



## Detective June's MOST THRILLING CASE

### MISS STANTON'S DECISION

By PETER LANGLEY

JUNE GAYNOR, niece of Noel Raymond, the famous young detective, went to Port Craig College disguised as a new girl, Dorothy Whitman. Her object was to solve the mystery which surrounded an old play which the Upper Fourth, led by Julie Vermont, intended producing in the ancient refectory, which was used as the school theatre.

She was startled to discover that her case and that of her Uncle Noel, who was out to capture the Grey Falcon, a mysterious master-crook, were connected.

Noel Raymond, accused of really being the Grey Falcon, and of stealing jewels from the near-by Manor, tenanted by Howard Wyndham, chairman of the college governors, was forced to live in secret in one of the college attics.

Thanks to Miss Tuft, whom June suspected of being the Grey Falcon's unknown helper, it was rumoured that Noel Raymond was hiding in the college. When June went to warn her uncle she was forbidden to enter the premises, as the whole place was to be searched!

NO one to be allowed inside the college until it had been searched!

The news was a staggering blow for June—for how could she possibly warn Uncle Noel of his danger now?

Reluctantly she obeyed the prefect's order to follow the rest of the girls out into the quadrangle. There everyone congregated in little groups, excitedly discussing this latest sensational development. But June was oblivious of the chatter that went on around her. Her gaze was fixed on that small attic window at the far end of the main building.

If only she could attract Uncle Noel's attention! If only in some way she could let him know what was afoot!

As she stood there, frantically racking her brains, the door of the headmistress's house opened, and Miss Stanton and Mr. Howard Wyndham emerged. At sight of them the noisy hubbub died away, and expectantly everyone turned and faced the headmistress. Her face grave and worried, Miss Stanton indicated the chairman of the governors.

"Attention, girls, please!" she said. "Mr. Wyndham has a few words to say to you."  
The soldierly figure at her side crossed to the car and mounted the running-board, so as to secure a more elevated position. When he spoke it was briskly, and to the point.

"You will all have heard of the news," he said. "The Grey Falcon is not dead, as we had all believed. He is very much alive, and we have reason to believe he is hiding within the precincts of the college. That is why, at my request, your headmistress has asked you all to assemble out here. Until a thorough search has been made, I do not think it advisable that you should be indoors. This rascally crook is a dangerous character, and so I must request all of you to remain here until further orders."

He stopped, and a stir passed through the crowd, for a motor-lorry had rumbled through the entrance gateway. In it were half a dozen burly men armed with shot-guns. They were keepers and other employees from the near-by Manor. Evidently they had been summoned by telephone.

As the lorry jolted to a standstill and the men clambered down, Mr. Wyndham strode forward, Miss Stanton at his side. They were joined by the rest of the school staff. For a few moments they all consulted together, watched breathlessly by the schoolgirls, then in small parties they marched off, some towards the main building, some to the out-buildings, and some to scour the grounds.

The search had begun!

Instantly the excited chatter broke out again, but some of the girls looked a little resentful.

"If you ask me, it's a bit thick treating us like a pack of kids," declared Julie. "Why can't we help to hunt that rascal down?"

"Hear, hear!" came in a chorus.

"Armed with my hockey stick, I'd be a match for any crook," declared the slender, aristocratic Lady Sue. "Not that I think the Grey Falcon is hiding here. As if he'd dare!"

June made no comment. She was engaged in unobtrusively edging out of the crowd. It was getting dark, and unnoticed she gained the entrance to the narrow passage which separated Miss Stanton's house from the college laboratory.

Satisfied that she could no longer be seen, she darted down the passage, climbed over the fence at the back of the house, and crept across the headmistress' garden. By this means she was able to reach the gymnasium, which stood right opposite the end of the main school building. The quadrangle at this end was deserted. Everyone was congregated around Howard Wyndham's car.

Breathlessly June dived her hand into her blazer pocket, and, pulling out her torch, she pointed it up at the dark attic window high up in the wall before her.

Flash! Flash!

With desperate haste she clicked the light on and off. It was a daring risk she was taking, for if she were discovered here, signalling her career at Port Craig would be brought to an abrupt end.

"Danger! Escape!"

Again and again she flashed those two words in Morse, directing the light on the attic window.

Would the hidden detective's attention be attracted by the light? Would he understand what she was trying to tell him?

Suddenly, from the other end of the quadrangle there came a startled shout. The torch-light had been seen! Although not realising its significance, the schoolgirls came rushing forward to investigate.

Instantly June pocketed the torch and clambered back into Miss Stanton's garden. There she hid until a whole crowd of excited girls were surging around the gymnasium; then, seizing her chance, she climbed the fence again and calmly mingled with them.

"Come on!" called the high-spirited Julie.

"But what about Miss Stanton?" asked June.

"She said—"

"Blow what she said! We're not going to miss all the fun!"

And, as there came an excited shout from behind the gym, she went racing off. The headmistress' orders forgotten, all the other girls also went dashing in the direction of that sudden shout. Even the prefects fell victims to the general excitement and soon the quadrangle was deserted save for June.

Breathlessly she gazed up at the high window. If only Uncle Noel had seen her signal, now was his chance to escape.

"Oh, surely he must have seen it!" she gasped.

And then her eyes lit up. A dim, indistinct figure had suddenly appeared at the window. For a moment or two it seemed to hesitate; then, clambering over the sill, it began to climb down the ivy.

June watched with her heart in her mouth. It was a difficult, dangerous climb. If the ivy should break—

She gave a horrified gasp, for suddenly her fears were translated into fact. There came a rending noise, that figure seemed to slip, and June expected it to come plunging down to the stone-flagged quadrangle.

But somehow Noel Raymond managed to grab another clump of ivy. He checked his headlong descent, swung dizzily for a few seconds, and then, finding a new foothold, again began the nerve-racking descent. Lower and lower he clambered, and then, running forward, June gave a cry of relief.

"Uncle! Oh, thank goodness!" she gulped, and flung herself into his arms.

He embraced her fondly, then regarded her inquiringly.

"What's happening?" he asked. "I saw a crowd down in the quad, then came your signal, but I still don't know what all the excitement is about."

As they walked across the quadrangle June explained, and the young detective's face grew grim.

"The Grey Falcon certainly doesn't let the grass grow under his feet," he commented. "Well, this settles it. I can't stay here any longer."

Tragically June surveyed him. The knowledge that he was a hunted fugitive stabbed her to the heart.

"But where will you go?" she asked.

He grinned cheerfully.

"Oh, now that my ankle's practically well I'll soon find a safe hiding-place!" he declared. "Once I'm clear of here I'll get in touch with my man Parker. He will find ways and means of smuggling money to me—and a disguise. Now, don't you worry, my dear. I'll be all right. It's you who's the problem. After what's happened I don't like you staying here. It's too dangerous."

"Uncle!" There was a note of reproach in the schoolgirl detective's voice. "You can't ask me to give up the case now. Besides, I've got an important clue to follow up."

Eagerly she told him about the secret passages she had discovered under the old refectory, and of the book in the college library which the Grey Falcon seemed so desperately anxious to secure.

"I can't leave without getting that," she declared. "Why, it may be the key to the whole mystery. Now, don't be stuffy, nunky. I can't give up the case. After all, you're a fugitive, and—"

She broke off and they both stiffened. From the distance came the sound of disappointed voices. The schoolgirls, their hunt at an end, were returning to the quadrangle. And that was not all. From two or three other directions dim figures could be seen approaching as, one by one, the search-parties returned to report.

June's face paled as she peered about her in the darkness. Every avenue of escape was cut off. It looked, after all, as if Noel Raymond were doomed to be captured!

## THE VITAL BOOK



"THERE'S only one thing for it, nunky. Quick—in here, and for goodness' sake don't let yourself be seen!"

As she jerked out the words June hurried open the door of Howard Wyndham's car. Swiftly Noel Raymond clambered aboard, to crouch on the floor out of sight. With a gulp of relief, June closed the door on him, then dived behind the car. It might look suspicious if she were found alone in the quadrangle.

In glum groups the schoolgirls came walking across the quad. From other directions came the search-parties. With one of them was the chairman of the governors, and, as he called upon his assistants to make their reports, everyone gathered around curiously.

It was June's chance, and swiftly she took it. Tiptoeing from behind the car, she joined the fringe of the crowd, and stood there as if all along she had been part of it.

But though she listened to first one search-party, then another, announce the failure of its efforts, her thoughts were centred on that smart two-seater car.

Suppose Mr. Wyndham crossed over to it! Suppose he elected to enter it!

The knowledge that her uncle was concealed inside it, hidden less than a dozen yards from the very men who had been scouring the whole school for him, kept her on pins and needles of anxiety. And then there came a stir in the crowd. A group of mistresses, headed by Miss Stanton herself, emerged from the main school building, and, despite the darkness, everyone

sensed that an unusual emotion was agitating the Head.

Howard Wyndham looked inquiringly across as she approached. "Why the heck?" he asked. "I'm afraid all my men have drawn blank. They've searched everywhere, but—"

He broke off, for it was obvious that Miss Stanton had something to report. The usually calm, businesslike headmistress made an agitated gesture.

"We have made an incredible discovery in one of the attics," she announced. And June, guessing what was coming, caught in her breath. "The room is used to store lumber, but it is obvious that someone has been living there—a bed was made up in one corner; there were traces of food on a chair, also cigarette-ends. Really, if I had not seen it with my own eyes I would not have credited it. The audacity of it is almost unbelievable! That that rascal should dare to steal into the college and—"

Miss Stanton finished with another dazed gesture, and a startled gasp ran around the excitedly listening crowd.

"My golly, just imagine it!" whispered Julie Vermont. "The Grey Falcon living in the coll. and none of us ever suspected it!"

But Howard Wyndham, his soldierly face grim and angry, was speaking again.

"Then this proves my suspicions to be correct!" he snapped. "But didn't you see anything of the scoundrel, Miss Stanton?"

Miss Stanton shook her head.

"No, but the window was open," she said. "Great Scott! Then that means the villain has escaped! But he can't have got far. We must get in touch with the police. The whole countryside must be scoured."

As he rapped out the words the chairman of the governors turned, and June's heart gave a wild leap.

"Oh, goodness, he's going to get into his car!" she gulped.

Helpless to intervene, she stood there as if petrified. Smartly Howard Wyndham approached the stationary car; then abruptly he pulled up, while a wondering shout arose from the assembled schoolgirls.

"Look! There's someone in the car!"

"And he's starting up the engine!"

"It must be the Grey Falcon!"

Then, as the motor throbbed, Mr. Wyndham gave a bull-like roar and went leaping forward.

"Stop, you scoundrel! Don't you dare—"

But Noel Raymond, desperate, let in the clutch and jammed his foot down on the accelerator. Forward hurtled the car, and before any of the astounded spectators had got over the shock, it had plunged through the gateway and vanished down the road.

Mr. Wyndham and the gamekeepers clambered aboard the lorry and set off in chase, leaving behind them a crowd of dazedly staring girls and mistresses.

It was some minutes before Miss Stanton could regain control of her whirling emotions, then she gave the order which sent the schoolgirls trooping indoors. But though they went to their dormitories, it was a long time before anyone went to sleep. There was too much to discuss, and it would be many, many months before the events of this sensational night were forgotten.

June, as soon as she could do so without drawing attention to herself, slipped away to the privacy of her own cubicle. There for hours she lay betwixt the sheets, wondering anxiously what had become of Noel Raymond.

Had he managed to elude his pursuers, or had he been captured?

It was not until next morning that June learned Mr. Wyndham's car had been found abandoned on a deserted country road eighty miles south of Port Craig. Of its daring driver there was as yet no trace.

The heavy weight which seemed to have been bearing June down lifted, and she gave a sigh of relief.

"Now that he's got clean away there's nothing much to fear," she told herself. "Farker will bring him money, a disguise—everything he needs."

Now that there was less need to worry about her uncle, June turned her attention to her own position. She decided that, by hook or by crook, she must obtain possession of that vital volume locked up in the college library.

"Perhaps I'll be able to unlock the grille with the aid of my skeleton keys," she murmured. "Anyway, I've got to get hold of the book somehow. I'm certain it's the key to the whole mystery."

And the need for her to act quickly soon became apparent, for during the day a disturbing rumour began to spread through the college. It was Cora Jarrold, the spiteful Fifth Former, who first gave tongue to it, and during the mid-morning break she grinned excitedly across at June, Julie, and half a dozen other Upper Fourth Formers, who stood in the hall, discussing the next rehearsal of their play.

"I say, have you heard the latest," she demanded—"about the Grey Falcon, I mean? They say he's got a confederate in the school."

"What!"

The Upper Fourth Formers stared incredulously, while June's heart leapt uneasily.

"Oh, what nonsense! You don't think we're going to believe that, do you?" scoffed Julie.

Cora flushed.

"It's true, I tell you. I overheard Miss Tuft and another mistress talking. And if you'd only use your heads you'd realise that no one could live here in secret unless he had some helper to smuggle him up food and so on."

There was no time to discuss this startling suggestion further, for the bell clanged out, summoning them all back to lessons. But by dinner-time the whole college was echoing Cora's rumour, and the more the girls talked about it, the more convinced they became that for once the rumour-mongering Fifth Former was right.

"A traitor in the coll.!" exclaimed Julie, and in horror she regarded her chums. "Someone who's in league with the Grey Falcon! Golly, who can it possibly be?"

June did not join in the speculation that followed. Her face was white and worried. For although as yet no suspicion had centred on her, yet this rumour would make her secret task at Port Craig much more difficult to carry out, and this realisation made her more resolved than ever to gain possession of the book which the Grey Falcon had mentioned.

That night, instead of going to bed, she waited in her cubicle until everyone was asleep; then, donning her hooded mac and clutching the bag containing her detective outfit, she stole downstairs.

The library was in darkness. Entering it she clicked on her torch and directed the bright ray on the grille-guarded bookcase by the window.

"The Tale of the Three Virtues" was still in its original place. Getting out her bunch of skeleton keys the schoolgirl detective eagerly set to work, trying to fit key after key in the lock. Suddenly there came a tell-tale click, and her eyes gleamed in satisfaction.

"Done it!" she whispered.

Her heart thumping, she pulled open the steel grille and with quivering fingers clutched the leather-bound volume.

What secret did it contain? Why was the Grey Falcon so desperately eager to get hold of it?

By the light of her torch she flicked over the yellowed pages. She saw that the book told the story of the play which the Upper Fourth were rehearsing. It gave a detailed history of the events which led up to the duel in which, three hundred years ago, Sir Richard de Coreville had met his death.

There were illustrations, and one of them quickly attracted her attention. It consisted of a picture of the old refectory, inset in an ornamental scroll on which were drawn a large

number of queer hieroglyphics. Underneath were a few lines. Excitedly June began to read them:

"The old print reproduced above is supposed to be the key to the secret of the refectory. It is said that before he died Sir Richard—"

But that was as far as she got, for suddenly there came an alarming interruption. The door was swung open, and a shrill, irate voice rang out:

"What are you doing in there? And who are you?"

Frantically June switched off her torch and, swinging round, strove to peer through the darkness. She could not see who it was who stood there in the doorway, but she had no doubt as to the woman's identity.

It was Miss Tuft, the mistress whom she was convinced was the real Grey Falcon's accomplice!

### THE CONTENTS OF THE VASE



JUNE'S first thought was to conceal her identity. It would be fatal if it were learnt that Dorothy Whiteman was in actual fact Noel Raymond's niece.

So, holding the precious book tight in one hand, she clutched at the hood of her mac with the other, drawing it across her face.

And only just in time, for there came a click and a dazzling beam of light cleft the darkness. The fact that Miss Tuft had switched on a torch instead of the main electric light confirmed June's suspicions. It seemed evident that the rascally mistress also did not wish her identity to be discovered. Behind the torch she was invisible, and when she spoke again it was in a husky whisper which effectively disguised her voice.

"So I have caught you at last, have I?" she hissed. "You are the little fool who has dared to spy upon us. Well, you will soon learn that it doesn't pay to interfere with the Grey Falcon. Take off that hood! Let me see who you are."

A shadowy, grimly menacing figure, she began to advance on slipped feet; but, although June's heart was thumping, she forced herself to give a little laugh.

"It's no good trying to frighten me," she declared. "Actually, it's you who ought to be scared—not me. I wonder what Miss Stanton would say if she knew that her Upper Fourth mistress was in the pay of the Grey Falcon!"

The dim figure which clutched the torch drew in a startled breath, and, in consternation, she stepped back.

"So you know that, do you?" she gasped. "Yes—and that's not all. I know why you want this book." Excitedly June brandished it. "And soon I'll know enough to put you all where you belong—behind prison bars!"

"You impudent little wretch! You shall pay for that! Once I've got a look at your face!"

Breaking off, the furious woman sprang forward, both hands lunging out to grab June. But the schoolgirl detective was not to be caught so easily. Swiftly she darted aside, and as the woman came blundering on, she thrust out a quick foot.

Crash!

Tripping over that unseen leg, Miss Tuft toppled and fell. A wild howl awoke the echoes, and then came a clattering thud as a chair was knocked over.

"The sooner I get out of here the better," June told herself; and, bolting across to the door, she flung it open and went racing back down the corridor.

To her relief, the noise did not seem to

attract attention, nor did any further sounds come from the library. Apparently, Miss Tuft like June herself, had no wish to be discovered there.

Long before the furious woman could scramble to her feet and give pursuit June had gained the privacy of her own cubicle. There, she quickly stuffed the precious volume under her mattress; then, stripping off her clothes, she got between the sheets, straining anxious ears.

But not a sound could be heard. It was as if the whole college was fast asleep, and, though she waited in breathless suspense, no one ventured into the dormitory. At last she allowed her tensed muscles to relax, and a little chuckle of satisfaction escaped her lips.

"I rather fancy I got the best of things this time," she told herself. "Not only have I got the book, but Miss Tuft still has no idea who I am."

But that the Form-mistress was only biding her time was shown next morning. June, having locked the precious volume in the bureau in her study, was just emerging from the room when she heard excited voices coming from the hall. Practically the whole of the Upper Fourth was gathered there, and wonderingly June regarded them.

"Hallo! What's happening?" she asked. "Julie, her plump cheeks flushed with excitement, stared in surprise.

"Haven't you heard?" she cried. "There was a row in the middle of the night. Apparently, Miss Tuft had another shock."

"Yes, but it wasn't the Grey Falcon she ran into this time," put in Lady Sue. "It was the Grey Falcon's secret helper."

"His secret helper?" echoed June uneasily. "Yes. What Cora said yesterday is true. There is a traitor in the coil. And it's one of the girls. Although Miss Tuft didn't get a chance to see her face, she's certain of that."

"And that's not all," cut in Ceilia Treves excitedly. "Apparently, this girl smashed open the Head's private bookcase and stole a valuable book. By all accounts there's been a fine old row this morning, and Miss Stanton's telephoned Mr. Wyndham. She wants to consult him about things."

June felt an uneasy shiver run down her spine. That queer sense of premonition which had served her so well in the past warned her that things were mounting to a climax. Her fears deepened when, along with the others, she went in to breakfast, for seated at the head of the Upper Fourth table, a grim, relentless look on her face, was Miss Tuft. Evident it was that the rascally mistress intended to be avenged for her humiliation of the night.

"But there's no need for me to be worried," June told herself. "She can't have any suspicion that I'm involved. Providing that book isn't found, I'm safe enough."

Nevertheless, that queer premonition persisted. Try as she would, she could not shake it off. And when, after breakfast, she followed the others into the Form-room for lessons she received another shock.

Standing on Miss Tuft's desk was a large, strangely decorated vase.

June gave a gasp as she saw it, for it was the Oriental vase which was usually kept locked up in the headmistress' study—the vase in which was hidden the ebony case containing the jewels which Noel Raymond had been accused of stealing from the Manor.

"What's that doing here?" In surprise June turned to the other girls.

Julie grinned. "It's for us to draw, you know. Though why old Tuft wants to use an old pot like that as a model beats me. I've seen better-looking vases on houp-la stalls!"

And, as she seated herself at her desk, Julie wrinkled her snub nose in disdain.

(Please turn to the back page.)

## DETECTIVE JUNE'S MOST THRILLING CASE

(Continued from page 45.)

At that moment the Form-mistress entered the room, and June was also forced to sit down, but she could not take her eyes off the Oriental vase. Suppose Miss Tuft chanced to look inside it! Suppose the hidden jewels were discovered!

Drawing lesson was not until after mid-morning break, and as June realised that, she caught in her breath excitedly. When the class was dismissed she might be able to slip back and retrieve the ebony box which she had hidden there.

But that chance never came. Just before the bell went, the door opened and in walked Miss Stanton, accompanied by the chairman of the college governors.

"Excuse the interruption, please, Miss Tuft," the headmistress said, her face unusually pale and worried, "but Mr. Wyndham would like to interview you."

The man at her side gave a brisk nod. "Yes, about this girl who attacked you last night," he said. "Now that Noel Raymond's given us the slip, there's only one chance of tracking him down. That is to capture his niece."

"His—his niece?" echoed Miss Tuft; and nervously she fingered the long ruler with which she had been indicating the French verbs written on the blackboard.

Looking at her, it was impossible to suspect that her nervous, agitated manner was only a pose. Her acting was superb. But, then, so was June's. This reference to herself had given her a staggering slack, but outwardly she, like the rest of the girls, only looked excited and curious.

Howard Wyndham nodded. "Yes, a girl named June Gaynor. I am positive that if the Grey Falcon has a secret helper in the college, then it is his niece, masquerading here under another name. That is why—"  
Realising that the whole Form was listening with bated breath, he stopped. "But we will discuss that later," he said. "Please dismiss your girls," he told Miss Tuft. "Then we will go along to Miss Stanton's study."

"C-certainly! but, really, I don't know whether I am on my head or my heels. All these terrible happenings—"

The Form-mistress gave a shuddering gesture, then agitatedly turned to face the class.

"Girls—" she began, but that was as far as she got.

As, still maintaining her role of a nervous, agitated mistress, she turned, the end of her long ruler went clapping across her desk. From June there came a horrified gasp.

"Look out—"  
But too late.

The ruler caught the neck of the big Oriental vase, and, as it tilted precariously, Miss Stanton rushed forward.

"My precious vase!" she exclaimed, and made a frantic grab at it; but the toppling curio slid through her wildly clutching hands and, with a crash, hit the floor, to smash into a dozen fragments. "Oh, my goodness!" wailed the horrified headmistress.

But from Howard Wyndham there came a grim, startled shout.

"Great Scott, what's that?" he demanded, and June almost fainted, for the chairman of the school governors was pointing to something long and black which lay amongst the broken fragments.

It was the ebony jewel-case!

Be sure you don't miss next Friday's thrilling instalment of this exciting serial in the **GIRLS' CRYSTAL**.

## THE MERRYMAKERS AT COLLEGE

(Continued from page 56.)

gaping audience as the girl who had been barred from the play!

"I'm awfully sorry to intrude," Sally rushed on unheeding, "but isn't this cheque meant for Mr. Grant, the actor-author?"

"C-certainly!" gasped the astounded producer.

"Then here he is!" Sally said happily, and as she reached out her hand it was the bearded gentleman with the eyeshade who skipped lightly on to the stage beside her.

With a flick of his hand he removed both eyeshade and beard. With a stupefied gasp the audience were gazing at the twin double of the actor beside him, the actor whom they had called Mr. Grant.

But that actor had suddenly lost all his nerve, and was shrinking back from the newcomer.

"I am Grant—I am the author of this play!" the newcomer said steadily, and laid his hand upon Sally's shoulder. "It is my cousin you have seen impersonating me—and had it not been for Sally Warner he would have cheated me of the money for my play!"

The Dean started up, astounded, from his seat, while everyone else sat spellbound.

"I—I have been utterly deceived, Grant—we have all been deceived, except Miss Warner!" he cried tremulously. "What does it mean?"

Sally answered breathlessly:

"It means, sir, that here is the real hero of the rescue—our Mr. Grant! I traced him to a seaside nursing home, where he was convalescing after a slight injury!"

"Only a slight injury, sir," added Mr. Grant, while his cousin went slinking hurriedly from the stage. "But if Sally hadn't found me today and warned me of what was going on, my cousin would have walked away with—"

"This cheque!" burst in Sally, handing it to him delightedly. "It's yours now, sir, and, golly, I do congratulate you, and I say, three cheers, everybody, for our own real Mr. Grant!"

**I**N the wings, Fay, Don, and Johnny were almost dancing in their jubilation.

"You little obstinate mule, you were right, after all, but what I can't understand, Sally," gasped Don, "is why you were so sure at the end, and how you managed to find our own Mr. Grant?"

Sally chuckled rather unsteadily, remembering her reckless refusal to apologise.

"I was quite sure when I went to look at that newspaper cutting and the ashtray dropped," she said, "because I realised then that the ashtray was a deliberate trap—and no honest man would be so afraid of my seeing the cutting, that he would set a booby trap to stop me."

"But—"

"Oh, yes, I was caught red-handed!" breathed Sally. "But not before I'd read that cutting and found out where the rescue took place. It was at Bluerock Bay. That's where I've been to-day! I soon heard all about it from some of the local people, and it didn't take me long to find the nursing home where our Mr. Grant was convalescing— But, excuse me, Merry-makers, I'm wanted!"

And she hurried lightly away, for it was the Dean himself come to apologise to her.

(End of this week's story.)

Don't miss next Friday's complete story featuring the popular Merry-makers, in the **GIRLS' CRYSTAL**, will you?