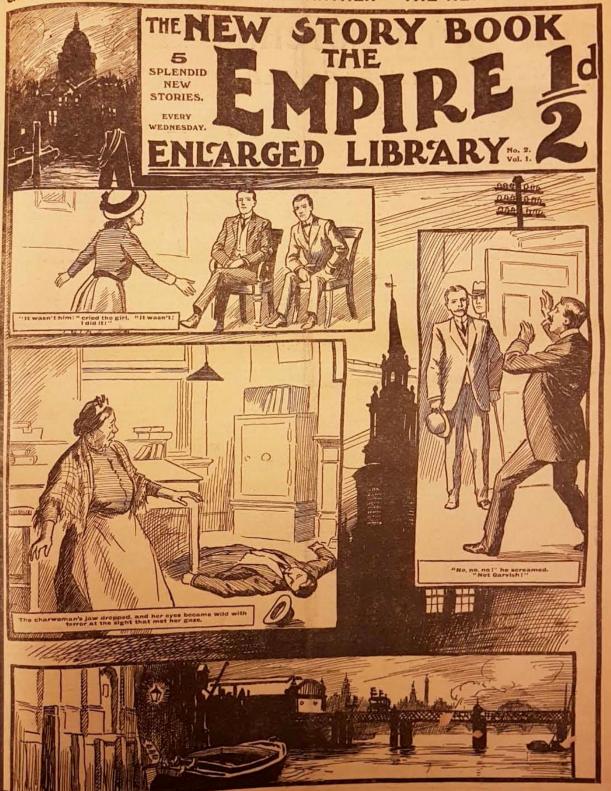
GREAT STORY-DRAMA OF THE "PANTHER"-THE NEW DETECTIVE.



checks.
"Dolores Pelham."

Miss Tyrrell's voice was very quiet.

The whole class looked at Dotores, and there was sympathy in many of the glauces; and the girls waited breathlessly for the denouement. "Have you nothing to say, Dolores?"

"Have you means,"
Dolores,"
The girl's lips opened at last.
"Nothing."
Then I shall have no resource but
to the shall have no proper shall have
Then shall have no shall have
properly the shall have no shall have
the shall have no shall have no shall have
the shall have no shall have no shall have
the shall have no shall have no shall have
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the shall have no shall have no resource but
the shall have n

A New and Interesting Story for All.

VOII CAN START NOW. A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM

The Spanish girl nodded.
"Oh, it is only Enid!"
"Enid!"

then?

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

Had you not better go?"
Are you fired of my con

No," said Ethel, puzzled to know

"No," said Ethel, puzzled to know quite 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

"Oh, she is always angry with me;"
"But you give her cause, if you are disolection."
Dolores shrugged her shoulders in her currion foreign way, "Oh, I see! I was quite right. You are one of those theroughly English girls who never do anything that is not quite correct. I shall distribute the correct of the property o

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

A Strange Schoolmate

THEL started.
"Why do you hate it?" she said.

raid.

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

olores. Ethel could not help smiling. The

Dide could not help smiling. The dark girl was certainly not wanting in andour.
The other looked at her quickly.
"Why are you laughing?"
"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 orgit, any more than they have no certif, 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

gracious, Massrest."
"Oh. don't interrupt me! I suppose you are joining the classes this
sfermoon? You will find thean
deadly dell, of course; but I have no
doubt you will like it al.!"
"I shall like St. Frede's if I can,
of course, said Ethel. "But are
insure here?" "said the girl.

"I shall like St. Freda's it 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 Pelham."

You do not know my name. I am Dolores Pelham."
"Dolores Pelham."
"Yes. It is a Spanish name; my mother was Spanish," said the girl proudly.
Then was a sound of a voice calling in the prasage. It was a thin, piping voice, which Ethel did not like.

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-seal. Dolores made a gesture of repugnance; and ince girls in the window-seal. Dolores and a good of the following the Enid Craven Dolores had spoken of. She was a short, pale-complexioned girl, with eves that had a quick, birillike look in them and a micing and affected manel dolores. The seal of the trouble!" Said Endores.
"On the order of the trouble!" Said Endores.
"Miss Treril sent me for you."
"Well, sow you can tell her you have found me!"
"But you are to return to the class," said Enid. "You are to return at once, and I am to take you have with meelly 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 master in precisely the words that were most likely to provke Dolores to disabedience. Dolores's dark eyes flashed.
"Well, I won't come with you!"
"Hen! I shall have to tell Miss Tyrrell that you refuse to return to the class," said Enid. Craven spite fully.
"Then! I shall have to tell Miss Tyrrell that you refuse to return to the class," said Enid Craven spite fully. piping voice, which Ethel did not like.
"Dolores! Dolores!"
The owner of the name did not even turn her head. She must have leard, but she took no notice what-ver of the call.
"I am in disgrace," she resumed, taking a seat in the window beside Ehel, and leaning her dark head on her hand. "But I am always in digrace, so it does not matter.
"And what is wrong?" asked Ehel, feeling that she ought to show one interest in the matter, any baled feeling some, for the dark, sayward girl etraugely interested.

her.
Dolores gave a slight shrug.
"I was importment to Miss
Tyrrell."

"Oh dear!"
"I told her I hoted lessons," said belter take a walk in the garden. I have been walking in the garden, and I have been walking in the garden, and I sick of it

"I saw you there," said Ethel.
"Oh, you saw me! Where were

Jun 2001 The drawing-room, waiting for Miss Penfold to come down. "Dh! Do you know, I have been very curious, ever since I heard that a new girl was coming to St. Freda's, to see you."

Tyrrell that you retuse to roun'to the class," said Enid Craven spite fully.

Tell her what you like!"
Didores looked out of the window with a moody brow. Ethel touched her gently on the larm, and Dolores looked round.

"Well?"
"Had you not better return to the class?" said Ethel softly.
"What does it maker to you?"
"Nothing right to disobey your nitrees, for one thing, and it will lead to trouble, for another."
"Oh, Exid is always making trouble for me! She dislikes me as much as I dislike her." said Delores.
"Enid Craven is a mesh trouble for you? Bettered."
But why lead to the control of the cont "I hope you are not dis-

I hone you are not distributed by the property of the property

Someone is calling you, I think,"

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 Felham, a high-spirited girl of Spainh descent. Her passing descent. Her passing descent is the school.

(Xung you with the steeps)

company.

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

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

at reas; would they be like? What would life be like at 8t. Freda's? Delores was not happy there.

The sound of a bell and of footsteps in the passages, roused Ethel Cleveland from her musug.
A bright, cherey face looked into the dominiory.
Dinner?" called out a cheery

voice.
"Thank you!" said Ethel.
And she rose to go down.

Dolores in Disgrace.

Dolores in Dispase.

It dining-room at St. Freda's was a long, lofty, onk-panelled apartment, with high windows in a row looking out on well-kept gardens and stately trees. It had been a vectorary in old days, when St. Freda's had been a very different kind of establishment. New in the old stone passages when the state of the st

" Ethel Cleveland."

"Ethel Clevcland."
Ethel came towards her, with her light, graceful step.
"You will sit at his table for the present," said the teacher, in an acid voice. "Pray take your chair."
"Thank you!" the vacant chair. She glanced round the hall several times, in a quiet way, during the meal.

Dolores looked out of the window with gody brow. Ethel touched to gothy on the arm, and Dolores looked round.

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

"What does it matter to you?"

"Wothing; but you cought to go. It is not right long, and it will seed to right long, and it will seed to the first of the seed to the seed of the see

and the whispering voices died away.
The mistress's face was very grave.
She stood before them, quirely, and
her large, serious eyes fixed themselves upon Dolores Pelham. Dolores
an with her eyes on the floor, but the
colour was deepening in her dusky
checks. laughing. "You don't know any-body here yet, of course." "I have met Dolores Pelham." "Oh, Dolores! How do you like

Miss Tyrrell's voice was very quiet, but very did not speak.

Miss Tyrrell's voice was very quiet, but very did not speak.

"Dolores Pell'aun."

Dolores booked up.

"You must applogie before the class for your impertinence," said Miss Tyrrell quietly. "I am wasting, Bolores,"

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

I am wasting."

The whole class looked at Dolores, and there was symasthy in many of

her y''. Donnes: How do you like her y''. Bright he stated a little. "I' think I shall like her very much, 'she said at last. Dolly Carew gave an expressive little shrug of her shoulders. "Then you will be alone in your taste," she said. "Dolners un'! that, 'she said. "Dolners un'! think, but she is bad-tempered, and one never quite know, hew to take her—and we don't bother. Do you see,"."

her_and we don't bother. Do you see 3''
"Yes, I see,"
"She is always in some trouble or other," said Dolly, "She was in disgrace this morning. She is to apologice to Miss Tyrrell before the class, or—"Or what!"
"Or what!"
"Or what!"
"Or what is "Or what is morning, "I don't know what—something impering, with bailing oil in it, perhaps."
Ethel smiled.
"But what did she do!"
"She told Miss Tyrrell she lated lessons, and wanted to be anywhere but at St. Freds."
Ethel glaced at Miss Tyrrell, who

essens, and wanted to be anywhere but at 8t. Frede's."
Ethel glauced at Miss Tyrrell, who had just come out of the dring-room. The second mastress of St. Freda's had a kindly, though somewhat severe, face.
"Yes, she tooks kind ecough," said. "Yes, the tooks kind ecough," said won't spoologise."
"Then—"
"She will be punished."
"I am sorry."
"Oh, we're all sorry!" said Dalle."

then rose, 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?" Delores's lips quivered, said.

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

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

"What does that mean? Will she bely and the school of the sch

"I am sorry."
"Oh, we're all sorry!" said Dolly arclessly. "But Dolores is always a hot water, you know. Are you aming out?"
"I should like to."
"Come them."

"I should like to."
Come, then."
Dolly Carew ran out 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 under the old clms in a corner of the Close. "Dolores!" she said softly.

by a group of girls, who were curious to know her name, where she came from, what class she was going into, whether she had been at school before, and so forth.

Ethel was answering these ques-tions to the best of her ability, when she was called into Miss Periodit's room, and the head-uniteress of St.

"You will go into Miss Tyrrell's elass," she said finally; and Ethel was dismissed a few minutes before the before the temperature of the same Edna for each the fig. Edna for each the first with a crowd of other girls. Dolly Coarlow pulled her down on a form beside her, with a cheerful

be caired?

Dolly nodded.

Dolly nodded.

Dolly nodded.

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 smigger.

"Dolores is always looking for trouble."

"Oh, bosh!" said Dolly brusquely.

Enid looked spiteful.

"You don't like her any more than I do," she said. "What do you want to the said. "What do you want to want to be said. "What do you want to want to be said." "Silence in the class!" exclaimed Miss Tyrrell.

And, the afternoon's work began.

Miss Tyrrell.

And the afternoon's work began.

In the work of the class, Dolons 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 gui 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.

Dolore's Resolve.

Dolore's Resolve.

Cousin Ethel looked for her's in the Close, and in the passages and the library, but the Spanish girl was not to be seen. Her cubiclewas vacant, too. Ethel wandered out into the Close again, and Dolly Carewealled to her to come and play rounders; but Ethel shook her head. She was anxious about Dolores, and determined to find her. She came determined to find her. She came wooden at last, sitting alone on a wooden at last, sitting alone on a grid was sitting quite still, ber hands clasped in her lap, looking straight hefore her, and she did not make a movement or look up as Ethel came. The new girl looked at her quietly. "Dolores did not speak or move. Ethel sat down beside her. "Under the said." "Leould not help thinking of you."

ing fire.

"Why do you seek me out?" she said.
"I could not help thinking of you," said Ethel, in her frank way. "I am said Ethel, in her frank way. "I am to said Ethel, in her frank way. "I am to could help you."

Dolores looked at her hard.
"Of course,"
"You will help me?"
"Yes," said Ethel, "Iff there were anything I could do, I should be glad llow can I help you!"
"You can I help you!"
"You can I do toose,"
"I low!"
"I am going to leave this place,"
and going to leave this place,"
and going to leave this place,"
"I have going to leave this place,"
"You are leaving St. Freda's!"
"You are leaving St. Freda's!"

Bolly Carew pulled her down on a form beside her, with a cheerful snile.

"So you are with us?" she said.

"Yes," said Ethel.

"I'm glad.

"So sam I. I howed I should be with you," said Ethel frankly.

"My cubiele is next to yours in the dominion," said Ethel frankly.

"My cubiele is next to yours in the dominion," said Delly "Dolores" is "What is it?"

"Miss Tyred! is looking awfully serious. She is going for Dolores."

"Poor Dolores."

"Yes, she has been looking for trouble, and has found it," said Delly.

Miss Tyrell glanced at the class, "EMPIRE"?

THE

NEW

EMPIRE-No. 2



(Continued from the previous page.)

"I am sorry. I hoped we should be friends." he friends.

b friends.

b friends.

b friends.

b friends.

Spanied tessionately. "Said the Spanied tessionately. "I hate the place. Vecbedy here cares for me.

The tessbers dislike me, because I am different from the others. It is not a place for me. I am going away."

Ethel looked very grave. Dolore's meaning legan to dawn upon her

Ethel looked very grave. Dolore's meaning legan to dawn upen her mind.
"You do not mean that your parents are taking you away, then, Dolores "she asked.
Dolores smiled scornfully.
"My parents are not in England: I all," nom them twice a term, that is all," "Then how—" Then how-"

"Then how—"
"Don't you understand? I going to leave St. Freda's of my accord."

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

ate tones. "I am going away." Ethel sat dumb.
Ethel sat dumb.
She bad said that she would help the grit! but she had not dreamed of anything of this sort. She did not know what to say.

"You will help me," went on Delores eagerly. "I shall go tonight. You will help me to get out et the house.

night. You will of the house."
"Impossible!"

"Impossible!"
"You said—"
"My dear, you cannot do this!"
exclaimed Ethel. "What is to
become of you? Where will you go? You cannot—you must not!"
"I shall!"

Ethel paused. What was she to

tay?

Dolores gave her a dark look,

"You will not betray me?" she
sid, in a low voice. "Even if you
do not help me, you cannot betray
me. I trusted you in speaking."
Ethel slook her head.

ine. I trusted you in speaking."
Ethel shook her head.
"I shall not repeat what you have said to me. But-but you must think better of it, Dolores. It would benadness. However much you dislike St. Freda's, it is better to remain here than to go among strangers. Besides, I am sure that Miss Penfold among the street of the st

The Spanish girl gave her a scorn-

ful planes.
"So that is what your offer of help is worth," she said.
"I did not suspect....."
"Pool, it is nothing—so long as you keep allout."
" shall do that."

"I shall do that."
"That is enough."
"Then you really mean-

"Then you really mean—"
"Yes."
"It is madness."
Delores shrugged her shoulders in her curious foreigns way.
"All the same, I shall go."
And she rose to her feet, but the Spanish girl shook off her hand impatiently and walked quickly away. Eithel was left alone, with a troubled face and a troubled heart. What was she to do? If was a strange and difficult position in which she found lenself upon this, her first day at St. Freda s.

Tea at St. Freda's.

DoLLY CAREW came to look for Ethel, to take her in to tea. Tea at St. Freda's was served in the dising-room, at the long tables. Cousin Ethel thought of the cosy little teap-arties in the juniery studies at St. Jun's, where her cousin was, a little regretfully. There was in one's own room, she thought, but manners and customs were different at St. Freda's. Dolly explained things to the new girl as she walked her off across the Close. "We have bread-and-butter for tea," she explained, "but all the cost and the contraction of the contraction

inclined to est something more substantial than bread-ambutter.

"I should certainly like to!" she exclaimed.

"Then come this way."
Dolly led the way through the elm-trees, and through a little gate. On the other side, in a trim garden, was a little cottage, in the window of which were several gingerber-bottles and some superannusted tarts.

"This is Dame Phippie's cottage," said Dolly. "Sile does all the trade is to fer off. Come in the village is to fer off. Come in the village is to fer off. Come in the village in the first off the several properties of the pr

Dolly ran out of the little shop, and thel was left alone.

Dolly ran out of the little shop, and thel was left alone.
"What can I get you, my dear?" asked Dame Phipps, looking kindly through her spectacles at the sweet, frank young face of the new girl. Ethel lieutated a moment. While she was heritating, another

girl came into the shop, with a sort of Issancing run, and stopped breathleastly at the counter.

She was a short, stort girl, with a freekled face, and running figure, and lancing from the short of t

and smiled to Dame Phipps!"

The property of the part of the part

exclaimed Miss Mills, "When one is in a dreadful hurry, sie axe is a dreadful hurry, sie axe Mills, "Phipps" "Yes, miss, but—"
"Yes, miss, but—"
"Now, Mrs. Phipps, you have taid that often enough. Do be quick and serve me, or I shall be late for tea."
"Yes, miss, but—"
"Yes, miss, but—"
"Il will pay you (o-morrow," said

that often enough. Do be quick and serve me, or I shall be late for tea."

"Yes, miss, but—"
"I will pay you to-morrow," said Milly, in a rather hurried way. "I have left my purse somewhere. I suppose that is all richt!"

An expression of firmness came over Mrs. Phipps's motherly face.
"Now, isn't this most annoying?" she exclaimed. "I have left my purse somewhere, and there is no time to look for it, and we shall be scolled if we are late for tea!"

Cousin Ethel smiled.
"Perhaps you will le me hele you out of the tract of the remaining of the country of

"Perhaps you had better lend mo five shiftings," said Milly medita-tively. "I will repay it when I find my purso."
"Certainly."

"Certainly."

A very peculiar expression appeared upon Mrs. Phippa a face, and she seemed about to speak, but she seet

Ethel counted the five shillings in Milly Pratt's willing palm, and the plump girl turned to the counter

Dolly Carew joined Ethel as she came in, and they sat down together. Dolly looked in surprise at the extensive provender with which Milly was laden.
"Have you come into a fortune,
Milly?" she asked.

"Have you come into a fortune, Milly?" she asked.
Milly coloured.
"Oh, nonsense!" she said.
"But you were stony to-day," said
Delly. "You tried to borrow of
Enid Craven, and she wouldn't lend you anything."

Delly. "You tried to borrow of Enid Craven, and she wouldn't lend you anything."

"I asked Enid to lend me a shilling because I had left my purso somewhere," said Milly Pratt warmly.

Delly laughed.

"Xea. Have you found it yet?"

"Xea. Have you found it yet?"

"Then how—"

"Then how—"
"Good! Perhaps you will find it by the time she is guite, quite all add," said Dolly, laughing.

"Oh, don't be silly, Dolly."

Filled looked a little puzzled. But Dolores came in at that moment, and drew her thoughts elsewhere.

Ethel signed to Dolores to come and sit beside her. The Spanish girl did not seem to see the gesture, but passed on and said down by herself.

Ethel coloured a little. She could us that bolores was angry with her, and that bolores was angry with her, and the there was a coloured with the second of the coloured was used to that.

Enid Craven came to sit does beside Course Ethel. Her many was as acreeable as the could not like the girl-party, peaking the course the course was a serverable as the course was a serverable as the course was a serverable of the course of the cour

"Yes." Ethel paused.
"Why..." Ethel paused.
Enid's little round eyes were
astened upon her face.
"Was she telling you a secret?"
"You might tell me!" said Esil

"You should not ask question," you should not ask question," you should not ask question, said Ethel coldly, "you should to tell you what Dolores said to met it could not interest you." Enid coloured.

Then it was a secret," Ethel turned to her tea again, and did not reply.

Enid Craven rayle are to a far from pleasant book, and left her. But they pleasant book, and left her. But they from Ethel, and if Ethel had mend the from Ethel, and if Ethel had mend they would have quessed that the girl meant to discover what that secret was.

Enid's Difficulty.

"O"H, Enid!"
But, really—"
"I tenid!"
"I ten't, you know."
"I ten't, you know."
"I ten't, you know."
"On, dit bother!"
Cousin Ethel heard that dialogue as she came into the common-room a short time afterwards. Dolly Care was sitting in the window-seat, reading, and Enid Craven was speaking to her with a flash in her cheeks.
Enid was holding a paper in brhand, which looked like a bill. Sis crushed it in her fingers as Ethel control of the common should be a bill. Sis crushed it in her fingers as Ethel control of the control of

"Don't be annoying! Look here,

"Don't be annoying: Look man dear—"
Dolly laid down her book upon her knees, and deliberately extracted a little purse from some rocess and opened it, and showed two pension

opened it, and showed two pension and a farthing within,
"Now, look there!" she exclaimed Enid looked.
"Well!"

"That's all I have," said Dolly.
"You know I never have asy
money. My dear kid, you know I'm
always as stony as Milly Pratt." (This tale of the adventures of Court
Ethel and the friends she makes will be
continued nest Wednesday.)

A SHORT INSTALMENT FOR MY



By CHARLES HAMILTON.

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

INTRODUCTION.

Arthur Tailord, once the most popular boy at St. Kit's College, has been forced to leave the school by the machinations of his enemy, laders Lecy. One dark might be covered the railway-station. While crossing the river by the bridge he hears a despairing cry from the waler, and, dropping his bag, plunges in to the recent. Swimming strongly, Tailout grasty the drowning man, whom he recognies as Seth Black, the secondred who claims to be his father. Black is insensible, and Talbot makes for the hank with his burden.

[Not you mit hat story.]

A Gallant Rescue A Gallaat Rescue

A ND me a new thought, a
flash of lope, came through
Talbot's mind. He had been
bridger that he must be near the
school boathouse now. If his dared
eyes could have seen it, the tower of
St. Kit's rose blackly over the tree,
dark and silent in the moon's rays.
He could not see it; he saw nothing
but the whirling waters, the fleeling
banks wrapped in darkness. But he
know that he must be near St. Kit's.

EMPIRE-No. 2

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

landing-stage that he knew so well.

He was exhausted now, but he
clutched at the edge of the planks,
and so held to, and he held grimly.

He held by one hand, the other supporting Seth Black, till something
of his strength returned, and his
brain cleared.

brain cleared.

If was not easy even then to climb out without losing his hold upon the insensible man; but he managed I he dragged Black, slowly and painfully, up on the planks, and then sank down beside him, and for some time he knew no more.

He had made a gallant fight, and he had won it. But he was spent, and he lay beside the man he had aved, with reeling brain, in a semi-unconscious state, incapable of move-

Boom! He started at the sound. 100m: He started at the sound. It was a stroke from the clock-tower of St. Kit's, and it startled him from his swoon. Boom! Mid-night. Arthur Tallot staggered to his feet. He looked down at the man he had saved. Seth Black was still insensible, and lay without a motion.

motion.

A sudden fear gripped Arthur's heart. Had his labour been in vain?
Little care did he owe Seth Black.
But death is always terrible. Was

But death is always terrible. Was he dead? He knelt beside him and felt for his beart. It was still beating. Arthur Talbot drew a deep breath

of relief. He lived! But what was her to do new? Help must be had for to do new? Help must be had for to do new? Help must be had for the following the following the following the following the following the followed the familiar way, and stopped at the big gates of St. Kit's. There he rang a loud peal upon the bell. Clang!

The sound echoed cerily through

The sound echoed cerily through the silent school. the silent school.

Dr. Kent started, and listened.

Who could be ringing the bell at
that dead hour of the night?

Whether the porter heard it was a question, but the Head heard it plainly enough, though he was at a considerable distance. In the dead silence of the night the sharp sound travelled fall left his study. He looked out into the Close, dim in the midnight, ghostly with the moving shadows of rustling branches. He crossed with a rapid step lower to the process of the property of the property of the process of the property of the p

"1

The Head started forward. He Inew that voice.
"Talbot?"
"Yes, it is I!"
"Talbot, what are you doing outside the gates of St. Kit's at this

peamed on and sat down by hersen. Your clothes, Tailot," said the doctor, when the sleepy porter had arrived and opened the gates.

Description of the sleep peamed the sleep peamed to the sleep peamed the sleep pea doctor.

He went slowly towards the house, and up the stairs to his own quarters. He knocked at Mr. Slaney's door, and gave the master of the Fourth the Head's message, much to Mr. Slaney's astonishment.

Staney's astonishment.

Then he entered his own room—
the room that had been his, and
which earlier that evening he had,
as he believed, looked his last upon.
He lighted the gas, and proceeded to
dry himself and change his clothes.
This took some time, but he was
finished at last.

finished at last.
When all was done he descended again, and met a strange-looking procession at the door. Mr. Slange and the porter, between them, were certrying the insensible Seth Black. Black showed no sign yet of coming to himself. to himself.

side the gates of St. Kit's at this four!"
In hurried words Talbot explained his advenure.
"You must go in and change lighted study and laid upon a couch

there. Then the porter was despatched for a doctor.

"Come in Talbot!"

Talbot quietly entered the study.

"Explain how you found the wretched man," said the fled quietly. There has evidently been foul play. He is insensible not immersion in the water botton two terrible blows he has received to the training of the placed at a control of the p

I wo terrolle blows he has received at Schi Black, and saw that what the schi Black, and saw that the schi Black, and the schi Black schi Bl

"That is all, sir," said Talbot quietly.
"But how came you on the bridge
at a late hour of the night!" said
the Head.

Talbot coloured.
"I was on my way to the railway

junction "For what purpose!"
I've catch the night express to London," said Talbet firmly, had made up my mind to leave St.

Kit's, sir."
"Without asking my permission." (This fine school serial will be continued week's tissue of the New Empl.