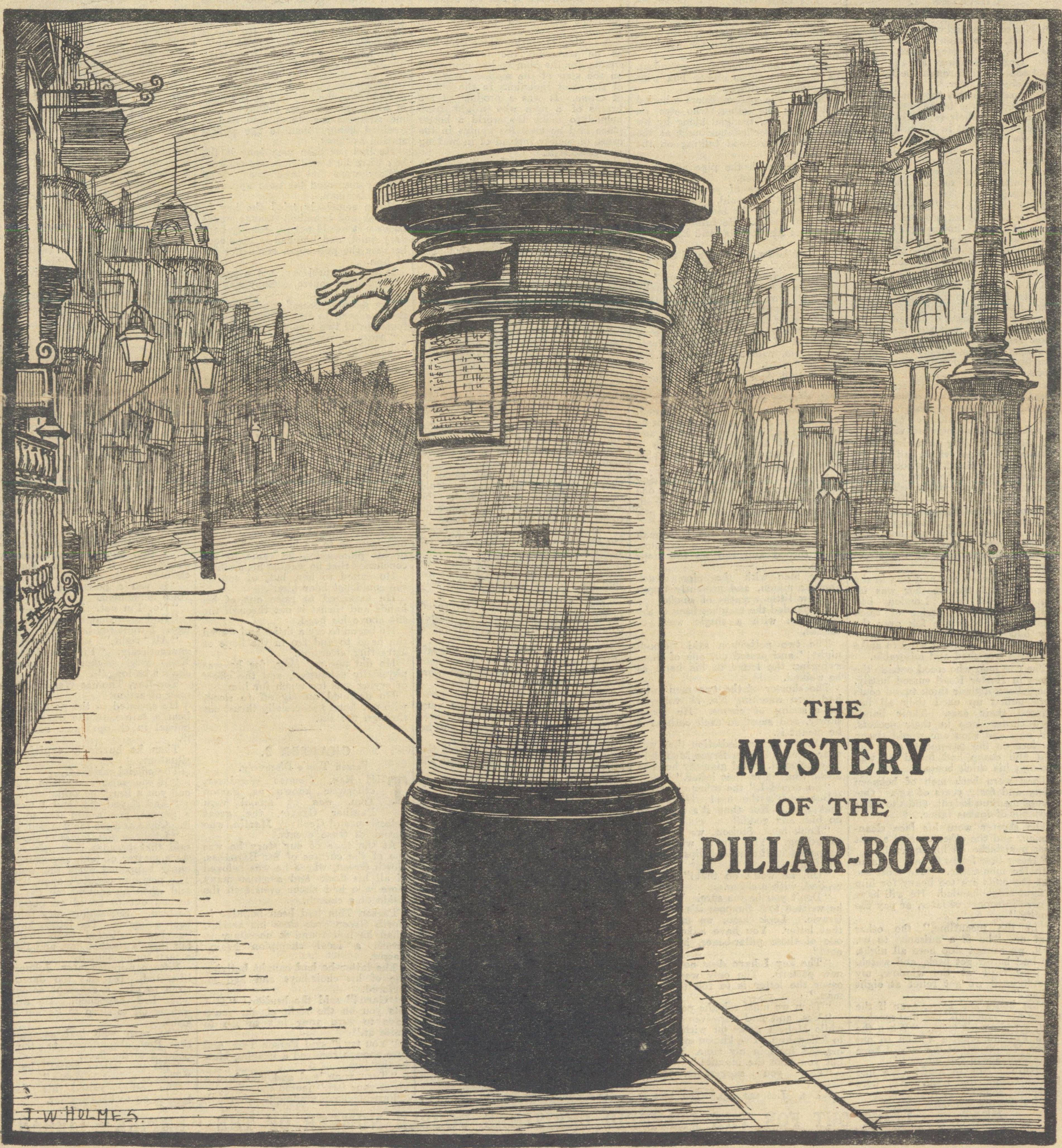


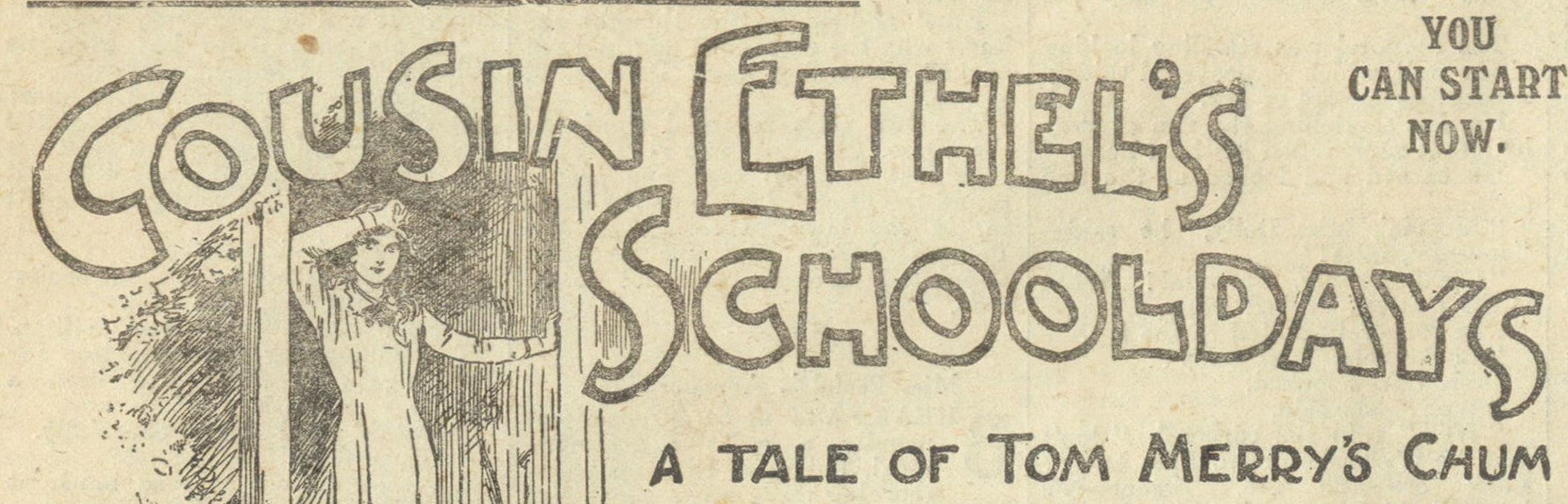
STORIES IN THIS NUMBER! 一0器0-

Vol. I. No 4.

EN GED LIBRARY



A New and Interesting Story for All.



Flight!

HERE was no response but the regular breathing.

Miss Tyrrell moved away softly. No doubt crossed her mind for a moment but that the Spanish girl was asleep.

Dolores did not stir when she was

She lay quite silent while the girls with much talking through the partitions of the cubicles, went to bed. Miss Tyrrell switched off the light

and retired. The door closed.

Then Dolores's eyes opened wide | troubles in sleep. She waited for in the darkness. There was a bitter smile upon her | The quarter chimed out. Would |

face as she lay staring up into the | that last half-hour never pass? she | darkness, wide awake, her heart wondered fiercely. It seemed ages beating with suppressed excitement. All was well so far. She had only

to wait for the rest of the Lower School girls to be asleep, and then-She waited.

the silence of the dormitory. It was and she shivered a little. Dolly Carew tapping good-night to Ethel Cleveland.

Then silence settled down. The girls dropped off to sleep.

But three of them remained wide awake.

One of them was Dolores Pelham, lying with her big black eyes wide open, staring through the darkness, listening impatiently to the school clock every time it chimed.

Another was Cousin Ethel. Fatigued as she was by the experiences of the day, Ethel did not think of going to sleep. She was thinking

of Dolores. She kept her eyes open with difficulty.

There was another who was awake, and felt no desire to sleep, whose heart was beating as excitedly as Dolores Pelham's. It was Enid Craven. She sat up in bed, with the clothes huddled round her, not daring to think of sleep. She was wondering if Dolores would carry out her plan of flight.

But she made no sound to hint that she was awake. She was far from wishing to interfere with the movements of the Spanish girl now.

The night grew older. At ten o'clock the girls of the Upper School had gone to their dormitory, and shortly after that, other doors closed softly in the silence of the school.

At eleven o'clock only one light was gleaming in the great building, and it shone from the window of Miss Penfold's room. And as the school clock rung out the hour, it was extinguished.

Dolores's heart beat almost painfully as she heard the eleven strokes heavily following one another through the silent night.

Eleven o'clock. At that hour, she knew, all St. Freda's were gone to bed. At that hour, a light seldom remained in the

school. A half-hour more, for perfect safety, and then she could go. She set herself to wait, with grim patience.

The half-hour seemed terribly long. How dark and silent was the night! | not leave by a window. And the To Dolores, who believed herself the doors were all locked and bolted at "You are not going!" only wakeful one in the long, lofty night. Even if she could have ob- "I am going!"

GLANCE OVER THIS.

Ethel Cleveland is a new girl at 1 rash determination, and, having Ethel's efforts to restrain her, the | softly. wilful Spanish girl persists in her

the clock to strike again.

before it struck at last.

But it did chime.

Half-past eleven.

Quickly, silently, she dressed.

down the dormitory passage.

Silence as of the dead.

her cubicle—a doorway to which there

was no door-and looked up and

packed, and stepped out of the

Her hand was on the door leading

"Go back to bed," said Dolores, in

"I will not! Betray me if you

And Dolores opened the heavy

door, stepped out into the corridor,

and pulled it shut after her. Cousin

Ethel stood in the darkness, shivering

in the draught that came down past

the row of cubicles, and hesitated.

It did not take her long to decide.

Dolores should never commit this

mad action if she could prevent her.

She hastily put her feet into a pair of

slippers, and drew a cloak round her,

and followed the Spanish girl from

thought she heard a sound as of some-

one rising from bed. She paused a

second, but all was silent, and she

Cousin Ethel Means Business.

top of the great staircase.

By what means did the rash

Where was Dolores?

she had no one to aid her, as she had

As she left the dormitory, she

a shrill whisper. "Go back to bed.

Do you think you can stop me now?"

out into the corridor, when a voice

came through the gloom, and caused

her heart to leap and thump wildly.

The girl paused, suffocating.

"Who is it?" she breathed.

"Dolores, come back!"

stirring.

cubicle.

"Dolores!"

"It is I-Ethel."

"I will not!"

"I tell you-"

What should she do?

the dormitory.

hurried on her way.

St. Freda's, and on her first day | made her preparations, retires to at school is attracted by the per- | bed early. Miss Tyrrell, the sonality of Dolores Pelham, a high- second mistress at St. Freda's, spirited girl of Spanish descent. looks into Dolores's cubicle when Dolores confides to Ethel that she | the other girls come up to bed. hates the school, and intends to The girl is apparently fast asleep.

MARTIN CLIFFORD

run away that night. In spite of | "Dolores," whispers the mistress

(Now go on with the story.)

dormitory, the silence seemed un- | tained a key, the noise of withdrawcanny and eerie. But she did not | ing the bolts would have betrayed falter. She did not obey the impulse her. Where was she gone? to close her eyes and forget her

"Dolores!" breathed Ethel, in the silence of the staircase. But only the faint echo of her own

voice answered her. "Dolores!"

Silence.

The girl must have descended the stairs. Cousin Ethel went slowly the starlight her clear eyes looked "Enid Craven, very likely." Dolores listened, and then listened down, feeling her way in the darkness into the black, fierce ones of the again in the silence that followed. It by the banisters. She dared not There was a tap, tap, tap, through | was a deathly silence, as of the tomb, | think of a light—even as it was, she was in terror of discovery. If one of There was no sound-no one was | the mistresses should be alarmed!

But Ethel would not think of that. The girl slipped quietly from the | She was there to save Dolores, and she knew that she was doing what. was right.

But where was Dolores?

Then she stepped to the doorway of Ethel caught a glimmer of light as she trod the linoleum of the lower passage—the faint pale light of the l stars through an open doorway. She took up the little bag she had

She hurried on. She did not know the interior of St. Freda's very well as yet, but she knew that that was the doorway of the principal's room.

That door would naturally be closed, and the fact that it was standing open was a clue to Ethel.

She paused at the doorway, and looked in, straining her eyes in the

Opposite her was a window, and the glimmer of the stars came in from without, showing that the blind had been raised.

A dim form showed up against the white muslin curtain of the window. It was that of Dolores.

Cousin Ethel drew a quick, deep breath. It was the Spanish girl; she had found her again. She hurried into the room, and stopped as she caught her foot on a chair. At the same moment the sash of the window | dropped to her side. was thrown up, and a keen gust of | night air blew into the room.

Ethel paused with a suppressed cry. She had hurt her foot, and in that moment's pause the Spanish girl was gone.

Ethel ran to the window. She leaned out and looked below.

"Dolores!"

"Go back!"

Dolores had dropped softly upon | the flower-bed beneath Miss Penfold's Penfold's room as the easiest mode of egress. The window had been fastened by a simple catch. OUSIN ETHEL paused at the

The starlight was clearer in the Close.

Cousin Ethel saw the Spanish girl, fully dressed, in a cloak, and with a girl intend to leave the house? As bag in her hand. The stars caught Dolores's eyes as she looked up, and only herself to rely upon, she could | made them glint strangely.

"Good-bye, Ethel Cleveland!"

"Stop! Stop!" "Good-bye!"

The Spanish girl turned away. In a moment more Ethel had dropped, such as might have been given by a too, from the window-sill to the match, and even as the two girls flower-bed. She almost fell, but she looked, it was extinguished. recovered herself and ran towards | Darkness rushed upon their eyes Dolores.

"Dolores, you must stop!" Her hand fastened firmly upon the Spanish girl's arm.

Dolores tried to tear herself away. But she was not so strong as the active, lithe English girl.

"Let me go!" she breathed.
"I will not."

Dolores's white teeth came hard together.

"How dare you-how dare you interfere with me!"

resolutely. "I will not let you go. would not act so foolishly if you were | lenly. calm. You must come back."

"I will not-I will not!"

"You must!" "Let me go!"

"I cannot!" Her voice was choking with passion struck that match. She would have as she went on.

"Leave me alone! How dare you! Listen! I shall strike you if you do | Dolores. not release me! Take care!"

"Dolores, you will come back, or I shall call out." "Call out!"

"Yes, and awaken Miss Penfold." Dolores stood turned to stone.

"You will betray me!" thing—yes."
"Oh!"

"Come back with me."

Dolores seemed to shake with passion. Her clenched hand rose, but Cousin Ethel did not shrink. In girls spying on us," said Dolores.



"Let me go!" hissed Dolores. "I will not!" said Ethel resolutely. "Rather than let you do this mad thing, I will call out, and awaken Miss Penfold!"

Spanish girl, and Dolores's arm

"Oh, I hate you!" she murmured. "I am sorry for that; but I cannot let you go. Come in."

"I have no choice now," said Dolores passionately. "But I hate

you-I hate you!" Cousin Ethel did not reply.

There was no doubt that Dolores was in deadly earnest, while she was speaking, at all events, though probably enough the time would come when she would know that Ethel was study window. She had chosen Miss | right, that the English girl was acting the part of a true friend.

> "I hate you!" "Come!"

They turned back towards the window. Dolores made no further It was useless, for if Cousin Ethel had called out she would have had no chance of escape.

Suddenly she stopped. "Look!" she breathed.

Her hand rose to point to the study | where she was. window.

"We are discovered, then!"

A light was glimmering from Miss

Penfold's window. It was a wavering, flickering light,

again. They looked at each other in consternation. exclaimed Penfold!" "Miss

Dolores. Ethel nodded in dismay.

"I-I suppose so."

"We shall be found out." "Yes."

"I don't care! Do you?" "Yes," said Ethel quietly; "I care very much. But it cannot be

helped. Let us go in." "To save you," said Cousin Ethel "As you like! You have only yourself to blame. Why did you You are mad to-night, Dolores; you | interfere with me?" said Dolores sul-

Ethel did not reply to that question. They approached the window, and looked in. There was no light,

and no sound within. Both the girls were puzzled. It Dolores struggled for a moment. was borne in upon them that it could But she could not release herself. | not have been Miss Penfold who had

made her presence known before this. "What does it mean?" muttered

Ethel shook her head

"I don't understand." "There was a light—you saw it as well as I?"

"Certainly." "It cannot have been Miss Penfold," said Dolores, in a hurried "Rather than let you do this mad | whisper. "If she came down, she would have turned on the electric

> light. Why should she strike a match?" "I cannot understand it." "It was someone else-one of the

> Ethel nodded. It seemed to her very probable. But whoever had been in the room now, it was certain that the person was no longer there.

> The two girls entered the window, and Ethel closed it and fastened it. Then she led the way back to the

Lower School dormitory. Dolores followed her without a

word. All resistance seemed to be gone from the Spanish girl now. It was as if the English girl's firm resolve had conquered her in spite of herself.

They reached the dormitory, and entered; all was dark and silent within. Ethel closed the heavy door. "You will go back to bed, Dolores?"

"Yes."

"And will not leave it again?" "I promise you nothing."

"But-"

"Enough." Dolores drew herself quickly away. She stepped to Enid Craven's cubicle and struck a match, and peered in.

Enid was in bed and breathing regularly. But Dolores remembered how she

had deceived Miss Tyrrell, and Enid's apparent slumber did not convince The match went out, and she

returned to her own cubicle. Ethel heard her lie down, and then returned to bed. Ethel's mind was in a whirl of doubt and anxiety.

Surely Dolores would not make a second attempt that night-yet-Ethel resolved to remain awake. An hour passed.

She heard midnight strike. Her eyelids were weighed down with heaviness. Dolores had not made a movement. There was little doubt that she was fast asleep.

Ethel listened for the clock to strike again. She allowed her eyes to close for a moment to rest them. They did not open again.

"Ethel!" Cousin Ethel opened her

A ray of light danced in them, and she sat up in bed, for the moment trying in vain to recall

The cubicle, the grey wall of the passage that ran past the end of it,

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WEDNESDAY

(Continued from the previous page.)

the laughing voices close at hand, seemed like part of a dream for the moment.

But Dolly Carew was shaking her, and Dolly's cheery, laughing face recalled her to recollection of her surroundings.

"Dolly!" ejaculated Ethel. Dolly laughed merrily.

"Don't you hear the bell?" she exclaimed.

Ethel could indeed hear it. Clang! Clang! Clang!

The sound of the bell came clearly enough through the keen, fresh morning air. The morning was bright and sunny, and the sunlight streamed in at the windows at the end of the dormitory.

"That's the rising-bell," explained Dolly. "It's seven o'clock. corporal is ringing it."

"The corporal!" "Corporal Brick-he's the school porter," explained Dolly. "He's always bad-tempered at getting up early, that's why he's making the bell go so loudly."

Cousin Ethel laughed. Her eyes were still a little heavy. She had had much less sleep than she needed the previous night. But she always woke up in a cheerful temper.

"Time to get up," continued Dolly. "Don't be a slacker, you know. I want you to come out for a run before breakfast."

"Yes. Is Dolores up?" asked In the gardens, in the gymnasium, the night.

"Yes, she's up and out already." Cousin Ethel felt a great sense of relief. Dolores had not carried out her wild scheme, then; she had not run away from St. Freda's.

Ethel was soon up and dressed, and she went downstairs with the cheerful Dolly and a crowd of talking, laughing girls. Milly Pratt slipped an arm through hers as she came out into the Close with Dolly Carew.

"Shall we go and say good-morning to Mrs. Phipps?" asked Milly she now? affably.

"No," said Dolly decidedly. "We're going for a run. I suppose you've forgotten your purse as usual -eh?"

"My dear Dolly-" "Rats!" said Dolly cheerfully. "Come on, Ethel!"

And she rushed Ethel away before Milly Pratt could raise any further objection. Ethel laughed; she knew well enough what saying good-morning to Mrs. Phipps meant.

Phipps's little cottage whenever she to as "them Bores"—probably the suppose. It's odd!" was in funds, or whenever she could | Boers. induce another girl to share funds | The corporal was standing looking | with her. Milly was Mrs. Phipps's at the wall, which was covered thickly best customer-excepting in one with great masses of ivy. respect, that she did not always settle the little accounts she was always hair that surrounded his bald head. ready to run up. But for that, no face at St. Freda's would have been | girls. more welcome to Mrs. Phipps.

Ethel looked round the Close for Dolores, but did not see her. "Dolores must have been up early,"

she remarked. "Oh, yes," said Dolly carelessly; "she was up before any of us. Her

bed was empty when I woke." Ethel started. morning?"

"Has anyone else?" Ethel asked the question quickly, breathlessly, and Dolly looked at her

in surprise. "I don't know," she said. "What does it matter?"

Ethel was alarmed.

Where was Dolores? Had the wilful girl carried out her mad scheme after all-had she risen a second time while Ethel slept, and left the precincts of St. Freda's?

"What is the matter, Ethel?" exclaimed Dolly, growing alarmed from Ethel's expression.

"I want to find Dolores."

" Why?"

"I am afraid something may have happened," faltered Ethel.

"Good gracious! What?" "Let us look for her," said Ethel evasively.

"Certainly." They looked for Dolores.

But the Spanish girl was not to be

Ethel, thinking at once of the in the class-rooms, and the passages, Spanish girl, with a feeling of remorse they looked for her; but the dark for not having watched further into | face and the deep black eyes were not to be seen.

Dolly questioned all the girls whom they met, but no one seemed to have seen anything of Dolores.

Ethel's face grew more and more anxious.

The conviction was forcing itself upon her mind that the Spanish girl was gone. She reproached herself bitterly for having slept.

While she had slumbered, Dolores had carried out her plan. What would become of her? Where was

A little old man with grey hair and beard, and a wooden leg, was standing by the school wall near the gates, and Dolly led her friend towards him. She explained that it was Corporal Brick, who, with his wife, inhabited the lodge. He was an old soldier, and had lost the missing leg in South Africa. When he was in a talkative mood-which was often-and the girls were in a listening mood—which was less frequent-he would tell them thrilling stories of the veldt and the Milly Pratt looked after them and karroo, and of desperate tussles with

sighed. Milly paid a visit to Mrs. enemies whom he generally alluded corporal did not hear him bark, I

He was scratching the rim of grey He turned and looked at the two

"Mornin', Miss Dolly," he said-"mornin', miss!"

"Good-morning, Corporal! What is the matter?" asked Dolly. The corporal pointed to the ivy. "Look there, Miss Dolly!"

Dolly Carew looked. "Well?" she said. "Well," said the corporal, "don't

"Then you haven't seen her this you see it's broke down, Miss Dolly? Look 'ere—and 'ere. Somebody's been climbin' hover that hivy."

Dolly gave a little cry. Cousin room. Ethel changed colour. It was a confirmation of her worst fears.

An active girl like Dolores could easily climb over the low wall by the aid of the ivy. And the tearing of some of the tendrils from the wall remained as a trace of her climb.

Ethel did not speak. She felt that it would be better for her to say nothing.

"A burglar!" exclaimed Dolly. The corporal scratched his scanty hair again.

"Maybe," he said. "Somebody's been hover that wall, that's sartin."

"Perhaps it was the cat," Dolly suggested.

that wall hoften enough, Miss Dolly, upon. It was known that he had without pullin' down any of the gone to Miss Penfold to ask her if hivy," he said. "Somebody's climbed anything was missing from the hover that wall."

"Last night?" "Sartin. It wasn't done when I made my rounds last night. I learned to keep watch, miss, and safe. take my rounds reg'ler, when I was | "Miss Penfold keeps money in her | Tyrrell." fightin' them Bores-"

"But who could it have been?" interrupted Dolly Carew, who had no curiosity to hear about the Boers just then, but was much more interested in the identity of the unknown who had clambered over the ivy in the

The corporal shook his head. "I dunno, Miss Dolly," he replied; "but it's my dooty to go and report to Miss Penfold. It may 'ave been a thief, and I'll ask Miss Penfold if there's anything missing."

And the wooden-legged veteran stumped away towards the house. Dolly Carew turned to Ethel with

shining eyes. "Isn't it exciting?" she exclaimed. "There must have been a burglar or somebody come over the wall while we were all asleep last night."

Ethel did not reply. "Yes; it's curious," added Dolly. "What is curious?"

"Corporal Brick's dog is always loose of a night, and he would surely | going about with one's eyes closed. of the "Empire" Library. Out next Wednesbark if a stranger came in. The

Ethel nodded. She thought she knew why the corporal's dog had not barked. The dog knew Dolores, of course.

The two girls returned slowly to the house. The bell was ringing for breakfast. Ethel cast one glance round the crowded room as she came in, in the hope of seeing Dolores Pelham there. But she was disappointed. Dolores was not to be seen.

Miss Penfold's Announcement. REAKFAST at St. Freda's was usually a quiet and sedate meal, but upon this particular morning there was a great deal of suppressed excitement in the

The girls spoke in whispers, or cast significant glances.

Something had happened. They knew that, though they did not know precisely what it was.

Ethel had expected Dolores's absence to be remarked upon at once, but it was hardly mentioned. The general impression was that Dolores was taking her breakfast alone in the punishment-room.

Ethel knew differently, and Dolly Carew suspected now, infected by Ethel's uneasiness. But the others neither knew nor cared.

But that something had happened they knew.

Corporal Brick gave her a pitying In the first place, Corporal Brick's uneasiness with regard to the broken "Which the cats have been hover ivy had been seen and remarked

> The principal of St. Freda's had gone to her room, doubtless to see if the money in her desk there were

> desk," Milly Pratt confided to Ethel, in a whisper. "You see, she does her accounts on a regular day every week, and the day before the money is sent from the bank in Elmhurst." Cousin Ethel smiled.

> "How do you know?" she said. "Oh, I know most things that go on!" said Milly. "There are very few things that go on without my knowing about them."

"Milly is our Peeping Tom," explained Dolly Carew.

"Oh. Dolly!" "And that's how she knows." said Dolly coolly. "She could tell you what Miss Braye's father was, and how much money Miss Tyrrell has in

the bank, and what Miss Penfold's nephew is going to be when he grows up. and--" "Oh, my dear Dolly-"

"She knows everything except her lessons," concluded Dolly. "Well, I keep my eyes open," said Milly Pratt. "I don't believe in

If anybody wanted to break into the

school, last night was the time, while Miss Penfold's money was in her desk. It will be paid away to-day."

"I am sure there has been no robbery," said Ethel.

"I don't see how you can be sure; but I hope not, of course. Poor Miss Penfold could not afford to lose the money," said Milly. "But it would be awfully exciting, wouldn't

Ethel laughed. "I would rather be without excitement of that sort," she said.

"So would I," said Nelly Hilton. "I should never dare to close my eyes again if there had been a burglary in the house."

"Rats!" said Dolly cheerfully. "Oh. Dolly!"

"Please do not talk so much at the table!" said Miss Tyrrell gently. And the buzz of conversation died

Miss Penfold did not make her ap-

pearance at breakfast. After breakfast the girls had some little time free before morning prayers, which were usually followed immediately by morning classes.

During the interval they gathered in groups, and discussed the happenings-or the supposed happeningsof the night, with bated breath.

Milly Pratt inclined to the theory of a burglary, and indeed she was fully convinced by this time that a man in a black mask, and armed with a revolver, had burgled his way into St. Freda's the previous night. Milly Pratt had a vivid imagination, which she never suffered to rust for want of exercise.

When the school was assembled for prayers, Miss Penfold was still not present. This was more extraordinary still, as Miss Penfold always read the prayers.

The girls trooped into the big school-room in great excitement. Miss Penfold was not there.

Her pupils were taken by Miss Dolly Carew screwed up her

courage to ask Miss Tyrrell if Miss Penfold was well. Miss Tyrrell nodded. "She is quite well," she replied;

"but she will not take her class this morning." "I-I hope nothing is wrong?" ventured Dolly.

"We shall see," replied Miss Tyrrell.

And that mysterious answer confirmed the impression of the girls that something was wrong, and very wrong.

Dolores did not appear in class. But as all believed that she was in the punishment-room, her absence was not even remarked upon.

It was at eleven o'clock, when the pupils of St. Freda's left off for a short recess in the morning lessons, that Miss Penfold made her appear-

(An extra long instalment of this enthralling story in the Grand Christmas Double Number day. Order in advance.)

A SHORT INSTALMENT FOR MY | But there was no enemy to be seen. to me! Cleeve has just gone slipping | "Yes, I know. Well, it's too late to | get in first," said Pat hastily. "You OLD READERS.



By CHARLES HAMILTON. INTRODUCTION.

Arthur Talbot, once the most popular boy at St. Kit's College, has been compelled to leave the school by the machinations of his enemy, Eldred Lacy. 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 weary struggle he succeeds in bringing Seth Black-for the drowning man is the scoundrel who claims to be his father—to shore opposite St. Kit's, where help is obtained. Talbot is forced to remain at the school, as Squire Lacy, a local magistrate, casts doubts upon his story of the rescue, and Black himself awakes to consciousness with no recollection whatever of the affair. (Now go on with the story.)

Trimble and Cleeve Make a Strange

Visit to the Old Crypt. AT NUGENT started and awoke. It was night-dark night-and silence and slumber reigned in Greene." the Lower Fourth dormitory in the ancient college of St. Kit's. Pat Nugent was a light sleeper. Some sound in the dormitory had awakened him; he hardly knew what, as he sat | also. up in bed and glanced round the sleeping dorinitory.

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Pat glanced towards the door, and he out of the dormitory on tiptoe like a think of that now. You're in for it, go, Greene, and open the window started as he saw dimly that it was giddy burglar!" - and you've got to come and guide me, ber. One of the occupants of the them, and they stood listening. footfall in passing Pat's bed had been | direction of the Upper Fourth dormisufficient to disturb a light sleeper.

mitory at that hour, considerably past | pered Pat. "I guessed it!" midnight, as Pat knew-left it so They stole on tiptoe along the corcautiously, without a light? The ridor. That there was something silently downstairs. door had been closed so silently and "up"-very probably something cautiously that it was evidently the against themselves-was now certain. night wanderer's wish not to awake The sound of whispering voices came anyone else in the dormitory. What to their ears in the dead stillness of was the little game? That was the the house.

question he put to himself. He determined to know what was "up," at all events. In a moment | m-m-me!" he was out of bed, and looking to see which of the long row was vacant.

He soon found out. "Cleeve's bed!" he muttered. "So afraid of! Come on!" "It's the crypt, lads. Look!" it was Cleeve! This will want looking into." He crept back towards Blagden's bed, and shook his chum by the shoulder. "Wake up,

Blaggy!" up at his chum.

"Hallo! Who's that? Pat, what | "It's such a-such a lonely place are you doing out of bed at this time | at night, Trimble!" of night?"

Blagden, greatly wondering, pro- pose? You wish you hadn't said a ceeded to dress himself. Pat Nugent | word to me about the money, I supawakened Greene, and Greene, after | pose?"

moving. Some dim figure was visible | The juniors bundled on their and the cash is ours. It will be rather for a moment, and then the big door | clothes, and went quietly to the door. | a joke on Lacy when he goes for it!" shut silently, and all was silent and Pat Nugent opened it without a

Who was it that had left the dor- "He's gone to Trimble!" whis-

"Is that you, Cleeve?"

"Oh, stop that stuttering! You | the shadows, they caught sight of two set my nerves on edge!" said Trimble forms. One carried a lantern. irritably. "There's nothing to be Pat nudged his companions.

Trimble?"

Blagden opened his eyes, and stared | won't take us many minutes to get to the old chapel."

"All the better for us, silly!" "Get your clothes on while I wake! "Ye-es; but I'm-I'm-" "You're afraid of ghosts, I sup-

"You seem to be in a beastly "Only you're a white-livered "Sure, and I had forgotten that! A leng instalment of this powerful serial in

There was a sound of faint footsteps still again. The Irish lad knew now sound, and they stepped out into the receding down the passage. In the what had startled him from his slum- corridor. Pat closed the door behind gloom the chums of the Lower Fourth stood silent, breathless. Not till dormitory had quitted it, and his faint | There was a faint sound from the | Trimble and Cleeve were quite gone did Pat make a movement or a sound. "We will follow them," said Pat

> grimly, "and catch them in the act." "I'm on!" And the juniors hurried swiftly but

> Trimble and Cleeve were gone, but it was easy to find the unfastened window by which they had left the house. "Come on!" whispered Pat.

"They're in the old chapel by now!" The chums hurried towards the "Yes, it's me, Trimble-it's ruined chapel. The clink of a falling stone caught their ears. Keeping in

"How are you going to get out, Trimble and Cleeve had the door open, and a moment later the precious "Out of a window, of course, and pair disappeared into the crypt, and you're going to help me; then I'll the light vanished from the eyes of help you. It's all easy enough. It the watchers in the ruined chapel. In the dimness the committee of investigation looked at one another.

> Blagden. "Let 'em get back into the house with the cash," said Pat, "and then wake up Brooke, and get him to nail

"What's the next move?" mut-

them with it in their hands." "Good! But, I say, Pat, if we let! more than thirty." those bounders get back into the some preliminary grumbling, got up "Oh, no no-no, not that! Only house first, they'll fasten the window, kept the rest about him. Now come also.

I—I—" and we shall be shut out!" on!"

again after they're safe. Mind you don't let them spot you, you know."

"Trust me," said Greene. "I'm

- And he disappeared promptly. Pat Nugent and Blagden remained on the Five slow minutes passed, and then

the light gleamed again in the entrance of the crypt. Trimble and Cleeve came into view again. In the light of the lantern Pat Nugent saw their faces. They were pale and uneasy yet, but there was

a very visible satisfaction in them. Trimble extinguished the lantern. "Close that door, Cleeve, and come

Cleeve closed the door of the crypt. "I say, Trimble, wait a minute. We had better divvy up here, you know; it's safer. We want to go straight to bed when we get in." "Oh, that's all right! I'll give you

your whack to-morrow." "No, you won't, Trimble; you'll give it me now." There was an unusual firmness in the usually cringing Cleeve as he spoke. "Hand it over

"Hold your row. I'll settle up now if you like."

There was a chink of coin. It came clearly to the ears of the two juniors crouching in the black shadow of a fragment of the ancient wall. "That's fifteen," said Trimble. "That's just half."

"Look here, Trimble, there were "There weren't: Lacy must have

grumbling state," said Pat. "Lister | funk!" said Trimble contemptuously. One of you cut off at once, then, and '(next Wednesday's Christma s Double Number.)