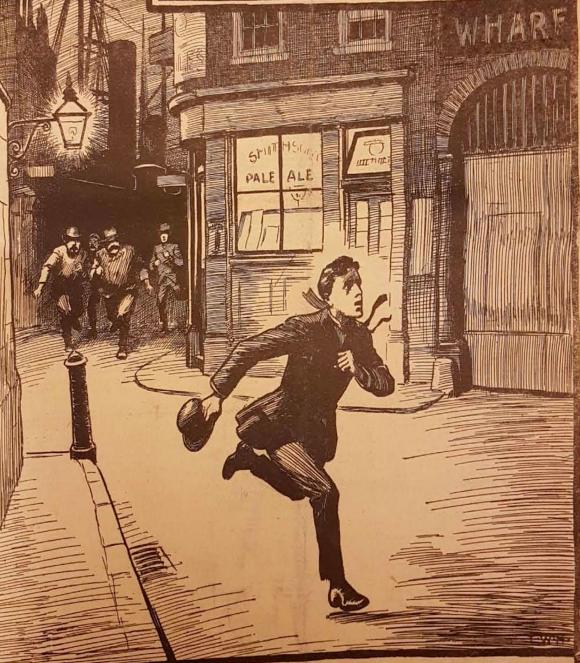
FIVE SPLENDID NEW STORIES-EVERY WEDNESDAY.

EMPIRE 2 ENL'ARGED LIBRARY



HE RAN FOR HIS LIFE

BY

Ethel Helps.

Eibel Helps.

NOSENSE! 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 lave twopence farthing, and you can have that if you like."
"You know! I want two pounds,"
"You know! I want two pounds from! How could you be silly enough to run into such a debt?" said Dolly.
"It was for a detest for the gardenparty, and—"

party, and—" attest for the garden" [low horribly extravagant!"
" I thought my aunt would pay for
it," said Enid,
" And she won't?"
"No."

in said Enid,

"And she won't?"

"No."

Cousin Eshel would gladly have withdrawn, but Dolly was making her signs to stay all the time, and as Enid did not seem to mind speaking before her. Ettel hesitated. Enid glanced at her several times under her legisless while she was speaking.

"Well, you'd better send the dress back," said Dolly.
Enid made an angry gesture.
"I can't I've worn it! They wouldn't take it! Besides, it was the making as much as the material."

"Well, it's rotten," said Dolly, who was rather given to using slangy expressions. "Rough on you! Wlat would you advise, Ethel Celevicland?"

Ethel coloured.
"I-I don't know about the matter," she said.
"Oh, Enid will tell you; she'd tell anybody," said Dolly cheerfally. "I don't mind telling Miss Clevelland, if she could advise me," said Enid. "Of course, it's a secret."
"I should not mention the matter he anyone, of course." said Ethel.
"It would get Enid into a row with Miss Penfold," said Dolly, in explanation. "She has run up a bill of two pounds, with a dressmaker in the village, you know—she wanted to put us all in the shade at the garden.
"Oh, Dolly!"

put as all in the shade at the garden-party." 'Oh, Dolly!"
"Well, you know you did," said Dolly coolly. "That was your idea, though it didn't work, as a matter of fact."

fact."
End flushed.
"Look here, Dolly—"
"But that isn't bizzey," said Dolly.
"End is in debt for two pounds, and the dressmaker seems to be getting trouble-come."
"Show will send the bill in

"She says she will send the bill in to Miss Penfold," said Enid, the tolour dying out of her cheeks.
"That would be rotten."
"I should get into trouble."
"And you cannot pay her?" asked Ethel.
"No."

thel.
"No."
"Cannot you ask her to give you

"Cannot you ask her to give you time?"

"I have asked her."
"And she won't?"
"Not she has, you know, and she won't give me any more. I—I thought I should get the money from my sunt, but I can't.
Ethel looked very grave.
Although it was not a predicament she walled to war. The she could feel sorry for the girl was watching her out of the corners of her eyes.
"So phose you paid her a part of it," Suppose you paid her a part of it," Suppose you paid her a part of it," Suppose you wait for the rest."
"So bly, but—"
"Met be silly, Delly."

"Don't be silly, Dolly."

My dear Enid, I'm only stating a

TIOY CAN START NOW.

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM

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 Pellam, a high-spirited girl of Spanish descent. Another of her new Schoolmates, Another of her new Schoolmates, and Craven, inspires Ethel with

dislike from the first. Enid has got herself into a serious scrape, and is trying to horrow money from one of the girls, Dolly Carew, who, however, declares herself to be "stony." 'stony."
(Note go on with the story.)

"If she would take half-asovereign, I would lend it to you,"
said Cousin Ethel hesitatingly,
Dolly uttered an exclamation.
"That reminds me of an old proverb," she remarked. "Something
about fools and their money."
"Oh. really—"But Enid's eyes were dancing.
"Oh, thank you so much!" she exclaimed. "19-d-1'd do anything for
you. I think Mrs. Scruton will wait
if I give her that, and—and I may
get the rest later from my people."
Ethel took the piece of gold from
her little purse.

her little purse.
Enid received it eagerly.
"Thank you so much!" she ex-

"Thank you claimed.

And with that she ran off, and was gone in a moment. Dolly Carew passed her arm round Ethel, and drew her down into the window.

drew her down into the windowreat.

"You are a goose!" she remarked.
Cousin Ethel laughed.

"Yes, you are—a goose! You have
given away ten shilling—Enid will
never return it. Of course she
couit."

Ethel was silent.

"And she is always extravagant,"
said Dolly, "and she owes several
girls money. Look here, I won't let
you do that again."

"I couldn't do it again," said
Ethel, smilling. "My resources are
in the dear on know."

"All the better for you, then, Still,
I hope that Mrs. Scruton will be easy
with Enid. She ought not to have
allowed her to run into debt, Jup"She containty counts."

pose—"
"She certainly ought not," said Ethel. "Not without Miss Penfold's knowledge, at all events."
"But Enid may have told her Miss Penfold knew all about it."
"But—but that would have been—untrue."

"But-nut that would have over untrue."
Dolly laughed.
"What a little goose it is," she ex-claimed. "Hasn't it occurred to you that Enid might possibly say things that were untrue."
"I should not like to think it of savebody."

"I should not like to think or anybods."
"Well, nobody likes to think of anybody as a story-teller, but there are story-tellers all the same," and you will learn that Enid is one of them. But never mind Enid; I hone she'll get out of her scrape, anyway."
"With pleasure, dear. Have you seen Delores?"

"With pleasure, dear. Have you seen Dolores?"
"Not since tea."
"Not since tea."
"Not since tea."
"Not since tea."
"Stanish girl had already carried out her intention of leaving St. Freds."
Dolly looked at her curiously.
"What do you take such an interest in Dolores lor?" she asked.
"I like her." little abrus.

"I like her."

Dolly gave a little shrug.
"Really?"

"Well, she is so queer; she won't be chummy, you know."
"Because she is partly foreign, perhaps.
But I like her," said Ethel.
I should like to see her more happy here. Bus let us read."

And they read.

The One Who Heard.

Twas some time later that Ethel met Dolores. She was looking out into the Close, dasky now under the old elm, with a star or two twinkling in the sky. Ethel stood looking into the dusk of the

MARTIN CLIFFORD

ovening alone, thinking of home and friends, but 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?"
"I am sorry. But I want to speak to you. You—you remember what I said to you this afternoon?"
"I remember. You have changed your mind?"
Ethel spoke eagerly.

your mind."

Ethel spoke eagerly.
A dark look came over the clive face of the Spanish girl.
"Changed my mind!"
"I hope you have."
"Listen! I am going to leave St.
Fredat."
"But—"
"Tonight!"
"Dolores—"

"To-sight!"
"Dolores—"
"Will you help me? I do not know
if I can escape without help. Will
you help me? It will mean nothing
to you, and no one will know."
Ethel shook her head.
"I cannot."

Ethel shook her head.
"I cannot? You spoke to me today as if you would wish to be my friend," said the Spanish girl, passionately, "Why will you not help me?"
'It is wrong," said Cousin Ethel quietly, "You would know, if you were calm enough to think, Dolores, that you ought not to go."
"I tis wrong," said Dolores, in a low and concentrated tone. "I am to be canted."

caned."
"I-I thought—"
The Spanish girl laughed scorn

The Spanish grr magarithms of fully.

"You thought I had been punished already? No, Miss Peafold has given me auother chance. She talked to me for a long time, and gave me until this evening to consider. Then I am to be caned before I go to bed."

"Unless you apologise' to Miss Tevrell?"

"Untess
Tyrell"
"Si, si! Yes."
"But why not do so?" said Ethel
earnestly. "You were in the
wrong, Dolores—"

wrong, Dolores—"
"Never."
"But—"
"So you have no help but to preach to me!" said Dolores bitterly.
"I might have expected it. Well, keep your aid; I will not ask it again." "Dolores-"

"But you will keep the secret!-that is all I ask. You won't betray

"I shall say nothing. But— "That is enough. But— C The Spanish girl broke Oh!

The Spanish girl broke off abruptly. Her hig black eyes were fixed upon the shadows close by the steps of the School House, Suddenly she left Ethel's side, and darted into the

There was a sharp cry.
"What is it?" cried Ethel, in alarm.

alarm.

A passionate exclamation from
Dolores Pelham answered her. The
Spanish girl reappeared, her hand
tigstity grapping a girl's arm—and
the girl was Enid Craven. Enid's face
w Dolores, you are hurting me," she
muttered.

"You spyl".

You were listening."

You heard what I was saying?"

non neard what I was saying?"
Dolores released the girl. Enidshrank back against the wall, evidently terrified. Ethel gave her a look of seorm.

"Vere you listening?" she said.
"I-I was just coming in," said Enid. "I-I have been down to the village to see Mrs. Scraton, you know; I was just coming in, and I heard you talking—"And you listened!"
"I did not mean to—"."
"But you heard what Dolores said."
Enid's line trembled.

Enid's lips trembled.

A falsehood was trembling there, but under the fierce, angry eyes of the Spanish girl she dared not utter

"Yes," she said faintly.
Dolores made a passionate gesture.
"Now all is lost," she muttered.
"Now all is lost," she muttered.
"You wretched girl, promise me that you will not tell." exclaimed Dolores, extening Enid by the arm, with a grasp so unconsciously hard that it made her cry out with the pain. "Promise me."

pain. "Promise inc.
"I-I—"
"Promise!" exclaimed Dolores

shaking her.
"I promise."
"Honour, mind."
"Honour."

"Honour."
Dolores released her.
"Go!" she said scornfully.
Enid tottered into the house.
Cousin Ethel laid her hand gently
upon Dolores's arm.
"Will you not give it up?" she
said. "You cannot trust her to keep
the secret, as you know. Give up the
plan."

nine secret, as you know. Give up the plan."

Dolores gave her one look, and turned into the house, leaving her without a word.

Ethel remained alone.

Her thoughts were sad and troubled now.

In spite of the discovery of Enic Craven, it was evident that Dolores meant to earry out her reckless scheme.

She was going to run away from St. Freda's.

Ethel was deeply troubled.

Into what troubles would the reckless girl be plunging herself?

She ought to be stopped, there was no doubt about that.

She ought to be stopped, there was an one of about that.

Eithe had promised secrecy. Could she possibly warm Miss Penfold of what was intended after that—break her plighted word?

She felt that it was impossible. But to stand by quietly while the gid fluid! Of course, she would be found and brought back, but what dangers she might run into—18 twas a terrible position for Ethel. She could not break her word, and yet to say nothing was not right either. No wonder there ward and yet to say nothing was not right either. No wonder there was a deep wrinkle in her girlish brow.

What was as he to do?

To remain wake that night, and to remain wake that night, and to remain to give up her wild scheme—if she could!

Other plan there scemed none.

Dolly's gentle hand on her arm wake Ethel from her gloomy thoughts at last. Dolly peered into her face.

"Why, you look ever so worried!" she evelaimed. "What are you thinking about, looking at the stars? Composing poetry?" Ethel laughed.

"No, dear. But I've had quiet gould a proper search and thoughts. Let's go in."

"Good egg!" said Dolly, in the

go in." Good egg!" said Dolly, in the langy way that came so charmingly from her. "We're getting up a game in the common-room. Come on."

on."

And they went in. The common-room was bright and cheerful, crowded with laughing girls, and Ethel brightened up wonderfully, But neither Dolores nor Euid Craven was present.

Not Sorry.

M ISS PENFOLD sat in her private room—a large and tasteful decerated apartment, with wide windows on the garden. The blinds were drawn now, and Miss Penfold was seated in an armchair by the fire—waiting.

There was a cloud upon the face of the principal of St. Freda's. She was thinking of Dolores. If the Spanish sirth had known the deep concern the Head of St. Freda's felt for her, it might have made some difference to her wayward and wilful nature.

But she did not know.

To her Miss Persold was a taskmistress, to be regarded with distrust; and Miss Persold, who was
usually successia in assistant the
follows. The successia is a single to confidence of a young art, had to adout
to herself that she had failed with
bolores.

She did not fully understand the
girl; as a matter of fact, Delores did
not fully understand berelf.

But the passionate Southern nature
was a matter of fact, Delores did
not fully understand the
girl; as a matter of fact, Delores did
not fully understand the
girl; as a matter of fact, Delores did
not fully understand the
girl; as a matter of fact, Delores did
not fully understand the
girl; as a matter of fact, Delores did
not fully understand the
girl; as a matter of fact, Delores did
not fully understand the
person did
not fully understand
the matter
was a fact
the matter
thank the girls, punishment
came rarely or never; and if it
came, it usually lad the expected
leffect.

Hut it was not so with Dolores.
Ha scened to make her more
stubborn and self-willed.
Yet it was necessary
discipline in the school, and in the
last resort soverity is always neces
any for that.

Tap!

If was a knock at the door.
Miss Penfold drew a deep breath.
Dolores entered.
She walked innet, and a slumbering full despend on the region of the
surface of the region with
the red her dark eyes.

She stood before the mistress, her
eyes on the rug.

She stood before the mistress, her
eyes on the rug.

She stood before the mistress, her
eyes on the rug.

She looked very beautiful as she
stood there, her hands clasped before her, a slight flush in her olive
there.

Miss Penfold thought so, and she
sighed. If only she could govern
this wayward nature, she could make
much of Dolores Pelbam.

There was a moment or two's
a silence.

"Dolores," said Miss Penfold, at last.

"Dolores," said Miss Penfold, at last. Yes."



"Are you not sorry?" maked Miss Penfold quietly. Dolores compressed her lips, "Ne!"

"I told you to come to me—"
"I have come,"
"You know what for?"
Dolores miled 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,"
Dolores was silent.
"Are you not sorry?"
Dolores compressed her lips,
"No"
"You expect me to came you?"

Delores compressed her lips.

"No."

"You expect me to cane you?"

"You expect me to cane you?"

"Yea."

"And you do not mind?"

Polores did not speak.

Miss Penfold bocked at her mailence for a full minute. She read the hard, determined rebellion in the flushed checks and the hard, letermined rebellion in the flushed checks and the hard, and hiss Penfold diskided punishment.

"Well, I shall not cane you, Delores," sho said als abruptly.

"You will remain in the punishment room by sourcelf to morrow.

Delores, is no said at last abruptly.

"You will remain in the punishment room by pourself to morrow.

Delores, instead, and I hope you will hink over you will think over you will think over you will think over you will and the pulse of the better."

A slight smile played over the dusky face.

"You hear me, Delores?"

"You hear me, Delores?"

EMPIRE-No. 3.

(Continued from the previous page.)

(Continued from the previous paye.)

"Well, you may go."
The girl crossed to the door without a word.
"Goodnight, Polores!"
"Goodnight, Miss Penfold!"
The words seemed extracted by some force superior to her own from the girl. Her brow darkened as she spoke. Then she went out quietly and closed the door.
Miss Penfold sighed.
Dolores walked away with quiek steps. She passed the open door of the common room, and caught the sound of merry laughter within.
Her lip curled.
She was not in a mood for society of any sort, or for merriment. She went to the stairs, and ascended to the dormitory.

went to the stairs, and ascended to the dormitory.

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

Dolores opened one, and went into

aborers opened one, and went into he dormitory.

All was dark there.

Dolores entered her own cubicle.
As she did so, she started a little.

From the darkness of the dormitory ame a sound—a strange sound to er cars—the sound of a sob.

Dolores listened!

her ears—the sound of a sob.
Dolores listened.

The sob came from a cubicle a
little further down the row.
Bolores stepped out and looked
slong the row. Each cubicle was
open at the end on the inner passage,
so that although each girl had a
room, there was little privacy. The
teachers passing up and down the
passage had a full view of each
cubicle, and could see whether the
girls were all in bed at the proper
time, and whether there were any
absences. absences.

Dulores listened, with a strange ex-pression on her face in the gloom. She had not yet touched the switch of the electric light.

The sound was repeated. Enid Craven!"

Dolores. She

went quickly . down the passage.

passage.

She disliked the girl, yet the sound of her sobbing there in the gloom touched the Spanish girl's heart strangely.

"Enid!"

She switched on the light. Enid Craven was sitting on the

er hands. She started, blinking in the sudden

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.

tear-stained tace in 1955 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 INSTALMENT FOR MY

"It is not that?"

A A A All "Star" Authors with "Empire."

"No."
"You have been punished!"
"You have been punished!"
"No."
"What is the matter, then!"
Enid gave her a bitter look.
"What do you care!"
Delores paused. The bitter words checked the warm impulse of her heart, and she smiled coldly and destricted.

checked the warm impulse of her heart, and she smilled coldly and derisively.

"You are right," she said; "I care nothing."

And she went back to her own cubicle.

Enid sat a few minutes in silegge. Then she went out of the dermitory and down the stairs. An expression of sudden determination was in her face.

Dolores heard the girl go, and gave her little further thought. Enid was not a girl whose tears might be supposed to indicate any great suffering either of mind or of body.

And Dolores had much to do.

Before the other girls came up to bed, all her preparations for her flight must be made. For Dolores was resolved.

Her resolve had not faltered once

flight must be made. For Dolores was resolved.

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.

What was to follow she did not know—and she did not think. All she thought or cared about was to get away from the school she hated.

She selected the things she was to take with her, and packed them carefully into a little bag, which she hid in the cubicle.

Then she went to bed.

When the others came up, they would find her there, appearently sleeping, and so would Miss Tyrrell when she made her rounds for the night.

ght. And when the house was silent, hen all were asleep, Dolores in-And when the house was silent, when all were asleep, Dolores intended to rise and steal out, unaided, alone, into the world she hardly knew, but which she preferred to the world she did know, and which she didliked.

Enil Craven Does Not Speak

Eail Craven Does Not Sprak.

NID CRAVEN descended the stairs slowly, the determined expression upon her face fading away visibly at each step. She had left the dormitory full of resolve, but it did not last long. As she drew near to Miss Penfold's door, she halted irresolutely.

She looked at the door, and stood will be she to the door, and stood will be she to the door, and stood will be she to the she will be she will be

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

that had come upon her through her own folly.

But what would Miss Penfold say? Enid could imagine the stern look, the faised eyebrows, the severe words. She would be punished—yes—but it might be worse than that. What if Miss Penfold wrote to her parents? In fact, she was sure to! She might have to leave St. Freda's—in disgrace!

disgrace! d Enid cowered at the thought. And Enid cowered at the though But to go on as she was going on now, it was just as bad. Mrs.

Scruton was hard—as hard as Miss Penfold could possibly be. Whicherer way she looked, there

was no escape.

Was it not better to have it over at once!

Was it not better to had not over at once?

She approached the door again. Her hand was raised to tap, and she paused. Then, with a sudden force resolve, she knocked, and opened the door without waiting for Miss Penfold to say "Come in."

The principal of St. Freda's was scated at her table.

She had a book and a little pile of papera before her, and a little heap of money and a banknote. She glanced at Enid.

The girl's heart beat hard.

She saw that there was money enough lying on Miss Penfold's table at that moment to pay ten lines over

at that moment to pay ten times of the debt that was weighing on

Miss Penfold was making up her Miss Penfold was making up her account; she had not expected to be interrupted again that night. It was marry bed-time, and it was Miss Tyrrell's dury to see the girls disposed of for the night.

But she looked graciously enough at Enid.

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

he rose from her seat. What is the matter, my dear child?

Enid tore her eyes away from the

money.

The thought was singing and ringing in her brain—if it were mine!

If I could take it! She tried not to think of it.

Her eyes fell before Miss Penfold's.

She could not say what she had

There eyes fell before Miss Penfold's.

She could not say what she had come there to say.

Once in Miss Penfold's presence, she realised that she had been foolish to think for a moment that she would ever find courage to confess to the principal.

She did not speak.

She stood before Miss Penfold, the colour coming and going in her face, and her hands clasping and unclasping.

The principal gazed at her in astonishment.

She could see that the girl was

She could see that the girl was labouring under some deep emotion, but what it was she could not fathor.

but what is the fathom. "Enid! Come and sit down, my dear," said Miss Penfold, leading to a seat. "What is the

"Enid! Come and sit down, my dear," said Miss Penfold, leading the girl to a seat. "What is the matter with you?"
Enid's heart was thumping hard. She dared not confess to Miss Penfold about her dun. That was impossible. But what excuse was she to give for having come? How was she to explain her visit to the principal's room! And Miss Penfold was looking at her sympathetically, but inquiringly. What was she to say? "Well, Enid!"
"If—if you please" stammered

"H-if you please," stammered Enid, to gain time.
"Yes, my dear."

"Yes, my dear."
"I-I-"
"What is it, my child? You look very upset. You are not ill!"

"No," muttered Enid. "Then what is it?"

"Then what is it?"

"I-I—"
She paused and stammered again. Miss Penfold's glance showed growing amazement.

"Yes, my dear?"
Entil's brain was working quickly. The thought of Dolores flashed into it, and there was an excuse for her visit ready-made—and it might help her into Miss Penfold's favour, too, and stand her in good stead when her own fall came—as come it must if Mrs. Scruton were not settled with.

"If you please, Miss Penfold, I—I hardly know whether I should tell you," she faltered.

"What is it?"

"Dolores."
"Dolores Pelham! Do you mean that you have had some dispute with her!" said Miss Penfold less gently. "Oh, no, no!"
"You know the!"

"Oh, no, no!"
"You know that I do not encourage tale-bearing, Enid. If you
have come here to tell me something
about Dolores Pelham, think twice
before you tell me."
Enid bit her lip spitefully.
It was upon her tongue's tip to tell
Miss Penfold all—to break her
promise to Dolores, and betray the
intended flight.
Should she ols so?

Should she do so? As if to decide her in that dubious moment, she caught the glimmer of the money on the table in the electric light.

light.

It seemed to dazzle her.

It was at that moment that a thought—a dark and terrible thought———dashed into the girl's mind, and caused the colour to waver in her absolute the second of the sec cheeks.
Miss Penfold looked at her im-

atiently.
"Well, Enid, have you anything to yy?" she asked.
"I-I--"
"Come, come, you are wasting my

time! "I Enid ime!" I promised Dolores—" said Enid slowly.
"You promised her not to tell me-that which you have come to tell?"
"Yes."
"Then I cannot listen to you."

"Then I cannot listen to you."
Enid rose.
"I—I did not know what to dowhether I ought to keep the promise
or not," she faltered.
Miss Penfold's face softened again.
"It may be a question whether
you ought to have made the promise," she said. "But, having made
it, I think there can be little doubt
that you should keep it."
"Verr well, Miss Penfold."
"Good-night, Enid."
And the girl left the principal's
room.

The thought that had flashed into her mind there was still working in her brain, and it seemed to dazzle her, and she could think of nothing

In the Dead of Night.

The School clock chimed out, and Dolly Carew pitched her thimble into her work-basket. That work-basket was in a wonderful state, and Ethel thought the chances were against Dolly ever finding her thimble again. But Dolly

did not seem to mind. She ners, could find anything when she wanted it, and she was used to that.
"Bed-time," she said.
"Bed-time," she said.
Ethel glanned at the clock over the

Ethel glanced at the clock over the mantelpiece in the common room.

"Half-past nine," she said.
Dolly nodded.
That's it. Half-past nine is bed. time for the Lower School, she explained. "We're the Lower School The senior girls stay up till bed. They're awfully select in many way, and have lots of privileges we doe!
have."

Ethel smiled.

Ethel smiled.
"Well. I am quite tired enough to
to bed," she remarked.
"Of course you are, dear," said
Dolly, cheerfully. "You've had
long journey to-day, and the first d'a
at school is always exciting, too.
You'll sleep like a top, I'm give
your cubicle is next to mine. We
shall be able to tap good-night so
another on the partition. See!"
"Yes."
"Dolores is on the other side of
your cubicle. By the way, where is
she? I haven't seen her for a long
time."
"I dan't know."

"I don't know."
"Sulking somey

"I don't know."
"Sulking somowhere, perhapa,
"Sulking somowhere, perhapa,
said Milly Pratt. "I saked her if
she shad with the same shalling a bittle
while ago, and she didn't era asswer
me. She is a very bad-tempered girl.
Don't you think so?"
"Ha, ha! She might relues
lend you a shilling without being
bad-tempered," said Dolly, laughing.
"You see."
"Well, I had left my purse upstairs—"

"You see "Well, I had left my purse upstairs—"
"His, ha!"
Cousin Ethel smiled, too. She was beginning to learn that having left her purse somewhere was Milly, usual preliminary to borrowing. "I don't see what you're laughing at, Dolly," said Milly, with a petitish shake of the head. "You will give Ethel the impression that I never pay my dobts."
"It would, because I'm so careful in these matters," said Milly, turning to Cousin Ethel. "I always believe in the old proverb that short rekonings make long friends, don't you."
"Yes," smiled Ethel.
"I shall settle up with you, and settle some other accounts when my Aunt Caroline comes to see me," raid Milly. "Siles" a wfully rich, you know."
Dolly laughed again.

Milly. "Site's awarmy sites, ye know."
Dolly laughed again.
Miss Tyrrell came into the room.
"Now, my dears," she said.
And the girls of the Lower Schoel ceased their various occupations, and treoped up to the dormitory.
Miss Tyrrell glanced into Dolores Pellam's cubicle.
The Spanish girl was in bed.
She lay with her olive cheek on the white pillow, her eyes were closed, and her long dark cyclashes drooped over the dusky skin.
"Dolores," said Miss Tyrrell softly.

softly.

The girl did not stir.

"Dolores."

Tholores. The story of Dolores projected stolk have for it succeeded, and have Courin Ethelards in the matter, will be continued in next Webmanlay! "Empire" Library, Onler it is advance. Price One Halfyenny.)

THE RIVALS SO KITS

By CHARLES HAMILTON.
INTRODUCTION.
Arthur Talbot, once the most popular boy at St. Kit's College, has been forced to leave the school by the machinations of his eneury, Eldred Lary. One dark night he slips out, and makes his way towards the railway-station. Crossing the river by the bridge, however, he hears a cry for help, and plunges into the stream to the rescue. After a wears struggle, however, he hears a cry for help, and plunges into the stream to the rescue. After a wears struggle, he succeeds in bringing Seth Blackfor the drowning man is the secundrel who claims to be his father-to shore opposite St. Kit's. Talbot obtains help from the college, and Dr. Kent asks him how he came to be out so late, "I had made up my mind to leave St. Kit's, sir," replies the laffernly, "Without my permission!" asks the Hend.

(Nan ye on with the story.)

A Terrible Suspicion. By CHARLES HAMILTON.

A Terrible Suspicion.

HAD little doubt that you would be glad to be rid of me, sir, after what his largement. It remains the school, and I was willing to save you from a difficult position," said Talbot, in a low voice.

"You should have spoken to me first

Talbot was silent. Tailoot was silent. Little more was said in the study till the doctor arrived from Northley. The medical man make an examination of Seth Black. His face was very grave, and he finished by slasking his head in a very dubious way. "You do not think he will die?" said the Head.

The medical man pursed his line "I loop not. But when he re-covers consciousness, I greatly doubt whether he will awake with a know-ledge of his surroundings. But we must hope for the best. Is the man

to remain here

must hope for the lest. If the man to remain here?"
"Certainly, if you consider it best."
"Well, I should hardly consider it safe to move him to the village."
"Then he shall remain, decidedly,"
And so Seth Black became an inmate of St. Kit's. The physician's prediction proved correct. Seth Black awoke to consciousness before morning, but his surroundings were a blank to him, and he lay like a log in the bed where he had been placed—silent, motionless, with grim, staring eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

Squire Lacy of Lynwood rode to St. Kit's, and disnounted at the gate. The squire's face was paler than usual, but he had himself well under control, and his looks did not betray the fear and uncasiness that were inwardly devotring him.

very upset. You are not ill?"

He had come to St. Kit's to learn what had become of Seth Black, and to learn what had become of Seth Black, and to learn with the feeling of a man he came with the feeling of the gradual of the squire what had languened during the night. Edited Lacy left the inspector in relieved spirits, and he was shown into the doctor's study.

Dr. Kent was looking worried, but he tried to bunish the trouble from his face as he received his visitor.

"I hear that you have some existement in the school," the squire remarked. "I have just met Inspector Legge in the quadrangle."

"Yes. It is a very strange affair," said the Head.

"Tallot appears to have distinguished himself."

"He acted very bravely."

And the Head of St. Kit's proceeded to detail Tallot's action, the

"He acted very bravely."
And the Head of St. Kit's proceeded to detail Talbot's action, tho squire listening with keen attention.
"A lad you should be proud of, doctor," he remarked.
"Yea, certainly."
"But—excuss me for being curious—how came Talbot on the bridge at such an hour?" asked the squire care-lessly.

such an non-lessly. The troubled look settled again on the doctor's brow.

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Lacy, he was leaving St. Kit's."

"Leaving St. Kit's."

"Yes. There has been a most un-

finding her thimble again. But Dolly happy occurrence here—some money was abstracted from the desk in my study, and suspicion fell strongly upon Talbot. Part of the missing money was round concessed in his surface of the property of the missing money was round concessed in his surface of the missing money was round concessed in his surface of the missing money was found to the same that he was a surface of the missing money was blacked in the missing money was blacked to take the money? Suggested the squire. "Unfortunately, yes. That ruffan —I mean the man who lies upstairs unconscious now—was blackmailing him," said the Head, with a look of keen distress. "Then," said the squire thoughtfully, "it was through this Black that Talbot was ruined here; and—and I suppose it is not possible—"He broke off.
"I really wish you would speak out, Mr. Lacy."

He broke off.

"I really wish you would speak out, Mr. Lacy."

"Well, if Tallot met Black in that lonely place, with such an injury rankling in his breast," the squire said slowly, "if—if the man then used threats, perhaps—"

"It is impossible—impossible!"

The Head started back in harror.
The doctor almost monared out the words; but the very vehemence of his utterances showed that the terrible thought had taken root in his mind.

in the matter, will be communed intelligent advance. Price One Halfyrany.)

"I am afraid that you have been greatly deceived in that lad," the squire resumed. "However, let us say nothing about the matter now. It is not our business to furnish their to the policie. If they think of it themselves it is a different matter." "Yes, yes."

"Meanwhile, he must remain."
"He has declared his intention of leaving St. Kit's at once.
"The squire shrugged his shoulter.
"I am sorry for him, then; but be must. romain. You understand declor, that I do not wish to be added upon him, but it would not seem statement with my duty as a matter to allow him duty as a matter to allow him to grave a suspicion against him.
"You—you will interfere?" cried to allow him to grave a suspicion against him.
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"You—you will interfere?" cried to allow him to grave a suspicion against him.
"You—you will interfere?" cried to allow him to grave a suspicion. Tallost,"
"That is satisfactory," said the ecloot,"
"That is satisfactory," said the ecloot,"
"That is satisfactory," said the ecloot,"
"That is a subject to the powerful fairled will be cleared of all suspicion. Bat in case of the reverse, I could not concent to his being allowed to depart. If you answer for him, I am satisfied."
"I answer for him, and the doctor heavily.
The squire took his hat.
"Good day, sir" (Another testalment of the powerful strib next, Walonday)

(Another instalment of this powerful an