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## ARCHIE IN CHINATOWN

THIS WEEK'S  
*Thrilling, Long, Complete  
Story of*

School, Mystery, and Detective Adventure

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The rope was fastened around Archie, and he was hauled up—up to a fresh place of mystery.





# ARCHIE CHINATOWN

The main situations in this thrilling story are laid in that mysterious quarter of East London known as Limehouse, or Chinatown. Here, within easy reach of the murky Thames, one may meet an evil-visaged Oriental passing to or from the underworld, where the Foreign Devil is not welcomed. The story tells how Archie came to be taken there, and the strange perils he experiences. By the Author of "The Fun of the Fair," "Yung Ching, the Chinese," "The Yellow Grip," and many other stirring stories.

**(THE NARRATIVE RELATED THROUGHOUT BY NIPPER.)**

## CHAPTER I.

### THE CODE OF THE CHINEE.

GRAYSON, of the Fifth, shrieked aloud. He then proceeded to do a very extraordinary movement, a movement which, if it had been contemplated, would have been extremely creditable. But Grayson of the Fifth couldn't help himself.

The banana skin under his right foot was solely responsible.

With his left leg high in the air, with his arms flapping like mill-sails, he shot along one of the stone-paved pathways of the Triangle for about five yards. Then the inevitable happened. Grayson sat down with more violence than elegance. He hit the ground with a thud which seemed to shake it, and his head came a fearful crack upon the flagstone. As Shaw afterwards remarked, he confidently expected to see the flagstone in half.

"Yow-ooooouch!" howled Grayson violently.

"Jolly neat!" said Shaw, of the Fifth. "I didn't quite catch the opening movement, old man. But I'll bet you couldn't do it again!"

Grayson sat up dazedly.

"You—you funny fool!" he snarled. "I'm hurt!"

"You look it!" exclaimed Shaw unfeelingly. "But, honestly, old son, it was worth quids to see you just now. Perfect balancing action, you know! Wonderful grace and skill! And then you spoil it all at the end!"

Grayson got to his feet, and tenderly rubbed the back of his head. The offending banana skin lay squashed to a pulp a few feet away. Grayson was not blessed with a very sweet temper, and he gave a savage kick at the banana skin. He missed and struck the toe of his boot against the edge of the flagstone.

"Yow-yaroooooh!" he hooted wildly.

Shaw grinned.

"Well, dash it all, you asked for that!" he remarked. "Fairly did it on purpose!"

Grayson was more savage than ever. The two College House seniors had only just emerged into the Triangle, and they had been striding away towards the main gates when Grayson inadvisedly trod upon the banana skin. He had excellent eyesight, and there was no excuse for him not seeing the danger.

It was afternoon, and lessons were only just over. Most of the fellows had dashed



off to the playing fields, as the day was warm and sunny and brilliant. The Triangle contained only a small number of fellows. These, of course, were grinning hugely at Grayson's discomfiture. To see anybody in trouble was generally the source of much amusement, especially when the fellow in trouble happened to be Grayson, who was decidedly unpopular. Grayson was several kinds of a bully, and he was known in the Lower School-College House section—as "The Fags' Terror."

Grayson looked round fiercely.

He wanted to find somebody upon whom he could vent his spite. He had hurt himself, and it was a certainty that somebody would have to suffer. But, unfortunately, there were no fags within view. These knowing youngsters, as soon as they had witnessed the disaster, had fled out of sight, where they were now shaking hands and making other signs of joy and thanksgiving. Any accident to Grayson was made the occasion for a happy celebration.

"All right! I'll find out the culprit! By George, I'll skin him!"

"Don't be Dotty!" said Shaw. "You always think things like that! The banana skin wasn't put there on purpose for you! Some careless fathead must have dropped it and we happened to come along——"

"Ah!" said Grayson tensely.

"Eh?"

"That Chinese kid, he was standing there all the time," snapped Grayson. "If he didn't do it himself, he'll know who did! It won't take me long to get at the truth—and then somebody going to pay."

"But it was quite accidental——"

"Hang you, what does that matter!" snarled Grayson. "I'll teach somebody not to be careless!"

Shaw, of course, was not hurt, and he could easily afford to forgive the unknown culprit. As a matter of fact, Shaw was inclined to be somewhat grateful to the banana eating gentleman, for Grayson's performance had been most entertaining. Shaw couldn't see why his study mate had become so ratty.

But Grayson could see it, and he could feel it as well. There was a considerable bump on the back of his head, his toe was decidedly sore, and he knew quite positively that sitting down would be a painful process for some hours.

And there, standing against one of the old Chestnut trees, was Yung Ching, the Chinese. He was basking in the afternoon sunlight, and appeared to be deep in the pages of a lesson book. Yung Ching was something of a "swotter," and practically all his time was occupied in cramming himself with learning.

Grayson and Shaw strode up to the Chinese boy, and came to a halt in front of him. He was quite small, no bigger than a fag, although he was in the Remove. And he was extremely easy prey for Grayson.

"Look here, you yellow kid," said Grayson roughly. "I want a word with you!"

Yung Ching looked up with bland innocence. But this was his natural expression, and told absolutely nothing. It was really impossible to discover what went on within Ching's mind. He never, under any circumstances, allowed the slightest reflection of his thoughts to appear on his countenance. He was as immobile as a bronze statue.

"What you wantee?" he asked softly.

"How long have you been here?" demanded Grayson.

"Allee samee long timee!"

"Since lessons were over?"

"One piecee, yes!"

"Don't talk in that fatheaded way!" snapped Grayson. "One piecee, yes! What rot! Can't you talk plain English?"

Yung Ching nodded.

"Me speakee Engleesh heap plentee fine," he said calmly.

"Oh, do you?" said Grayson. "In my opinion you speak English heap plentee rotten! Have you been eating bananas?"

"No savvy," said Ching.

"What?"

"Me notee undelstand!"

"Rot!" said Grayson. "Have you been eating bananas—fruit?"

"Oh," said Ching. "Me gotee you: Fluit?"

"Flute!" roared Grayson. "I'm not talking about a flute! Something to eat, not something to play."

"Allee samee, yes!" said Yung Ching.

"Fluit heapee nice—tastee good!"

"A flute tastes good?" bellowed Grayson.

"You fatheaded little ass——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Shaw. "He means fruit—fruit! That's the way these Chinks speak, you know! He's talking about fruit all the time."

Grayson breathed hard.

"The little fool!" he snarled. "All right—fruit! Have you been eating fruit, you young sweep?"

"Me notee touchee fluit allee same whole day," said Ching.

"Don't tell lies——"

"Me notee lie," interrupted the Chinese boy. "Tellee fluth. Always speakee fluth. Velly wicked to tellee lie!"

Grayson scowled.

"You're Chinese, and I'll bet you can tell more lies a minute than any English chap!" he said curtly. "But we're getting away from the point, and I'm not going to be fooled. Understand? You say you have not been eating fruit? What's that banana skin doing on the ground?"

He pointed to the messed up skin which had upset him, bodily and mentally.

"Me notee know," said Yung Ching.

"Him skinee flom nicee yellow fluit. Allee samee plentee nice fluit. Me tastee him velly often. But me not eatee fluit now. You makee mistake."

"All right, if you didn't eat the banana yourself, who did?" demanded Grayson,



determined to get at the truth. "Did you see anybody eating that fruit about five minutes ago?"

Yung Ching smiled and nodded.

"Heap plentee, yes," he said calmly.

"Me watchee. Velly funny. Allee samee fall big bangee! Him skin velly slippee!"

"I know that, you young idiot!" snapped Grayson. "So you were watching, eh? You saw who ate the banana, and you can tell me?"

"No tellee," said Yung Ching blandly.

"What?" said Grayson. "Do you know who put that skin there?"

"Yes, allee samee me see!"

"Well, who did it?"

"No tellee," said Ching softly.

Grayson of the Fifth grabbed the Chinese boy by the shoulder.

"You won't tell me?" he exclaimed harshly.

"Notee goodee form!" said Ching. "No tellee tales!"

"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed Shaw. "So the kid knows all the time, and he won't tell us! Open defiance, you know! What are you going to do, old man?"

"What am I going to do?" said Grayson. "I am going to make this kid speak! If he thinks he can play this sort of game with me, he's made a bloomer! Look here. Ching Chang, or whatever your idiotic name is, you've got to tell me who put that skin on the ground, and you've got to tell me quickly!"

Yung Ching shook his head.

"No savvy!" he said serenely.

"Grab him!" said Grayson fiercely. "We'll take him into our study, and then we'll make him speak. Too public out here! The little yellow worm! I'll teach him!"

Yung Ching had no chance between the two burly Fifth-formers. They seized him, and marched him into the College House, and they disappeared from view. And as they did so three figures emerged from behind another clump of trees in the Triangle. They were Handforth, Church, and McClure, the famous trio of the Ancient House, and the occupants of Study D.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Handforth slowly.

As he spoke he tossed an empty banana skin away, and he found that Church and McClure were looking at him rather seriously. Until a minute or two ago they had all been grinning with large grins.

"Fancy that Chinese kid refusing to say anything," went on Handforth. "I'd never thought he'd have the gumption to understand anything about sneaking or telling tales. He jolly well saw me chuck that banana skin on the pathway."

"And he knew we were behind these trees, too," said Church. "I must say that my opinion of Chingy has gone up several degrees. He's a little brick."

"Well, in a way, yes!" admitted Handforth. "Of course, it wouldn't have mattered tuppence to me if he had let on. You don't

think I'm afraid of Grayson, do you? If he tried any of his rot with me I'd soon punch him on the nose!"

"That's not the point," put in McClure. "The Chinese kid didn't know that, and he absolutely refused to sneak. What are you going to do, Handy?"

"What am I going to do?"

"Yes," said McClure. "You know jolly well that Grayson and Shaw are a couple of rotten bullies, and they've taken Chingy to their study. They'll shove him through the mill properly!"

Handforth started.

"By George!" he said. "You're right! And we can't allow these beastly College House chaps to scrag one of our fellows! Especially Yung Ching, he's a little 'un, and he's got into trouble because he's refused to speak. We'll buzz in and rescue the kid."

And Handforth commenced marching towards the College House.

"Hold on!" said Church hurriedly.

"Eh?"

"We can't invade the College House like this!" said Church.

"Why not?"

"Because we should simply get ragged to death!" said Church. "Christine and Co. would be on us in two shakes, and before we could get any explanation out, the fatheads would hurl us forth. We need a stronger force before we can think of invading the enemy's territory."

"Rubbish!" said Handforth. "Piffle! We three can do the trick without any difficulty. Trust to me, and you won't come to any harm. We'll march straight in, and go to Grayson's study. See? Then we'll——"

"But it's impossible," broke in McClure. "We should never get there, Handy. The best thing, in my opinion, is to go in with a white flag, and explain to the Monks, and get them to go to Grayson's study with us."

This was an excellent suggestion, but Handforth received it with withering contempt. He regarded Church pityingly, in very much the same way that an ordinary human being looks at the village idiot.

"You babbling lunatic!" said Handforth contemptuously.

"But look here——"

"Do you think I'm going to fly the white flag?" roared Handforth, with a sudden outburst of violence. "You ass! Do you think I'm going to show the white feather? Never! We're going to invade Grayson's study, and we'll do it on our own! And I don't want any more arguments."

Handforth, having thus delivered the ultimatum, marched forward and up the steps into the College House lobby. Arriving there he was by no means dismayed to find himself confronted by Clapson, of the Remove.

"Now then," he said briskly. "We'll settle this ass! Grab him!"

Clapson stared.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

"We're going to beard Grayson and Shaw



in their study," said Handforth curtly.

"Now then, you chaps, collar him!"

"Dotty?" asked Clapson, staring.

"No, I'm not dotty!" roared Handforth.

"Why the dickens don't you fellows——"

"You're alone, you ass!" grinned Clapson.

Handforth turned gasping. In his hour of need, Church and McClure had deserted him. He had confidently believed that they had followed him up the steps into the College House. But Church and McClure were not quite so keen. They preferred to face Handforth's wrath rather than fall into the hands of the Monks.

"Well, I'm blessed!" gasped Handforth blankly. "I—I thought——" He paused and stared out into the Triangle. "The rotters! Deserting me——"

"Monks, ahoy!" yelled Clapson. "This fathead has had the nerve to stray out of the Insect House! We've got to deal with him!"

As though from nowhere about a dozen College House juniors appeared on the scene. Some came from the Triangle, and some out of the lobby. Church and McClure had guessed that something like this would happen. Their wisdom had been great. Handforth's folly was only too obvious.

He turned, and attempted to make a dash for liberty. For even he, who never counted odds, realised that the proposition was too much for him. Before he could take a step he was seized.

"Leggo, you rotters!" he roared. "You blessed Monks! I'll—I'll punch all your noses——"

"Not just yet, Handy!" said Talmadge, of the Remove. "Buck up, Yorke—come on, Churchman! Grab his arm, Steele!"

In another moment Handforth was down. He disappeared beneath the pile of Monks. There was a wild scramble for a minute or two, a number of yells, gasps and grunts, and then Handforth emerged.

He came out like a stone from a catapult. He shot down the Ancient House steps, turned about three somersaults, and finished up at the bottom in a most extraordinary position. His head was tucked under his elbow, his legs were waving in the air, and then he came down full length, and lay there gasping.

"That's just a little hint!" remarked Clapson pleasantly.

"Grrrrrrrh!" replied Handforth.

"A kind of friendly warning not to wander into civilised territory!" added Talmadge. "The next time you escape it'll be necessary to go into hospital for a month!"

Handforth sat up.

"You—you—— I—I—— Great pip!" he gasped huskily.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The College House fellows roared.

And certainly Handforth looked most peculiar. His collar had come loose at one end, and it was straying in the breeze, looking

very much like a dirty piece of duster, all crumpled and creased. His necktie had disappeared altogether, his Eton jacket was torn and battered, and his waistcoat was open, with half the buttons missing. And he was smothered with dust from head to foot.

At the moment he felt that words were quite inadequate. Deeds were required. But he also felt that deeds—of the necessary kind—were out of the question. He crawled away from the scene.

And two figures might have been observed vanishing hastily in the direction of the playing fields.

Church and McClure did not feel inclined to interview their leader at that particular moment.

Such an interview, indeed would most certainly be painful.

But Edward Oswald Handforth had sharp eyes. And as he left the vicinity of the College House, it was rather significant that he totally neglected his personal appearance and made a bee line for the playing fields. And by the expression on his face it was fairly evident that Handforth's mission was not a peaceful one.

Trouble was brewing!

## CHAPTER II.

### NO TELLEE!



GRAYSON opened the door of his study in the Fifth Form passage.

"Shove him in!" he said briefly.

Shaw obliged, and Yung Ching was forcibly pushed into the apartment. Then the door was closed. The two bullies were quite private, for nearly every other study in the Fifth Form passage was empty. And, in any case, nobody would interrupt at this hour in the afternoon. None of the fellows would be thinking about tea for another half-hour.

"Now we've got the little rat where we want him!" said Grayson, turning round and eyeing Yung Ching viciously. "It doesn't matter about that banana skin now. But I'm not going to be defied! If I say this kid has got to speak—well, he's got to speak! Look here, Ching, can you understand what I'm saying?"

The Chinese boy nodded.

"Heap plentee!" he replied calmly. "You muchee angly."

"Yes, I am angry!" said Grayson curtly. "But if you tell me the truth instead of acting the fool, I might let you off. You saw somebody throw that banana skin on the ground, didn't you?"

"Yes, me saw," said Ching.

"Do you know the fellow's name?"

The Chinese boy nodded.

"Well, who was it?"

"No tellee!" said Ching imperturbably.



"You young demon!" snarled Grayson. "You're enough to exasperate a saint. I'll make you tell me the chap's name. Grab his other arm, Shaw, and hold him tight!"

Ching was seized firmly, and held between the two seniors.

"Now, you little worm!" said Grayson harshly. "If you don't spout out the name of that chap, I'll twist your arm until you howl for mercy. What's the name of the fellow who dropped that skin on the ground?"

"No tellee!" replied Ching with perfect equanimity.

"All right—try this!"

Grayson spoke with vicious pleasure. Twisting the arms of helpless fags was one of his favourite pastimes. He also indulged in other little items of torture. But the twisting arm process was generally quite sufficient. It is a most painful operation—especially when performed by Grayson.

Shaw was not quite so cruelly inclined as his leader, and he never actually engaged in any of these minor tortures. But he was always ready to stand by and lend a hand.

He grinned now as he held the Chinese junior.

"Just a little touch, you know," he observed.

"Touch, be hanged!" snapped Grayson. "I'm going to make him squeal!"

He proceeded to twist, but the effect was rather disappointing. Yung Ching appeared to feel no pain whatever. He made no sound, and his features remained calm and impassive.

Actually, the little Chinese was suffering intensely, but he was stoical, and bore the pain with true Chinese indifference. Shaw, watching him closely, detected a slight contraction of the facial muscles.

"Steady on!" he said uneasily.

"What do you mean—I haven't hurt him yet—"

"I believe you have—only the little beggar won't yelp!" said Shaw. "You know what these Chinese are. They'll stand all sorts of things without showing any signs. If you go too far, you know, you'll shove his arm out of joint."

"Oh, don't be a fool!" said Grayson harshly.

He gave another vicious twist, and this time a slight gasp was forced from the victim.

"Ah, that touched you, eh?" exclaimed Grayson curtly. "Are you going to speak?"

"No tellee!" said Yung Ching between his teeth.

Slap!

Grayson's hand caught Yung Ching a terrific blow on the face. It was an exhibition of sheer savage temper, and the blow was totally unexpected. Yung Ching reeled away, a dull flush suffusing his yellow face.

"Now will you tell?" snarled Grayson thickly.

The Chinese shook his head.

"Me notee speak," he said, with perfect

calmness. "You gleat luffan! In my countly you goee in plison. Muchee wicked. Me notee tellee you anything. Me thinkee you one piecee blute!"

Grayson fairly shook with rage, and Shaw grinned.

"Well, he doesn't mind saying what he thinks!" he observed.

"By Heaven! I'll show him!" said Grayson savagely. "The young worm! The crawling little brat! I'll show him that obstinacy won't do him any good!"

He seized Yung Ching, punched him fiercely on the left ear, and then deliberately took his victim's nose between his finger and thumb, and twisted it. The pain must have been excruciating, but Yung Ching made no sign.

"Will you speak?" demanded Grayson.

"No tellee!" breathed Yung Ching.

"Dash it all let him go!" exclaimed Shaw gruffly. "You're going a bit too far, old man—it's beyond a jcke!"

"Mind your own confounded business!" shouted Grayson. "Do you think I'm going to be defied by this young insect?"

He released Ching's nose, and then picked up a walking cane from the table. It was thin and pliable, and he swished it through the air suggestively. There was a flush on his face, and an evil glitter in his eyes. Under ordinary circumstances, even Grayson would not go to excess, but he was thoroughly aroused now.

"Hold him down!" he said thickly.

Shaw automatically obeyed, and the Chinese boy was held down over the desk. Swish!

The cane descended with appalling force—with all the strength of Grayson's arm behind it—and it struck Yung Ching across the shoulders of the little Chinese gave a hissing gasp, and went a peculiar sickly colour. But his lips remained tightly closed. His eyes burned strangely.

"That's just the first!" said Grayson, raising the cane again. "I'll give you one more chance. Will you tell me—"

"No tellee!" interrupted Ching calmly.

Swish!

Again the cane came down. It was a cowardly blow, and the pain it caused must have been fearful. But Yung Ching only panted slightly, and made no outcry. His pluck was wonderful.

Grayson was too infuriated and excited to regard Ching's behaviour as pluck. He simply decided that the Chinese boy was confoundedly obstinate. But Shaw released his hold and backed away.

"Let the kid alone!" he said sharply. "He's had enough!"

"I'm going to make him speak," snarled Grayson.

"Can't you see he won't speak? You've given him enough punishment already—and you'll have to half kill him before you can force him to talk," exclaimed Shaw. "You know what these Chinks are. Ease up, old man!"



"Do you think I'm going to be defied and cheeked by this infernal little heathen?" shouted Grayson fiercely. "I haven't half finished with him yet! And you're a nice kind of pal aren't you? Making all this fuss just because I happen to give the kid a few swipes! Lend me a hand and don't be a fool."

"Oh, all right," said Shaw gruffly.

He cast his scruples aside, and once again held Yung Ching. The Chinese boy seemed to be quite indifferent to the whole proceedings, and submitted tamely. What else could he do? It was obviously impossible for so small a youngster to make any attempt at fighting against these two big Fifth Formers. He was utterly at their mercy, and could do nothing whatever.

There was, perhaps, one expedient—and that was to howl for help. This, no doubt, would have created attention. But Ching was not one of the howling kind. He took everything calmly. But that look in his eyes seemed to indicate that he was not likely to forget.

Again and again Grayson struck him with the cane. But all these efforts were useless. Ching seemed to know only two words.

"No teller!" he repeated, time after time.

And, at last, Grayson was fed up. He was growing tired on his own account. He liked nothing better than bullying and it was one of his chief pleasures to force his victims to do exactly as he said. But with Yung Ching he was at sea. And the affair began to pall.

"All right—you pig-headed little brat!" panted Grayson, at last. "What do you think of him, Shaw? Not a word—not a sound! We can't get him to say anything!"

"Chuck him out!" said Shaw briefly.

Grayson nodded.

"You can clear off, kid!" he said. "But if you breathe a word of this to anybody, we'll skin you alive! Understand? And I haven't done with you yet, either! I shall find another opportunity to quell you one of these days! Buzz off while you're safe!"

Yung Ching said nothing. He stood there for a moment, looking very much the same as he had looked when he first entered. His yellow face was rather more pasty, and his features were drawn. As a matter of fact Yung Ching was in intense pain. His arms ached horribly. His back felt raw. His ear burned, and, altogether, he was in complete agony. Grayson had seldom been so brutal as this.

And in Yung Ching's eyes there burned a quiet, deadly light. The two seniors couldn't see it, because the Chinese boy kept his eyes half closed. But it was there, nevertheless.

He turned towards the door, meekly.

"The miserable little worm—hasn't got any backbone, that's what's the matter!" said Grayson contemptuously. "Half-a-minute, Ching! Say 'thank you, sir,' before you go out."

"Me not thankee you—me despisee you!" replied Ching quietly.

Grayson leapt to his feet, but Yung Ching

calmly opened the door, and walked out. He did not hurry, and Grayson could easily have caught him. But Shaw held him back.

"Don't start all over again!" said Shaw impatiently.

Yung Ching went down the passage, and Shaw closed the door.

"No backbone, eh?" he exclaimed. "It seems to me that that Chink is nothing else but backbone! No ordinary kid would have answered you back like that. And the way he kept his mouth shut was amazing. Jolly plucky, I call it."

"Don't be a fool!" snapped Grayson. "It was simply his heathen obstinacy. I'll make him pay for it before long!"

And, in the meantime, certain events were happening out in the Triangle.

Church and McClure had returned there by a round-about route and they were rather pleased to see a group of Ancient House fellows chatting under the old chestnuts. I was a member of the group, which included Sir Montie Tregellis-West, Tommy Watson, Reginald Pitt and Archie Glenthorne.

"Seen Handy?" asked Church uneasily.

"Not just recently," I replied. "What's the matter? You look a bit scared. What's the trouble this time?"

"Oh, the fathead tried to get into the College House on his own," said McClure. "Of course, he got chucked out on his neck, and we thought we'd better clear off. You know what Handy is—blames us for everything."

"Oh, so there you are?" came a sudden bellow.

"My hat!" gasped Church. "Cave!"

Handforth's faithful chums looked round wildly for a way of escape. But they were hemmed in. And Edward Oswald came charging across from the shrubbery like an enraged bull. He had made no alteration to his appearance, and he was looking something like a wreck.

"Lemme get at 'em!" he roared fiercely.

"I mean to say, what?" exclaimed Archie, adjusting his monocle, and regarding Handforth with horror. "This, as it were, is positively frightful! The dear chappie has got himself into the most foul condition! What I mean is, he looks somewhat messed about and all that sort of thing!"

"I'm going to smash those rotters to bits!" said Handforth grimly.

"What-ho!" said Archie. "What-ho, and so forth! The bally old rough stuff, what? Several free fights, and streams of red gore. Kindly desist, old pineapple! Pray shove on the old brake! The whole thing is most frightfully undig! Absolutely! I mean to say, it simply isn't done!"

"Isn't it?" shouted Handforth. "You wait and see."

"Gadzooks!" gasped Archie. "The chappie is positively bursting with the old determination! Absolutely bubbling with volumes of energy!"

"It's all right—he won't do any harm, Archie," I put in, as I seized Handforth



gently but firmly. "Now look here, my son, chuck it!"

"What!" hooted Handforth.

"Chuck it!" I repeated, sternly. "We can't allow this sort of thing in the Triangle! You look like a hooligan already, and you're jolly lucky not to have been spotted by a master. And what have Church and McClure done, anyhow?"

"Nothing!" roared Handforth.

"Well, dash it all!" said Archie mildly. "I mean to say, dash it all! Wouldn't it be better, old top, to wait until the laddies have done something before you barge in and reduce them to chunks of the good old mincemeat?"

"They've done nothing!" repeated Handforth, glaring. "That's just it! The cowards! The funks! The horrible worms! Let me go into the College House while they sneaked off. Instead of backing me up, they bunked!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bally good, by Jove!" said Archie.

"Loud yells, and what not!"

"And you shut up!" roared Handforth, placing a huge fist to Archie's nose.

"Great absolutely Scott!" panted Archie.

"Kindly remove the digit department! I mean to say, the whole bally scene is somewhat obliterated. The view, as it were, is deucedly marred, if you grasp my meaning. Gadzooks! I trust, old tulip, that you will soon make the acquaintance of the good old tablet!"

"Tablet?" snorted Handforth.

"Absolutely!" said Archie. "Soap, and so forth——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Archie's right!" I said. "Handy, you're disgraceful! Grubby—dusty—and unfit to mix with clean chaps."

"A blot on the old landscape, what?" observed Archie. "Absolutely! I mean to say, the lad is simply poisonous—polluting the old populace, as it were!"

Handforth would have committed assault and battery on the spot, but he was held firmly by willing hands until he calmed down. And, at last, we were able to get some kind of a lucid story out of him, with additions by Church and McClure.

We heard about the banana skin incident, and how Yung Ching had refused to give the name of the fellow who had dropped the skin on the ground. It was quite clear that Ching had known that Handforth was the culprit, since he had been watching all the time.

"And those two bullying cads took Ching indoors," said Church indignantly. "That was nearly twenty minutes ago, and he hasn't come out yet. At least, there's no sign of him. Goodness knows what's happened to the kid!"

I looked serious.

"Why on earth didn't you tel us this before?" I demanded. "Wasting all this time and delaying things! Grayson and Shaw are the worst bullies in the Fifth, and



**Grayson gave another vicious twist, and this time a slight gasp was forced from his victim.**

once they've got Chingy alone in their study, there's no telling what brutal things they might get up to. Something's got to be done."

"Absolutely!" said Archie.

"And without any delay," put in Reginald Pitt.

"Oh, rather," said Archie. "I mean to say, the old rescue party—what?"

"Exactly—the old rescue party!" I repeated. "There are plenty of us here to make the thing a success. We'll dash in, force our way to Grayson's study, and wrest the prisoner from their clutches."

"A sound scheme, old thing!" said Archie. "Absolutely priceless, to be exact. The old rush—what? Zing! Several quantities of invasion, sundry battles and what not, and out we trickle with the spoils! Bally good!"

"I don't think we shall need you, Archie," said Pitt. "As an ornament you're the very thing, but when it comes to usefulness, I don't think you're much of a winner."

Archie adjusted his monocle.

"Well, dash it all!" he protested. "Dash,



as it were, it all! I mean to say, the insult direct—what? An ornament, don't you know! Somewhat terse and icy! Kindly allow me to observe, old onion, that Archie is bally useful at times! Absolutely one of the ones, in fact! Ready for the old battle—Hullo, hallo! That is to say, hallo! What do we see? What do we gaze upon?"

Archie was staring across toward the College House.

"Absolutely!" he said. "Kindly gaze, darlings! The missing comrade!"

We looked in that direction, and, sure enough, Yung Ching had just emerged from the College House, and was walking towards us with all his usual imperturbability. He didn't look as though he had been victimised by the two Fifth Formers. And Handforth gave a grunt of disgust.

"Huh! Just our luck!" he grunted. "The young fathead! Why couldn't he have waited another five minutes? We're dished now!"

"Dished!" I repeated. "Why, this is just what we wanted."

"Is it?" growled Handforth. "What about that lovely scrap? I was going to punch Grayson's nose until——"

"Never mind about that," I interrupted. "The necessity for invading the enemy's camp no longer exists. Chingy is with us once more. I say, Chingy! Just a minute! I want a word with you!"

Yung Ching had been endeavouring to walk past without coming near us. But he immediately took heed of my words, and approached. As he came close his face broke into his usual slow, expanding smile.

"You wantee me?" he asked softly.

"Have those chaps been bullying you?" I demanded.

"No savvy!"

"Oh, yes you do," I said. "You were taken indoors by two seniors. Did they hurt you in any way?"

Yung Ching shook his head.

"No tellee," he replied. "No sneakee!"

"I admire your attitude, Ching, but it wouldn't be sneaking if you told us about it," I explained. "You see, it's only sneaking when you complain to a master about a chap. If Grayson and Shaw have been bullying you, it's up to us to take revenge. And I think they've been pretty rough—eh?"

"No tellee," said Ching firmly.

I knew quite well it was useless questioning him. Once he took up that stone-wall attitude I might go on for hours, with no result. Wild horses wouldn't drag anything from Yung Ching if he didn't want to speak.

I looked at him closely, and I could see an unusual glint in his eyes. As a rule, those eyes of his were practically expressionless, and it was impossible to tell what was in his mind. But now it seemed to me that, in spite of his smiling face, his feelings were of a very different order.

I also noticed that his nose was slightly swollen, and one of his ears was flaring red. If I had not been looking for those signs I

might have missed them. But I knew Grayson's habits.

"Those cads have bullied you!" I said sternly.

"Allee lightee—no flouble," said Yung Ching.

I gave him a friendly pat on the shoulder. And as my palm touched his back I instantly detected an involuntary wince. And Ching drew his breath in sharply and went just a shade paler. My suspicions were correct.

"Look here, my lad!" I said grimly. "This won't do. Grayson has not only bullied you, but he's behaved like a brute. You've got to tell us exactly what happened in his study. Did they force you to say anything?"

"Me not tellee anything to Grayson," replied Ching with a smile.

"Good man!" I exclaimed. "And Grayson and Shaw hit you?"

"No savvy!" said Ching softly.

"All right, have your own way," I replied. "We're going to see Grayson and put him through the mill. We're going to wipe out this insult, Ching. You can trust us to avenge the deed."

Yung Ching caught my arm.

"Me not wantee you do anything," he said quickly. "Allee same my flouble. You notee interfere. Me lember. Me knowee what do!"

I looked at him curiously.

"You don't want us to butt in?" I inquired.

"One piecee yes," said Ching. "Pleasee do nothing. Letee things dlop. Allee over. Savvy? Allee same finished. You plomise?"

"Well, as you're so earnest, I suppose I must," I said slowly. "But it's a rotten shame that those bullies should escape. You can be content, Ching, that we won't do anything."

"Muchee thanks," said Yung Ching. "Grayson heap solly—soon. You waitee!"

And the Chinese boy walked off towards the Ancient House. His words were rather puzzling, but it certainly seemed that he had something in his mind. It wouldn't surprise me in the least if Grayson and Shaw were not to escape punishment after all.

## CHAPTER III.

### RETRIBUTION!



**E**VENING settled over St. Frank's calmly and peacefully.

In the playing-fields, and in the meadows beyond, mists were rising, and the air of the closing day was perfectly still. It was very dusky, and in both the Ancient House and the College House the electric lights were gleaming brightly out into the Triangle.

Windows were open, for the evening was mild, and youthful voices floated out into the gloom. The whole scene, as a matter of fact, was quite peaceful and unexciting.

It would soon be time for the fellows to



go to bed, and most of them were in their studies, reading, chatting, or doing prep that ought to have been completed earlier.

In the College House, Grayson and Shaw, of the Fifth, were having a quiet smoke in their study—a last cigarette before bedtime. And they were lounging in easy chairs in front of the empty fireplace. The draught from the window carried the smoke conveniently up the chimney. Mr. Stockdale, the Housemaster of the College House, had rather a keen nose for cigarette smoke, and it behoved the Fifth Formers to be cautious.

"Things are rottenly slow this term!" Grayson was saying. "I'm fed up already. Absolutely nothing doing. If something doesn't turn up to liven us up a bit I shall go dotty!"

Shaw grunted.

"You've been in a rotten temper ever since tea-time," he said. "Blessed if I know why you should get so beastly huffy because a rotten Chinese kid refuses to answer a few questions!"

"Don't be an idiot!" snapped Grayson. "I've forgotten all about the Chink. But I mean to subdue that spirit of his, now you come to mention it. The next time I get hold of him I'll make him ache in every limb!"

"It'll be a queer thing if he isn't aching now!" said Shaw. "You went a bit too far, old man. I don't mind teaching some of these kids a lesson now and again, but there's a limit. And the way you whacked into Ching with that cane was rather too bad. It's a good thing he didn't sneak!"

"Oh, you're too confoundedly squeamish!" said Grayson irritably. "It does these rotten kids good to have a taste of something now and again. And I bar heathens, anyway. It's a shame that a yellow kid like that should be shoved on us at St. Frank's. We don't want that sort here—and I don't mind telling 'em so. Anyhow, Ching hasn't got the nerve to sneak, and we can do as we like with him. I'll have some more sport with the brat one of these days."

He tossed his cigarette end into the fireplace as he spoke. And then, as he was bending forward, he looked sharply at the chimney-opening. A peculiar sound had struck his ears.

It was a kind of rushing noise up the chimney—something he had never heard before. Shaw bent forward, too.

"What's that?" he asked. "I thought I could hear—"

Woooooosh!

Shaw's words were cut off in a most dramatic manner. For, like the bursting of a tropical thunderstorm, disaster fell upon the study. Or, to be more exact, it fell into the study, via the chimney.

As the two bullies bent forward against the fireplace, a terrific, appalling avalanche descended from the chimney. It was so totally unexpected—so sudden—that neither Grayson nor Shaw had time to back away.

Something hit the empty bars of the grate

with a thudding sound, and it instantly burst into a cloud of inky blackness. The something was not solid—but, literally, a vast mass of dense powder. As it struck, it burst out into the room, obliterating the whole scene in a fraction of a second.

Grayson and Shaw were smothered—absolutely enveloped.

And the cloud of blackness filled the room in one incredibly swift rush. Even the electric light was hidden, and it seemed as though complete darkness had fallen upon the study. Grayson, staggering, fell against the table, tripped, and tumbled over.

Shaw was already rolling on the floor, gasping, spluttering, and sneezing. It was weeks before he forgot that dreadful moment. The two bullies, in fact, were almost incapable of action.

With the study filled with choking blackness they could see nothing. And they were both seized with violent fits of coughing and sneezing. The irritation in their nostrils and throats was so great that connected thought was impossible. They could only flounder about in helpless bewilderment.

Panic seized them.

Grayson, his eyes smarting, his mouth filled with horrible tasting powder, staggered about blindly and aimlessly. The study was filled with that pitch-like fog, and it was only by a sheer accident that Grayson managed to locate the door. He never afterwards knew how he got hold of the handle.

But, in sheer desperation, he turned it, opened the door, and reeled out into the passage. Shaw came blindly after him. And they were followed out by a volume of black smoke-like vapour—which spread down the passage like poison gas.

Just at that moment two other Fifth Formers were coming out of their study, a little lower down the corridor. They were Hitchin and Parry. And the two seniors came to an abrupt halt as the door of Grayson's study burst open.

"Great Scott!" gasped Parry. "What the thunder—"

"Good heavens!" shouted Hitchin, startled.

Out of the study came two fearful apparitions. They were black from head to foot—as black as coal itself, including face and hands. There was not an inch of them showing through the fearful coating.

"What—what are they?" asked Parry breathlessly. "Great goodness! Something must have happened!"

"I should think it must!" said Hitchin. "Look out! We shall be smothered if we're not careful—that horrible black smoke is pouring down here! Buzz back, for goodness sake!"

The two seniors hastily retreated.

By the time they arrived in the wide lobby a number of other fellows had collected, including several members of the Remove. Everybody wanted to know what all the commotion was about.

"We don't know who they are—but somebody seems to be in trouble!" said Parry.



"Steer clear of 'em, though—or you'll be as black as soot. I believe a couple of fatheads have been trying some sort of a chemical experiment. And by the look of things it must have gone wrong."

At that moment Grayson and Shaw came into view round the bend of the passage. They were preceded by a reeking mass of black fog. And the two seniors seemed to materialise out of this fog like a couple of inky apparitions.

But they didn't sound like ghosts.

They sneezed, they coughed, they spluttered, and now they were just beginning to find themselves capable of using connected words. They were still in a state of awful and ghastly discomfort.

"Oh, my hat!—atishoo!" moaned Shaw. "This—'shoo—is awful! I—I'm nearly dead!"

"Something—something fell down the chimney!" spluttered Grayson thickly.

The two seniors staggered towards the lobby.

And the waiting crowd, finding that the two unknown victims were apparently unharmed—in spite of their fearful appearance—could not help seeing the point of the joke. They burst into grins, and then into roars.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who are they?"

"My hat! What a black future they've got!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But who are they—and what's happened?"

"Goodness knows!"

Grayson and Shaw came drunkenly into the lobby, and the crowd of fellows backed away with far more haste than elegance. The two victims of the disaster were allowed plenty of elbow-room. Nobody seemed inclined to challenge their right to the whole lobby space.

"You—you rotters!" shouted Grayson hoarsely. "Can't you lend a hand instead of backing away like that? We're nearly dead; we're choking—we're poisoned! Somebody get some water!"

"It's Grayson—I know the voice!" said Bob Christine.

"Grayson!" echoed Talmadge. "He looks more like a black son!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Very funny, isn't it?" snarled Grayson savagely.

"Rather!" grinned Christine. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The yell of laughter was echoed by all the others. Now that Grayson was talking, his appearance was even more comical than before. His eyes were open, and they showed white against his black skin. And when he spoke his red lips and mouth made him look very much like a nigger minstrel.

And not only his face and hands and hair were black, but even his collar and his shirt were inky, too. The mysterious powder which had filled the study so suddenly had

performed its work with astonishing efficacy.

"It's all very well to laugh—but this is serious!" exclaimed Shaw angrily. "Something's happened in our study—the chimney's busted, I believe. And it was only by a miracle that we escaped being killed!"

And then, before the fellows could make any further inquiries about the mysterious accident, a kind of miniature pandemonium set in.

All sorts of fellows came rushing out of the Fifth Form passage. One by one they had discovered that something was wrong—possibly the inky powder had penetrated into their studies. At all events, they came tearing down towards the lobby, sneezing and choking—but otherwise unaffected.

And in the middle of it all Mr. Stockdale appeared upon the scene. The Housemaster received a very severe shock. He had just been across to the Ancient House, and as he entered the lobby he found himself gazing upon two mysterious figures in black—who, apparently, were schoolboys.

"Good gracious me!" exclaimed Mr. Stockdale, coming to an abrupt halt. "What—what is the meaning of this? Boys! Who are you? How dare you blacken yourselves in that ridiculous fashion—"

"It was an accident, sir!" shouted Grayson hotly.

"An accident," repeated Mr. Stockdale. "Impossible! Who are you?"

"I'm Grayson of the Fifth, sir," shouted the bully. "I'm jolly well going to claim compensation for this! I shall want a new suit, and—"

"One moment, Grayson!" interrupted Mr. Stockdale. "Please adopt a less aggressive tone. I must know what has happened. Why are you in this appalling state? And who is your companion?"

"Shaw, sir. We were in our study when something came down the chimney," said Grayson. "Before we could make any attempt to move, the study became full of this black soot mixture, and it's a wonder we weren't choked!"

Mr. Stockdale frowned.

"This is extraordinary!" he declared. "Only last week all the chimneys were thoroughly swept, and it is astounding that soot should fall in the way you have described—and such an enormous quantity, too. I can only assume that the affair was not an accident, but a deliberate outrage."

"Great goodness!" muttered Grayson blankly.

He hadn't thought of that, but, Mr. Stockdale reminding him of the possibility, a moment's consideration was sufficient to tell him that the whole affair was the work of some unknown japer. To begin with, the soot wasn't pure—it was a finely powdered mixture, consisting of soot and fine sand and pepper and quite a number of other ingredients. It was the pepper which caused the sneezing and coughing.

But how had this thundered down Grayson's chimney so dramatically? Who could



have performed such a trick? It was far more than Grayson could fathom—and he thought it wiser to say nothing.

Indeed, he became somewhat alarmed. If Mr. Stockdale instituted inquiries, he might discover a great deal more than Grayson required. For example, it might come out that the Fifth Formers had been seen taking Yung Ching to their study—

Yung Ching!

The thought struck Grayson like a blow. And his mind was made up.

"It's—it's all right, sir!" he said hastily. "It must have been an accident—but there's no need to worry, sir. Shaw and I don't mind—we'll clear up the mess. And we sha'n't need any compensation, either. That's all right, sir."

Mr. Stockdale looked surprised.

"Then, perhaps, I had better say no more, Grayson," he said drily. "Your words tell me fairly clearly that you know more of this affair than you care to mention. Very good! Providing that you clean yourselves thoroughly, and tidy up any mess that has been made, I shall make no further inquiries."

And the Housemaster walked away.

Grayson and Shaw fled. They rushed upstairs, and found that the only remedy was to strip completely, and plunge into a hot bath. And even after this drastic treatment their hair still remained a darker colour than usual. There were black rims round their eyes, and they could taste nothing but soot every time they ran their tongues round their mouths.

It was just upon bedtime when they were ready to emerge again. They had been compelled to change—completely, in every detail. Shaw was rather angry, but Grayson seemed calm—and not altogether at ease.

"We'd better go and have a look at the study!" he said shortly.

They passed downstairs. The Fifth Form passage was rather grubby, but it was spotlessly clean compared to Grayson's study. The two bullies opened the door, and peered in. The electric light was still burning, and the air had now cleared. But the study looked like the inside of a gigantic camera.

It was black everywhere—inky black in every nook and cranny.

The floor was coated with a horrible film of sooty powder. The table, the chairs, the couch, the bookshelf—everything, in fact, was hopelessly smothered. Books were ruined, and the furniture would never again regain its former glories. And the electric light shade was blackened at the top so that the light itself was almost obliterated.

The study was simply illuminated by a weak glimmer.

Grayson looked at Shaw, and Shaw looked at Grayson.

"Ruined!" said Shaw fiercely. "Every dashed thing—ruined! And you, like a blithering idiot, told old Stockdale that we didn't want any compensation! Why,

it'll cost us quids and quids to put this right! New suits—new shirts—new carpets and chairs and books—"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Grayson, speaking thickly. "You don't seem to understand! We couldn't let old Stockdale make inquiries! I'll bet a penny to a pound that Yung Ching did this!"

Shaw stared hard.

"Ching!" he repeated blankly.

"Who else?" said Grayson. "We can't prove it, of course—we can't prove anything! But when I get hold of the little brat I'll choke the life out of him—"

"Better go easy!" said Shaw. "He seems to be dangerous!"

"By Jove, you're right!" said Grayson slowly. "Dangerous, eh? I think we'd better steer clear of the confounded Ching in future! He's too cute! And we can't prove anything—and we daren't complain!"

The feelings of the two bullies were too deep for words. The prospect of clearing up the study was altogether too appalling to be thought of. Their only resource was to bribe two of the kitchen maids to turn the study out in the early morning—before the school was awake. The kitchen maids came and looked at the study, and only the offer of a large sum concluded the deal at all. Grayson and Shaw at all events, were penniless by the time they went to bed. They had been remarkably flush that day—but the future, as well as the present, seemed decidedly black.

There was no doubt that bullying Yung Ching was terribly expensive!

Of course, the news of this incident trickled over into the Ancient House in a very short time. And there were many minor celebrations. Howls of laughter came across the Triangle. Christine and Co. regarded this laughter as a personal insult. And at least four free fights followed, and black eyes and thick ears were distributed pretty liberally. Such a good excuse for a House row had not occurred for many a day.

Handforth enjoyed himself more that evening than he had enjoyed himself for weeks. The fact that he went to bed with a swollen nose, two fat ears, and a puffy left eye was a mere detail. His injuries were trivial compared to the damage he had wrought upon others. And this thought was great consolation to the leader of Study D.

One of the first thoughts which struck me was connected with the reason for the outrage. Had Grayson and Shaw been victimised by their own juniors, or by somebody from the Ancient House? I remembered what Yung Ching had said, and I made a few inquiries. Solomon Levi and Dick Goodwin assured me that Yung Ching had been in the study all the evening—except for a period of half-an-hour while he was in the school library. Strangely enough, this half-hour exactly coincided with the period that the disaster took place.

Just before bedtime I came across Yung Ching in the Remove passage—after the



House-battle in the Triangle had been broken up by prefects. The Chinese boy was looking placid and innocent.

"Heard about Grayson and Shaw?" I inquired casually.

"They muchee catchee it!" said Yung Ching, with a pleasant nod.

"Do you happen to know anything about it?"

"No savvy!" said Ching blandly.

He spread out his hands, and shrugged his shoulders. I caught a faint glimpse of blackness round his finger nails, and this reminded me of soot. I didn't need to make any further inquiries. But I patted Yung Ching lightly on the shoulder.

"Good man!" I said heartily. "If you don't savvy, I do!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### SOMEWHAT FOUL AND ALL THAT!



**B**EDTIME arrived almost immediately afterwards.

The Remove went up to the dormitory, feeling that the evening had not been wasted. Judging by the appearance of a large number of juniors, it certainly seemed that a great many had improved the shining hour. Bruises and swellings were apparent on every hand.

The House row, of course, was simply the outcome of loud peals of laughter on the part of Ancient House juniors. Christine and Co. were heartily pleased that Grayson and Shaw had found some trouble. At the same time, they simply couldn't allow the Fossils to cackle to their hearts' content. But Christine and Co. had an idea, somehow, that they had got the worst of it all round. This day would be set down in the annals of the College House as a black day.

I didn't go into the Remove dormitory with the rest of the fellows. The reason for this was simple. I was no longer quartered in the dormitory, but had a bed of my own in Nelson Lee's private apartment.

Owing to the recent dramatic happenings at St. Frank's Yung Ching had been placed in Nelson Lee's bedroom. Even there he had not been safe from attack, for his enemies had made a diabolical attempt to murder him—and it was only Nelson Lee's keenness which had saved Yung Ching's life.

There was a great deal of mystery connected with the Chinese boy. By what I could understand, he had enemies of two kinds. Out of the mysterious distance came a party of Chinamen who wanted to kidnap him. And there were others who desired his death. And, yet again, there were still more Chinese whose duty it was to protect Ching from the threatened danger.

It would be supposed that the whole district was teeming with Chinese. And yet not a single yellow man had been seen in

the neighbourhood by the general public. There was no evidence of them—no sign that they really existed. They were like ghosts of the night, who came and went as fleeting shadows.

Yet Nelson Lee was convinced that these Chinamen existed. He had received concrete proof that Ching's enemies were real men of flesh and blood. And it was necessary, therefore, to take extra special precautions.

Yung Ching was the son of a powerful and wealthy Mandarin in China—the principal magistrate of Ngan-chau-fu. And Ching had been brought over from China by a high official of the Chinese Embassy in London. This gentleman was named Mr. Tsen Wang, and he was virtually Ching's guardian.

Nelson Lee promised Mr. Tsen Wang that he would look after Ching while he was at St. Frank's. And since these perils existed Nelson Lee deemed it very unwise to allow Ching to sleep in the ordinary dormitory.

In consequence, Lee took the Chinese boy under his own care. And now a third bed had been set up, and this was occupied by me. I slept next to Yung Ching—and the reason for the guv'nor bringing me into the whole affair was obvious. He did not retire at such an early hour as Ching, and it was sometimes necessary for him to be out very late—on the watch, or attempting to pick up some trail.

And so I slept in the same room as Yung Ching so that he would be provided with a constant guard. And now, on this particular night, I went upstairs with the Chinese boy, and we parted from the other fellows on the landing.

We went into the bedroom, and I noted with a feeling of satisfaction that Nelson Lee had made some alteration to the window. There was now a heavy metal grill fixed over the face of it making it quite impossible for any intruders to force their way through without causing alarm to the occupants. The guv'nor, I knew, had also put an electrical device on the ground beneath the window. There was very little chance of a repetition of the former incident.

Yung Ching was in bed, and I was about to follow when the door opened and Archie Glenthorne's head appeared. He nodded genially.

"Just about to dive into the old cot, and all that?" he asked with a nod. "A priceless scheme, laddie! Nothing like the old dreamless to give a chappie a buck, I'm off into the slumber department myself!"

"Good, for you, Archie," I said. "You ought to have been between the sheets by this time."

"As a matter of fact, old bean, I'm waiting for Phipps," exclaimed Archie. "Just hanging round as it were, until the dear fellow staggers into the landscape. There are some bally important matters to discuss. Clothing and what not! I'm positively stumped for the morning, old dear."

I grinned, and Archie trickled away, after bidding us good-night. When he arrived in his own bedroom—for he had a sleeping



apartment to himself—he found Phipps already there. Archie's man was sorting out some neckties.

"Well, here we are, what?" said Archie pleasantly. "Jolly glad you've rolled round, Phipps. Absolutely! What's the weather going to be like to-morrow?"

"The weather, sir?"

"Absolutely!"

"I'm afraid that I do not quite follow——"

"Dash it all Phipps!" protested Archie. "I mean to say, dash it all! The weather is a most frightfully important detail. A chappie doesn't know what to wear unless he's pretty certain about the old atmospheric conditions. The weather, don't you know, has a deucedly rotten habit of letting a

"I mean to say—the glass?"

"The barometer, sir——"

"Oh, absolutely!" interrupted Archie. "Say no more, Phipps! I gather the old trend! That's good—that's dashed good! So the old weather indicator is promising a large supply of brightness, what? Good! I might even say, bally good! What about the morning, Phipps? Any suggestions, laddie?"

"As a matter of fact, sir, I have decided that we shall wear our light grey flannels," said Phipps. "This suit, combined with white shoes and a soft silken collar will be most appropriate."

"Brainy lad!" said Archie, nodding. "Just the stuff, Phipps. Dashed if you



As the two bullies bent forward against the fireplace, a terrific, appalling avalanche descended from the chimney.

chappie down. There's a catch in it, Phipps!"

"Sometimes, sir."

"Absolutely," agreed Archie. "I mean you say," he agreed, "The English weather large quantities of sunshine burst through the old windows like anything. Gentle breezes and fleecy clouds and what not! The chappies proceed to array themselves in a fitting manner—flannels, white shoes, and large assortments of cricket shirts and so forth. They proceed outside. Then—zing! Unlimited samples of wetness! Black clouds, thunder, and all the rest of the old collection. Yes, Phipps, there's a bally catch in the weather!"

Phipps nodded gravely.

"There's a great deal of truth in what you say," he agreed. "The English weather is certainly very treacherous at times. But with regard to to-morrow, I think we can safely take it for granted that the weather will be amiable."

"Amiable what?" said Archie. "Sunshine, and all the rest of it?"

"Precisely, sir. The glass is quite high."

don't know everything! Good! And now what about some of the good old dreamless? Do we commence to disrobe, old bean?"

"It would be advisable, sir," said Phipps.

And so Archie lost no time in getting undressed. This, of course, was a much longer proceeding for him than it was with other Removites. It was the general habit of the majority of juniors to tear their clothing off, and hurl the various articles down in the most hopeless disorder. Sometimes trousers and waistcoats would be flung across the dormitory in the most haphazard way, and they would be sorted out in the morning.

But with Archie everything was orderly. As he undressed, Phipps proceeded to fold his clothing up, and put it neatly away. Considering the excellent qualities of Phipps as a valet, Archie had no excuse for not looking immaculate upon all occasions. He couldn't help it.

At last Phipps had finished, and he bade Archie good night, and he retired. And the genial ass of the Ancient House turned over in bed, and composed himself for slumber.



He dropped off like a baby, and was soon in that condition which he himself described as the good old dreamless. And thus he remained until, unexpectedly, he found himself awake.

He didn't know why. It was most unusual for Archie to awaken in the middle of the night. He generally slept until Phipps arrived in the morning—although he sometimes opened his eyes when the rising bell clanged out.

It was quite obvious that the rising bell had not clanged out now. For the bedroom was in a state of deep gloom. The window blind was up, and Archie could see the stars twinkling in the purple heavens. The school clock was chiming and then came the boom of the hour. One—two!

"Gadzooks!" murmured Archie. "The bally small hours! What's wrong? Why this sudden awakening at the ghostly hour of two? Something must be wrong! The good old interior appears to be rumbling slightly!"

Possibly this was fancy, for Archie seldom suffered from indigestion. He was just about to turn over and compose himself to sleep again when he thought he heard a slight noise. And he was quite certain that he saw a dim shadow cross in front of the window. Archie sat up.

"What ho!" he murmured. "Is that you, Phipps, laddie?"

There was a dead silence. Archie tried to search in the darkness, but failed. Then, suddenly, a strong, sinewy hand grasped him by the throat and forced him back upon the pillow. Another hand was planted upon his chest. Then his feet were seized, and he was held firmly.

"I mean to say—dash it all!" gasped Archie faintly. "Burglars and what not! Pray desist, old darlings! This is most frightful! A chappie can't breathe the old atmosphere unless he's—"

The grip tightened on his throat, and Archie's words died away.

The Genial Ass was filled with strange alarm. His first idea was burglars. Then it struck him that this might be a raid by the College House fellows. He knew that Christine and Co. were always ready to start something, and even the small hours of the morning did not seem unreasonable to Archie.

But he was soon disillusioned.

"No speekee," came a soft, sibilant voice. "We not hurtee you. But you keepee quiet, or muchee trouble. You savvy?"

"Absolutely!" gurgled Archie. "I mean to say, this is quite foul! Absolutely poisonous, in fact!"

He could tell that the speaker was a Chinaman. For one flash he thought that it might be Yung Ching. But this was impossible. Then Archie had dim recollections that Yung Ching had met with some queer adventures of late. These Chinamen had broken into the school to get Chingy, and they

had made a mistake of the bedroom! Archie thought it better to enlighten them.

"Pray cease the rough stuff, old tulips," he murmured, with difficulty. "Allow me to point out, as it were, that you are making the most frightful bloomer. Absolutely. I'm not Yung Ching—absolutely not! I, to be exact, am a chappie—"

"We knowee what we do!" came the hissing voice. "Allee samee light!"

And then, in order to prevent Archie's further questioning, a thick gag was pulled over his face, and bound securely. Archie was thoroughly alarmed, but it was quite impossible for him to give any warning, or appeal for help. Speech was out of the question.

To his dismay, he felt ropes being passed round his ankles, and tightly bound. Then his arms were secured behind him. And, finally, another rope was placed round his body under his arms, and he was pulled off the bed.

Then, without a sound, he was hoisted across to the window, pushed out, and lowered to the ground. Archie could see, for his eyes were not covered. His captors were two Chinamen, and they were working with the silence of ghosts. Below, in the Triangle, waited a third Chinaman. He seized hold of Archie as the latter arrived. Two minutes later his companions were on the ground beside him. Archie was lifted off his feet and carried bodily away.

What could it mean? Why had these Chinamen taken Archie away? There was no mistake about it, they had not seized hold of Archie by accident. It was a deliberate plan.

It was, of course, impossible for the Chinese to get into Nelson Lee's bedroom, where Yung Ching lay, for the window was heavily barred and protected. But why seize Archie?

The knut of the Ancient House was swiftly carried across the Triangle, into the playing fields, and then across the deserted meadows. At this hour of the night the whole countryside was in a dead slumber.

The startled Archie wondered where he was being taken to, and what the end of this adventure would be, and before long the narrow lane was reached which branched out from the Bannington main road.

Here Archie's startled gaze fell upon a motor-car. It was a big, enclosed car and no lights were showing. He was bundled in without a word, and the Chinamen followed him. The engine started up with a low, soft purr. And the car glided off into the gloom.

This was becoming more and more astounding, or, as the famous Alice remarked, "curiouser and curiouser."

It was surprising enough to be kidnapped from St. Frank's, but for Archie to be whirled away in a motor-car was positively staggering. Once on the main road the car put on its headlights, and gathered speed. It roared on through Bannington and then



went straight along the London road. Archie had ceased to be staggered now. He was only wondering what the end of the affair would be. Even this did not bother him much.

His bonds had been loosened, and he was covered with a thick rug. He dozed comfortably, and rather enjoyed himself. His Chinese captors did not worry him in the least. They said nothing, but remained by his side. The only sounds were those caused by the humming of the engine, and the purr of the steel-studded wheels upon the macadam surface of the road.

And the monotony of it soon had Archie lulled off into a dreamlike condition. He didn't mind being kidnapped in the least. Upon the whole, he decided it was rather a priceless scheme.

He had no exact recollection as to how far he went, but he came to full wakefulness when the big motor-car pulled up, and the jolting ceased. Archie came to himself with a kind of sensation that he was suffocating. He couldn't breathe properly. Everything seemed strange.

Then he realised that this was caused by the scarf which completely covered his mouth. He noticed that the car was just crawling forward again, and apparently going into the gateway of a house.

Although Archie didn't know it, this particular house was situated in a certain district of Greenwich. It was a big, old place—gaunt and grimy. Scores of years earlier it had been the residence of a wealthy man. But now it was forlorn and dirty, although still occupied.

Once inside, the gate was closed, and then the door of the car was opened. There was no fear of anybody overlooking, for these grounds were private, and hidden from the public gaze.

Archie was taken out, and once more carried by the three Chinamen. He was astonished that they could be so silent. Never a word—never a sound—even in their own language.

Archie was carried past the house into the rear garden. He couldn't see very well, owing to the gloom in the night. And he wondered what the scheme could be. Why was he being taken down this garden? At all events, he didn't mind much; he was handled quite carefully, and there was no discomfort.

Then the end of the garden was reached, and a high wall blocked the way. But there was a door in this wall, and the door was opened. Beyond lay darkness, and the sound of trickling water. Archie was taken over some rough ground and then, to his surprise, he was deposited in a boat.

Two of the Chinamen got in after him, and the boat was pushed off into the stream. And now, with great astonishment, Archie realised that he was on the Thames, in London.

There could be no mistaking it. The wide, silently flowing river, the great dark ware-

houses, the docks at intervals, and the masts and spars of ships standing out gauntly against the night sky.

The boat passed like a shadow across the face of the water. It carried no lights, and it crept stealthily towards the Northern shore.

There was no moon, and the stars were hidden now and again by banks of scudding clouds, which indicated that there was a higher wind aloft than the gentle breeze which rippled the surface of the water. From the boat, Archie's view was not very large. But now and again a deepening of the shadows told him of a moored barge which lay on the mud bank at the riverside.

And then, at last, the boat edged its way in until it was gliding along past a number of black warehouses, past a small steamer or two which lay at anchor, silent and still. And then the little boat slipped in between some slimy old piles. Its speed decreased.

It was worked foot by foot forward into inky blackness. Archie lost his bearings completely. He dimly wondered how his captors could tell where they were, or what they were doing.

And then, after one of the Chinamen had given vent to a curious little whistle, a square patch of dim light appeared directly overhead. The prisoner was puzzled at first, but then realised that a trapdoor had been opened, apparently in the floor of some warehouse or other building which jutted out upon the river.

A rope was lowered, and this rope was fastened round Archie. And he was hauled up—up into a fresh place of mystery. To say that Archie Glenthorne was dazed and bewildered is putting it very mildly.

## CHAPTER V.

### A DIFFICULT POSITION.



**P**HIPPS walked briskly along the upper corridor in the Ancient House at St. Frank's.

It was morning, bright and sunny, and the rising bell had clanged out some half an hour earlier.

The juniors were beginning to appear in twos and threes, and the usual noise of the morning was commencing.

Archie always rose slightly later, he never minded as long as he got down in time for early prayers and breakfast. And Phipps judged the time accurately and to a nicety. He just allowed his young master time enough to dress in comfort, and without undue haste.

Phipps arrived at Archie's door, tapped, and walked in. This was his usual procedure. It took a great deal to startle the staid Mr. Phipps, but he was startled now. He looked round the room, and his expres-

(Continued on page 25.)



# Brief Notes about Our "FOOTBALLERS"

Being a short account of the careers of the famous footballers whose photographs we are presenting to readers with this number. Specially written for "The Nelson Lee Library" by "Rover."

W. T. ROBERTS.

A. McATEE.

**W**ILLIAM THOMAS ROBERTS, the goal-getting centre-forward of Preston North End, is a native of Birmingham, having been born in Handsworth, on November 29, 1899.

As a junior footballer he had much experience. We first hear of him playing for his school team, and earning distinction as a schoolboy international—a distinction incidentally, that he was awarded three times before he finally left school. Later, when his scholastic days were over, Roberts joined a junior team called Kentish Rovers and with them he managed to score eighty goals in one season. He did not stop long with the Rovers, however, for before he was sixteen we hear of him playing for the Royce Engineers, a club in the Birmingham and District League.

From the Engineers Roberts went to the Lord Street club of Coventry, and thence he travelled back to Handsworth where he assisted Soho Villa F.C. for a time. Whilst with them he wrought many wonderful feats, not the least of which was the scoring of 64 goals in a season.

At the age of 17, during the war, he was assisting Leicester Fosse, and later he was transferred to Southport Vulcan, whence Preston, for a big sum, secured his removal to Deepdale. Roberts is still keeping up his reputation as a goal-getter, for, during the last two seasons, he has scored several hat-tricks. He is a fine all-round centre, who knows the value of keeping the ball on the carpet all the time, and of feeding his wing men, and is a deadly shot whilst on the run.

Height 5 ft. 11 ins. Weight 11st. 12lb.

**T**HERE are many public favourites at Celtic Park, but it is safe to say that A. McAtee, the sterling outside right who has rendered such wonderful and consistent service to the Scottish Leaguers during the last eight or nine seasons, is one of the most popular of all.

McAtee was born at Eroy, and, like most other soccer lights of fame played much football in his youth. He was secured by Celtic many years ago, and at once became a notability. In 1911-12—his first serious season in first-class football—he made 32 appearances in the Celtic first team and scored six goals, and in 1912-13 his number of appearances was similar. In 1913-14 his record jumped to 36, and in 1914-15—the last season of pre-war football—he excelled all previous performances by figuring in the premier eleven on 38 occasions.

A fine record of consistency this, and one that is wonderful when one takes into consideration that, during the course of all those games, McAtee was never once off form. In every match he played up brilliantly—so brilliantly in fact, that his talents were recognised by the Scottish F.A. Selection Committee, and in 1913 he was selected to play against Wales. Besides this honour however, he has several inter-league distinctions to his credit.

McAtee is a keen, thrustful sort of player who does not, like a great many outside forwards, fall into the fatal mistake of juggling with the ball too long when he gets possession. His superb passing and his fine centres have enabled Cassidy, the Celtic centre, to score many goals during the past season.



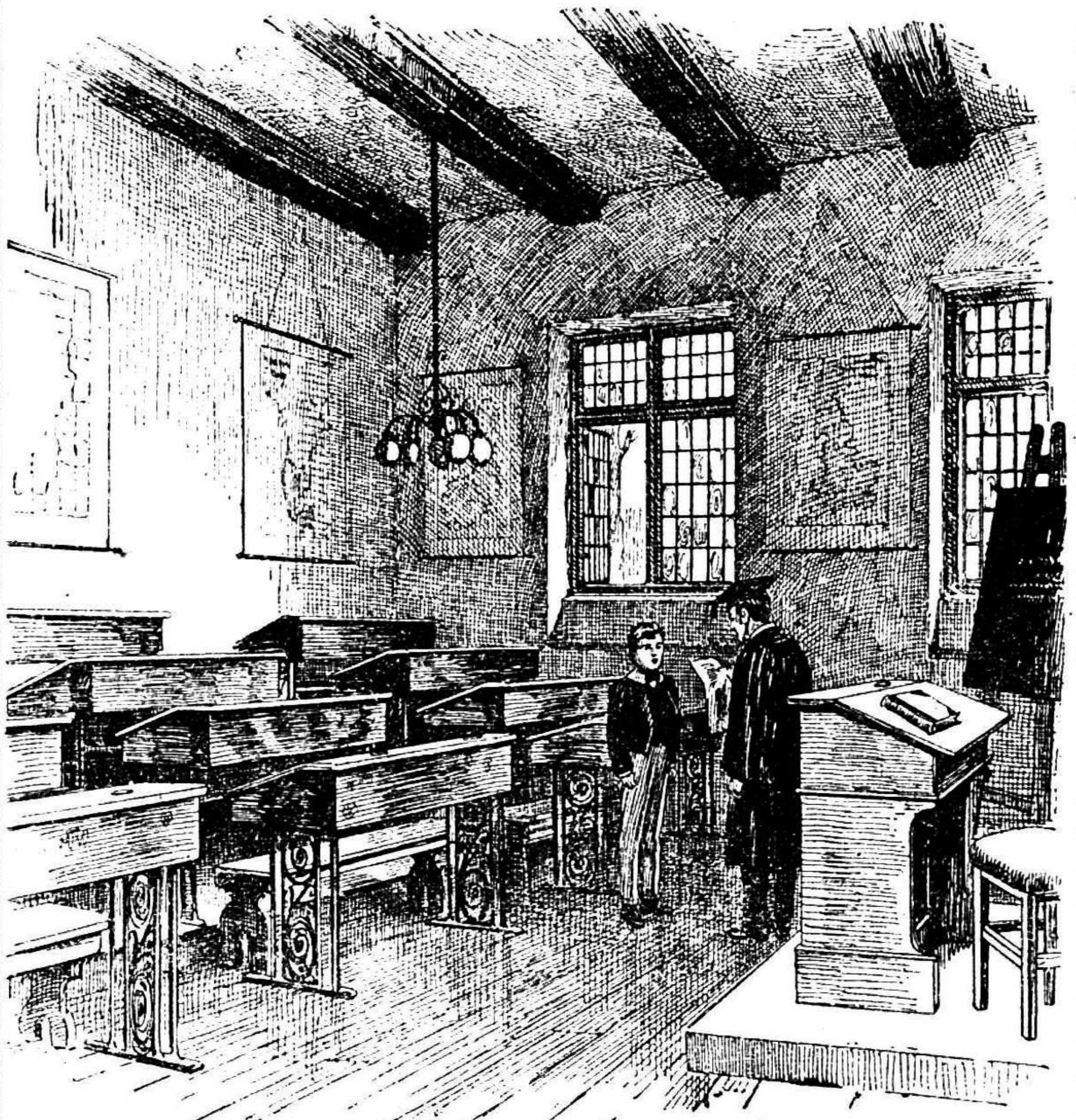
THRILLING NEW SERIAL BEGINS THIS WEEK!

# NIPPER'S MAGAZINE

No. 25.

THE JOURNAL OF THE REMOVE OF ST. FRANK'S  
Edited by Nipper.

May 13,  
1922.



THE REMOVE FORM-ROOM  
(ST. FRANK'S COLLEGE)





**H**OW sad it is to be homesick! Last nite I lay awake a long, long time—morin half a hour—thinking about Betty and her crost-eyed beau at home in our kitchen; wile here was I, a poor little boy, banished from the herth of my four fathers, that sick an' wery of the world, I was disgusted with the ginger-bread they gavé us for our supper.

O mamma, send an' bring thy poor Georgie home! I cannot endure the way. Professor Pitkins talks about my spelling I cannot indure the hash and otemeal they have for brekfust. I cannot indure the ineults of the big boys.

They don't seme to think little boys has any more feelings than a tode. You can cut of a tode's head and it won't mind it a bit. I think it's offul fun—first find your tode.

"Speshal care taken of small pupils," says the sirkular.

Mrs. Pitkins she rung my father's hand: "I'll be a muther to him," says she, witch made me fele very bad. I didn't want her to trubble herself.

I'm not a baby; besides my mama don't call me sulken when Ime only home-sick, witch who could help who had to have a dickshunnary in his chair to ete his meals and make the other boys jeer at him on the sly? The way they teze a fellow is enuff to drive him frantic.



Of course, she sat down on the floor.

I'm that snow-balled, like I was a fence-post, it would make Betty cry if she could see them.

My silk hankechuff is taken away, my mittens is on the roof, where the cat took 'em when they put 'em over her head.

I have not shed a single tear. They cannot crow over me. Jack Bunce says Ime a brick, an' he'll stand by me. He is a very large boy, so I have *one frend*.

O, how retched to be far from all you love, just when mince-pies and hickory-nuts are ripe. When I think of three barls of sweet appels in our sellar it seems as if Ide fly.

Mrs. Pitkins is quite a fat lady, tho I don't see how she comes so unless she etes by herself between meals. I sit next to her at table on Webster's dickshunnary to make me hire.

This morning I went to be very polite, like the cullored water at the hotel where Lily bordes, so I jumped down off the dickshunnary quick to pull her chare away when she got up, witch she didn't know I knew enuff, and foolishly sat down agane.

Of course she sat down on the floor. O such a thump! But was it rite she should, get in a temper with me and say I did it a purpose?

So now she's going to write to my folks that Ime the worstest boy in school, only she's got to wate a day or to til she is well agane. If she had been china she'd have broke.

I've begun to study geografy. It says the erth is round, but I don't see it. There is a big one in the school-room. You can turn it around with your hand.

Ime going to cut a piece out with my nife, cause I've alvus wanted to know



if it was hollo, or the dirt went all the way through.

I also study rithmatic. It is a quere boòk. It tells you how if John has seven kites Charles will have twice seven, witch is too many for one boy, lest it is very windy and the strings get away.

It will be the kite seson in March, but if I am doomed to remane in this place, Ime afrade I shall not have the spirits to fly any.

Plane boiled rice with molasses is so discurridgeing I shall rite to Betty, as I prommised—she alwus took that deep intrest in the, my diry—to ask cook to ples send me a box, and won't Betty help her seed the raisons, so there will be no time lost.

There is a lady here; she heres the small boys' lessons. I like her very much, but Jack Bunce says she is an old made. What if she is? Her name is Miss Haven.

She seems fond of me. I have told her in confidence how I was called a bad boy at home, but didn't do it on purpose.

She pittys me very much. She says I may come in her room when I am lonesum. I think I will go there this evening.

\* \* \* \*

Betty used to tell me Friday was an unlucky day—I gess it is. All the boys are at supper now, excepting me. I am not to have any. It is very sad to get into disgrace the first week you are in a strange scool.

If ever a boy tride hard not to do what he didn't mene to, I am that boy. I have come to the conclusion that I am a failure. Maybe if I were deaf and dumb and couldn't see, I would not have so many axdents hapen.

Professor Pitkins has got a cold in his head. You ought to hear him sneze and sneze, but he's tide it up in a large red silk handkerchef, witch is better than nothing.

Mrs. Pitkins is still in bed, but she sent for me to tell me I was a bad boy over again. I wish she had something new to say.

She cride as if she had the toohake when she told me she was afrade it would be the death of the professur. I said:

"If it is his death, will scool shut up an' I be sent home? O joy, o rapture unconfined," as it says in Pinafore.

She said: "You are a hartless little imp."

I don't call it hartless to want to go home. It was this way:

Bout a nour after tee last evening, I crep into the dining-room to see had the girl forgot to take the cookies of. It was

offul warm an' nice there, cause they use it for their sittin-room.

Professur Pitkins he was stretched out on a lounge behind the stove with a book, but he was not reading, because he was aslepe.

Mrs. Pitkins she was not there, too, bein' in bed on akount of the time she sat down on the flore.

We were oll alone. The cookies had been locked up. I went up close to him to see how he snored so funny. I was not afrade, because he was aslepe!

You would have thought he was in pane to hear him snore; you pour water out of a bottle and wistle at the same time it will be like that.

Oll at once I saw the top of his head had come partly off. I was fritened for fear it would kill him. I run up stares an told Jack Bunce. He said:

"Shaw! he wares a wig—his wig is slipped partly off."

I asked him what was a wig?

He said: "It's what the Injuns take off when they scalp a man."

I asked: "Has Professor Pitkins been scalped?"

He said: "No, but he ought to be. He's that cross, scalping is 2 good for him."

Jack was bizy with his Latin, so I crep back to the dining-room; the paper-gnife were on the table.

I took the gnife an stole up to the professur still as a mouse; I run the gnifo around his head like I'd read the redskins do, an' took off his scalp offul ezy, so he wouldn't wake up; then I got on my hands and nees an wriggled over the carpet, pretending it was grass.

He did not wake, so I got out in the hall, an then I made a brake on tipto for the long room where the boys was studying.

"Whoop! whoop!" I yelled—but durst not yell very loud. "I've got his scalp! 'Fy had a belt, I'd fasten it on."

You never herd such a row as those pupils made.

"Bully for you, Georgie!"

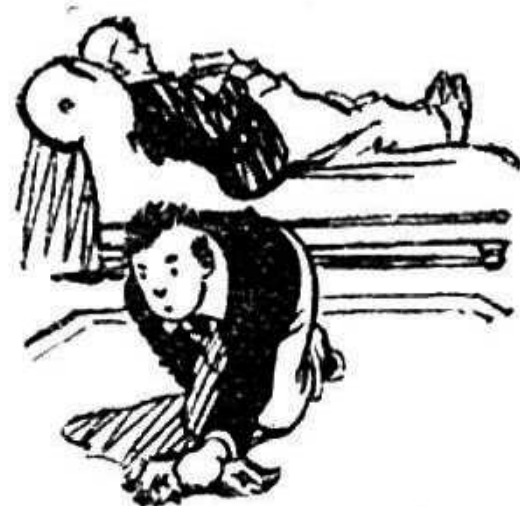
"You'll be expelled!"

"The professor will be offul mad!"

"How dare you do it?"

"Stick to it, Georgie!"

"Less see wot it looks like!"



Then I got on my hands and nees and wriggled over the carpet.





**"Give us a lecture, Georgie!"**

I passed it round. We had jolly fun. I fried it on; so did the other felloes. Then they put it on me agane, and they put me up on the hi desk, and sade:

"Give us a leck-ture, Georgie!"

So I put my hands behind me, like it was the professor's cote tail, an coffered an clered my throte, an' said:

"Hem! yung gentlemen, I wish to call yure attenshun to-day to the annal kingdom, witch is all sorts and sizes.

The elefant is sevrel sizes larger than the flea, but the flea has got the grab on the elefant when it comes to jumping.

I would not want an elefant crolling up an' down my back when I was aslepe.

I will not kepe you long to-day, yung gentlemen, because I kno you wish to go a-snow-balling poor little Georgie Hackett, the smallest boy in scool."

They let me come down after that. Jack Bunce he whispered I'd better take it back; I said I wood.

But gust as I slid down the banisturs to do it, the professor come in the hall very quick.

Of course I could not stop; the soles of my shoes took him right in the mouth, witch made it bleed a little, an' his teeth came out.

It was too bad. I did not kno his teeth came out, besides, I could not help it.

While he was wiping away the blood I slipped into the room an' put his scalp into the stove quick and shut it up, for he was in such a temper I durst not own up I'd took it of with a paper-knife.

The top of his head looked like the ostrich egg my cousin brought; so he asked me whare was his wig. I asked him did he think it was the cat?

He shook me so friteful hard that I couldn't help crying; so I sade perhaps the injuns had made a rade an scalped him while he dreamed. O how stern he appeared!

He sent for every boy in scool. Not one could tell him what had happund to his hed. I suggested perhaps the rats had carried it into a hole.

He got rathier and rathier, and then he began to sneeze. I felt that sorry when I herd him sneeze. I wished I hadn't

burned the old thing; I had no idea a grone-up man cought cold so ezy; so I asked him hadn't he better go to bed and have a mustard plaster on his head.

He said if it were not so soon after the holidays he would suspend the scool; such wicked boys desurved to be disgraced; he was almost certain it was I had done the deed; he should find out soon, and then wo to the gilty!

I thought what mamma told me how rong it was to tell a lie; I choked down my sobs.

"Professor Pitkins, the other felloes are not to blame—it was the cat. I saw her playing with it when I came down to tell Bridget if she had not put the cookies away, she'd better do it 'fore the other boys took 'em."

Professor Pitkins put on his specktickles and looked at me a good while, offul sharp, like I was one of those wrigglers you put in a mycroscope.

I felt like I was srinking up to nothing. It became necessary to turn the subjec', an' I asked him:

"Were you born balled, professor? Did your nurse forget to bring you any teeth? Why didn't she give you a pare of eyes war'nted to last, so you wouldn't have to put on glasses to see a little boy of my size?"

He got as red as a lobster, and fround terribly; I gess he was going to say something severe, for he got so far as:

"You are the most impertnant little ker-cheu—I ever ker-cheu."

An' then he just made a brake an' got out the room, 'cause the felloes were giggling into their pocket handkerchiefs—he's gone round to-day with his head tide up—he don't look like a professur.

They say he telegrafed for a wig, witch is to come up by express to-nite. The boys have a hollyday, so they think it is oll rite, but I'm a prisoner in my room on bread an' molasses, witch is disgust-ing.

Dere diry, I must rite to mama now how much I've lurned in my geografy an' other things, she wouldn't believe only I'm that per-fekly home-sick she'd better send me a frute-cake soon.

I'm that improved in spelling and good condukt she might add a gelly-cake.



**The soles of my shoes took him right in the mouth.**



# SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

Being a series of humorous stories about scholars of various schools throughout the country.



## Who Made the Horse?

The following anecdote shows that some children not only observe for themselves but, at the same time, can "put two and two together," as we say.

The teacher of a new village school was speaking to a class of boys about the goodness and omnipotence of God.

"Who made that beautiful landscape we see through the window there?" he asked.

"God!" answered one of the elder children.

"And who made those horses that we see drawing the plough?"

"The blacksmith," replied one little fellow.

"How do you make that out?" enquired the master.

"Why, sir," answered the lad, "I seed him a finishin' one off this mornin'; he was just nailin' on the back feet!"

\* \* \*

## Another Animal Story.

A schoolmaster was talking to his boys about the animal kingdom—particularly about our domestic animals and how to treat them. After he had spoken at some length about the horse and the manner in which it should be treated, he asked the lads to mention some other domestic animal which had equal claims to consideration.

One boy mentioned the cow; another, the dog; another, the cat; etc.

Now, the master had come prepared to make some interesting remarks about the pig, and, accordingly, he wanted some lad to mention that particular animal.

"Come," he said, putting a leading question, "what is that animal which has rough, bristly hair, and likes to tread about in the dirt?"

Oh," said a little boy, speaking for the first time, "I know, sir; it's me!"

## A Doubtful Problem.

Equally amusing was the answer a Scotch laddie gave his master.

"If," said the master, "there were twenty marbles to be divided between you and McGregor, how many would there be for you?"

"Ten, may be," said the lad.

"Why, may be?" asked the master.

"Because, sir, McGregor would na gie me ten unless you was standing by!"

\* \* \*

## Some Excuses.

The excuses for absence from school made by the scholars themselves, or sent by their parents (generally the mother), are sometimes extraordinary.

One boy gave as his reason for being absent on the day before: "Mother has got a new baby, and I had to stop at home to help her."

A mother sent this note by way of explaining her son's absence:

"Sir, please excuse Jamesys absens, but he have had the dire rear, yours beadently, Mrs. —."

Another mother, writing to the schoolmistress, said: "You will be sorry to learn that Lucy has swallerd a trowser button she was soin on, so you will understand she had better stop at home as she could not settle down to her suns and things as she keeps a-feeling it."

Whilst the following note was sent by a grandmother to the schoolmaster!

"Sir, please excuse our Franky, but he has got a sweld face, and he is frightened of the boys calling him puddin' face, as they cruilly did before, which I told you about it and you never cained them."

\* \* \*

## The Camel's Humps.

"What is there peculiar about a camel's back?" asked the teacher.

"Its two humps," replied one of the pupils.

"Yes," said the master, passing on to the next, "and what are the humps for?"

"One, sir, is to carry the camel's food in, and the other to carry its water."





*Thrilling New Serial.*

## THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SQUASHED NOSE

*The Amazing and Staggering Adventures of the World's greatest Criminal Detective and his Boy Assistant, Splinter.*

By EDWARD OSWALD HANDFORTH.

### TRACKETT GRIM versus PROFESSOR FULLER CRIME— MASTER MISCREANT

#### FIRST INSTALMENT.

##### The Warning of Doom.

TRACKETT GRIM waved Splinter aside as the young assistant came forward with a thick, heavily-sealed envelope. The most famous detective in the world had just promised Messrs. Wring and Bangle, Ltd., the famous jewellers of Bond Street, to look into the gigantic robbery which had occurred during the night.

"Go away, Splinter!" said Trackett Grim curtly. "I am busy with my thoughts. I have already formed a theory regarding this great robbery—when diamonds and jewellery to the value of £20,000,000 were stolen! There is not a clue—not a trace. Yet I am nearly on the track."

"This letter may be connected with the robbery, sir," said Splinter keenly. "It is marked 'Urgent—take warning!' and there are some finger prints on the flap!"



"Listen, Splinter!" he exclaimed huskily. "This message is from the Brotherhood of the Squashed Nose."

"Ah! Let me see," exclaimed Trackett Grim tensely. "Good heavens! This, Splinter, is where the trained detective scores. I can instantly recognise these finger prints as those of Professor Fuller Crime!"

"What!" gasped Splinter tensely.

"Professor Fuller Crime is the greatest miscreant unhung!" went on Trackett Grim. "So far he has never crossed my path, but when a clash does come he will be trodden under foot like a blob of mud. For years he has threatened the peace of this country. Is it possible that he now intends to start a new campaign of horror and violence? We will see, Splinter—we will see!"

With a dramatic movement, Trackett Grim broke the seals of the envelope, and took out the sheet of notepaper within. It was tinted a brilliant red, and the words upon it were written with white ink—a striking looking document. At the right-hand corner there was the drawing of a face with a decidedly flattened nose. Trackett Grim gasped afresh as he saw this, and remained imperturbably calm.

"Listen, Splinter!" he exclaimed huskily. "This message is from the Brotherhood of the Squashed Nose. This terrible secret society—the scourge of England—has just commenced operations. And this is what the message says: 'Cease your activities in connection with the Bond Street robbery, or you will die before another dawn!' And this message is from Professor Fuller Crime himself."

Splinter was as white as a sheet.

"Are—are you going to heed the warning, sir?" he asked faintly.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Trackett Grim with scornful derision. "See! This is my answer!"



He rolled the sheet of paper into a ball and tossed it to Splinter.

"Throw it into the fire, my lad," he said icily. "My campaign starts from this moment! I am determined to use all my energies in fighting the Brotherhood of the Squashed Nose!"

## Professor Crime Acts.

Splinter took the screwed up paper and tossed it into the blazing fire. And as he did so, there was a sudden hissing flare, and a cloud of green smoke. Splinter staggered back with a hoarse cry, and he was transformed.

From head to foot he was green all over, and the next second he fell down like a log. Trackett Grim sprang at him, and lifted him on to the couch. One glance sufficed to show the famous detective that Splinter was on the point of death—fatally poisoned.

"The demons!" snapped Trackett Grim. "I might have expected this! Fool that I was! That paper ought to have been kept as evidence—and now Splinter is poisoned! But stay! Am I done? No! Never!"

In two strides Trackett Grim reached his laboratory. With swift fingers he searched among the shelves, and then fished out the antidote for this particular poison.

Trackett Grim knew every poison within the annals of science, and he had an antidote for every one. Those poisons which had had no antidote had been supplied with one by Trackett Grim himself.

One dose was sufficient. And a moment later Splinter was quite himself, the green effect having completely vanished. He looked round dazedly for a minute, and then understood. The gratitude in his eyes was like that of an affectionate dog.

"All right, Splinter—no need to thank me!" said Trackett Grim crisply. "I am off on the trail. If I do not return within four hours, follow me! You will be able to discover my whereabouts by means of the usual secret trail."

"Yes, sir!" said Splinter, knowing exactly what his master meant.

And Trackett Grim went off—determined to run down the Brotherhood of the Squashed Nose. He knew that they were

responsible for the Bond Street robbery, and it was his aim to commence his campaign against the Brotherhood by recovering all the stolen booty.

He had not proceeded far along Bakers' Inn Road, before he became aware that two men were following him. They had met only a minute before, and Trackett Grim had noticed a very significant detail. Upon joining one another, the men had placed a finger to their noses, pressing it hard until it became squashed.

A very small detail, but to a man like Trackett Grim it meant much. It was the secret sign of the Brotherhood! And Trackett Grim became wary. He knew that these men were determined to take his life.

With wonderful speed and dexterity, he jumped on board a passing motor-bus and mounted to the top deck. As he did so, the two members of the Brotherhood followed him, but Trackett Grim performed a little operation which completely foiled his pursuers.

The motor-bus was passing under a bridge at the moment. He leapt upwards, grasped the iron-work, and hung there. A moment later an L.C.C. tram passed in the opposite direction. Trackett Grim dropped, and was whirled away. The emissaries of Professor Fuller Crime gnashed their teeth with helpless rage. The master detective had



**Trackett Grim dropped, and was whirled away.**

foiled them.

But Trackett Grim had yet to learn how powerful this terrible criminal society was! Professor Crime cared nothing for the police, or Scotland Yard—he snapped his fingers at the whole organisation. But he feared Trackett Grim as a mouse fears a cat. With Trackett Grim out of the way, all would be well.

## In the Hands of the Enemy.

After travelling a short distance, Trackett Grim decided to visit the scene of the Bond Street robbery. He was sure he would be able to pick up clues here. He left the motor-bus, and jumped into a passing taxi. The next second, strong hands gripped him, a gag was placed over his mouth, and he was bound hand and



foot. The taxi was one of dozens which were owned by the Brotherhood, and which were on the look-out always for Trackett Grim. The great criminal detective grimly told himself that here was a chance for him to reveal his marvellous powers.

The taxi drove rapidly into the suburbs. And in the inky darkness it drew up in close proximity to a towering mass of metalwork which Trackett Grim recognised as a gasworks. His captors forced him across piles of coke and coal, and then forced him up an iron ladder to the summit of the gigantic gas container. Here he was bound tightly to the ironwork.

"Now, Mr. Grim, say your prayers!" said the Chief of the Brotherhood gang, with a mocking laugh. "We are about to set a fuse alight. This fuse will explode a charge of dynamite within fifteen seconds, and then the gas-container will explode and blow you to mincemeat! Your time has come!"

Trackett Grim's steely eyes glittered.

"Fool!" he said curtly. "You think you can kill me? You will see, my friend!"

Like shadows of the night, the men vanished. And then, gazing down, Trackett Grim saw a hissing spark running along the ground. His heart leapt into his mouth, and his eyes bolted out of his head. The threat had not been a vain one!

The fuse had been lighted—and in fifteen seconds the terrible explosion would take place!

(How did Trackett Grim escape from this fearful predicament? What steps did he take to frustrate the evil designs of Professor Fuller Crime and the Brotherhood of the Squashed Nose? These questions will be answered in next week's thrilling, palpitating, hair-raising instalment.)

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(Continued from page 15.)

sion changed. The usual air of calm imperturbability vanished, and Phipps looked blank. For him to lose his customary expression was almost unheard of.

"Good gracious!" said Phipps, staring.

The bed was empty—rumped and used, but empty. Was it possible that Archie had risen. There seemed to be no other explanation, since Archie was not to be seen in the apartment. For the first time within memory, the one and only Archie had got up of his own accord, dressed, and ventured out. It was hardly surprising that Phipps gave vent to an exclamation of astonishment.

"Well, well!" he said, addressing the bed. "What's things coming to now? Never before did I know Master Archie to—"

Phipps paused and stared again.

There on the couch, lay the suit of clothes that Phipps had put out for Archie's use that morning. It was untouched. Phipps' eyes altered their direction of gaze. He saw Archie's shoes, polished and untouched. And, most important of all, he saw Archie's under-clothing.

But nowhere could he see any sign of Archie's pyjamas. He quickly made a search, and made the discovery that no clothes of any kind were missing. Archie was absent, but not his clothing. He had gone somewhere in his pyjamas! And, most astonishing of all, he had not even troubled to wear his slippers! And Archie was most particular on these little details.

And then, in a flash of understanding, Phipps grasped the truth, or what he thought to be the truth. His blank face became placid again, and he allowed himself to relax into a smile.

"The young gents have been having a game, by what I can see!" said Phipps nodding to his reflection in the mirror. "That's about the size of it. Master Archie must be having a bit of a lively time! I suppose I'd best go along and get him out of it."

And so Phipps proceeded out of the bedroom, passed along the corridor, and went to the Remove dormitory. All sorts of shouts and scuffling noises came from within. The next moment Phipps nearly collapsed backwards.

The door burst open with extraordinary violence. Teddy Long came hurtling out. A boot, with a foot inside it, followed. And the boot and the foot belonging to Handforth, of the Remove.

"And if you try to pinch any of my neckties again, I'll jolly well slaughter you!" roared Handforth. "Blessed little worm—Hullo!" he added, catching sight of Phipps. "Anything the matter?"

"Not exactly, Master Handforth," said Phipps. "But perhaps you can tell me what has become of Master Archibald?"

Handforth grinned.

"Oh, Master Archibald?" he repeated. "Have you lost him?"

"For the moment, yes."

"Well, Master Archibald isn't here," said Handforth. "We haven't seen Master Archibald since last night. And you needn't think Master Archibald interests us, either. You can buzz off!"

Phipps stood his ground.

"Not just yet, Master Handforth," he said. "If you have been playing a joke upon Master Archibald, I wish—"

"We haven't seen the fathead!" said Handforth.

"No, Phipps, we haven't seen Archie this morning," put in Reginald Pitt, coming to the door. "Why?"

"I was convinced that I should find Master Archibald here," said Phipps, frowning slightly. "He is not in his own apartment, and he appears to have ventured out clad only in pyjamas. I came to the conclusion that some of you young gentlemen must have carried him to some bed by force—for purposes of your own."

"Why the dickens should we want Archie?" demanded Handforth.

"Well, sir, you generally try practical jokes—"

"Oh, don't talk rot!" said Handforth bluntly. "If we wanted to jape Archie, we should do something better than that. He isn't here, and we haven't seen him this morning. So that's that! Good-bye!"

Phipps turned away, looking very worried again. If the Remove had not taken Archie, who could have done it? The Fifth Form would certainly not condescend to play such tricks. It was below the dignity of the Fifth.

The thought struck Phipps that Archie might have been waking in his sleep, but he had never done such a thing in all his life, and it would be very surprising for Archie to start now.

Greatly concerned over the mystery, Phipps went back into the bedroom, and looked round. No, there was no sign—no indication. He turned, passed outside, and went downstairs.

He made inquiries in every corner of the school, the seniors, the servants—everybody, in fact, was asked if anything had been seen of Archie Glenthorne. But Phipps could gain no satisfaction whatever.

The last person Phipps addressed was Mr. Crowell, the Remove Form master. Mr. Crowell said that he had not seen Archie at all that morning.

"It is most extraordinary, Phipps," added the Form master. "You say that Glenthorne was not in his bedroom when you first went there to awaken him?"

"Yes, sir."

"The only explanation, apparently, is that Glenthorne felt unusually bright, and rose," said Mr. Crowell. "He has probably gone for a walk—"

"But that is quite out of the question, sir," interrupted Phipps. "None of Master Glenthorne's clothing is missing. His pyjamas, however, are missing! This conclusively proves that Master Glenthorne



ventured forth clad only in pyjamas, and with bare feet."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Crowell. "That is quite right, Phipps—quite right! I had overlooked the point for the moment. H'm! Most peculiar! Perhaps you had better go along to the Housemaster, and report the matter. Yes, yes, that will be the best way. Mr. Lee will be able to tell you what to do. And, in any event, there is no need for you to worry, Phipps. The responsibility is not yours."

Phipps hurried off as directed, and presented himself at Nelson Lee's study. The famous Housemaster-detective was just glancing through his morning's correspondence, and he had been feeling particularly pleased because the night had passed without any demonstration from Yung Ching's enemies. Nelson Lee's precautionary measures were proving effective.

And then Phipps came and upset Lee's satisfaction.

He explained the circumstances in full. And by the time he had finished Nelson Lee was looking grave and serious. He questioned Phipps for a few moments, and then strode towards the door.

"Come!" he said briskly. "We will have to look in Glenthorne's bedroom. Possibly we shall be able to arrive at some solution of this strange affair, Phipps. I hope that Glenthorne is quite safe."

They passed upstairs, and on the landing I met them. I could tell at once that something was wrong—and I had already heard about Phipps' visit to the dormitory. I looked at the guv'nor curiously.

"Something's up, sir?" I asked.

"I don't know, Nipper; but it appears that Glenthorne is mysteriously missing," said Nelson Lee. "I do not like to think that there is anything grave in the matter, but we cannot be too sure."

We entered Archie's bedroom, and Lee took a quick survey of the apartment. Then he strode forward, examined the bed, and passed across to the window. The lower sash was down.

"Did Glenthorne usually sleep with his window closed?" asked Lee.

"No, sir, it was mostly open."

"At the bottom as well as the top?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember if it was open at the bottom last night?"

It was, sir—I opened it myself," said Phipps. "I didn't notice it until this minute—Master Glenthorne must have closed it."

Nelson Lee said nothing but walked towards the window, raised the sash and gazed out. It was not very far from the ground, but altogether too far to make a drop safe or successful. There was ivy clinging to the wall, but Lee was quite assured that Archie could never have been able to climb down. In any case, why should he?

But Lee's attention was attracted by one or two strange marks upon the stonework of

the window-sill. He went so far as to pull out a pocket lens. With this he examined the marks with more care.

"What are you looking at, sir?" I asked, bending down near him.

"You see, Nipper," murmured Lee. "Does this not suggest something?"

He pointed to the marks. They appeared to be grazes, freshly made. There were two of them—little tiny furrows on the edge of the sill, newly worn. And on the paintwork of the window-frame there were other marks of chafing.

"A rope, sir?" I exclaimed.

"Exactly, Nipper—a rope!" said Lee grimly.

He would add nothing further at the moment, but withdrew, and stated his intention of making an examination of the ground. Phipps was quite anxious, and asked the guv'nor if he had come to any conclusion.

"Yes, Phipps, but I cannot say anything for certain as yet," replied Nelson Lee. "I fear, however, that Glenthorne has met with a little trouble. We shall be able to know definitely later on."

Phipps, looking very worried, remained in the bedroom while we went down. Lee did not go into the Triangle at once, but passed along to his own study. I followed him.

"You think the Chinese chaps have done something, sir?" I asked keenly.

"Confound their cunning, Nipper!" exclaimed Nelson Lee. "Yes, they have been up to their tricks again. It is fairly obvious that they came to the school, entered Glenthorne's bedroom, and carried him off by force!"

"Great Scott!" I said blankly. "In mistake for Yung Ching?"

"No, that is impossible," said Lee. "They could never make such a mistake. There is something deeper in this, and we shall probably know the truth later. But it is perfectly clear that a rope was passed over the window-sill of Archie's bedroom. He was secured, and then lowered to the ground. There is no other explanation."

"And we were congratulating ourselves that everything was O.K.," I said. "It's a rotten thing to admit, sir, but we've been caught napping."

"In a way, yes," agreed Nelson Lee. "At the same time, we cannot blame ourselves, Nipper. Good gracious! It is surely impossible for us to watch over every boy in the school! It has been a severe strain to guard Yung Ching, and by looking after him so carefully we have fulfilled our duty. I never imagined for a moment that these Chinamen would attack any other boy."

"And what are you going to do, sir?" I asked.

"I don't know, Nipper—I don't know!" said Lee worriedly. "The whole thing is most baffling and disconcerting."

Shortly afterwards he went outside and made a thorough examination of the ground beneath Archie's window. But it was hard, and there were no impressions that could



mean anything. There were no footprints that could be followed. Nelson Lee, in fact, was quite at a deadlock.

And then the breakfast bell rang and I went indoors. Breakfast seemed different without Archie Glenthorne at the table. Everybody was inquiring about him. Everybody was asking what had become of the Genial Ass. But no reply was forthcoming. Nobody knew a thing.

After breakfast I hurried along to Nelson Lee's study. I found the gov'nor standing on his hearthrug gazing at a sheet of notepaper. His expression was one of grim anger. He looked at me with tightly pursed lips. I knew at once that "something" had occurred since I had left him.

"What's wrong, sir?" I asked quickly. "Anything happened?"

"Read this, Nipper," snapped Lee.

He passed me the sheet of notepaper, and I looked at it. My attention became fixed, and I read the words that were written. Then, with amazement in my eyes, I turned once more to Nelson Lee.

"This—this proves it, sir!" I gasped.

"Conclusively!"

"And Archie is held as a kind of hostage!" I ejaculated. "If you don't hand Yung Ching over, Archie will be murdered!"

"Bluff, Nipper—bluff!" snapped Lee. "This work has been done by the Yen-shan Tong. They don't want to kill Yung Ching. They are very anxious to get hold of him alive and unharmed. And they have used this method in order to attain their ends."

"The Yen-shan Tong!" I echoed. "But they tried to kill Ching—"

"No, Nipper," interrupted Lee. "I have already told you that there are two factions of Chinamen at work. The more deadly are under the leadership of a vile scoundrel named Fu-Chow. These men have been trying to kill Ching. The Tong-men, on the other hand, desire anything but Ching's death."

"How do you know that Archie hasn't been kidnapped by Fu-Chow's men?"

"It is just possible, but I do not think that is the case," said Lee. "I am quite convinced that this thing is the work of the Tong—the Chinese secret society. The situation is a most serious one."

I looked at the notepaper again. And there were the words which had caused my first consternation. They were printed in capital letters, in ordinary ink, and the idea, obviously, was to make it impossible to identify the handwriting. It seemed fairly certain that the words had been written by a man who did not understand English fully.

"ENGLISH BOY SAFE. NO HARM HIM IF YOU DO AS ORDER. YUNG CHING MUST BE TAKEN MIDNIGHT TO BAN-  
NINGTON MOOR. HOG'S EAR ON TOP. UNLESS YUNG CHING TAKEN, ENGLISH BOY DIE. YUNG CHING MUST NOT BE WATCHED. IF NOT THERE, OR IF TRY TO WATCH ENGLISH BOY DIE. BETTER TAKE YUNG CHING TEN CLOCK."

I put the paper down and looked across at Nelson Lee.

"When did it come, sir?" I asked.

"Not ten minutes ago," replied Nelson Lee. "It was posted, as you see, during the night. And so it was delivered by the second mail this morning. I am inclined to believe, Nipper, that your own suggestion is near the mark. If this is not the work of the Tong, Archie's position is deadly. As sure as the sun is now shining he will die unless Ching is handed over."

I drew my breath in quickly.

"But—but you said that it was done by the Tong men—"

"I still think so—but what I think is not necessarily the absolute truth," interrupted Lee. "If this thing has been done by emissaries of the Yen-shan Tong, Archie will not be killed. But if it has been done by Fu-Chow's fiends, his death is a certainty unless Ching is surrendered. And we cannot afford to take the slightest risk. Convinced as I am that this is not Fu-Chow's work, it would be madness itself to leave anything to chance."

"You mean to hand Yung Ching over?" I asked blankly.

Lee paced up and down, smoking fiercely.

"I don't know, Nipper—I don't know!" he said. "The whole affair is ghastly—terrible beyond measure! I have given my word to protect Ching, and here I am practically compelled to surrender him into the hands of this murderous enemy. If I fail to do so, Archie Glenthorne will die! I cannot recall a more distressing situation."

It was certainly awful, and I could think of nothing to say. The Chinese enemy had played the trump card this time. Then, while I was trying to sort out my thoughts, I saw that Nelson Lee was calmer. He had sat down, and his hands had grasped the telephone instrument.

"What are you going to do, sir?" I asked quickly.

"I am going to ring up Colonel Glenthorne," replied Lee. "After that, I shall get through to the Chinese Embassy in London and talk with Mr. Tsen Wang—Ching's guardian. Both these gentlemen must come to St. Frank's at once, and we must hold a conference. It is the only possible way. It would be criminal to leave them in darkness as to the true state of affairs."

"But they can't get here until the afternoon, sir," I persisted. "At least, Mr. Wang can't. Oughtn't you to be doing something in the meantime?"

"I shall do what I can—although there is very little hope of accomplishing anything before night," said Nelson Lee. "Glenthorne will come to no harm during the day. We have until midnight to perfect our plans. It is difficult, Nipper. If we hand Ching over we must not remain on the watch. The message distinctly says that Ching is to be taken to that jutting ridge in the centre of the moor, known as the Hog's Ear. Ching is to be left on the top of this landmark."

"Yes, that's pretty clear, sir," I agreed.



"Everybody knows the Hog's Ear, of course. It's a kind of hill, jutting up out of the moor. But wouldn't it be possible to watch from a distance?"

"No—that would be fatal," said Lee. "These Chinese will be lurking everywhere—on the lookout for some such device. The instructions are to take Ching on to the Hog's Ear, and leave him there unprotected."

"And if these men are Fu-Chow's agents they'll kill him on the spot," I said. "And perhaps Archie will be killed, too."

"Yes," agreed Lee. "That is the case, Nipper. But we shall have to risk a development of that kind. As I have told you, I believe that this is the work of the Tong men. They will keep faith. Providing they get Ching, they will set Glenthorne at liberty. But even these Chinamen will not hesitate to kill Archie if we fail to comply with the order. So you see the whole situation is not only serious, but desperate."

"It's awful, sir," I said hoarsely. "How the dickens will you get out of it? How will you be able to solve the problem?"

"I don't know—but I need to be alone," said Nelson Lee. "Try and spread the report, Nipper, that Archie has only left temporarily, and that he will be back at the school, safe and sound, before long. And now leave me to myself, please. I have much to attend to."

I went out of the study feeling depressed and uneasy. The very ease with which the Chinamen had changed the whole aspect of the case startled me. They had gained the upper hand—and simply by the process of kidnapping Archie.

During morning lessons I was abstracted and inattentive, but Mr. Crowell did not take much notice. And when lessons were over my first task was to visit Nelson Lee. I found him in his study, lying back in his easy chair, and the room was filled with blue fumes from his pipe.

"Anything fresh happened, sir?" I asked. "You seem to be——"

"Go away, Nipper," barked Lee curtly. I started and stared.

"No need to snap my head off——"

"Don't disturb me now, young 'un!" interrupted Lee harshly. "Colonel Glenthorne and Tsen Wang will be here this afternoon. There is nothing further. Leave me alone!"

Lee was in one of his black moods, and I easily knew it. I didn't press him with any more questions but vanished.

And in the afternoon two visitors arrived. One was a small, immaculately attired Chinaman, and the other was the big, bluff Colonel Glenthorne. They both retired into Nelson Lee's study.

And there the famous detective acquainted

(Continued on next page.)

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(Continued from page 28.)

them with all the facts of the case. They held a close conference. Lee explained what methods had been used by the Chinamen in order to kill Yung Ching or to kidnap him. Finally, he told of the latest exploit. Colonel Glenthorne was filled with alarm.

"My son has been kidnapped?" he asked furiously. "The hounds! The infernal dogs! What does it mean, Mr. Lee? Why the thunder have these brutes interfered with Archie? What harm has he done to them—"

"You do not seem to realise, Colonel Glenthorne, that Archie was kidnapped more by chance than anything else," interrupted Lee. "It didn't matter to the Chinamen which boy was taken. Their only reason for kidnapping your son, apparently, was that he slept in a room to himself. It was, therefore, safer for them to enter and steal him away."

"Well, I don't know anything about this other wretched affair," said the colonel, "but I do know that my son has got to be rescued. I'll go to the police—I'll go to Scotland Yard! Great heavens! The thing's unheard of—ghastly! Why should my son suffer—"

"Please remain calm, colonel," put in Lee.

"The colonel is correct," said Mr. Tsen Wang quietly. "His alarm and anxiety is natural. It is not right that he should suffer for my troubles. Ching must be taken, Mr. Lee. He must be delivered into the hands of the enemy. It is the only course. Colonel Glenthorne's son must be saved, and the only method of ensuring his rescue is to give Ching up. It is terrible, but it must be."

The Chinese attaché was more worried and troubled than he cared to admit. It was impossible to tell much by his expression. But Nelson Lee knew that he was filled with utter dismay and terrible alarm. But he had done the right thing in agreeing that Yung Ching should be handed over. Under no circumstances was it possible to leave Archie Glenthorne at the mercy of the villainous yellow enemy.

The conference proceeded, and Nelson Lee finally arranged that Yung Ching should be taken on to the moor soon after ten o'clock that night. Sad and worn, Mr. Tseng Wang agreed.

"At the same time, I urge you not to worry," said Nelson Lee quietly. "I give you my word, Mr. Wang, that everything will be all right."

Tsen Wang looked at Lee quickly.

"You have a plan?" he asked with hope.

"I have a plan," replied the detective, nodding.

"Ah, you fill me with hope!" exclaimed the Chinaman. "I know your powers, Mr. Lee—I have heard much concerning your wonderful cleverness. You assure me that, although Ching is to be handed over, the final result will be satisfactory?"

"I do."

"Thank you, Mr. Lee—thank you!" said

Tsen Wang fervently. "Yes, I will trust you—I will believe in you!"

"By gad, sir, so will I!" exclaimed Colonel Glenthorne heartily. "You'll be able to put this muddle straight, I'll warrant. An infernally clever man, Mr. Wang—that's what Mr. Lee is. Most deucedly smart in anything of this kind. Archie will turn up safe and sound, I am convinced, and I don't think you need worry about that youngster of yours."

But although they spoke in this way they were both very much worried, indeed. And although Nelson Lee looked so calm and confident he was really worrying far more than the two of them put together. The burden of this business was entirely upon his shoulders.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ARCHIE IN CHINATOWN.



**L**IMEHOUSE is not a particularly attractive quarter of London—even on the sunniest of mornings in spring. The weather, certainly, was very genial just now, and out

on the Thames the sun was reflected sparklingly on the water—that water which could look so murky and sinister at times. The brilliance of the day now transformed it into a crystal-like stretch of rippling sheen.

But not very far distant, in a little alley, somewhere off the old Ratcliff Highway, everything was squalid and dull and indescribably dingy. This was a section of Chinatown—that portion of Limehouse where the streets seemed to be filled with every type of foreigner from Eastern lands.

There was one little shop in this dingy alley. It was supposed to be an eating-house, and certain Chinese characters on the dusty windows gave details as to the various types of dishes that could be obtained within. It was not one of the good-class Chinese restaurants, but a filthy little hovel—and the police had long suspected that the restaurant part of it was merely a blind.

The place had been raided more than once on suspicion of being an opium den, but the authorities had never been able to prove anything against the proprietor—a sleek, stout little Chinaman of middle age, who was known locally as Shanghai Jack.

It was believed by the police that Shanghai Jack's eating-house was a meeting place for more than one of the numerous Chinese secret societies. The fat Chinese probably derived quite a nice little income by allowing his premises to be used for these meetings.

The street itself was as black as pitch at night, and gloomy in the daytime, even when the sun was shining high. For the ancient, disreputable buildings on either side of the alley leaned forward and shut out the pure air and the clear light.

Not far off there were other streets—streets of a more familiar type—with fried fish shops at every other corner, Chinese



restaurants here and there, general shops with their strangely assorted masses of merchandise on view outside—old iron, rags, rusty tools, perambulator wheels, and so forth. Tiny grocery establishments, with probably an enamel sign hanging loosely over the door, proclaiming that somebody or other's tea could be purchased within.

And everything was squalid and dirty, with little urchins running about in bare feet and in ragged clothing. And the inhabitants of these streets, although British in part, were also of other nationalities. To stand for an hour at one corner was something of a revelation.

One would see Lascars, Hindoos, Chinamen, and even Arabs. Burly negroes would go lumbering by, and each man would have his own peculiar scent. It was not at all a pleasant locality.

To the average Londoner such a place is almost inconceivable. Ninety-nine out of every hundred inhabitants of London do not even know that such places as this exist. They hear of it, but they do not actually believe that Chinatown is an absolute reality.

Shanghai Jack's little eating house was looking as squalid as usual on this particular morning. An unappetising assortment of food was on view in the grimy window. But people went to and fro, down the little alley, and nobody entered that dismal shop.

Just behind, but hidden from view by the festoons of grimy chimney stacks, was the river. Nobody in this tiny lane would have realised that the Thames was so near. At the back of Shanghai Jack's there was a small enclosed yard, a brick wall beyond, and then a disused wharf with rotting piles and decayed timbers. Taking it altogether, the spot was by no means a cheerful one.

Within, Shanghai Jack's one or two customers were partaking of food. They were eating rice for the most part—rice prepared with pork or fish and vegetables. Most of the dishes looked extremely unpalatable.

Shanghai Jack presided over the establishment, attending to the wants of his customers, and taking the money when they were satisfied. But upstairs all was dingy and grimy and unutterably dirty. Unless one entered such a place it was almost impossible to imagine it. The Chinese have many excellent qualities, no doubt, but cleanliness is not one of them.

A narrow stairway led up from the little cooking apartment at the back of the shop. At the top of this stairway there was a dark passage which ran straight through to the rear of the house. The passage was divided

off by means of a heavy door, almost invisible in the gloom.

On the other side of the door the passage went on, and there were two rooms, one on either side. And another little stairway led upwards to the dismal attics. In one of these two rooms leading out of the passage there was a window looking out on to the tiny yard. One would have imagined that the room was an upstairs one in the ordinary sense. But it was not. It was on the ground floor. But the shop itself was sunken, which made it so gloomy. The first floor windows at the back led straight out into the yard.

The window of this particular room was heavily boarded up, and no light was admitted; the only illumination, indeed, was a miserable little oil lamp—such as can be bought in any cheap bazaar for about three-pence—was standing on a bracket, casting a flickering little glow just in its immediate vicinity.

It was, perhaps, as well that the light was not too strong, or the squalid nature of the room would have been more apparent. On one of the walls there were a number of bunks built up—which seemed to indicate that this place had been used as an opium den at one time, even if it was not used as such now.

Of furniture there was practically nothing. One or two frowsy mats lay littered about the floor. The wallpaper was peeling off the walls, and there were patches of bare plaster showing, discoloured and ugly.

Somebody lay in one of the bunks—somebody dressed in Chinese native costume—grimy blue cotton apologies for trousers, a curious thing which looked like a smock, and a pair of slippers with thick white soles. The figure was lying still, but aroused itself after a while.

"This," it said languidly, "is absolutely poisonous! I mean to say, bally smelly and what not! I've a frightful nosh, that the whole priceless business is several kinds of a nightmare! Absolutely!"

Archie—for this peculiar figure was no less a person than the Genial Ass of St. Frank's—proceeded to get out of the bunk and stretch himself. He had been asleep—not because he felt like sleep, but because nature had asserted herself.

The time, exactly, was somewhere between ten and eleven o'clock. Outside the sun was shining in its full morning glory. But Archie didn't know this. Archie was under the distinct impression that it was still somewhere in the middle of the night, and he had only been dozing for perhaps an hour.

He had dim recollections of what had occurred upon his arrival. He had been hauled up through the trapdoor, carried along dark passages and had at last been deposited in this apartment. The smell of the place probably accounted for Archie's faint memories. He had practically swooned on the spot. Shanghai Jack's establishment may not have been elegant, but when it came to a question of odour, one would have

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had to go far to find its equal. And the odour was not of the kind which is pleasant to the nostrils.

Archie was quite convinced that the only natural consequence was to gradually expire. He didn't believe that anybody could really exist in such a smelly place. But now as he got out of the bunk, he didn't notice it so much. He was, in fact, getting used to it. But it was there all the time—it offended his sensitive nose, and he shuddered.

"I mean to say, this, as it were, is absolutely too shocking for words!" he murmured. "Another hour of this, old thing, and you'll simply sink. In fact, you're sinking already, Jaddie! The old tissues are feeling the frightful strain. The bones are weakening!"

Nevertheless, Archie seemed energetic enough as he walked round the room, making a preliminary investigation. This was really the first opportunity he had had. He had been brought into the place, securely bound. His captors, without speaking, had then removed his bonds, and Archie had stood shivering, attired solely in his pyjamas. This defect had been remedied by the production of the native clothes. They were not very healthy looking, but certainly better than nothing. And, in any case, Archie had no choice. He was bundled into the things in spite of his protests.

Then he had been given a drink of tea, hot and steaming. At least, he was told it was tea. It tasted to him like poison, and for one awful moment he had believed that the end was rapidly approaching. But reflection told him that even Chinamen wouldn't be quite so foolish as to bring him all the way to London just for the sake of killing him. They could easily have polished him off in his own bedroom. Nevertheless, he sank back on to the grimy blankets of the bunk and went into a deep sleep. It didn't strike him for a moment that the tea might have had something in it—something to make him sleep. And he assumed that the passage of time had been quite a short one instead of six or seven hours. The total absence of daylight added to this effect.

Archie discovered that a door existed. But there appeared to be no handle. And the door was firm and solid. Obviously, it could only be opened from the outer side. There was nothing doing on this side.

He had a look at the window next, and discovered the heavy boarding which covered it. He gazed round again, and felt for his eyeglass—which, of course, he didn't possess. He groped in vain.

"Gadzooks!" he muttered. "How frightful! Puts a chappie off his form, and all that sort of rot! This is absolutely ghastly, you know. I mean to say, more than the old flesh and blood can stand. I suppose I shall wake up soon and proceed to howl for Phipps. Must have been the supper!"

Archie still had an idea that he was in the middle of a nightmare. He couldn't quite bring himself to believe that it was all really happening. It was so bizarre—so



Gazing down, Archie became aware that water was swirling round his feet, and increasing in volume every moment.

utterly out of the ordinary. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before.

A sound came from the door, and Archie turned. Then he stared as the door opened and a fat figure appeared. Shanghai Jack had come up to have a look at the prisoner. And Shanghai Jack was bearing a tray upon which stood one or two steaming dishes and a cup.

"What ho!" observed Archie. "Greetings, old tin of fruit!"

"You allee light?" asked Shanghai Jack unblinkingly.

"What? Dash it all, hardly!" said Archie. "All alright, what? Somewhat fed up, old bean, but not exactly sprightly. What's the idea? What, to be exact, is the priceless scheme?"

"Me bloughtee you eatee," said Jack. "You hungry, eh? Eatee this, and you allee light. Muchee plenty good food!"

"Oh, rather!" said Archie. "Food and all that? Large quantities of cargo for the interior, what? Good man! Absolutely! Now I come to think of it, I'm most deucedly hungry! I'm—I'm—"

Archie gazed at the tray, and placed a hand to his middle.

"That is to say, old bean, absolutely not!" he said faintly. "The hunger, don't you know has staggered away! There is absolutely nothing doing! Kindly remove the old refuse!"

Shanghai Jack set the tray on the floor.

"You eatee," he said. "Goodee food!"

"Possibly, old lad, but hardly the stuff, what?" said Archie, holding on to the wall for support. "Not quite the thing for a chappie of my stamp, as you might say.



I mean, the old starvation stuff strikes me as being more acceptable. What, to be exact, is this fearful assortment?"

"Him chop-suey," said Shanghai Jack, indicating the main dish, which looked like a drab stew with large chunks of fat wobbling about on top.

Archie shuddered.

"Chopped suet, what?" he said. "Gad-zooks! It looks like it!"

"You no savvy," said the Chinaman. "Chop-suey—him muchee good lice with polk. All stewee up with spicee."

"Pork and rice!" gasped Archie. "How truly appalling! Thanks frightfully darling, but it can't be done! The old interior positively goes all out for prohibition. Kindly remove the old stuff!"

"You no likee him?"

"Absolutely not!" said Archie. "We're most fearful enemies!"

"Allee same fooleesh," said Shanghai Jack. "Me takee chop-suey away. You likee egg? Plentee nicee egg?"

"The scheme is sound!" replied Archie.

"Me fetchee egg," said Jack. "Plentee nicee egg. Him ten years old—muchee pickled. Him black and nicee."

Archie gulped.

"Hardly new laid, what?" he said faintly. "Ten years old, don't you know! Black? The eggs, old tulip, need not be produced."

"You velly strange boy," said Shanghai Jack. "Me fetchee you dlied cockyloach.

Him gleat dainty—muchee nice flavour. Or pelhaps you likee dlied duck with cabbage and lice?"

Archie sank back feebly.

"Go—trickle away," he said in a whisper. "Great absolutely Scott! Dried cockroaches! This is too much! This, as you might say, is most horribly horrible! Pray sound the S.O.S. for Phipps!"

"Me no savvy you," said the Chinaman. "You no wantee eat?"

"Absolutely not!"

"Velly fooleesh," said Shanghai Jack. "You likee stalve eh?" Allee samee no diffelence."

The fat Chinese picked up the tray, turned, and made his way out of the apartment. Archie stood looking after him with tremendous relief expressed on his face. The sight of that food had nearly turned him up.

Starvation was infinitely preferable to eating such delicacies. From a Chinese point of view they may have been quite excellent. But Archie would rather have dined off raw turnips or carrots. The very thought of them, indeed, gave him an appetite. They seemed so wholesome and fresh after the horrors that Shanghai Jack had named.

"Somewhat like a bally old donkey, but give me carrots any old day of the week," murmured Archie. "Absolutely! I am beginning to feel that the end will soon arrive. What, as it were, does it all mean?"

(Continued on next page.)

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(Continued from page 32.)

He couldn't possibly understand why he had been kidnapped, or why he was being held a prisoner. It was a complete mystery to him.

He was left alone for well over an hour. Then Shanghai Jack returned, and asked if there was anything he required. Archie suggested that a few apples and bananas would be palatable—and safe.

And rather to his surprise Shanghai Jack vanished, but returned after a while with half-a-dozen bananas, and a similar number of apples. Archie dined luxuriously. He enjoyed the fruit more than he had ever enjoyed fruit before. He hadn't known that bananas could be so positively delicious.

He condescended to drink a cup of tea again. This seemed fairly safe, and, after all, he was very thirsty and needed it. And to his astonishment he came over very drowsy afterwards, and only just managed to crawl to his bunk.

When he woke up, everything was exactly the same, and only the fact that he was hungry convinced him that a considerable time must have elapsed. He soon became fully awake and alive. And, to tell the truth, he was rather desperate. He felt horribly imprisoned. It seemed to him that he had left England behind, and that he was in some foreign country. Now and again he heard strange voices out in the passage—and they always spoke in an unknown language.

It was now night, to be exact—quite late. Archie had slept like a top throughout most of the day. His captors knew how to deal with him—they knew how to keep him quiet.

Archie was not quite such a hopeless chump as he looked—or as he believed himself to be. And, now that he was in these sore straits, he began wondering if it was at all possible for him to escape. He was convinced at last that it was no dream, but actual truth. And Archie, the Ass, was determined to escape if he possibly could. "It's deucedly awkward," he murmured. "The old mind is absolutely made up, but the brain department refuses to come into action. The attic, in fact, is most frightfully thick. Absolutely!"

And then Shanghai Jack appeared once more. He brought another bunch of bananas, and some more apples—since this appeared to be the only food that Archie cared for. The Chinaman stood by impassively as Archie munched the fruit. He sat on a corner of his bunk, and consumed the fruit with vigour—for Archie had a healthy appetite. He couldn't account for a dull headache.

This ache, however, was so pronounced that when he was offered the usual cup of

tea he accepted it, but had doubts. He took a sip, and didn't like it. At the same time, it would be frightfully bad form to reject the stuff after he had taken it. It simply couldn't be done.

So, pretending to bend over the bunk to reach an apple, he adroitly poured the contents of the cup on to the blanket. Then he resumed his sipping. Archie didn't know that this simple little action was to mean great things later—that it was, in fact, to be the means of his escape.

Shanghai Jack, alert as he was, did not see Archie's little action. The Chinaman, in fact, regarded his prisoner as a helpless fool. And he soon departed, locking the door after him.

Archie rolled on the bunk—steering clear of the soaked patch, and lay there thinking. And in spite of himself he dozed off. He ought to have gone into deep slumber—he would have gone into a deep slumber if he had consumed the drugged tea. As it was, he awoke as a sound came from the door.

A couple of hours had elapsed, and everything was still and intensely quiet. The door opened, and a figure appeared. It was not Shanghai Jack, but another man. And he proceeded to do something of a very curious nature.

He pulled one of the frowsy mats away, went down on his knees, and then seized a kind of ring. Archie, watching closely, and with great interest, saw a square patch of the floor come up. The Chinaman disappeared into the depths.

"I mean to say, what?" murmured Archie. "Somewhat rapid, and all that!"

But he didn't move. Some instinct told him that this Chinaman was not aware of the watcher. And if he did become aware that Archie was awake, unpleasant things might happen. So Archie took care to remain very still.

And, after a few minutes, the Chinaman reappeared, carrying a small box—which he had evidently been after. He just gave one glance towards the bunk, which lay in a deep shadow, but that was all. He believed Archie to be drugged, and safe from awakening until the morning.

He closed the trap door, replaced the ragged mat, and passed out of the room. Archie was himself again. After a moment or two, he got up off the bunk, stretched himself, and then looked down at the floor.

"Absolutely!" he murmured. "This, to be precise, is where Archie gets most deucedly busy! Escape, and so forth! What ho! It is up to you, laddie, to display a most frightful amount of dashed determination!"

He pulled the mat aside, seized the ring, and opened the trap door.



## CHAPTER VII.

## WHAT HAPPENED TO YUNG CHING.



YUNG CHING looked at me calmly. "You allee leady?" he asked without a trace of emotion. "Yes," I growled. "Hang it all, Chingy, the whole thing's rotten! If Mr. Lee hadn't given his word that you'll come to no harm, I wouldn't have anything to do with the game."

"Me not wollied, why you?" asked Ching, with his slow smile. "Me allee light. Me notee come to any harm. Mist' Lee heap plentee clevel, muchee wise man. He knowee everything!"

I felt rather ashamed.

"You're right, Ching," I exclaimed. "I ought to have more faith in the guv'nor than you have, and yet you had to give me a reminder. Of course everything will be all right. If we only rely upon Mr. Lee, we shall be as safe as houses."

It was late evening at St. Frank's, practically bedtime for the Remove, in fact. The time was just upon nine-thirty, and the day had been a very anxious one for me. Earlier in the evening Nelson Lee had gone off to London. I didn't exactly know why, but he seemed to know that the danger existed there, and that he would be better able to help Yung Ching by going to London straight away.

And the guv'nor had left me with a certain duty to perform, and he entrusted me with this duty implicitly. My task, after all, was a simple one. I merely had to escort Yung Ching from St. Frank's to the moor.

The Hog's Ear was the fixed place, a rough kind of hillock in the most deserted and barren part of the moor. Having seen Yung Ching to this spot, I was to return straight to St. Frank's without lingering.

I was fully armed, carrying a loaded revolver. But Nelson Lee had assured me that there would be practically no danger.

He believed that the men who wanted to get hold of Yung Ching were members of the Yen-shan-Tong, and not the murderous emissaries of Fu Chow. There was a great deal of mystery about these Chinamen that I had not yet fathomed, but I was seeing a little more daylight than I had formerly.

The one real danger was that the Fu Chow section would take action while I was escorting Ching to the Hog's Ear. But this, as Lee pointed out, was very improbable. He had made very careful investigations, and he was quite certain that all Fu Chow's men had left the district. Perhaps they would return after they had made other plans. But at present there was no danger from them.

Yung Ching and I were now out in the Triangle, under the starry night. I had

not told much to my chums, but they knew that something was afoot in connection with the Chinese boy. What this exactly was I did not tell them; but promised that I would do so later on.

"Come on, we'd better get off before any of the chaps start asking questions," I said briskly. "And even now it'll be a pretty stiff walk if we're to get to that spot by ten o'clock."

"Me allee leady," said Ching. "We goee now."

The Chinese boy, of course, had been told everything. He knew that Archie had been taken away as a hostage, and that the Tong men had demanded Ching's surrender. Ching accepted it all calmly and serenely.

Nelson Lee had assured him that he had nothing to fear, that although he was to be delivered into the hands of the enemy, it would not be for long. Lee promised that he would soon be back at St. Frank's, safe and sound. And, after that, there would be very little danger of any trouble arising. For Nelson Lee intended taking very strong precautionary measures. The Chinamen would have no opportunity of repeating such a dodge as this.

I couldn't understand why the guv'nor had gone to London. He knew a great deal more than he told me. - And, although I was content to leave everything to him, I felt tremendously out in the cold.

And as Ching and I walked through the dark country lanes towards the moor we did not talk much. I was busy with my thoughts and Ching was always silent. He seldom spoke unless he was addressed, and even his replies were brief and to the point. Ching did not believe in wasting words.

As we walked, I kept my hand inside my coat pocket, and I gripped my revolver. I wanted to be ready for any emergency that might arise. And if any attempts were made to attack us, I shouldn't hesitate to shoot. The idea of shooting such vermin was a sound one.

At last we came upon the moor. It stretched out before us, bare, barren, undulating towards the far horizon. It was dark and gloomy, and I could not help feeling a strange sensation of impending trouble.

Bright as the night was, for the stars were shining and gleaming in the heavens, the face of the moor itself was enshrouded in mysterious murk. The hollows were filled with gloom, and the little hilltops stood out sharply and jaggedly against the skyline.

Now and again, wailing across the moor, came the cry of some night bird. Or there would be the sound of some wild thing, perhaps a stray fox would scuttle by, and rabbits would venture out of their burrows.

That sinister sensation was ever present, and I had a feeling that somewhere near by lurked danger and mystery. Possibly this was pure imagination, but, try as I would, I could not shake it from me.

If Yung Ching felt any of this, he didn't



say so. He walked by my side calmly and with all his usual serenity. He was taking the whole affair more calmly than I was, and his was really the ordeal. What I had to do was nothing. It was Yung Ching who had to be delivered into the hands of the enemy.

The Hog's Ear came within sight after we had walked some distance. It was a peculiar formation of the rocky ground. A kind of sharp hill rose from the dead level of the moor, and it was so constructed by nature that it roughly resembled the ear of a pig. For countless years it had been locally known as the Hog's Ear, and it was one of the landmarks of the moor.

We grew nearer, and so far there had been absolutely no sign of any danger or peril. My fears were evidently ill founded.

And at length, we arrived on the hillock itself. Here we came to a halt, and looked round.

"Well, here we are!" I exclaimed. "Just after ten. This is where I leave you, Ching. It's absolutely awful, but it can't be helped. How are you feeling? Do you think you'll be all right?"

"You nootee wolly over me," said Yung Ching smoothly. "Me comee to no harm. Me allee lightee. Me thankee you plentee for blingee me here."

"Rats!" I growled. "There's nothing to thank me for, Ching. I'm worried about you. I don't like leaving you here in this way. It seems a dirty trick. But, after all, I can't do anything else."

Ching nodded.

"Goodee-bye!" he said softly. "You getee back."

I held out my fist, and we shook hands. Then, without another word, I turned and went down the hillside, and began striding swiftly across the moor. I looked back once or twice, and I could see Ching's figure clearly outlined against the sky. No doubt the enemy had chosen this spot because they could tell instantly whether Ching was there or not, even from a considerable distance.

But at last, after I had gone a good distance, it was no longer possible to see him. I did not linger. I carried out Nelson Lee's instructions to the letter, and went straight back to the school.

Now and again I had an uneasy impression that somebody was following me. I looked back, but saw no sign. Yet I was quite positive, that a shadow was constantly on my trail, and I felt that it did not leave me until I arrived at St. Frank's.

The Chinese, in fact, were making certain that I had returned.

And Yung Ching, left upon the hillock, remained calm and collected. He hardly moved an inch from his original position, but stood waiting—waiting for anything that might happen.

It was not necessary for him to wait long. After half an hour had elapsed the figures of three men became visible. They ap-

proached from the direction of the disused moor quarry. And they came up to Yung Ching and resolved themselves into three Chinamen.

One of them spoke rapidly to Ching in his native language. Ching made one or two brief answers, and appeared to be perfectly at ease. Then he was led away by his captors, and taken right across the moor to the place where the little used road wound its way over undulating surface like a white snake.

And here, half concealed by some gorse bushes and stunted trees, stood a waiting motor-car. It was the same car which had been used to take Archie up to London. And now, apparently, it was here for an exactly similar purpose.

This turned out to be the case.

Yung Ching was placed on board, he was bound hand and foot, and a thick gag was placed over his mouth. Then the car took exactly the same course as on the previous night. It drove rapidly to London, and arrived at the old house in Greenwich. And, in just the same way, too, Yung Ching was taken out of the car, and transferred to the small rowing boat, which proceeded up the dark river towards the noisome den in Limehouse.

But things were not destined to turn out exactly according to programme.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HONOURS FOR ARCHIE.



"WHAT HO! What ho! I mean to say, distinctly the stuff!"

Archie Glenthorne stood gazing down into a deep shaft. A rickety wooden ladder was fixed to the side of this shaft, and it went down into complete darkness. Archie was determined to make his escape if he possibly could.

It was quite accidental that he had not been drugged. But it was owing to his own astuteness that his wakefulness had not been discovered. Archie was the most helpless of mortals—a chump—a prize ass. But yet, when it came to the pinch—when he had nobody but himself to rely upon—he was proving that he could be quite surprisingly resourceful.

He had an idea that a way to liberty could be found by descending this shaft. In any case, it was the only exit from the room. The window was barred, the door was locked. It was this shaft or nothing. And Archie preferred the shaft. Even if his effort fizzled out, no harm would be done.

A strange thrill filled him. He had never really done anything before, in all his life. In the first place, he had never been in a



tight corner before, and so the necessity to take action had not arisen.

If he had been told that such an emergency would come about, he would probably have declared that he would do nothing but sit down and howl for help, or quietly expire from sheer fright. The actual reality, however was different. Archie was discovering that his helplessness was something of a myth.

The necessity for action had come, and Archie was not wanting.

"Well, there you are!" he told himself. "A most deucedly black cavity, what? Somewhat reminiscent of the Hole at Calcutta, and all that sort of rot! Most frightfully alarming, and so forth. But the thing's got to be done—absolutely! No retreat!"

He went softly across the dingy room, took the little oil lamp from its shelf, and then paused for a moment in perplexity. The very action of carrying the lamp across the room had nearly put the flame out. The slightest draught, he could see, would end in such a disaster.

"Brains required!" he murmured. "How bally rotten! I'm most fearfully afraid that the old bean is not up to the situash.! I mean to say—Hallo—hallo! A brain wave! It just flashed into the old top storey like a burst of sunlight! Zing! The absolute idea!"

It was quite a simple one, but effective. The wick of the lamp, he observed, was only just slightly protruding from the hole. He had noticed a pin sticking in the wall when he had removed the lamp from the bracket. Probably it was there for the very purpose of assisting the wick up now and again. The lamp was of the night-light type, with no glass, and a round wick like a piece of string.

Archie took the pin, and proceeded to raise the wick. He succeeded well, and raised it to such an extent that the lamp flared and smoked, and gave a ruddy flickering glow.

"What ho!" he murmured. "Distinctly the business! Large quantities of the old illumination! Bravo, laddie! A number of pats on the old shoulder!"

He felt pleased with himself. Then, realising that no time was to be lost, he went over to the trap door, and commenced the decent of the shaft. He went down and down with extreme care, and it seemed to him that he was never going to reach the bottom. But at last he felt solid ground beneath his feet.

Then, as he looked round, he saw that he was in a kind of low tunnel, which stretched away on either hand. The smell in the atmosphere was most disagreeable—dank, earthy and reminiscent of a sewer. And then Archie realised that he actually was in a kind of sewer. The tunnel, in fact, was one which had obviously been disused for years. And from one direction a decided draught played upon Archie's face. He had sense

enough to realise that this was the best course for him to take. The draught suggested that there was an outlet.

The lamp flickered and smoked, but it kept alight. He didn't mind the smell. After all, it was an improvement on Shanghai Jack's place. And, bent double, he made his way along the tunnel.

Archie was not to know that a very sudden change had come about in the atmospheric conditions above—far above, under the stars. The stars themselves were no longer visible, for they had become obscured by heavy banks of menacing clouds.

The still, sultry night had changed its character. A violent thunderstorm had appeared from the south, by no means an unusual occurrence at this time of the year. For hours beforehand the weather had been thick and oppressive. But this sudden change was to mean all the difference to Archie.

He could not hear the thunder, and he had no inkling of the fearful downpour of rain. He heard about it afterwards, of course. He learned how London had been drenched by a thunderstorm which was tropical in its fury. The rain beat down in blinding whirls like something solid. Many districts over which the storm passed were flooded out, and considerable damage was caused.

The effect upon Archie was remarkable.

The very first indication he received was to become aware of the fact that his feet were surprisingly cold. And the tunnel became filled with a strange rushing noise. Gazing down, he found that water was swirling round his ankles, and increasing in volume with every moment that passed. The sewer, apparently, was not disused after all, but it was an overflow duct to carry street water away during a rainstorm. It certainly acted in that fashion now.

The downpour above was so enormous that all the ordinary channels were filled to overflowing in no time. The storm water rushed down the drains like miniature cataracts. And this sewer became filled in an amazingly swift space of time. From a mere stream, the water became a raging torrent.

"Great gadzooks!" gasped Archie. "What—what—I mean to say—"

He couldn't say much, for the sudden rush of water swept him off his feet, extinguished his lamp, and left him in total darkness which was like nothing Archie had ever experienced.

Carried on the swirling waters, Archie was hurled along like a cork in the gutter. The water was horrible—being practically nothing else but mud. And it was cold and the stench was overpowering.

Fortunately, the experience was soon over.

It seemed to last hours to Archie, and he was blinded, choked, and nearly suffocated. Then, almost before he could realise the truth, he found himself in a boiling vortex. He was thrown this way and that, and came to the surface gasping and spluttering.

And he was under the sky! He was in the Thames.



He had been swept out of the sewer in safety, and had been carried right out from the bank and forced up to the surface, with still plenty of life in him. The storm was just passing, and he could see stars twinkling below the cloud bank in the distance. And there was the first faint haze of the dawn appearing.

Fortunately, Archie could swim well, and he struck out at once. But even as he did so, he noticed a small boat rowing almost directly towards him—towards the rotting old piles against the bank. There seemed to be something familiar about it, and Archie's sharpened senses jumped to the truth.

It was the same boat that had brought him up the river.

He lay still on the water, waiting. And now he could see that the boat contained three figures. Two were those of Chinamen, and the third was that of Yung Ching, lying helplessly bound in the stern! Yung Ching was being brought up the river in exactly the same way that Archie had been brought. The boat was so close that Archie had no difficulty in making out each detail. Rain was still pattering heavily down upon the water.

And then the boat came within a few feet. Archie made up his mind. He was desperate—he didn't care what happened. The excitement of the night's adventures had got into his blood, and a firm resolve came to him to rescue Yung Ching from the clutches of his enemies.

He took one or two swift strokes, and reached the boat. Then, leaping upwards, he clutched the stern, and hauled himself on board. One of the two Chinamen gave a squeal of terror and dropped his oar.

"Absolutely!" gasped Archie. "Now then, you bally rotten rotters! This is where we do the most frightful damage! Several yards of the old scrap, and all that kind of rot!"

He didn't hesitate a moment, but leapt forward as he got to his feet. He gave the Chinaman a heave which sent him overboard with another squeal. The man swam madly for the bank. Archie, hugely pleased with himself, turned to the second Chinaman.

"Splendid, Archie—splendid!" said the Chinaman softly.

Archie gulped.

"Gadzooks and what not!" he panted. "What—what—"

"Nothing could have turned out better, my lad," exclaimed the Chinaman, seizing Archie by the hand. "You must let me congratulate you upon this piece of work."

Archie was too bewildered to say anything—for the Chinaman was Nelson Lee!

The famous detective looked no more like himself than Archie looked like a Chinaman. The disguise was amazingly clever. And Lee seized his oar, and quickly turning the boat round, commenced to pull upstream, and away from the bank.

Archie, now that the tension was over, felt all weak and faint. He lay back in the boat, shivering in every limb.

But the excitement was over, and the explanation of this surprising state of affairs is comparatively simple. Nelson Lee had not gone to London, as I had imagined. Of course, I heard all about it as soon as the gov'nor returned to St. Frank's.

Actually, he had spent a great deal of time in disguising himself as a Chinaman. Then, fairly early in the evening—or, at least, as soon as darkness descended—he had gone down the old monastery tunnel towards the quarry.

He knew that the Tong men were located in one of the numerous deserted workings of the quarry. And so he had made his way there. Arriving, he had awaited his opportunity.

It had arrived only just in time. He had sprung upon one of the Chinamen from behind, and had rendered the man helpless by means of a harmless drug. Then, donning the Chinaman's clothing, he had ventured forth. And, as he had anticipated, the imposture was not detected by the other Chinese. Lee's acting had been absolutely perfect. It had only been necessary for him to refrain from speaking—and this, with luck, he had succeeded in doing.

Thus, instead of leaving Yung Ching to the mercy of the Tong men, Lee had been with him all the time—actually guarding him. And his sole object in coming was to effect the rescue of Archie Glenthorne.

But Archie had rescued himself—he had covered himself with glory.

Not long afterwards Nelson Lee turned the boat in towards the bank, and was soon speaking to the inspector-in-charge of a river police depot. And in next to no time Archie was wrapped in warm blankets in front of a fire, very little the worse for his adventure.

In consequence of the information which he supplied, the police were active at once, and Shanghai Jack's premises were promptly raided. But the whole place turned out to be as empty as a deserted barn. The birds had flown!

However, all had ended well, and Archie Glenthorne, the helpless fop, had proved himself capable of something different. He had proved that when it came to an emergency, he was very much like other British boys—ready for action!

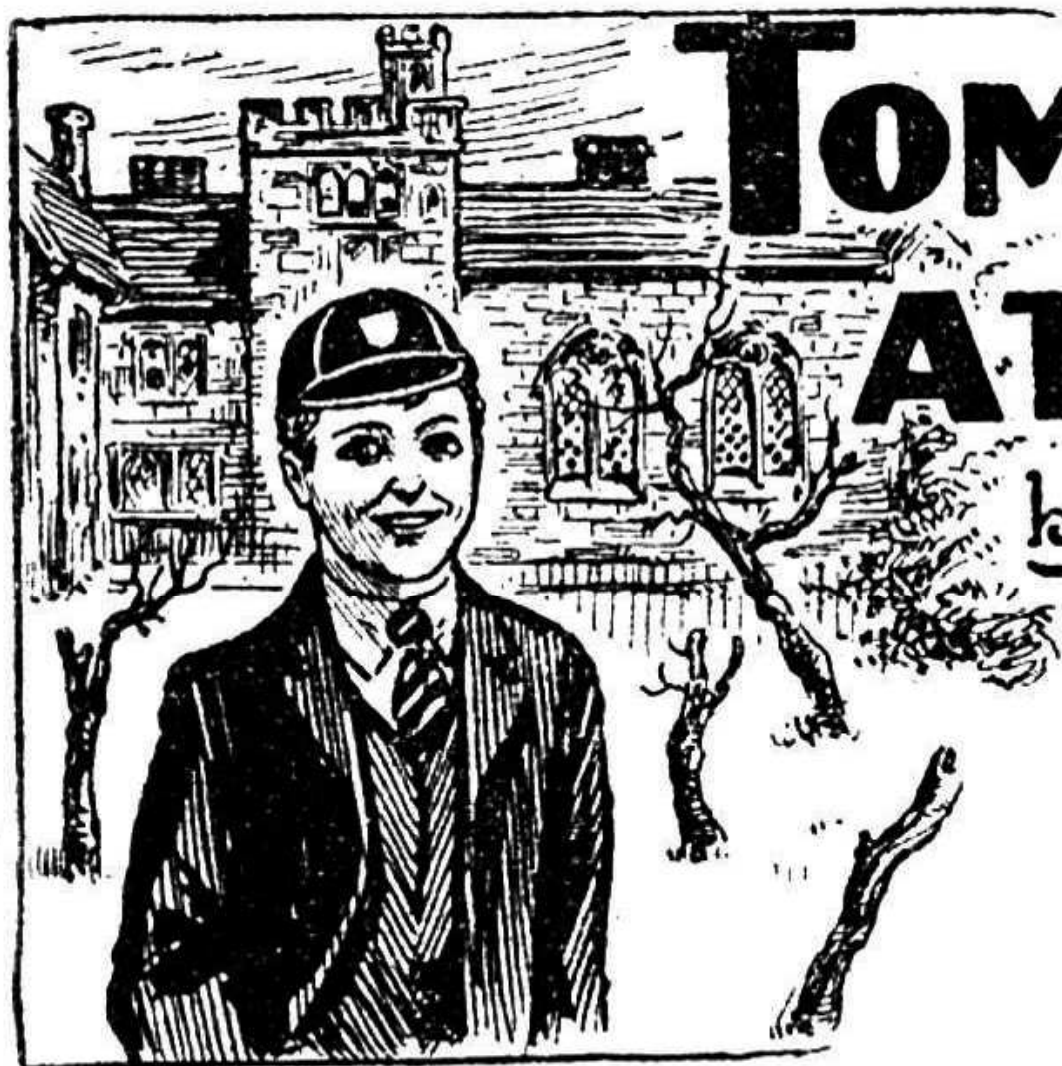
But it need not be supposed that Yung Ching's peril was over. Indeed, the forthcoming adventures at St. Frank's would make this limehouse adventure seem absolutely tame and insignificant by comparison!

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# TOM TARTAR AT SCHOOL

by **HARCOURT BURRAGE**

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School Story).

## THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

*Foster Moore, the rascally tutor of Wrasper's School, who has ruined Mr. Wrasper, the Head, in order to step into his shoes, may well rue the day that Tom Tartar came to the school. Tom, who stands for all that's best in a British lad, is the prime mover in the unmasking of Moore, of which you will read in the approaching climax that will bring this splendid yarn to a fitting conclusion.*

(Now read on.)

## CHAPTER LV.

### Jonah Worrey is Thrashed.

**M**R. WRASPER presided at the supper-table, and he made no attempt to check the excited conversation which went on among the boys.

All except Jonah Worrey were discussing the burglary. He sat moody and silent until his crony Chucks ventured to ask him what he thought about the affair.

"Oh, shut up, you fool!" was the morose reply. "I'm not interested in it!"

"But don't you think——" Chucks was beginning, but was cut short with:

"Shut up, I tell you! Speak when you're spoken to!"

"Don't talk so loudly, Worrey!" said Mr. Wrasper from the head of the table.

"Oh, go and hang yourself!" retorted Jonah, at the top of his voice.

Instantly silence fell over the room, and all eyes were turned on Mr. Wrasper.

For a moment he sat there pale with anger; then he rose to his feet.

"Leave the room, Worrey!" he said sternly.

"I won't!" was the defiant reply.

Mr. Wrasper said no more, but striding up to Worrey, gripped him by the arm.

Jonah made a grab at the edge of the table, but was promptly hauled out of his chair.

Two seconds later he was in the hall, with Mr. Wrasper still holding him by the collar.

Suddenly he kicked out and caught his captor on the ankle. It was a savage kick, and the recipient of it let out a cry of pain. But he did not relax his hold on Jonah's collar.

"You young ruffian!" he panted, and dragged Jonah towards the umbrella-stand, in which were several walking-canes.

He had just snatched out one of these with his disengaged hand, when Detective Clark and Foster Moore came downstairs together.

"Wrasper!" exclaimed Moore. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Worrey has kicked me brutally," was the reply, "and I am going to thrash him!"

"I won't permit it!" cried Moore, advancing.

"Stand off!" said Mr. Wrasper. "I will not be interfered with in this matter."

Foster Moore glared at the other in silence for a moment. Then he asked:

"Who is master here?"

"You are," answered Mr. Wrasper.

"Very well, then, it is my duty to punish Worrey—not yours. I will thrash him myself."

"Do so, then," said Mr. Wrasper, and pushed the young bully towards Foster Moore.

"Jonah!" said the latter. "Go into the schoolroom and wait there till I come."

"Can't—can't I take the thrashing from Mr. Wrasper?" faltered Worrey.

"No," replied Moore. "You shall take it from me!"

Mr. Wrasper limped back to the dining-hall, while Jonah reluctantly slunk off to the schoolroom, leaving Foster Moore and Detective Clark together.

"I'll be off now," the latter said. "There's nothing more I can do here to-night. The place seems to have been thoroughly ransacked by someone who apparently knew exactly where to search for his booty."

"Then you think the thief is somebody connected with the school?" asked Moore.

"Not necessarily connected with it!" replied the detective. "But acquainted with the premises. Good-evening, Mr. Moore. I shall be here again in the morning."

The detective let himself out of the house; but, instead of making for the gate leading



into the high road, he slipped round to the windows of the schoolroom.

The room was in darkness, but even as he looked, Clarke saw Foster Moore enter with a lighted lamp. He held a stout cane in his hand, and, when he had placed the lamp on a desk, he looked round.

In a corner near the door Jonah Worrey was crouching, the image of mortal fear.

The watching detective gently tried the window, and found it was not fastened. Without the least noise, he raised the lower sash a couple of inches, and, stooping, could hear what was being said.

"How long is it since I gave you a thrashing, Jonah?" Foster Moore asked.

No reply.

"Don't you remember the occasion, Jonah?"

The boy shivered.

"Ah, I see you do, and now I am going to give you another which you are not likely to forget!"

"What for?" faltered Jonah.

"Because you are a young fool, and go about things in a blundering way. One of these days you will be my ruin!"

Detective Clark pricked up his ears. These were strange words from a schoolmaster to a pupil!

"I told you the other night," went on Moore, "that I was not so secure here as I should like to be. I am in danger."

"Well, that's no fault of mine!" protested Jonah.

"You are helping to make things more dangerous!" growled Moore. "Didn't I tell you to stop being insolent to Mr. Wrasper?"

"But he's nobody now!" grumbled Jonah.

"He is somebody, and you have disobeyed me. Stand up!"

"I won't!"

Then Foster Moore took him by the collar, and with one jerk of his strong arm, got the youth on to his feet.

A gasping cry came from Jonah, and then the first blow fell. It was a swinging cut such as only a brute would inflict. Half-a-dozen times the blow was repeated; then Moore stopped for breath, and the boy fell sobbing and groaning upon the floor.

"Stop that noise!" commanded Moore. "If you don't I'll—" And up went the cane again.

At that moment a single word rang from Jonah's lips. It caused Moore to drop the cane, and, kneeling down, he placed a hand over the boy's mouth.

"Dare to repeat that," he said hoarsely, "and I will kill you!"

Detective Clark had heard that single word in amazement. He had made a discovery which might be useful to him.

"Dare to ever hint or breathe it again," went on Moore, "and it shall be your last word in life!"

He took his hand off Jonah's mouth, and bade the boy stand up.

Jonah rose sullenly to his feet.

"Go now," said Moore, "and let there be no more insolence to Wrasper."

As if fearing the punishment might be continued, Jonah slipped out of the room and closed the door.

Left alone, Foster Moore sat down and rested his head upon his hand. The light of the lamp fell upon his face, so that the watching detective could see its expression.

And an expression more eloquent of mental agony the officer had never looked upon.

"That chap's scarcely sane," muttered Clark, as he presently turned away from the window and made for the gates. "I don't know whether it's fear, or the workings of conscience, but whatever it is, he's in a mighty bad way!"

## CHAPTER LVI.

### The Old Well.

**R**OSY RALPH had not been to the feast. It had been suggested that he should be taken there in his bath-chair, but he had shaken his head, saying that he did not care about going.

Tom Tartar called to see him next morning, and the old nurse mentioned Ralph's disinclination to accept the proffered outing.

"He's a deal too quiet for my liking," she remarked. "He's took to thinking too much about things."

"Most people think," said Tom.

"Not in his way," was the reply.

Tom entered the cottage and found Ralph in an old easy-chair by the window.

"Hallo, old chap," greeted Tom cheerily. "Feeling better?"

"I've no pain," said Ralph.

"Why didn't you come to Peddleton feast yesterday?" asked Tom. "It was rare fun."

"I get so tired," said the sick boy. "I say, Tom—I hope you don't mind my calling you Tom?"

"Of course not! What is it?"

"Somebody was about the cottage last night."

"Of course there was. You still have your nurse," replied Tom.

"I don't mean in here, but outside," said Ralph, "you know I don't sleep very well, and I often lie awake the long night through. Last night it was so, and about one o'clock, I know the time because I heard the church clock strike afterwards, somebody came down to the garden gate."

"Perhaps it was the night policeman."

"No, it was a different step to his," said Ralph, "and he came into the garden, and went, oh, so creepy, down to our old dry well."

"I didn't know your well was dry," Tom said.

"It is," replied Ralph, "been so for two years, since they made the one at Turner's farm, which is uncommon deep. People says it drains 'em all hereabouts."

"You mean the artesian well," suggested Tom.

"I think that is the name on it. Well, it was to the well he went."

"And then?"

"Arter he be there for a time, he come away again, and goes out by t'gate."



"Where was your nurse at this time?"

"Where she allers be at night," Ralph answered, "in her bed asleep."

"I suppose you didn't call her?"

"No, I knowed it wasn't feyther," said Ralph, "so I didn't trouble."

Tom was of opinion that Ralph had been dreaming, and if he had not there did not seem to be anything of importance in what he had told him.

Nevertheless, when Tom took his leave he thought he would go and have a look at the old well.

It stood ten yards to the right of the cottage, and, like many similar places for the use of poor country people, was little more than a hole for water to drain in.

It had no spring worthy of the name to fill it with water, so when the land was drained the supply fell short and the place was dry.

The ground around was in rather a soft condition, but whoever had been there the night before had taken the precaution to *muffle his boots* after the manner of some burglars.

Tom could see it had been done by the club-like shape of the foot impressions which had been made.

Tom went up to the well-side and looked over.

Shallow as it was he could not readily see down to the bottom of the twelve feet of brick-work, but after shading his eyes for a time he could faintly trace out what was at the bottom.

There was a lot of litter lying about, and it seemed to be of the sort one sees by the roadside when the hedges are trimmed.

The hedge outside the poacher's garden had been trimmed a day or two before.

Now, there was nothing very peculiar in litter being thrown down a dry well, but in this case the peculiarity lay in the *hour it was done*.

Who would take the trouble to come out at one o'clock in the morning to throw litter down a well?

Nobody—unless he *wished to hide something*.

That was Tom's view of the matter.

Query then: "What was hidden under the rubbish?"

To ascertain what it was, Tom must either get a long pole to turn the rubbish over, or borrow a ladder from somewhere and go down.

The latter would be the better course, for it would enable him to make a thorough inspection of the well.

Just then he had neither the ladder nor the time to do the job.

"I had better come at night," he thought. "I wonder if it would be possible for me to get out after dark unnoticed?"

That there was something under that heap of rubbish he felt sure.

Then came the uncanny thought:

"Was it a murdered man or woman?"

"I'll risk that," he said, as he hurried off. "One night I'll try and get here. Wooden Jerry's pruning ladder is light and handy. It is always left lying about in the garden. I can find it, and the weight of it won't break my back."

## CHAPTER LVII.

### Tom's Discovery.

SINCE Tom's talk with Mr. Wrasper about the marked cards and dice, there had been no private conference between them.

It was tacitly understood that they were working towards the same end—the punishment of Foster Moore, but no reference was made to it.

This was as it should be.

A conspiracy between them for any end would have been unworthy of both.

Mr. Wrasper had a private inquiry man as well as ordinary detectives endeavouring to trace out the history of Foster Moore.

Meanwhile, although Detective Clark and the police of the district were hunting high and low for Posh Powner, nothing had been seen or heard of the "wanted" poacher.

Tom Tartar had not forgotten his determination to revisit the dry well at Powner's cottage, in order to find out what was hidden at the bottom. But several days passed before a suitable opportunity presented itself.

It had been his original intention to go alone; but, on reflection, he decided to take Sam Smith, Turrell, and McLara into his confidence, and invite them to accompany him.

Needless to say, they accepted the invitation eagerly.

"Then we'll go there to-night," said Tom.

"But why not go this afternoon?" asked Sam. "It's Wednesday, you know—a half-holiday. We could start directly after dinner. What's the object in going at night?"

"So as not to be seen by anybody."

"Oh, but we needn't be seen this afternoon if we're careful. Two of us could examine the well, and the others keep a look-out, so as to give warning if anybody came along."

"Oh, all right," said Tom. "We will go to the cottage this afternoon, and have a look round."

As soon as dinner was over the four set out on their errand. In half an hour or so they arrived at the poacher's cottage. The blinds were drawn to keep out the glare of the sun and after listening, and hearing no sound, Tom cautiously raised the latch and peered in.

Rosy Ralph lay on his couch peacefully sleeping. The old nurse was not in sight; presumably she had gone to her room for an afternoon nap.

Everything so far was propitious. It was a quiet hour on the road, too. Wayfarers in that part of the country were few and far between, so the chances of interruption were remote.

McLara was sent to a bend in the road, where, if necessary, he could signal to Turrell, who was to remain at the cottage gate. Tom went into the garden with Sam Smith, and, procuring the ladder which he had noticed on his previous visit, lowered it into the well. It proved to be of just the right length.

"I'll go down," said Sam.

"No you won't!" replied Tom. "This is my job. Suppose it's a dead man at the bottom?"

(Continued on page iii of Cover.)



(Continued from page 40.)

"That won't frighten me—in daylight."

"Yes, daylight does make a difference," said Tom. "So-long, old chap!"

He stepped on to the ladder and descended. Sam, peering over the brink of the well, saw him rummaging among the rubbish there.

"I've got it!" Tom suddenly announced.

"What is it?" called down Sam in an eager whisper.

"A bundle!"

"Not—not——"

"No, it's nothing alarming. Rather heavy, though."

"Can you manage to carry it up?"

"Oh, yes—easily. I'm coming now."

As Tom ascended Sam could hear the chink of metal, and wild visions of treasure-trove flashed through his mind.

"Catch hold!" said Tom, as he reached the top of the ladder. "We will go to the shed at the side of the cottage, and open the bundle there."

At that moment Turrell came running towards the well.

"Quick, you chaps!" he whispered breathlessly. "Detective Clark is coming along the road with McLara. He'll be here in two ticks!"

Carrying the bundle between them, Tom and Sam hurried into the shed which Posh Powner had once used for the storage of rubbish and fuel.

But even as they were about to shut the door the detective came in sight, followed by McLara, the latter looking very rueful.

"Hallo, young gentlemen!" exclaimed Clark, with a twinkle in his eye. "What have you got in that bundle—eh? You've some mischief in hand, judging from the fact that this young fellow"—indicating McLara—"signalled to this young fellow"—indicating Turrell—"the moment he spotted me. Now then, what's all the mystery?"

"We don't know ourselves yet, Mr. Clark," replied Tom with a laugh. "When we open this bundle we may know; but before we do open it I'd like to explain how it comes to be in our hands."

"All right—fire away!"

Tom quickly told his story, and then the detective proceeded to unfasten the bundle.

The outside was an old sheet, and the knots had been tied with the greatest care. When at last it was open a strange sight was revealed.

Watches, money, silver and gold ornaments, scarf pins, jewellery, and about two dozen silver forks and spoons.

"I say," said Tom, "that's my old watch."

"And this is my scarf-pin," said Cautious Johnny.

"And here's a Roman coin I will swear is mine," said Sam Smith.

"Boys," said Tom, "we've come upon the things that were stolen from the school."

There was no doubt about it.

(To be continued.)



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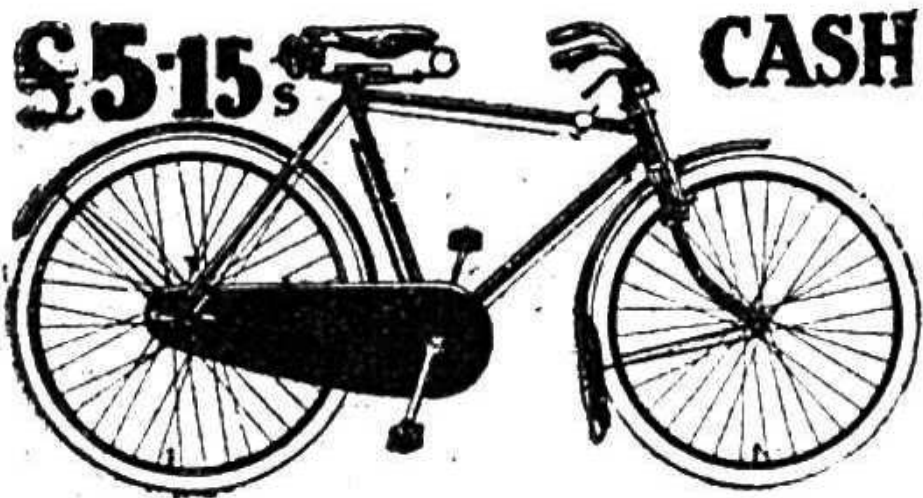
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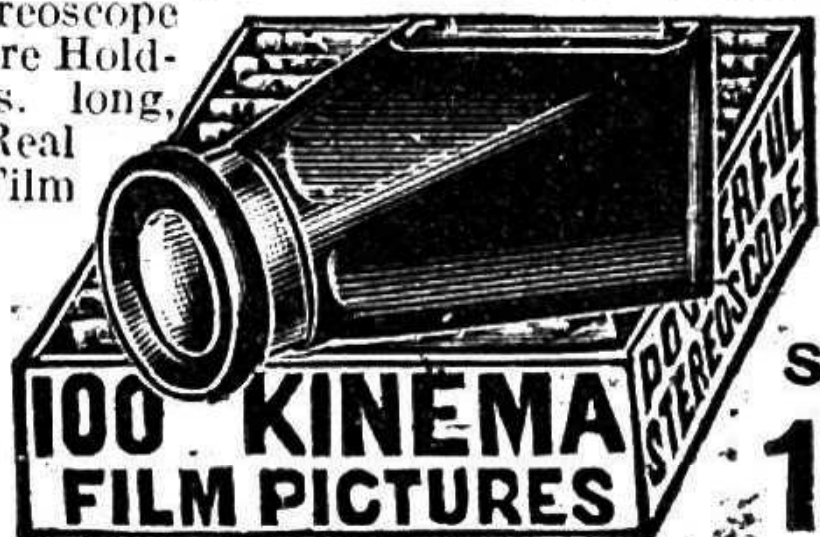


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