

By MARTIN CLIFFORD. A Tale of Tom Merry's Chum. * Vol. I (Hew Series). No. 7.

A Letter from D'Arey.

D'OLORES nodded without answering. She seldom had letters before the control of the cont

Ethel smiled as she read the

"Study 6, School House, "St. Jim's.

"Dear Ethel,—We are playing a match with the New House to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon. Would you care to come and see it? It will be rather a good match. I am playing for the School House." "I am sure you will come, like a dear girl, and so I shall come over and fetch you in a trap. If I'm not to come, send me a wire; because I've got special acity leave from Lathom, so as to get over to St. Freda's in time to catch you when you leave your leasons.

"P.S.-It will be a very good match.
"P.P.S.-Perhaps you might care to bring a friend."

Dolores looked at Cousin Ethel as she laughed. Ethel looked up and met her oyes, her own sparkling with fun. "Will you read the letter, Dolores" shie asked. "May 1?"

"May I'"

"I want you to."

Dolores read the letter, and smiled.
"Will you go?" she said.
"If Miss Penfold will give me leave, certainly," said Ethel; "and in that case, Dolores, will you come with me!"

"Oh, I should love to!"

"It will be a good match, and I think you will enjoy seeing it.
"Your affectionate cousin, "ARTHUR."
"P.S. I. ..." ATHUR.
"MY I. ... Min. Panichal" and "May Ten Min. Panichal" and "May I. ... Min. Panichal "May I. ... Min. Panichal

May I go, Miss Penfold?"

The principal read the letter.
"Certainly," she said. "But what friend would you wish to take?" Dolores.

Miss Penfold looked at her.

Miss Penfold looked at her.

"Dolores Pelhann?"

"Yes, please, Miss Penfold."

"I have no objection," said the Head of St. Freda's, after a pause, of Dolores, Ethel?"

"Yes," said Ethel.
"And you like her?"

"Very much."
"I am sure your friendship will be good for her, at all events," and Miss Penfold. "Yes, you may certainly go."

"Thank you, Miss Penfold."
And Cousin Ethel left the study.

"Oh, I should love to!"

Ethel squeezed her hand.
"I will go and ask Miss Penfold at once. It will be jolly at 8t. Jim's, and Dolores; the boys are so good and Dolores; the boys are so good and between the strings of the New House-I mean," said Ethel, colouring a little, "if will be a junior match, but the play is very good indeed!"

And Cousin Ethel went to Miss And Cousin Ethel went to Miss And Cousin Ethel went to Miss Penfold's study at once. She found the sound of wheels in the Close.

The Runaway.

The Runaway.

The Runaway.

That Ethel Cleveland's cousin was coming after morning lessons to take Ethel away to St. soon known to St. Freda's. Naturally enough, the interest in the matter was great. Under cover of lessons, Ethel was asked all sorts of questions about Arthur Augustus—what he was like, whether he were nice, and so forth—and Ethel more than once drew a dissapproving glance from Miss Tyrrell by speaking in class.

But she gould hardly refuse the meesantly. She told all she could of Arthur Augustus; quite enough to increase the general interest the girls felt in him.

D'Aroy of St. Jim's would have been flattered if he had known how his coming to St. Freda's was locked for.

As a rule, the girls visitors were

his coming to St. Freda's was locked for.

As a rule, the girls' visitors were relatives, and generally ancient and respectable relatives; and however kind and affectionate uncles and aunts might be, they had not the same interest as a young and handsome cousin, of course. Claire Pomfert had been a great heroine once when her brother, a midshipman in the Navy, came to see her; but Arthur Augustus seemed likely to lave a greater vogue than even Midahipman Pomfret.

When morning classes were dismissed, Ethel glanced out into the Close. But juve was no sign yet of

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. The distance by road was considerable, and D'Arcy had said that he was coming in a trap.

But dinner was scarcely over in the big dining-room when there was a sound of wheels.

Ethel started a little.

"It is the little cousin," said Dolores, with a smile.

Ethel laughed.

"Arthur is not so little," also said. "Yes, I think it is he."

she said.
he."
The girls filed out of the dining-room, and Ethel and Dolores stepped out of the great door. A trap with a handsome horse was standing outside, and beside the horse Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was standing.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was standing.

He raised his hat in his graeful way to Ethel.

To he came up the steps.

To he came up the steps.

To he came up the steps.

To will be able to come, deah gair he exclaimed.

"Oh," he exclaimed brightly, was "Good!"

"Good!"

There were a crowd of girls recome the hall window as peopling round the door and peopling round the hall window as D'Arcy was introduced to

NEW READERS
should turn to the foot
of next page.

A New and Interesting Story for All. (Continued from po

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM MARTIN CLIFFORD

Dolores. Dolores's black eyes gleamed upon him, and then dropped. Whether she liked her cousin or not Ethel could not tell, but Dolores met him with a grave Spanish courtey that was very like D'Arry's own graves be a business of the court of the country of the

North.

North.

"He is beautifully dressed."

"And what a dandy!"

"Ethel is lucky!"

"I don't see what there is in Ethel Cleveland to make that nice boy come over to see her," Enid Craven said.

Quite unconscious of the remarks of the St. Freda's girls, D'Arcy chatted cheerfully to the two girls on the seem of the s

the grite behind the door at D'Arey's beautiful accent.

"Inn't he nice?" murmured Emily.

"In, he, he i"
"Hu, he, he i"
"Hush! He will hear you!"
But D'Arey was quite unconscious.
"Are you gals weady to start?" he asked. "H's a pwetty long dwive to St. Jim's, you know, and the kick-off is wathah earlay to-day."

"The what?" said Dolores.
"The kick-off, deah gal-wo are playin' a footah match, you know. I suppose you know football?"

"I have never seen a match," said Dolores.

"I have never seen a match," raid Dolores.

D'Arey's eyes opened in surprise.

"Bai Jove!"

"It is played with a hall, like cricket, I think!" Dolores remarked, and so gravely that even Ethel could not tell whether she were making fan of D'Arey or not.

"Yaas," said Arthur Augustus, a little puzzled. "It is certainly played with a ball. Miss Pelham, but—but not much like exieket. It is a vewy diffewant ball. But you will see it at \$1. Jim's. If you are weady—".

"Five mixutes," said Ethel.

"Five mixutes," said Ethel.

"Five initiates," said Edited.
"I will wait with pleasure, deah gal,"
Arthur Augustus settled down to wait for a quarter of an hour. But Falsel was as good as her word, and in the minutes she came down in her falsel was as good as her word, and in the minutes she came down in her falsel was a good as her word, and it is to be feared that D'Arey was not all eyes to look at his cousin as usaal. Dolore's dark, beautiful face contrasted with Effeld; fair skin and blue eyes, and Dolores looked very beautiful, and several times it seemed that Arthur Augustus could not take his eyes off her.

That was D'Arey's way.

The number of times he had been in love his friends had given unceunting. D'Arey's love sffairs, of country, were not of a serious cannot have a serious consisted wholly. In fore making consisted wholly and there consisted wholly and there consisted wholly and there could be a serious of the country of the was a very nice boy, and there have was a very nice boy, and there have was a very nice boy, and there consisted wholly and there consisted wholly and there could be a serious of a seri

"Yeas, deah gal."
"Yaas, deah gal."
"Yaas, deah gal."
"Yarey handed the two girls into
the trap. Then he mounted himself,
and gathered up the reins, and turned
the horse under the fire of at least
forty pairs of bright eyes, all of
which he was quife unconsections of.
D'Arry was a good driver.

He "teoded" the trap out of the

rates of St. Freds's in fine style, and they went rathing down the broad, white country road. It was a keen and fine afternoon, and the cheeks of the two girls were glowing with health and happiness. D'Arcy beauged upon them with his meet genial smiles when he was not attending to the horse, which was "We shall soon be at St. Jim's at this wate," he remarked. "We shall soon be at St. Jim's at this wate," he remarked. "We shall soon be at St. Jim's at this wate," he remarked. "Wo and you critish of you care to divice?" Cousin Ethel, who understoed what a mental sacrifice that question entailed, shook her head. "Oh, no. Arthur!" she said. D'Arcy turned his eyeglass upon Dolotes.

D'Arcy turnes in Dolores.
"Would you, Miss Pelham?"
"Yes," said Dolores.
D'Arcy did not nove a musele of his face. When he made the offer, he was prepared for the worst.
"Pway take my seat, deah gal," he said.

"Nay take my seat, deah gal," he said.

Author Auemetus settled down beside Cousin Ethel.

"Bai Jove, your twiend can dwive!" he remarked.

"Yes, it appears so," said Ethel.
"I say," said Arthur Augustus, lowering his voice. "I—I say, what a stumm! gal your fwight is?"

Ethe smiled with the said.
"Have you known her leng!"
"Only while I've been at St. Freds s—less than a fornight."
"But you are gweat clums!" said.
"Oh, yee, great chums!" said.

Oh, yes, great chums!" Ethel

"Oh, yes, great chams!" said Ethel.
"I suppose you will be often bwingin her ovah to St. Jim's when you come!" D'Arey asked, extremely diplomatically, as he thought, Cousin Ethel laughed merrily, "Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my poor Arthur!" Ha, ha, ha! Oh, my poor Arthur! An and the said of nothing else to do for the moment. He was quite surprised to see that Cousin Ethel was not a whit hoodwinked by his diplomacy. "You see, deals gal—"he murmured feebly.
But Cousin Ethel only laughed, and D'Arcy's voice trailed away, son by this of a very fine crimout by the very fine crimout by the very fine crimout by this of a very fine crimout by the very fine crimout by th glance. "Bai

glance.
"Bai Jove!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Look aftah that boundah of a horse, you know. If he gets the bit between his teeth—"Oh, I can manage him!" said Delorer.

he gets the bit between his teeth—"
"Oh, I can manage him!" said
Delores.
"Yans, wathnh! Butt—"
D'Arcy half rose.
As a matter of fact, the horse was
giving Delores some trouble now.
He was very fresh and skittish, and
he had felt a weaker hand on the
reins. The girl pulled hard to keep
him in. From a turn of the road
ahead of them came the toot toot of
an approaching motor.
"Hold him in!" cried D'Arcy.
Round the bend of the road, with
a whirring and a thudding, in a
cloud of dust and petrol fumes, the
car swept. It shot past the trap in
a twinkling and was gone with a
hooting of the horn, leaving a mass
of smelly dust to mark its passage.

pates of St. Freda's in fine style, and they went rattling down the broad, white country road.

It was a keen and fine afternoon, and the cheeks of the two girls were glowing with health and happiness.

D'Arcy brauped upon them with his most genial smiles when he was not attending to the horse, which was most genial smiles when he was not attending to the horse, which was the west country of the work of the state of the was not attending to the horse, which was the west of the work of the work

Figgins to the Rescue! "GWEAT Scott"
That one exclamation excaped D'Arcy; then his by were set as hard as iron, and his hands were like iron on the

single were set as hard as iron, and his hands were like iron on the ribbons and his hands were like iron on the ribbons hands were like iron on the ribbons of the property orrugated that his cycylass almost disappeared. "Oh!" unrumured Ebbo. Then she, too, was silent. She classed Dolore's hand, and found it cold and firm. Dolores was not frightened. Only her big blark eyes were wide open, and fastened upon the ribbon of road that unrolled before the tearing horse.

D'Arcy's grip was hard on the ribbon and only a roy was hard on the ribbon and ribbon and

road.
Suddenly, from the distance, came
a loud ringing of hicycle bells.
Three cyclists loomed up in the
distance shead.

Three cyclists loomed up in the distance shead.
D'Arcy shouted;
"Get axide!"
The three riders dismounted, dragging their machines to the side of the road. The trap was almost upon them by that time, so great was the speed of the runaway.
A tall figure in Norfolk jacket and knickers sprang out into the road.
"Figgins," gasped D'Arcy.
Figgins, the long-legged junior of the New House at St. Jim's, stood ready, his eyes fastened upon the approaching trap.

approaching same.

The was evidently intending to spring.

"Oh, don't-don't!" cried Ethel, hardly conscious of what she was saying. But her voice did not reach Figgins: the rush of air past the tearing trap carried it far, behind.

"Figgins— Bai Jove!" I'would rather walk," she said, "and you will walk with me, and polers.

"Cretainy not, if you would walk." Cretainy not, if you would walk." Ohieres.

"Cretainy not, if you would walk with me, and you will walk with me, and yo

weight of him was upon the horse's head, and it was dragging the

head, and it was dished and and and animal down.

The wild, tossing head sank and sank, yet still the frantic brute rushed on, and Figgins was dragged along in leaps and jerks, still holding deeperately on.

along in leaps and jerks, still holding desperately one.

D'Arcy dragged and dragged, and, aided by Figgey's weight, he pulled in the nuruly steed at last.

It stepped, shaking and trembling, and covered with sweat, the fire gone reaction now.

Figgins still hold it at the head.

D'Arcy jumped into the read.

Figgins gave him a breathless grin.

Figins gave him a breatness grin.
"Lucky we came along, Gussy, old chap!" he gasped.
"Bai Jove! It was awfly bwave of you, Figgr, old boy!"
"Oh, rate!"
"Weally, Figuns—"Cousin Ethel and Dolores descended. Both of them were white and trembling now that the danger was over.

was over aid Cousin Ethel. "Yes, it was brase of you, Figgirs. Perhaps you have seed on lives."

"Oh, I should have stopped the horse pwetty soon!" said D'Arcy.
"But it was wemarkably bwave of Figerins."

"But it was wentrandy beauty Figgms."
Figgms,"
Figgms,"
Figgms,"
Figgms,"
Figgms,"
Figgms,"
Figgms,"
Figgms,"
Figgms,"
Figgms, and Figgms,
Figms,

junior's courage had made soore impression supon the Spanish girl than Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's elegant manners.

"I-I dare say you girls are too scared to drive any farther in the trap," Figgins remarked, looking sway from Cousin Ethel. "We'n not far from St. Jim's now, if you'd care to walk the rest of the did to the county of the cou

Ethel was awkardly pland.

Ethel was awkardly pland.

Dolores was bent upon walking as the could hardly leave her friend to walk alone with boys as the property of the plant of the plant

been going walked off between Comin

Figgins walked off between Comin

Ethel and Dolores as proud as a

prince in the direction of St. Jin's

The tower of the old school could be

seen in the distance, rising over the

seen is the distance, rising over the rece.

"You can show that machine into the twap if you like, kerr," and D'Arcy a little glumby.

"Oh, it's all right! I'll ride and wheel, said Kerr. 'Hare you had a fleenant drive from \$t. Fredla, Gleavy!"

"Yeas, Gasty!"

"Yeas, Gasty!"

"Wheel fault was that!" grimed Fatty Wyon.

"Well, Miss Pellnan was dwith! but it was weally my fault, but it was weally my fault.

but it was weally my fault, suppose, for twustin ber with the

bot it was weally my fash, it suppose, for twostan ber with the suppose of two suppose of the suppose of two suppo

Spanish," said D'Arey. "Did you see her nose?"

"Well, I looked at her face, and I didn't notice that any nose was missing, so I must have seen it."

"You uttah asa! It is simply wippin."

"You utteln ass! It is simply witpin'—"
"Her now is?"
"Yass, wathsh!"
"Well, let it rip," said Kerr; and Faity Wyon chuelled.
"You duffah! It was a weal Gwee now—"
"Oh, yes; I've heard of that—the genuine Grace-boke," said Kerr solemnly, "Have you made any survey of her mouth!"
"It was a wemarkably pwetty mouth, like—like—"
"Leke an opening rose," suggested Kerr, "or like a packing case."
"You wibild ass—"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"You uttal ass!"
"You that ass!"
"You with ass!"

"You uttal ass!"
D'Acy climbed into the trap and dashed away, too indignant to speak. The wheels ratifed down the radd. Kerr and Wynn looked at one another and reared.
"Good old Guesy!" chuckled Kerr. "He's always doing st! Remember the time he got engaged to the vicar's daughter!"
"Ha, hs, ha!" roared Fatty Wynn.

Wynn.

"Blessed if I like his selection this time, though!" said Kerr. "That girl's got a jolly temper, I can they you, and I don't like the way she made Ethel walk off and leave guesy stranded. It wasn't playing

"Girls don't play the game," said

Fatty.
Kerr sniffed.
"Yes, they do—nice girls."
"Then you think Cousin Ethel's
friend isn't a nice girl!"

(Centiaged next page)

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. Ethel

subsequently saves Dolores from deep disgrace, and the two become firm friends. One day at breakfast, Ethel receives a letter written in a boyish hand. "It's from my Cousin

Arthur," she explains to Dolores.
"One of the kindest-hearted fellows in the world. I am sure you will like him."

LIEE

(Now go on with the story.)

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOLDAYS.

Kerr coloured.

"th I don't want to say that?

Se must be nice in most ways, or

se musin Etherwoodh?

I think she

for course. But I think she

for course. But I think she

that the she would be the she

shall be she was the she

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Wilful Dolores.

Wilful Dolores.

RIGGINS felt a slight compunction when he walked the two pris away, and left Arthur Augustus in the road with the 18th. He had suggested walking, eithout thinking the matter out such, because he wanted to walk and Cousin Ethel. On reflection, he as that it would have been better for the girls to remain with their econ, and he saw that Ethel had spihed to show D'Arcy that amount of consideration. It was Dolores who had arranged matters. But Figuins as far to generous and chivalrous at follow to criticise a girl in his own doughts, and he dismissed the matter from his mind as he walked goowards the school.

Cousin Ethel was a little quiet and

tousin Ethel was a little quiet and jadord. She was varuely annoyed it the turn affoirs lad taken, and though she hated to appear to be failing fault with Dolores, she could got help admitting to herself that Dolores was to blaine.

Naturally, she was very quiet to Figgins, and Figgins would have noticed it all the drore if Dolores had not kept up an almost incessant talk.

talk.

Delores seemed to be perfectly happy and contented.

Never had Ethel seen her in such spirits.

Never had Ethel seen her in such spirits.
Whether it was the excursion, or the excitement of the mishap in the trap, or the effect of Figgins, was not to be seen, but certainly Dolores was not to be seen, but certainly Dolores was resulted to the spirits of the seen of

One word from Cousin Ethel was worth more to him than dozens of sentences from Miss Pellan, though the latter's voice was very pleasant to itself to when she chose.

"And this is St. Jim's?" Dolores eclaimed, as they entered the great, grey old gateway, and the old quadrantle lay before their eyes. Figgins nodded.

"Yes. I forgot you had not seen the school before, Miss Pelham," he evaluated.

exclaimed Miss Pelham compressed her under lip for a moment. She was quite aware already that Figgins was thinking only of Ethel. But the next moment she was all

"Yes, I have never seen the place before," she said. "How I should be to see it—to explore all those queer old places."
Figgins laughed.
"The said tower," he said.

queer on paces:
Figgins laughed.
"That's the ruined tower," he caid.
"That's the ruined tower," he caid.
"It was knocked up like that by a
thap—lemme see, who was that than
who had King Charles's head chopped.

"Cromwell," said Ethel, with a laugh-the first time she had laughed.
"That's it," said Figgins, "Cromwell. He was a tremendous goor,

"That's it," said Figgins, "Crom-well. He was a tremendous goer, Cromwell was. Some silly bounders shed this place against him, and he bought that tower down about their resility" said Figgins, who had never fell interested in the old tower before, lot realised all of a sudden that it was a most extremely interesting these. "Suppose we all three explore a none."

should love to!"

"I should love to!"
Ellol's face was cold.
"I have explored it, you know,"
sad Ethel gently.
"It is all quite
blars to me."
Dates pouted.

before the control of the control of

Figgins's face fell in a way that was not complimentary to Dolores.

"Oh!" he said.

I I am sure Dolores will like it."

Certainly, "said Dolores calluly, "Certainly," said Dolores calluly, "Let was no escape for Figgins, "I he stammered.

"I-I shall be pleased," he stan-mered.

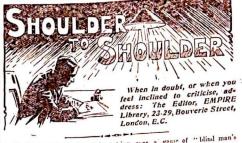
Ethel nodded to them both, and went on towards the Head's house. Ethel was a frequent visitor at St. Jim's, and Mrs. Holmes, the Head's wife, was always and to see her, and there was always and to see her, and there was always and stay. Cousin there was always as room ready for her when she cared to shight as usual when she walked was to bright as usual when she walked was from Figura and Dolores. Something seemed to be aching in her heart. But she words, even to herself. Dolores was willful obores was wayward, that was all—and she had known that ton her first day at St. Freda's. But.

Butter would not think of that hut! She was hurt, but she was determined not to feel hurt. She ran into the Heal's house, and Mrs. Holones greeted her with great affection. And if an odd expresion passed for a moment over Mrs. Holmes's kind face when she learned that Ethel's friend was with Figgins, exploring the old tower, it was only for a moment.

somehow offended Cousin Ethel without in the least intending to do so. Figgins, who had learned to follow and to knoe had learned to follow and to knoe every expression upon the tirl's face, knew when they were arched in a certain when they were arched in a certain which was the matter! he wondered. Figgins was feeling miserable. Under the circumstances, Figgins was not a cheery companion for Dolores Pelham. But he did his duty nobly. If his thoughts would wander, that was not Figgy's fault, "And the cannon-shorts," said Dolores. "Where are the marks," "Oh, here they are!" said Figgins, lalting before a fragment of battered wall. "You see the marks therethey are the bloodstains—I mean the cannon marks, King Charles had his cannon planted over there, by the cim-trees."

cannon planted over there, by the cim-trees."

"King Charles!" said Dolores.
"I mean Cromwell," said Figgins.
"I really doesn't matter."
Dolores laughed.
"No, I suppose it makes no difference now," she said. "And was the place taken by assault?"
"Yes. After they brought the wall. down here, the Ironsides came up at a run. and the goalie had no chance," said Figgins—"I mean the Cavaliers were quite done in. Those old Puritan johnnies were beggars to fight, you



O talk about the contents of our next number is To talk about the contents of sections of the most important thing to me, insuranch as you must a superior of this paper. In the most important thing to me, and others as regular readers of this paper. In the property of the property of the paper of the property of the paper of the property of the paper of the paper. In the paper of the pape

"PANTHER GRAYLE," "COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOL DAYS. "THE LAND OF THE BLACK."

A COMPLETE TALE OF WANG.

and a special—or, rather, I should say, a special three-columns story by the author of P.-c. Dewdrop.

P.-c. DEWDROP

P.e. DEWDROP

you will find missing, and, if I am to believe what some of my readers have said, P.-e. Dewdrop will not be missed very much; but even if friend Dewdrop has not mot with quite as enthusastic reception as the author and I expected, I am still of the belief that the writer of these little short stories when the work of these little short stories. Next week, you will find that he has tried his hand at something quite new, and I sincerely hope it will please you. You see, I happen to know that the originator of P.-e. Dewdrop is quite a genial friend, and it is only a question of writing the right hing for the right public.

I am certain that the circle of

tion of writing the right thing for the right public.

I am certain that the circle of Empirics is not a sour conglomeration of readers who always want to read something conventional on the same that the same russon I am induced to for the same russon I am induc

& Co.," another shot!

Needless to say, I hope he will hit the bullseye this time.

I dare say that you can appreciate the difficulties of an editor, especially of a paper like the Euranz Library. It caters for so wide and varied a circle of readers, so that I am sure you will help me! You can by letter the control of the stores, the stores, either serial or complete, the stories, either serial or complete.

like "Cousin Ethel," or why you do not like any other story in the caper. Of course, my aim is, naturally, to put such reading matter into the EMPRE. that will nover mill no.
necessitate you
saying "I do
not like so and
so." But, nevertheless, if you do not like a certain story, by all means let me know.

For instance

ing over a game of "blind man's

ing over a game of "blind man's built."

I dare say you are all aware of the usual way of playing this game, and of the foun far can be got out of it. Like game in the property of the foundation of the party last Saturday evening to vary the game a little by introducing a new "where two, amply this:

It was simply this:

It was simply this introduced that these two were two, and it make a blind-folded there were two, and it make a blind-folded the foundation of the party being many forms the following the foundation of the party being not only interested spectors, but highly amuser.

As in the ordinary blind man's buffer from the ordinary blind man's buff, the two blindfolded ones were two, and the way to the good ones were turned round three or four times, and started at theseond "Go! But the far their fraultie endeavour to find their way to the goal of the started ones and I really foundation that their fraultie endeavour to find their way to the goal of the started at the word "Go!" But they are the goal of the started at the word "Go!" But they way to the goal of the started at the word "Go!" But they are contained the goal of the started at the word "Go!" But they are contained the started at the word "Go!" But they are contained the started at the word "Go!" But they are contained the game at the started at the word "Go!" But they are contained the started at the word "Go!" But they are contained the started at the contained the started at the start

OUR POSTCARD EXCHANGE.

the ordinary game.

OUR POSTCARD EXCHANGE.
I am sorry to say that I am still unable to find consult space to publish all the names and addresses of readers desiring to exchange picture postcards with their friends at home and abroad, but I here give just a few tog on with 26. P.O. Ader of the control of t



"cop" to his pal did remark-"Chi horo's a dead dog in our town of Chicago; Did you throaten or mutter To the tyke in the gutter, or was the peer deg to be 'tinned' cot"

A NEW STORY.

"That's the Hed's house."
"Oh, I see! Dr. Holmes lives there?"
"Yes, that's right."
Dolores smiled.
"This is a most interesting old place!" she exclaimed. "I have heard, too, that you have a very ancier chapel at St. Im's."
His is a most interesting old place!" she exclaimed. "I have heard, too, that you have a very ancier chapel at St. Im's."
"Thousands of years—two or three hundred, at any rate."
"I should love to see it!"
Figgins bore it like a man.
He had imagined that when they were finished at the tower he would be able to execut Miss Pellam to the Head's house, and then knock about with a chance of seeing Cousin Ethel and the state of the seed of the A NEW STORY.

Very shortly I shall be starting another new story, and although I cannot tell you, with I have not yet must be started with the started with the started started with the starting another started with the starting another started started with the starting another started started with the starting another started started started with the starting another started started started with the starting another started start

TWO AND SIXPENCE.

Next Wednesday within these pages you will find offered the sum of two-and-sixpense to the reader who best expresses his interest in the Empire Library.

This is not a very large sum, but, at the same time I must point out to you that it will not be every difficult to earn it.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.
We had quite a pleasant hour or so's fun at home last Saturday even.

Cult to carn it.

All that you will be registed to do will be to write a feer lines on posteral. What these particular lines should deal with you will see



There was a crowd of girls round the door of St. Freda's when D'Arcy was introduced to Dolores,

Why had not Ethel remained with belores?
Was it because—although Ethel rould not admit as much to herself—her intuition told her that her riend did not want her, or was it ecause she was hurt and offended roboth.

What is there out of the window in the Sile hardly knew. Why had not know.

Dolorres?

Was it because—although Ethel would not admit as much to herself—her intuition told her that her friend did not want her, or was it because she was hart and offended—or both?

sale narmy knew.

But one thing she knew well enough
—and that was that she wished that
D'Arcy had never written that letter
to her at Miss Penfold's, and that slee
had never brought Dolores Pelham
with her to St. Jim's.

But it was too late to think of that

Figgins Has to Go.

Gustin Friter, did not look back as she left Figgins and his new friend. If she had done so, she would have seen Figgins's corpressive face lengthen in a way that was not flattering to Dolores. Figgins's eyes followed Ethel till she disappeared into the Head's house, and Dolores watched him the while, with a half-amused and half-provoked expression.

When the door had closed behind tousin Ethel, Figgins seemed suddenly to awake to the fact that he was not slone.

douls bettel, the control of the con

mocence.
Figgins started guiltily.
"Oh, n-nothing!" he said.
"What is that house over there by

the trees?"
"The big one—that's the School

House."

"No, the smaller building joined to it—the one you were looking at."
Figgins coloured.

"That's the Iled's house."

"Oh, I see! Dr. Holmes lives there?"