CUMMINGS: Ah, it's very easy for you to talk, Mr Bunter. You're not married, for one thing.

BUNTER: I know better than that, Mr Cummings.

CUMMINGS: So do I—*now*, when it's too late. (He sighed heavily, and I filled up his glass.)

BUNTER: Does Mrs Cummings live with you at Battersea?

CUMMINGS: Yes, her and me we do for my governor. Such a life! Not but what there's a char comes in by the day. But what's a char? I can tell you it's dull all by ourselves in that d—d Battersea suburb.

BUNTER: Not very convenient for the Halls, of course.

CUMMINGS: I believe you. It's all right for you, here in Piccadilly, right on the spot as you might say. And I daresay your governor's often out all night, eh?

BUNTER: Oh, frequently, Mr Cummings.

CUMMINGS: And I daresay you take the opportunity to slip off yourself every so often, eh?

BUNTER: Well, what do *you* think, Mr Cummings?

CUMMINGS: That's it; there you are! But what's a man to do with a nagging fool of a wife and a blasted scientific doctor for a governor, as sits up all night cutting up dead bodies and experimenting with frogs?

BUNTER: Surely he goes out sometimes.

CUMMINGS: Not often. And always back before twelve. And the way he goes on if he rings the bell and you ain't there. I give you *my* word, Mr Bunter.

BUNTER: Temper?

CUMMINGS: No-o-o—but looking through you, nasty-like, as if you was on that operating table of his and he was going to cut you up. Nothing a man could rightly complain of, you understand, Mr Bunter, just nasty looks. Not but what I will say

he's very correct. Apologizes if he's been inconsiderate. But what's the good of that when he's been and gone and lost you your night's rest?

BUNTER: How does he do that? Keeps you up late, you mean?

CUMMINGS: Not him; far from it. House locked up and household to bed at half-past ten. That's his little rule. Not but what I'm glad enough to go as a rule, it's that dreary. Still, when I *do* go to bed I like to go to sleep.

BUNTER: What does he do? Walk about the house?

CUMMINGS: Doesn't he? All night. And in and out of the private door to the hospital.

BUNTER: You don't mean to say, Mr Cummings, a great specialist like Sir Julian Freke does night work at the hospital?

CUMMINGS: No, no; he does his own work—research work, as you may say. Cuts people up. They say he's very clever. Could take you or me to pieces like a clock, Mr Bunter, and put us together again.

BUNTER: Do you sleep in the basement, then, to hear him so plain?

CUMMINGS: No; our bedroom's at the top. But, Lord! what's that? He'll bang the door so you can hear him all over the house.

BUNTER: Ah, many's the time I've had to speak to Lord Peter about that. And talking all night. And baths.

CUMMINGS: Baths? You may well say that, Mr Bunter. Baths? Me and my wife sleep next to the cistern-room. Noise fit to wake the dead. All hours. When d'you think he chose to have a bath, no later than last Monday night, Mr Bunter?

BUNTER: I've known them to do it at two in the morning, Mr Cummings.

CUMMINGS: Have you, now? Well, this was at three. Three o'clock in the morning we was waked up. I give you *my* word.

BUNTER: You don't say so, Mr Cummings.

CUMMINGS: He cuts up diseases, you see, Mr Bunter, and then he don't like to go to bed till he's washed the bacilluses off, if you understand me. Very natural, too, I daresay. But what I say is, the middle of the night's no time for a gentleman to be occupying his mind with diseases.

BUNTER: These great men have their own way of doing things.

CUMMINGS: Well, all I can say is, it isn't my way.

[*I could believe that, your lordship. Cummings has no signs of greatness about him, and his trousers are not what I would wish to see in a man of his profession.*]

BUNTER: Is he habitually as late as that, Mr Cummings?

CUMMINGS: Well, no, Mr Bunter, I will say, not as a general rule. He apologized, too, in the morning, and said he would have the cistern seen to—and very necessary, in my opinion, for the air gets into the pipes, and the groaning and screeching as goes on is something awful. Just like Niagara, if you follow me, Mr Bunter, I give you *my* word.

BUNTER: Well, that's as it should be, Mr Cummings. One can put up with a great deal from a gentleman that has the manners to apologize. And, of course, sometimes they can't help themselves. A visitor will come in unexpectedly and keep them late, perhaps.

CUMMINGS: That's true enough, Mr Bunter. Now I come to think of it, there *was* a gentleman come in on Monday evening. Not that he came late, but he stayed about an hour, and may have put Sir Julian behindhand.

to him that he smoked a cigar with it (one of your lordship's Villar Villars). You will understand that I made no comment on this at the time, but your lordship will sympathize with my feelings. May I take this opportunity of expressing my grateful appreciation of your lordship's excellent taste in food, drink and dress? It is, if I may say so, more than a pleasure—it is an education, to valet and buttle your lordship.

Lord Peter bowed his head gravely.

'What on earth are you doing, Peter, sittin' there noddin' an' grinnin' like a what-you-may-call-it?' demanded the Duke, coming suddenly out of a snooze. 'Someone writin' pretty things to you, what?'

'Charming things,' said Lord Peter.

The Duke eyed him doubtfully.

'Hope to goodness you don't go and marry a chorus beauty,' he muttered inwardly, and returned to the *Times*.

Over dinner I had set myself to discover Cummings's tastes, and found them to run in the direction of the music-hall stage. During his first glass I drew him out in this direction, your lordship having kindly given me opportunities of seeing every performance in London, and I spoke more freely than I should consider becoming in the ordinary way in order to make myself pleasant to him. I may say that his views on women and the stage were such as I should have expected from a man who would smoke with your lordship's port.

With the second glass I introduced the subject of your lordship's inquiries. In order to save time I will write our conversation in the form of a dialogue, as nearly as possible as it actually took place.

CUMMINGS: You seem to get many opportunities of seeing a bit of life, Mr Bunter.

BUNTER: One can always make opportunities if one knows how.

110, Piccadilly,
W.1.

My Lord:
I write

(Mr Bunter had been carefully educated and knew that nothing is more vulgar than a careful avoidance of beginning a letter with the first person singular)

as your lordship directed, to inform you of the result of my investigations.

I experienced no difficulty in becoming acquainted with Sir Julian Freke's man-servant. He belongs to the same club as the Hon. Frederick Arbuthnot's man, who is a friend of mine, and was very willing to introduce me. He took me to the club yesterday (Sunday) evening, and we dined with the man, whose name is John Cummings, and afterwards I invited Cummings to drinks and a cigar in the flat. Your lordship will excuse me doing this, knowing that it is not my habit, but it has always been my experience that the best way to gain a man's confidence is to let him suppose that one takes advantage of one's employer.

('I always suspected Bunter of being a student of human nature,' commented Lord Peter.)

I gave him the best old port

('The deuce you did,' said Lord Peter),

having heard you and Mr Arbuthnot talk over it.

('Hum!' said Lord Peter.)

Its effects were quite equal to my expectations as regards the principal matter in hand, but I very much regret to state that the man had so little understanding of what was offered

BUNTER: Very likely. Let me give you some more port, Mr Cummings. Or a little of Lord Peter's old brandy.

CUMMINGS: A little of the brandy, thank you, Mr Bunter. I suppose you have the run of the cellar here. [*He winked at me.*]

'Trust me for that,' I said, and I fetched him the Napoleon. I assure your lordship it went to my heart to pour it out for a man like that. However, seeing we had got on the right tack, I felt it wouldn't be wasted.

'I'm sure I wish it was always gentlemen that come here at night,' I said. (Your lordship will excuse me, I am sure, making such a suggestion.)

('Good God,' said Lord Peter, 'I wish Bunter was less thorough in his methods.')

CUMMINGS: Oh, he's that sort, his lordship, is he? [*He chuckled and poked me. I suppress a portion of his conversation here, which could not fail to be as offensive to your lordship as it was to myself. He went on*] No, it's none of that with Sir Julian. Very few visitors at night, and always gentlemen. And going early as a rule, like the one I mentioned.

BUNTER: Just as well. There's nothing I find more wearisome, Mr Cummings, than sitting up to see visitors out.

CUMMINGS: Oh, I didn't see this one out. Sir Julian let him out himself at ten o'clock or thereabouts. I heard the gentleman shout 'Good-night' and off he goes.

BUNTER: Does Sir Julian always do that?

CUMMINGS: Well, that depends. If he sees visitors downstairs, he lets them out himself: if he sees them upstairs in the library, he rings for me.

BUNTER: This was a downstairs visitor, then?

CUMMINGS: Oh, yes. Sir Julian opened the door to him, I remember. He happened to be working in the hall. Though now I come to think of it, they went up to the library afterwards. That's funny. I know they did, because I happened to go up to the hall with coals, and I heard them upstairs. Besides, Sir Julian rang for me in the library a few minutes later. Still, anyway, we heard him go at ten, or it may have been a bit before. He hadn't only stayed about three-quarters of an hour. However, as I was saying, there was Sir Julian banging in and out of the private door all night, and a bath at three in the morning, and up again for breakfast at eight—it beats me. If I had all his money, curse me if I'd go poking about with dead men in the middle of the night. I'd find something better to do with my time, eh, Mr Bunter—

I need not repeat any more of his conversation, as it became unpleasant and incoherent, and I could not bring him back to the events of Monday night. I was unable to get rid of him till three. He cried on my neck, and said I was the bird, and you were the governor for him. He said that Sir Julian would be greatly annoyed with him for coming home so late, but Sunday night was his night out and if anything was said about it he would give notice. I think he will be ill-advised to do so, as I feel he is not a man I could conscientiously recommend if I were in Sir Julian Freke's place. I noticed that his boot-heels were slightly worn down.

I should wish to add, as a tribute to the great merits of your lordship's cellar, that, although I was obliged to drink a somewhat large quantity both of the Cockburn '68 and the 1800 Napoleon I feel no headache or other ill effects this morning.

'Scotland Yard!' he cried.

Tuesday morning saw Lord Peter and a man in a velveteen jacket swishing merrily through seven acres of turnip-tops, streaked yellow with early frosts. A little way ahead, a sinuous undercurrent of excitement among the leaves proclaimed the unseen yet ever-near presence of one of the Duke of Denver's setter pups. Presently a partridge flew up with a noise like a police rattle, and Lord Peter accounted for it very creditably for a man who, a few nights before, had been listening to imaginary German sappers. The setter bounded foolishly through the turnips, and fetched back the dead bird.

'Good dog,' said Lord Peter.

Encouraged by this, the dog gave a sudden ridiculous gambol and barked, its ear tossed inside out over its head.

'Heel,' said the man in velveteen, violently. The animal sidled up, ashamed.

'Fool of a dog, that,' said the man in velveteen; 'can't keep quiet. Too nervous, my lord. One of old Black Lass's pups.'

'Dear me,' said Peter, 'is the old dog still going?'

'No, my lord; we had to put her away in the spring.'

Peter nodded. He always proclaimed that he hated the country and was thankful to have nothing to do with the family estates, but this morning he enjoyed the crisp air and the wet leaves washing darkly over his polished boots. At Denver things moved in an orderly way; no one died sudden and violent deaths except aged setters—and partridges, to be sure. He sniffed up the autumn smell with appreciation. There was a letter in his pocket which had come by the morning post, but he did not intend to read it just yet. Parker had not wired; there was no hurry.

He read it in the smoking-room after lunch. His brother was there, dozing over the *Times*—a good, clean Englishman, sturdy and conventional, rather like Henry VIII in his youth; Gerald, sixteenth Duke of Denver. The Duke considered his cadet rather degenerate, and not quite good form; he disliked his taste for police-court news.

The letter was from Mr Bunter.

made an astonished noise to which his friend paid no attention—'and you will ask him to have men in readiness with a warrant to arrest a very dangerous and important criminal at any moment on your information. When the replies to this paper come in, you will search for any mention of St Luke's Hospital, or of any person connected with St Luke's Hospital, and you will send for me at once.'

'Meanwhile you will scrape acquaintance—I don't care how—with one of the students at St Luke's. Don't march in there blowing about murders and police warrants, or you may find yourself in Queer Street. I shall come up to town as soon as I hear from you, and I shall expect to find a nice ingenuous Sawbones here to meet me.' He grinned faintly.

'D'you mean you've got to the bottom of this thing?' asked Parker.

'Yes. I may be wrong. I hope I am, but I know I'm not.'

'You won't tell me?'

'D'you know,' said Peter, 'honestly I'd rather not. I say I *may* be wrong—and I'd feel as if I'd libelled the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

'Well, tell me—is it one mystery or two?'

'One.'

'You talked of the Levy murder. Is Levy dead?'

'God—yes!' said Peter, with a strong shudder.

The Duchess looked up from where she was reading the *Tatler*.

'Peter,' she said, 'is that your ague coming on again? Whatever you two are chattering about, you'd better stop it at once if it excites you. Besides, it's about time to be off.'

'All right, Mother,' said Peter. He turned to Bunter, standing respectfully in the door with an overcoat and suitcase. 'You understand what you have to do, don't you?' he said.

'Perfectly, thank you, my lord. The car is just arriving, your Grace.'

'With Mrs Thipps inside it,' said the Duchess. 'She'll be delighted to see you again, Peter. You remind her so of Mr Thipps. Good-morning, Bunter.'

'Good-morning, your Grace.'

Parker accompanied them downstairs.

When they had gone he looked blankly at the paper in his hand—then, remembering that it was Saturday and there was need for haste, he hailed a taxi.

Trusting that your lordship is deriving real benefit from the country air, and that the little information I have been able to obtain will prove satisfactory, I remain.

With respectful duty to all the family,

Obediently yours,
MERVYN BUNTER.

'Y'know,' said Lord Peter thoughtfully to himself, 'I sometimes think Mervyn Bunter's pullin' my leg. What is it, Soames?'

'A telegram, my lord.'

'Parker,' said Lord Peter, opening it. It said:

DESCRIPTION RECOGNISED CHELSEA WORKHOUSE. UNKNOWN VAGRANT INJURED STREET ACCIDENT WEDNESDAY WEEK. DIED WORKHOUSE MONDAY. DELIVERED ST LUKE'S SAME EVENING BY ORDER FREKE. MUCH PUZZLED. PARKER.

'Hurray!' said Lord Peter, suddenly sparkling. 'I'm glad I've puzzled Parker. Gives me confidence in myself. Makes me feel like Sherlock Holmes. "Perfectly simple, Watson." Dash it all, though! this is a beastly business. Still, it's puzzled Parker.'

'What's the matter?' asked the Duke, getting up and yawning.

'Marching orders,' said Peter, 'back to town. Many thanks for your hospitality, old bird—I'm feelin' no end better. Ready to tackle Professor Moriarty or Leon Kestrel or any of 'em.'

'I do wish you'd keep out of the police courts,' grumbled the Duke. 'It makes it so dashed awkward for me, havin' a brother makin' himself conspicuous.'

'Sorry, Gerald,' said the other; 'I know I'm a beastly blot on the 'scutcheon.'

'Why can't you marry and settle down and live quietly, doin' something useful?' said the Duke, unappeased.

'Because that was a wash-out as you perfectly well know,' said Peter; 'besides,' he added cheerfully, 'I'm bein' no end useful. You may come to want me yourself, you never know. When anybody comes blackmailin' you, Gerald, or your first deserted wife turns up unexpectedly from the West Indies, you'll realize the pull of havin' a private detective in the family.

"Delicate private business arranged with tact and discretion. Investigations undertaken. Divorce evidence a specialty. Every guarantee!" Come, now.'

'Ass!' said Lord Denver, throwing the newspaper violently into his armchair. 'When do you want the car?'

'Almost at once. I say, Jerry, I'm taking Mother up with me.'

'Why should she be mixed up in it?'

'Well, I want her help.'

'I call it most unsuitable,' said the Duke.

The Dowager Duchess, however, made no objection.

'I used to know her quite well,' she said, 'when she was Christine Ford. Why, dear?'

'Because,' said Lord Peter, 'there's a terrible piece of news to be broken to her about her husband.'

'Is he dead, dear?'

'Yes; and she will have to come and identify him.'

'Poor Christine.'

'Under very revolting circumstances, Mother.'

'I'll come with you, dear.'

'Thank you, Mother, you're a brick. D'you mind gettin' your things on straight away and comin' up with me? I'll tell you about it in the car.'

Chapter 9

Mr Parker, summoned the next morning to 110 Piccadilly, arrived to find the Dowager Duchess in possession. She greeted him charmingly.

'I am going to take this silly boy down to Denver for the week-end,' she said, indicating Peter, who was writing and only acknowledged his friend's entrance with a brief nod. 'He's been doing too much—running about to Salisbury and places and up till all hours of the night—you really shouldn't encourage him, Mr Parker, it's very naughty of you—waking poor Bunter up in the middle of the night with scares about Germans, as if that wasn't all over years ago, and he hasn't had an attack for ages, but there! Nerves are such funny things, and Peter always did have nightmares when he was quite a little boy—though very often of course it was only a little pill he wanted; but he was so dreadfully bad in 1918, you know, and I suppose we can't expect to forget all about a great war in a year or two, and, really, I ought to be very thankful with both my boys safe. Still, I think a little peace and quiet at Denver won't do him any harm.'

'Sorry you've been having a bad turn, old man,' said Parker, vaguely sympathetic; 'you're looking a bit seedy.'

'Charles,' said Lord Peter, in a voice entirely void of expression, 'I am going away for a couple of days because I can be no use to you in London. What has got to be done for the moment can be much better done by you than by me. I want you to take this'—he folded up his writing and placed it in an envelope—'to Scotland Yard immediately and get it sent out to all the workhouses, infirmaries, police stations, Y.M.C.A.'s and so on in London. It is a description of Thipps's corpse as he was before he was shaved and cleaned up. I want to know whether any man answering to that description has been taken in anywhere, alive or dead, during the last fortnight. You will see Sir Andrew Mackenzie personally, and get the paper sent out at once, by his authority; you will tell him that you have solved the problems of the Levy murder and the Battersea mystery'—Mr Parker

fetch you a drop of bromide. Why, you're all shivering—you've been sitting up too late.'

'Hush! no, no—it's the water,' said Lord Peter with chattering teeth; 'it's up to their waists down there, poor devils. But listen! can't you hear it? Tap, tap, tap—they're mining us—but I don't know where—I can't hear—I can't. Listen, you! There it is again—we must find it—we must stop it.… Listen! Oh, my God! I can't hear—I can't hear anything for the noise of the guns. Can't they stop the guns?'

'Oh, dear!' said Mr Bunter to himself. 'No, no—it's all right, Major—don't you worry.'

'But I hear it,' protested Peter.

'So do I,' said Mr Bunter stoutly; 'very good hearing, too, my lord. That's our own sappers at work in the communication trench. Don't you fret about that, sir.'

Lord Peter grasped his wrist with a feverish hand.

'Our own sappers,' he said; 'sure of that?'

'Certain of it,' said Mr Bunter, cheerfully.

'They'll bring down the tower,' said Lord Peter.

'To be sure they will,' said Mr Bunter, 'and very nice, too. You just come and lay down a bit, sir—they've come to take over this section.'

'You're sure it's safe to leave it?' said Lord Peter.

'Safe as houses, sir,' said Mr Bunter, tucking his master's arm under his and walking him off to his bedroom.

Lord Peter allowed himself to be dosed and put to bed without further resistance. Mr Bunter, looking singularly un-Bunterlike in striped pyjamas, with his stiff black hair ruffled about his head, sat grimly watching the younger man's sharp cheekbones and the purple stains under his eyes.

'Thought we'd had the last of these attacks,' he said. 'Been overdoin' of himself. Asleep?' He peered at him anxiously. An affectionate note crept into his voice. 'Bloody little fool!' said Sergeant Bunter.

Chapter 10

Mr Parker, a faithful though doubting Thomas, had duly secured his medical student: a large young man like an overgrown puppy, with innocent eyes and a freckled face. He sat on the Chesterfield before Lord Peter's library fire, bewildered in equal measure by his errand, his surroundings and the drink which he was absorbing. His palate, though untutored, was naturally a good one, and he realized that even to call this liquid a drink—the term ordinarily used by him to designate cheap whisky, post-war beer or a dubious glass of claret in a Soho restaurant—was a sacrilege; this was something outside normal experience: a genie in a bottle.

The man called Parker, whom he had happened to run across the evening before in the public-house at the corner of Prince of Wales Road, seemed to be a good sort. He had insisted on bringing him round to see this friend of his, who lived splendidly in Piccadilly. Parker was quite understandable; he put him down as a government servant, or perhaps something in the City. The friend was embarrassing; he was a lord, to begin with, and his clothes were a kind of rebuke to the world at large. He talked the most fatuous nonsense, certainly, but in a disconcerting way. He didn't dig into a joke and get all the fun out of it; he made it in passing, so to speak, and skipped away to something else before your retort was ready. He had a truly terrible man-servant—the sort you read about in books—who froze the marrow in your bones with silent criticism. Parker appeared to bear up under the strain, and this made you think more highly of Parker; he must be more habituated to the surroundings of the great than you would think to look at him. You wondered what the carpet had cost on which Parker was carelessly spilling cigar ash; your father was an upholsterer—Mr Piggott, of Piggott & Piggott, Liverpool—and you knew enough about carpets to know that you couldn't even guess at the price of this one. When you moved your head on the bulging silk cushion in the corner of the sofa, it made you wish you shaved more often and more carefully. The sofa was a monster—but even so, it hardly seemed

big enough to contain you. This Lord Peter was not very tall—in fact, he was rather a small man, but he didn't look undersized. He looked right; he made you feel that to be six-foot-three was rather vulgarly assertive; you felt like Mother's new drawing-room curtains—all over great big blobs. But everybody was very decent to you, and nobody said anything you couldn't understand, or sneered at you. There were some frightfully deep-looking books on the shelves all round, and you had looked into a great folio Dante which was lying on the table, but your hosts were talking quite ordinarily and rationally about the sort of books you read yourself—clinking good love stories and detective stories. You had read a lot of those, and could give an opinion, and they listened to what you had to say, though Lord Peter had a funny way of talking about books, too, as if the author had confided in him beforehand, and told him how the story was put together, and which bit was written first. It reminded you of the way old Freke took a body to pieces.

'Thing I object to in detective stories,' said Mr Piggott, 'is the way fellows remember every bloomin' thing that's happened to 'em within the last six months. They're always ready with their time of day and was it rainin' or not, and what were they doin' on such an' such a day. Reel it all off like a page of poetry. But one ain't like that in real life, d'you think so, Lord Peter?' Lord Peter smiled, and young Piggott, instantly embarrassed, appealed to his earlier acquaintance. 'You know what I mean, Parker. Come now. One day's so like another, I'm sure I couldn't remember—well, I might remember yesterday, p'r'aps, but I couldn't be certain about what I was doin' last week if I was to be shot for it.'

'No,' said Parker, 'and evidence given in police statements sounds just as impossible. But they don't really get it like that, you know. I mean, a man doesn't just say, "Last Friday I went out at 10 A.M. to buy a mutton chop. As I was turning into Mortimer Street I noticed a girl of about twenty-two with black hair and brown eyes, wearing a green jumper, check skirt, Panama hat and black shoes, riding a Royal Sunbeam Cycle at about ten miles an hour turning the corner by the Church of St Simon and St Jude on the wrong side of the road riding towards the market place!" It amounts to that, of course, but it's really wormed out of him by a series of questions.'

Diseases, 1904; The Borderland of Insanity, 1906; An Examination into the Treatment of Pauper Lunacy in the United Kingdom, 1906; Modern Developments in Psycho-Therapy: A Criticism, 1910; Criminal Lunacy, 1914; The Application of Psycho-Therapy to the Treatment of Shell-Shock, 1917; An Answer to Professor Freud, with a Description of Some Experiments Carried Out at the Base Hospital at Amiens, 1919; Structural Modifications Accompanying the More Important Neuroses, 1920. *Clubs*: White's; Oxford and Cambridge; Alpine, etc. Recreations: Chess, Mountaineering, Fishing. *Address*: 282, Harley Street and St Luke's House, Prince of Wales Road, Battersea Park, S.W.11.

He flung the book away. 'Confirmation!' he groaned. 'As if I needed it!'

He sat down again and buried his face in his hands. He remembered quite suddenly how, years ago, he had stood before the breakfast table at Denver Castle—a small, peaky boy in blue knickers, with a thunderously beating heart. The family had not come down; there was a great silver urn with a spirit lamp under it, and an elaborate coffee-pot boiling in a glass dome. He had twitched the corner of the tablecloth—twitched it harder, and the urn moved ponderously forward and all the teaspoons rattled. He seized the tablecloth in a firm grip and pulled his hardest—he could feel now the delicate and awful thrill as the urn and the coffee machine and the whole of a Sèvres breakfast service had crashed down in one stupendous ruin—he remembered the horrified face of the butler, and the screams of a lady guest.

A log broke across and sank into a fluff of white ash. A belated motor-lorry rumbled past the window.

Mr Bunter, sleeping the sleep of the true and faithful servant, was aroused in the small hours by a hoarse whisper, 'Bunter!'

'Yes, my lord,' said Bunter, sitting up and switching on the light.

'Put that light out, damn you!' said the voice. 'Listen—over there—listen—can't you hear it?'

'It's nothing, my lord,' said Mr Bunter, hastily getting out of bed and catching hold of his master; 'it's all right, you get to bed quick and I'll