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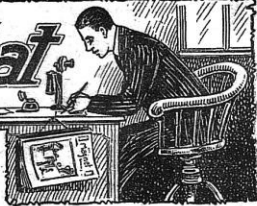
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June 4th, 1921.



**A MIDNIGHT JAPE ON LODGE OF THE SIXTH!**  
(An amazing episode from the long, complete tale inside.)

# The Editor's Chat



Address all your letters to:  
The Editor, "The Magnet Library,"  
The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.  
I am always pleased to hear from my chums.

## FOR NEXT MONDAY.

For next Monday we have an extra special treat in store for our readers. For the grand, long complete school story will be of the nature which has always strongly appealed to all my chums. It is entitled:

### "SPORTSMEN FROM THE NORTH!"

By Frank Richards.

This deals with the visit of a number of boys from Lancashire, who tackle the chums of the Remove on the sports field. There are cricket, swimming, cycling, and running matches between the sportsmen from the North and the Greyfriars Remove, and I can assure all my chums that next week's story is one which will remain long in their memory as one to be compared with that ever-popular story, "A Very Gallant Gentleman."

Even now I have letters about what is recognised as Mr. Richards' master story. Well, I shall look forward to a host of letters from my good chums after they have read

### "SPORTSMEN FROM THE NORTH!"

### "THE GREYFRIARS HERALD."

Next week we shall also have another splendid four-page supplement, which will be devoted to Harry Wharton's

popular weekly. I continue to receive a large number of letters from all parts of the world, praising this feature in the MAGNET LIBRARY, and I can assure you all the letters are greatly appreciated. I only hope you're all telling your chums about the "Greyfriars Herald" Supplement in the MAGNET LIBRARY, for that is the way I obtain new readers, and, consequently, new chums.

### A REMINDER AND A REGRET.

I want to remind all my chums that the great new naval serial I mentioned in my last Chat is starting in to-morrow's issue of the "Boys' Herald," which, as you know, is our famous adventure story companion paper. Get the "Boys' Herald" to-morrow, boys!

My regret is that I have been compelled to hold over our article on Camping Out. I hope to be able to find room for another of the "Old Hand's" helpful articles in our next issue.

### YOUR NAME IN PRINT!

Have you ever seen your name in print? No? Then I will tell you how you can see it!

In our companion paper—the "Popular," there is a weekly competition called "Poplets." A postcard is all that is required to enter this competition, which might bring you a prize of Five

Shillings. If you win a prize, your name and address is published in the Chat page, together with your winning "Poplet."

Of course, all the "Popular" is not taken up by the Competition! There is a grand, long, complete school story of Greyfriars, another complete story of Rookwood, Billy Bunter's famous "Weekly" and a splendid serial. In fact, the "Popular" is a splendid budget of reading matter, just the paper for the week-end. It appears in the shops every Friday morning.

## NOTICES.

### Correspondence.

Miss Mary Souter, 56, Rullerton Road, Wallasey, Cheshire, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 13-15, anywhere in the British Empire, South J. C. Wasserfall, 546, Christoffel Street, Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa, wishes to hear from readers in U.S.A. who will tell him something about the life in the West; also from London readers of the Companion Papers, ages 14-15.

Harold J. Vince, 71, Kyott's Lake Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham, wishes to correspond with a reader in Birmingham.

R. C. Oehlers, 30, St. Michael's Road, Singapore, Straits Settlements, wishes to correspond with readers, ages 16-18.

W. Tennant, 94, Robinson Road, Queen's Town, South Africa, wishes to correspond with readers in the United Kingdom, ages 15-16, preferably Scouts.

Corona Ing, 174, Central Street, City Road, E.C. 1, wishes to correspond with foreign readers of the Companion Papers, preferably Italians and keen on music (violin).

### Miscellaneous.

Albert E. Bridge, 40, Cornbury Road, Rotherhithe, S.E. 16, asks readers of the Companion Papers to join the "Greyfriars Herald" Club. He is ready to answer all communications. The Club has members in India, Australia, South Africa, and Canada, and all over the British Isles.

### Cricket.

Queen's Social 2nd C.C., average 17, require matches home and away for the season. A. Hillcock, 1, Chambers Street, Everton, Liverpool.

### Amateur Magazine.

Rowland Hill, 34, Woolmer Road, Meadows, Nottingham, wishes to hear from amateur writers who would contribute school, detective, cricket, and mystery stories to his magazine, the "Sunbeam."

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Your Editor.



# Wun Lung's Feud!

A Magnificent Long Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co., at Greyfriars.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Loder Gets His Rag Out!

"THIS way to the lion's den!" said Bob Cherry.

"The bonfulness of the esteemed and unworthy Loder is terrific!" said Hurree Janset Ram Singh, in his weird and wonderful English.

The Famous Five of the Remove were making their way along the Sixth Form passage, each with a roll of impet paper in his hand. Gerald Loder, the unpopular prefect of the Sixth, had come down heavily on the chums of the Remove that morning for playing a harmless game of leapfrog in the Rag.

Wingate, or North, or Gwynne, or any other decent prefect, would merely have stopped such horseplay, without inflicting penalties. But Loder was different. The milk of human kindness did not generally flow from his heart, and certainly not towards Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove. Loder had given them five hundred lines each, to be done by teatime.

Harry Wharton & Co. had had to do those imposts, writing under the ban of Loder's displeasure. It was now teatime, and the imposts were finished. They had come along to deliver the lines to Loder.

As they approached the prefect's study they halted suddenly and listened, for a sound smote their ears, proceeding from the interior of Loder's study.

"That loud howl now!"

"That loud howl rang out many times. Harry Wharton frowned.

"Loder's licking somebody!" he said. "It's not Bunter," said Frank Nugent. "He was in the quad five minutes ago. My only hat! Hark at the yells!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" came in agonised tones from behind the closed door of Loder's study.

"The rotter!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "He's licking some poor little beggar of a fag, I suppose. Come on! We shall have to chip in!"

Harry Wharton grasped the door of

Loder's study, and opened it. The Famous Five wended their way in.

Loder was seated on a chair, belabouring a diminutive Chinese across his knee with a cricket-stump. Walker and Carne, Loder's particular cronies, were in there, too. Harry Wharton & Co. noticed with some little surprise that the seniors' faces were paler than usual, and their hands were clasped to their respective waists.

"Yow-ow-ow!" wailed the tiny figure on Loder's knee, whom the Removites recognised as Wun Lung minor of the Second Form. "Helpce, Hallee Whalton! Oooo-wow! Lodee killee me!"

Loder gave a start when he saw the Removites enter his study.

"Here, that's enough, Loder!" said Harry Wharton abruptly.

Gerald Loder ceased to ply the cricket-stump, and glared at his visitors.

"Get out of it!" he roared.

"We've come to give you our imposts, Loder!" retorted the captain of the Remove evenly. "Here they are! And now, what's young Hop Hi been doing?"

"What's he been doing?" gasped Walker, looking at Harry Wharton, with haggard eyes. "The little yellow rotter has been giving us some of his murderous cookery again, and nearly poisoned us!"

"No poisoner!" wailed Hop Hi tearfully. "Lodee makee me do cookee. He said he would lickce me if I didn't. Me makee pies—but no poisoner. Vellee nicee nicee! Me eatchee nicee down-stairs, and putee 'them in pies with seasoning made by poor Chinese! Vellee nicee nicee pies!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co., beginning to understand.

Loder, Carne, and Walker seemed to writhe at the reminder of the mouse pies they had eaten. Hop Hi was a very good cook, but his ideas of tasty dishes, although quite "the thing" in the land of the Orient, from whence he hailed, did not go well at Greyfriars. Mouse pies were probably considered rare delicacies in China, but Loder & Co. regarded them with horror. And they had eaten those

pies before discovering what they had contained!

Loder glared balefully at the Chinese Second-Former.

"You—you murderous little toad!" he grated, yanking him off his knee, and boxing his ears savagely. "I'll teach you to plant mouse pies on us! I'll flay you within an inch of your life!"

Whack, whack, whack!

Loder's heavy hand descended on the little Celestial's face, and Hop Hi's cries of pain rang through the study.

Harry Wharton strode forward, clenching his fists.

"Hands off, Loder!" he rapped. "Do you want to do the kid an injury?"

Next minute he had wrenched Hop Hi from Loder's hands, and was standing between the Sixth Form bully and his victim.

Loder fell back, astounded.

"My hat!" said Walker. "Don't stand that, Loder!"

"Lain the young rotters, old man!" said Carne viciously.

Loder swung the cricket-stump above his head and pointed to the door.

"Get out!" he said tersely. "Before I set about you!"

Harry Wharton & Co. seemed in no hurry to obey.

"We'll go soon enough," said the captain of the Remove evenly. "But young Hop Hi is coming, too. He's certainly a young idiot to work off his awful cookery on you, but that's no excuse for bullying the kid, Loder!"

Loder gritted his teeth. He was in a royal rage, and could not govern his temper. He swung the cricket-stump forward, and gave Harry Wharton a sharp rap on the arm with it.

"You cad!" exclaimed Harry, with blazing eyes. "Are we going to stand that, you fellows?"

"No jolly fear!" said Bob Cherry. "Loder's struck the first blow, so if we're hauled over the coals afterwards, he'll have no case against us!"

"Go for the rotter!" said Johnny Bull. And, with one accord, the Famous

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Five sailed in to the attack. Carne and Walker jumped to their feet, and came to the assistance of Loder. The rascally prefect jabbed out viciously with the cricket-stump, but Bob Cherry grasped the weapon suddenly and wrenched it from Loder's grasp. Then Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh piled upon the three prefects for all they were worth.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!  
Loder's study furniture suffered considerably in the conflict. Hop Hi stood by the fireplace, still sobbing. He could not get to the door, for Harry Wharton & Co. and the three prefects were fighting there.

The Famous Five put up a strong resistance, but the odds were heavily against them, for the seniors had the advantage of extra weight and reach.

Frank Nugent found himself whirled into the passage, and Hurree Singh followed, both landing on the linoleum with a loud and fiendish yell. Loder managed to eject Johnny Bull after a long struggle, and Johnny roared as he sat down violently upon the hard, unsympathetic passage floor beside his two chums. Wharton and Cherry were made of sterner stuff; but they, too, were overwhelmed, and were literally thrown out. Then there came the grating sound of a key being turned in the lock.

"Yow-ow!" moaned Bob Cherry, struggling to his feet. "I'm hurt! Is my nose still on, you fellows?"  
"Groo!" said Harry Wharton. "We've been clucked out—on our necks!"

Grunting and gasping and moaning dismally, the ejected Famous Five picked themselves up. They presented sorry spectacles. Harry Wharton's collar was wrenched from his stud, and his necktie had gyrated round to the back of his neck. Johnny Bull's nose was streaming with claret, and his appearance gave the impression that he had been through a mangle. Frank Nugent's jacket was split up the back, and a huge bump was rapidly rising on his forehead. Hurree Singh, too, was in a parlous state.

"Hark!" gasped Harry Wharton. "That's Hop Hi yelling. Loder's pitching into the poor kid again!"  
"The cad!"

The Famous Five banged at the door, but received no response.

"It seems as though we've made things worse for Hop Hi, by chipping in," said Harry Wharton, frowning. "We'd better get along to the bath-rooms and sort ourselves out a bit. Loder ought to be scragged. But what can we chaps do? He's a prefect, and beyond criticism, I suppose."

The Famous Five crawled rather than walked away from the Sixth Form passage, leaving Hop Hi still in the toils of the bullies of the Sixth.

They met Wun Lung on the stairs. Wun Lung of the Remove was Hop Hi's elder brother, and a close affection existed between the two.

"Hallo, Chink!" said Bob Cherry, who had Wun Lung for a study-mate. "Who are you looking for—your minor?"

The Chinese schoolboy nodded.  
"Me lookee fol Hop Hi," he said, his yellow features wreathed in a bland grin when he saw the battered and bruised condition of the Famous Five. "Velly bad loodee faggee him this afternoon. Me wantee my blotted hairee tea with me."

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at each other.

"Hop Hi is with Loder," said the captain of the Remove quietly. "The little chump has been making him mouse-pies, and—"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Wun Lung. "Mouse-pies vellee nicee. Lodee will enjoy them vellee much."

Harry Wharton & Co. grimmed.  
"Loder's found out what the pies were made of, and he's certainly not pleased," said Wharton grimly. "We've just been along to Loder's study, and got pitched out for interfering. He was giving your minor a licking for planting those giddy pies on him."

Wun Lung's expression changed. His almond eyes gleamed.

"Lodee liekee Hop Hi!" he exclaimed. "Vellee bad Lodee look out! Wun Lung won't have pool Hop Hi knocked about."

"It serves the young beggar right in a way!" grunted Johnny Bull. "If he spoofed me up with mouse-pies I reckon I'd slaughter the young idiot! Come on, you chaps, I want a wash and brush-up!"

The Famous Five passed on. Wun Lung, looking concerned about his minor, dashed downstairs and scuttled along the Sixth Form passage. Just as he reached Loder's study, the door opened and the small figure of Hop Hi of the Second came out. Hop Hi was sobbing.

"Let that be a lesson to you, you yellow heathen!" said Loder, from the doorway. "Next time you play any of your monkey tricks on me I'll cut your pigtail off, and flog you with it!"

With that Loder went in, and his study door shut with a slam.

Wun Lung darted up to his minor, and placed an arm protectively round him. Swift words in the Chinese language were exchanged between the two Celestials. Wun Lung's eyes gleamed viciously.

"Lodee, you vellee bad lottel!" said Wun Lung, going over to the study door and opening it. "You have hurtee pool Hop Hi! Me have leveenge on you!"

Loder, Carne, and Walker jumped to their feet as Wun Lung looked in. Loder gritted his teeth, and reached for the poker.

"Get out!" he said tersely.  
Wun Lung shook a yellow fist at the Sixth Form bully.

"Lookee out!" he said. "Wun Lung gettee ownee back! Me complain—"

"Scat!" roared Loder, striding forward. "I've had enough of you heathen rotters this afternoon! Get out!"

The poker came down with a sharp tap across Wun Lung's shoulders, causing the little Celestial to yelp with pain. Next minute Loder had pushed him through the doorway, and the door shut.

"Lodee vellee wicked pig!" moaned Wun Lung. "Me go to vellee handsome Wingate, and gettee Lodee into trouble."

The two Celestials made their way along to Wingate's study.

"Hallo!" said the captain of Greyfriars, in response to the knock at his door. "Come in!"

Wun Lung and Hop Hi entered, to find Wingate seated in the armchair, talking to North. The two prefects looked in surprise at the tear-stained face of Hop Hi and the glinting eyes of Wun Lung.

"What's up?" asked Wingate, not unkindly.

"Vellee bad Lodee bully Hop Hi!" said Wun Lung. "Knockee poor Chinese about jollilee. Hittee me with polkee, too. Handsome Wingate fightee vellee bad Lodee."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Wingate, frowning. "You say Loder's been bullying you. What have you two young rascals been up to?"

"Nothing!" replied Wun Lung decisively. "Hop Hi faggee for Lodee, and Lodee went for him. Poor Chinese done nothing at all."

Wingate and North looked at the two Celestials, and then at each other.

It was evident that Hop Hi had had rough usage, but it was equally evident that Loder must have had some provocation. Wingate knew that Wun Lung and Hop Hi were not truthful youths. That was the peculiarity of their race, and they had not yet learnt the other Greyfriars' fellows views on veracity.

Wingate got up from the armchair and crossed to the door.

"I'll see Loder," he said grimly. "I certainly don't approve of prefects bullying their fags, but if you kids have been up to anything, that's another matter."

Wingate was gone in about five minutes. When he returned his looks were grim.

"So Hop Hi has been given Loder mouse-pies," he said. "Loder and Carne and Walker have eaten them!"

North chuckled.

"No wonder Loder got his rag out and went for him!" he said.

"Mouse-pies vellee nicee!" said Wun Lung stolidly. "Chinese eattee them, and—"

"There are a lot of things you Chinese bouncers eat which would make us Western people sick!" broke in Wingate sternly. "Loder may have knocked your minor about rather a lot, Wun Lung, but I reckon he asked for it. Talk my tip, and don't practise on anybody else at Greyfriars with your uncivilly Oriental cookery. Hop off!"

"Handsome Wingate no understandee!" persisted Wun Lung. "Lodee vellee bad bully! You liekee him, Wingate!"

"I'll have nothing to do with it," said the captain of Greyfriars impatiently. "Buzz off, you Chinese kids!"

Wun Lung and his minor had to go. As they went up to the Remove passage Wun Lung was very silent. He and Loder were old enemies. Wun Lung hated the prefect, because he usually referred to him as a "dirty Chinese."

Loder and Wun Lung had had many rubs in the past, generally to Loder's extreme discomfort, and Loder seemed to have given the Celestial a wide berth for a long time.

But now the old bitter hatred and rancour came uppermost again in Wun Lung's heart. His almond eyes glistened, and his scantly eyebrows were knitted close together. Loder, by his severe punishment of Hop Hi, had once more embittered the Chinese Remove against him, and there were stirring times in store for Gerald Loder of the Sixth.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### Wun Lung Out for Blood!

"MUM-MY hat!"  
Thus spake Bob Cherry, in a tone of utter amazement.

He had just come from Study No. 1, where he had had tea with the rest of the Famous Five, after the affray with Loder of the Sixth.

The object which had caught Bob's attention and caused him to give utterance to that amazed ejaculation, was Wun Lung, his study-mate, seated in the armchair with a poker in one hand and a glistening sabre in the other. Wun Lung was busy sharpening the sabre on the poker!

He looked up as Bob Cherry entered, but calmly went on with the sharpening operation.

"Mum-my hat!" ejaculated Bob



Loder, in his blind terror of Wun Lung, cannoned head first into Harry Wharton & Co., and sent them scattering in all directions. Before they could recover from the shock of the collision, Wun Lung had sped past in hot pursuit of the Sixth-Former.

(See Chapter 2.)

Cherry again. "Wh-what are you doing with that, Wun Lung?"

"Me shalpen knifee," replied the Chinese schoolboy calmly. "Knifee must be vellee shalpee."

"That's my sabre!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, striding forward. "My uncle in India gave me that as a souvenir. What in thunder do you want to sharpen it for, Wun Lung?"

The almond eyes of the little Celestial glittered.

"Me wantee knifee killee Lodee!" he said calmly. "Vellee wicked Lodee lickee Hop Hi, and then get Wun Lung into trouble. Me havee leveege on Lodee. Me killee him with knifee!"

"Good heavens!"

Bob Cherry looked aglance at his Chinese study-mate. Wun Lung, with an implacable look on his yellow features, went on sharpening the knife, evidently with great relish.

"Why, you—you murderous little heathen," gasped Bob, "you—you can't kill Loder! This is England, not China, and it's against the law to kill people! Besides, you young ass, the idea of sticking a knife into anybody ought never to enter your silly head! Hand over that knife!"

"No handee ovel!" said Wun Lung defiantly. "Knifee identy shalpee now. Letee go, Bob Chelly! Me wantee killee Lodee!"

"Give me that knife!" panted Bob, white to the lips.

He made a rush at Wun Lung, whom he knew was quite in earnest.

"No handee ovel!" cried Wun Lung, darting lithely round the study. "Hand, some Bob Chelly mindsee own business!"

Bob planted himself in front of the door as Wun Lung came up, sabre in hand.

"Hand over that knife!" panted Bob,

rushing forward to grab the sabre. "I won't allow you to— Yaroooogh! Yab! Ow!"

Bob Cherry yelled as Wun Lung inserted his foot between his legs and tripped him up. Bob went sprawling forward, and landed on the floor with a loud thud. Next minute he heard the study door slam. Wun Lung was retreating hurriedly along the passage.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob, picking himself up. "The—the murderous little heathen's gone!"

Bob dashed from the study, and ran full tilt into Harry Wharton, Frank Nugent, and Peter Todd in the Remore passage.

"Hallo, Bob! What's the hurry?" demanded Wharton in surprise.

"Wun Lung—he's got a knife, and he's gone up to Loder's study to kill him!" gasped Bob.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, turning pale. "We must save Loder! Come on, you chaps! There's no time to lose!"

The four Removites dashed along the passage and downstairs.

They were halfway down the stairs when a terrific pounding of feet on the lower landing smote their ears, and they heard a loud, terrific voice.

"Yaroooogh! Help! Keep him off!"

"Loder!" gasped Harry Wharton, turning to the others. "Thank goodness Wun Lung hasn't got him yet!"

"Look out!" roared Peter Todd. "Here comes Loder! Mind, you fellows!"

But the warning came too late!

Gerard Loder, in his blind terror of Wun Lung, who was pursuing him, rushed down the next flight, and cannoned head first into the Remore juniors.

Harry Wharton clutched at the banisters, missed, and rolled on top of

Frank Nugent. Bob Cherry received Loder's heavy boot in his chest, and went over with a howl. Loder shoved Peter Todd out of the way and dashed onward. Before the dazed Removites knew exactly what had happened, Wun Lung was over them and flung swiftly after Loder.

"Oh crumbs! Yow-ow!" gasped Bob Cherry, jumping up. "They're gone! After them, you fellows!"

Harry Wharton & Co. ran downstairs at top-speed and joined a crowd of startled fellows who were making their way out into the quadrangle.

When the quadrangle was reached, they saw a group of scared fags gathered round one of the elm trees. Loder was up that tree—and so was Wun Lung!

"Help!" Loder was roaring. "Keep the young madman off! Yaroooogh!"

"Wun Lung! Come down!" commanded Harry Wharton, springing forward. "Do you hear what I say? Drop that knife and come down at once!"

"No comee down!" said Wun Lung, looking down defiantly. "Me no lettee wicked Lodee go! Ooogh! Gettee down, Hallee Wharton! No pullee!"

Harry Wharton was climbing the tree, and had hold of Wun Lung's flowing garments. Wun Lung lost his foothold, and, in grabbing a branch, he dropped the sabre. Bob Cherry quickly seized upon it.

"Now, you blood-thirsty little heathen!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "Come down at once, or I'll pull you down!"

"That's right, Wharton!" panted Loder. "For Heaven's sake take him away!"

Harry forced Wun Lung to descend. They both landed at the feet of Mr.

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Quelch, the Remove Form-master, who had been attracted over to the scene.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, staring in amazement at Loder up the tree. "What ever are you doing up there, Loder?"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Loder, who had turned from white to red.

Harry Wharton & Co. looked unasily at each other. Bob Cherry hid the sabre. They did not wish to get Wun Lung into trouble with the Form-master. They preferred to deal with the little Chinese themselves.

But Loder had no such charitable intentions. He scrambled down from the tree, eyeing Wun Lung unasily.

"That young rascal, Wun Lung, tried to murder me with a knife!" he panted. "He came into my study, and would have murdered me if I had not run away! I had to get up this tree to escape him."

Loder shuddered.

Mr. Quelch looked in amazement at Loder, and then at Wun Lung.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Remove-master. "Can it be possible? Wun Lung, you—you have attempted to take Loder's life!"

There was an inscrutable look on Wun Lung's yellow features. Now that he was under the eye of his Form-master his native cunning asserted itself.

"No savvy," he said.

"Wun Lung!"

"Cherry has the knife!" exclaimed Loder furiously. "He picked it up when Wun Lung dropped it!"

"Cherry, where is the knife?" demanded Mr. Quelch.

There was no help for it. Bob had to produce the sabre. Mr. Quelch started back in horror when he saw it.

"Good heavens! Wun Lung attacked you with that, Loder! This is terrible! Wun Lung, have you anything to say?"

"No savvy," said Wun Lung again, sullenly.

"It's true, I tell you!" roared Loder. "Those other fellows saw Wun Lung chasing me! Wharton had to pull him down from the tree!"

"Good gracious! Do you corroborate Loder's statement, Wharton?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so," replied Harry reluctantly. "But, if I may be permitted to say so, sir, I don't think Wun Lung realized that he was doing."

He—he's a Chinese, and people in China think nothing of settling a quarrel by using a knife. Wun Lung doesn't understand—"

"Wun Lung has been at Greyfriars long enough to understand the rules of civilisation, I think, Wharton," replied Mr. Quelch coldly. "Cherry, as I understand that knife belongs to you, I will not confiscate it, but warn you to keep it out of Wun Lung's way in future. Wun Lung, follow me!"

The Remove-master turned and walked away, expecting Wun Lung to follow. But the Chinese schoolboy remained where he was.

"Wun Lung!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, turning round and fixing his gimlet eyes on the little Celestial. "Do you hear me, boy? Follow me, this instant!"

"No savvy!" said Wun Lung calmly.

A grim look crossed the Remove-master's face. He strode forward and gripped Wun Lung by the collar of his Oriental garments.

"You understand me perfectly well, Wun Lung," he said, between his teeth. "But since you choose to purposely disobey me, I must resort to force!"

With that he propelled Wun Lung forward. The little Chinese wriggled in his Form-master's grip, but he had to go.

"Yow-wow!" he wailed. "Lettee go. THE MAGNET LIBRARY. No. 695.

Mistel Quelch! No hurtin' poor Chinese! Wun Lung velly sorry! No use knife more! Makee fiends with handsome Loder!"

"Ho, ha, ha!"

Mr. Quelch was not addicted to half-measures. He took Wun Lung up to his study and selected a stout cane.

"I shall have to teach you the error of your barbaric ways, Wun Lung!" said the Remove-master grimly. "You must fully realise that such murderous intents upon your schoolfellows are wicked, and deserve the severest punishment! Hold out your hand, Wun Lung!"

Thwack, thwack, thwack!

Mr. Quelch received a severe caning. Mr. Quelch did not spare him. The little Celestial's tears did not touch him in the least. When the punishment was over, he curtly dismissed Wun Lung, and the Chinese Removeite went, weeping copiously.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Three in a Boat!

"WHAT'S the programme for this afternoon?" asked Harry Wharton next day. "It's a half-holiday; the weather is glorious, and cricket's off till the pitch is rolled up. Anybody got a suggestion? Don't all speak at once!"

"A dip in the river!" said Frank Nugent promptly. "The Sark ought to be ripping, and—"

"I plump for the picnic!" said Johnny Bull. "That rabbit-pie we had for dinner didn't satisfy me a bit. What's wrong with a first-rate picnic?"

Harry Wharton chuckled.

"We won't rag over the matter," he said. "Let's have both."

"Good egg!"

Thus it was settled, and the Famous Five went over to Mrs. Mibble's tuckshop to have a lunch-basket filled with the necessary provisions. They armed themselves with their bathing costumes and towels, and set forth in a happy party.

"We'll go down to Mill Reach, just opposite the island," said Harry Wharton. "When we've had a swim we can get in comfort, for the reach is a jolly pretty and secluded spot. Hallo! Here's Wun Lung!"

The Chinese Removeite came on, an anxious look on his features. He carried a fishing rod and basket.

"Vellee had Loder faggo Hop Hi this afternoon," he said morosely. "Wun Lung wanted Hop Hi to come fishee on Sark. Vellee had Loder! He spoils afternoon's arrangements!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked sympathetic.

"Just like Loder!" said Johnny Bull. "He's fagging Hop Hi this afternoon, just for spite on the Chinks."

Loder, Carne, and Walker emerged from the School House and crossed the quadrangle, followed by Hop Hi of the Second.

The prefects were dressed in flannels, and had a lunch-basket with them. Evidently they intended spending the afternoon on the river.

Loder & Co. scowled at the Famous Five as they passed.

"No jawing!" he rapped, seeing Hop Hi stop as if to talk to Wun Lung.

"Come along with me, Hop Hi, or you'll get a licking!"

The little Chinese had to go; and Wun

Lung looked after him, his almond eyes glistening.

"Loder's a rotter!" said Harry Wharton, frowning. "I say, Wun Lung, would you like to come along with us? We're going for a picnic."

"Vellee kind of handsome Halleen Wharton," said Wun Lung softly. "Mo comee with pleasure. Poor Chinese vellee sad because Hop Hi faggoe for Loder."

"Cheer up, Chink!" said Bob Cherry good-naturedly. "There are worse troubles at sea, you know!"

Harry Wharton & Co. and Wun Lung proceeded quickly through Frindale Wood and gained the towing-path beside the glistening Sark, where many happy Greyfriars fellows were enjoying the cool waters of a bath.

Loder & Co. had already taken a boat out. Hop Hi was steering. The little fag did not seem to be enjoying his job. Fagging for Loder was not a thankful or an easy task. Loder gave his fags more kicks than hapence. But Wun Lung and Harry Wharton & Co. were powerless to release Hop Hi from servitude, and soon the boat containing the three prefects and their unwilling fag was lost to view.

The chums of the Remove chartered a boat, the lunch-basket was taken on board, and they set off down the river, Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent rowing with strong, leisurely strokes.

"Ripping on the river here, isn't it?" said Frank Cherry, snapping some ginger-pop from the basket. "Wonder if we shall catch up with old Loder & Co.?"

Harry Wharton & Co. rowed on steadily towards the secluded spot where they intended to bathe and afterwards enjoy a picnic.

They passed Loder & Co. by the bridge. The seniors had halted by a riverside tuckshop to lay in supplies of ice-cream and fruit.

At length Mill Reach came into sight, and among the overhanging trees the Greyfriars juniors halted their boat, undressed, and prepared to enjoy themselves in the water.

"Wun Lung mindee boatce," said the little Chinese. "Me no likee slim in liber. Fishce, instead."

"All serene, Chink!"

The lunch-basket was taken out of the boat, and left on the bank with the clothes of Harry Wharton & Co. The chums of the Remove commenced bathing by playing leapfrog over each others' backs into the river.

Wun Lung took the boat a little out into the river, and tied the painter to a tree-stump. Then he picked up his fishing-rod, and settled down placidly to do some fishing.

Wun Lung made several fine catches, and, basking in the sunlight, the little Celestial felt quite happy.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright and blinked at a boat that had come into view round the bend.

The boat contained Loder, Carne, and Walker of the Sixth, and Hop Hi was steering, evidently resigned to his fate.

The seniors did not see Wun Lung. They rowed towards the island and disembarked there.

"Nobody else on the island!" remarked Loder, making fast the painter. Then he glared at Hop Hi, who was sitting meekly in the bow of the boat.

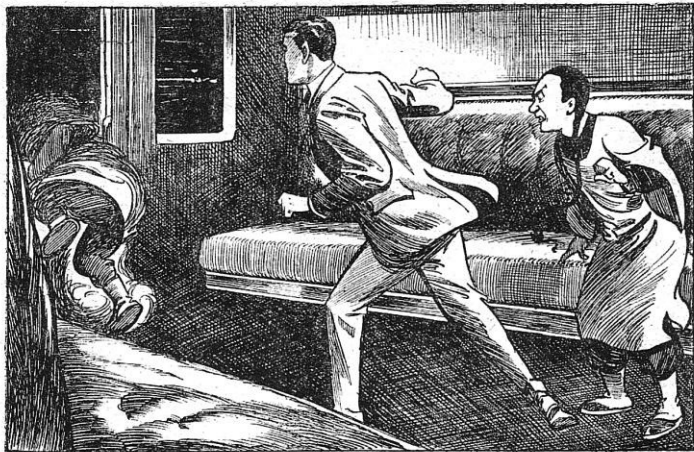
"I suppose this little beggar will scoot off as soon as our backs are turned," he remarked. "Besides—"

Loder paused significantly and exchanged a meaning look with Carne and Walker.

"Hop Hi no lunce away!" murmured the little Chinese. "Me mindee boatce fol handsome Loder."

The cunning little beggar is trying

**ANSWERS**  
EVERY MONDAY...PRICE 2!



"Don't go near that door!" cried Loder. "I'll smash you—!" Crash! The carriage door came open. Loder heard Wun Lung's voice raised in a shrill scream, and then it ceased abruptly. Wun Lung had disappeared. Loder, white to the lips, groped forward. "Wun Lung!" he moaned. "Where are you?" (See Chapter 7.)

to spoof us, so that we shall leave him on his own!" said Walker.

Loder removed the rope from the boat's rudder, and, taking Hop Hi by the ear, dragged him on to the island.

"What's the wheeze, Loder?" inquired Carne.

"I'm going to tie him to a tree," replied Gerald Loder. "Come on, you yellow heathen!"

Poor Hop Hi was dragged into the interior of the island by the bullying prefect.

Loder selected a glade completely surrounded by trees, and there he made Hop Hi a prisoner by roping him to a birch-tree.

"No ropes poor Chinese!" wailed the little Second-Former. "Letce loose! Hop Hi no lumee away!"

Loder gave a surly laugh and strode off, rejoining his companions at the shore. "Now for a quiet smoke and a game of nap!" chuckled the rascally prefect, climbing into the boat and making himself comfortable. "That little skunk is out of the way, and can't spy on us. Come into the boat, you fellows!"

Loder, Carne, and Walker settled themselves in the boat. A pack of cards and a box of cigarettes were produced, and they proceeded to enjoy themselves after their own particular manner.

Loder dealt the cards, and from the first his luck seemed to be in.

"Hang it!" exclaimed Walker, in disgust, after the sixth round. "I'm getting short of tin!"

Loder grinned, and blew forth a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke.

"Let's make the stakes a bob, instead of sixpence," he said. "You might have a turn of better luck, Walker, old man."

Walker grudgingly assented, but his luck did not seem to turn very much.

The Sixth-Formers played on for half an hour; and then, being drowsy, they

lay back in the boat to smoke and "take it easy."

The sun was shining brilliantly, and the drowsiness of Loder & Co. increased. They shut their eyes, and gradually sleep overcame them. Their snores pulsed forth in the hot summer air, and soon Loder, Carne, and Walker were deep in the arms of Morpheus.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

### Set Adrift!

GERALD LODER & CO. had not been asleep long before a boat approached the island from the opposite bank. Wun Lung was in that boat. He beached his craft at the island, and stole softly on shore.

He crept through the trees, and came upon Loder & Co., snoring untemperately in the boat. Wun Lung grinned, and then looked about for his minor. But Hop Hi was nowhere to be seen.

The Chinese Removite searched the vicinity for Hop Hi, and then went farther inland. He stopped suddenly to listen.

"Helpee! Helpee!"

It was the plaintive voice of Hop Hi, and, frowning, Wun Lung made his way in the direction from whence his minor's voice came.

Hop Hi, bound to the tree, was yelling at the top of his voice. His face lighted up with joy when he saw Wun Lung appear from the surrounding trees.

Wun Lung did not waste much time in releasing the lag.

Hop Hi explained matters swiftly in his native tongue, and Wun Lung's almond eyes glinted.

The two brothers returned to where the boat, with its slumbering occupants, was tethered to a tree-stump.

Wun Lung spoke swiftly to Hop Hi, and the two Chinese chuckled. Wun Lung went over to the boat and very stealthily untied the painter. Then he gave the wobbling boat a shove, which sent it gliding forward into the stream.

Loder & Co. slumbered on in blissful ignorance that they had been set adrift.

The boat glided slowly down the river, going with the stream. The Chinese brothers on the island watched it go with mischievous chuckles. Then they climbed into the boat which Wun Lung had reached the island and rowed back to the shore.

Harry Wharton & Co. were seated on the grassy river bank, enjoying themselves, as the boat containing the slumbering Sixth-Formers plied into view.

The Famous Five stared.

"My giddy aunt!" ejaculated Bob Cherry, blinking at the boat in wonder. "What the merry dickens—!"

"The silly chumps are drifting! They seem to be asleep!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, wrinkling his brows in perplexity. "Why, it's Loder & Co.!"

The Famous Five regarded the slumbering prefects in the boat and chuckled.

"Well," said Harry Wharton, "I reckon that's some of young Hop Hi's doings. He's set Loder & Co. adrift, and here are the bounders, still snoozing!"

The boat drifted past, and the Famous Five, seeing the humorous side of the affair, roared with laughter.

"What a lark!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "I wonder where they'll end up?"

"My hat!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, suddenly becoming serious. "The mill is just round the bend, and if that boat drifts into the mill-stream—"

The Removite captain shuddered.

Bob Cherry, Frank Nugent, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh ceased to laugh. The MEXTER LIBRARY. No. 695.

chuckle, and looked at the drifting boat, which was just being borne round the bend by the stream.

"Here, we must go after it!" said Harry Wharton swiftly. "Where's our boat?"

The Famous Five dashed round to where they had left the boat in Wun Lung's charge, and discovered the Chinese junior seated in it, with Hop Hi.

The two Celestials were chuckling, evidently enjoying the great joke.

Harry Wharton bundled them out of the boat. Wun Lung, before he went, grabbed the fishing-basket in which he had placed his catches.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry took the oars, and the boat sped swiftly away. By this time, the boat containing Loder & Co. had gone round the bend. Harry Wharton & Co. were on tenterhooks of anxiety.

Their boat went round the bend at top speed, and the Famous Five looked ahead for signs of the drifting craft.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, turning pale. "The boat's caught by the current!"

"Look! It's turning over!" shrieked Frank Nugent, in horror.

"Good heavens!"

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry bent to the oars and sent the boat racing forward.

The boat containing Loder, Carne, and Walker was being tossed from side to side in the terrible current of the mill-stream. The seniors were awakened by the jolting and sat up, looking about them in horror.

"My heaven!" panted Loder. "Where are we? I—"

"This is the mill-stream—we're adrift!" shouted Walker. "Look out—we're getting down towards the wheel! Jump, for goodness' sake!"

The terrified seniors dashed to the boat's side, and the craft capsized, hurling them into the swiftly-running water.

Neither of the seniors could swim well, and they struggled desperately in the rushing flood, borne onwards towards the great wheel, and the yawning holes that gave access to the mill machinery.

"We're coming!" shouted Harry Wharton, diving from the boat, which had been brought up as far as the Removites dared.

Next minute Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Frank Nugent had plunged into the water, and were being rushed down towards the hapless seniors.

Wharton reached Carne, and bore him up.

"Strike out for the bank!" gasped the plucky Remove captain. "With both of us swimming, we ought to be able to get through this awful current!"

Harry's voice then was drowned in the roar of the turbulent water.

Bob Cherry and Bull had Walker, whilst Frank Nugent supported Loder.

The seniors, unaided, would never have made their way out of that surging torrent, and would have been dashed down against the death-dealing mill-wheel.

But with the dauntless Removites to their assistance, matters were different. They all struggled fiercely against the torrent, and were almost exhausted before they had battled their way out of the centre of the stream. It was a gruelling fight, but grim perseverance and pluck won.

After what seemed an eternity, the Greyfriars fellows managed to reach the bank, where the miller and a number of his men only too willingly assisted them on to dry land.

Murree Singh had landed the boat, and came running up.

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"Have you hurtfully suffered, my noble chums?" he asked, in a voice of great concern.

"It's—it's all right, Inky!" said Harry Wharton, with a faint grin. "We're whacked—that's all. How are you, Loder?"

Loder, Carne, and Walker, their drenched garments clinging to them, sat up and gouted the water out of their eyes.

"Yerrugh!" was Loder's first remark. "I—I thought we were done for!"

"We were asses to have gone to sleep," said Walker. "But how the dickens did we manage to get into that fix? Somebody must have set us loose—"

"Hop Hi—the heather rotter!" exclaimed Carne.

Loder clenched his fists.

"We—we left him tied to a tree," he said, flushing. "If I found the young rotter who set the boat loose—I suppose it wasn't any of you Remove kids!" he asked, looking suspiciously at the Famous Five.

"Do you think we'd do such a mad trick—knowing the boat would drift towards the mill?" retorted Harry Wharton coldly.

Loder bit his lip, and struggled to his feet. Now that the danger was past, his usual surliness returned. The three Sixth-Formers, ignoring the presence of the juniors to whom they owed their rescue, strode off to the mill to dry themselves.

Harry Wharton turned to the others. "There's gratitude—I don't think!" he said bitterly.

"What about getting dressed and finishing our giddy picnic, Harry?" asked Bob Cherry. "I've had enough of the river this afternoon."

"Yes, rather!"

The Famous Five went back to their boat, and returned to the reach. Wun Lung and Hop Hi were there, eating buns.

Harry Wharton eyed the little Celestials sternly.

"Who set Loder's boat loose?" he demanded.

Wun Lung and Hop Hi looked up at the Remove captain, a look of seraphic innocence on each of their faces.

"No savvy!" said Wun Lung, shaking his head.

"Don't tell whoppers, you yellow freak!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Loder and the others were nearly drowned!"

The almond eyes of the Chinese gleamed with satisfaction—but only for a moment. Their faces became inscrutable in a twinkling.

"Do you understand?" bawled Bob Cherry. "You little maniacs nearly had Loder drowned!"

"No savvy!" said Wun Lung again.

"Did you set that boat loose?"

"No savvy!"

"Who untied Hop Hi from the tree?"

"No savvy!" was all the reply the Removites received.

Harry Wharton shrugged his shoulders. "Let the matter drop, Bob," he said. "Loder and the other rotters deserved what they got, anyway, and I don't see that it's our bizny who set their boat loose. We'd better have a quick tea, and then be getting back to the school."

Wun Lung and Hop Hi chuckled, and made the tea. Harry Wharton & Co. could tell by their artful looks that they knew more about the cause of Loder & Co.'s adventure than they cared to tell. But the Chinese were "deep," and, when awkward questions were put to them, they did not "savvy."

The Greyfriars juniors soon forgot Loder & Co., and chatted merrily over their picnic. When that was over, most of the afternoon was gone, so they

dressed themselves and roved leisurely back to Friardale.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

### A Night Surprise!

GERALD LODER, asplint in hand, stood waiting for the Famous Five and Wun Lung as they came in. The prefect's brow was stern, and he scowled bitterly at the juniors.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "So you're back already, Loder! How do you feel after your ducking?"

"You young sweeps!" said the Sixth-Former angrily. "You've played a pretty game with me this afternoon! You were in with these Chinese rotters! They set my boat loose, and you helped them!"

"What in thunder is he talking about?" growled Johnny Bull.

"Of course, you'll make yourselves out to be as innocent as new-born babies!" sneered Loder. "But it won't wash this time. Come with me to my study. I'll lam the lot of you!"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Harry Wharton indignantly. "We know nothing about the affair, Loder. We saw you drifting down towards the mill, and pulled you out. Is this the way you show your gratitude?"

"You became frightened when you saw the results of your jape, and had to pull us out!" snapped Loder. "Are you coming, or aren't you?"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at each other. The same thought was registered in each of their minds.

"We're certainly not going to be licked for something we didn't do!" said Harry Wharton curtly. "Go and eat roke, Loder!"

Loder seemed to gulp.

"What—what!" he stammered. "I—I— You cheeky young rotters! Take two hundred lines each for insolence!"

"Whew!"

Loder strode away in a royal rage. He did not order the Famous Five up to his study again, because he realised that he had no proof that they were concerned in setting him adrift.

But he had shrewd suspicions of Wun Lung and Hop Hi.

He sent for the little Chinese that evening, and gave them four cuts with the cane apiece. Harry Wharton & Co. met Wun Lung in the Remove passage as the little Celestial was returning from Loder's room. Wun Lung's hands were tucked beneath his armpits, and he seemed to be endeavouring to fold himself in the manner of a pocket-knife.

"Poor kid!" said Harry. "He's been catching it pretty hot, I suppose. But he—he deserves it!"

Wun Lung was inconsolable that evening. Bob Cherry and Mark Linley, his study-mates, did their best to cheer him up, but the little Chinese was stubborn.

At bedtime Bob confided to Harry Wharton that he reckoned Loder would hear more of Wun Lung.

Harry shrugged his shoulders.

"Loder's properly got Wun Lung's rag out," he said. "We'd better keep an eye on him."

Wingate saw lights out in the Remove dormitory that night. The Removites settled down to sleep, and soon most of them were in the arms of Morpheus.

Harry Wharton lay awake, thinking; but he, too, soon dozed off to sleep.

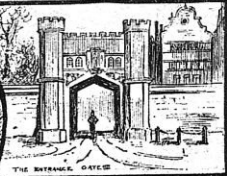
He awoke suddenly, with a vague feeling that somebody was moving.

(Continued on page 9.)



# The Greyfriars HERALD

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Assisted by BOB CHERRY (Fighting Editor),  
VERNON-SMITH (Sports Editor), MARK  
LINLEY, TOM BROWN, and FRANK NUGENT.

Address all letters to HARRY WHARTON,  
c/o The Magnet Library, The Fleetway House,  
Farringdon Street, E.C. 4.

## WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL OF A FRIEND?

(The Editor has put this question to several leading lights—and others—with the following result.)

### BILLY BUNTER:

A real friend—a fello you can cotton on to—should be of a jenerous and open-hearted disposition. He should be redgy and willing to stand you a feed whenever you feel peckish; he should back you up through thick and shine, through storm and thin, as the saying goes; he should help you with yore lessons; and, above all, he should be willing to advance you five bob pending the arrival of yore postie-order!

(If Billy Bunter is looking for a friend of this sort, methinks he will go on knocking till the cows come home!—Ed.)

### LORD MAULEVERER:

My ideal of a friend is a fellow who doesn't mind another fellow taking forty winks whenever he feels so disposed, begad!

### MARK LINLEY:

The ideal friend is the fellow who is willing to suffer and make sacrifices for the sake of his chum.

### MR. PROUT:

My ideal of a friend is a person who does not hesitate to applaud good marksmanship when he sees it.

(The trouble is, he never will see it if it's Mr. Prout who is hauling the gun!—Ed.)

### NUGENT MINOR:

A true friend is a chapp who is not too snobbish to sit down and eat fride fish and chips with you in the fags' Common-room.

### GERALD LODER:

My ideal of a pal is a fellow who always squares up his losses at cards, and religiously forgets to take his winnings!

### WILLIAM GOSLING:

Which me being an old and friendless man, this ain't a subject on which I'm kwalled to say anything about. But I do know that I wouldn't be friends with such imps as I sees here every day! They ain't got no heels' at all. I will say that some of the storesaid imps don't forget that a hard-working man has got a palm.

(Whoa! This is not advertising space!—Ed.)

## EDITORIAL.

By Harry Wharton.

Friendship, like opportunity, is a fine thing. It helps to make life worth while. Picture to yourself a fellow with no friends—real friends, I mean. Is he happy? Far from it. He may have hosts of acquaintances, but unless he knows the joys of true friendship he will feel a sense of loneliness—of something lacking. If friendship is absent, then

"All the voyage of his life  
Is passed in shallows and in miseries,"

as Shakespeare truly expresses it.

Personally, I consider myself tremendously lucky in having so many friends. I don't desire to have so many, but the fact remains that I've got them, and I shall do my best to keep them.

I sometimes wonder what my fate would have been but for the loyal friendship of fellows like Frank Nugent, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, and Hurree Singh. I should not be captain of the Ramove today but for their support—in fact, it is doubtful if I should be at Greyfriars at all. For when I first came I was a hot-tempered, wayward young cub, and my temper would certainly have got me the order of the boot sooner or later, had not the fellows I have mentioned helped me to keep it in check.

"A true friend sticketh closer than a brother." And that remark certainly applies to Bob Cherry and the others. Whether I'm rolling in riches or stony broke, whether I'm fit as a fiddle or off colour and out of sorts, my claims remain constant. They are not friends of the fair-weather type, who have no further use for one in times of adversity. That is real friendship, and without it this world of ours would be a barren wilderness.

The suggestion of a Special Friendship Number was made by one of my readers. It is a good suggestion, and I am acting upon it right away.

This issue of the "Greyfriars Herald" is naturally of a less frivolous nature than usual. But "comic relief" has been supplied by Billy Bunter, Dick Penfold, and others.

When I mentioned my Greyfriars chums just now, I was not forgetting that I have numerous other friends scattered up and down the country—friends whom I never see, but I always remember them.

## FRIEND O' MINE.

A Modern Version of a Well-known Song.

By Dick Penfold.

(NOTE.—If Hoskins of the Shell sets this song to music, and plays it on any sort of instrument, in any sort of place, he will be punched, pommelled, and publicly pulverised!—Ed.)

When you are happy, friend o' mine,

And all your skies are blue,

Lend me a bob (or one and nine),

And I'll be true to you.

Tell me your dreams of wealth and greed,

The things you mean to get;

Tell me you'll stand a tip-top feed,

And I'll be yours till dobt!

When you are sad and stony-broke,

And all your skies are grey;

When you're too sick to crack a joke,

Then, friend, I'll keep away.

Shall I be yours for weal or woe?

Nunnot! For weal alone.

And if it's woe, then off I'll go,

And leave you on your own!

**SPECIAL  
SCOUT NUMBER  
COMING SOON!**

**Look Out For It! H.W.**

**HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR PALS!**

By Tom Brown.



(Once again we have to warn our readers not to take Browney seriously.—Ed.)

The choice of a pal is a very important matter.

If you select the right sort of chap, your school career will be happy and prosperous. If you select the wrong sort—well, you'll probably finish up in Barts Moor Prison or some other unpopular health resort.

Let us assume for a moment that you are a new kid. Your name is Bill Smith, and you have just arrived at St. Dominic's.

The first thing you would do is to inquire the name of the biggest bully in your Form. The reply will probably be "Bert Bashem." Well, you must seek out Bert Bashem without delay, place your slim white hand in his large and horny one, and swear eternal friendship.

With the bully of the Form on your side you need fear no foe. Bert Bashem will back you up through thick and thin, and fight all your battles for you.

Then, of course, you will need other pals.

Having chummed up with Bert Bashem, and stood him a top-hole feed at the school tuckshop, you will tactfully inquire who is the richest fellow in the Form. The reply will probably be "Freddie Flush." Armed with this information, you will visit Freddie's sumptuously-furnished study, fall on his neck, and assure him that you will be his pal for life. Flatter him no end, and tell him that he's the finest fellow you've ever struck.

Then if Freddie is really "Flush," he will pull out a bulging wallet, extract a couple of fivers, and say:

"Take these, dear boy, with my blessing!"

Having pocketed Freddie Flush's fivers, you should inquire the name of the cricket captain. The reply will probably be "L. B. Wickett." You will proceed to Master Wickett's study, and address him as follows:

"I say, old chap, I've read all about your exploits in the school magazine. You're a glidy Jessop, and no mistake! I'd give all my worldly possessions to be able to play cricket so well as you."

Whereupon L. B. Wickett will purr with pleasure, and say:

"Thanks for the compliment, Smith! By the way, would you care for a place in the Form eleven?"

Your will reply in the affirmative, and go your way rejoicing.

There is yet another pal you must make, if you want your schooldays to flow like a peaceful stream.

Find out the name of your Form-master. It will probably be Mr. Chas. Tysler. Drop into his study, and say:

"Excuse me, sir, but I've heard that you're writing a 'History of St. Dominic's.' You must find it an awfully interesting pastime—even more exciting than ludo or snakes-and-ladders! I've come to ask, sir, if I may give you a hand with your history. I'll type your manuscript at your dictation."

Mr. Tysler will beam on you, and say:

"Splendid, Smith—splendid! You are a very thoughtful lad, and I shall be glad to avail myself of your services."

Having formed these four friendships, you may safely assume that your school career will be all beer and Dominos—I mean, skittles!

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**FOLLOWING BROWNEY'S ADVICE!**

By Bill Smith.

My name is not familiar to readers of the "Greyfriars Herald."

Matter of fact, I'm Tom Brown's cousin.

My name is William Marmaduke Cholmondeley-Brown-Smith, but I am known to my pals as plain Bill Smith—very plain, as a matter of fact! Some say that my face resembles a fruit salad.

Tom Brown sent me a copy of his article on "How to Choose Your Pals" before it went to press.

As I was about to become a scholar at St. Ludo's, I studied the article very carefully, thinking it would be of great help to me.

The first thing I did, on arriving at my new school, was to inquire the name of the biggest bully in my Form.

The name wasn't Bert Bashem. It was Jimmy Gentle. The fellows called him "Gentle Jimmy," but that was only in sarcasm, for he was a bully of the worst type.

Well, I sought out Jimmy Gentle, and placed my slim white hand in his large and horny one. Then, in accordance with the instructions laid down in Browney's article, I swore eternal friendship.



Gentle Jimmy drove his clenched fist full into my face. "Take that, you worm!" he growled.

The result was staggering. Jimmy Gentle raised his disengaged hand, clenched it, and drove it into my face, making it appear more like a fruit-salad than ever!

"Take that, you worm!" he growled. "And understand that I don't pal up with brats of new kids!"

After groping to see if my nose was still attached to my face, I made inquiries as to who was the richest fellow in the Form.

The answer was not "Freddie Flush." It was R. Dupp.

As soon as I had concealed my damaged nasal organ with large chunks of strapping-plaster, I proceeded to Dupp's sumptuously-furnished study, in accordance with programme.

Falling on his neck, I assured him that I was his pal for life.

"You are, without exception, the finest fellow I've ever struck!" I told him.

"And you," he retorted, "are the most miserable worm that I've ever struck!"

So saying, he struck me with great violence in the ribs, and I collapsed on the floor of his study like a deflated tyre.

"On-ow-ow!" I roaned. "I thought you were going to lend me a couple of fivers!"

"I'll lend you a couple of thick cars, if you don't buzz off!"

Slowly and painfully I crawled away from the forbidding presence of R. Dupp.

Out in the corridor I encountered a small fog.

"Can you tell me the name of the skipper of the cricket eleven in my Form?" I inquired.

"Y. It's—"

"L. B. Wickett?"

"Of course not! It's Billy Blobb."

"What's the number of his study?"

"One and a blob—in other words, No. 16."

I made tracks for No. 16, in which a sturdy, curly-headed youth was seated, doing his prep.

"What do you want?" he growled.

I had committed to memory the words in Browney's article, and I at once proceeded to spout them.

"I say, old chap, I've read all about your exploits in the school magazine. You're a glidy Jessop, and no mistake! I'd give all my worldly possessions to be able to play cricket as well as you!"

Did Billy Blobb purr with pleasure? Did he say, "Would you care for a place in the Form eleven?"

Not at all! He picked up a cricket-bat, and would have brained me if I hadn't ducked in the nick of time. As it was, he brained the bookcase.

"Get out, you cheeky young sweep!" he roared.

"Ye-es, certainly!" I stammered. "But before I go, would you mind telling me the name of our Form-master?"

Billy Blobb gave a snarl.

"Is it Mr. Chas. Tysler?" I asked.

"No, it isn't! It's Mr. Meekan Milde."

Dodging another heavy blow with the cricket-bat, I limped away to the Form-master's study.

I found Mr. Meekan Milde seated at his typewriter.

"Excuse me, sir," I began, "but I've heard that you're writing a history of St. Ludo's. You must find it an awfully interesting pastime—even more exciting than—er—Dominos or snakes-and-ladders. I've come to ask you, sir, if I may give you a hand with your history. I'll type your manuscript at your dictation."

Mr. Meekan Milde suddenly belied his name. He sprang to his feet with a roar like an infuriated bull.

"When I require a secretary, Smith, or an amanuensis, I will let you know!" he thundered. "How dare you come into my study and address me in such a familiar manner!"

"I—I say, sir," I faltered, "you—you've got it all wrong. According to my cousin, you ought to say, 'Splendid, Smith, splendid! You are a very thoughtful lad, and I shall be glad to avail myself of your services. Moreover, if you happen to—'"

I stopped short in dismay. For Mr. Meekan Milde was in the act of selecting a supple cane.

"You—you're not going to tam me, sir, are you?" I gasped.

"Your supposition, Smith, is quite correct! You will hold out your hand!"

I never discovered, until that moment, what an accomplished dancer I was. I executed a sort of fox-trot on the study carpet, while Mr. Meekan Milde made merry with the cane.

He laid it on like a blacksmith swinging his sledge, and I left his study feeling more dead than alive.

My cousin Browney has a lot to answer for! When I meet him during the summer vac I'll jolly well pulverise him!

Why on earth didn't he entitle his article "How to Choose Your Pals?"



# The Fello with Too Many Friends!

By BILLY BUNTER.

## I.

OUR hero, dear readers, is a stout, well-built fello named "Bunny" Bitter.

Let us sigh him up, and take stock of him, for he will play a big part in this narratiff.

Bunny was a fello of kommanding statcher and imposing presents. He stood wolver over four feet in his sox, and was easily the finest athletic in the Remove Form at Red Friars skool.

In spite of these facts, however, their were many drowbx in Bunny's skool karcer.

He was hansom as a yung Greck dog; he was fool of curridge; and his waste mezzurements were superior to those of every other fello in the Form.

And yet Bunny was shunned on every sighth. He hadn't a friend in the skool. For sun reason or other, he was not poplar. Personal jellaw kept him out of the kricket and footbawl teams; and he was always krusbed and kept under by his skoolfellows.

Poor Bunny Bitter! He ought to have had friends galore, yet he never had a single wun.

At the time our story opens Bunny was rolling in the dircakshun of the skool tuck-shopp, wich was presided over by Mrs. Nimble.

The tuckshopp was fool of feloes, eating and drinking to there hart's content.

Their was Horton, the kaptin of the Form. Their was Bob Berry, Frank Nugget, John Bullock, and a dusky nigger who was nicknamed "Sorry Thing."

Bunny's studdy-mates were also prezant—Peter and Alonzo Dodd, and Tom Glutton.

"I say, you feloes!" said Bunny, gazing into the shopp with hungry eyes. "I'm eggecking a postle-order—"

"Same old postle-order!" chuckled Bob Berry. "It's been coming ever since the Flud! When it does tern up at Red Friars it'll have a beard and sighed-wiskers!"

"Har, har, har!"

"Oh, really, Berry! It's a fact that I'm eggecking a postle-order from wun of my titled relations. And if wun of you feloes wud be good enuff to lend me a krown on the strength of it—"

At this their was a rote.

"Dry up, Bitter!"

"Go and catch kake!"

"Go and chopp chips!"

Bunny Bitter forced his way into the shopp, and addressed Mrs. Nimble.

"I say, ma'am, if you'll let me have a duzen jam-tarts on tick—"

Mrs. Nimble frowned.

"This is a tuckshopp—not a tickshopp!" she replidde grimly.

"But I'm starving! I'm waisting away thro' lack of nurishment!"

"I karn't help that, Master Bitter. Kredit is not aloud in this establisshment."

"If it isn't aloud, can I have it on the kwiet?" asked Bunny.

"No, you karn't!" retorted the dame, with asperity.

"I karn't lose the fat worm out into the Close!" said John Bullock.

"Here, here!"

"Violent hands were laid upon the unforchitt Bunny Bitter, and he was sent wizning thro' the doorway of the tuckshopp."

A duzen well-wishid feet clumped together on the rear of his fat person.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Har, har, har!"

Bunny Bitter scrambled to his feet amid peels of mocking larfer. He roled mizzably away, konshus of the fact that he hadn't a friend in the wurd. Not a single pal to assist him in his eggestrenity!

A lass, poor Bunny! On every sighth he was given the cold sholder. Even his

studdy-mates, the two Dodds and Tom Glutton, poynted fingers of skorn at his fat legger.

The outcast of the Remove sat down under the shade of the old elms, and wept tears of bitter sorro.

He could not raise a loan from anybody. And yet, strange to say, he himself was a loan—all a loan, without a friend to simpertize with him in his troubles!

## II.

Twenty years aped there corse, as a novelist wud say.

Among the passengers on the good shipp Lucy Tannier, sailing from New York to Southampton, was Bunny Bitter.

Bunny was fatter than ever, and very prosperus. As he waddled to and fro on the deck he was the envy of his fello-passengers.

"What a swell!" eggscalimed a yung lady admiringly.

She was referring to Bunny—not to the state of the ocean.

Bunny was attired in a wonderful soot of toggs wich had been speshully maid for him by the best tailor in New York. The soot had cost him five hundred dollars. And Bunny could have bought hundreds more like it. For he was a milyunnaire!



Bunny was rolling along the key when a ragged tramp clutched at his arm, and stopped him. "I say, Bunny, old chap, don't you know me? I'm Bob Berry."

He had maid his munney out of reterogons and soop-kitchens.

Bitter's eating-houses were scattered all over the Yewnted States. Their were five thousand branches in New York a loan.

And now, after an abasene of neerly twenty years, Bunny Bitter was returning to his natiff land.

All the English newspapers had announced the time of his retern, and a vast crowd was waiting for him on the key at Southampton.

Their was a cheer as Bunny landed.

"Three cheers for Sir Bunny Bitter, O.B.E.!"

Bunny was rolling along the key, acknowledging the salutations of the crowd, when a ragged, down-at-heal tramp clutched him by the arm.

"I say, Bunny, old chap, don't you no me?"

"No!" ansseed Bunny curtly. "Leggo my arm!"

"But I'm Berry—Bob Berry—the fello who was yore honzun pal at Red Friars!"

"T'is hat!"

"I've fallen on bad times," eggscalimed Bob Berry. "When I left Red Friars I got a kommission in the Army, but I was cor-marsalled for throtdling a sergeant-major. Since then I've been out of work. I say,

Bunny, take me along to yore ancestral manshuns and give me a feed! I'm fammished!"

Bunny larfed skornfully.

"Twenty years ago to-day," he said—"I remember the date perfectly well—I asked you to advance me a krown on my postle-order. You were root to me. You helped to ckeck me from the tuckshopp."

"I—I don't remember—"

But I do. A Bitter never forgets an insult.

Bob Berry looked grately distressed.

"Let the dead past berry its dead, Bunny!" he said. "Let me shake hands, and swear internal friend-hillp!"

"Too late!" said Bunny. "You cast me off in my yewth, so I'm going to cast you off now!"

And the milyunnaire walked on.

He hadn't proceeded very far before a duzen loafers lerched up to him.

Bunny rekkenized them at a glance. They were Horton, Frank Nugget, John Bullock, the two Dodds, and Tom Glutton.

"Why, Bunny, old man!" said Horton. "It's a real treat to see you agane, after all these years! Yore old pals have been eating three harts out during yore long abasente."

"I don't believe you!" said Bunny kontemptuously.

"But it's a fact—isn't it, you feloes?"

"Yes, rather!" said Frank Nugget. "The fact is, Bunny, we're on the rox, and on hearing that you're a bloated milyunnaire, we've decided to be yore friends for life!"

"Will debbt us do part?" mermered John Bullock.

"Too late!" said Bunny agane. "You weren't my friends in adversity, so you're not going to be my friends in prosperity!"

"But we've always loved you like a brother!" protested Peter Dodd.

"You had a jolly kewer way of showing yore affekshun, then! You were absolutely heestly to me at Red Friars, and now I'm going to pay you back in yore own coyno!"

Horton began to whimper.

"I—I say, Bunny, old man! I'm awfully sorry I didn't give you a place in the Remove kricket eleven—"

"Too late for rane regrets!" said Bunny drammatikally. "Buzz off!"

"I've had to see our crool treatment of you in the past!" entreated Frank Nugget, with tears in his eyes.

"Buzz off," repeated Bunny, "or I'll call a perliceman!"

"Oh crumms!"

Bullock and the others implored Bunny to wick out his milyun aginst them. But their was nothing doing.

"If you feloes had treated me properly in the first place," said Bunny, "I should be kind and jennerus to you now. But you were heestly to me at Red Friars, and now you shan't share my riches. Wunce agane—buzz off!"

And Horton & Co. krawled away, looking very dejected.

It was scripzing how many offers of friendship Bunny Bitter received during the neekst few days.

In his skooldays he had been friendless and destitute. Now, when he was living in the lapp of lucksury, offers of friendship were showered upon him like hale.

In fact, Bunny had so many friends that even the unspionous premises of Bitter Court woudn't akkomodate them all!

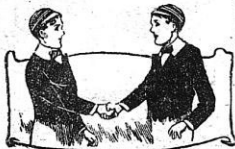
The moral of this story is obvius, dear readers, and you will do well to take it to hart.

When a fello asks you for an advance on his postle-order, never refuse. That fello may be a milyunnaire wun of these days!

THE MIGNET LIBRARY.—No. 685.

## Facts about Friendship!

By MARK LINLEY.



Any Fool can make Friends, but it takes a Wise Man to keep them.

The true pal is the fellow who stands by your side when you are fighting a losing battle—when everything is going dead against you. He won't forsake you, whatever happens. He'll fight with you to the last ditch. He'll go through fire and water for your sake. That's the real friend—the rest are worthless imitations.

It is when you become suddenly "stony-broke" that you can discover which are your real pals, and which are merely hangers-on. The fair-weather friend will have no use for you when you are on the rocks. It's your pocket-money that he's pally with—not you!

The boldstouros person who slaps you on the back and swears eternal friendship is generally your bitterest enemy within twenty-four hours.

The selfish fellow will always be friendless—and serve him right! The whole charm and joy of friendship lies in thoughtfulness for others.

"Judge before friendship, then confide till death," runs an old proverb. But some fellows merely confide till "debt," and then they drop you like a red-hot brick!

Never be afraid of being laughed at for being pally with a kid who is several years younger than yourself. Friendship of this sort has kept many a fag straight, besides making his schooldays happy and bright. With a bigger fellow to champion him, he need have no fear of the bullies.

School friendships are better and nobler than any that you make later in life—except one. But that is another story.

A true friend will be brutally frank at times, but you mustn't mind that. It will probably open your eyes to some of your faults. Far better an outspoken friend than one who is always cooing with flattery.

Friendships like those between David and Jonathan, and Damon and Pythias, are jolly rare these days. A cynic will tell you that true friendship doesn't exist at all, and that selfishness is the law of life. Don't take any notice of him. True friendship does exist, and it's up to you to cultivate it for all you're worth!

## The Remove Friendly Society!

By FISHER T. FISH.

Guess this is a new stunt of mine. A jolly decent stunt, too! Every fellow in the Remove should take advantage of my gilt-edged scheme.

The Remove Friendly Society has just been formed. A meeting, for the purpose of electing the committee, was held in the Rag last evening. Only one galoot turned up, and that was myself!

F. T. Fish proposed himself as President of the Society. This was seconded by E. T. Fish, and carried unanimously by the same gent.

F. T. Fish also proposed himself as Secretary and Treasurer of the Society. This was fully seconded by F. T. Fish, and carried unanimously by F. T. Fish (Seems a very "Fishy" society.—Ed.)

The chief object of the Remove Friendly Society is to assist galoots who find themselves on the rocks.

### WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

The average length of a term is twelve weeks. Very well. You pay a tanner a week into the Society, and at the end of the term you draw out half-a-crown.

Some fellows will object to this, and say that if they pay a tanner a week for twelve weeks they ought to receive six bob.—There's something in this. But don't forget that all the time you're a member of the Remove Friendly Society you can receive friendly counsel and advice from the President for nix!

If you are in trouble of any sort the President will help you out. If some bullying galoot like Bolsolver major threatens to pulverise you, all you've got to do is send for the President, and he'll put Bolsolver to sleep with a powerful punch on the boko!

You can now see that it will pay you to be a member of the Remove Friendly Society, especially if you happen to be a weakling like Alonzo Todd. Let the President of the Society fight your battles for you! Pay in your tanners regularly every week, and don't forget, at the end of the term, you will have a whole half-crown to come! Just think of it!

### ROLL UP IN YOUR THOUSANDS!

Subscriptions to the Society should be handed personally to the Treasurer (F. T. Fish) at his registered office—Study No. 14.

Further details respecting this grand scheme may be obtained from the Secretary (F. Tarleton Fish) at the same place.

Advice and help will be given to all members by the President (Fisher T. Fish), also at the same place.

Don't miss this magnificent offer, which will never be repeated! Roll up in your thousands, and hand in your half-dollars! No cheques, foreign stamps, or trouser-buttons accepted in payment. Spot cash, please!

(If Fishy persists in these money-making schemes he will find that his schoolfellows are a very "unfriendly" society!—Ed.)

## THE GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT!



### WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT! Savage Scenes in Study No. 3.

There was a sensation in court this week, when Richard Russell and Donald Ogilvy, both residing at Study No. 3, Remove Passage, Greyfriars, were charged with disorderly conduct.

George Bulstrode also appeared in the dock, on a charge of inciting the prisoners to a breach of the peace.

Magistrate (Mr. Justice Wharton): "These unseemly brawls have become very common of late. Only last week I was compelled to sentence half a dozen fags to two hours' imprisonment in the coal-cellar for causing a disturbance. Where's the counsel for the prosecution?"

Court Usler: "He's gone to the tuckshop for a ginger-pop, your worship."

Magistrate: "I shall fine him tuppence for leaving the court without my worshipful and gracious permission! Ah, here he comes! How dare you absent yourself without my permission, Mr. Cherry?"

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C.: "Awfully sorry, your worship! Would you be good enough to accept this bag of doughnuts as a peace-offering?"

There was a sound of clamping jaws from the Bench as Mr. Cherry made his speech for the prosecution.

"The prisoners, Russell and Ogilvy," he began, "are charged with trying to knock each other into the middle of next week."

Magistrate: "How did the disturbance arise?"

Mr. Cherry: "There was a little argument on the subject of cricket, your worship. Ogilvy said that Russell couldn't play for nuts, and Russell retorted that Ogilvy could not on an organ!" (Laughter.) "The prisoner Bulstrode then clipped in, saying, 'Smash the chucky rotter, Don!'"

Magistrate: "So they broke the peace?"

Mr. Cherry: "Yes, your worship—and also the furniture!" (Laughter.)

Mr. Richard Rake, K.C., for the defence, said that the case ought never to have come to court at all. "My clients were merely having a friendly scrap," he explained.

Magistrate: "Judging by the appearance of their chivvies, I should say it was most unfriendly!" (Laughter.)

Mr. Rake: "When you punch a fellow on the nose, it's a sign of affection."

Magistrate: "And when a learned counsel talks like that, it's a sign of insanity! There is no excuse for prisoners' conduct. Gentlemen of the jury, kindly retire to the fire-place and consider your verdict!"

Mr. Vernon-Smith (foreman of the jury): "We've considered it already, your worship. Neither of the three prisoners is guilty."

Magistrate: "What! Not guilty?"

Foreman: "No, your worship. They'd be horribly guilty if they happened to be enemies of mine, but, as it happens, they're staunch pals. I must therefore ask you to release them. They have already been in custody for three hours, and have suffered considerable inconvenience."

His worship promptly pelted the three prisoners from the dock with the remnants of his doughnuts!

When you have read this copy of *The Greyfriars Herald*, please pass it on to your chum! Ed.

**"WUN LUNG'S FEUD!"**

(Continued from page 8.)

"Who's that?" he exclaimed, sitting up in bed.

There was no response. The only sound in the dormitory was a deep bass snore from Bunter.

The Remove captain jumped up and lit a candle. He looked round the dormitory, and gave a start when he saw that Wun Lung's bed was unoccupied.

"My hat!" exclaimed Wharton. "Wun Lung's gone out. Bob! I say, Bob!"

"Yaw-aw-aw!" Bob Cherry stirred sleepily, but when he heard that Wun Lung had gone out he was alert at once. Frank Nugent was also awakened. The three Removes drew socks over their feet, and crept away from the dormitory.

Instinct guided them towards the Sixth Form passage. They seemed to divine that Wun Lung had gone after Loder.

They stole quietly round the corner, and peered along the passage.

Suddenly a door was opened softly, and a small figure emerged.

"Wun Lung!" exclaimed Bob Cherry in an undertone. "He's just come out of Loder's study!"

Wun Lung wheeled round, for his quick ear had caught Bob's mutter.

He stood still for a moment, and then scuttled away in the opposite direction.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, and Nugent stood irresolute.

Next minute they heard a wild yell from Loder's study.

"Yaroooogh! Yah! Help! Murder!"

"Good heavens!" muttered Harry Wharton, dashing forward. "That's Loder's voice! What's happened?"

"Yow-ow-owww! Gerraway!"

Loder's voice rang out on the night air in tones of terror.

With fast-beating hearts, the chums of the Remove made their way along to the prefect's room.

Harry Wharton tore open the door, and they all stood on the threshold.

Loder was on his bed, squirming and howling. They could see him in the dim moonlight which streamed through the bedroom window.

"Loder!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What's the matter?"

"Yaroooogh!" howled Loder, wriggling off his bed, and landing with a jolt on the floor. "I'm attacked by snakes! There are snakes in my bed! Oh, help me! I'll be bitten!"

"Good heavens!"

Harry Wharton & Co. looked, and saw a long, lithe form wriggle over the pillow of Loder's bed. Another snake-like creature was twirling through Loder's hair. The prefect had another gliding gracefully round his neck. The bed seemed alive with snakes.

"Snakes!" gasped Bob Cherry, in awe and wonder. "Look, Harry! There's one crawling up Loder's leg! Oh, great Scott!"

"How on earth did they get there?" ejaculated Nugent.

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Loder, hopping about the room in a frantic endeavour to elude the wriggling creatures with which his bed-room was infested. "Kill them, Wharton! I'm bitten! Groooooogh!"

There came the sound of opening doors and hurrying footsteps in the Sixth Form passage outside, and next minute Win-

gate and North and Walker looked into the room with startled faces.

"What's the matter here?" demanded Wingate. "Loder, I— Good heavens!"

The captain of Greyfriars fell back in horror when he saw the writhing creatures on Loder's bed and on the floor.

Loder, with many of these weird objects clinging to him, hurled himself through the doorway. He cannoned into Walker, and brought him over with a crash.

Loder simply tore his way past the obstacles in his doorway, and pounded down the passage at top speed. He disappeared round the corner, howling.

Wingate lit the gas, and they looked round, apprehensive of being attacked any minute by a venomous reptile.

But in the brilliant gaslight no venomous reptiles met their startled eyes. Instead, they saw a number of wriggling eels on the bed and on the floor. Some of the eels were long and plump, others were like large worms. None were at all dangerous.

"Mum-my only sainted Aunt Tabitha!" gurgled Bob Cherry, rubbing his eyes and blinking at the eels. "Then there are no snakes at all! Loder had a lot of eels in his bed, and— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" yelled the others, as the funny side of the affair struck them.

They thought of Loder, who had dashed out of bed and away from his study in terror. And they yelled.

"Oh crumbs! This is rich!" sobbed Harry Wharton. "What a lark! Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate & Co. laughed as heartily as the juniors.

"You on kids had better get back to your dormitories!" said Wingate, wiping his eyes. "I suppose you hadn't a hand in this?"

"No, Wingate—honour bright!" said Harry Wharton.

Harry Wharton, Nugent, and Bob Cherry departed chuckling.

"Wun Lung, the deep little beggar!" said Bob Cherry. "He's worked this trick! He was fishing this afternoon, you remember, and must have caught these eels. Oh dear! I've got a pain!"

"Hallo! Here's Loder!" said Harry Wharton.

Gerald Loder, pallid of face, strode along the darkened corridor, in company with Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, and Mr. Quelch. Mr. Prout carried his Winchester rifle—much to the consternation of Mr. Quelch, who kept dodging out of the way of the barrel, as his worthy colleague swung it from side to side.

"Have no fear, Loder!" Mr. Prout was saying. "I've killed snakes in my time, scores of 'em! Shoot 'em dead, and batter their heads with the rifle-butt—that's the way!"

"Excuse me, sir," exclaimed Harry Wharton, stepping forward and stifling his merriment with difficulty. "I—"

"Wharton!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch, in astonishment. "Are you abroad, too, at this hour of the night? Go back to bed instantly, boys! Poisonous reptiles have been let loose in this school, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bob Cherry, unable to control his mirth.

"Cherry! Boy! How dare you laugh!"

"There are no poisonous reptiles, sir!" gasped Harry Wharton. "Nun- no reptiles at all! They're eels!"

"Wha-a-a-at?"

"Bless my soul!"

"Eels!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Harry Wharton & Co. hilariously.

Mr. Prout's rifle dropped to the floor with a clatter. Mr. Quelch was amazed. The expression on Loder's face was truly remarkable and wonderful to behold. Harry Wharton, Nugent, and Bob Cherry watched him, and gasped with glee.

"Silence, boys!" commanded Mr. Quelch sternly. "Do I understand, Wharton, that the—er—creatures in Loder's bed-room are not reptiles at all, but eels?"

"Ye-es, sir!" gasped Harry. "Wingate is there—'ow he lit the gas and found the eels on Loder's bed. It's all right now, sir! Wingate and the others are getting rid of the eels!"

"Goodness gracious!"

Loder gave an incoherent gurgle. He was floored and flabbergasted. Mr. Quelch seemed at a loss for words. As for Mr. Prout, he blushed a deep crimson.

He stooped down, grabbed his rifle, and with a glare at Loder (as though he would have liked to eat him, stamped away with as much dignity as he could summon in the circumstances.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Quelch. "Then this is some foolish prank, after all! Loder has been the victim of an unprecedented joke! Wharton, can it be possible that you lads are guilty of—"

"Neither of us had anything to do with it, sir!" replied Harry Wharton quietly. "We heard Loder yelling, and came along to his study."

Mr. Quelch looked hard at his pupils. "I believe you, Wharton," he said at length. "However, somebody is to blame, and the boy shall be punished severely. Return to your beds immediately. Loder, you might have ascertained the exact nature of the creatures you complained about before creating such an unseemly disturbance at this hour of the night!"

"I—I—I—" stammered Loder.

"Go back to bed, Loder!" said Mr. Quelch coldly. "You have made your self look utterly ridiculous before these juniors!"

Loder went, grinding his teeth and muttering things under his breath that were quite unworthy of a prefect.

Harry Wharton & Co. returned to the Remove dormitory chuckling.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.****A Good Match!**

**G**ERALD LODER did not allow the grass to grow under his feet next morning. Neither did Mr. Quelch. Inquiries were made, and the nocturnal incident was traced to Wun Lung of the Remove.

Mr. Quelch, to use Bob Cherry's expression, hauled Wun Lung "over the coals," and after having delivered a severe lecture to the little Celestial, impressed his point by administering a severe caning.

It was the third "licking" Wun Lung had received since the commencement of his feud with Gerald Loder, and his feelings as he left the Remove-master's study were very bitter against the bullying prefect of the Sixth.

Friday passed uneventfully. Evidently Wun Lung was lying low.

Harry Wharton & Co. forgot Wun Lung and his campaign against Loder, for they had other important matters to think about.

Greyfriars First Eleven were were playing Letcham Town Eleven a cricket match on Saturday afternoon. As the Letcham fellows had not suffered a defeat the

whole season so far, and boasted that they were invincible, the Greyfriars fellows, juniors as well as seniors, were particularly anxious to see the match, which was fixed to take place at Latcham.

Interest ran high, Harry Wharton & Co., not having an important cricket fixture until they played Courtfield Council School next Wednesday, had made up their minds to go to Latcham.

Gerald Loder also intended visiting Latcham. Walker had been assigned a place in the first eleven.

The sporting blade of the Sixth had an additional interest in the match. He had backed Latcham to win. Ben Cobb of the Cross Keys public-house had taken the bet. Ben Cobb had come to Greyfriars and watched Wingate & Co. at practice, and shrewdly calculated that the Greyfriars fellows stood an excellent chance of teaching Latcham Town a lesson.

Loder of the Sixth was rejoicing at the long odds Ben Cobb had allowed him, for he imagined that the Greyfriars Eleven did not stand an "earthly." Ben Cobb, so astute in racing matters, had shown himself a complete ignoramus in cricket matters, Loder thought. If Ben Cobb knew anything about cricket, he certainly wouldn't back Greyfriars First against Latcham. Loder had no scruples in taking advantage of Ben Cobb's ignorance. That was all in the "game."

"Ten quid!" Loder was muttering on Saturday morning, as he strode down to Friarale Station. "My hat! If Greyfriars loses, it will be one of the biggest coups of my life!"

The road to the station was crowded with fellows off to see the match.

Harry Wharton & Co., and Squiff, Vernon-Smith, Bulstrode, Tom Brown, Hæzeldene, Morgan, Dick Penfold, Pater Todd, and a score of others were there, tramping down the Friarale Lane, chatting cheerily. Wun Lung and Hop III were there, too. Bob Cherry had good-naturedly taken them under his auspices.

They were all convinced that Wingate & Co. would win.

The express came into Friarale Station, and was soon crowded with the boys from Greyfriars. Harry Wharton & Co. obtained a carriage to themselves.

The rest of the fellows crowded in where they could find room.

The train moved away from Friarale, bearing scores of Greyfriars fellows, and sped on its way to Courtfield and Latcham.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, half an hour later, as the express steamed into Latcham station. "Here we are!"

The Greyfriars contingent alighted, and made their way out into the High Street. The Latcham Cricket Ground was at the other end of the street. Throngs of people were in the street. The match had been in progress ever since eleven o'clock.

There was plenty of room round the ropes, and the Greyfriars fellows secured good places on the green turf.

Harry Wharton had gone over to Wingate at the pavilion, and learned particulars.

"Latcham batted this morning, and were all out for 214," he said. "Greyfriars innings are just about to commence!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Wingate!"

Noars of cheering greeted the Greyfriars eleven, as they were seen outside the pavilion. Cheers also arose from the townspeople for their patron team.

The Latcham fellows stationed themselves about the field, and Wingate and Blundell of the Fifth opened the innings.

Kirkman, of the Latcham team, was renowned as a bowler, and Wingate was wary of him. He took stock of the fellow, and then, when he had used himself to Kirkman's breaks, he played out, and smote the ball all over the field. Howls of delight arose from the Greyfriars visitors, as first a four, then a three, then another three, and then a string of doubles were knocked up by Wingate and Blundell between them.

Blundell was the first to succumb to the wily Latcham bowler. His balls were knocked flying by a cunning break to leg. North succeeded him at the wicket. North was a stone-waller, and he preserved his citadel well. Wingate, who had measured his bowler, made the score creep up.

North was caught out at last in the slips. Faulkner played up like a Trojan, and he and Wingate seemed firmly set at the wicket.

The telegraph-board registered 153 by the time Faulkner was stumped by a brilliant throw-in by long-field, and the adroitness of the wicket-keeper.

Wingate was still well-set, and the Latcham captain, after trying all his crack bowlers, despaired of ever getting rid of the Greyfriars skipper.

Harry Wharton & Co. cheered Wingate to the echo when his century mark was reached and passed. Gwynne came to join Wingate, and then, it seemed, that a rot set in. The Greyfriars visitors watched the play anxiously. Eight men were down, when the score totalled 190. Greyfriars required 24 runs to draw, and 25 to win.

"Oh, good!" said Bob Cherry, turning enthusiastically to Harry Wharton. "The old Wingeat ought to pull it off! There are three more to go in—Bland, Hammersley, and Potter!"

"Go it, Potter!" roared Blotsover, as the Fifth-Former took up his bat, and strode upon the field.

Potter grinned, and faced the bowling confidently. But luck seemed to be against him, for he was clean bowled by the third ball of the over.

Hammersley of the Sixth fared scarcely better. He added two to the score of his side before his wicket was spread-eagled.

The Latcham bowler's eyes were glinting. Wingate had carried his bat through the whole innings. It now rested between him and Bland whether Greyfriars should score a victory over the "invincibles" of Latcham.

"Play!"

The first over brought forth nothing. Bland and Wingate played carefully. They had 25 to make, in order to win the match. And they were determined to do it.

Harry Wharton & Co. watched their progress with breathless interest. There was another fellow who had his eyes eagerly glued upon the players, and whose heart was beating fast with excitement. That fellow was Gerald Loder. If Greyfriars won, his ten pounds faded away into nothingness—or, rather, into the capacious pockets of Ben Cobb, of the Cross Keys. Loder was heartily wishing that Greyfriars would lose!

Bland, determined to do or perish, slugged out a couple, and then a single. Wingate chuckled, and scooped the ball away for two. The bowler tried his hardest. He made the ball twist as cunningly as he knew; but Wingate never misjudged a stroke.

The total of 211 was reached when Bland nearly got run out. A great sigh of relief arose from the onlookers, as it was seen that Bland had his bat in the crease.

The Latcham players scowled. The bowler took a short run, and sent down the deadliest ball he knew of.

Click!

Next minute the ball was sailing high over the heads of the fieldsmen, and Wingate and Bland were running.

"Two—fourteen!—Two—fifteen!" shrieked Bob Cherry, as the batsmen recoiled. "Hurrah! Greyfriars wins!"

Bob, in his exuberance, seized the cap of the fellow who was nearest him, who happened to be Billy Bunter, and hurled it high in the air.

"Oh, really, Cherry, you beast—!" expostulated Bunter. But his voice was drowned in the roar of cheering that arose for Wingate & Co.

"Hurrah! Greyfriars wins! Hurrah!"

Gerald Loder staggered away. His hopes had gone down to zero, and now they were quite knocked out of his head. Loder went away by himself, and crawled to the railway station.

Loder had a problem to think out on the way home—how to meet the IOU he had placed in the hands of the obliging Mr. Cobb.

The way of the transgressor was hard, he realised.

That there was one Greyfriars fellow eating his heart out over the victory occurred to nobody. All the others were yelling with delight.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

### Wun Lung's Peril!

L ODER stamped into Latcham Station, and ran for a train which was just in. He scrambled into a carriage, and dumped himself down breathlessly on the seat.

He did not know until the train was moving quickly out of the station that he had two fellow-travellers.

They were Wun Lung and Hop III. The two very persons whom it galled Loder to see, in the unenviable state of mind he was in!

He glared at the little Chinese, who had left the Latcham ground early, finding the English game of cricket rather uninteresting to their Oriental tastes.

"Why, you yellow-heen rotters!" exclaimed Loder, looking blackly at them. "I had no idea you were in here! You'll have to get out at the next station; I'm not going to travel with you rotten Chinese worms!"

"Vellee handsome Lodee vellee polite!" murmured Wun Lung softly.

Loder scowled, and subsided in a corner of the compartment. He gazed out of the window unseeingly.

Wun Lung and Hop III looked at each other, and grinned.

The light of mischief darted into the almond eyes of the Chinese Removite.

He made a sudden grab at Loder's leg, and the prefect gave a jump.

"Yow-ow! What are you doing, you little rotter?"

"Vellee nasteo beetle in trousers leg!" said Wun Lung, displaying a writhing blackbeetle to Loder's view.

Loder fell back in horror.

"A blackbeetle! Check it out of the window! I don't want the beastly thing on me!"

Wun Lung made as if to throw the beetle out of the window, but it went into the folds of his capacious sleeve instead.

It was not a blackbeetle in reality, but one of those wretched, artificial articles that went to comprise Wun Lung's conjuring outfit. Wun Lung was an adept at sleight-of-hand and conjuring, and his skill was wonderful.

Loder shuddered, and returned to his

dismal thoughts, whilst Wun Lung and Hop Hi grinned at each other.

A minute later Wun Lung touched Loder's foot, and when the prefect glared, pointed to his waistcoat.

"Looksee!" said the little Chinese, evidently in great horror.

"What's the matter?" demanded Loder.

"Another beetle!" said Wun Lung, reaching forward, and holding up a black, wriggling beetle. Loder turned a shade paler.

"Gug-great Scott!" he ejaculated. "W-was that on me? Groggh!"

"Holdee tightsee!" said Wun Lung. "Another beetle on neckee!"

"Ooooooh! Take it off!" yelled Loder.

Wun Lung made a grab at Loder's neck, and showed another beetle in his hand. He jerked it towards the window, and it really seemed as though the beetle had followed the "others" outside the train.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Loder. "Where the dickens did I get those horrible things from! Wh-what are you doing now, Wun Lung?"

For a reply the little Chinese conjurer displayed another gruesome beetle he had evidently taken from Loder's shoulder.

"Groggh! I—I must be alive with 'em!" gasped Loder, jumping up, and dragging off his coat and shaking it. "That rotten grandstand must have been alive with the things!" he gasped. "Grogghoooh! I'll write and complain about it! Ugh! I can you see any more, Wun Lung?"

Wun Lung and Hop Hi were exchanging winks, and Loder happened to catch one of those winks. He also saw Wun Lung with one of those beetles in his hand.

The prefect's suspicions were immediately aroused.

"You—you've got a beetle in your hand!" he rasped. "Throw it down and tread on it at once!"

"No treadee on beetle. Too duel!" said Wun Lung. "Thilowee out of window!"

Wun Lung made a deft movement as if to throw the beetle away, but Loder's quick eye was upon him.

"You didn't throw it away!" he shouted. "Open your hand, you yellow rotter! I believe you're working your rotten conjuring tricks on me!"

Loder seized Wun Lung's hand, and wrenched it open. The beetle dropped out, and lay on the floor, motionless. Loder picked it up, rather gingerly at first. His jaw became grim as he saw that it was a marvellously lifelike imitation, made in gutta-percha.

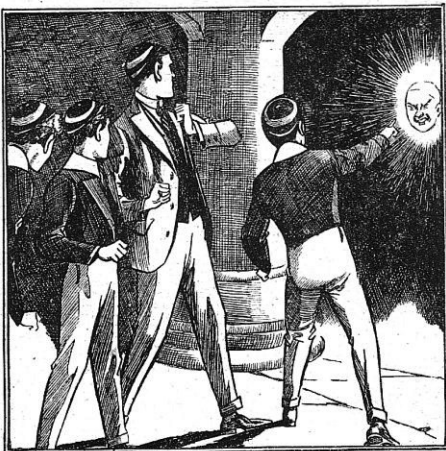
"You—you spoofing little woin!" he roared. "So you've been tricking me! Trying to make me believe I was alive with beetles! I—I'll skin you!"

Loder made a rush at Wun Lung, and the little Celestial, with a yelp of dismay, darted across the carriage. The train was slackening speed as it climbed a rather steep gradient in the chalk hills. But Wun Lung dare not jump from the carriage. There seemed no escape for him. And the look on Loder's face was horrible to behold.

"I—I'll wring your neck, you—you heathen rotter!"

Loder was in an ungovernable fury. He had been in a savage frame of mind from the start; but now, having been the victim of Wun Lung's conjuring tricks, his anger was at boiling point.

Loder did not know how to govern his fury. He grasped Wun Lung, and swung him round. He raised his heavy fist, and then it came down upon Wun Lung's head, with a sickening thud.



A weird, glowing light showed up in the darkness near at hand, gradually forming itself into the semblance of a face. The features were those of Wun Lung, but they glowed with a mysterious light. "There it is again!" screamed Loder. "That's what I saw. The face has been following me—it's haunting me—!" He broke off with a gurgling gasp. (See Chapter 10.)

Wun Lung screamed with pain, and Hop Hi cried out in horror.

Loder was about to bring down another smashing blow, when Wun Lung wriggled to the door, and grasped the handle.

Next minute there was a roar, and the carriage plunged into darkness. The train had entered a tunnel at the top of the gradient.

"Come here!" panted Loder, groping for his victim in the darkness. "Don't you go near that door! I'll smash you!"

Crash!

The door of the carriage came open. Loder could feel the draught, and his nostrils were filled with smoke. He gave a hoarse cry of horror, and groped forward. He heard Wun Lung's voice raised in a shrill scream, and then it ceased abruptly.

"Good heavens!" moaned Loder, still groping forward. "Wun Lung! Where are you?"

His hands felt the framework of the carriage door, and then went into space. The door, then, was open.

Next minute the train emerged from the tunnel, and bright daylight flooded the carriage.

But Wun Lung was not there. The carriage door was hanging open, and the only two occupants of the compartment were Gerald Loder and Hop Hi.

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

### The Coward's Flight!

GERALD LODER gave a cry. "Good heavens! What have I done? Wun Lung's not here!"

The prefect's face was as pallid as death itself. He ran to the compart-

ment door, pushing past Hop Hi, and looked back. The yawning tunnel-mouth was now a long way behind, for the train, going downhill, had gathered speed after having emerged from the tunnel. Of Wun Lung there was no sign.

Loder staggered back into the carriage, and slammed the door. He sank down into a seat, and passed a hand dazedly across his forehead.

He gave a low moan, and covered his eyes with his hands to shut out the horrible vision of the little Chinese schoolboy lying on the line in the darkness of the tunnel, battered into lifelessness.

Hop Hi crouched in the opposite corner, whimpering with fear and grief.

"Wun Lung! Wun Lung!" he was moaning between his sobs. "Lodoo, where is my lodhee?"

Loder looked up with sunken eyes and haggard face. He seemed to have aged years within the past five minutes.

"He—he jumped—he—" Loder pressed a hand to his throbbing brow. He dared not utter the words. But Hop Hi understood. The little Second-Former beat his hands upon his head, and lay on the cushioned seat, prostrate with grief.

Would it be believed that it had been an accident? Even so, the charge against him would be manslaughter, a term of imprisonment, utter ruin for him! The unhappy prefect groaned aloud at the thought.

"I—I can't face it!" he moaned aloud. "The disgrace, the horror! I—I dare not go to prison! Wun Lung's body will be found, and Hop Hi will denounce me! I—I dare not face it!"

Hop Hi looked up tearfully. As he looked at Loder, hatred was written in every line of his face. The little Chinese pointed an accusing forefinger at Loder, who covered back.

"Vellee had Loder pushee Wun Lung out of thain!" he cried. "Me tellee—"

"Hold your rove, you little fool!" snarled Loder roughly, starting forward. "You'll not betray me! Don't you dare reach for that communication cord! I'll check you out of the train, too, if you give me away!"

Hop Hi shrank back in horror. The terrified little Chinese fully believed that Loder would execute his threat.

Courtfield was reached, and Loder waited in fear and trembling. Had anyone else heard Wun Lung's death-cry before it fell from the train? Would they come for him now?

Loder heaved a deep, deep sigh of relief as the guard blew his whistle, and the train went on towards Friardale.

Hop Hi was still sobbing, but Loder had regained fuller possession of himself now. All that was crafty and desperate came uppermost in Loder's soul.

"Stop that snivelling!" he exclaimed roughly, shaking Hop Hi. "You've got to look natural when we reach Friardale. Do you hear? I'm going to take you back to Greyfriars, and lock you up where nobody will find you until perhaps to-morrow morning. That will give me a chance to pack my things and clear out of the school before the affair gets spread broadcast. I reckon I'd rather take my chance than give myself up for disgrace and imprisonment. D'you hear what I say, Hop Hi. Stop that snivelling!"

Hop Hi, in craven fear of the towering bully, ceased to sob. He wiped his face and cowered in the corner, until the train drew in at Friardale.

"Come on!" said Loder curtly. "Mind, if any questions are asked, it will be the worse for you! Nobody will believe a word you say, until—until they find Wun Lung."

Hop Hi, trembling in every limb, followed the prefect from the station.

They went out into the High Street, and walked straight back to Greyfriars.

"Come upstairs with me!" ordered Loder.

He took the frightened fag up to the top box-room. Loder's next movements were cool and methodical. He took some rope from one of the old trunks and bound and gagged the Chinese. Hop Hi, terrified into silence, offered no resistance. The fellow who was capable of pushing Wun Lung from a moving train in a tunnel, was capable of anything, Hop Hi thought.

Loder placed the little Second-Former inside a large trunk, and closed the lid. Making sure that he had left no traces of what he had done, the prefect left the room and went downstairs to his study.

Loder had all his plans cut and dried. He must get away from Greyfriars as soon as possible, and get a good start before the hue-and-cry was raised after him. Hop Hi would be found in the box-room next morning, but by then he would have got well away.

Loder took all the valuables he required from his study, and packed a few things in a case. Then, with a last look round, he strode away.

There was a curious revulsion of feeling going on in the callous prefect's heart.

He was going away from Greyfriars—a fugitive. By to-morrow he would be a hunted criminal, accused of doing a schoolfellow to death. He could not, dare not, face the music, and plead that what had happened was an accident.

The presence of Hop Hi, and the evidence he would bear against him, was too damning.

Gerald Loder, white of face and sick at heart, crossed the old quadrangle of Greyfriars, and, with a last look back—a look that seemed to stab his very soul—he staggered away—a runaway.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER.

### The Discovery!

"SEE the conquering heroes come!" Bob Cherry made that remark. He and the rest of the Famous Five, and a throng of others, had arrived back from Latcham, and were in the quadrangle, heaping further congratulations upon Wingate & Co. as they crossed to the School House.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry suddenly, as a wild-faced youth appeared on the steps. "Here's Snoop! You look excited, Snoop. What's the matter? Seen a ghost?"

"I—I don't know!" gasped Sidney James Snoop, who appeared to be extremely flustered. "I—I went up to the box-room for something, and—suddenly I heard a moan. Oh, it was horrible! It sounded like somebody dying."

"Oh, rot!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "More likely your imagination, Snoop. I suppose you went up to the box-room to have a quiet smoke—"

Snoop did not reply to that very pointed question. As a matter of fact, Harry Wharton had hit the right nail on the head. Snoop and fellows of his kidney often hid themselves in the box-room for a quiet smoke.

"I tell you there's something up there!" gasped the nasty-faced Removite. "Go up and see for yourselves. The sound seemed to come from inside one of the trunks."

Harry Wharton & Co. looked incredulously at Snoop. That Snoop was speaking in earnest was evident from the look of fear in his eyes. But then Snoop was not made of the stuff of which heroes are made, and was easily scared.

"All right. We'll have a look!" said Harry Wharton.

The Famous Five went upstairs, and Snoop followed. Harry Wharton flung open the door of the upper box-room and entered. The others followed.

"Shush-sh!" said Snoop. "Listen, you fellows!"

Harry Wharton & Co. listened, and, sure enough, they heard a muffled moan, which seemed to come from one of the many boxes heaped up in the corner.

"My hat! There's somebody in here!" said Harry Wharton, striding forward. "Hark! There it is again! It's coming from this large trunk. We'll soon see what's wrong."

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry unfastened the clasps and dragged open the lid. They all craned their necks forward to look within, and when they saw the bound and gagged figure of Hop Hi inside the trunk, they all gave vent to gasps of amazement.

"Hop Hi!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "What the—"

"Gagged and bound!" said Frank Nugent, in mystification.

"Yank him out!" said practical Johnny Bull.

Harry Wharton & Co. lost no time in releasing Hop Hi.

The little Second-Former clung to the Removite captain in terror.

"What's the matter, kid?" asked Harry Wharton seriously. "What are you frightened of?"

And then Hop Hi, in his pidgin English, and between his sobs, told Harry Wharton & Co. of what had happened in the train that afternoon.

The Removites listened in amazement. It took several minutes before they could realise the import of Hop Hi's story.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Harry Wharton, looking hard at Hop Hi's tear-stained face. "Is this true? You say Loder threw Wun Lung from the train into the tunnel, and then shoved you in that box while he escaped! It—it can't be possible!"

But one look at Hop Hi's face was sufficient proof that the Second-Former's grief was real, and not shammed.

"Oh, my hat! We—w'd better find out where Loder is!" said Harry Wharton, white to the lips. "This is awful!"

The Famous Five hurried downstairs to Loder's study. Hop Hi went with them, whilst Sidney James Snoop, bursting with the story of the tragedy, hastened away to make it public property.

Wingate and North were in the Sixth Form passage as Harry Wharton & Co. came along. The prefects looked curiously at the juniors.

Harry Wharton opened Loder's study door, and looked inside. The room was untidy, and appeared to have been ransacked. Collars and ties were lying on the floor. Loder's desk-drawers were open. Everything pointed to a hurried departure.

"Loder's gone!" muttered Harry Wharton. "Then—then it's true! Loder's killed Wun Lung and run away! Oh, good heavens!"

Hop Hi was sobbing again, and his sobs brought Wingate and North to the scene.

"What's the matter here?" demanded the Greyfriars skipper. "Great Scott! Who's been ransacking Loder's study?"

Harry Wharton explained matters to Wingate. The captain of Greyfriars turned pale as he heard the sordid details of the story. North was amazed, too. "Is—it this true, Hop Hi?" demanded Wingate, turning to the little Celestial. "Are you sure this isn't a hoax?"

"Wun Lung dead!" sobbed Hop Hi piteously. "Vellee wicked Loder killee him!"

Wingate and North heard the details of the story from Hop Hi's own lips.

The two prefects looked at each other in horror.



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"What—what do you think of it, Wingate?" asked Noth.

Wingate looked haggardly round the ransacked room.

"What can I believe?" he muttered hoarsely. "It—it must be true! Loder's gone—run away before the police caught him. Oh, this is horrible—disgraceful!"

Harry Wharton & Co. went, followed by the two seniors, who took Hop Hi to the Head.

Snoop spread the story, and the Famous Five were besieged by their schoolfellows for news. The story of the tragedy came as a dark blot upon Greyfriars. Ten minutes ago there had been rejoicing over the First Eleven's victory. And now—tragedy, the death of a junior, and the disgrace of a prefect.

Dr. Locke, as soon as he heard the dreadful news, rang up the police, who promised that the tunnel should be searched for Wun Lung. Also, a search would be made for Gerald Loder.

An hour of great tension followed. Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry were with the Head in his study when the telephone-bell rang. Dr. Locke, whose face was lined and haggard with care, took up the receiver.

Harry Wharton and Cherry watched in breathless suspense. They saw the Head's face change. What was the news?

At length Dr. Locke replaced the receiver, and turned to the Removites.

"My boys," he said, "I have, at least, the joy of knowing that the tragedy is not so dreadful, after all. The police have just rung up to inform me that a thorough search of the tunnel has not revealed the body of Wun Lung, nor can they find any indication of anybody having fallen from a train. Moreover, Wun Lung himself was seen at Cornfield little more than an hour ago. So we have sufficient proof that Wun Lung is not dead."

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry drew deep, deep breaths of relief.

"Wun Lung's not dead!" exclaimed the Removite captain joyfully. "Oh, thank Heaven! Then Wun Lung must have done it to frighten Loder!"

Dr. Locke started.

"Do you really think that is the case, Wharton?" he asked.

"Yes, rather, sir!" replied Harry Wharton. "I believe I can see it all now. Loder and the two Chinese were in the train together, and Loder went for Wun Lung, just as the train entered the tunnel. You know, there is a steep climb uphill to the tunnel, and the trains always go slowly. Nothing could have been easier for Wun Lung than to have climbed out of the carriage in the darkness, stolen along the footboard, and entered another compartment farther along the train. Wun Lung is as active as a monkey, and quite as artful. His idea was to frighten Loder, and make him believe that he was dead. That's just the sort of thing Wun Lung would revel in."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Dr. Locke. "You seem to have the thought of the correct explanation, Wharton. Wun Lung, then, is hiding. But what of Loder? The unhappy youth, believing himself to be the cause of Wun Lung's death, has run away from school, and I tremble to think of what he might do."

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry looked gravely at the Head.

"Loder must be found, sir!" said Harry Wharton. "So must Wun Lung. Neither of them can be very far away. We—we'll do our best to get them both back and clear up this awful matter."

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry.

"Thank you, my lads! Needless to say, I am most anxious to have this terrible worry removed from my mind."

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry left the Head's study, and rejoined the rest of the Famous Five in Study No. 1.

## THE TENTH CHAPTER.

### Harry Wharton's Solution!

"Oh, thank goodness!" That was the general expression of relief when the others heard that Wun Lung was not dead.

"Then the artful little rotter is giving us all a scare!" exclaimed Nugent.

"He did it to frighten the life out of Loder," said Harry Wharton seriously. And then he proceeded to reconstruct the happenings in the train, as he had suggested them to the Head.

"By Jove! You've hit it, Harry!" said Johnny Bull. "Wun Lung must be hiding somewhere. But how the dickens are we to get hold of him?"

Harry Wharton pressed his lips.

"I think I can suggest a way," he said thoughtfully. "Wun Lung, you know, is very fond of his minor, and would not let him worry longer than he could help. Hop Hi, of course, believes that his brother is dead, and the poor kid is nearly prostrate with grief. Now, what would be the most natural thing for Wun Lung to do, assuming that he's hiding somewhere near Greyfriars? He would, first of all, want to reach his minor. The only way would be for him to get into the Second Form dormitory to-night."

"By Jingo!"

"Do you see my point?" said the Removite captain swiftly. "Wun Lung, I reckon, will make an attempt to see Hop Hi to-night, and let him know that he is not dead. If we hide in the Second Form dormitory to-night, we shall probably catch the little chap when he turns up."

"Whew!"

"That's a ripping suggestion, Harry!"

The more the Famous Five discussed Harry Wharton's solution of the problem, the further they were convinced that it was the right one.

The Removites kept their plan strictly secret. At bed-time that night, they gave no indication of their intentions.

The others kept up a run of chatter upon the subject of Wun Lung's and Loder's disappearance, but by eleven o'clock sleep had claimed all those Removites who were not lying awake on purpose.

Harry Wharton & Co. crept from the Removite dormitory in their socks, carrying their boots, and stealthily entered the Second Form dormitory.

All was dark and quiet in there, for all the fags were asleep.

Hop Hi was sleeping calmly, happy in the knowledge that his brother was still alive.

Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Nugent, and Hurree Singh hid underneath the beds, and waited.

Half-past eleven tolled from the school clock-tower, and nothing had happened.

A few minutes later, however, Harry Wharton gave a warning hiss.

The handle of the dormitory door had turned, and a stealthy figure was entering.

With fast-beating hearts, the Removites under the beds waited. In the moonbeams that entered the dormitory-window they could discern Wun Lung of the Removite.

So Harry Wharton's prediction had been correct!

The little Celestial stole softly over to his minor's bed.

He was bending over Hop Hi, when Harry Wharton & Co. arose from under the beds and seized him.

Johnny Bull clapped a hand over Wun Lung's mouth to prevent him crying out.

"The Chinese junior was caught!"

"Take him out—don't wake the kids!" said Harry Wharton swiftly. "For goodness' sake, don't let him make a row! This way!"

Wun Lung, writhing and kicking, was borne bodily out of the Second Form dormitory. Harry Wharton led the way to the lower box-room.

The window of the box-room was open. Evidently, Wun Lung had entered that way. Harry Wharton & Co. set down their prisoner, and surveyed him grimly in the moonlight.

"Wun Lung, you little spoofer!" said Harry Wharton, in a subdued voice. "So we've got you!"

Wun Lung seemed to subside. He looked keenly at the Removite captain in the moonlight.

"Wun Lung did it to frighten velly bad Loder," he said. "Lettee go, handsome Halse Whalton. Me no lince away now—come quietly. Wun Lung savvy game is up."

Harry Wharton & Co. looked at each other.

"Well," said Bob Cherry good-naturedly, "there seems no reason why the little heathen should want to run away now, Harry. He knows the game's up. Look here, think, if you run away again it will make things hotter for you—savvy?"

"Me savvy?" replied Wun Lung meekly.

"Then come along to the Head!" said Harry Wharton. "You've got to face the music properly this time, young yellow peril!"

The Removites, confident that Wun Lung would not attempt to escape, loosed their hold of him. In a twinkling, the cunning little Celestial had wrenched himself free and started for the window.

He had disappeared before the amazed Removites could recover from their astonishment.

"Oh crumble! He—he's gone again!"

"Look—he's making for the ruined tower!" cried Bob Cherry, pointing.

"Come on, you chaps! We must catch the little rotter before he gets away!"

The Famous Five clambered through the window, and, having put on their boots, they simply lunged across to the cloisters. They reached the ruined tower and dashed in through the oak door.

There was silence in the darkness. The moon, shedding its rays through the old stained-glass windows, showed up the ruin dimly. But of Wun Lung there was no sign.

"He must have gone below—into the vaults!" said Harry Wharton. "That's just where he would hide. This way!"

All was dark and cold and eerie down in the vaults. The Removites had to strike matches to light their way. They had proceeded for about five minutes, when they were arrested by the sound of a human voice, shouting in terror.

"Hold on!" muttered Harry Wharton.

What was that? Again that cry sounded in the hollow depths of the vaults. The Removites, staunch though they were, could not repress shudders. Everything seemed so eerie and weird.

(Continued on page 15.)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY, No. 695.

# THE CASE OF CREEPING KROOBOY!

The Astonishing Record of How Herlock Sholmes Solved the Great Derby Mystery. By DR. JOTSON.

As Herlock Sholmes buried his nose in the tankard of cocaine I leaned across the table and glanced at the half-sheet of newspaper on which he had been scribbling. To my astonishment, the following enigmastic inscription met my eyes.

"Creeping Krooboy a bob e. w."  
"Excuse me, Sholmes," I said, "you didn't tell me that you had another case on hand."

Sholmes set the tankard down, and politely wiped his mouth on the tablecloth before speaking.

"No, my dear Jotson," he replied, "for the very simple reason that I am not engaged on any case at present. What put the idea into your head?"

"I indicated the note on the table."  
"Merely that the line you have just penned appears to be a copy of one of those Anony Column advertisements. So many of your cases are founded on them that I thought—"

Sholmes broke in with an amused chuckle. "Well, you thought wrong for once, Jotson," he said. "Had you read the newspapers recently you would have known that Creeping Krooboy is the favourite for the Derby, which is to be run at Epsom to-day. Once a year he has a little flutter. That note is to convey to a certain gentleman known as Welsber Wiley that I want to put a bob each way on the favourite. The Welsber is Mrs. Spudson's stepson, so our esteemed landlady will see that the note is delivered into the right hands."

"If I'm," I remarked, "I'm afraid horse-racing doesn't interest me."

"Possibly as a sport it does not afford the exhilarating joys of the operating-theatre," I said. "However, you shall have the opportunity of judging for yourself. Get your hat, and stick, while I borrow Mrs. Spudson's opera-glasses. To-day we journey out to Epsom Downs!"

"But, my dear Sholmes," I protested, "I can't go."

Herlock Sholmes interrupted my remarks with the upholstered toe of his carpet slipper. Realising the futility of argument with such a masterful character, I went forth to prepare for my expected outing. In less than an hour later, Herlock Sholmes and I, garbed in our most sporty attire, were consigned in a first-class carriage on the "race special." Unfortunately, before the train left the station the ticket-inspector appeared and we speedily took ourselves among some undesirable, dishonest-looking characters in a third-class compartment lower down.

One of these rascals, an individual in a very noisy character, sought out playing cards and cordially invited us to "find the lady." I smiled confidently, well knowing that my famous friend could find anything from a lost memory to a missing link. I was most disappointed. Sholmes spotted the high card with uncanny precision until he had cleaned out the pockets of the sporty gentleman. The astonishment and chagrin of the man and his shady companion knew no bounds. As, however, we alighted at Epsom Downs, Sholmes handed his sportsman's bag to the fellow glanced at the famous name engraved upon it, gave a gasp like an expiring codfish, and collapsed under the seat.

"Now, my dear Jotson," murmured Sholmes, as we ascended our way to the racetrack, "we can afford seats in the grand-stand. Also, I shall sport a fiver on the chances of Creeping Krooboy."

Swinging Mrs. Spudson's opera-glasses carefully in his hand, Herlock Sholmes led the way to the most select enclosure on the Epsom racetrack. All the nobility and gentry of the land were present, including such illustrious lights as Sir Sam Isaacs, the Earl of Sleswepees, and Lady Cherry Blossom. Many recognised my famous friend at once, and greeted him with easy familiarity. Sholmes, however, averred his

inability to loan anything above a bob save on the most favourable security. Among the names of the other fraternities with Sholmes was none other than Lord Spavin of Spear-min, the owner of the Derby favourite.

"I hope, my dear Sholmes," he said, flicking his cigar-ash into my eye, "that you have put your last bean on Creeping Krooboy. Believe me, the other knock-knee has won't see the tail of my coat for dust in the big event."

"Rest assured of that, your worship," said Sholmes easily. "I am looking forward to returning to Shaker Street laden with booty after the race."

Lord Spavin turned to greet a well-dressed, horsey person who strolled up to us.

"Ah, here is my trainer, Mr. Hoofitt!" he exclaimed—"the man who brought the Krooboy to his present state of perfection."

We shook hands with the well-known trainer, who chatted confidently about the colt's chances.

Suddenly a great cheer rent the air. The magnificent Derby thoroughbreds filed from the paddock on to the course. For my benefit Spavin pointed out the Krooboy. He was a splendid animal, as black as the ace of spades, with four tapering legs and a like number of hoofs which would have done credit to a Shetland horse. A great feeling of confidence possessed me, I felt sure that Sholmes would not drop his fiver on account of the favourite falling down.

As the horses sped away to the starting-point the excitement grew apace. Then a great shout arose from the well-known trainer, who chatted confidently about the colt's chances.

"They're off!"

It seemed but a few minutes later when the leading horses swung round Tattenham Corner. A jet-black colt was leading the field.

The silken jacket worn by the jockey was of pink and yellow stripes with green hounds and crosses—Lord Spavin's colours!

"Creeping Krooboy leads!"

A thunder of cheers echoed across the Downs as the favourite pounced down the straight. The Krooboy was gaining. Now he was four lengths ahead of his nearest rival. I snatched my lips in anticipation of a bumper fish supper at Sholmes' expense.

"Creeping Krooboy wins!"

The favourably approached the red-and-white winning-post opposite to the judges' stand. All seemed over bar the shouting. But then occurred one of the most astounding incidents witnessed on a racetrack since the Derby favorite, the Welsber Treacle, stooped to mangle the artificial flowers from a lady's hat in the great race of 1783.

Creeping Krooboy, as has been stated already, was four lengths ahead of his nearest horse. With but fifty yards to go he slowed down. Twenty yards from the winning-post he reared up on his hind legs and pawed the air. His jockey plied the whip vigorously, but the Derby favourite backed from side to side with a wretched whinny.

West show. His mouth flecked with foam, his ears drooped back, and his eyes dilated in sheer terror. Horse after horse shot by him until the whole field of Derby runners had passed the post ahead of him. Lord Spavin gasped in stupefied amazement. Mr. Hoofitt, the trainer, gave vent to a series of choking noises. Even Sholmes' jaw dropped on to his dicky with a click at the sight of the astounding spectacle. As for me, I groaned inwardly. Vision of a sumptuous fish supper on my companion's whinnies faded like a beautiful dream.

Meanwhile, the crowd on the racetrack set up a fierce howl. Most of them had had a bet on the favourite. The air was filled with the raucous cries intermingled with the chuckles of the delighted bookies.

"Can it be that Spadger, the jockey, pulled the horse?" muttered Lord Spavin, in a dazed sort of voice. "Surely not! I had trusted that lad with my last penny!"

Herlock Sholmes took a large pinch of cocaine, and drew the disappointed owner to one side.

"There is some deeper mystery about this," he said, in a voice trembling with emotion. "Let us inspect the horse at closer quarters."

Together we made our way to the paddock. The horses filed in, Creeping Krooboy creeping in the rear. While Lord Spavin sought explanations of the jockey, Sholmes examined the distressed thoroughbred with a powerful magnifying-glass. Suddenly he spun round on his heel.

"Quick! There is no time to be lost. Spavin! Hand me a tanner for expenses, and let me have the loan of your Rolls-Royce, and I will unearth the mystery for you."

With eyes filled with gratitude, his lordship gave Sholmes both the money and permission to use his magnificent twenty-mile-power hybrid.

Sholmes hesitated.

"Perhaps you had better come with us, your worship," he said, offering the banknote in his breast-pocket. "Tell your chauffeur to walk home, and you drive us yourself with all speed for your training stables."

Lord Spavin was reluctant to leave the colt, but Sholmes was insistent. Soon the Rolls-Royce was rattling and banging on its way to the Spavin stables, steered by its aristocratic owner. Arriving at the stables, Sholmes began flying about like a bee in a bottle. He peered into every cranny and corner, under the mangers, and into the loft.

"Now lead us to the residence of Hoofitt, your worship," he said at last.

Lord Spavin screwed up his face in surprise, thereby shaking his rimmed monocle into a thousand pieces.

"Great pip, Mr. Sholmes!" he exclaimed. "You don't think—"

"I never think!" snapped Sholmes. "I merely deduce from facts as I find them."

"But this cryptic language was all the great detective would make."

Hoofitt's house was only a couple of hundred yards from the stables. At the back of it was situated a woodshed, and into this Sholmes dived like a bound on the scent. Lord Spavin and I remained outside. "What an amazing friend hooped to find I could not guess. Moreover, I did not ask him, for well I knew that he would not deign to explain until the end of the story."

"Suddenly a triumphant cry sounded from the interior of the woodshed. Next moment Sholmes emerged bearing a red-and-white circular board attached to a long pole.

"The mystery of Creeping Krooboy is solved, your worship!" he said to Lord Spavin. "Your trainer, Hoofitt, is an unscrupulous scoundrel of the deepest dye. He it was who caused you to lose the race and me to lose my fiver—not to mention that I put on with Welsber Wiley."

"But this explanation of the astonished race-horse owner, I don't see."

"Then listen!" said Sholmes. "This affair I am holding is an exact replica of a racecourse winning-post. With it Hoofitt has beaten your horse, Creeping Krooboy, on the day until the post-creature has become terrified at the mere sight of a red-and-white post. Therefore, when the race saw the winning-post at Epsom to-day he stopped dead in sheer fright!"

"The traitor!" thundered Lord Spavin. "I'll have him hanged off the turf! But what put you on to Hoofitt's track?"

"Two clues which I discovered at Epsom," replied Herlock Sholmes. "The first consisted of some suspicious bald patches on Creeping Krooboy's back. The second was the curious cleavage in the mane as the nag reared up before the winning-post."

"Why, I thought he was choking with chagrin!" I cried, in amazement.

"Choking with laughter!" corrected Sholmes. "The matter is most funny. The matter of your trainer in your hands, Lord Spavin, Jotson and I must be getting back to Shaker Street. Any cheques sent to that address, care of Mrs. Spudson, will always find me."

**"WUN LUNG'S FEUD!"**

(Continued from page 13.)

"Hark!" said Johnny Bull hoarsely. "There goes another howl! What do you make of it, Harry?"

Before Harry Wharton had time to reply, a third wild yell arose, seemingly closer at hand and then they heard the pounding of footsteps, gradually coming nearer.

"Somebody's coming!" breathed Harry Wharton. "Keep quiet, you fellows! Whoever it is, he's coming this way. Look out!"

From the darkness a heavy form lurched into them and went down. Harry Wharton & Co. piled on top of their mysterious assailant.

"Leggo! Yaroooooh! Leggo!" came a roar from the unknown person. "He's after me! Yoooooh!"

Harry Wharton & Co. almost released him in their sudden amazement. They recognised the voice.

"Loder!" roared Bob Cherry. "Hold him, chaps! It's Loder!"

Loder struggled, but with the Fan-ous Five to contend with, he could not escape.

"Let me go, I say!" panted Loder in the darkness. "I've seen him—Wun Lung! It's his ghost haunting me! This was the only place I could hide in! Oh, for the love of Heaven, let me go!"

"Don't be a fool, Loder!" rapped Harry Wharton sharply. "Wun Lung isn't dead! It was all a trick! He climbed out of the carriage and hid in another. He did it to frighten you!"

A gasp came from Loder's lips, and the prefect ceased to struggle. He gripped Wharton's arm tightly in the darkness.

"What did you say? That's you, Wharton, isn't it? Wun Lung's not dead!"

"No; you've been spoofed!" said the Remove captain, and he proceeded to tell Loder of what had transpired.

The runaway prefect almost sobbed with relief.

"Oh, thank Heaven! I—I thought he was killed. When I saw his face just now, I thought he had come to haunt me. It must have been my imagination!"

Harry Wharton felt Loder shudder in the darkness.

"It might have been imagination," said the Remove captain slowly, "or—My only hat! Look!"

A weird glowing light showed up in the darkness near at hand, gradually forming itself into the semblance of a face. But it was scarcely human. The features were those of Wun Lung, but

they glowed with a weird, mysterious light.

"There it is again!" screeched Loder. "That's what I saw! The face has been following me!"

Harry Wharton tremblingly struck a match. In the flickering light they peered into the gloom, and saw Wun Lung himself standing before them. The Chinese junior's face was glowing, but he was certainly not a ghost.

"My only Sunday topper!" ejaculated Bob Cherry swiftly. "I see it now! Wun Lung's got radium paint on his face!"

"Oh, of course!"

Wun Lung came up and chuckled. Loder had a pocket-torch he had thoughtfully taken from his room before running away. The light from the torch illuminated the strange scene down there in the vaults of Greyfriars.

"Wun Lung!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, seizing his Chinese Form-fellow. "Oh, you crafty little beggar! So you knew Loder was down here! You ran away from us, so as to get a last bit of revenge—to frighten him!"

Wun Lung nodded calmly.

"Lodee vellee bad bully," he said, looking maliciously at the prefect. "No gettee leveege properly this time. No saw him here befoe I came into school to-night. Fetched phosphorus paint from study and then went to dormitory. He, he, he! Lodee had fight! Wun Lung go back quietly now. Poor Chinese has had leveege."

Harry Wharton looked grimly at Wun Lung.

"You—you cunning little heathen!" he exclaimed. "You've certainly had your revenge on Loder! Come up to the Head at once, and explain matters. Loder, you'll have to come, too."

Gerald Loder was clenching his fists hard, so that his nails dug deep into his palms. He realised, with mortification and chagrin, how he had been hoaxed by the Chinese Removite. He had suffered tortures of mind and spirit since that episode in the tunnel. And it was all for nothing. He had made a fool of himself—a coward—running away.

They all left the vaults together and crossed to the School House.

A light was burning in the Head's study. Harry Wharton knocked at the door, and Dr. Locke's low, worried voice bade him enter.

Dr. Locke jumped to his feet when he saw Loder and Wun Lung.

"Bless my soul! You—you have both returned! Wharton, I—I am astounded! Explain this to me!"

Harry Wharton explained how they had waited up for Wun Lung, caught him, and lost him again. He told of how Wun Lung, knowing that Loder, like himself, was hiding in the school vaults, had procured the phosphorus

paint in order to give the unhappy fugitive a last fright. Dr. Locke listened in growing astonishment. When Harry Wharton finished, his look was stern and of grim foreboding for the Chinese junior.

"Wun Lung!" exclaimed the Head. "Are you not ashamed that you have created this disgraceful disturbance at the school, besides giving Loder a cruel fright? The worry and anxiety of these last hours of the day has been terrible, and it was all needless. You have been guilty of a heartless, cruel, and callous prank!"

Wun Lung hung his head. He was all meekness and submission now. He had scored off Loder. That was all he cared.

Loder, white to the lips, explained how he had struck Wun Lung after having been the victim of the Chinese's conjuring tricks. The Head listened grimly.

"Well, Loder, doubtless you acted under provocation, but you don't seem to understand the animosity that Wun Lung bears," said the Head. "His nature is far different from ours. But for that excuse in his favour, I should not hesitate to deal more drastically with him. Wun Lung, you shall have a severe caning, and stay in the Punishment-room for a day. Let that be a lesson to you. And, if you attempt to further molest Loder, I shall have no alternative but to have you removed from Greyfriars."

Dr. Locke then expressed his gratitude to Harry Wharton and his chums for the part they had played in the clearing up of the affair. Loder went to his bedroom, white and thoroughly shaken. Harry Wharton & Co. went to their own dormitory and waited for Wun Lung.

But the Chinese junior did not come. Dr. Locke, after having caned him, ordered Trotter to prepare the Punishment-room for Wun Lung.

There he had time to reflect upon the error of his ways, and allow his malicious Oriental nature to cool.

Gerald Loder was very subdued next day. It took some time for him to live down the notoriety he had gained by Wun Lung's campaign of frightfulness against him.

The affair had created a great stir at Greyfriars, and many wondered at the extent of Wun Lung's cunning. Loder gave Wun Lung a wide berth after that. He did not exactly relish a repetition of Wun Lung's Feud!

THE END.

(Another splendid complete story of Harry Wharton & Co. next Monday, entitled "Sportsmen From the North!" By Frank Richards. In the meantime, be sure and read the grand Greyfriars story in the "Popular" which will be on sale next Friday.)

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