

TWO DANDY BATS, AUTOGRAPHED By the AUSTRALIAN TEST CRICKETERS!

(See the Simple Competition Inside.)

The MAGNET²^D

SPECIAL PHOTOS OF THESE



K. S. DULEEPSINHI.

4



A. FAIRFAX.

EXTRA!

THE TERROR OF THE TONG

by Frank Richards

Comprising the opening three stories in the famous China Series: The Menace of Tang Wang, The Peril from the East, the Foe from the Sky.

To be continued — and completed — in next month's volume.



S. McCABE.



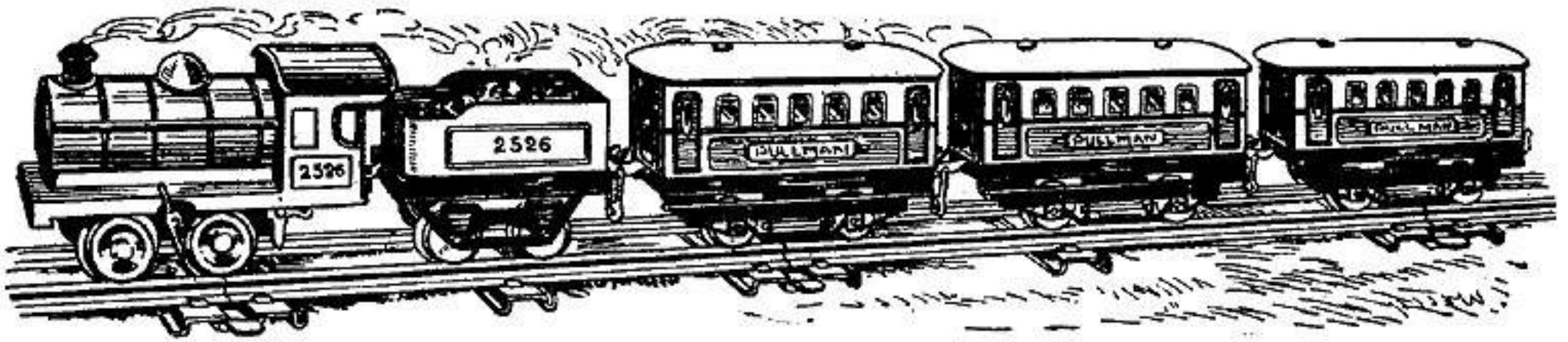
A. SANDHAM.

Your

COMPLETE
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These

TWO DANDY SOUVENIR BATS AUTOGRAPHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN TEST HEROES AND TWELVE "HORNBY TRAIN" SETS—



HERE, boys, look at this! Something new—something BIG! You'll like this competition all the time—and you'll like it better still when you get your hands on these splendid bats we've got waiting for you. Although this is the second week of the contest, all New Readers can join in to-day by ordering from their newsagent a copy of last week's MAGNET which contains the opening puzzle-set.

All you have to do to capture one of these grand bats or special "Hornby Train" Sets is to find out a few famous cricketers' names which we are giving to you in puzzle form.

Here you have the Second Set of them. You will quickly see how the puzzles are worked out. Each row of pictures and letters denotes a cricketer's name, and to find out what that name is, you simply take the initial letter only of the word represented by each little picture, add in the big letters where they are given you—and there is your answer!

And to make it easier still for you, we give below a list of names in which you can find the answer to every one of this week's puzzles. In the same way, each other set of puzzles is accompanied by a similar short list.

Write your answers IN INK in the spaces underneath. Afterwards cut out this set and keep it until next week, when we shall give you six more of these jolly puzzles. With the Fourth and Final picture-set, we shall tell you how and where to send your entries. And finally, remember that there is

NOTHING AT ALL TO PAY.

YOU Can Find the Answers HERE.



BATES, BERRY, BOWLEY, CARR, CASE, CHAPMAN, COOK, CUTMORE, DACRE, DIPPER, DUCKWORTH, FREEMAN, GEARY, GRIMMETT, GUNN, HALLOWS, HOLMES, HOPWOOD, IDDON, KENNEDY, KIPPAX, LANGRIDGE, LOCK, LYON, MEAD, MERCER, NEWMAN, NICHOLS, PARKER, PONSFORD, RHODES, SHEPHERD, SINFIELD, SMITH, WHYSALL.




















The Two Cricket Bats, fully autographed by the Australian Team now in England will be awarded to the two competitors whose solutions to the four sets of "Cricket Scorers" are correct or most nearly correct. The twelve special "Hornby Train" Sets will follow in order of merit.

Any number of entries may be sent, but each entry must be complete—i.e., Sets Nos. 1—4, inclusive, of the "Cricket Scorers" puzzles, with the solutions filled in IN INK—and must be separate from any

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—MUST BE WON!

'CRICKET SCORERS' SET 2.

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RULES

(which must be strictly adhered to).

delayed in the post or otherwise. No correspondence can be entered into.

The Editor's decision will be final and legally binding, and he reserves the right to divide the value of the prizes if necessary, in the event of ties. Employees of the proprietors of MAGNET must not compete.

other attempts entered. Any entries mutilated or bearing alterations or more than one solution in each space will be disqualified. No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, or mislaid, or



THE MENACE OF TANG WANG!

BY

FRANK RICHARDS

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Hot Stuff!

"No comey in!"

"I say, old chap——"

"No comey!" repeated Wun Lung.

Billy Bunter stood in the doorway of Study No. 13 in the Remove.

Prep was over, and most of the Remove fellows had gone down to the Rag. Wun Lung, the Chinese junior, was alone in Study No. 13, and he was busy.

It was a warm evening, but there was a good fire burning in the study grate. Over the fire was a saucepan. By the saucepan stood Wun Lung, stirring. And from the contents of the saucepan, as the little Chinese stirred, there rose a most appetising scent.

Hence the arrival of Billy Bunter.

Bunter had followed his nose to the study.

The fat junior had had only one supper, and he did not want to go to bed hungry. So he was roaming the Remove passage, like a lion seeking what he might devour, when the appetising odour from Study No. 13 drew him thither like a magnet.

Bunter stood in the doorway and sniffed appreciatively.

Bunter could cook, himself—it was one of the things he could do well. He had a keen appreciation for good cooking. Never, it seemed to Bunter, had he smelt so absolutely ripping a smell as that which emanated from Wun Lung's stew. His fat little nose expanded to it, like a flower expanding in the sun.

"I say, old fellow!" gasped Bunter. "That smells prime."

"Goey 'way!" said Wun Lung, over his shoulder.

"Oh, really, you know——"

"Buntee bunkee!"

It was not uncommon for Billy Bunter to butt into a study at a meal-time, and not uncommon for him to be told to clear. Fellows never seemed keen on Bunter at such times.

"Look here, old chap!" pleaded Bunter. "You don't want to feed all on your own. The fact is I've come to keep you company."

"No wantee Bunttee! Hop Hi comey."

Bunter snorted.

Apparently Wun Lung, of the Remove, was going to share that gorgeous stew with his minor, Hop Hi, of the Second Form. That, from Bunter's point of view, was sheer waste.

Across the thousands of miles that divide Greyfriars from the mystic Flowery Land stretcheth the sinister, all-powerful hand of the Mandarin Tang Wang.

And Wun Lung of the Remove is marked down as his victim!

"Now look here, old chap," said Bunter, "I'll come in! You ought to be glad to get a decent chap to come to supper with you, instead of another beastly little heathen like yourself, you know."

"Goey 'way!"

"Look here, you cheeky little pig-tailed heathen!" roared Bunter.

"Bunttee bunkee!"

Billy Bunter did not bunk.

He was inclined to curl his lip and turn his back on the little Celestial, and treat the cheeky heathen with the contempt he deserved. But he did not follow that inclination. The stew smelt too nice.

Bunter felt that he simply had to have

some of that stew. The delicious scent of it was making his mouth water.

Instead of departing, the Owl of the Remove rolled into the study. Wun Lung withdrew the long spoon with which he was stirring, and eyed the fat junior warily.

Bunter slammed the door after him. Then he advanced towards the diminutive Celestial, with a threatening blink in his little round eyes behind his big, round spectacles. He clenched a fat fist and shook it at the little yellow face of the Chinese. Wun Lung blinked at him with his sleepy, slanting eyes.

Bunter was not, as a rule, given to bullying. He lacked opportunity. But he was going to share that delicious stew, by fair means or foul.

He was not much taller than the Chinese; but, sideways, at least, he was a giant in comparison. He brandished a fat fist within an inch of Wun Lung's nose.

"Now, look here, you little beast," said Bunter determinedly. "I'm going to have a whack in that stew! See?"

"No see," answered Wun Lung, shaking his head.

"You can jolly well ask me to supper——"

"No askee!"

"Or I'll jolly well give you a jolly good licking!" roared Bunter. "Now, then!"

"No lickee pool li'l Chinee!" murmured Wun Lung. "Me no likee lickee."

"You won't like it if I begin on you," said Bunter, with a glare of deadly menace. "If I gave you one of my straight lefts, you measly little shrimp, it would be a hospital case! What are you laughing at?"

"Me laugh at fat ole Bunttee."

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"You cheery heathen! Now, am I going to have a whack in that stew, or shall I mop up the study with you?" demanded Bunter, in a bullying tone that was worthy of Bolsover major at his best.

Wun Lung cast a look towards the door. Bunter grinned.

"Nobody's coming," he said. "Bob Cherry and Linley and Inky are in the Rag now. Wharton and Nugent haven't come back yet. Now——"

"Buntee bunkee!"

"You're not going to ask me to supper?" roared Bunter.

"No wantee."

"Then take that to begin with!" said Bunter; and he delivered a drive straight at the little Celestial's nose.

Had Wun Lung taken it, as intended, certainly he would have been damaged, for a punch with Billy Bunter's weight behind it was no joke. But he did not take it. He jumped actively aside, and Bunter plunged on, carried by his own impetus as his fat fist met with no resistance, and stumbled to his knees.

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

The next moment a fearful yell pealed through the study.

"Yaroooh!"

The spoon, hot from the stew, was pressed to the back of Bunter's fat neck. The Owl of the Remove leaped frantically to his feet.

"Owl! Wow! Owl!" he roared. "Owl! I'm burned! Owl! Why, I'll smash you—— I'll—— Owl, owl!"

Wun Lung dipped the spoon into the stew again as the Owl of the Remove spun round on him and scattered hot drops over the fat junior.

Bunter jumped back in a great hurry.

"Owl! You little beast! Stop it!" shrieked Bunter.

Wun Lung chuckled.

"Buntee wantee stew!" he said.

"Buntee take! What you tinkee?"

"Owl! I'm scalded! Stop it!" shrieked Bunter.

"No stoppee! Buntee likee stew!" chuckled the little Chinese; and he filled the spoon again and Bunter jumped to the door, barely in time to escape a shower.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bunter.

He tore the door open. It was a delicious stew, undoubtedly; but it was not nice taken externally. It was much too hot.

Wun Lung, with a loaded spoon, followed him, chuckling.

"Buntee likee stew——"

"Owl! Keep off!" yelled Bunter.

He leaped through the doorway. The spoonful of hot stew flew after him, and showered on him as he fled.

"Yarooogh!"

"Buntee comey backee!" called Wun Lung, as the Owl of the Remove negotiated the passage as if he was on the cinder-path. "Buntee comey, me givee Buntee mole stew—nicee stew—plenty hot nicee stew!"

"Beast!"

Bunter vanished. And Wun Lung, with a chuckle, returned to his cooking, and resumed stirring that odorous and appetising stew—minus the fascinating company of William George Bunter.

A wet evening would not have mattered much to the chums of the Remove had they been within the walls of Greyfriars, as was usual at that hour.

But they were a good distance from Greyfriars.

It was Wednesday, which was a half-holiday; and Harry Wharton had had leave to go home for the afternoon, and Nugent had accompanied him. It had been quite an enjoyable afternoon; and as they had an exeat up to bedtime they had not landed again at Courtfield Junction till nine o'clock. They started on a quick walk back to the school, under a starry sky. And then the rain came on—when they were a good half-mile out of the town and it was too late to think of a taxi.

It had been a glorious day and they had not even a coat or an umbrella between them. They turned up their collars and tramped on through the rain, hoping that it would cease. Instead of ceasing, it thickened, to an accompaniment of rumbling thunder and zigzag lightning. It was only a summer thunderstorm, but it was extremely awkward for two juniors, unprotected on an open common. The rain came down hard and fast, and grew torrential.

"Blow it!" growled Wharton.

"Bother it!" grunted Nugent.

Wharton peered round him in the darkness. The evening had been quite light till the storm came on. Now it was almost as dark as pitch.

"Look here, it's another mile!" said Harry. "We shall get drenched to the skin. We've got to find shelter somewhere. What about a tree?"

"Not in the lightning," said Nugent.

"Nunno! But we've got to get out of this."

But there was no shelter to be had, excepting a tree, which was decidedly unsafe with the lightning playing in zigzags across the sky.

They tramped on, leaving the road, to take a short cut across a corner of Courtfield Common. It was wetter and muddier by the narrow lane, but it saved some of the distance.

The lane ran between rows of leafy trees, now weeping with rain. It was almost as dark as the inside of a hat; and the rain splashed and pattered incessantly.

"Oh crumbs!" groaned Nugent. "I wish we were in the study now!"

"Blow it!"

"Look here, let's put it on!" said Nugent. "We'd better run for it! Race you to Greyfriars; it's only another half-mile."

"It's so jolly dark," grunted Wharton. "If we butt into something in the dark——"

"Oh, chance it!" said Nugent. "I'm getting soaked."

"Right-ho!"

And the two juniors broke into a rapid trot.

"Owl!" yelled Nugent suddenly.

"What the thump——"

"Wow!"

Wharton came to a stop, and stared at his comrade, who was sprawling in the muddy lane. Close at hand a dark shape loomed up in the gloom. Something blocked the way; and evidently Nugent had run into it.

"Frank, old chap—hurt?"

"Oh! Owl! No!" said Nugent, with deep sarcasm. "I'm yelling because I'm not hurt! Owl! Oh crumbs! I crashed into something——"

"It's a motor-car," said Harry, peering at the dim shape in the darkness, which almost filled the narrow lane.

He gave his chum a helping hand, and Nugent staggered to his feet, gasping.

"What blighter left a car in the middle of the road, without lights!" exclaimed Nugent savagely. "Owl! I've had a frightful bump!"

"Well, it was hardly safe to barge along in the dark!"

"Oh, rats!" growled Nugent.

The crash into the car had not improved Nugent's temper apparently.

"Man must be a silly ass to leave a car here like that," said Harry.

"There's nobody with it, and no lights! Might get pinched!"

"I wish somebody had pinched it before I barged into it!" groaned Nugent. "That brute ought to be prosecuted. It's against the law to leave a car about like that in the dark."

"Look here, this is all right!"

"Fathead! You wouldn't think it all right if you'd butted into the beastly car!"

"I mean, it's lucky——"

"Ass! Let's get on before we're drowned."

"Listen a moment, you duffer!" said Harry. "There's nobody in the car, and we can get in out of the rain."

"Oh!" said Nugent. He was starting again, but he stopped. "That's not a bad idea! It won't last long—it's too fast to last! I dare say the motorist won't mind us sitting in his car for a bit! Bother him, I don't care whether he does or not—he shouldn't have left it here for a chap to barge into in the dark. Let's get in!"

Wharton had already opened the door of the car.

Whether the motorist would object to two wet and muddy schoolboys sitting in his car was perhaps doubtful; but it was not, after all, the most important point. The chief point was to get out of that torrential downpour.

They plunged into the car, and Wharton drew the door shut.

The rain beat heavily on the roof, with an incessant clattering patter. Outside the lane was fairly swimming with rain. The shelter of the car was a godsend to the two juniors.

"My hat! Listen to it!" said Nugent. "Coming down in buckets full! This is rather better, old chap."

"What-ho!"

"All the same, the man shouldn't have left the car here like this! I've got a bump on my knee! I'll tell him what I think of him if he makes a fuss about our being in the car. Bother the ass, whoever he is!"

"He mayn't turn up before we go," said Harry. "This downpour won't last long. Thank goodness we're out of it."

"Chance to steal a car if we were in that line of business," grinned Nugent.

"Man must be an ass to leave it in a lonely place like this! It looks like a good car. I suppose he's turned the lights off in case a motor-thief should spot it. But what the thump can he have left it here for! There isn't a building nearer than Greyfriars."

"Goodness knows!" said Harry.

"But I'm glad he did, as it turns out! We should have been soaked to the skin. It's clearing a bit already."

The juniors sat and listened to the splashing rain, very glad to be out of it. In ten minutes it was evidently falling with less violence, and the rumbling of thunder was dying away in the direction of the sea.

"Another ten minutes and we can chance it," said Harry.

"We shall be late for dorm."

"Can't be helped."

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Any Port in a Storm!

"**B**LOW the rain!"

"Bless the rain!"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent made those remarks simultaneously, and with equal emphasis.

It was a wet evening.

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"It's queer, though, the car being here," said Nugent, his mind recurring to that subject. "If the motorist's gone anywhere he must have had a walk for it. There isn't a house anywhere about—nothing nearer than Greyfriars in one direction and Popper Court in the other. I say, suppose it belongs to some jolly old motor-bandit?"

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Not likely! We'll chance the motor-bandit, anyhow, to keep out of the rain."

"Hallo, is that somebody coming?"

They listened. It was impossible to see from the window of the car; the darkness and the rain were too thick. There was a sound through the noise of the rain which might have been an approaching footstep.

The door opened suddenly.

"Oh!" gasped Nugent, startled by the suddenness of it. Like a shadow in the gloom a dark figure loomed in the doorway. And Nugent's startled exclamation evidently startled the man

of a man in coat and hat, dripping with rain. Who he was, what he was, they could not imagine; only the words he had uttered, in his surprise at finding the car occupied, told that he was a foreigner, and evidently not a European.

"Here, hold on!" panted Wharton. "What the thump—"

The voice came again—in English this time; good English, without a trace of a foreign accent.

"Who are you? What are you doing in my car?"

"No harm," answered Wharton.

"We got in out of the rain," said Nugent.

that they were dealing with a Chinaman.

"Yes," said Harry. "We were caught in the rain. We've done no harm to your car—only sat in it out of the rain."

The slanting eyes glittered through the gloom.

"How did you find the car here, in the dark?"

"Butted into it," answered Nugent. "I've got a bruise on my knee. You'd get into trouble if a policeman found the car here without lights."

"If you are schoolboys, as you say, there is no harm done," said the voice of the stranger. "But—"

"Do you think we're car thieves?"



There was a gleam of metal in the gloom, and Harry Wharton and Nugent found themselves staring at a levelled revolver.

who had opened the door, and who already had one foot in the car. There was a sharp exclamation.

"Shen mo!"

The startled voice broke off suddenly. In the gloom there was a gleam of metal, and the two schoolboys, starting to their feet, found themselves staring at a levelled revolver.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

The Man from China!

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Wharton. "Oh crikey!" gasped Nugent.

The ejaculation, in some foreign tongue, utterly unknown to them, had startled the juniors; but the gleam of a levelled weapon startled them more. They stared blankly at the dim figure in the doorway of the car. They could only make out the form

The sight of a deadly weapon had alarmed the juniors, but they realised instinctively that the man with the revolver was more alarmed than they were. He was not only startled, but for some reason alarmed, by finding them in the car. And the same thought was in both their minds now, that they had butted into the business of some motor-bandit.

"But who are you?" went on the voice; and the revolver remained at a level, much to the uneasiness of the chums of the Remove.

"Schoolboys!" answered Harry.

"Schoolboys—out at this hour?"

The voice was full of suspicion. They caught a gleam of sharp, watchful eyes, and even in the gloom something unusual about the eyes struck them. There was a slant in them—the slant of the Far East. There was a fellow at Greyfriars with slanting eyes—Wun Lung, of the Remove. It came into their minds

asked Harry. "You can take a look at us and see that we are schoolboys."

He had been groping for the switch, and now he turned on the electric light in the car.

The sudden blaze of light made the juniors blink, and there was an angry exclamation from the man in the doorway.

Apparently he had not wished to be seen, and as the light flashed on he drew the brim of his soft hat lower down over his brow.

But the juniors had seen him, and the Oriental features and slanting eyes told them beyond doubt that he was a Chinaman.

The slanting eyes gleamed at them in the light, and one glance apparently satisfied the man that they were schoolboys, as they had told him, for the revolver disappeared at once into his coat.

"You should not have got in the car," he said sharply. "Naturally, I took you for thieves."

"Oh, rot!" said Nugent. "You shouldn't have left the car here for a fellow to butt into. And I suppose thieves don't use a car, do they, and wait for the owner to come along?"

The Chinaman scowled.

"Get out!" he said.

"Come on, Franky," said Wharton. "The rain's clearing off, anyhow."

"Get out at once!" snapped the Chinaman.

Nugent grunted. Between the rain and the bruise on his knee he was not in his usual good temper, and the angry dictatorial tone of the Chinaman irritated him.

"Any hurry?" he asked. "Don't you think you could wait a few minutes till the rain stops? You might even offer us a lift, if you thought of it. But I suppose it's never occurred to you to be civil."

The slanting eyes flashed at him.

"Ch'u pa!" rapped out the man savagely.

"Oh, my hat! If that's Chinese, you don't expect us to understand it, do you?" asked Nugent.

The Chinaman scowled again.

"If you'll get out of the way we'll get out of your blessed car, and you can go and eat coke," said Nugent.

The Chinaman stared at them very hard, and stepped back from the door.

"Ch'u pa!" he repeated, which evidently meant "clear out" from the tone in which he spoke.

The chums of the Remove stepped from the car.

The rain was still falling, but more lightly now. Really, there was no reason why the man could not have given them shelter a little longer, or even offered them a lift, as Nugent had suggested. But he was evidently only anxious to see the last of them.

"Come on, Franky!" said Harry.

"All serene! Good-night, John!" added Nugent, with a glance at the man standing by the car.

He started again.

"John! Why do you call me John? It is not my name."

"I thought all Chinamen were named John," said Nugent innocently.

"Come on, you ass!" said Harry, laughing. "What's the good of ragging?"

"You had better go!" muttered the Chinaman.

"Right-ho! Good-night, Mister Chu Chin Chow, if you like that better," answered Nugent.

"Fathead," said Harry. "Do come on!" And he fairly dragged his chum away by the arm.

The Chinaman was left still standing by the car, scowling after the Greyfriars fellows as they went.

The juniors tramped on through the falling rain, and in a few minutes reached the high road that ran past the gates of Greyfriars. Behind them there was no sound of the car starting. Apparently the Chinaman was still there, though why he should be remaining in that lonely spot was a mystery.

"That's a queer fish," said Nugent, as they tramped on towards the school. "I've read that Chinese are awfully polite people, but that merchant seems to have left his manners at home in Hong Kong or Shanghai."

"All sorts in every country," said Harry. "Wun Lung is a Chinese, and he is politeness itself. I dare say that Johnny was annoyed by finding us in the car."

"Frightened, more likely," said

Nugent. "There's something fishy about him. He didn't think it was thieves in the car, as he said. More likely he was afraid it was a policeman."

"Oh, my hat! Why should he care if it was a bobby?"

"If he's a motor-bandit—"

Wharton laughed.

"I've never heard of a Chinese motor-bandit in England. That's rather too thick, old man."

"Well, he may have stolen the car, or something."

"And left it standing about? Not likely."

"Well, there's something fishy about him," said Nugent. "He was alarmed—that was plain enough. It's not usual for a motorist to carry a revolver, either, or to be so jolly handy with it. He was up to something."

"Perhaps he's a relation of Wun Lung's, and has been visiting him at the school?" suggested Wharton.

"There's not a lot of Chinamen about here."

"Rot!" said Nugent. "He would have gone up to the school in the car if he had been there at all."

WITH the four superb photos presented free this week, readers now possess a unique set of Test Match Souvenirs. There's still a chance, too, of winning the topping cricket bats, autographed by the Australians, which are offered in connection with our simple competition.

Full details on page 2 of this issue.

"Well, I suppose he would," admitted Wharton. "Anyhow, we're done with him now—put it on, or we shan't be home till the milk in the morning."

And the juniors hurried on through the rain, and were glad enough when they reached the gates of Greyfriars, and Gosling came grumbling down from his lodge to let them in.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Strategy I

BILLY BUNTER blinked through his big spectacles at a diminutive form that was mounting the Remove staircase. It was Hop Hi, of the Second—the minor of the Chinese in the Remove. Hop Hi was coming up to supper with his major, with a cheery anticipative grin on his little yellow face. But there was a lion in the path in the shape of William George Bunter. W. G. Bunter had by no means given up hopes of that delectable stew. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, and Bunter was not going to give up hope of scoffing the stew in Study No. 13 so long as it was still in existence. And Bunter's fat wits had been at work. They did little work, as

a rule, but spurred on by the prospect of supper even Bunter's wits could work, and he was capable of strategy.

"Hallo, kid!" said Bunter affably, as Hop Hi of the Second Form reached the Remove landing.

The little fag glanced at him.

"You're going to your major's study?" asked Bunter, still affable.

"Me goey."

Billy Bunter rolled along by the side of the little Celestial. Hop Hi's almond eyes looked up at him in surprise. He could not understand why Bunter was taking so much notice of him.

But he understood the next minute.

The door of Study No. 1 stood wide open. Bunter had placed it wide open and put the key on the outside of the door.

As they passed the open doorway the fat junior gave Hop Hi a sudden and unexpected shove.

Taken quite by surprise, Hop Hi staggered into the doorway and sprawled on the carpet in Study No. 1.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter.

In a moment, while Hop Hi sprawled dizzily, Bunter dragged the door shut and turned the key in the lock.

"He, he, he!"

Hop Hi scrambled to his feet. He grabbed the door-handle and pulled at it, and then thumped on the panels.

"You lettee me out!" he yelled. "You fat Buntce, you lettee me out of this studee."

"He, he, he!"

"Fattce beastee!" yelled Hop Hi. "Me goey along see Wun Lung! Me goey suppee! You lettee me out."

Billy Bunter did not trouble to answer. He rolled up the passage.

The expected guest was now safely disposed of. There was no way out of Study No. 1, and the owners of the study were not likely to come on the scene, as Wharton and Nugent had not returned from their excursion. Having thus disposed of Hop Hi, Bunter rolled on up the passage—paused for a moment outside No. 13 to sniff that delicious stew—and then rolled into No. 14.

No. 14 belonged to Johnny Bull, Squiff, and Fisher T. Fish. But all three of them had gone down to the Rag after prep, so Bunter was able to make free with their study.

He placed himself just within it, with the door ajar, his spectacles turned on the passage outside, to watch and wait.

Sooner or later, Bunter sagely considered, Wun Lung would come out to look for his expected guest, as Hop Hi did not arrive. When he did so, the time for action would arrive.

Bunter's calculations were well founded. Five minutes later, the door of No. 13 opened, and Wun Lung looked out into the Remove passage.

Bunter chuckled silently.

The Chinese glanced along the passage and then withdrew into the study again. Bunter waited.

A few more minutes, and Wun Lung looked out again. He was clearly surprised by the non-arrival of his minor.

Bunter heard him muttering to himself in his own tongue, a mysterious language of which Bunter did not understand a syllable. No doubt he was calling Hop Hi a fathead in Chinese.

He stepped out of the study at last, and stood looking along the passage towards the stairs.

Bunter's podgy heart beat faster.

From the other end of the passage came a sound of rapping and tapping in Study No. 1. Wun Lung, however,

probably did not connect that sound with the non-appearance of his minor, for he took no heed of it. He went back into his study at last, with a grunt.

Bunter waited impatiently.

The stew was ready for supper; and Bunter was more than ready for the stew. His mouth was watering at the thought of it.

Once more Wun Lung appeared in the passage. This time he went along to the stairs to see whether his minor was coming.

Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles. Farther and farther along the passage went the little Celestial, till he was outside Wharton's study. From that study came a voice, accompanied by thumping on the door.

"You lettee me out, you fat Bunttee!"

Wun Lung jumped. He knew where his minor was now, and why he had not arrived in No. 13.

But by this time Bunter had acted promptly. He rolled out of No. 14 and into No. 13, shut the door, and locked it.

"He, he, he!" gasped Bunter.

He was locked in Wun Lung's study now, alone with the stew. It was simmering over the fire. Bunter did not leave it to simmer. Wun Lung had placed a dish ready, and plates and spoons and forks—for at Greyfriars Wun Lung used such utensils instead of the chopsticks of his native country. Billy Bunter turned out the stew into the dish, and the aroma that rose from it made him gurgle with delight. Swiftly he filled a plate and seized a spoon and started.

Meanwhile, Wun Lung had unlocked the door of Study No. 1, and Hop Hi had joined him in the passage. A word was enough to enlighten Wun Lung; and he scudded back along the passage towards his own study.

The door-handle of No. 13 turned, so suddenly that it startled Bunter, whose capacious mouth was at that moment filled to capacity.

He gave a start, and some of the stew went down the wrong way. There was a horrid gurgling in Study No. 13.

"Gerrrrrh! Grooogh! Gug-gug!"

Wun Lung rattled the door-handle savagely.

"You fat Bunttee!" he howled. "You opee door—you lettee me in this study, you fat rottee! Opee door!"

"Grooogh!"

"Me killy fat Bunttee, s'pose you no opee door!" yelled Wun Lung.

"Ooooh! Groooh! Gug!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Opee door!" yelled Wun Lung.

"Ow! Ooooh!" gasped Bunter. "You little heathen beast, you've made me choke! Go away! Go and eat coke!"

"You opee door! You no eattee nicey stew!" wailed Wun Lung.

Bunter chuckled.

"Fat rottee!" shrieked Wun Lung, banging on the door. "You no eattee plentee nicey stew!"

"He, he, he!"

Thump! Thump! The door rattled and shook! Billy Bunter, unheeding, plunged his spoon in the stew again, and proceeded.

It was a delicious stew. There was no doubt about that. Good cook as Bunter was, he admitted that he had never made a more savoury stew than this. It was a thing of beauty; a joy for ever. It went down fast, and it went down deliciously. Bunter fairly gobbled. Outside the study, Wun Lung raged, in vain. He banged on the

door and yelled threats through the keyhole. Hop Hi's little piping voice was added. But Bunter did not heed the two Chinese. He would not have heeded all the Chinese in the Middle Kingdom at that moment, with the Mongols and Manchus thrown in. All he heeded was the stew.

He turned a deaf ear, and gobbled joyously.

"Prime!" gasped Bunter. "Ripping! I wonder what it is? Tastes like chicken—and rabbit, too, I think! Anyhow, it's prime! He, he, he!"

"Fat beastee!"

Bang!

And Bunter gobbled.

his exertions. A sound of wheezy grunting was audible from the study now.

Bunter had finished the stew. There had been ample for a large supper for two; but Bunter had finished it to the last spoonful; and he felt, perhaps, that he had overdone it a little. Now he was lying back in Hurree Singh's arm-chair, resting and grunting; less heedful than ever of the enraged Chinese outside. Bunter had no intention of stirring until bed-time. A fellow required repose after exerting himself as Bunter had been doing.

Wun Lung was alone in the passage now. Bed-time for the Second was

GREYFRIARS
CORRESPONDENTS

No. 7.

If Sammy Bunter of the Second Form could burst into rhyme, this would be something like the result.



Dear Mater,—I'm snatching a minnit
To tell you my sorrows and joys;
I hardly know how to begin it
Bekawse of this horrible noise!
Young Nugent is blowing a whistle
And Gatty is banging a drum;
So how can I write an epistle
Amid such a rum-tiddy-tum?

I'd better begin with my sorrows—
Your hamper has failed to arrive;
Unless it turns up by to-morrow's
First post, I shall never survive!
You prommist to make it a "whopper"—
A big one, I mean, not a lie;
I'm down to my very last copper,
And fearfully fammished am I!

In times of distress and of fammin,
Dear mater, I wisfully dream
Of wonderful doe-nutts, with jam in,
And buns that are bursting with cream!
I gaze at the stock in Dame Mible's
And long to be using my jaws.
(Young Myers is clashing the cimble
So loudly, that here I must paws!)

My big brother Billy's behaviour
Is bound to distress you a lot;
I'm his gardian angel and saviour
Or he would be sacked on the spot!
His conduct is stupid and silly,
His greediness quite a disease;
So don't send the hamper to Billy—
Address it to Samuel, please!

I'm doing quite well in the Second
(I ought to be in the Remove);
A bright, brainy youth I am reckoned,
A marvellus man I shall prove!
I know this is in contradiction
To all the reports you reseeve;
But each skool report is a fiction
That maters should never beleave!

Forgive all the smudges and splashes
And likewise the blotches and blobs;
The continuous corus of crashes
Has nearly reduced me to sobs!
Now hussle along with the hamper,
With doe-nutts all joocy and jammy;
And now to the post I must scamper—
Your starving but dewtiful SAMMY.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Horrible for Bunter!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo!"
Bob Cherry came up the Remove passage, with Hurree Janset Ram Singh. Bob had lines to finish that evening, and reluctantly he had torn himself away from the merry crowd in the Rag; and the nabob of Bhanipur kindly came along with him to lend a hand.

They stared at the sight of an excited Chinese thumping on the door of the study, and yelling bloodcurdling threats through the keyhole. Wun Lung was almost dancing with rage.

For a good half-hour Wun Lung had been shut out of his study, while Bunter gobbled stew and rested after

earlier than for the Remove, and Hop Hi had to go—supperless. Wun Lung, in a state of wild excitement, was fairly shrieking through the keyhole when Bob and Hurree Singh arrived on the scene.

"What on earth's the matter, kid?" exclaimed Bob, in astonishment.

"The matterfulness appears to be terrific!" remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

Wun Lung gasped with rage. "Fat beastee Bunttee! He goey in studee, moppee up nicey stew!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Lockee door!" hissed Wun Lung. "Lockee me outee, while he eattee nicey stew! Me killy fat Bunttee."

Bob Cherry chuckled. He thumped on the door of No. 13.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" he roared. "Bunter!"

"Mmmmmmm!"

It was a mumbling sound from the study.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob.

"Oh, go away!" came a faint voice.

"Buntsee eatee too muchee!" said Wun Lung.

"The too-muchfulness is terrific," grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"Let us in, Bunter, you fat boulder!" shouted Bob. "We've got to get some lines done before dorm. Do you hear?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Open this esteemed door, my fat and ridiculous Bunter!" called out the nabob of Bhanipur. "Get a move on."

"Oh, really, Inky—"

Bob banged on the door.

"You fat villain. We've got lines! Let us in at once."

"Is that Chinese still there?" asked Bunter, cautiously.

"Yes, you ass!"

"Well, I'm not opening the door now! I've had a good supper, and I don't feel inclined for scrapping with a beastly heathen."

"You fat bluebottle," roared Bob. "If you don't let us in, we'll bag you when you come out for dorm, and burst you."

"The burstfulness will be terrific."

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I'll let you in if you'll make it pax!" said Bunter. "I don't want a row with that beastly heathen. I'd have let him have a whack in the stew, if he'd been decent. Look here, I'll let you in if that little beast will make it pax."

"No makee pax! Me killy fat Buntsee!" howled Wun Lung. "Buntsee moppee up nicey stew! Me moppee up fat Buntsee."

"Open this door, you fat brigand."

"Not till that heathen makes it pax!" said Bunter firmly. "I'm not going to scrap with him to-night. I'll thrash the little beast to-morrow, if he likes."

"Look here—"

"Yah!"

"My esteemed fat Bunter—"

"Yah!"

"Oh, make it pax, kid," said Bob. "You can't get the stew back again now, you know! You'll never see your stew again, unless you get the X-rays on Bunter! Make it pax, there's a good kid."

Wun Lung hesitated. But he was deeply attached to Bob Cherry, and he yielded the point.

"Velly well," he said. "Me likee old Bob Chelly velly muchee. Me makee pax; me no killy fat Buntsee."

"You hear that, fatty?" roared Bob. "It's pax—now open the door."

"I say, you fellows—"

"Buck up, porpoise."

"But I say, you fellows, you'll make that little beast keep pax, won't you?" asked Bunter, anxiously. "You know what a blessed heathen he is. He hasn't got any high principles, like me."

"Oh, my hat! Did your high principles make you scoff his stew, you fat burglar?"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"It's pax, fathead; we'll see it's all right. Now open the door, or we'll burst you."

Billy Bunter unlocked the door at last. Bob hurled it open, and strode in, followed by Hurree Singh and Wun Lung.

Bunter greeted them with a fat grin. He was feeling very full, and a little

uncomfortable: Bunter never heeded the Plimsoll line when he was taking in cargo. But he felt he had handled the situation rather well. The stew was now inside Bunter; gone beyond recovery. And he had forced Wun Lung to make it pax; so he was safe from vengeance. All things considered, the Owl of the Remove felt that he had reason to be satisfied.

"I say, you fellows, I'm sorry there's no stew left," he said affably. "I'd have left some for you if I'd known you were coming up. I say, Wun Lung, it was a jolly good stew! Look here, I'll stand you a feed just as good, when my postal order comes! I'm expecting a postal order—"

"All gonee!" groaned Wun Lung, looking into the saucepan. "Nicey—nicey stew—all gonee."

"Cheer up, kid," said Bob. "You can make another stew, you know."

"No can!" said Wun Lung, shaking his head dolorously. "Missee Kebble no got 'nother cattee."

"Wha-a-at?"

Billy Bunter gave a jump and a horrid gasp.

"No can makee 'nother stew all same that stew!" wailed Wun Lung. "No, got cattee!"

"Grooogh!"

"A kik-kik-kik-cat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"Oh lor!" groaned Bunter.

"My esteemed and disgusting Wun Lung," gasped Hurree Singh. "Did you make an absurd stew of an excellent and detestable cat?"

"In China, eatee cattee, eatee doggee," said Wun Lung. "Cattee, doggee velly nicee. Plenty Chinese eatee cattee."

"Grooooooogh!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, you look ill, Bunter."

"Ooooo-er!"

"No can makee 'nother lovely stew!" his head dolorously. "Missee Kebble no got cattee! Fat Buntsee eatee up all that nicee cattee."

"Oooooch!"

Billy Bunter's feeling of fat satisfaction had left him. His face was absolutely ghastly.

He leaned on the study table and groaned, with beads of perspiration rolling down his fat face. Inwardly, Bunter was feeling awful. He was feeling as Vesuvius might be supposed to feel on the eve of an eruption.

"Grrrrrrrh! Gooooooh! Woooooh! moaned Bunter. "Oh, you filthy heathen! You—groogh—disgusting savage You—oooooh—horrible cannibal! Gug-gug-gug!"

Wun Lung blinked at him.

"Whatee mattee?" he asked. "You eatee up nicey stew—you gobble up all that lovely cattee—"

"Grooooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Cherry. "You'd better think twice before you bag a stew once, Bunter!"

"Ow! I—I thought it was rabbit!" moaned Bunter. "Ow! I thought perhaps it was chicken. Wow! I—I—I never dreamed that it was a k-k-k-cat! Ooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! I'm ill—I'm dying! Send for a doctor! Wow! I say, you fellows—woooooooh!—send for a d-d-d-doctor!"

"Shall I send for an undertaker?" asked Bob, sympathetically.

"Ow! Grooogh! That—that horrible heathen ought to be sent back to China! A—a c-c-cat! Ow! Grooogh! Oh, my insid! Ow! my tummy! Ow!"

"Whatee mattee? Nicey, nicey stew!" said Wun Lung. "You no likee that

plenty nicey stew, Buntsee, now you moppee him all up?"

"Oooooh! Beast! Woooooh! I'm dying!" gasped Bunter. "Ow! I—I hope you'll be hanged! Ow!"

"No savvy!" said Wun Lung, with a look of wonder. "S'pose you no likee that nicey stew, why you moppee him up?"

"Ow! Oooooooh! Wooooooh! Urrrrrrrrrh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The esteemed Bunter is going to be terrifically ill," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "You should keep your hands from the pickfulness and the stealfulness, my worthy Bunter."

"Ooooh-er!"

"Go and die in your own study, old top," said Bob. "We've no room for dead porpoises here. Don't let Mrs. Kebble know you've scoffed her cat, or—"

"Grooooooogh!"

"She was fond of that cat, and she'll go to the Head, if she finds out that you've scoffed Thomas—"

"Wooooooh!"

Bunter staggered to the door. Frightful internal heavings warned him of what was coming. He was reminded of a Channel crossing on a rough day.

"Poor old Bunter!" gasped Bob. "Ha, ha, ha! Poor old Thomas! Cheer up, old fat bean; you're better off than Thomas, anyhow."

"Goooooh!"

Bunter staggered away. He staggered as far as Study No. 7, rolled in, and there collapsed. After which, any fellow passing Study No. 7 would have heard awful sounds proceeding therefrom—sounds of unutterable woe and horror. It was probable that Mrs. Kebble would mourn for Thomas the cat, when she heard of his sad fate; but it was certain that her grief would not be so deep and heart-breaking as Billy Bunter's.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Not Thomas!

"WET?" grinned Johnny Bull. "You look a little damp!" chuckled Peter Todd.

"The dampfulness appears terrific!" remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent came in just as the Remove were starting for their dormitory. They were just in time for dorm, after all, owing to the unknown Chinaman having routed them out of his car.

"Too bad, old beans," said Bob Cherry. "Buzz along to the dorm and get those wet things off. You look drowned."

"Jolly near drowned," said Harry, "and it would have been worse if we hadn't got shelter for a bit. Come on, Franky!"

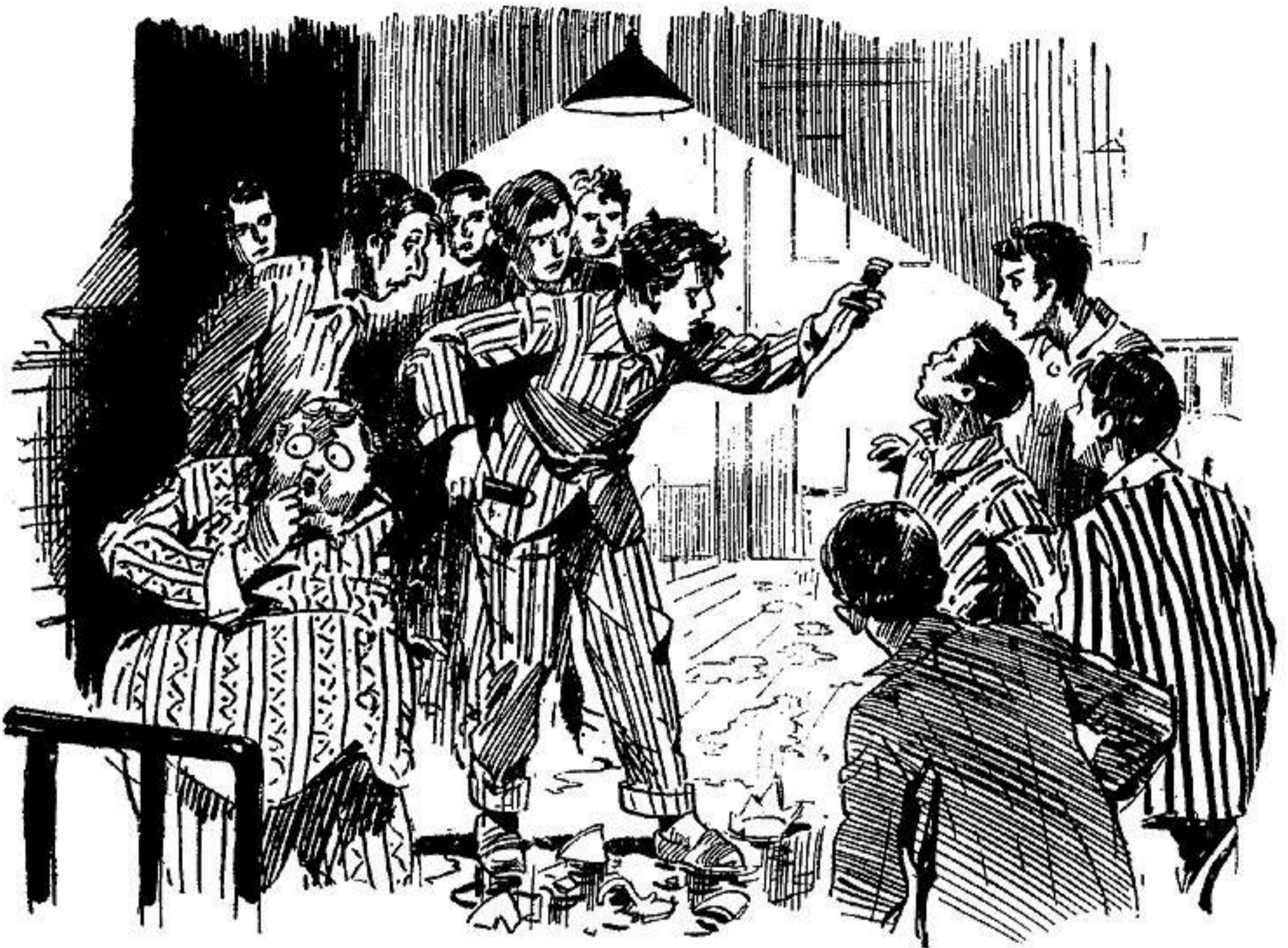
Wharton and Nugent were first in the dormitory, where they stripped off their wet clothes, and rubbed down with towels. Now that it was over they were none the worse for their drenching; only there was a rather bluish bruise on Nugent's knee to remind him of the car he had barged into.

Wingate of the Sixth, who was seeing lights out for the Remove, began to inquire after Bunter. Bunter had not come up with the Form.

"Where's Bunter?" demanded the prefect.

"O where and O where can he be?" murmured Bob.

"The young rascal! Anybody know where he is?" demanded the Greyfriars captain. Wingate's time was valuable, and he did not want to waste it on a



From among the fragments of the broken jug, Harry Wharton picked up an electric pocket-torch and a short, sharp dagger with a curved blade and a hilt of carved ivory!

unimportant a person as a Lower Fourth fag.

"I think he's still in his study," answered Bob.

"What the thump is he doing in his study?"

"He said he was dying."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Dying!"

Wingate glared at Bob Cherry.

"What the thump do you mean, you young ass?" he demanded crossly.

"I only know what he told me," answered Bob meekly. "He said he was dying. Of course, he may have exaggerated."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"No such luck!" remarked Vernon-Smith.

"Todd, Bunter belongs to your study. Go down and fetch him up at once!" snapped the prefect.

"Yes, Wingate."

Peter Todd left the dormitory. There was a chortle among the Removites. All the Form had heard of the sad fate of Thomas now, excepting the two late-comers.

"What's happened to Bunter, you men?" asked Wharton, as Wingate strolled out into the passage.

"He bagged Wun Lung's stew," explained Bob.

"The bagfulness was terrific!" chuckled Hurree Janset Ram Singh.

"And the esteemed and disgusting Chinese told him that the stew was manufactured of a preposterous cat."

"Oh crumbs!" ejaculated Nugent.

"There'll be a row about this tomorrow, when Mrs. Kebble misses her cat!" said Squiff. "Of course, she might adopt Bunter as a pet. It would come to the same thing in the circumstances."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mean to say Bunter scoffed a cat?" gasped Wharton.

"Well, Wun Lung said so," answered Bob. "I know they eat cats and dogs in China; but the little heathen's such a fibber—"

"Is it true, Wun Lung?" asked Harry.

Wun Lung grinned.

"Plenty true," he answered. "Nicey cattee, nicey doggee, makee plenty nicey glub in China! You foreign devils no savvy how nicey."

"But, you horrid little cannibal!" exclaimed Harry. "If Mrs. Kebble's cat is missing, there'll be a frightful row!"

"There's a frightful row when he isn't missing," remarked the Bounder. "I shan't be sorry to miss his music of a night."

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter."

Billy Bunter rolled heavily and feebly into the dormitory, leaning on Peter Todd's arm. He looked white and wretched—very like a passenger after a severe Channel crossing. He tottered to his bed, and sat down on it, and moaned.

"Feeling bad, old bean?" asked Squiff.

Groan!

"How's Thomas?" inquired Bolsover major.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Groan!

"Look here! Was that young heathen gammoning?" asked Wharton suspiciously. "What did it taste like, Bunter?"

"Horrible!" groaned Bunter.

"Did you scoff the lot?"

"Ow! Yes! Grooogh!"

"Well, it must have tasted all right, if you scoffed the lot!" said Harry.

"Perhaps it wasn't the cat."

Groan!

"I—I thought it had a nice taste!" moaned Bunter. "I—I thought it was some sort of Chinese flavouring at the time. Now I know— Ooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wingate came into the dormitory.

"Now, then, get a move on, you kids! Why aren't you in bed? Why— what—what's the matter with you, Bunter?"

Groan!

Wingate came over to the fat junior, looking quite alarmed. Bunter's expression would have touched a heart of stone.

He stared blankly at the Owl of the Remove. There was no doubt that Bunter was ill.

"What's the matter, Bunter?"

Groan!

"I suppose you've been over-eating, as usual, you greedy little pig!"

Groan!

"Well, what is it?" snapped Wingate. "Have you eaten something that doesn't agree with you, or what?"

"Ow! Yes! Wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing to cackle at in a fellow being sick, is there?" snapped Wingate, glancing round at the hilarious Removites. "Shut up! Now, Bunter!"

"I—I say, I—I think you ought to lick that beast, Wingate!" groaned Bunter. "I'm ill. I—I think I'm dying! I—I hope you'll give Wun Lung a jolly good hiding! Ow!"

"What's Wun Lung got to do with it?"

"Ow! He's poisoned me! Ow!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,175.

Wingate jumped.
"Poisoned you, you young fathead? What do you mean?"
"Ow! It was the stew!" groaned Bunter. "How was I to know that that filthy cannibal had made a stew of Mrs. Kebble's cat? Ow!"

"Mrs. Kebble's cat!" ejaculated Wingate. "Impossible!"

"They eat cats in China!" groaned Bunter. "I'd forgotten that! The stew seemed all right, only it had a flavour. Groooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Silence!" roared Wingate. "Wun Lung, come here! Did you tell Bunter you'd made a stew of Mrs. Kebble's cat?"

"Me tellee, nicey ole Wingate," answered Wun Lung, in his soft voice.

"After he'd eaten the stew?"

"Yes, handsome ole Wingate."

"And was it the truth?" demanded Wingate.

"Plenty too much tuth, pletty ole Wingate."

"You horrid young rascal! Get your clobber on again, and I'll take you to Mr. Quelch at once! If you've damaged Mrs. Kebble's cat, you'll be flogged."

Wun Lung backed away in alarm.

"Me no wantee goey to nicey ole Quelch!" he exclaimed.

"Well, you're going, you young rascal, and you can get ready for the licking of your life!"

"No wantee lickee!" wailed Wun Lung. "Me tellee tuth now. No makee stew of Missee Kebble's cuttee."

Bunter jumped.

"You didn't?" he yelled.

"Did you, or didn't you?" demanded Wingate.

Wun Lung shook his head.

"Me likee," he said. "Me likee makee plenty nicey stew of Missee Kebble's cuttee! But me no makee. Me tellee Buntee, pullee Buntee's leg! What you tinkee?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You mean you told Bunter lies?" demanded the prefect.

Wun Lung nodded cheerfully.

"Chinee tellee plenty lie," he admitted. "Tellee plenty big lie, allee samee tellee tuth. What you tinkee?"

"You—you—you boastly heathen!" gasped Bunter, jumping off his bed.

"I'll jolly well smash you—"

Wun Lung dodged round the captain of Greyfriars.

"You eatoo stew, me makes you tinkee you plenty eatoo cuttee," he said.

"Servee you allee light! Makee you plenteo sickoo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Removites.

"Are you still ill, Bunter?" asked Wingate, his face breaking into a grin.

"I—I feel better now!" The news that he had not, after all, devoured a cat-stew had bucked Bunter wonderfully.

"Are you telling the truth now, Wun Lung?"

"Plenty tellee tuth, nicey ole Wingate."

"If the cat is missing to-morrow—"

"Ow!" gasped Bunter. "I—I feel sick—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

Through the open window of the dormitory floated a long-drawn sound—echoing through the summer night.

Miau-ou-au-aaaaau!

It was the well-known voice of Thomas the cat!

Bunter started.

"Oh!" he gasped. "That—that's Mrs. Kebble's cat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 1,175.

Evidently, Thomas the cat was not, after all, inside Bunter. Had he been, he certainly could not have given voice in that melodious manner. It was obvious now that the wicked little Chinese had been pulling Bunter's fat leg—having a truly Oriental disregard for the truth.

Miau-au-au-aaaaau floated in from an adjacent roof.

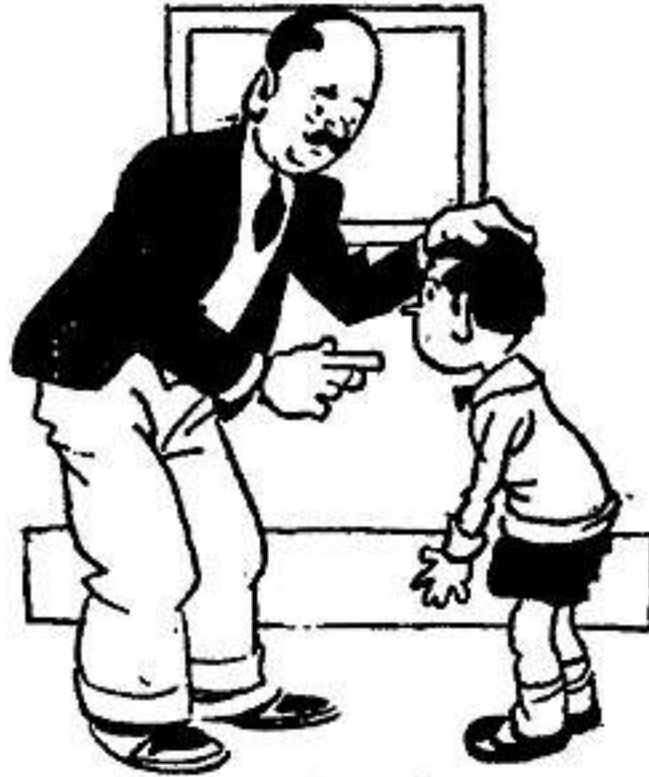
The voice of Thomas the cat was not, in itself, beautiful. But to Bunter's fat ears, at that moment, it was as sweet and harmonious as the music of the spheres! It was an indubitable proof that he was not, as he had feared, outside Thomas.

Wingate burst into a laugh.

"Turn in!" he said.

"I'll smash that little heathen beast!" roared Bunter.

"Turn in, you young ass! Serve you right for bagging the kid's grub! Now, then, if you keep me waiting—"



Uncle (feeling a bump on Tommy's head): "This must be a bump of inequity, I think."

Tommy: "Yes, uncle, it is. I was looking in Percy Smith's desk and the lid fell down!"

D. McCloughin, Pembroke Lodge, Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants, wins a handsome penknife for this effort. You see how easy it is, boys. Pile in with your rib-ticklers.

Bunter did not keep the prefect waiting. He snorted, and plunged into bed—feeling quite well now. His upheavals had been, after all, without cause—due only to imagination. The stew had been a delicious stew, innocent of feline ingredients. Bunter had recovered!

But Bunter did not, as usual, sink into immediate slumber, and wake the echoes of the dormitory with his snore. He had been severely shaken up—for in the awful belief that he had devoured Thomas the cat, he had been awfully sick. And Bunter, instead of thinking of sleep, was thinking of vengeance. Instead of gliding into balmy slumber, Billy Bunter waited for the other fellows to fall asleep, revolving in his fat mind schemes of dire vengeance on the junior from the Flowery Land.

But though the desire for vengeance was strong in Bunter, the arms of Morpheus were stronger. The fat junior slowly faded into oblivion, and the echoes of the dormitory resounded to his snores.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

In the Dead of the Night!

BILLY BUNTER started. He lifted his head from the pillow and blinked round in the dark dormitory.

From somewhere in the night came a single chime.

It was one o'clock!

Bunter grunted.

He had stayed awake quite a long time—thinking of vengeance on the cunning little Chinese who had punished him so severely for bagging the stew. He had settled on his plan—he was going to creep silently from bed when all the Removes were fast asleep, and upend a jug of water from the wash-stand over Wun Lung. That, Bunter considered, would pay the debt with interest, and by popping back into bed again immediately, he would escape the consequences—he would be snoring when the other fellows turned out to see what was the matter.

Unfortunately, by the time Bunter had settled his plan of action, he was nodding off to sleep. Gradually his scheming merged into dreaming, and he slept; and his eyes did not open again till one o'clock boomed from the old clock tower.

It was late—but it was not too late for vengeance. Bunter sat up in bed and blinked round him. He groped for his spectacles, jammed them on his fat little nose, and blinked again.

He listened intently, to make sure that all the fellows were asleep. Certainly nobody in the Remove was likely to be awake at one in the morning.

Save for the faint sound of regular breathing, all was silent. But through the silence, a soft sound came to Bunter's intent ears.

He started, and listened more intently. Was it the sound of a footstep in the shadowy dormitory?

It was not likely; nobody could be out of bed at that hour. Bunter listened harder than ever.

But if he had heard a sound, it was not repeated. All was silent and still.

Slowly, carefully, cautiously, Bunter crept from his bed.

It was necessary to be very cautious. Upending a jug of cold water over a fellow in bed was, in Bunter's opinion, a justifiable reprisal, but he did not expect anyone else to see it in that light. He was quite well aware that if he was caught playing such a trick, he would get the ragging of his life from the Removites. So he was very cautious indeed.

Without a sound, he approached the wash-stand, and lifted down the jug of water.

Jug in hand, he crept towards Wun Lung's bed.

The little Chinese was three beds away from Bunter, and he was very careful not to make a mistake in the dark. The darkness was deep in the long, lofty room; from the high windows came only a faint glimmer of summer starlight. Cautiously the Owl of the Remove crept along to Wun Lung's bed, and reached it.

He paused there for a moment to listen. It seemed to him that there was some soft sound in the dormitory, a sound as if some other fellow as well as himself was out of bed.

He listened with all his fat ears.

His heart thumped.

In the shadowy gloom a darker shadow stirred, and Bunter felt his fat heart almost turn over.

Someone was there—and it flashed into his mind, with a sudden certainty

(Continued on page 12.)

GOOD MEN, AND TRUE!

Herewith nutshell histories of Fairfax, Sandham, Duleepsinhji, and McCabe, whose photos form the subject of this week's SPECIAL FREE GIFT!

For many years cricketers of the past generation used to ask the question: "Will there ever be another 'Ranji'?" And at last the answer appears to be in the affirmative, for the Indian Kumar Shri Duleepsinhji has arrived, with many of the batting qualities possessed by Ranji, who is, of course, his uncle. There have been animated discussions as to whether



K. S. DULEEPSINHJI.

a native Indian should play for England, but on this head it is only necessary to say that he is fully qualified under rules governing Test match cricket, and that if he had not played, then Test match cricket would have been considerably the poorer. He was twelfth man in the first match of the present series, but got into the side for the second game and joined the small band of players—"Ranji" is among them—who made a century in his first Test against Australia. Keen of eye, supple of body, and mighty strong of wrist, "Duleep" is a delightful batsman to watch; ever ready to go for the runs. He is now 25 years of age, and was educated at Cheltenham and Cambridge, where his fellow students, finding the name much too long, gave him the title of Mr. Smith. Others called him "Tulip." A couple of seasons ago he was seriously ill, but, fortunately, he has recovered completely and, in addition to his Test match doings he has scored 333 for Sussex—the greatest individual total for that county—and recently recorded two centuries in the Gents v. Players match, a feat only performed by one other amateur. In the county match against Kent at Hastings last year Duleepsinhji accomplished a feat previously performed by only three batsmen in county cricket—C. B. Fry, H. Hardinge, and Philip Mead—that of scoring a century in the first innings and following this up with a double century in the second. "Ranji" is greatly pleased by the cricket success of his nephew, and sends him a nice little cheque every time he scores fifty or more:

It was a real blow to the Australians when Alan Fairfax was taken ill and had to undergo an operation which prevented him from taking his place in the side for the third Test match. He had done quite well in the second game, taking four wickets in England's first innings, and two in the second. Alan is a medium pace right hand bowler somewhat of the Maurice Tate type, both in action and in the fact that he seems able to go on sending them down steadily and well for hour after hour. He stands nearly six feet high and has a fine natural bowling action. Twenty-four years of age, Fairfax first appeared for Australia during the last tour of the Engand



A. FAIRFAX.

facture of cricket utensils, and sports goods.

team, coming into the side for the fifth Test and with an innings of 65 assisted his side materially to gain the victory. That innings proved that he is a capable batsman, and that his defence is very sound, though as yet his repertoire of scoring strokes is limited. He certainly deserves to get on in the cricket world, for he is most persistent in his practice, and the Australians have given away a secret concerning him. More than once, so the story goes, he has roused his roommate, Jackson, in the middle of the night and together they have gone through the process of scoring imaginary boundaries off the English bowlers. In the fourth Test match at Manchester Fairfax contributed a very useful 40 when Australia needed runs badly. Fairfax is keenly interested in the manu- at home is a salesman of

With the Australian team there are several players whom all the experts consider are likely to prove a trouble to England in Test matches for many years to come. One of them is Stanley McCabe, the "baby" of the side, who is now only twenty years of age. He gives every promise of developing into that most useful type of cricketer—the all-rounder in the real sense of the word. In build he is very similar to Bradman, and indeed, when they are fielding or at the wicket

together it is very difficult to distinguish one from the other at any distance. Of course, Stanley McCabe has not the batting genius of Bradman as yet, but he is a most useful bat for number five or six, and is also a very steady bowler of the medium kind, with a fine action, and capable of making the ball accelerate off the pitch. He has also a "mystery" ball up his sleeve—one which may turn the wrong way or alternatively go straight through and deceive the batsman. In the field he is a "boundary" specialist, quick on his feet, and holding anything which comes to hand. A native of New South Wales, he went to Sydney for his education, and was given a place in the State side during the last Australian season. Being chosen for the trip to England he has certainly made rapid strides, and with the experience he is now getting is expected to become a really great player. He is a bright boy, with a smile ever ready, and with a fund of jokes which help to keep the Australian party merry and bright. Loves a game of lawn-tennis or golf by way of relaxation.



S. MCCABE.

In a way the story of "Andy" Sandham is one of the tragedies of cricket. It has been his misfortune to be known, practically throughout his career, as Hobbs' partner, and he has had to be content with a place under the shadow of that great and glorious batsman. Yet in any other side Sandham would have been acclaimed as great in himself, for there are very few more reliable men in the country at the business of opening the innings, and if Hobbs had not struck up that fine understanding with Sutcliffe, Sandham might have been his partner in dozens of Tests. You see, as a batsman, Sandham is essentially "first man in"—a safe and steady player who has scored over seventy centuries in first-class cricket and who has also, of course, played for England against Australia both at home and "down under." Now forty years of age, Sandham was born quite close to the Oval, and as a lad he used to go specially to that ground to watch Tom Hayward. That there is virtue in having a cricket idol seems to be illustrated in Sandham's case, for he followed Tom Hayward as Surrey's first man in. "Andy" has been known to bowl, but that is not his second best cricket qualification. Fielding in the "deep" is his special delight, and there are few men who can run quicker, hold them more certainly, or return more accurately from the long field than this Surrey man. With Strudwick as his partner, Sandham runs a cricket school where lads are taught how to develop their game.

Andy has his likes and dislikes, and his pet aversions are the total stranger who comes up to him and talks "shop," and the autograph fiends who ask him to get the autographs of all the Surrey players, as well as his own!



A. SANDHAM.

THE MENACE OF TANG WANG!

(Continued from page 10.)

—that it was not a Remove fellow who was out of bed. It was some intruder from outside.

Bunter stood stock still in the darkness, shuddering. The thought of burglars was in his mind. Certainly, a junior dormitory was the last place in the school that a burglar might be expected to visit. There was nothing there to attract a burglar. Yet Bunter knew that the shadowy form that loomed in the gloom was not that of a Remove fellow. For one thing, it was too tall—dim as the figure was, he could see that it was at least a head taller than himself. It loomed over Bunter, silent, dark—and the next moment bumped into him.

There was a sharp cry of surprise—the unknown intruder was even more startled than Bunter by that unexpected collision in the dark.

A hand grasped at Bunter—and in sheer terror, the fat junior hurled the jug of water.

Crash!
Splash!

A fearful howl awoke the echoes of the dormitory. There was a bump as someone fell, knocked over by the crashing jug. The jug went to the floor and smashed into a dozen pieces.

Bunter yelled.

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Burglars! Whooooop!"

He darted away in dire terror of that clutching hand in the dark. He bumped into a bed and sprawled across it.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

Bob Cherry, startled from sleep by Bunter's frantic yell, awoke to feel a heavy weight crashing down on him.

He sprang up in bed, in astonishment and alarm.

"Oh, my hat! What—who—"

"Help!" yelled Bunter. "Burglars! Help!"

Bob clutched at the sprawling figure across his legs. His grasp fastened on Bunter's fat neck.

"Yaroooh!" shrieked Bunter. "Leggo! Help! He's got me! Whooooop! Help! Burglars! Fire! Thieves! Murder! Whoop!"

"You silly ass!" roared Bob.

"Help! He's got me! Help!"

"What on earth's the row?" shouted Harry Wharton. All the Remove were wide awake now and sitting up in bed or turning out.

"Help! Whoop! Murder! He's choking me!" howled Bunter. "He's got me by the throat! Help!"

"You silly owl!" yelled Bob, shaking the squirming fat junior. "It's me that's got you by your silly neck, you chump!"

"What's the row?" yelled the Bounder.

"That fat idiot Bunter—nightmare or something—ho's sprawling on my bed and howling—"

"Yaroooh! Help!"

"What's up, Bunter?"

"Owl! Burglars! Help! Murder!"

"This is what comes of scoffing cats for supper!" said Skinner. "It's a giddy nightmare."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat chump—"

"Help! Murder! Fire! Burglars!" shrieked Bunter.

"You fat idiot, you'll have Quelchy up here soon—"

"You'll wake up the prefects—"

"Help! Murder!" howled Bunter.

"Help! Police! Burglars!"

"Shut up!" gasped Bob.

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"Help!"

"Get a light, for goodness' sake!" gasped Harry Wharton. "The howling ass will wake up the House."

"Help! Yaroooh! Keep him off!"

"Keep who off, you crass idiot?" yelled Bob.

"Owl! The burglar! Wow!"

Nugent was out of bed, and groping for the electric light switch. He turned it on, and the dormitory was flooded with light.

"Now where's your burglar, you fat chump?" roared Bob.

Bunter rolled off the bed, and blinked round him in the light. On the floor, near the foot of Wun Lung's bed, lay the broken jug, in a pool of water. But there was no sign of a burglar! If there had been an intruder in the Remove dormitory, he had vanished.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

The Chinese Dagger!

HARRY WHARTON stared at the broken jug, and the pool of water. Then he stared at Bunter.

The fat junior stood quaking. He was relieved to find that there was no intruder in the room. But he was still shuddering with horror and affright, from the touch of the unseen hand that had grasped at him in the darkness.

"What on earth's happened?" exclaimed the captain of the Remove.

"Who's been chucking a jug about?"

"Oh dear!"

"What have you been up to, you fat dummy? Did you drop that jug?"

"I—I say, you fellows, perhaps he's hiding under a bed—"

"Who?" yelled Johnny Bull.

"Oh dear! The burglar!"

"You fat chump! There wasn't any burglar!"

"He touched me!" howled Bunter. "I tell you I was touched—"

"You needn't tell us that," said Skinner. "We know you're 'touched'!"

"Beast! I mean—"

"Look here, you fat ehump," said Wharton. "What have you been up to? You were out of bed, with a jug of water. What idiotic game have you been playing?"

"I—I wasn't going to chuck it over Wun Lung!" gasped Bunter.

"What?"

"I—I mean—"

"You fat villain! You were going to drench the Chinee with water, in the middle of the night?" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Nunno!" gasped Bunter. "I—I've just told you I wasn't! You—you see—"

"Buntee tellee whooppee," said Wun Lung, who was sitting up in bed, blinking at the terrified Owl with his almond eyes. "Buntee comce 'long thlow plenty watee ovee this pool li'l Chinee."

"You fat rotter!" roared Bob. "I'll jolly well—"

"I—I say, you fellows, I—I wasn't—I didn't—I never!" gasped Bunter. "I—I wouldn't, you know! Besides, the little beast made me believe I'd scoffed Mrs. Kebble's cat—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, scrambling out of bed. "We'll jolly well rag the fat villain—"

"Oh, really Cherry—"

"Bump him!"

"I—I say, you fellows, keep off!" yelled Bunter. "I say, perhaps that burglar's in the dorm all the time—"

"You frabjous ass!"

"He may be hiding under a bed—"

gasped Bunter.

"You born idiot, there wasn't any burglar—what the thump do you think a burglar would want in a dormitory—"

"He may have been after Bunter's rolled-gold watch!" suggested Skinner. "See if your watch is safe, Bunter! It's worth twopence, at least."

"Beast! I tell you he bumped into me in the dark!" gasped Bunter. "I chucked the jug at him—oh dear! He clutched me—"

"Too many films!" said Skinner. "Sub-title—the Clutching Hand—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Great Scott!" yelled Johnny Bull suddenly. "Somebody's been here!"

"What—"

"Rubbish—"

"Look!" shouted Johnny Bull. He was pointing to the floor; and the juniors gathered round quickly. On the floor, plain in the electric light, was a wet trail, leading from the spot where the broken jug lay towards the door. It was the distinct trail of someone drenched with water, dripping with water, who had crossed to the door.

The juniors stared at it, stupefied.

It was a proof—startling and unexpected—that someone had been in the dormitory, and had been drenched by the water from Bunter's jug. Up to that moment, the juniors had taken it for granted that Bunter had been frightened by a shadow in the dark.

"Great pip!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Somebody's been here—"

"Some fellow from another dormitory—" said Harry.

"Some Fourth Form bounder—" said Squiff. "Temple's been bragging that he's going to raid our dormitory."

"Hold on!" exclaimed Wharton. "What's this?"

He stooped over the broken jug. In the midst of the fragments, lay two objects that the juniors had not noticed at first. One of them was an electric pocket-torch. The other was a much more startling object—a short, sharp dagger with a curved blade and a hilt of carved ivory.

Wharton picked it up.

"Oh crumbs!" said Bob, staring at it blankly.

"A—a—a knife!" stuttered Nugent.

"A dagger!" said Squiff.

"I say, you fellows! I told you—"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

"But I told you—"

Wun Lung's almond eyes fixed on the dagger in Wharton's hand. A strange change came over the little Chinee's face. He leaped from his bed, and ran to the captain of the Remove, and caught the strange weapon from his hand.

"Chinaman comey here!" he said.

"A Chinaman?" exclaimed Bob.

"This daggee Chinee daggee!" said Wun Lung.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I say, you fellows, suppose he's under a bed—"

"Shut up you ass! Can't you see that he bolted for the door? There's splashes all the way—"

"He's gone!" said Bob Cherry.

"But who—what—" He broke off, in utter bewilderment. The discovery of the Oriental dagger had given a startling shock to all the Remove.

Obviously, an armed man had been in the dormitory in the darkness—a man with a bared weapon in his hand! It was a startling discovery.

"How do you know it's a Chinese dagger, Wun Lung?" asked Nugent.

Wun Lung, with a strangely sombre face, pointed to a marking on the thin, keen, curved blade. It was a strange mark to the eyes of the Removites; but



Wun Lung discovered his minor in the Second Form-room, where Gatty was busily engaged grilling a herring, impaled on several pens, over a spirit-stove.

they recognised it as Chinese. They had sometimes seen Wun Lung writing letters home to his father, Chung Lung, in China, in the strange Chinese characters that were written in columns from right to left. The engraving on the blade of the dagger was in Chinese—a single, strange sign.

"Sort of trade mark?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yang!" explained Wun Lung.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Yang—what you callee sheepee."

"Sheep!" repeated several voices, as the fellows stared at the sign on the dagger. "Does that wiggly thing mean a sheep?"

"Sheepee, in Chinese," said Wun Lung. "What you callee tlade markee. Man who make this daggee markee likee that. This daggee he makee in Canton."

"I see! That's the trade mark of a Canton manufacturer?" asked Bob.

Wun Lung nodded.

"That shows that the dagger came from China!" said Harry Wharton. "That means that a Chinaman has been here!"

His eyes met Nugent's. Both of them remembered, at the same moment, the Chinaman in the car on Courtfield Common.

"But—but what could he have been going to do with the dagger, whoever he was?" exclaimed Peter Todd.

"Killy, plaps," said Wun Lung simply.

"Great Scott!"

The Removites stared at one another with horrified faces. It seemed impossible that any man could have come to the dormitory, in the dead of night, with murderous intentions.

"I—I say, you fellows——" squeaked Billy Bunter.

"Dry up, fathead!"

"I—I say——"

"But—but if he was after somebody, who was he after?" gasped Smithy.

"Me tinkee this pool li'l Chinese," said Wun Lung.

"You—why?"

"No savvy. But him Chinaman—and Chinaman plaps savvy me, no savvy you fellows. Me no savvy why, but me tinkee he comey after me."

"But—but——" stammered Wharton.

It seemed too terrible to be true. But there was that deadly, murderous-looking weapon, evidently Chinese, keen as a razor, dropped in the dormitory by the unknown who had butted into Bunter in the dark. For what had the dagger been intended, if not for some fearful deed?

"He—he was after somebody!" muttered Nugent. "He dropped that electric torch—he must have had it in his hand. He was going to turn on the light and pick out the fellow he wanted——"

"Looks like it," said Harry. "And then that fat idiot butted into him—thank goodness he did——"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Someone coming!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

From without footsteps could be heard approaching along the passage towards the door of the dormitory. Evidently a prefect or a master had been roused by the noise.

The door of the Remove dormitory opened, and Mr. Quelch stood framed in the doorway.

"Boys! What does this mean?"

And Mr. Quelch, with thunder on his brow, advanced into the dormitory.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

A Mystery!

HENRY SAMUEL QUELCH fixed his gimlet-eyes sternly on the Removites. Evidently he suspected that some midnight "rag" was on.

Then, as his eyes fell on the dagger in Wun Lung's hand, he gave a violent start.

"What—what is that? Wun Lung, what are you doing with that dangerous weapon?" he exclaimed.

"No belong to me, sir!" said the Celestial. "Some Chinaman dloppee this daggee hele, sir."

"What! Has anything happened, Wharton?"

"Yes, something very serious, I think, sir," said Harry. "Somebody has been here, and he dropped this dagger when he cleared——"

"What? Tell me at once!"

Two or three voices explained together. The Remove master listened in blank astonishment.

But for the dagger, he might have supposed that the juniors were venturing to rag him. But the Chinese dagger was indubitable evidence. No such weapon had ever been seen at Greyfriars before.

"Give it to me," said Mr. Quelch. The dagger was handed to him. The Form master took it very carefully; the edge was sharpened to a razor-like keenness. He examined it with astonished eyes.

"There is a mark on the blade——" he said.

"That's a bang, sir," said Bob.

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(Continued from page 13.)

"A what?" ejaculated Mr. Quelch.

"A bang—did you say bang or hang, kid?"

Wun Lung grinned.

"Yang!" he said.

"Yang?" repeated Mr. Quelch. The Remove master knew all that was to be known about Latin and Greek and half a dozen European languages. But Chinese was a sealed book to him. "Yang? Is that a Chinese word?"

"Yes, sir. Meanee sheepee."

"Dear me!" said Mr. Quelch. "And this—this odd-looking symbol implies the word 'yang,' which means a sheep! Bless my soul! A trade mark, I suppose. This weapon must have come from China! It is most extraordinary!"

"I say, sir," wailed Bunter, "suppose that villain is hiding under a bed all this time—"

Mr. Quelch started.

"Perhaps you had better look under the beds, my boys—"

"Yes, sir; but we know he's gone."

The beds were looked under; but there was no trace of the mysterious Chinaman. Mr. Quelch stood with the dagger in his hand and a deeply troubled and perplexed look on his face. He could scarcely suppose that the unknown intruder had been a burglar—there was nothing to burgle in a junior dormitory. Yet to suppose that the man had come there with murderous intentions was staggering.

"It is fortunate," said Mr. Quelch at last, "that Bunter was awake and out of bed. What the man can have wanted here is a mystery; but—" He paused. "Lock the door when I leave you, Wharton, and then go back to bed. You may leave the light burning. I will wake the prefects and have the house searched—though I have little doubt that the rascal is gone before this. However, I shall telephone to Courtfield for a constable to be sent. You need have no further alarm, my boys—"

"We're not alarmed, sir!" said the Bouncer coolly.

"Well, well, good-night, my boys! Lock the door, Wharton, and do not open it unless you hear my voice."

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

Mr. Quelch, very troubled and perturbed, left the dormitory, taking the Chinese dagger with him. The door was closed and locked.

"Well, this beats the band!" said Bob Cherry, with a deep breath. "We had some excitement here when the jolly old barring-out was on; but this beats it hollow!"

"I say, you fellows, leave the light on! Of course, I'm not afraid; but—"

"Rot!" grunted the Bouncer. "We don't want the light on! Who's afraid of the dark?"

"Beast! Leave the light on!" yelled Bunter. "I won't stay here in the dark! I say, you fellows—"

"Shut up!" roared Bob Cherry.

"Better leave it on, or we shall have Bunter in a fit," said Wharton. "Get back to bed—though I'm blest if I

think I shall close my eyes again to-night."

The juniors returned to bed. With the electric light burning, and the thick oak door safely locked, even William George Bunter recovered a little from his terrors. Moreover, as there was no sound of alarm in the House, it was apparent that the search had failed to reveal any intruder; and there was no doubt that the mysterious night-prowler was far away.

Wun Lung went to bed with the rest; but he did not close his almond eyes. Lights were flashing on in every room at Greyfriars; all the Sixth were up, and all the masters; the search of the house was being conducted with thoroughness. Sounds of many footsteps and the murmur of voices could be heard. But nothing was heard that told of alarm. Wun Lung laid his head on the pillow, but his eyes gleamed in the light; he was not thinking of sleep.

"You really think that that merchant was after you, kid?" asked Harry Wharton.

"Ma tinkee."

"It looks likely," said Bob. "A Chinaman couldn't be interested in any of us—couldn't ever have heard of any of us, in fact. It's a johnny from Wun Lung's country. Have you got any jolly old enemies at home in the Flowery Land, Wun Lung?"

"No savvy."

"Well, a man wouldn't be after you with a dagger for nothing."

"Many things happen in China!" said Wun Lung. "Plaps hé killy. Plaps he no killy. But he wantee me, me tinkee."

"Don't you be afraid, kid," said Billy Bunter patronisingly. "I've saved your life; and if you're in danger again just call on me—I'll save you!"

"Eat Buntsee velly funnee."

"Why, you ungrateful heathen!" exclaimed the Owl of the Remove indignantly. "Haven't I jolly well saved your life by tackling that villain in the dark? You fellows can cackle—"

"Thanks—we will!" said Bob. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle!" roared Bunter. "But precious few of you would have had the nerve to tackle an armed villain like I did. It was sheer presence of mind made me knock him down with the jug. If he hadn't got away so jolly quick, I'd have nabbed him, too. I wish he'd come back—and I'd show you."

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Bob Cherry suddenly. "There's a Chinaman in the dorm! Look out!"

"Yarooooh!"

Billy Bunter plunged headlong under the bedclothes.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Owl! Help! Yaroooh! Help!" came a muffled roar from Bunter, from under his blankets. "Keep him off! Yaroooh! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors.

"I say, you fellows, help! Keep him off!"

"You silly owl!" roared Bob. "It's all right! Don't be such a blessed funk! Shut up, you howling jackass!"

Bunter peered out from under his bedclothes. It was borne in upon his mind that if there had been an armed and desperate Chinaman in the dormitory, the fellows would not have been roaring with laughter.

"I—I say, you beast!" gasped Bunter. "You said there was a Chinaman in the dormitory, you rotter!"

"So there is," answered Bob. "But it's only a young one, and his name's Wun Lung."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Beast!"

Nothing more was heard of what Billy Bunter would do, if the Chinaman came back. The fat junior laid his head on the pillow, and was soon snoring. The other fellows intended to remain awake, and for a long time there was discussion of the mysterious incident. But they dropped off to sleep at last, only Wun Lung's slanting eyes remaining unwinkingly open till the light of dawn streamed in at the high windows, and the rising-bell clangled out over Greyfriars School.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Bunter Is Not Taking Any!

GREYFRIARS SCHOOL was in a state of considerable excitement the following morning.

The strange episode in the Remove dormitory was the one topic. As a subject of discussion, even the late barring-out in the school was dismissed.

Not a trace had been found of the mysterious intruder.

It was clear that he had fled from the spot the moment the alarm was given. And the constable who had come up from Courtfield found the place where he entered the House and apparently left. A section of glass was found to be cut from a downstairs window, which had enabled him to open the window from outside. Who he was, why he had come, whither he had gone, remained inexplicable.

If the man had been a burglar, no doubt, strange to the interior of the school, he had found himself in a junior dormitory by mistake. And that was the theory generally received.

But the Chinese dagger hinted that the unknown man was a Chinaman, and Chinese burglars in England were certainly few and far between. Yet if his object had not been theft, it was difficult to imagine what it could have been.

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent could not help thinking of the Chinaman they had met on Courtfield common, in connection with the strange affair. It was a coincidence, at least, that he should have been there only a few hours before the mysterious visit to the Remove dormitory.

They discussed the matter with their chums in break that morning; and it was decided that Wharton should mention it to Mr. Quelch.

So, after third lesson, when the Remove was dismissed, the captain of the Form stayed behind when the other fellows went out, and stopped at Mr. Quelch's desk.

Mr. Quelch was looking thoughtful and a little troubled that morning. It was clear that the mysterious event worried him a good deal.

"What is it, Wharton?" he asked, as the captain of the Remove came to his desk.

And Wharton explained, his Form master listening very attentively.

"I thought I ought to mention it, sir," he concluded. "Wun Lung is sure that the man was a Chinaman who came last night, and he thinks the fellow was after him."

"Why should Wun Lung think so?"

"Only because he's sure the man was a Chinaman, sir."

"There is no proof that the burglar was a Chinaman, Wharton; only the fact that he left a Chinese weapon behind him is a sort of presumptive evidence."

"Well, Chinese daggers aren't common in England," said Harry dubiously.

"That is true, of course. The fact that you saw a Chinaman in the neighbourhood of the school renders it more

probable that the man last night was Chinese. His leaving the car hidden, without lights, in an obscure lane, and his producing a revolver when he found you and Nugent in the car, certainly seems to hint that he is a questionable character. I shall pass on this information to the police. You did quite right to tell me about it, Wharton. If it was the same man, your description of him may be useful."

Mr. Quelch reflected. "You did not notice the number of the car?" "No, sir. It was too dark to notice anything; and, of course, we never thought—"

"Of course not. Or the make of the car?" "It was a saloon car, sir. I think an expensive one. But I couldn't say what make."

"Very well, Wharton." And the captain of the Remove followed his friends, leaving Mr. Quelch with a very thoughtful wrinkle on his brow. Wharton joined the Co. in the quad.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! You've told Quelch?" asked Bob Cherry. Wharton nodded.

"Yes; he seems to think there's something in it," he answered. "My own idea is that it was the same man. I think it stands to reason. The fellow was up to something, and last night showed what he was up to."

"I think so, too," said Nugent. "But we don't know what his game was," said Johnny Bull.

"No, unless he was some joker from China, with a grudge against Wun Lung's family," said Harry. "The kid seems to think so."

"Life is pretty cheap in China, I believe," said Bob. "I suppose a man who had a down on Wun Lung's pater

might think of taking it out of the kid with a dagger. But—"

"It seems rather thick," said Johnny Bull.

"My esteemed chums—"

"Go it, Inky," said Bob. "What have you got in your old black noddle?"

The nabob of Bhanipur smiled. "The thoughtfulness in my esteemed brain-box has been terrific," he answered.

"What we do not know about that worthy and rascally Chinaman is enormous, but we know that he was after something in this esteemed school."

"No doubt about that," agreed Bob.

"Then, as it did not come off, whatever it was, is it not terrifically probable that he will try again?"

"Not if he's a burglar," said Johnny Bull. "He would be scared off."

"I do not thoughtfully opine that he was a burglar, my esteemed Johnny. If it was something else, he has failed, and he may try againfully."

"Likely enough," said Harry. "But what—"

"If he also was the man in the car, he does not know that there was any suspectfulness of his esteemed self. Therefore, my esteemed chums, it is preposterously probable that he is still in this esteemed vicinity, and looking out for another chance to get at the ridiculous Wun Lung."

"I suppose so," said Harry thoughtfully. "There's nothing to connect him with what happened last night, or to stop him hanging about here if he wants to. What about it?"

"By taking a little walk abroad, my esteemed chum, we may happen on him, if he is hanging about. You two fellows know him by sightfulness; and if you spot him, we can spot also the number and make of the car, and have some

esteemed information for the excellent and fatheaded police."

"Good egg!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "It can't do any harm, at any rate. Let's take a trot."

"May as well," assented Wharton.

And the Famous Five walked out of gates, and spent the next hour wandering in the highways and byways in the vicinity of the school, keeping wary eyes open for a saloon car driven by a Chinaman.

Nothing came of it, however, and they returned to the school, not very much disappointed, for they had not expected much. But it was agreed that after classes that day they should take a longer walk, and hope for better fortune.

When the Remove were dismissed that day, therefore, the Famous Five started for the gates at once. And a fat youth rolled swiftly on their track when they started.

"I say you fellows!" squeaked Bunter. "Buzz off, fatty!"

Bunter hurried on and joined the Famous Five. They were taking the direction of Courtfield; and Courtfield, to Bunter's fat mind, was associated chiefly with the bunshop there.

"I say, you fellows, I'll come!" said Bunter affably. "You fellows can stand the tea—"

"What tea, fathead?"

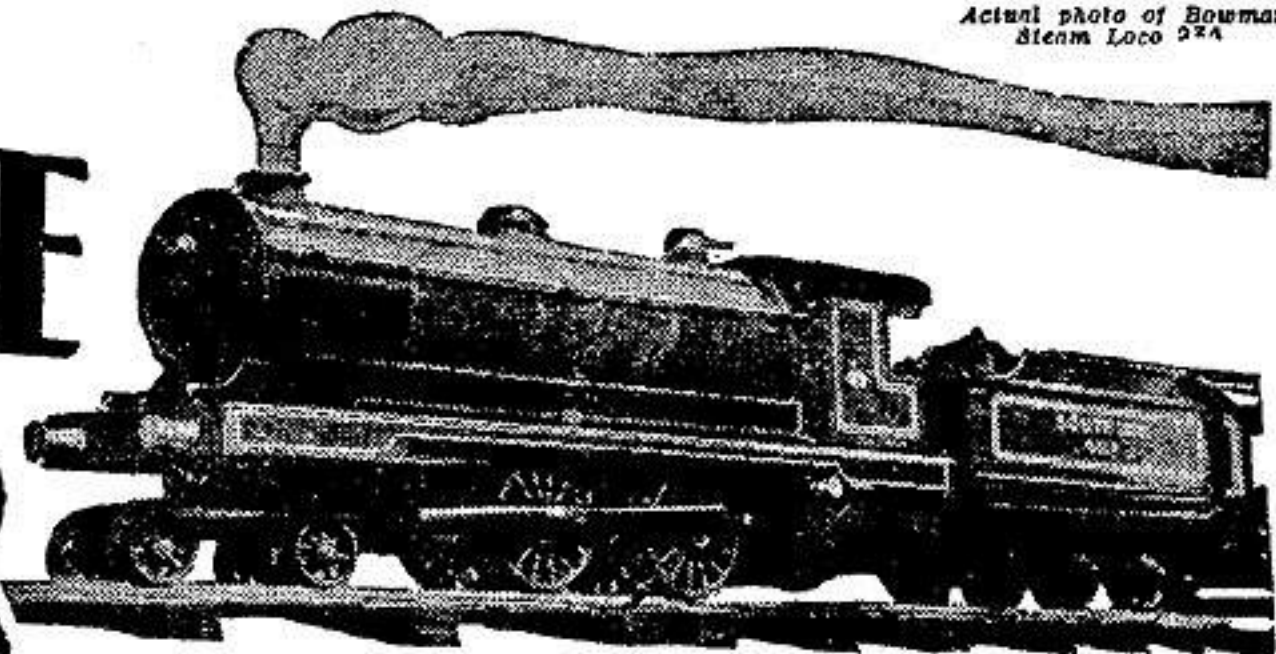
Bunter winked.

"I know you're going to the bunshop," he answered. "You can't gammon me, you know. I'd stand you fellows a jolly good spread only I've been disappointed about a postal order. I'll tell you what—you stand the feed to-day, and I'll stand one to-morrow—my postal order is sure to come in the

(Continued on next page.)

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morning. It's from one of my titled relations—"

"We're not going to the bunshop, fatty—we're not going to tea at all."

"He, he, he!"

"What are you cackling at, you fat image?"

"Gammon!" said Bunter. "He, he, ho!"

And Bunter rolled on after the chums of the Remove. They reached the common and turned off the road into the little narrow lane that led towards Popper Court. Bunter halted.

"I say, you fellows, that ain't the way to Courtfield!" he exclaimed. "Look here, stick to the road. Those short cuts are too jolly muddy after the rain last night."

"We're not going to Courtfield!" bawled Bob.

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

The Famous Five walked on. William George Bunter gave an irritated snort and rolled after them.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Are you going to Popper Court?" asked Bunter. "Mean to say that Sir Hilton Popper has asked you to tea?"

Bob Cherry chuckled.

"Likely—after the rows we've had with him lately," he said.

"If he has, I'll come—"

"Fathead!"

"Then where are you going?" demanded Bunter.

"Oh, come on!" said Nugent. "The fact is, you fellows, we want Bunter this time. Bunter may be useful."

"Eh?" said Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove wanted a feed, but he was not troubled by any particular desire to be useful.

"If we meet the Chinaman—"

"Wha-a-t?" ejaculated Bunter.

"Bunter can take the lead," went on Nugent. "If he gets killed the loss won't be really serious—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good egg!" said Bob heartily.

"Come on, Bunter!"

Billy Bunter halted.

"Wha-a-t are you fellows up to?" he demanded uneasily.

"We're looking for the giddy Chinaman," explained Bob. "The joker who dropped that dagger in the dorm last night."

"Oh!" gasped Bunter.

"Come on, Bunter! You'll be the right man in the right place if we meet him. A really brave chap, regardless of danger—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows, d-d-d-do you think there's any chance of—of meeting that Chinese beast?" gasped Bunter.

"Yes, rather! May meet him any moment in this lonely place—"

"Ow!"

"He might jump out from behind a hedge any second—"

"Yaroooh!"

"Aren't you coming, Bunter?" roared Bob Cherry, as the fat junior turned and scuttled back towards the road.

"Come on, Bunter!"

"We want you, Bunter!"

"The wantfulness is terrific, my esteemed Bunter."

"I—I've got to see a fellow!" gasped Bunter over his shoulder. "Sorry I can't come! Got to see a chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And William George Bunter vanished from sight, going strong. The Famous Five chortled and resumed their way. They had a hope of coming across the mysterious Chinaman; but William George Bunter, evidently, was not taking any

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

"Uncle Chung!"

B UZZZZZZZ!

Mr. Prout started from a doze. Prout, the master of the Greyfriars Fifth, was in the Head's study—Prout being headmaster pro tem. during Dr. Locke's absence. The Head of Greyfriars was still ill, and away from the school, and Prout was carrying on—hence his occupation of the Chief Beak's study.

It was a warm afternoon, very warm, and Prout, who was doing Greek papers, was nodding over them. Prout liked playing headmaster, even if only a temporary one, but he was feeling that end-of-the-term feeling, and was counting the days to the holidays. Sitting in the Head's chair, at the Head's writing-table, Prout nodded and dozed—till he was startled into wakefulness by the buzz of the telephone bell.

"Dear me," said Prout.

He picked up the receiver.

"Hallo!" yawned Prout into the instrument.

"Greyfriars School?" came a voice that had a soft, silky tone in it and struck Prout as foreign, though it had no strange accent.

COMPOSE A GREYFRIARS LIMERICK

and

WIN A POCKET WALLET, Here's this week's winning effort:

An Upper Fourth Form man
named Fry,
To score a big jape once did
try.
He was caught by Bob
Cherry,
Who hit him hard very,
And now Fry has got a black
eye!

Sent in by Sam Hoy, of 5,
Adwick Terrace, Ferrybridge
Road, Pontefract, Yorks.

"Yes, this is Greyfriars—Mr. Prout speaking."

"May I speak to the honoured headmaster?"

"Dear me!" said Prout again; and he went on: "Dr. Locke is away from the school at present. In all matters connected with the school I am taking his place, but if it is a private matter, letters will be forwarded."

"Thank you! My name is Chung."

"Eh?"

"Chung—Mr. Chung!"

"Dear me!" said Prout for the third time. He was wide awake now. Such a name as Chung was enough to make the sleepiest Form master sit up and take notice. "Did you say—h'm!—Chung?"

"Yes; I am a Chinese."

"Oh, I understand! I really beg your pardon," said Prout. If his interlocutor was a Chinese Prout was not surprised by such a name as Chung, and would not have been surprised if it had been Hung or Lung or Wung. "What can I do for you, Mr—er—Chung?"

"It would give me great pleasure to see my nephew."

"Your nephew?"

"His name is Wun Lung."

"Oh!" said Prout. Really, he felt that he might have guessed that a Chinese gentleman who telephoned to the Head would be a relation of Wun Lung and Hop Hi, the only Chinese at

Greyfriars. "I—I see. You desire to call at the school to see Wun Lung."

"That is my desire, honoured sir. I have arrived in England only this morning, by way of Folkestone, and the school being on my way to London, I should be inestimably pleased to call, as I am proceeding to London by car. I desire to embrace my beloved nephew and to bring him news of his honoured father, Chung Lung."

"My dear sir, pray come on as soon as you wish," said Mr. Prout. "I shall be very happy to see you, and I have no doubt that the boy will be delighted. At what time may I expect you?"

"I shall leave Folkestone immediately," said Mr. Chung. "I have rested and refreshed myself, my honoured sir, and desire to pursue my journey, and have hired a car for the purpose. I am told that I shall require a little over an hour to make the journey to Courtfield, which I am given to understand is near the school."

"Quite so, sir," said Mr. Prout. "Then I will warn Wun Lung that you will be here in about an hour or so."

"You are exceedingly kind, Mr. Prout."

"Not at all, sir—not at all. Delighted," said Prout.

And after a few more polite expressions, smacking of the Flowery Land and its honorific manners and customs, the Chinese gentleman rang off.

Prout sat down again.

Prout, like other schoolmasters, regarded visits from parents and relations with mixed feelings. But he was prepared to give a very courteous welcome to a Chinese gentleman who had only just arrived from the other side of the world. Hitherto, none of Wun Lung's people had ever been seen at the school; the journey was much too extensive a one for his father or other relations to undertake it. Mr. Prout was, in fact, rather curious to see what Wun Lung's uncle was like, wondering whether he would arrive in European garb or in the flowing and gorgeous garments of the Orient.

He rang for Trotter, and told him to find Wun Lung and send him to the study.

In a few minutes the Chinese of the Remove presented himself.

He blinked at Prout rather warily with his slanting eyes. A summons to the Head's study generally meant trouble for a junior.

But the portly Fifth Form master soon reassured him. He gave the little heathen a benevolent smile and a nod.

"Ah! Wun Lung!" said Prout, in his fruity voice. "You have—er—an uncle named Bung—no, no, Chung—a Mr. Chung?"

"Yes, sir!"

"You will be pleased to hear that Mr. Chung has arrived in England," said the Fifth Form master.

Wun Lung's eyes opened wide.

"Uncle Chung comey to England!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, he landed at Folkestone today and has telephoned me," said Mr. Prout. "He desires to call here and see you. No doubt you will be very pleased to see your uncle, my boy, as you are so far from your native land and your relatives."

"Me plentee muchee pleasee, sir!" said Wun Lung, and there was no doubt that the little Chinese looked pleased. "Hop Hi be velly pleasee, too."

"Very good!" said Mr. Prout, benevolently. "Now, your uncle will be here in little more than hour, Wun Lung, so you had better be in the visitors' room at that time, ready to

see him. Probably he will not stay long, as I understand that he is going on to London in his car. He did not mention your brother; but no doubt he will desire to see Hop Hi also. It is now"—Mr. Prout glanced at the Head's clock—"half-past five! At half-past six, Wun Lung, you had better be in the visitors' room, ready, and I will bring Mr. Chung there when he calls."
"Velly good, sir."

Prout made a sign of dismissal, and Wun Lung left the study. His little, yellow face was beaming as he glided down the corridor with his soft step.

Prout was right in supposing that the little Chinese would be glad to see a relation from his native land. Although he never gave a sign of it, and was generally one of the happiest and most contented fellows at Greyfriars, Wun Lung felt the distant separation from his own country and his own people. He was overjoyed to think of meeting a near relative, in the island in the North Sea that was so far from the Flowery Land.

He looked for Hop Hi of the Second Form at once, to apprise his minor of the good news. He found Hop Hi in the Second Form room where some of the fags were having one of their unholy spreads. Gatty of the Second was grilling a herring, impaled on several pens, over a spirit-stove, and his chum Myers was warning him not to burn it—warnings that were in vain. There was a strong scent of burning fish as Wun Lung glided in.

He told Hop Hi the news, speaking in his own tongue as he generally did in conversation with his minor. Some of the fags grinned as they listened to the flowing Chinese. Hop Hi's face brightened like his major's as he listened; but to the Second Form fags, it was really amazing that that succession of monosyllables conveyed a meaning.

"Oh, my hat!" said Gatty, staring round from his culinary task. "Mean to say you understand that cackle, Hop Hi?"

Hop Hi grinned. "Me savvy Chinese," he answered. "Sounds like cracking nuts, to me," said Gatty. "Plenty beautiful language," said Hop Hi. "S'pose you likee, me teachee you speakee some Chinese."

"No jolly fear!" said Gatty, promptly. "Chinese plenty lovely talkee!" said Wun Lung.

"How would you say fish in Chinese?" asked Myers. "S'pose you were speaking of this herring, how would you put it?"

"Yu!" said Hop Hi. "Not me, ass, you—I don't know any Chinese."

"Yu!" repeated Hop Hi. "What do you mean, fathead—me?" asked Myers, staring at him.

Hop Hi chuckled. "You no savvy," he said. "Fishee in Chinese, yu!"

"Oh crikey!" said Myers. "Yu! What a word for a fish! I wonder all you Chinks don't chuck Chinese and learn English."

"Chinee muchee bettee."

"Oh crumbs! I like that!" chuckled Myers. "Much better—my hat! But go on—it's quite funny! Tell us about this herring in Chinese."

"Dje go chih buh deh!" said Hop Hi.

Wun Lung burst into a sudden chortle as his minor spoke. Apparently he saw something comic in the words



A
LEAP
FOR
LIFE!

Hop Hi went bundling out of the window, and Wun Lung leaped recklessly after him. The slash of a knife behind missed Wun Lung by a foot or more as he jumped from the window.

that sounded like utter gibberish to the fags of the Second.

"My word!" said Gatty. "Is that Chinese?"

"That Chinese!" assented Hop Hi.

"And it means this herring?" said Gatty, in wonder. "Well, it beats Latin and Greek and German all rolled together! What are you cackling at, Wun Lung?" Gatty, who was cock of the walk in the Second Form, glared at the two Chinese suspiciously, suspecting that his leg was being pulled. "Look here, you cheeky little pagan, what were you saying about this herring?"

"Dje go chih buh deh!" answered Hop Hi blandly.

"But what does that mean exactly?" demanded Gatty.

"Meanee, no can eatee that helling," explained Hop Hi. "Meancee that fishee no good to eatee."

"Why, you cheeky little monkey," exclaimed Gatty in great wrath. "Here, you look after this herring a minute Myers, while I pull his pigtail."

Major and minor hastily retreated from the Second Form room before the

wrathful Gatty could come to close quarters.

An hour later, Wun Lung and Hop Hi were in the visitors' room watching the quadrangle from the window for the arrival of Uncle Chung.

Both of them were rather excited; and they talked to one another exuberantly in the language which Gatty had described as resembling the cracking of nuts.

"Ni kan!" exclaimed Wun Lung, suddenly, as a car came up the drive—a very handsome saloon car with only one occupant, who was driving. "Look!"

The two Chinese looked curiously at the motorist. He wore ordinary European clothes. Apparently he had met with some accident on the road, for there was a bandage tied across his face, stained here and there with red. But above it his dark, slanting eyes could be seen—the eyes of a Chinese. Little more could be seen of his face than the almond eyes. Leaving the car on the drive, the Chinese gentleman passed into the House.

Wun Lung and Hop Hi waited. Mr. Chung had to see Prout before he saw his nephews. He was shown immediately into the Head's study, where Mr. Prout greeted him very genially. Trotter had taken in his card which bore the name "Mr. Chung" in Roman letters. In Chinese characters it would have puzzled most inhabitants of the western world.

"Mr. Chung," said Prout, glancing at the card and then at his visitor. "I am glad to meet you, sir! Pray be seated."

He shook hands with the Chinese gentleman effusively. Mr. Chung was dressed like a European, in very well-cut and obviously expensive clothes. He had the air of a man of wealth.

"You have met with an accident, sir?" asked Prout, with a glance at the stained bandage on the visitor's face.

"It is a little trifle, sir," answered Mr. Chung. "The car swerved, and I ran into a bough that drooped over the road and cut my face a little. But a very kind and honourable gentleman bound it up for me. It is nothing."

He made a gesture as if dismissing a mere trifle and sat down. Prout, as a matter of fact, was rather busy; but he felt called upon to be genial to a visitor from so distant a land as China; also, he rather liked playing headmaster. So he set himself to be very polite to the Chinese gentleman. Mr. Chung answered courteous questions about his voyage from China and his railway journey in Europe; all the time treating Prout with a sort of polished deference, which had a very gratifying effect on that gentleman.

Prout was quite enjoying the conversation, when Mr. Chung murmured some reference to his nephew. This reminded that he, Prout, was not really the person Mr. Chung had specially called to see, the temporary headmaster rose to his feet.

"Your nephews are in the visitors'-room waiting to see you, sir," he said. "At least, I instructed Wun Lung to await you there and I have no doubt he is doing so. Pray let me show you the way."

"You are too kind, sir!" said Mr. Chung.

"Not at all, sir, not at all!" said Prout, benevolently.

And the portly gentleman conducted Mr. Chung to the visitors'-room and opened the door of that apartment.

"Wun Lung! Hop Hi! Ah, you are here! This is your uncle! Pray step in, Mr. Chung!"

With a graceful bow Mr. Chung passed into the visitors'-room and Prout shut the door and returned to the Head's study.

"A very pleasant gentleman!" said Prout to himself as he sat down in the Head's chair at the Head's table again. "A very pleasant and agreeable gentleman indeed! An educated Chinese is undoubtedly very agreeable!"

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

The Track of the Tyre.

"**T**HAT the place?" asked Bob Cherry.

"That's it!"

The Famous Five stopped at the spot where the Chinaman's car had stood the previous night, when Wharton and Nugent had taken shelter in it from the rain.

It was the loneliest spot in a very lonely lane, shut in by high trees. The lane was rutty and steep, and never used by

cars; and it was, perhaps, the safest place in the neighbourhood to conceal a car while the owner was occupied surreptitiously in the vicinity.

The weather was fine enough now; bright sunshine streamed down from a cloudless sky. But the lane was still damp from the heavy rain of the night before, and the tracks of the tyres were perfectly plain to the view.

All the Famous Five were Scouts, and very keen Scouts; and they examined the tyre marks, in the hope of discovering something from them. It was easy to read that the car had been run up the lane from the Courtfield road, and left there; and that afterwards it had backed and turned, and gone back to the road. It had turned with difficulty in the narrow lane, and there were signs where it had bumped into a hedge. Beyond the spot where the juniors had seen the car the night before there were no traces; it was clear that the Chinaman had gone no farther in the direction of Popper Court. The car had been parked in the lane, and that was all.

"The jolly old trail's plain enough," said Bob. "We can follow it down to the Courtfield road—but after that there's nothing doing; too many cars about."

Wharton nodded. He was scanning the tyre tracks carefully. Three of the tracks showed a diamond pattern; the fourth was plain.

"The man's had a new tyre put on, some time," he remarked. "Not the same make as the rest—which I suppose were supplied with the car. I should know this track again if I saw it."

"Not likely to see it again!" said Nugent.

"You never know," said Bob. "We'll make a jolly old mental note of it, anyhow. Left rear wheel, plain tyre. Three others diamond-studded. Let's keep an eye open for the trail, anyhow."

There was nothing more to be learned on the spot; and the juniors left it. They followed the lane back to the Courtfield road. In the muddy lane there were plenty of traces of the car, both coming and going. But in the high road every sign was lost.

But the Famous Five did not give up hope. On the high road they could learn nothing; but it was possible that the car had followed other by-roads, and, if so, there was a chance.

So for a long time the chums of the Remove industriously searched and scanned a network of by-lanes, hunting for a track similar to the one they had found in Popper's Lane.

The search was fruitless, however.

It drew near time for calling-over, and the five juniors gave it up at last, with the intention of resuming the search on the morrow. They came back into the main road, and walked on to Greyfriars.

Then all of a sudden, Bob Cherry gave a yell.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

"What?"

"Look!" gasped Bob.

There was a muddy patch of ground, where the road badly needed repair. And in that patch were the tracks of several sets of tyres, where motor-cars had passed. Among them, fresh as paint, was the track of a car with three diamond-patterned tyres and one plain.

"Great Scott!"

The Famous Five halted, and stared at the track.

It was unmistakable.

"But—but this is a fresh track!" exclaimed Wharton, in great excitement.

"It wouldn't have lasted long here, with so many cars and carts passing. It's not half an hour old, at the most."

"The joker's still hanging about, that's a cert," said Nugent, "or else he has come back again after clearing off. This car came from Courtfield, and went on towards Greyfriars. Must have passed the gates, from the direction it was going in."

In keen excitement the juniors followed the track, but a few yards farther on it was lost on the smooth road. They kept on towards the school. Unless they were deceived by a track strangely similar to the one they were seeking, the mysterious Chinaman's car had passed along that road less than half an hour ago, going towards Greyfriars.

"He—he can't have been going to the school—openly!" ejaculated Wharton.

"Not likely! But he must have passed the gates!" said Nugent. "We may pick up something farther on."

But the Famous Five arrived at the school gates without making any further discovery. They turned in at the gates, and as they followed the drive towards the House, Bob gave another yell.

"He's here!"

"Great pip!"

The drive, still damp from heavy rain, showed clearly in several places the track of tyres where a car had evidently driven in and gone up to the House.

The juniors gazed at the track almost in stupefaction.

"It—it's the same!" gasped Wharton. "Here's Gosling—let's ask Gossy."

Gosling was adorning the landscape outside his lodge. The Famous Five hurried over to him.

The ancient porter of Greyfriars eyed them suspiciously.

"Gosling, old bean, has a car driven in lately?" asked Harry.

"Which it has," answered Gosling.

"A saloon car?"

"Which it was."

"Where is it now?"

"As it ain't gone out again, I s'pose it's waiting at the 'Ouse!" answered Gosling. "Don't you get larking with that car, because the 'Ead's away. Wot I says is this 'ere—"

"Did you notice who drove it?"

"Course I did," answered Gosling. "Foreign gentleman."

"A-a-a Chinaman?" gasped Wharton. Gosling blinked at him.

"You seen him?" he said.

"I—I think so! Was he a Chinaman?"

"Which he was," answered Gosling. "Oh crumbs!"

The Famous Five stared at one another blankly. They had gone out to hunt for traces of the Chinaman in the saloon car, only to find, on their return, that he was at Greyfriars! It was astounding—stupefying!

"My only hat!" gasped Bob Cherry.

"If—if he's the same johnny, how can he have the neck to come here openly, in his car, in the daylight?"

"Goodness knows!"

"Looks as if he's not the same johnny, after all!" remarked Nugent.

"Do you know who he was, Gosling?" asked Harry.

"Course I do," answered Gosling. "He give me his name—well-spoken gentleman, too, though he's a furriner and got a very queer name. Asks me if this is Greyfriars, he does, in English as good as me own."

The juniors grinned. It was possible that the Chinaman had addressed

Speaking in English better than his own!

"Who is he, then, Gosling?"

"Mister Chung is the name he give," answered Gosling, "and that's a furrin name, if you like! Fancy a covey being named Chung! But they 'ave all sorts of funny names in China, I've heard. He's Mister Wun Lung's uncle."

"Oh crikey!"

The juniors looked at one another again sheepishly. This statement took all the wind out of their sails.

"Wun Lung's uncle!" said Harry faintly.

"So he says, says he."

"But—but are you sure he's Wun Lung's uncle!" stammered Bob.

"Mr. Prout says so," answered Gosling. "Mr. Prout says to me, says he that Mr. Wun Lung's uncle was coming, he says. And he come."

"Oh dear!"

The juniors walked on towards the House. They simply did not know what to make of this.

"Wun Lung's uncle!" Johnny Bull grinned faintly. "My hat! We've been trailing down the kid's nunky."

"But—but if he's Wun Lung's uncle, what was he up to on Courtfield Common last night?" exclaimed Wharton. "He never came to the school yesterday. He parked the car in that lane, and never came here. And—and he had a revolver—"

"Still, if he's Wun Lung's uncle—"

Wharton set his lips.

"I suppose Mr. Prout would know, as he's acting in the Head's place while Dr. Locke's away!" he said. "But—I'm not satisfied! There may be some game on. Look here, I'm going to speak to Quelch. He's got more sense than old Prout."

"But—" said Johnny Bull doubtfully.

"There's the car!" said Nugent.

A handsome saloon car was standing on the drive, near the House. The juniors looked at it attentively. It was difficult to recognise a car that had only been seen in the rain and darkness; but Wharton and Nugent had no doubt that this was the car they had taken shelter in the previous night. The general look of it was the same, at least, and the track of the tyres was unmistakable.

"I'm going to Quelch!" said Harry.

"But if the man's Wun Lung's uncle we—"

"I can't help thinking it's fishy. I'm going to Quelch, anyhow," said the captain of the Remove.

And Harry Wharton, as soon as he entered the House, hurried in the direction of the Remove master's study.

COME INTO THE OFFICE, BOYS!

Here your Editor is pleased to answer questions and discuss topics of general interest? Write to him: Editor of the "Magnet," The Amalgamated Press, Ltd. Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, E.C.4. A stamped and addressed envelope will ensure a reply.

THIS little corner of ours was crowded out last week, but I was determined to get my nose in this week, so here we are.

Well, chums, what do you think of your collection of Free Gifts, now. Topping, what? And aren't your non-reader pals envious? I'll bet they are. Still, that's their look out. MAGNET readers come first; and MAGNET readers now own as unique a collection of souvenirs of the 1930 Tests as it is possible to possess. Just a word about the fascinating competition which started in our pages last week. Here readers are offered two superb cricket bats autographed by the doughty warriors of the Australian Test Team and a dozen special "Hornby Train" Sets. There's nothing to pay; no other papers to buy; this remarkable offer is exclusive to readers of the MAGNET. If you missed last week's issue you can still obtain it from our Back Number Department, Bear Alley, E.C.4, by sending threepence in stamps to cover cost of postage. The contest is quite easy (we tried a similar one on the office-boy first, anyway, and he didn't come unstuck) so take heart all you puzzle-solvers and get right down to finding the solutions of these pictures. Start with the set on page two of this issue To-day!

Here is a letter from a Dolgelly chum, who is interested in

SPEED ON THE SPEEDWAY!

He wants to know at what speed dirt-track riders travel. It depends, of course, on the rider and the occasion, but the other evening I watched Vic Huxley, the Australian rider, do four laps at Wembley in 79 seconds; which is pretty good going. That's equal to an average speed of over 39 miles per hour, but when you remember the speed lost in skidding around the turns, you can see that the "all-out" speed on the straight is pretty good! In a League Match, the winners of the heats generally average about 38 miles per hour.

The same reader wants to know who would win if a greyhound was matched against a speedway rider. The rider would win easily! A greyhound takes

at least 30 seconds to do one lap, so even if it could keep up its speed for four laps, the rider would beat it by 40 seconds or so.

While we are on about racing, here is another query from Tom Harker, of Peterborough. He wants to know, who was

THE GREATEST JOCKEY IN THE WORLD?

This distinction belonged to Fred Archer, a British jockey who rode in over 8,000 races! Out of that number he won no fewer than 2,748, including five Derbys! For thirteen years he headed the list of winning jockeys—a record that will take some beating!

I really must pass on this "howler" to you! Last evening as I went home in the Tube, a couple of schoolboys sat near me—one of whom looked decidedly like Dicky Nugent. The first one was reading a book, and when he came to the sentence: "He was Lord of a barren heritage," he asked his chum what it meant. This was the amazing reply: "I reckon it means that he inherited a baronage!"

I think that's worthy of Billy Bunter at his best—or worst!

You know I am always ready to advise you fellows on the choice of a career, but I must confess that S.R., who writes from Worthing, has got me beat this week.

HE WANTS TO JOIN A CIRCUS,

and he asks me how to set about it. Now that's a tall order, because circus artists are engaged in the same manner as actors and music-hall performers, which means that they have to perfect themselves in their particular acts and then go to an agent, who charges them a commission for fixing up a contract with a particular circus. Unless they are something out of the ordinary an agent will not bother about them.

Occasionally circuses advertise for grooms, stable-boys, and general helpers—but in all these cases they require boys who have had previous experience, and most youngsters who

are engaged in circuses have come from families who have been engaged in circus work for generations. The work is extremely arduous and not well paid, so the best advice I can give S. R. is to leave circuses severely alone, and choose a career which will give him more scope for advancement.

Furthermore, there are very few circuses touring England just now, and most of their artists come from the Continent.

I wonder if you know

HOW MANY KINGS ARE THERE

in Europe? Reg. Walters, of Blackburn, asks me if I can tell him. Yes, there are eleven ruling kings. There is only one ruling queen, and two ruling princes, together with a grand duchess. There are fourteen republics in Europe, but this figure does not include the "tinpot" republics of Andorra, which is governed by a council, and San Marino, which is ruled by two army captains.

Eric Meredith, of Lincoln, comes along with another "do you know" query. Eric wants to know how many ships there are in the British Navy. The number of completed ships is 360, which includes every type of ship from a battleship down to a coastal motor-boat. There are 54 other vessels being built, and 24 more to be built in the future, which will bring the total up to 438.

Next week's programme—forward!

"Topping the Bill" is another fine, long, complete yarn in the special "Chinese" series dealing with the chums of Greyfriars. It's entitled:

"PERIL FROM THE EAST!"

and there are more thrills per square inch in it than you can find in any other boys' yarn.

Then you can turn to "The Flying Spy!" by George F. Rochester, and get your fill of war thrills, written by an author who knows the flying game backwards, and who has participated in the adventures of which he writes.

Our shorter features, too, will be bang up to the mark, and you'll be wise if you undo a waistcoat button before you begin to read our special newspaper edition of the "Herald."

Our "rhymester" will still be at it, and there'll be another of my weekly chats.

AND—

Don't forget to have a shot at winning one of the magnificent prizes offered in our simple competition.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Emissary of Tang Wang!

MR. CHUNG stood in the visitors' room as Mr. Prout closed the door and retired.

Over the stained bandage that hid most of his face, his dark, slanting eyes looked at the two Chinese juniors.

Wun Lung and Hop Hi came quickly towards him.

It was long, very long, since they had seen any relative, and they were eager to greet their uncle from China.

But, as they saw him close at hand, Wun Lung stopped suddenly, a strange look in his eyes.

Hop Hi stopped at the same moment.

It was difficult to tell what the Chinaman looked like, with his face screened by the bandage, though his eyes told plainly what his race was. And it was long since the two juniors had seen their Uncle Chung. Up to that moment, they had had no doubt, but now, somehow, a doubt struck them both at the same moment.

Mr. Chung's slanting eyes roved swiftly round the room. It was a large, handsomely-appointed room, on the ground floor, with windows overlooking the quadrangle. But the windows were high from the ground, and no fellow in the quad could have seen into the room.

That swift survey seemed to satisfy Mr. Chung.

As he stood with his back to the door, his hand groped behind him, and he felt a key in the lock. He turned it.

Click!

If Wun Lung and Hop Hi had not already been smitten with a sudden doubt, the Chinaman's action in locking the door would have told them that something was amiss. They stared at him with startled eyes.

"You will be silent!" said Mr. Chung, speaking in English; and as he spoke he drew from under his coat a blade that gleamed in the sunlight from the windows. "Not a word—not a cry—or—"

He made a significant gesture with the knife.

Hop Hi backed away a pace or two, his little face full of startled alarm and fear. Wun Lung stood his ground; but he was breathing hard.

"You are not our Uncle Chung!" he said in Chinese.

Mr. Chung made another gesture. "Speak English!" he said. "I speak the Chinese of the south, and I do not know your northern tongue. But English I know."

Wun Lung set his lips.

"Who are you?" he asked quietly.

He was standing in front of his brother now, to protect little Hop Hi if he could. For it flashed into Wun Lung's mind instantly, when he knew that this man was not his uncle, but had come to the school in a false name, that he was the mysterious intruder in the Remove dormitory of the previous night. He knew that he was face to face with the unseen man who had penetrated to the dormitory in the dead of night, and left the dagger behind him when he fled.

His heart was beating hard. But he was quite cool, and his eyes watched the bandaged Chinaman's like a cat's.

"My name is unknown to you. I think," answered the Chinaman. "But if you desire to know, it is Chu!"

"What you wantee?"

The pseudo "Mr. Chung" grinned. "Ah! You do not learn to speak

the good English at your English school!" he said. "You speak like a coolie of Canton."

"What you wantee?" repeated Wun Lung. His gaze never left the dark gleaming eyes of Chu.

"I am here to carry out my orders!" said Chu quietly. He grinned again. "The fat man with whom I have talked believes that I am your Uncle Chung, and that I have arrived this day in this country of foreign devils. But in truth, I have been in this land many, many years, serving my master—as I serve him now."

"Who that mastee?"

"You have been long away from China," said Chu, "but I think that perhaps you know the name of Tang Wang!"

Wun Lung started a little. It was evident that the name was not unknown to him.

"Tang Wang!" he repeated slowly.

"Tang Wang, the Son of Heaven!" said Chu.

Wun Lung smiled faintly.

"In China, there is now no Son of Heaven!" he answered. "There are no emperors any more."

Chu shrugged his shoulders.

"What has been will be again!" he said. "Is it not written in our annals, that many times our land has been divided against itself; that many warlords set up their standards in many provinces; and yet in the end there was always an emperor who came again and restored order?"

"Me no tinkee Tang Wang evey become Son of Heaven!" said Wun Lung.

"Me no tinkee China wantee emperor any more. But you tellee me what Tang Wang wantee along this Chinee."

"Your father, Chung Lung, the merchant, has refused the demand of Tang Wang for three thousand taels!" said Chu.

A glimmering of understanding came into Wun Lung's eyes. He was beginning to see now.

"He is a rich man, a rich merchant, but he cannot spare three thousand taels for a prince of the blood of the Ming!" said Chu. "He should die—but Tang Wang needs money! My lord has said that Chung Lung should be struck through his son."

"Mo savvy!" murmured Wun Lung.

"That is why I came to this place in the night! I sought you in the sleeping rooms! I failed to find you, for there was an alarm. I fled! But if I do not carry out my lord's orders, I am a dead man! But, knowing the name of your uncle, I came here by this trick—with my face covered with a bandage, lest you should see me too soon and suspect."

"Me savvy!"

"My lord has said the word!" went on Chu, in the same quiet voice. "But Chung Lung did not believe that his arm could reach so far. He defies my lord, and fancies that his son is safe in the country of the foreign devils. So my lord, Tang Wang, sent me the order. If Chung Lung does not pay the money, his son dies in a foreign land. But how shall he be made to believe that the arm of Tang Wang can reach from the utmost East to the utmost West?"

He paused a moment.

"He will believe, when he learns that the sign of death has been gashed on the face of his son!" he added.

Wun Lung breathed deep and hard.

He knew the intentions now of the emissary of Tang Wang.

The dagger that had been dropped in the Remove dormitory, had not been intended to take his life. It had been

intended to gash the sign of a secret society on his face.

In the strange land of China, as Wun Lung well knew, secret societies flourished to an extent undreamt of in the West.

It did not surprise him to learn that a descendant of the ancient Mings, who ruled in China before the Manchus came, was the chief of a secret society, and that he was seeking to raise money by threats, to carry out some scheme of ambition. No doubt the Ming prince saw, or fancied he saw, his opportunity in the present state of internecine warfare in the disturbed and divided land of China.

Chung Lung, the Chinese merchant, was called upon to pay a large sum to the secret society, and the threat of his son's death followed his refusal. Believing his son safe in England, he disregarded the threat. Hence the visit of Mr. Chu, to gash the sign of death, the symbol of "szi-wang," on the Chinese junior's face—the news of which would speedily convince his father that the arm of Tang Wang could reach to the utmost West.

And when he knew that his son's life could be reached the Chinese merchant would pay.

It was an Oriental form of blackmail; though no doubt the Mandarin Tang Wang called it by some less disagreeable name to himself.

There was a long silence.

The two Chinese juniors watched Chu. They were utterly at his mercy, with the door locked against help.

And they knew what to expect if they attempted to give the alarm.

Chu had come there to gash the sign of szi-wang on the junior's face, but he was likely enough to use the knife for a more deadly purpose if his safety was threatened.

Chu did not speak. He waited, evidently to let what he had said sink into the Chinese junior's mind. Mr. Chu was in no hurry.

Audacious as was the trick by which he had gained admittance to the school and an interview with the Chinese junior, he was in no danger—so far as he knew, at least. He would be expected to remain some time in the visitors' room with his nephews, and they were not likely to be interrupted. He was willing to give Wun Lung time to realise that resistance was futile.

But he spoke again at last. The glitter in Wun Lung's eyes told that he was not thinking of submitting tamely to the gash of the knife which would leave the sign of szi-wang on his face for ever.

"My lord Tang Wang is merciful," said Chu at last in his quiet voice. "If the merchant Chung Lung takes warning from the sign that is put on his son all will be well for you, and you will live. But if, after the warning reaches his ears, he still refuses, then a hand will strike you, and you will become a guest on high. But I think that he will no longer refuse when he knows that the arm of Tang Wang can reach you here."

Wun Lung did not reply.

His teeth were set, his eyes gleaming.

"Do not resist," went on Chu softly.

"My lord's order is to mark you with the sign of szi-wang, but if you resist you must die."

He made a step towards Wun Lung.

The Chinese backed away.

With a swift movement Chu interposed between him and the windows.

He advanced again; and Wun Lung, with desperation in his face, backed away to the farther wall, Hop Hi by his side.

There was a deadly silence in the room as the Chinaman came closer and closer, his slanting eyes gleaming over the glittering knife in his hand.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Danger I

HARRY WHARTON tapped at the door of Mr. Quelch's study, and the Remove master's voice bade him enter.

Mr. Quelch, busy with papers, looked up inquiringly as the captain of the Remove presented himself.

the same man, Wharton," said Mr. Quelch, with a faint smile. "I understand from Mr. Prout that Wun Lung's uncle—a Chinese gentleman named Chung—has called to see him. Mr. Prout mentioned the matter to me; and I believe that Mr. Chung is now in the visitors'-room with his nephews."

"I heard from Gosling, sir, that Wun Lung's uncle had called. But if it is true that he is Wun Lung's uncle, why was he skulking on Courtfield Common last night, less than a mile from the school? He did not come here yesterday."

"He certainly did not," said Mr. Quelch. "If Mr. Chung is the man you

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Quelch. "But—but—" He pursed his lips.

"The man last night, sir, had a revolver, and handled it—which doesn't seem a likely thing if he is Wun Lung's uncle—apart from his hanging about the neighbourhood last night without making his presence known. And then there was that man in the dormitory—a Chinaman, I'm certain. I believe it was the same man! Anyhow, the man here is the man who was skulking in that dark lane and pulled out a revolver when he found us in his car." Wharton's face was very earnest. "I can't help thinking, sir, that Wun Lung is in danger."

"You would know the man if you saw him again, Wharton?"

"Certainly, sir! So would Nugent."

"I can hardly think, Wharton, that there is any ground for alarm," said Mr. Quelch. "But in view of what happened in the dormitory last night, we cannot be too careful. I think it would be as well for you to see this gentleman, Mr. Chung, and ascertain whether he is the man who found you in his car. If so, the matter undoubtedly seems suspicious. I think you had better come with me to the visitors'-room at once."

"That's what I was thinking, sir."



Bob Cherry's cricket bat crashed on the back of Chu's head as he ran, and the Chinaman pitched forward and fell on his face.

"What is it, Wharton?" His eyes dwelt curiously on Wharton's face, noting the signs of suppressed excitement.

"There's something I must tell you, sir," said Harry. "I—I'm afraid that Wun Lung may be in danger."

"In what way?"

"We've been scouting since classes, sir," said Harry. "We've been to the place where Nugent and I sheltered in the Chinaman's car last night. We've picked up the tracks of that car, sir—here."

Mr. Quelch rose quickly to his feet. "Here!" he repeated.

"There's a car standing on the drive now, sir, which I am sure is the same car. I could not swear to the car itself, as I saw it before only in the dark, but it is a saloon car of the same size. But the track of the tyre we can all swear to."

"This is very extraordinary, Wharton. You suppose that the Chinaman you saw on Courtfield Common last night is now at Greyfriars?"

"I believe so, sir. And if he was the same man who came to the dormitory, it means—"

"The gentleman here can scarcely be

saw last night, his conduct appears very extraordinary. But—"

"Is Mr. Prout sure that it is genuine, sir—that the man really is Wun Lung's uncle from China?"

Mr. Quelch raised his eyebrows. "I presume so," he said. "He mentioned the matter to me, as Wun Lung is in my Form, as if there was no doubt on the subject."

Wharton hesitated a moment. "Mr. Prout may have been deceived, sir. He would not imagine that anything was wrong; he may have taken the man's word for it without inquiry. He would have no reason to doubt—"

"That is true certainly," said Mr. Quelch thoughtfully. "But Wun Lung, of course, would know whether the man was his uncle or not."

"Yes, sir. But if they're in the visitors'-room, and nobody else there, he may not have a chance to give the alarm—"

I'm sure he's the man; but if not, there's no harm done."

"Quite so."

Mr. Quelch made the junior a sign to follow him, and left the study.

The Co. were waiting in the passage. "Come on!" whispered Wharton.

The Famous Five followed the Remove master as he rustled away.

Mr. Quelch, obviously, was in a very doubtful frame of mind, and not much disposed to believe that the Chinese gentleman who had arrived in the car in broad daylight was the same man who had stealthily entered the House the night before and left a dagger behind him in the Remove dormitory.

But it was clear that in such a matter he could not leave anything to chance. And he lost no time in arriving at the visitors'-room.

He turned the handle and gave a

start. The door did not open—which meant that it was locked on the inside.

Instantly Mr. Quelch's mind flashed into suspicion. If all was well the door should not have been locked. There was no imaginable reason why it should be locked.

He tapped sharply on the panels.

The Famous Five exchanged quick glances. The Chinaman who called himself Mr. Chung was locked in the room with the Chinese juniors. What did it mean? What could it mean?

Tap, tap!

"Kindly let me in at once, Wun Lung!" called out Mr. Quelch sharply. "What is the door locked for? Admit me at once!"

In the silence that followed a deep-drawn breath was heard from within the room.

The interruption was startling for the emissary of Tang Wang.

For a moment or two Chu stood quite still, a tigerish glitter in his slanting eyes, the knife gripped convulsively in his hand.

He made a gesture to the two Chinese juniors. He did not need to speak; the gesture with the knife was enough. It was death to call out; and Wun Lung and Hop Hi were silent.

Rap, rap, rap! came on the door.

Mr. Chung, breathing hard, stepped towards the door.

"Who knocks?" he called out softly.

"It is I, Mr. Quelch, Wun Lung's Form master. Is that Mr. Chung? Please open the door at once.

The emissary of Tang Wang stood silent, hesitating, uncertain. For the moment he was completely at a loss.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Saved from the Knife!

WUN LUNG breathed quickly. There was help at hand—but between him and help was a locked oaken door, and by the door the armed Chinaman.

His glance went swiftly to the window.

One of the casements stood wide open, letting in the summer breeze. He made an almost imperceptible sign to Hop Hi.

The two juniors had backed to the wall facing the window across the room. In that wall was the fireplace, and in the big fender were the fireirons—massive things of brass intended rather for ornament than use. It had been in Wun Lung's mind to snatch up the heavy brass poker to use in his defence, but with Chu advancing on him, knife in hand, there had been little chance.

Now there was a chance, as Chu stood by the door, which was in the wall midway between window and fireplace, a dozen feet to the right of the latter.

Rap, rap, rap, came on the door sharply.

"Mr. Chung!" The Remove master's voice was imperative. "Please open this door immediately!"

Chu's face was desperate now.

He had intended, after gashing the sign of the szi-wang on the hapless junior's face, to lock the door again on Wun Lung, hurry to his car, and escape in the confusion that followed the alarm.

It would have been easy, but for the interruption. Now it was far from easy.

Not only was a Form master outside the door, but he could hear others there, and he knew that suspicion was aroused. Why, he did not know. His thoughts

did not turn for a moment to the two schoolboys he had found in his car the previous evening. He did not even know that they belonged to Greyfriars.

But how suspicion had arisen mattered little; it was the fact with which he had to deal. And he realised that, if he was to escape, he would now have to fight his way out of Greyfriars.

But he did not think of abandoning his purpose. The power of the Chinese secret society was far reaching; he dared not disobey the order of his "lord," Tang Wang.

For a long moment he stood at the door, hesitating, taken aback, and at a loss. Then his mind was made up.

He turned from the door again, gripping the knife. With a swift rush he crossed the room towards the Chinese juniors.

But the interruption had given Wun Lung the chance he needed. He had stooped swiftly and grasped the heavy brass poker.

And as Chu came across towards him, swiftly the hand of the Chinese junior flew up with the poker in it.

Whiz!

So sudden and swift, so unexpected, was the junior's action, that Chu could not guard against it. The whirling poker struck him heavily across the face, and he staggered back with a gasping cry, lost his footing, and fell to the floor, the knife flying from his hand.

Even as he fell Wun Lung had grasped Hop Hi by the arm and was running for the window.

With a hoarse cry Chu staggered to his feet. He leapt to the knife and clutched it from the floor.

It was only a matter of seconds, but seconds were enough for the two juniors. Hop Hi went bundling headlong out of the window, falling sprawling into the quad, and Wun Lung leaped recklessly after him.

The slash of a knife behind missed Wun Lung by a foot or more as he vanished from the window.

There was a shout in the quad.

A score of fellows had seen the sudden exit of the two Chinese juniors from the windows of the visitors' room, and all eyes were fixed on the bandaged face that glared after them, the slanting eyes blazing with rage, the knife clutched in the desperate hand.

"What the thump——" yelled Wingate of the Sixth.

"Look out——"

"What——"

"Who——"

"Great pip!"

Wun Lung and Hop Hi were on their feet in a twinkling, and running like deer. Before Chu could make up his mind to leap from the window after them, they had vanished in at the open doorway of the House.

Meanwhile Mr. Quelch was rapping almost frantically on the door of the visitors' room. The crash of Chu's fall, the clang of the poker, the Chinaman's cry of rage, had all reached his ears, and his alarm was now intense.

"Open this door!" he shrieked.

In his excitement and alarm, the Remove master drove his shoulder against the door, striving to force it open. But the oak was thick, the lock was strong, and the effort was futile.

He crashed his knuckles frantically on the panels.

"Admit me! Admit me at once!" he gasped. "Good heavens! What is happening in that room—what—Wharton—Cherry——"

But the Famous Five were gone.

"The window!" Harry Wharton muttered to his chums, for it was clear

that no entrance could be forced by the door in time.

And the chums of the Remove darted away. They were tearing out of the doorway of the House when two breathless figures bolted in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" gasped Bob, in amazement.

"Wun Lung——"

"Oh, my hat!"

Wun Lung gasped. Hop Hi spluttered.

"We jumpee outee windee!" gasped Wun Lung. "Me tinkee that Chinese follee after us! We go hidee.

And Wun Lung, holding the arm of his panting minor, raced up the staircase and disappeared.

Harry Wharton rushed back to the Remove master. Mr. Quelch was almost hopping with excitement and anxiety.

"They're safe, sir!" panted Wharton.

"What, what——"

"They got out of the window, sir—they're in the House—both of them, sir—quite safe!" gasped Harry.

"Thank heaven! But what—what has happened—what——" Mr. Quelch was stuttering with bewilderment.

"The man is there—he—what——"

The yelling of voices from the quad drew him out of the House. A swarm of Greyfriars fellows were gathered before the windows of the visitors' room.

A hundred fellows at least were there, buzzing with alarm and excitement. From the open casement glared the face of the Chinaman.

Chu glared from the window like a caged wild beast.

He was defeated, his intended victim had escaped. But his own escape was very problematic now. He had failed, and between him and liberty was a surging crowd. The alarm had spread over the whole school now. To cut his way through the crowd, with slashing knife, and reach his car—that was the Chinaman's desperate thought. But he knew that he could never get the car away now. Defeated, desperate, uncertain how to act, the emissary of Tang Wang stood glaring from the window into the quad, with a hundred pairs of amazed eyes fastened on him.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Quelch, his eyes almost starting from his head as he stared at the desperate face at the window.

"What—what—what is all this?" Mr. Prout rolled on the scene. "What—what does this mean, Quelch?"

Mr. Quelch pointed to the window.

"But what—what—that is Mr. Chung—what—what——" stuttered Prout, in bewilderment. "What is he doing with that knife—what—what——" Prout almost fell down in his astonishment.

"He must be scured!" gasped Mr. Quelch. "Wingate—Gwynne—find some weapon—he is a desperate man——"

Harry Wharton & Co. arrived on the scene now. They had stopped to get hold of their cricket bats for use as weapons. Some of the fellows were rushing away to get hold of similar articles, or pokers, golf clubs, hockey sticks—anything that came to hand.

"Look out!" yelled Hobson of the Shell. "He's coming!"

There was a rapid scattering back of the crowd.

The desperate man had made up his mind at last. There was no hope of reaching his car, starting it up, and getting it away. There was little chance of escaping on foot, but that chance, such as it was, was all that was left to the emissary of Tang Wang.

With the knife gripped in his hand,

(Continued on page 28.)

THE FLYING SPY!

By GEO. E. ROCHESTER.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Brought down in British territory, Guido von Sturm, a brilliant flying ace, is told to his utter consternation and dismay that he is Guy Tempest—an Englishman, son of Colonel Tempest. Obtaining permission from the British authorities, the young airman visits Dr. Zolhoff, his guardian. The latter, who is chief of the German Secret Service, is forced to admit the truth, namely, that the boy is English and that he was kidnapped as an infant. Overpowering the doctor, Guy makes good his escape with a paper containing information of the most vital importance to England. The lad is captured, however, before he can reach the British lines, court-martialled and sentenced to be shot at dawn. But Guy escapes, and hunted high and low, he is forced to take refuge in an outhouse in Dr. Zolhoff's garden. He is fast asleep there when Anton, Dr. Zolhoff's manservant, enters.

(Now read on.)

The Plan!

LIKE a man possessed, and scarce knowing what he did, Anton turned and fled. Nor did he pause until, with wildly-beating heart, he gained the sanctuary of his meanly-furnished little bed-room.

The madness—oh, the madness of the boy to come here of all places!

What had made him do it? What had caused him to come to Zolhoff's garden?

And he, Anton—what was he to do? He was a German, and his duty was to the Fatherland. He had been glad that morning when he had learned of the boy's escape. But was he glad now—now that he, and he alone, knew the whereabouts of the boy for whom the most rigorous search was being carried out?

It was said of Guido von Sturm that he was a traitor, an enemy of the Fatherland. Anton hadn't thought much about that before. He hadn't dared to think too much about it in case he should come to believe that the boy was the black-hearted ingrate and arch-traitor which Zolhoff called him.

So he had gone on living in a fool's paradise, telling himself that the Guido he had known was not the blackguard they were painting him.

But now he must face facts.

Germany wanted Guido von Sturm. There was a price on his head. And he, Anton, had the power to deliver him into Germany's hands.

As a patriot, as a true son of the Fatherland, it was his duty to summon



"You filthy, treacherous dog!" choked Zolhoff. **Bang!** From the muzzle of the automatic there curled upwards a wisp of smoke, and Anton swayed, clutching his breast.

the soldiers and lead them to the summer-house.

But could he do it? Could he bear to see Guido led away in the midst of an escort—led away to his death?

No—no, a thousand times, no!

But his duty to the Fatherland? That duty instilled into him, drilled into him, from earliest boyhood?

To which voice should he hearken? That of duty to his country or that of love for the boy whom he had seen grow to early manhood?

Sitting on his truckle bed, old Anton wrung his gnarled hands in despair. Was ever man faced with such a devilish problem?

Suddenly he fell to his knees by the side of the bed, burying his face in his shaking hands.

"Merciful God!" he cried, with a passionate earnestness. "Show me the way! Show me the path I must take!"

Again he cried the words, and again. Then slowly he raised his head. And as he did so his gaze fell on the picture

of a happy, laughing boy which hung above the bed.

Gripping the coverlet with trembling hands, old Anton stared at that picture of Guido von Sturm painted when the boy was a lad of twelve. Long moments passed, and still the old man knelt there, gazing up at the face which laughed so merrily back at him.

Then brokenly he cried:

"Lad—lad, I could not send you to your death—I could not see them kill you!"

Rising to his feet, with mind made up, Anton crossed the floor to where his old hair trunk stood against the farther wall. Unlocking it, he threw back the lid and commenced to fumble eagerly amongst the contents.

A few minutes later, a neat parcel under his arm, he descended the stairs to the kitchen. Filling a basket with food and picking up his parcel, he passed out into the garden and made

his way hurriedly to the secluded summer-house.

Von Sturm was still slumbering, but the touch of Anton's hand on his shoulder brought him into instant wakefulness.

He started up, his hand groping for his sword hilt. But at sight of Anton's wrinkled face he stayed his hand and scrambled to his feet.

"Why, Anton," he said softly, "so it's you. I thought at first—"

"That it was the soldiers!" cut in Anton huskily. "Yes—yes, they are looking for you everywhere. Oh, lad, what madness has brought you here?"

Von Sturm laughed, laying his hand on the servant's shoulder.

"Madness, Anton?" he echoed. "No, it is not madness. They will search everywhere but here. The vicinity of the Herr Doktor's house is the one spot in Germany where they will never think of looking for me. Do you not see, there is wisdom in my madness?"

Yes, there was wisdom. For who would dream that a fugitive from the vengeance of Zolhoff would choose Zolhoff's very premises as a place in which to hide?

"But you must go!" quavered the old man. "You must not remain here. See, I have brought you some civilian attire! It is old, and maybe will not fit, but you will find it safer than the uniform you are now wearing. And I have brought you food—"

He broke off, peering at Von Sturm, who had stepped sharply back.

"Why, lad," he cried, "what is wrong? Do you not want the things?"

"Anton," cried the boy fiercely, "you must not do this for me. Do you know what they'll do to you if they find out? They'll shoot you, Anton—shoot you like a dog!"

The old man shook his head. "It matters little what they do to me," he said sadly, "for I grow old and my time must come soon now. And what matters my life when yours is at stake?"

"Yet I am an enemy of your country, Anton," said the boy quietly.

Anton lowered his head to hide the sudden moisture in his eyes.

"But no enemy of mine," he said, in halting tones. "And your safety means more to me than anything else in the world. You—you must not let them take you."

Von Sturm stepped forward, slipping his grey-clad arm around the thin and pitifully-bent shoulders.

"Man never had a finer friend than you, Anton," he said softly. "But have no fear. They will never take me. I will get out of Germany alive—and that before many hours have passed."

"And you will change your clothes?" demanded the old man eagerly. "You will wear these ones I've brought?"

Von Sturm shook his head.

"No, Anton," he replied. "It is not fair to you—"

"But you will not get the length of a street in that uniform!" cut in the old manservant. "I know, for I have heard Dr. Zolhoff and General Raschen talking. Every road, every turning, is guarded."

Von Sturm laughed.

"And yet they will not get me," he said. "Listen, Anton! I have a plan. I cannot tell you what it is, for it is essential that you know nothing. But by to-night I will be on my way to the line. Tell me, at what hour do you go to the food queues?"

"Between five and six," answered the other wonderingly.

"And the Herr Doktor dines at seven?" questioned Von Sturm.

"Yes," replied Anton; "unless, of course, there is business which keeps him late at the Wilhelmstrasse."

Von Sturm nodded.

"He departs little from custom," he said musingly. "What it is to be a man of regular habit, Anton." Then, in brisker tones, he added: "But you must go now. It may be dangerous for you to linger here. Do not come this way again, old friend, until night-fall. I shall be gone by then."

Picking up his bundle of clothing, but leaving the food, Anton turned towards the door, his face working piteously.

"God bless you, lad!" he whispered.

"And you, Anton!"

With that they parted. But never throughout the long hours of the day which ensued did Anton's thoughts stray for one moment from the hunted boy. And never was he long absent from some front floor window from which he could command a view of the roadway outside.

Should the soldiers approach he would see them. And, no matter the consequences to himself, he would hurry out into the garden and warn Guido.

But the day passed uneventfully, and, as the hour of six drew close, Anton put on his old felt hat and worn overcoat. Taking his shopping basket he went out to his daily weary stand in the food queues.

Dearly would he have liked to have gone first to the summer-house in the garden. But Guido had said not to go, and Guido had been right. For prying eyes might be anywhere in these troubled and unhappy times.

So, resisting the temptation to go and speak again with the boy, Anton took the path which led from the rear of the house, and, passing through the back gate, shuffled away up the road.

He had been gone scarce ten minutes when, through a scullery window, Guido von Sturm stepped into the deserted house of Dr. Zolhoff.

It was a strange return to the place which, throughout his boyhood years, Von Sturm had known as home. As strange a return, almost, as that which he had made the fateful night he had come from the British lines to force the truth of his birth from Zolhoff.

His entry now had been made with a definite purpose. He had one chance of getting out of Germany alive—a chance which would be a gamble with death, and which would require a nerve of steel to take.

But Von Sturm meant to take it.

Passing through the kitchen he traversed the hall-way, and ascended the stairs to Dr. Zolhoff's bed-room. He had very little time in which to do what he wanted. Half an hour at the most. But by the cool and unflurried manner in which he went to work, he might have had almost unlimited time at his disposal.

Entering the doctor's dressing-room, which adjoined the bed-room, he crossed to the wardrobe. With a fastidious eye he examined Zolhoff's shirts, collars, ties, and suits before selecting the things which he thought most suitable.

Satisfied at length, however, he stripped off his uniform and changed

into civilian attire. His uniform he neatly folded and placed in a corner of the wardrobe.

Returning to the bed-room he spent a few valuable minutes in parting his hair and brushing it low down over his forehead. Then, quitting the bed-room, he descended to the kitchen again, and rummaged in Anton's toolbox until he found a screwdriver.

His next move was to the library where, with the screwdriver, he forced the lid of Zolhoff's desk. He was working now with a swiftness which told of the pressure of time.

Taking care to disturb none of the papers in the pigeon-holes of the desk, he searched methodically until he found a small pile of the grey flimsy introductory letters carried by all German Secret Service agents, whose work lay within the frontiers of the Fatherland.

"I knew he kept them here!" exclaimed the boy triumphantly.

Spreading one of the printed forms on the desk, he rapidly scanned it. The wording was as follows:

"To All Whom It May Concern.
"The bearer Number is engaged on intelligence work of the most urgent and extreme importance. You are hereby warned to afford him any such assistance as he may require of you.

"Signed. . . ."

Picking up a pen, Von Sturm bent over the form. Laboriously, and with an infinite care, he filled in the blank spaces. And when he blotted the form a few minutes later, it read:

"To All Whom It May Concern.
"The bearer, Otto Stultz, Number 23, is engaged on intelligence work of the most urgent and extreme importance. You are hereby warned to afford him any such assistance as he may require of you.

"(Signed) ZOLHOFF."

"Hope I've managed his signature all right," muttered the boy. "I'll have to risk it, anyway."

Folding the paper he slipped it into his pocket. Then, picking up the glasses which Zolhoff wore when writing, he put them on.

"Effective enough as a disguise," he soliloquised, blinking, "but perfectly foul to wear. However, with luck, it won't be for long."

Closing the lid of the desk he dropped the screwdriver into the waste-paper basket, and with a last look round, quitted the room. Outside in the hallway, he selected a hat and overcoat. Then, taking the key of the garage from its nail in the kitchen, he left the house via the window by which he had entered.

He had been indoors exactly twenty-five minutes. Walking round to the garage where Zolhoff kept three powerful cars housed, Von Sturm unlocked the door, and, climbing into the driving seat of Zolhoff's Mercedes, drove the car out into the open.

It was from now onwards that every moment would be fraught with peril.

"I've got to act naturally," he told himself grimly. "If I can only do that, I believe I'll win through."

Clambering out of the car, he closed and locked the garage doors, throwing the key away into the near-by bushes.

Then, resuming his seat in the car, he slipped in the clutch and turned out into the roadway.

A Man Dies!

ANTON, returning from the food queues shortly after the departure of Von Sturm, found nothing wrong in the house—nothing to give evidence of the visit of the boy who, for all Anton knew to the contrary, was still in the summer-house.

Neither did Zolhoff find anything to arouse his suspicions when, in black and furious mood, he returned from the Wilhelmstrasse for dinner.

Had he had his car driven round to the garage, then the loss of the Mercedes would certainly have been discovered, once the search for the key had been given up as hopeless, and the garage doors forced.

But it was Zolhoff's custom to keep his car waiting outside the house until a late hour, for he never knew but what his presence might be required at some urgent and hastily-summoned conference or meeting.

So, as usual, after seeing his master alight, the chauffeur made his way round to the kitchen to discuss with Anton a bite of supper, and the latest news from the Western Front.

Zolhoff dined alone that night, with only his thoughts for company. And bitter, vengeful thoughts they were.

Throughout that day the finest brains of the Intelligence Bureau had been engaged in the running to earth of Guido von Sturm. Only by a miracle could the traitor have got out of the city, yet the city had been combed again and again without the slightest trace of him having been found.

Where was he hiding? Or who was harbouring him?

Slowly the hour hand of the clock on Zolhoff's dining-room mantelpiece crept round from seven-thirty to eight-thirty. Yet Zolhoff scarce touched the food placed before him by Anton. In sullen, brooding silence he sat there, replenishing time and again the wine-glass at his elbow.

"What's wrong with you?" he blazed suddenly, as, with shaking hands, the old manservant removed an almost un-tasted dish. "You're trembling as though you were sickening for the ague. What's the matter with you, curse you?"

"I am sorry, master," quavered the old man. "But I am not myself to-night."

"Not worrying about that viper, Von Sturm?" sneered Zolhoff.

"No, master," answered Anton bravely.

"Yet you were always fond of him in the old days."

"In the old days—yes, master."

From under lowering lids, Zolhoff surveyed the lined and wrinkled face of the bent and sombrely-clad manservant.

"Anton," he said, his voice quivering with suppressed passion, "I am a wealthy, and a powerful man. Yet I would give every pfennig of my wealth, willingly renounce the whole of my power, to meet Guido von Sturm face to face just once again. With these hands of mine I would throttle the life out of him, for I hate him as never man hated before! But I will get him! I swear it on my sacred oath! I will get him, and when I do—"

Crack!

Convulsively Zolhoff's fingers had clenched on the wineglass in his hand, and the stem had snapped like a carrot.

A drop of blood stained the white, linen tablecloth.

"Master—an omen!" gasped Anton; and his voice was a croak.

Zolhoff laughed harshly.

"Yes, an omen," he said gratingly, his eyes on the crimson stain. "The blood of Von Sturm!"

Pushing back his chair he rose to his feet.

"There, clear away, you superstitious old fool!" he said, "and get back to your kitchen!"

With that he left the dining-room, and made his way to the library. Switching on the light he took his keys from his pocket and crossed to the desk.

Suddenly he stiffened, his eyes taking in the faintly-splintered woodwork around the lock. Next instant he had thrown back the lid, only to stand staring dumbfounded at the orderly and untouched contents.

Someone had forced the lock of his desk. Yet, at first glance, nothing seemed to be missing, or to have been tampered with.

Zolhoff's first impulse was to question Anton. But the fool could know nothing, else he would have said so long before this. The interrogation of Anton could wait a few moments. The first thing to be done was to make absolutely certain nothing was missing.

On that point Zolhoff was soon satisfied. Stepping back he stood staring at the desk, a puzzled frown on his brows.

Who had forced it open? And for what purpose?

Turning to the safe in which all his important documents and papers were kept, Zolhoff unlocked it and swung back the heavy door. The contents were untouched, and no attempt seemingly had been made to force the lock.

The whole thing was very puzzling. Zolhoff was not fool enough to keep important papers in such dubious safety as that afforded by a desk. And whoever had made entry to his study must surely have realised that.

What then had the unknown been searching for?

Pressing the bell in order to summon Anton, Zolhoff returned to the desk, and stood surveying it with expert and critical eyes. Suddenly, with a sharp exclamation, he bent forward and picked up the blotting-pad.

Every morning a fresh and virgin piece of blotting-paper was placed in the pad by Anton. Zolhoff had left the house at dawn that day. Therefore, the blotting-pad had not been used that day. Yet on its white surface was the imprint of written words.

Snatching up the pad Zolhoff carried it to a mirror on the wall, and held it there. Plainly legible were the words:

". . . . Otto Stultz 23"
". . . . ZOLHOFF."

With the pad in his hand Zolhoff whirled and rushed to the telephone. Picking up the receiver, he was put through at once to the Intelligence Bureau in the Wilhelmstrasse.

"Use every endeavour to trace and apprehend a man named Otto Stultz!" he said harshly. "Ring me here the instant any information is to hand concerning him!"

Replacing the receiver he turned to Anton who had appeared in the doorway.

"My desk has been forcibly opened," he rapped. "What do you know of it?"

"Nothing, master," replied the old man.

"And you have seen no one about the place?" demanded Zolhoff.

"No one," answered the manservant in low tones.

"There are no signs of an entry having been made?" pressed Zolhoff. "No window left open, or door lock broken?"

"Not that I know of, master. I have noticed nothing amiss."

Zolhoff stared at him.

"I remind me," he said, with a slow, cold deliberation, "that you were strangely perturbed at dinner. What has been happening here to-day in my absence?"

"Nothing, master," quavered Anton, striving desperately to keep his voice steady. "Nothing at all—"

The shrill trilling of the telephone-bell cut in on his words. Wheeling, Zolhoff snatched up the receiver.

"Yes?" he rasped. "Yes, yes? Zolhoff speaking!"

"The man, Otto Stultz, has been traced, Herr Doktor," came the crisp voice of one of General Raschen's secretaries over the wire. "Driving a Mercedes car, registration number, B7458, he passed our military pickets stationed on the southern outskirts of the city, approximately two hours ago."

"The Mercedes car is mine," said Zolhoff grimly. "Continue!"

"He had in his possession one of our official Secret Service introductory letters, describing him as being No. 23 on our file of agents operating within our frontiers. This letter bore your signature."

"That signature was a forgery," said Zolhoff, in cold, deadly tones.

Strange the control he had over himself in those moments. Yet the blood was pounding madly in his temples, and his eyes were blazing.

The man, Otto Stultz, was Guido von Sturm!

Zolhoff knew it—knew it by his every instinct. Yet there was a chance that he was wrong.

"Have the car located at once, and the man Stultz, put under the closest of arrest!" he rapped harshly. "Warn all aircraft stations and all military depots to be on the look-out for him. It is of the most vital and urgent importance that he be apprehended without a moment's delay."

"Very good, Herr Doktor," replied the secretary.

Replacing the receiver, Zolhoff wheeled on Anton who was still standing in the doorway.

"I know you now for what you are, you traitor!" he snarled, his face livid with fury. "Dare you stand there and swear that you have not seen Guido von Sturm this day? Answer me, you rat!" His voice rose to a scream. "Answer me, curse you!"

Anton shrank away from the murder which blazed in Zolhoff's eyes.

"On your knees," screamed Zolhoff, "and swear by everything you hold sacred that you have not seen the foul traitor—"

"Master—master—I cannot!"

With a laugh that was wholly animal, Zolhoff whipped a small, silver-plated automatic from his pocket.

"You filthy, treacherous dog!" he choked.

Bang!

From the muzzle of the automatic there curled upwards a thin wisp of smoke. Clutching at his breast, Anton swayed. One stumbling step forward he took then crashed face foremost to the floor, to lie a limp and lifeless heap.

(Readers will be enthralled by the following chapters of this brilliant story. On no account miss next week's instalment. Order your MAGNET at once.)

THE MENACE OF TANG WANG!

(Continued from page 24.)

the blaze of desperation in his eyes, Chu scrambled out of the window, and leaped down into the quad.

The crowd surged back from the glittering eyes and the flashing knife, and the Chinaman ran like a rabbit for the gates.

For the moment it looked as if he would get clear. But only for a moment!

Fast as he flew, Bob Cherry's cricket bat flew faster, and it was hurled with merring aim.

The bat crashed on the back of the Chinaman's head as he ran, and he pitched forward, and fell on his face.

"Good shot!" yelled Nugent breathlessly.

"After him!"

The Chinaman, half-stunned by the crash on his head, staggered blindly up. But before he was on his feet, Harry Wharton had reached him, cricket bat in hand, and a crashing blow stretched Chu on the earth again. As he sprawled, Johnny Bull stamped on the hand that held the knife, and the weapon was kicked away.

"Collar him!"

"Bag him!"

The Chinaman, half-stunned, gibbering with fury, struggled madly in the grasp of the many hands that were laid on him. But his weapon was gone, and he struggled in vain. He almost disappeared from sight under the crowd of fellows that flung themselves on him.

"Secure him!" gasped Mr. Quelch, coming up, breathless.

"What—what—what—!" Prout was stuttering like a man in a dream.

"We've got him, sir!"

"We've got the rotter!"

"Get a rope, or something!" shouted Bob.

The Chinaman was still struggling feebly under the heap of Greyfriars fellows. But Fry of the Fourth ran up with a rope, and his hands were dragged together and tied.

Then he was allowed to get on his feet.

He stood, gasping and panting. Bound as he was, a dozen hands still held him.

"Bless my soul!" articulated Mr.

Quelch. "Bring him into the House. He must be kept in security till the police can get here! Bless my soul! Bring him into the House."

And Chu was marched into the House, and Mr. Quelch hurried to his telephone. The crowd of fellows in the quad fairly rocked with excitement. Who the man was, what he wanted at Greyfriars, and what it all meant, anyhow, nobody knew; but it was the wildest sensation that had ever been known at the old school.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "It seems too amazing to be true!"

In the Remove master's study Wun Lung had just concluded his account of what had happened. The Chinaman, his hands bound behind his back, was there, as also was Mr. Prout and Harry Wharton.

Mr. Quelch had phoned for the police and they were on their way to remove Mr. Chu.

"Amazing!" boomed Prout. "The man seemed to me remarkably civil and well-spoken—a very pleasant and agreeable, educated Chinese! Extraordinary! I presume this man is not, as he stated, your uncle, Wun Lung?"

Wun Lung grinned faintly. Mr. Quelch suppressed a snort. The question really was a little superfluous.

"No, sir!" answered Wun Lung. "He pretend he uncle, sir; but me no savvy that velly wicked man, sir. He tellee big whoppee lie, sir."

"The scoundrel!" said Mr. Prout. "No doubt that is why his face is bandaged—a pretended accident on the road—no doubt, because if you had seen his face, his cheat would have been exposed too soon! The rascal!" And Mr. Prout glared at the sullen, savage face of Mr. Chu. In the struggle the bandage had been torn away, but there was no sign of injury beneath it. Evidently it had been a trick to keep from a too early discovery of the deception.

"Wharton," said Mr. Quelch, "you can see this man plainly now. Is it the man you saw on Courtfield Common last evening, in the car?"

"Yes, sir!" answered Harry. "I recognise him quite easily. It is the same man."

The Chinaman's eyes glinted at Wharton. He also recognised the schoolboy, and he began to understand how suspicion had been aroused.

"And there can be little doubt that he is the man who penetrated into the Remove dormitory last night!" said Mr. Quelch.

"He tellee me, sir," said Wun Lung. "He confessee he comey along dormitory last night, sir."

"Dastard!" boomed Prout. "Care shall be taken that no other scoundrel has such an opportunity!"

Mr. Quelch signed to the juniors to leave the study. They joined the Co., and Wun Lung went with the Famous Five to the Remove passage. His little yellow face was very thoughtful.

A little later the police arrived from Courtfield, and Wun Lung was sent for to make his statement to them. Then Mr. Chu, with an impassive face, and the handcuffs on his wrists, was driven away in his own car.

"All serene now, kid," said Bob Cherry, when Chu was gone.

Wun Lung winked at him with his slanting eyes, and shook his head.

"Chu will be sent to prison," said Harry Wharton.

"Me savvy."

"But you think—"

"Me tinkee Tang Wang velly angly!" said the little Chinese. "Plentee othel bad man cally out orders ffrom Tang Wang."

"We'll take care of you, kid!" said Bob. "We'll keep our eyes jolly wide open, and jump on any Chinaman who comes along, with both feet."

"But what about during the holidays?" asked Nugent.

"I was thinking of that," said Harry. "We'll all be at Wharton Lodge, so it wouldn't be a bad idea to ask my uncle to extend an invite to Wun Lung and Hop Hi."

And so it was arranged, Colonel Wharton giving a willing assent. When the school broke up, the two Chinese juniors departed with the Famous Five; and, for once, without William George Bunter.

THE END.

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MASKED BANDIT AT LARGE

NOBLE EARL'S STUDY BURGLED

Late last night Detective Penfold received a hurried call from the study of Lord Mauloverer in the Remove passage. Digging himself as a tin of sardines, he called upon his lordship immediately, and found that a daring daylight robbery had taken place.

According to Lord Mauloverer, he had been taking a few wrinkles on his study sofa, when the door was opened cautiously, and a huge person, wearing a black mask, peeped in. The burglar stole into the study and grabbed a large cake and a dozen doughnuts. His lordship immediately told him to put them down, but the bandit refused.

"If you don't drop that grub," Lord Mauloverer said, "I'll boot you out of the study, begg'd!" "Oh, really, Manly!" replied the masked burglar. "If you're going to be mean about a mouldy cake and a few rotten doughnuts, I'll pay for them out of my postal order when it comes."



"When will that be—about the time of the Greek Kalends, what?" "Beat!" "Put that cake back before I get up to you!" Lord Mauloverer was about to get up when the burglar opened the door and scuttled out of the study.

LATER: The Remove police are working hard to find out the identity of the masked criminal. So far they are completely baffled. The burglar decamped without leaving the slightest trace. We understand that Detective Penfold is shadowing a Chinese fellow named Wun Lung, but he is doubtful if he has got the right man, because Wun Lung isn't fat, and he doesn't wear spectacles. Besides, he was in Courtfield at the time of the robbery. But no doubt Detective Penfold will manage to discover the criminal in time.

Further news of this amazing burglary—if any—will be reported in the next issue of this paper.

Further news of this amazing burglary—if any—will be reported in the next issue of this paper.

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Greyfriars Herald

ENGAGEMENTS:

Will all Removites please note that they are expected to attend the following functions next week:

- MONDAY.—Form-pegging for W. G. Bunter—for grub-eating. Cricket practice at 6.30. Bumping for Coker in evening. TUESDAY.—Bumping for Coker. WEDNESDAY.—Lecture by Mr. Queller at 7 p.m. Pillow-fight with Shell. Bumping for Coker. THURSDAY.—Am-bush in Pegg Lane for Ponsomby & Co., of High-diffe. Boat-race practice on Sark. Fight between Cherry and Bolslover in Gym. Bumping for Coker. FRIDAY.—Bump Coker. SATURDAY.—Cricket match versus St. Jude's. Tea afterwards in Hall. Coker bumped. SUNDAY.—Day of rest. Promise Coker a bumping on Monday. H. WHARTON (Form-Captain.)

Weather Forecast.

Gold—fair to warm. Hot, (probably sultry). No sunshine if the clouds obscure the sun. Night hot, but not cold. It will be dry all day if the rain holds off; but there is a possibility of it being wet if it doesn't. Umbrellas will not be needed to-day (except in case of rain or snow). During the evening, night will fall; but it is unlikely that it will hurt itself. In the very early morning the rising of the sun will signify dawn. There will be a great deal of dew on the grass if it is hot; but if it is cold there will be frost instead of dew. If it is neither hot nor cold there won't be anything at all, and serve it jolly well right.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I, Peter Todd, hereby declare that I will not be responsible for any debts incurred by William George Bunter, my study-mate. Anybody letting that fat burglar get away with anything, deserve all they don't get back. LOST: A pair of gold sleeve-links with pearls inset. Will finder kindly return to H. Vernon-Smith, Study No. 4.

FOR SALE. A pair of gold kuff-links with pearls inset. A present to me from a titled relation. Must be sold owing to being hard up. Price 30 bobbs. William George Bunter, Study No. 7.

Financier's Serious Loss

Mr. Fisher T. Fish, the well-known financier, has suffered a very serious loss. It seems that he has just dropped the sum of two-pence-halfpenny (2½d.) through a hole in his pocket. The money is believed to have been trampled in Courtfield—or it may be Pegg—if it hasn't been lost in Friar-chase or Greyfriars.



Any galsoot spoiling the missing greenbacks is urgently asked to spill the news to any jay in Study No. 14.

REPORTS FROM THE COURTS

Before Mr. Justice Wharton, in the Common-room Sessions, Patrick Gwynne (Prosecutor) asked for a divorce from his fag, Gatty.

The Judge: "Why do you want to get rid of him?" "Because Gatty's a scabby," replied Gwynne briefly. "I told him to make me a poached egg as toast, and he toasted the egg and poached the toast." The Judge: "In that case he ought to be charged with poisoning." (Laughter, during which Gwynne gave the Judge 500 lines.)

Mr. Gatty stood up and gave evidence. He said fag-giving was a nuisance. Every time he wanted to go out he heard Gwynne's voice calling "Fag!"

The Judge: "Well, he was quite right. Fagging is a fag." (300 lines.) Mr. Gatty: "It's an awful fag, your honour." "You mean you are an awful fag!" Mr. Gwynne: "Do I get my divorce, or don't I?" The Judge: "You do not. In my opinion you are both to blame. It is six to one and a half-a-dozen to the other."

Mr. Cherry, K.C.: "Hear, hear! That's the way to talk to them, Judge, old bean." Mr. Gwynne: "You mean, this six to you and half-a-dozen to Cherry. Band over, you two!" There was great consternation in court as His Lordship and Mr. Cherry, K.C., bent over and too: "Six" each. The Judge: "Ow-ow! Y-hooop!" Mr. Cherry: "Moo-cooh! Y-hooop!" An interpreter was present, and translated these remarks into English. The Judge: "The case is dismissed. Gatty is found guilty of (Continued in next column.)"

SOCIETY GOSSIP:

We are glad to announce that Mr. Prout is laid up with a pain in his jaw, caused through overwork.

It is with the deepest regret that we hear that the rumour of Bunter's expulsion was false. The Owl is not leaving us. We extend our deepest sympathy to his study-mates.

The heavy-weight champion, Battling Bolslover, has just won his third fight by thrashing a great brute named Dicky Nugent. The knock-out came early in the 63rd round. Nugent had obviously been groggy for some hours, and Bolslover put him out of his misery with a left hook. The champion's former fights were with a blind cripple (who was knocked out in the eighth round) and a man with no arms and legs, who was wheeled to the fight in a bath-chair. This latter fight was awarded Bolslover on points after the fight had gone the full time of one hundred rounds. Bolslover is now going into strict training for his forthcoming fight with Ogley's little sister.

There was a rumour this morning that Mr. Queller's rheumatism was giving him beans. The Removite have been busy stuffing exercise books into their bags.

Skinner recently purloined the key of the Remove Form room, and decided to hide it. He looked around cautiously in order to give it a good hiding-place. Unfortunately Quenchy found out. Now Quenchy has got the key, and Skinner the good hiding.

(Continued from previous column.) poaching, and is ordered to write out all the lines Gwynne has just given me." After giving out this sentence, the Judge resumed his seat—upon which Mr. Skinner, C.A.D., had just placed a tin-tack. The court rose at this point—likewise the Judge.

WAR WITH THE FOURTH

LATEST NEWS FROM THE DORMITORY FRONT

By Dick Penfold.

(Editor's note: We particularly wanted this report in prose, instead of Penfold's usual doggerel. We therefore asked him to stop writing verse for once. He says he has done so, but it looks very fishy to us. We can't help thinking that some of the words would rhyme if they were worked out.) Gentle reader, shed a tear for Ceoil Temple's fate. The Uppor Fourth, it would appear, are getting slack of late. So Temple and the Fourth last night, their fighting powers to prove, arranged to start a pillow-fight against the bold Remove. And Temple, with two other boys, avenged their sleeping Form and then, without the slightest noise, they tiptoed to our dorm.

Alas for Temple's fondest dreams! We knew his little plot. He thought we were asleep, it seems; but really we were not. For when he in his study stood and told his great idea, against the study keyhole gazed was Billy Bunter's ear. Instead of being fast asleep, all helpless and inert, our captain had contrived to keep us very much alert. So when the Fourth came creeping in and made towards our beds, the darkness hid a general grin and merry wagging heads. Temple and his merry men stood silent side by side for just about a minute, then, "Charge them!" Temple cried. "Up the Fourth!" We've done them brown! Biff them!" Temple said. And then he brought his pillow down upon an empty bed!

Then out rang Harry Wharton's voice in tones both loud and clear: "Charge!" he cried, in accents choice, "the boundaries in the rear!" Temple's triumph changed to wrath; his fears were not unfounded. We fell upon the Fourth Form crew, we smote them hip and thigh; Upper Fourth soon found themselves surrounded. The helpless slacking Quench and Capper.

Our yells of joy were changed to pain. They started in with vigour to swish with force a supple cane on each pyramided figure. I sought my bed across the dorm; it took me half a minute, but Quenchy whacked my high-cloth form before I could get in it. We jumped in bed to yell and roar when those two canes had licked us. The Fourth Form pillow-fight was over—the masters wore the victors.



CHILDREN'S CORNER Conducted By UNCLE SKINNER

Now, my dear little playmates, I must answer your sweet little letters to me. First of all I must reply to BOBBIE CHERRY (Study 13), who asks me how many pairs of boots can be made from the hide of one cow. Usually, Bobbie, seventeen pairs of boots can be made from one cow, though, in your case, of course, one pair of boots is made from seventeen cows. But there, you can't help the size of your too-ties, can you? (NOTE.—Bob Cherry has just seen this, and he has

