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THE NEW STORY BOOK

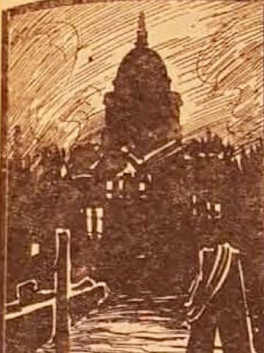
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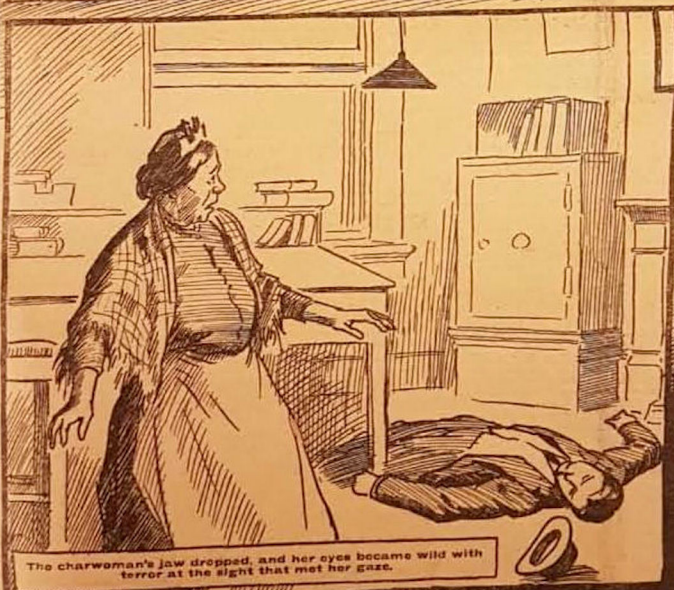
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"It wasn't him!" cried the girl. "It wasn't I did it!"



"No, no, no!" he screamed. "Not Garvish!"



The charwoman's jaw dropped, and her eyes became wild with terror at the sight that met her gaze.



A New and Interesting Story for All.

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOL DAYS

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

YOU CAN START NOW.

A Strange Schoolmate.

ETHEL started.

"Why do you hate it?" she said.

"Oh, it is dull here, and the girls—I don't like them, either, and they don't like me! I shall not go to school, for that matter!" replied Dolores.

"Ethel could not help smiling. The dark girl was certainly not wanting in candour."

"The other looked at her quickly."

"Why are you laughing?"

"—You see—"

"I thought you might be a girl I could like," said the other. "That is why I came to see you, to see what you were like. But you are the same as all the others. You have no spirit, any more than they have!"

"—But—"

"You will be like all the rest. You will say, 'Yes, Miss Penfold,' and 'No, Miss Penfold,' and 'Good gracious, Miss Penfold!' and the rest."

"—But—"

"Oh, don't interrupt me! I suppose you are joining the classes this season?"

"No, you will find them dreadfully dull, of course; but I have no doubt you will like it all."

"I shall like St. Freda's if I can, of course," said Ethel. "—But are you unhappy here?"

"Do I look happy?" said the girl.

"Besides, I am in disgrace now."

"Oh, I am sorry."

"I don't see why you should be sorry, as I am a stranger to you. You do not know my name. I am Dolores Pellham."

"Dolores?"

"Yes, it is a Spanish name; my mother was Spanish," said the girl proudly.

"It is a pretty name."

"There was a sound of a voice calling in the passage. It was a thin, piping voice, which Ethel did not notice."

"—Dolores! Dolores!"

The owner of the name did not even turn her head. She must have seen that she took no notice whatever of the call.

"I am in disgrace," she resumed, taking a seat in the window beside Ethel, and leaning her dark head on her hand. "—But I am always in disgrace, so it does not matter."

"And what is wrong?" asked Ethel, feeling that she ought to show some interest in the matter, and indeed feeling some, for the dark, wayward girl strangely interested her.

Dolores gave a slight shrug.

"I was impertinent to Miss Tyrrell."

"Oh dear!"

"I told her I hated lessons," said Dolores. "She took a little I had better be walking in the garden, and I am sick of it!"

"How you you there," said Ethel.

"You saw me! Where were you?"

"In the drawing-room, waiting for Miss Tyrrell to come down."

"Oh, do you know I have been very curious, ever since I heard that a new girl was coming to St. Freda's, and I thought I am not disappointed!"

"Frankly, I am! I don't think I shall ever see you," said Ethel calmly. "Perhaps you will grow to like me better, and if you don't, it is no use for me to go to school."

"Dolores looked a little puzzled at the matter-of-fact remark."

"There was a moment's silence, and the piping voice was heard from the passage again:

"Dolores!"

"To someone is calling you, I think," ventured Ethel.

GLANCE OVER THIS.

Ethel Cleveland is a new girl at St. Freda's, and on her first day at school is attracted by the personality of Dolores Pellham, a high-spirited girl of Spanish descent. Her passionate nature causes Dolores to be in frequent trouble, and at their first meeting she declares to Ethel that she hates the school.

(See go on with the story.)

The Spanish girl nodded.

"Oh, it is only Enid."

"Enid?"

"Yes; Enid Craven. I suppose Miss Tyrrell has sent her to look for me, as I have not returned to the school-room."

"Had you not better go?"

"Are you tired of my company, then?"

"No," said Ethel, puzzled to know what to say to the wayward girl; "but surely Miss Tyrrell will be angry if you do not return."

"Oh, she is always angry with me!"

"But you give her cause, if you are disobedient."

"She shrugged her shoulders in her curious foreign way."

"Oh, I see! I was quite right. You are one of those thoroughly English girls who never do anything that is not quite correct. I shall dislike you."

"Oh, please don't! But—"

"Dolores."

A girl came into the corridor by the row of cubicles, and came along towards the window, catching sight of the two girls in the window-seat.

Dolores made a gesture of repugnance; and indeed Ethel did not like the look of the girl. It was evidently the Enid Craven Dolores had spoken of.

"She was a smart, pale-complexioned girl, with eyes that had a quick, birdlike look in them and a mingling and affected manner."

"I have been looking for you everywhere," she exclaimed.

"You need not have taken the trouble," said Dolores.

"Miss Tyrrell sent me for you."

"Well, now you can tell her you have found me!"

"But you are to return to the class," said Enid. "You are to go to your class, and I am to take you back with me."

Ethel looked keenly at Enid.

"There was no mistaking the girl's tone. It would have pleased her if the Spanish girl had refused to obey, and she had put the matter in precisely the words that were most likely to provoke Dolores to disobedience."

Dolores's dark eyes flashed.

"Well, I won't come with you!" she said.

"Must!"

"Yes, I am to take you back. Come at once!"

"I will not!"

"Then I shall have to tell Miss Tyrrell that you refuse to return to the class," said Enid Craven spitefully.

"Tell her what you like!"

Ethel walked away.

Dolores looked out of the window with a moody brow. Ethel touched her gently on the arm, and Dolores looked round.

"Well?"

"Had you not better return to the class?" said Ethel softly.

"No, it will do me no good."

"Nothing; but you ought to go. It is not right to disobey your mistress, for one thing, and it will lead to trouble, for another."

"Ethel is always making trouble for me! She dislikes me as much as I dislike her," said Dolores.

"Enid Craven is going to make trouble for you."

"But why let her make trouble for you? Better go!"

Dolores hesitated.

"Do go," said Ethel. "It will be better."

"The Spanish girl nodded, and rose. She walked away, and Ethel was left alone. The new girl at St. Freda's fell into a fit of musing.

So far, she had made two acquaint-

ances at St. Freda's. One of them she liked, and one she did not like. It was not Enid, with her thin voice and sly eyes, whom she liked—it was the half-foreign girl, who had certainly been the reverse of courteous to her, but in whom Ethel found herself taking a great interest.

And what would the other girls be like?

There were about forty altogether, as Ethel knew—and a dozen or more, at least, would be in her own class.

What would they be like? What would life be like at St. Freda's? Dolores was not happy there.

The sound of a bell and of footsteps descending roused Ethel Cleveland from her musing.

A bright, cherry face looked into the dormitory.

"Dinner!" called out a cheery voice.

"Thank you!" said Ethel.

And she rose to go down.

laughing. "You don't know anybody here yet, of course."

"I have met Dolores Pellham."

"Oh, Dolores! How do you like her?"

Ethel hesitated a little.

"I think I shall like her very much," she said at last.

Dolly Carrow gave an expressive little shrug, and said:

"Then you will be alone in your taste," she said. "Dolores isn't popular. She is awfully clever, you know, but she is laid-up, and one never quite knows how to take her; and we don't bother. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see."

"She is always in some trouble or other," said Dolly. "She was in disgrace this morning. She is to apologise to Miss Tyrrell before the class."

"Or what?"

"Or something dreadful will happen," said Dolly, laughing. "I don't know what—something—something, with boiling oil in it, perhaps."

Ethel smiled.

"But what did she do?"

"She said Miss Tyrrell she hated lessons, and wanted to be anywhere but at St. Freda's."

Ethel glanced at Miss Tyrrell, who had just come out of the dining-room. The second mistress of St. Freda's had a kindly, though somewhat severe face.

"Yes, she looks kind enough," said Dolly, interrupting Ethel's thought. "But Dolores was discontented. And she won't apologise."

"Then—she will be punished."

"She will be punished."

"I am sorry."

"Oh, we're all sorry!" said Dolly carelessly. "But Dolores is always in hot water, you know. Are you coming, say?"

"I should like to."

"Come, then."

Dolly Carrow ran into the Close, and Ethel followed her. Ethel was looking serious. She was interested in Dolores, and sorry for her.

Ethel was immediately surrounded



Ethel came upon the Spanish girl sitting alone upon the old elm in a corner of the Close. Dolores! she said softly.

THE dining-room at St. Freda's was a long, lofty, oak-paneled apartment, with high windows in a row looking out on well-kept gardens and stately trees. It had been a refectory in old days, when St. Freda's had been a very different kind of establishment. Now in the old stone passages where the feet of the old monks had trod, sounded the merry patter of girlish steps. When Ethel Cleveland entered the long, lofty room, the tables were already surrounded by the girls of St. Freda's. There were three long tables, with Miss Penfold at the head of one, Miss Tyrrell at another, and a lady Ethel did not know at the third. She was an under-mistress at St. Freda's, and her name, as Ethel afterwards learned, was Miry. Miry Braye was thin and angular, with hair tightly drawn back from a bonny forehead, and a far from amiable expression to countenance. She had cold, grey eyes like a parrot, which seemed to be glittering here, there, and everywhere at once. Her round eyes glittered at Ethel as the latter came in, last of the girls. She raised a thin finger to beckon to the new girl.

"Ethel Cleveland."

"Ethel came towards her, with her light, graceful step."

"You will sit at this table for the present," said the teacher, in an acid voice. "Pray take your chair."

"Thank you!"

Ethel sat down in the vacant chair. She glanced round the hall several times, in a quiet way, during the meal.

Dolores Pellham and Enid Craven were at Miss Tyrrell's table, and so was the bright girl who had been sitting with her eyes on her plate, and with a dusky flush in her olive cheeks. It was clear that Dolores was still in an annoyed mood.

After the meal was over, and Miss Penfold gave the signal for retiring, Cousin Ethel went to the table where the bright-faced girl who was sitting beside Dolores joined her in a gentle touch on the arm, and smiled at her.

"You are the new girl, of course," she said.

"Yes," said Ethel, smiling back.

"And your name—"

"Ethel Cleveland."

"Mine is Dolly Carrow. Of course, my name isn't really Dolly, but that's what I am called, and the girl's

and the whispering voices died away. The mistress's face was very grave. She stood before them, quietly, and her large, serious eyes fixed themselves so much on Dolores, and set with her eyes on the floor, but the colour was deepening in her dusky cheeks.

"Dolores Pellham."

"Miss Tyrrell's voice was very quiet, but very ominous."

"Dolores did not speak."

"Dolores Pellham."

"Dolores looked up, and said: 'You must apologise before the class for your impertinence,' said Miss Tyrrell quietly. 'I am writing, Dolores!'"

Dolores's lips set in a thin red line, and she did not speak.

"I am writing."

The whole class looked at Dolores, and there was sympathy in many of the glances; and the girls waited here, and the mistress said: "Have you nothing to say, Dolores?"

"The girl's lips opened at last."

"Nothing."

"Then you shall have no resource but to punish you," said Miss Tyrrell. "Stand out here, Dolores."

Dolores hesitated a moment, and then craved and stepped out before the class. Miss Tyrrell looked at her gravely.

"You are disobedient and disrespectful, Dolores," she said. "I have been very patient with you. Will you not say that you are sorry?"

Dolores's lips quivered.

"I am sorry," she said.

"Very well. You will take this note to Miss Penfold."

Miss Tyrrell wrote a little note, folded it, and handed it to Dolores. The girl took it, and walked out of the schoolroom with a firm step, and with her head held proudly erect. Ethel whispered to her neighbour:

"What does that mean? Will she be caned?"

Dolly nodded.

"Yes. There isn't much caning here, and only Miss Penfold inflicts it—and Dolores is the chief sufferer."

"Oh, she likes it!" said Enid Craven, with a little smugger.

"Dolores is always looking for trouble."

"Oh, hush!" said Dolly brusquely.

Enid looked spiteful.

"You don't like her any more than I do," she said. "What do you want to stand up for her, for Dolly?"

"Rubbish!" said Dolly.

"Silence in the class!" exclaimed Miss Tyrrell.

And the afternoon's work began.

In the work of the class, Dolores was soon forgotten—by all but Ethel. The Spanish girl did not return to the class; but Ethel could not help thinking of her. There was something about the most unpopular girl at St. Freda's that appealed to her strangely, and when classes were dismissed at half-past four, Ethel looked for Dolores.

DOLORES'S Resolve.

DOLORES was not to be found. Cousin Ethel looked for her in the Close, in the passages, and the library, but the Spanish girl was not to be seen. Her cubicle was vacant, too. Ethel wandered out into the Close again, and Dolly Carrow called to her to come and play rounders; but Ethel shook her head. She was anxious about Dolores, and determined to find her. She came to a sitting alone on a wooden seat under the thick old vine in a corner of the Close. The Spanish girl was sitting quite still, her hands clasped, and she appeared to be staring before her, and she did not make a movement or look up as Ethel came. Ethel looked at her next quarter of an hour with questions of a different sort.

"You will go into Miss Tyrrell's class," she said finally, and Ethel was dismissed a few minutes before the bell rang for afternoon lessons.

Ethel entered the big schoolroom with a crowd of other girls.

Dolly Carrow pulled her down on a form beside her, with a cheerful smile.

"You are with us!" she said.

"Yes," said Ethel.

"I'm glad."

"So am I. I hoped I should be with you," said Ethel gratefully.

"My cubicle is next to yours in the dormitory," said Dolly. "Dolores's is on the other side. But, num—"

"Who is that other girl?"

"Miss Tyrrell is looking awfully serious. She is going for Dolores."

"Poor Dolores!"

"Yes, she has been looking for trouble, and has found it," said Dolly. Miss Tyrrell glanced at the class,

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOL DAYS

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S COURT by Miss G. C. G.

"I am sorry. I hoped we should be friends." "I cannot stay longer," said the Spanish girl passionately.

"You do not mean that your parents are taking you away, then, Dolores?" she asked. Dolores smiled scornfully.

"Then how?" "You cannot?" "You and will! I am sick to death of the place, I shall not stay here," said Dolores, in low, passionate tones.

"I should certainly like to!" she exclaimed. "Then come this way." Dolly led the way through the elm-trees, and through a little gate.

"This is Dame Phipps's cottage," said Dolly. "I am sure you will like it." "I shall not repeat what you have said to me," Dolores said.

There was a chance yet. Yes, there was the boathouse showing through the trees; there the plank landing-stage that he knew so well.

It was not easy even then to climb out without losing his hold upon the insensible man; but he managed it.

A sudden fear gripped Arthur's heart, and he laboured in vain! Little care did he owe Seth Black. But death is always terrible.

"The Spanish girl gave her a scornful glance." "So that is what your offer of help is worth," she said.

"All the same, I shall go." And she rose to her feet. Ethel would have detained her, but the Spanish girl shook off her hands.

"Tea at St. Freda's." DOLLY CAREW came to look for Ethel. Ethel took her in to tea.

"We have bread-and-butter for tea," she explained, "but all the girls are allowed to take in anything extra they like, you see."

"I will pay you to-morrow," said Milly, in a rather hurried way. "You are not my creditor," said Dolly.

"I am sure you will like it." "I shall not repeat what you have said to me," Dolores said.

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"Perhaps you had better lend me five shillings," said Milly meditatively. "I will repay it when I find my purse."

"I have been going to speak to you all day about this business." "I suppose you noticed me? I was sitting behind you in class this afternoon."

"I am glad you agree with me," said Dolly. "I am glad you agree with me," said Dolly.

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Ethel coloured a little. She could not do Dolores was angry with her. She did not wish to speak.

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