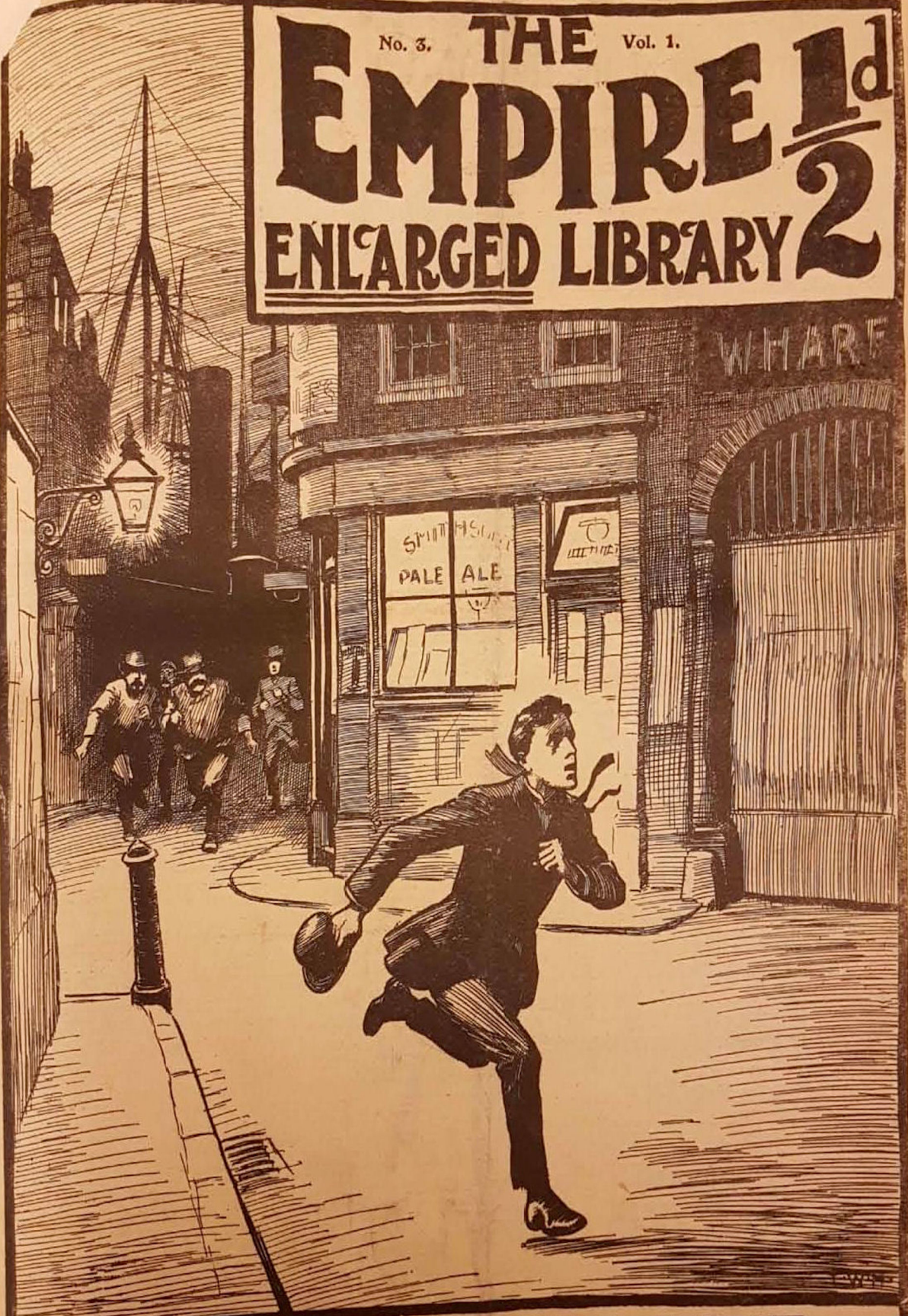


FIVE SPLENDID NEW STORIES—EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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• **HE RAN FOR HIS LIFE** •
(A thrilling incident in the splendid, long complete story, "The Shadow of the Revolution.")

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

YOU CAN START NOW,

Ethel Helps. "CONSENSE! You have lots of money," said Enid. "Not lots," said Dolly. "I have a good deal, but I spend it. I'm nearly stony now. I have two pence farthing, and you can have that if you like."

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 Pelham, a high-spirited girl of Spanish descent. Another of her new schoolmates, Enid Craven, inspires Ethel with

didlike from the first. Enid has got herself into a serious scrape and is trying to borrow money from one of the girls, Dolly Carew, who, however, declares herself to be "stony."

(See on with the story.)

evening alone, thinking of home and friends, not in a sad mood. She felt that St. Freda's would be a happy home for her. A touch on her arm startled her from her reverie, and she turned her head to see the deep black eyes of Dolores looking into her face. "Dolores!" she exclaimed. The Spanish girl laughed slightly. "Did I startle you?" "A—A—little."

But she did not know. To her Miss Penfold was a task-mistress, to be regarded with distrust; and Miss Penfold, who was usually successful in raising the confidence of a young girl, had to admit to herself that she had failed with Dolores. She did not fully understand the girl; as a matter of fact, Dolores did not fully understand herself. But the part of Dolores' Southern nature was a new thing to Miss Penfold's experience; and while most of her pupils loved her, and all respected her, she had to realise the fact that it was different with Dolores. To the other girls, punishment came rarely or never; and if it came, it usually had the expected effect. But it was not so with Dolores. It seemed to make her more stubborn and self-willed. Yet it was necessary to maintain discipline in the school, and in the last resort severity is always necessary for that.



"Are you not sorry?" asked Miss Penfold quietly. Dolores compressed her lips. "No!" "I told you to come to me—" "Have come." "You know what for?" Dolores smiled bitterly. "Yes. To be punished." "I do not want to punish you, Dolores. But you cannot go on as you have been doing. You must realise that yourself. You must be silent." Dolores was silent. "Are you not sorry?" Dolores compressed her lips. "No." "You expect me to cane you?" "No." "And you do not mind?" Dolores did not speak. Miss Penfold looked at her in silence for a full minute. She read the hard, determined rebellion in the flushed cheeks and the set lips. Of what use was a cane to a girl in Dolores's mood? And Miss Penfold disliked punishment. "Well, I shall not cane you, Dolores," she said at last abruptly. The girl started. "You will remain in the punishment-room by yourself to-morrow, Dolores, instead, and I hope you will think over your conduct, and decide to be better."

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Well, you may go."
The girl crossed to the door without a word.

The words seemed extracted by some force superior to her own will. Her brow darkened as she spoke.

Dolores walked away with quick steps. She passed the open door of the common room, and caught the sound of merry laughter within.

The cubicle occupied by the girls of the Lower School opened upon an inner passage, which communicated with the outer corridor by several doors.

Dolores listened, with a strange expression on her face in the gloom. She had not yet touched the switch of the electric light.

The sound was repeated. "Enid Craven!" murmured Dolores.

She went quickly down the passage. She unlocked the girl, yet the sound of her sobbing there in the gloom touched the Spanish girl's heart strangely.

She switched on the light. Enid Craven was sitting on the edge of her bed, her face buried in her hands.

She started, blinking in the sudden light, and Dolores saw that her eyes were full of tears. Her face was deadly white.

Dolores looked at the startled, tear-stained face in pity mingled with contempt.

"What is it?" she asked. "Did I frighten you—I mean this evening, when you were listening?"

Enid shook her head.

A SHORT INSTANTIAL FOR MY OLD READERS

ARTHUR TALBOT'S SQUIRE

By CHARLES HAMILTON. INTRODUCTION. Arthur Talbot, once the most popular boy at St. Kit's College, has been fated to leave the school by the machinations of his enemy, Eldred Lacy.

A Terrible Suspicion. I HAD little doubt that you would be glad to be rid of me, sir, after what has happened. It was impossible for me to remain at the school, and I was obliged to save you from a difficult position," said Talbot, in a low voice.

"It is not that!" "No." "You have been punished?" "No." "What is the matter, then?" Enid gave her and a look.

Dolores paused. The bitter words checked the warm impulse of her heart, and she smiled coldly and derisively.

Her resolve had not faltered once since she had first spoken to Ethel Cleveland upon the subject. That night was to be her last at St. Freda's.

Enid Craven Does Not Speak. ENID CRAVEN descended the stairs slowly, the determined expression upon her face fading away visibly at each step.

What would Miss Penfold say? The girl could imagine the severe looks, the raised eyebrows, the severe words. She would be punished—yet—but it might be worse than that.

She looked at the door, and stood still. The impulse had come upon her to go to Miss Penfold, to be quite frank with her—to tell her of the trouble that had come upon her through her own folly.

But what would Miss Penfold say? Enid could not imagine the severe looks, the raised eyebrows, the severe words. She would be punished—yet—but it might be worse than that.

But to go on as she was going on now, it was just as bad, Mrs. Talbot was silent.

He had come to St. Kit's to learn what had become of Seth Black, and he came with the feeling of a man who carries his life and liberty in his hands.

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Scruton was hard—as hard as Miss Penfold could possibly be. Whichever way she looked, there was no escape.

She had a book and a little pile of papers before her, and a little heap of money and a hanknote.

She saw the stains of tears on the girl's face, and the white look of suffering, and her heart was tender at once.

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"No," muttered Enid. "Then what is it?" "I—I—" She paused and stammered again.

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