Rookwood, thinking he was there—"

"It—it wasn't a trick, you know! I—I—I did it to save Wun from being kidnapped—" gasped Bunter.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I knew that man Sin was coming—at least, I—I thought he might, so—so I—I kept Wun out of the way, see? It wasn't because he smacked my head."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at! Look here, you fellows, stand by a chap if that savage heathen gets after me! That beast Toddy, in my study, has let me down! What do you think he said when I told him that young cannibal was threatening to cut my head off? He said I could get another just like it from Gosling's woodshed—"

"Ha, ha, ha! So you could!"

"Oh, cackle!" howled Bunter. "I've a jolly good mind to go to Quelch! Of course, I know the little beast is only gammoning; still, you never know, with

these Oriental savages—all these Orientals are really savage beasts—"

"Thanks, my esteemed idiotic Bunter!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "In fact, the thankfulness is terrific."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, I don't mean you, Inky—you ain't bad, for a nigger—"

"The thankfulness is terrific and preposterous."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here he comes!" roared Bob Cherry. "Look out for your napper, Bunter! Lucky it's no value, old fat man."

Billy Bunter gave a squeak of terror as a little yellow face looked into the study with slanting eyes.

"Fattee ole Bunter here?" asked Wun Lung. "Me comey cuttee off fat head blong Bunter."

"Keep him off!" yelled Bunter, as he dodged round the table.

Wun Lung stepped in! His right hand was held behind him, evidently hiding something—and the terrified fat Owl had little doubt that it was a knife!

The Famous Five, being nearer Wun Lung, were able to observe that it was a half-sheet of stiff notepaper!

"I say, you fellows, turn him out!" yelled Bunter. "I say, call Quelch up here! Call Wingate—call all the prefects! I say—"

"Killee ole fat Bunter!" said Wun Lung. "Chinese fiend no see me this afternoon, because fattee ole Bunter playee tlick! Killee ole fat Bunter plenty deadee."

"You ungrateful little beast, I did it to save your life—Keep off!" spluttered Bunter. "That man Sin was after you to kidnap you, same as he was last night, you beastly little heathen!"

Four members of the Co. chorled. But Bob Cherry had a thoughtful look. He could not help wondering whether Bunter had, inadvertently and unintentionally, saved Wun Lung from the kidnapper's clutches by that trick. But it was clear, at all events, that Wun Lung did not think so.

"Ring off that rot, Bunter," said Johnny Bull, "and jolly well get out into the passage, if Wun's going to cut your head off. We don't want this study mucked up."

"Why, you beast—" gasped Bunter.

Wun Lung began to circle round the table. Billy Bunter backed round the other side, his eyes and his spectacles glued on the little Chinese. Every moment he dreaded to see the little Celestial's right hand whisk into view, with some deadly Oriental knife in its grip.

Bunter had, of course, no eyes in the back of his head—owing to which, he backed into a hassock, stumbled over it, and sat down with a heavy bump.

The Chinese was on him the next moment with the spring of a tiger of his native land!

A terrific yell came from Bunter.

"Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wun's left hand gripped a fat head, twisting it round. Something sharp was pressed to Bunter's podgy neck at the back.

Owing, again, to the fact that Nature had not endowed him with eyes in the back of his head, Bunter could not see that it was a sheet of notepaper.

To his terrified fat mind it was the keen edge of a creese, a dagger, or some fearful sort of Chinese knife.

He squeaked wildly.

"I say, you fellows! Stop him! Hold him! Yaroooh! Mercy! I never did it, and I won't do it again. Spare my life! Yaroooooh!"

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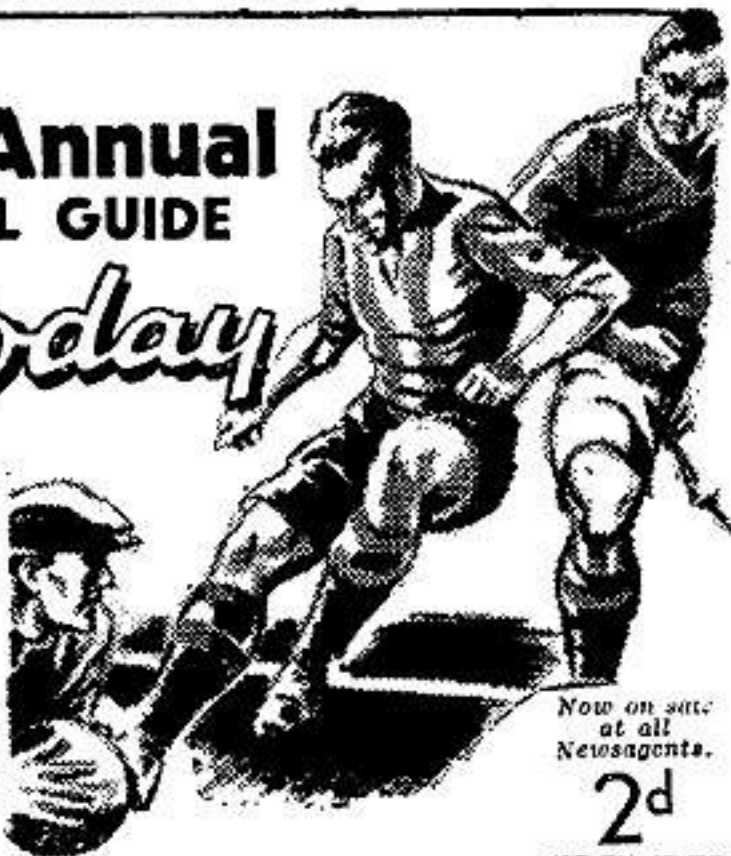
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ANSWERS

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from the Remove passage. A dozen fellows or more gathered to stare into Study No. 1. As they could all see the edge of the sheet of notepaper pressed to Billy Bunter's fat neck, they were not alarmed. Bunter was!

"Help, you fellows!" he roared. "I say, mum-mum-mum-murder! Fire! Help! Yarooooop!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Harry Wharton, laughing almost too much to speak. "I say, Wun Lung, don't do it here! Carpets cost money to clean."

"Take him out in the passage!" gurgled Nugent. "Look here, you can't slaughter pigs in our study."

"Help! Yaroop! I say, you fellows, I—Rescue!" raved Bunter, wriggling like a fat eel as the Chinese pinned him to the floor.

"You no wantee this Chinees killee Buntsee study blong you?" asked Wun Lung. "Allee light! Killey 'long passage! You, Buntsee, you waittee 'long passage, s'posee me letter you get up?"

"Eh! Wha-a-t? Oh, yes! Rather! Leago! I—I—I—I'll wait, with—with pleasure," gasped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Chinese released his grasp, and Bunter bounded, or, rather, bounced, to his feet! He made one long jump for the passage.

"Let a fellow pass, you beasts!" he roared, as the juniors there closed round him, yelling with laughter.

"Hold on!" chortled the Bounder. "Wun wants you—"

"Beast! Let me pass, before that mad heathen gets me!" shrieked Bunter. "I'm not going to be mum-mum-murdered to please you! I'm going to Quelch! I'm going to the Head! I'm going to— Yaroooooop!"

He spun round, as Wun Lung touched his fat neck from behind with something that felt very sharp.

"Yaroor! Keep that knife away!" yelled Bunter. "Keep that—" He broke off suddenly as he saw the half-sheet of notepaper in Wun's hand.

He blinked at it, his eyes almost popping through his spectacles.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Removites. The expression on Billy Bunter's fat face, at that moment, was worth a guinea.

"Why, you—you—you little heathen beast!" gasped Bunter. "You—you—you ain't got a knife at all—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's only a bit of pip-pip-pip-paper! Why, you—you—you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter blinked round at a crowd of fellows, almost in hysterics. He realised that his fat leg had been pulled, and that his valuable life had not been in danger. Really he might have realised that a little earlier, as it was highly improbable that the Remove fellows would be yelling with laughter if his fat head was really in deadly peril!

"Pip-pip-pip-pulling my leg!" gasped Bunter.

"He's guessed it!" gasped Bob Cherry. "What a brain!"

"The brainfulness is terrific."

"Cuttee off fat head blong Buntsee!" grinned Wun Lung, flourishing the sheet of paper. "Buntsee velly fattee funkee."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you—" gasped Bunter. "Next time that kidnapper comes after you, I'll jolly well let him bag you. Yah!"

And Billy Bunter rolled away—reassured, but snorting with indignation—leaving the rest of the Remove yelling.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

Wun Lung's Holiday Party!

"L IKEE leadee?" "Eh, what? Oh, like to read? Help!" gasped Bob Cherry.

It was a few days later, and Wun Lung came on Bob in the quad, with a letter in his hand.

The brightness in his little yellow face indicated that that letter had given him great pleasure. Seldom had the little Chinese looked so bucked since he had been in the Greyfriars Remove.

It was a playful jest on Wun's part to ask Bob if he would like to read that letter! It was written in columns of Chinese characters, every one of which was a deep and insoluble mystery to every fellow at Greyfriars.

"No likee leadee?" grinned Wun Lung. "No can leadee? Me tellee you! Nicey lettee ffrom Uncle O."

"Oh!" said Bob.

"Yes, Uncle O!" assented Wun Lung. Bob grinned.

"I see! Nunky's written you a letter! You're a jolly clever kid to be able to read it! It means something, I suppose?" asked Bob, glancing at the neatly brushed but utterly mysterious symbols. "Good news from nunky, what?"

"Plenty good!" beamed Wun Lung. "Uncle O Bo wantee see me, 'long him, holidays! Wantee me comey 'long Paris, 'long, plenty placee."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bob again.

"Yes, Uncle O!" assented Wun, again misunderstanding.

"Gratters, old son!" said Bob.

But he could not help a thoughtful shade coming over his face.

The attempted kidnapping of Wun was already half-forgotten in the school. There had been no new attempt. But that, very probably, was because precautions had been carefully taken. It would not have been easy for the kidnapper to get in, and still less easy for him to get out again, had he paid a second visit to Greyfriars in the small hours.

But of the kidnapper, no trace had been discovered. No doubt Mr. Grimes had interviewed Sin Song—but if so, there was equally no doubt that he was satisfied with that gentleman, and regarded Bunter's startling tale with the same incredulity as everyone else.

Mr. O's secretary had not visited

Greyfriars since. Bob could not help wondering whether that was because he had felt himself suspected on Rookwood day. On the other hand, it might simply mean that he had gone back to rejoin his employer on the Continent. Bob was unable to make up his mind definitely whether he suspected Dr. Sin or not—but he had made it up very definitely not to give him a chance of getting Wun by himself if he called again. However, Dr. Sin had not called again, and Bob's thoughts were chiefly turned on the summer holidays—till now!

Wun Lung, clearly, was delighted with that invitation for the holidays from his Uncle O. But an uncomfortable suspicion flashed into Bob's mind, of the hand of Dr. Sin behind it—the hidden hand of the yellow man!

"You're going?" he asked.

"What you tinkee?" grinned Wun Lung.

"Hop going?"

"Hop Hi no goey! Uncle O tinkee Hop Hi too small goey ttravel about. He goey along fleinds, all samee before."

Bob nodded slowly. Wun sometimes went with other Greyfriars fellows for

(Continued on next page.)

SUNNY SAMBO says

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the holidays, but generally he went with his minor to stay with a Chinese family in the country. It was natural for Mr. O to think the small fag too young to knock about on a Continental holiday; but, at the same time, there it was—Wun was going alone; and the kidnapper was still at large, and there existed at least the possibility that the kidnapper was Mr. O's secretary!

Bob liked the little Chinese, whom he had befriended ever since Wun was put into his study in the Remove. But even had he not liked him, he would have felt worried about him now.

The shade that came over his face did not escape Wun's keen almond eyes. The little Chinese grinned.

"You tinkee 'long kidnappee?" he asked. "You tinkee that velly bad man gettee chance baggee this poor li'll Chinese. 'long holidays abroad."

"Well, yes, old chap, I do," said Bob. He did not intend to tell Wun of his lurking doubts of Dr. Sin, which he knew that Wun would not have shared in the very least. Moreover, he was far from sure that there was any foundation for those doubts. But there was no doubt in his mind that the kidnapper, whether Dr. Sin or another, would very likely jump at a chance like this.

"Me, too!" said Wun, rather unexpectedly. "Me no savvy that velly bad man, but me savvy he lookee 'findee this pool li'll Chinese, spousee can. Me likee velly much goey 'long Uncle O, but me no likee dloppee into hands blong that velly bad man. What you tinkee?"

It was a relief to Bob's mind to see that the little Chinese was fully alive to his danger.

"But you're going?" he said. "Of course, it's a ripping trip. But—do you think it's safe, kid?"

"No tinkee safee, spousee me goey 'lone! Tinkee plenty safee spousee plenty fiends blong me come."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bob, and he grinned.

It was Wun Lung's idea to go, but to take a party of friends with him. If the kidnapper really was Dr. Sin Song, he had rather over-reached himself, by his attempt on the Chinese at the school. That attempt had put Wun on his guard—not against Dr. Sin, but against all attempts at kidnapping, which came to the same thing.

"You come?" asked Wun.

"Eh, what? I?" exclaimed Bob.

"Likee nicey old Bob Chelly come! You blingee fiends blong you—Whalton, Flanky, Bullee, Inkce—what you tinkee?"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry, staring at the little Chinese. "What the dickens will Mr. O say if you take a mob of the Remove along with you?"

"Tinkee he likee! Wittee lettee," explained Wun Lung. "Me tellee Uncle O, me likee comee, but me no comee, spousee fiends no comee, 'long kidnappee. Two-thlee day ago, you savvy. Now Uncle O write this lettee—he say comee, blingee fiends—likee seo fiends!"

"I see!" assented Bob.

Wun had put the matter to his uncle, before speaking to Bob about it. The mysterious-looking missive in his hand contained Mr. O Bo's gracious invitation to his school friends.

If, indeed, the kidnapper was behind this, he could not have wanted Wun to arrive with a party; but on the other hand, Wun had made it clear that he was not coming alone, so that left him no choice.

"Uncle O velly nicey ole man," went on Wun. "Velly lich—evellything velly nicey! Spousee me goey, Dr. Sin comee fetehee."

Bob Cherry made up his mind on the spot to accept that invitation. If Sin Song was coming to fetch Wun, the little Celestial needed a friendly eye on him. Moreover, the prospect of a scamper on the Continent in the summer holidays was attractive enough.

"You likee comee 'long this lill' Chinese?" asked Wun Lung anxiously. "Plenty safee 'long handsome blave Bob Chelly."

Bob chuckled.

"I'll speak to the other fellows," he said. "If they can fix it, we'll jolly well come and see you safe, old son."

"Tankee muchee."

Bob lost no time in looking for his chums. Generally the Famous Five were more or less together in the holidays, and they had had trips abroad before. Bob had no doubt that it could be arranged.

He found them in Study No. 1. A fat voice greeted his ears as he approached that apartment.

"I say, you fellows, do talk sense! Can't you be serious for once, when we break up in a day or two, and a fellow isn't fixed up yet for the hols? I can tell you plainly, that if the matter isn't settled now, I mayn't be able to give you any of my time these hols at all. Mauly's asked me to stay at the Towers, but I told him I should be at Wharton's place—"

"What have you been telling Mauly whoppers for?"

"Oh, really, Wharton—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" boomed Bob, as he tramped in. "Here you are! Cut off, Bunter—roll away like a good barrel."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"I want to speak to you chaps about the hols," said Bob.

"So do I!" hooted Bunter.

"You've done your funny turn, old fat man!" said Harry Wharton. "Now roll away, and shut the door after you!"

"If you fellows are going to fix up about the hols—"

"Just that!" said Bob. "Bunk! Clear! Buzz! Whiz! Travel! Scoot! Lend me that cricket bat, Franky! Watch me get a boundary with Bunter!"

Slam! The study door closed on Bunter by the time Bob grasped the cane handle of the bat. It was improbable that Bob Cherry could have hit a boundary with Bunter as the ball, but Bunter did not seem to want him to make the attempt.

The fat Owl vanished, with a slam of the door, and Bob proceeded to put Wun Lung's invitation for the holidays to his friends.

And in the interesting discussion that followed, it did not occur to the chums of the Remove that, outside the study, a fat ear was glued to the keyhole!

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

Luck!

THE next morning Billy Bunter's fat face had a thoughtful expression in class.

That thoughtful expression was not caused by any unusual attention to his lessons.

Valuable as Mr. Quelch's instruction to his pupils undoubtedly was, Billy Bunter gave it less attention than ever that morning.

Break-up was a more important matter; and getting fixed up for the hols when Greyfriars broke up, Bunter's usual problem, left him little time or attention to think of lessons.

Every now and then that morning a podgy grin glided over Bunter's fat features.

It indicated that his problem had been solved—at least, that Bunter thought it had been.

When the Remove went out, the fat Owl tapped Herbert Vernon-Smith on the arm. Smithy was booked for a sea-trip with his chum, Tom Redwing, in the vacation, and he had already told Bunter twice that no member of the tribe of Bunter was wanted on that trip. He was prepared to tell him a third time, or a fourth, if necessary.

As it happened, it was not necessary.

"Don't count on me for that trip of yours, Smithy," said Bunter casually.

"Eh!" ejaculated the Bounder.

"Sorry, and all that! But I've thought it over, and I can't come. Even on the hols, a chap has to be a bit particular, you know! There's a limit; and you're the limit, if you don't mind my mentioning it!"

And Bunter rolled off, leaving the Bounder too astonished to kick him before he was out of reach.

In the quad the fat junior ran down Lord Mauleverer. Mauly, as soon as he saw him coming, accelerated. Mauly did not deal in plain English like Smithy; he preferred to dodge Bunter and leave him to guess the rest.

"Hold on, Mauly, you ass!" squeaked Bunter, rolling after him. "I say, about the hols, Mauly—"

Mauleverer, so to speak, stamped on the gas.

"You silly ass!" roared Bunter breathlessly. "I only want to tell you that I can't come."

"Oh!"

Mauleverer slackened down. If Bunter wanted to tell him that he couldn't come to Mauleverer Towers for the vacation, Mauly was more than ready to give him a hearing. He had been afraid that Bunter was going to tell him that he could come.

The fat Owl gave him an indignant blink.

"I just want to put it clear, that's all!" he yapped. "I've thought it over, Mauly, and you'll have to wash it out. Sorry, and so on, but I should be fearfully bored at your place, and I can't come!"

"Oh gad!" gasped Lord Mauleverer, blinking at him.

"That's all," said Bunter. "Thought I'd let you know, in case you were counting on me."

And he rolled off, leaving the astounded Mauly still blinking.

"Wibley! I say, Wibley!" squeaked the fat Owl, bearing down on William Wibley of the Remove.

"Hallo!" said Wibley cheerfully. "Want to hear me say 'No' again? No!"

Bunter gave him a disdainful blink, his very spectacles gleaming with disdain.

"Don't you flatter yourself!" he retorted. "You were talking about an amateur theatrical party for the hols the other day, and I said I might be able to join up—"

"And I said there'd be a dead porpoise lying about if you did!" assented Wibley. "Like me to say it again? There'll be a dead porpoise lying about if you do!"

"I thought I'd mention," said Bunter, with crushing dignity, "that I spoke

rather hastily, and that, on second thoughts, I can see that it wouldn't do. All very well for chaps like you, Wib-riff-raff, to put it plain—but I've got my social position to consider! Wash it right out!"

Off rolled Bunter again, leaving, for the third time, an astonished Removite staring after him.

The Famous Five came next. They were standing in a cheery group in the quad, discussing plans and ways and means, it having been unanimously decided to accept the invitation of Mr. O'Bo and his nephew, Wun Lung—subject to the approval of the old folks at home, of which they had no doubt. The discussion ceased as Billy Bunter rolled up.

"I say, you fellows, wash it right out!" said Bunter, coming to the point at once. "If I've given you an impression that you could count on me for the

hols, I'm sorry; but there's nothing doing!"

Harry Wharton & Co. gazed at him. "That's definite!" added Bunter. "I can't come!"

"Sticking poor old Mauly?" asked Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! I don't mind telling you fellows what I'm doing these hols," said Bunter. "I'm going to look after that Chinese kid."

"Wha-a-at?" ejaculated all the Famous Five together.

Unaware of the fat car at the keyhole of Study No. 1 the previous afternoon, they were surprised to hear this.

"I mean it," said Bunter firmly. "He's an ungrateful little heathen beast, I know! Still, I never expect gratitude. Do I ever get any from you fellows, for instance? But, to tell the truth—"

"Oh, don't!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"These sudden changes—"

"Oh, really, Cherry! To tell you fellows the truth, I'm rather worried about that kid, with that kidnapping scoundrel after him. I'm going to ask him home with me; he'll be safe at Bunter Court, with dozens of footmen and menials about, you know. I shall order all the keepers to keep watch for that kidnapping villain. I've protected him once, and I sort of feel that it's up to me to keep on protecting him—see?"

"Great pip!"

"You fellows are going off for the holidays, leaving him in danger—the sort of thing I should expect of you, really! I'm not that sort!"

And Bunter rolled away once more, this time leaving five Remove fellows staring after him blankly.

(Continued on next page.)



COME INTO the OFFICE, BOYS—AND GIRLS!

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THERE'S quite a large pile of letters on my desk this morning, so I think the best thing I can do is to start answering them without delay.

The first one comes from a chum who has forgotten to put his name and address on his letter. However, the envelope was post-marked "Brighton," so I assume that my chum lives there. Of course, he might be on holiday. He informs me that he is starting business in the very near future and is rather worried about thing early in the morning. He is such a heavy sleeper, apparently, that an alarm-clock fails to wake him. Can I help him in any way? If you can sleep through the noise made by an alarm-clock going off close to your ear, chum, I'm afraid I know of nothing else likely to wake you up. If you concentrate your mind overnight upon the absolute necessity of getting up at a certain time, you ought to wake up at that time automatically. Try doing this, if you have not done so already. Getting up at the right time is really a matter of will power after all.

The next query comes from Donald Raynor, of Manor Park. Donald tells me that he is thinking of

RUNNING AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE

and asks me to give him a few tips on editing. Of course, a lot depends on what kind of magazine it is. Donald should get hold of a number of contributors with a keen sense of humour, for the more humour there is in a school magazine the better it will be received. Avoid anything "stodgy" and get as many of your school-fellows as possible to send in articles and stories. If there is a boy in the school who can write light verses—after the style of the Greyfriars

Rhymester—this is sure to prove a popular feature. In fact, my chum would do well to model his paper on the lines of "The Greyfriars Herald." Keep it bright and sparkling, and be bang up to date with such things as sport features. Articles on hobbies are always interesting, too, and it's a good plan to offer a little prize for the best contribution. If there are any boys at the school who have travelled, they should be asked to write up their adventures. The best advice I can offer to an amateur editor is to keep his paper as different as possible from other papers. Don't try to imitate the big "dailies," but give your magazine an individuality which will be all its own.

A letter comes from a reader who says he has suffered a severe set-back. I do not know whether to be sorry for the sufferer. Set-backs do more good than harm. They harden the fibre, as it were. If our path were all soft going, with everybody saying nice things all the time, it would tend to make us cease trying. Take it from me, chum, a snub very often does a lot of good. I know a chap who pretty nearly always grouches at everything and everybody, in fact, one would imagine that he had been dumped into the world to keep others up to scratch. If my chum has been growled at, there's no need to brood over it. We all get snubbed some time or other, and it very often does us a power of good.

DO you happen to possess a diary? If so, take my tip and make this entry in it: "The Holiday Annual" comes out on September 1st. It would be a pity to overlook this red-letter day, as there is sure to be a rush for this world-famous Annual, and orders

should be placed right away, otherwise somebody is going to get "left"! This five-shilling favourite is out to break all records. In it you will find splendid long complete yarns of Harry Wharton & Co., Tom Merry & Co., and Jimmy Silver & Co., not to mention interesting articles, breezy poems, and a Greyfriars variety show in which all readers can join if they wish. Four fine colour plates complete this bargain book. Drop a hint to that kind uncle or aunt to-day!

And now for a few

RAPID FIRE REPLIES

to readers' queries.

J. Harris (Carshalton Beeches).—Queen Astrid of Belgium was killed in a motor-car accident in Switzerland the latter part of August, 1935. King Albert lost his life while mountaineering in Belgium.

Clem. Foster (Stepney).—A book on birds and their care can be obtained from A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Departmental Store, Holborn, E.C.1, at a fairly reasonable price.

Claude Cooper (Reading).—It is easier to swim in sea water than fresh water. I've tried it and know!

If you have finished reading this week's long story of Greyfriars, you will be eager to know what lies behind the efforts of Doctor Sin to separate Wun Lung from his school chums. The Famous Five have appointed themselves body-guard to the little Chinese junior for the holidays, and next week's yarn finds them off to Paris to stay with Wun Lung's rich uncle. It's entitled:

"THE HOUSE OF PERIL!"

"Nothing can happen if we stick close to Wun Lung," declares Bob Cherry, but the Removites quickly discover that it's not going to be as easy as it seems. Forces are at work of which they yet know nothing—unscrupulous, ruthless men, with money and power behind them—determined to spirit away the Chinese junior who has become, unknowingly, the centre of the greatest mystery that has ever befallen the chums of Greyfriars. This splendid yarn by Frank Richards will live in your memory for all time. Be wise, and order a copy of next Saturday's MAGNET to-day.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,541.

Wun Lung was talking to his minor under the elm when Bunter came into the offing. Neither of the Chinese seemed pleased to see Bunter. That, to William George Bunter, was a trifle light as air.

"I say, Wun—" he began.

"Me talkee 'long Hop Hi!" said Wun Lung.

"I want to speak to you."

"No wantee speak 'long fat ole Buntree!"

"I'm going to ask you home for the holidays!" said Bunter, with dignity.

Wun's eyes opened wide in surprise.

It was not uncommon for Billy Bunter to ask himself home for the holidays, but it was very uncommon indeed for him to ask any other fellow.

"You makee jokee?" asked Wun Lung.

"Oh, really, Wun, I mean it!" said Bunter. "The fact is, I'm anxious about you, and I want you to come home with me for the holidays, to keep an eye on you. You see, you'll be safe at Bunter Court—absolutely safe from that kidnapper. You'll come, old chap?"

Wun simply blinked at him. Hop Hi, with a curious look at Bunter from his slanting eyes, walked away, leaving his major with the Owl of the Remove. Wun continued to blink at Bunter. Never had he been so astonished since the day he had left China.

"Now, do come, kid!" urged Bunter. "You played a rotten trick on me the other day, but I can take a joke. He, he, he! I've always liked you, old chap! I've never thought you a beastly little uncivilised heathen, or anything of that sort!"

"Oh clumbs!" said Wun Lung.

"Not at all!" declared Bunter. "I like you no end, really! I'm fearfully anxious about your safety! I want to keep you under my eye—see?—till we're back at school again. You'll come?"

"Tankee velly muchee!" said the astounded little Celestial. "But no can! Me goey along 'nother placee."

"Oh! Don't say you've fixed up for the hols already, old chap!"

"Me fixee."

"Well, look here, whatever it is, wash it out and come home with me!" urged Bunter.

"Fat ole Buntree velly nicey 'long this li'll Chiney!" gasped Wun Lung. "But no can washee out. Me goey 'long uncle blong me."

Billy Bunter gave him a sly blink through his big spectacles. Thanks to a fat ear, and a keyhole, he was well aware that Wun could not wash out the arrangements made for the summer vacation. But he was not going to let Wun suspect that he knew.

"Well, if you really can't come—" he said thoughtfully.

"Velly muchee solly—no can!" said Wun Lung.

"Then I'll tell you what!" said Bunter, as if struck by a sudden bright idea. "I'll come along with you, old fellow. I don't suppose it will be much of a holiday—but I don't care! I never was a fellow to think of myself, as I dare say you've noticed. I'll come

along with you, whatever it's like—and see that nothing happens to you in the hols."

Wun gazed at him, more and more surprised.

Nothing had been said, so far, about the proposed Continental trip. Wun's usual vac in the home of a Chinese family in a quiet country place, was not much of a catch! Really, it looked as if Billy Bunter, for the first time in his fat career, was not on the make! It looked as if he felt a deep and friendly concern for the little Chinese, and was prepared to make sacrifices for the same. Which, in Bunter, was enough to astonish any fellow. He had asked Wun home—and, that failing, was prepared to share any sort of an old holiday with him, for the mere sake of looking after his safety!

"I mean it!" declared Bunter. "Call it done, old chap, what?"

No doubt, had Wun placed the faith in Billy Bunter, to which Bunter considered that he was fully entitled, he would have felt pleased and flattered, and grateful, and it would have been "done."

Whereupon, Bunter would have

in Paris yesterday? You never showed it to me like you did to Bob Cherry!"

Wun Lung chuckled.

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at!" yapped Bunter. "I hadn't the faintest idea that you'd fixed up a run on the Continent with Wharton's gang! Not the faintest! Why, only a few minutes ago I was telling them that I couldn't give them any time this vac, because I was going to look after you! You can ask them, if you like!"

Wun chortled.

"They haven't told me anything—in fact, I'm pretty certain they're keeping it dark on purpose! Anyhow, I don't know anything about it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Wun Lung.

"You cackling little heathen," howled Bunter. "I suppose you'll be making out next that I heard them talking in the study! I was nowhere near the door!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Wun Lung.

He turned to walk away, almost doubled up with merriment. Billy Bunter glared after him, with a glare that might have cracked his spectacles.

Bunter had banked on this! He had laid his plans with the greatest artfulness. He had had no doubt that he was backing a winner! It did not look like it now!

There was nothing doing. Bunter could see that.

"Beast!" roared Bunter. "Ungrateful little beast! This is what I get for risking my life to save you from kidnapping! Yah!"

Wun Lung stopped and turned back. Unconsciously, Bunter had touched the right chord!

Bunter was unaware that gratitude for services rendered is a strong characteristic of the Chinese. He probably would not have believed it, had he been told. Nevertheless, it was so—and Wun Lung was not only willing, but eager, to acknowledge the claim.

"This li'll Chiney not ungrateful, Buntree!" said Wun Lung. "Me savvy you save this li'll Chiney from bad man comey kidnapee. Sposey you likee comey 'long holiday, you comey. Allee light!"

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"You likee comey?"

"Well, I can't say I'm keen on it!" grunted Bunter. "But—"

Wun Lung grinned.

"Buntree no keen; Buntree no comey with—"

"What I mean to say is, I'll come!" said Bunter hastily. "That's what I mean, old chap—I'll certainly come! And I'll tell you what—I'll jolly well stick to you all through the holidays!"

And Billy Bunter—not always a man of his word—kept that promise to the very letter!

THE END.

(Little as they realise it, Harry Wharton & Co. are booked for the most thrilling holiday experience of their liets. Be sure and join up with them next Saturday in: "THE HOUSE OF PERIL!"—the most powerful school yarn Frank Richards has ever written.)

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learned—with surprise, of course!—that it was not going to be Wun's usual stay with a quiet family in the country, but a jolly ramble on the Continent, regardless of expense!

Bunter was prepared to register surprise when he heard that!

But Wun Lung, with all his soft and polite ways, was no fool. For a long minute, he gazed at Bunter, in sheer surprise; then, slowly, the astonished expression on his little yellow face changed into a grin.

"Fat old Buntree velly funnee!" he remarked. "Me savvy! Buntree findee out me goey along lich uncle, along Continent, along party, and he likee stickee on!"

Bunter blinked at him.

Harry Wharton & Co. had not guessed that one! He had not expected Wun to guess it! But Wun evidently had!

Wun grinned; Bunter breathed hard.

"You cheeky heathen!" he exclaimed. "Wharrer you mean? I never knew anything about it! How could I know that you had a letter from the old bean

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THE GREAT EGGSPERIMENT!

A new, and masterly story, obtained—at enormous expense—from that world-famous author, R. NUGENT, Esq.

"What cheer, Lickham?" Doctor Alfred Birchermall called out that cheery greeting from the gateway of St. Sam's, where he was waiting to welcome the prodigals who were returning for the new term. And Mr. I. Jolliwell Lickham, the Fourth Form master, dropped his two heavy suitcases and showed his fangs in a beaming smile.

"How do, sir?" he cried heartily. "Enjoy your vack?" inquired the Head; and Mr. Lickham nodded vigorously. "Yes, rather, sir! I stopped at a viol inn; but I'm feeling as fit as a fiddle! Have a good time yourself, sir!"

"Topping, thanks. But I'm glad all the same to be back at the dear old skool," said the Head, with an affeckshunat glance at the grey old ivy-covered pile behind him. "After all, Lickham, one can have too much of a good thing!"

"But not when it's hollerdays, sir," said Mr. Lickham, with a shake of his head. "We shall see some sad fizzes as the boys start streaming through this gateway, I'll wager!"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow! If I'm anything of a profit, most of the youngsters will be jolly glad to be back under my benign and gentle rule again."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Dashed if I see anything to cackle at, Lickham!" remarked the Head, rather warmly. "I am sure that most of the boys look on me as a kindly and benevolent gentleman with a hart of gold!"

"You mean a crool and mersilest tirant with a hart of steel, don't you, sir?" larfed the master of the Fourth.

Doctor Birchermall glared. "Look here, Lickham, you're talking out of the back of your neck! Why, it's a well-known fakt that I'm honnered and esteemed by everybody from the mitiest senior to the inkiest fag!"

"You're the only one who knows it, then, sir," said Mr. Lickham cheerfully. "I bet you wouldn't half got a shock if you knew what they called you behind your back!" Mr. Lickham then wisseed to summon an ice-cream boy who was peddling slowly by on his box-tricycle.

The Head eyed him grimly as he ordered a tuppenny cornet. "If you mean to imply, Lickham, that the skollars in my charge call me names behind my back which they wouldn't dare use to my face, then I refuse to belevee you!" he cried.

Mr. Lickham sat down on one of his suitcases and licked the top off his ice-cornet with noisy gusto. "Bet you a bob I'm right, sir," he said.

The Head cullered. "Really, Lickham, I'm serprized at you! You know very well I never gambol for munny."

"All right, then, sir," grinned Mr. Lickham. "Make it a duzen doenutts!" Doctor Birchermall's eyes gleamed. If there was one thing he never could resist, it was doenutts. He had a proper pashun for them!

"Doenutts with jam in the middle!" he said cautiously. "As much jam as you like, sir." "Done!" cried the Head. "And I don't mind telling you, Lickham, that those doenutts are already as good as mine! There's only one difficulty: how are we going to prove who's the winner?"

Mr. Lickham sucked reflectively at his ice-cornet before replying. Then he chuckled.

"I know a jolly good way, sir, if you're willing to do it. Borrow that ice-cream boy's outfit and stand here at the gates selling ice-creams as the boys return—disguised beyond reckernition, of course. You'll soon hear what they say about you behind your back, then!"

"Jolly good wheeze, Lickham!" grinned Doctor Birchermall.

The Head put his fingers to his lips and gave a shrill wissle that soon brought the ice-cream boy speeding back to the gates.

The lad looked somewhat serprized when the skeem was put up to him. But he was by no means averse to a rest under the trees in the quad while someone else did his work and he soon fell in with it.

The Head shed his cap and gown

GREYFRIARS MASTER SEEN ROLLER-SKATING

By Our Special Correspondent

If you'd been on the Front at Hastings one day last week, you'd have seen a sight for sore eyes. We know chaps in the Remove who would cheerfully have paid a fiver to see it!



Believe it or not, our esteemed and venerated Form-master, Henry Samuel Quelch, Esq., M.A., created a riot by speeding along the prom. ON ROLLER-SKATES!

No, we're not pulling your leg, dear reader. It really happened! We can produce witnesses who can show you the marks where they were knocked over in the course of his hurricane ride.

Just to relieve your natural anxiety, Quelch didn't go off his rocker.

Reliable correspondents assure us that the explanation of this amazing happening is quite different.

Five minutes before his roller-skating exhibition, Mr. Quelch was reposing peacefully in a deck-chair, fast asleep. His ankles were resting on a rail. His feet were protruding over the promenade.

Just below him, it is stated, a grinning youth wearing a Greyfriars cap was seen cautiously approaching, bearing in his hands a pair of roller-skates which he had just won on the pier.

and put on the white jacket and peaked cap which the ice-cream boy handed him.

He tucked his beard inside the jacket and kept his chin well down so that it would look as if he were clean shaven. He pulled the peaked cap well over his eyes and rubbed some brick-dust and dirt into his cheeks to give his complexion a different culler. Then he presented the ice-cream boy with a crumpled comic paper from his trowis pocket to keep him amewsed and returned to the gates.

Mr. Lickham farley rubbed his eyes when he saw him.

"My hat! Your own mother wouldn't know you now, sir!" he gasped. "I fancy I shall pull the wool over the boys' eyes all right, Lickham!" chuckled the Head.

"And now for the grate eggspirement!"

II. "Here we are again, chaps!" Jack Jolly of the Fourth, who was in one of the front seats of a sharrybong carrying St. Sam's fellows back for the new term, pointed ahead of him as he spoke, and a deep groan went up from the fellows behind him.

"Back to the chain gang!" sighed Frank Fearless. "Why can't hollerdays last for ever!" "Hear, hear!"

"It wouldn't be so bad if the Head wasn't such a beestly boolying broot!" said Bright. "But he is; and the only thing we can do is to

put up with it in silence—yar, woo! Ow! Woop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The fellows larfed, as Bright stood up to get a better view of St. Sam's and bumped his head against the roof of the sharry in doing so.

"Sounds as if you're not likely to put up with much in silence, old chap!" remarked Fearless. "You should have kept your eye on that notiss hanging up in the front of the sharry—'MIND YOUR HEAD!'"

Bright rubbed his injured nipper and grinned refully. The next moment he uttered a yell of alarm, for the sharry driver had applied his brakes uneggspectedly and Bright, with a duzen other fellows, was pitched out of his seat.

"Yaroooo! What the thump!" "My hat! We nearly crashed that time!" gasped Jack Jolly. "That ice-cream chap was right in the middle of the road. I suppose he thought he'd stop us an' then we'd buy one!"

Leaning over the side of the sharrybong, the St. Sam's fellows found themselves gazing at a somewhat weerd-looking ice-cream cycle-boy. He had a pekuliar mottled countenance and his chin was tucked inside his white jacket. A close observer mite have notissed a crafty gleem in his eyes. He jingled his bell and gave them a leer.

"Ice-cream, yung jents?" he cried, in a shrill, falsetto voice. "Good idea!" cried Fearless.

"Stop the bus. I could just do with a cooler myself!" "Hear, hear!" The driver of the sharrybong stopped in front of the gates and all the fellows tumbled out—with one eggseption.

That eggseption was Bright. Bright fully intended getting down with the rest; but at the last moment he happened to look down from the sharry at the ice-cream man, and what he saw made him change his mind.

It was only a momentary glimpse; but it was quite enuff for Bright. For what he had seen was a glimpse of the Head's hidden beard!

Bright stayed in the sharrybong and watched—fascinated.

What strange mistery had he stumbled on, he wondered. What on earth was the Head's little game? Doctor Birchermall was always doing uneggspected things; but it was the first time on record he had ever disguised himself as an ice-cream man! What mischief was he up to?

The mistery was soon solved. The solution came to Bright in a flash, as soon as he heard what the bogus ice-cream man said to his first customer. The first customer in question happened to be Jack Jolly and the Head's first remark, uttered in his shrill, falsetto voice, was: "Are you glad you're back at skool again, yung jent?"

"Oh, crums!" breathed Bright. There was a general impression amongst St. Sam's fellows that Bright wasn't quite as bright as his name. But he was bright enuff on this occasion to see what a dickens of a row mite come out of this!

Suppose the Head started asking the fellows what they thought of their headmaster? Bright farley shuddered, as he thought of what the fellows would answer.

The next moment his worst fears were realised! "Well, well, I am serprized you're sorry to be back, yung jent!" he heard the bogus ice-cream man say. "Don't you like your 'eadmaster, then?"

As he asked the question, the disguised Doctor Birchermall handed Jack Jolly an ice-cornet and eyed him under lowered eyebrows with shifty eyes. With Mr. Lickham listening all ears at the gates, the Head was frightfully anxious to get a favorable reply to that question; but evidently he was beginning to have his doubts!

Jack Jolly, who was facing the sharry, pawsed for a moment before replying. He nitted his brows as though he was faced by a strange dilemmer. But he replied at last.

"Why, of course I like my headmaster!" he cried, in ringing tones. "He's a fine old English jentleman that nobody could help liking."

The disguised headmaster blinked for a moment. He had never eggsepected such warm praise from the kaptin of the Fourth. But once he got over the shock, he beamed all over his face.

"Glad to 'ear you say so, yung chap, you're a jeenius!" roared Jack Jolly. "What a lucky thing you thought to wave that notiss in the sharry just behind the Head's ice-cream cycle!"

"Yes, rather!" chuckled Frank Fearless. "We all saw through the Head's little skeem at once when we spotted the notiss! Let's keep it as a soovenier."

And Frank's suggestion was adopted; and the notiss was given a proud place on the wall of the Common-room. The notiss read as follows: "MIND YOUR HEAD!"

(Doctor Birchermall is on the warpath again in another "egg-citing" instalment next week.)

"JER-SEE" THE POINT. Smith Minor tells us that in order to be far from the madding crowd, one should go to the Channel Islands.

Judging by the crowds seen there, Smith Minor is evidently indulging in a bit of "Sark!"

HE WOULD BE DIFFERENT! After playing tennis all day for nearly a fortnight, Temple of the Fourth is suffering from an attack of—

No, not "tennis elbow," but "HOUSEMAID'S KNEES!"

CHANGE YOUR STUDY? Merely write to us, stating your requirements and mentioning what fee you are prepared to pay for the transfer and leave the rest to us! Our staff of exports will eject present occupants and instal you in your new abode on the first day of the New Term! Satisfaction guaranteed!—BULSTRODE & CO., Study Agents and Removal Contractors, Box No. 231, GREYFRIARS HERALD.

But we didn't see a single yokel. And instead of the rumbling of old farm-wagons we'd expected to hear, we heard the purring of the fleet of fast cars owned by the guests.

Oh, yes, the place was a farm—only they'd turned it into a road-house!

Robert Ogilvy tries ROUGHING IT IN THE COUNTRY

"Why not go back to Nature for a week?" asked Dick Russell before we started the vac. "You can't beat a farm holiday, in my opinion!"

I felt a glow of anticipation come over me. Somewhere buried deep in all of us is that primitive love of the country—that longing to return to the soil from whence we sprang, as I heard a chap put it on the wireless, one day.

A holiday on a farm! I fairly thrilled at the prospect. Well, to cut a long story short, I got their sanction at home to spend a week with Russell at a farm. We found an ad. in a holiday guide that sounded just the thing for us. It mentioned the call of the wild and back to the land and added that one could combine these with all civilised comforts and amenities including running water, h. & c. The charges were somewhat severe, but as we weren't paying, that didn't matter much.

Off we went to revel in rural bliss. But when we arrived it wasn't long before we found that farm life is not what it used to be!

To begin with, the place looked more like the Bank of England than a farmhouse. Next, we found that it didn't contain a solitary cow, chicken, pig or sheep, nor a single cornfield. There was a golf course, croquet lawns and bowling greens—but the only thing they grew was decorative flowers!

Instead of the old-time duckpond, they had a super-swimming-pool.

Instead of a stone-flagged, low-ceilinged living-room, cool on the warmest day, they had a gigantic maple-sprung ball-room where they played hot jazz at night.

There was wireless in every bod-room, television in the smoking-room, half-a-dozen billiard tables and scores of pin-tables. There was a small army of boiled shirt waiters and uniformed bell-hops.

But we didn't see a single yokel. And instead of the rumbling of old farm-wagons we'd expected to hear, we heard the purring of the fleet of fast cars owned by the guests.

Oh, yes, the place was a farm—only they'd turned it into a road-house!



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