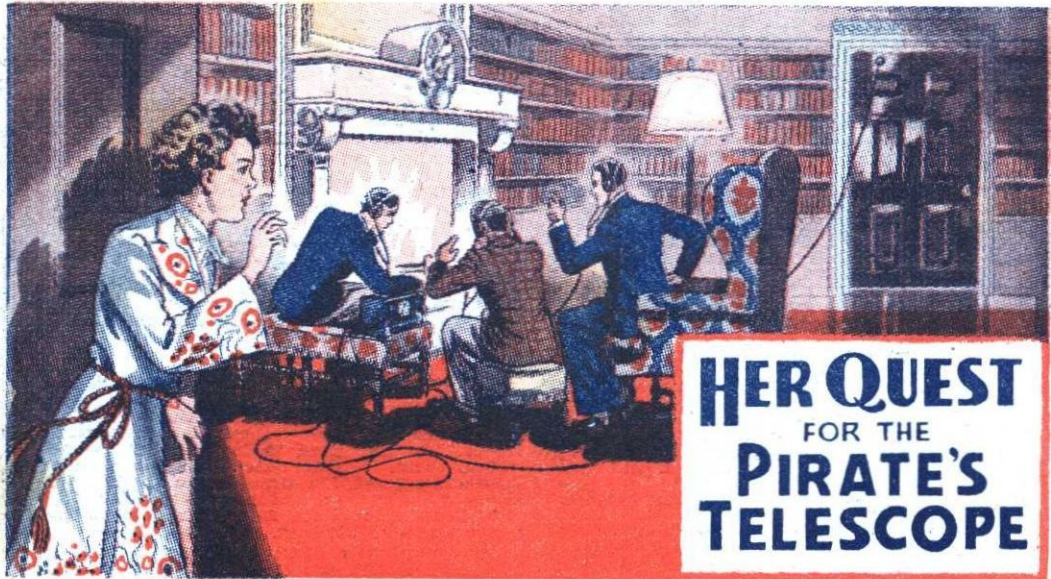


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# GIRLS' CRYSTAL<sup>3</sup>

AND "THE SCHOOLGIRL"

Week  
Ending  
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## HER QUEST FOR THE PIRATE'S TELESCOPE

The Story Of A Boy Who Lost His Memory And Of A Girl Who Struggled To  
Safeguard His Secret—By HAZEL ARMITAGE

### HER PACT WITH BOB

"BOB—Bob! I believe I've found something!" Sue Frensham's voice rose in excitement as she called through the window of the little cottage to her chum, Bob Carter. As Bob, hearing her voice, came hurrying forward Sue tugged harder at the cunningly hidden little drawer she had found in the old bureau which stood in the corner of the cottage living-room.

Now, as she tugged at the drawer, it came out with a rush, causing her to stagger back into Bob, who had just entered the room. And as she collided with him something fell from the drawer to the floor with a metallic little tinkle.

It was a key—a glinting, silvery-looking key of a rather unusual pattern, to which was attached a small label.

"Bob!" Sue breathed, and, stooping, picked it up.

Then she read the label and, with a question in her eyes, handed it to him.

In his turn Bob read it. Then a sudden light jumped into his eyes.

"It—it's uncle's handwriting," he said unsteadily. "And—and it was meant for me. Look!"

He read out the message on the label:

"For nephew Bob. This is the key to the curio cupboard in the turret room. Look in the pirate's telescope."

"Gosh, that's the clue!" Bob breathed.

"The clue?"

"You see, Sue, it was in the curio-room that uncle must have hidden his will. He was always suspicious of my cousin, Samuel Carter. The curio-room is part of the old haunted turret at

Mistmoor Manor, and—yes, I know that old pirate's telescope. Uncle used to give it to me to play with when I was a kid. It was a sort of favourite toy of mine. Sue, don't you see? The will is hidden in that telescope, and it's because it was my favourite toy that uncle put it there for me to find."

Sue stared at Bob, catching his own excitement now. She felt that she understood.

For she knew the story, of course. She and Bob, firm chums as they were, had never had any secrets from each other during all the years of their friendship at Oakbury Co-ed School, where they had met as infants and had grown up together. She knew that Bob's wealthy uncle, Simon Carter, had died six months ago, and she knew that Simon Carter had promised Bob that he should inherit everything upon his death.

But old Simon Carter also had another nephew—a grown man, far older than Bob. Samuel Carter was his name, and Samuel had been with the old man at the time of his death in his Derbyshire manor home. As no will had been discovered, Samuel had claimed the Manor as his right, assigning to Bob the small curio cottage near Oakbury School which was Uncle Simon's summer residence.

"Then—then all you've got to do is to go to Mistmoor Manor, Bob—"

"And get kicked out!" Bob smiled ruefully.

"It's not so easy, Sue. You know Cousin Samuel and I don't get on. I think he's got an idea that uncle did leave a will hidden here, and that means I'll never be welcome until it's found—and destroyed. Looks pretty hopeless, doesn't it!"

"Come on! Lock up the cottage, and let's get home," Sue said briskly. "I'll see if I can think of something."

Bob smiled a little doubtfully. The Christmas holidays still had two weeks to run, and Bob was staying with Sue and her parents at their home, occasionally running over to his own cottage near by to see that everything was in order. Now, as the two chums stepped briskly into the wind, Sue set her brain to work.

"Bob," she said suddenly, "you did say that your cousin was advertising for a secretary or something, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Supposing I applied for the job?" Sue said slowly. "No, wait a minute," she added, as she saw Bob jump. "It's workable. I could find the will then."

"Sue, you mustn't think of such a thing!" Bob gasped.

"Why not?"

"Supposing something went wrong? Supposing Samuel found out?"

"What could go wrong? What should he find out?" Sue laughed. "Look, I don't even have to apply for the job from here. Aunt Effie wants me to spend a few days in London while I'm on holiday, and I'll apply from there. Then, once I get the job, I can bag the will for you and dash home again. It's easy!"

Bob shook his head.

"Sue, I don't like it. I don't like it at all, even though you do make it sound simple. If Samuel found you in the curio-room, for instance—"

"I won't let him," Sue said quietly.

"No, I still don't like it," Bob protested.

They argued, but Bob was adamant. He didn't mind Sue playing the role of secretary to his cousin, he said, but he was not going to let her search for the will, for that might bring her into peril from his cousin. He would do that part himself, he insisted, and Sue could help him if she liked. Perhaps she would leave a door or window conveniently open one night.

So at last the plans were made and agreed on. Next day Sue went to London. Almost as soon as she arrived at her aunt's place she sent off a letter applying for the vacant post at Mistimoor Manor, and in two days she was called upon by Samuel Carter's solicitor. She satisfied him; to her unbounded joy was given the job and a railway ticket to Mistimoor for the following day.

It was Samuel Carter himself who met her on her arrival at the station. He introduced himself with a smile.

"Thought I'd better pick you up in person," he said. "It's pretty difficult to find your way around here if you're a stranger. I'd have sent one of the boys—I've three young guests, you know—but they're out tobogganing. I hope you're going to like it here, Miss Frensham—or may I call you Sue?"

"Sue, please," she smiled.

Samuel Carter was good-looking in a lean-faced way. Sue decided. About twenty-five, she judged—perhaps a little younger. But it was his eyes which held her—small eyes—with a suggestion of hidden cruelty in their narrowed depths. Perhaps Bob had been right, after all, not to give her that key to the curio-room, she decided.

He helped her into a shining, powerful-looking car—Bob's uncle's property, she guessed, and which should be Bob's property at this moment. He took the wheel, addressing no remarks to her as they sped along through roads whose banks were piled high with snow. It was a bleak, white world which Sue found herself gazing upon, and yet she was filled with excitement.

For wasn't she going to help Bob find his fortune! Didn't Bob's whole future depend upon the outcome of this adventure? She would succeed! She must!

Mistimoor Manor, with its snow-smothered gables, its wide, old-fashioned chimneys, and its mysterious turret, built on to one wing of

the building, was a lovely sight as they purred up the drive.

It looked as though it had been built to fit its name. There it stood, in a hollow of the moor, bounded on one side by a huge, frozen lake; on the other by a dark forest. Over forest and house hung a faint, filmy mist.

It was already growing dusk, and cheerful lights glowed from small-paned windows, and there was a glow from one huge window on the ground floor which could only have come from roaring fires within. Somewhere a radio was playing.

"Well, here we are!" smiled Samuel Carter, as they stood on the porch step and the door was opened. "I'll leave Higham to take charge of you now," he said, as the butler took Sue's case. "Come downstairs when you're ready and I'll introduce you to the others. We'll talk about work to-morrow," he added.

Sue smiled and thanked him, and followed Higham to the room which was to be hers. It was a delightful room, and, after unpacking and changing her dress, she stepped down the wide old stairs again. Samuel Carter was there, his hands behind him, as he stood in front of a blazing fire, talking to two youths very near Sue's own age.

They rose as she entered. One quick look Sue threw at them and decided that they were exactly the sort of guests whom she would have expected Samuel Carter to entertain.

One looked beefy and bullying; the other, sly and cunning.

"Allow me," Samuel murmured. "Link Edwards"—this of the beefy one—"Norton Wild"—he indicated to the second. "This is Sue Frensham." Both boys held out their hands, and Sue tried to look cordial as she shook them. "Our other guest—a rather mysterious guest, I'm afraid—is in the library. I beg your pardon, he isn't," he added the next moment, and for an instant Sue saw a queer flicker in his eyes. "He is—here—"

Sue turned as a figure came into the room. The next second she stood turned to stone. For a wild, incredulous moment she stared at the newcomer; from him to the smiling, slightly cynical face of Samuel Carter. For this—no; it couldn't be true—it was impossible! She was dreaming. It just couldn't have happened.

Yet it had happened, and she knew she wasn't dreaming. For the figure who came towards her now, a queer, listless look in his eyes, was—was—

Bob Carter, her own chum! The boy in whose interest she was masquerading here! The boy who had insisted that his cousin would never admit him to the house.

## SUE DOES HER BEST



SUE almost blurted out his name. Almost asked him why he had altered the arrangements. But she didn't. In time she realised that Bob might be playing some new game; she decided, therefore, to let him make the first move.

And then she became aware of something else as Bob stepped slowly nearer—something that sent a quick leap of panic into her heart.

This was Bob, but it was not the Bob she had left back home—not that same eager friend whom she had last seen. There was something wrong—something she did not understand.

In that whirl of puzzlement she heard Samuel Carter speaking.

"Come along, old man," he was saying kindly. "Let me introduce you. This is my young secretary—Miss Susan Frensham—the girl I mentioned."



Sue telegraphed an urgent message to Bob with her eyes. But to her dismayed astonishment the stare he gave her in return was completely blank.

"How do you do?" she murmured. "You're the mystery guest, are you?"

With a rather strained smile, Bob held out his hand.

"I'm afraid I am," he said ruefully. "A mystery to my friends here, and to myself. You see"—He paused. "I don't know who I am."

"You—you don't know who you are?" Sue stammered.

"No. I know nothing," Bob shrugged. "I can't remember my name, where I've come from, or what I'm doing here. You see, I've lost my memory. You see—"

He glanced at her with such a troubled look that Sue felt a sharp stab of pity, and knew then that Bob, so far from playing a game, was telling the plain unvarnished truth.

"Oh," she said again, nonplussed. "I am sorry."

"Too bad, isn't it?" Samuel Carter spoke slowly. "We found him yesterday afternoon—lying near the bank of the lake there. There was a strong gale at the time, and there was a huge limb of a tree near him. We guess the branch snapped and hit him on the head, giving him a dose of concussion. He seems all right, otherwise. And he'll soon be better, I'm sure."

"Oh!" Sue felt her pulses racing. She knew now that there was danger—definite danger.

For Samuel Carter, of course, had no cause to think she was in any way connected with Bob. But Samuel Carter knew quite well who Bob really was. Why then had he brought him here?

"And you—you've looked after him?" she questioned.

"What else could I do?" Samuel smiled. "They've been splendid to me," Bob broke in, with a look of gratitude towards his cousin. "I was lucky to fall among such good friends."

"Friends!" thought Sue, every nerve of her now sharpened to the danger she felt about her. Bob must be rallied out of this, she was thinking frantically. Bob must be made aware of his peril, must be freed—somehow—to get that memory back.

"But—but you must have something—some papers or something—to give you a clue to your identity?" she protested.

"Nothing. Except—" Suddenly Bob put his hands into his pocket. He drew out a handful of coins, and, among those coins, a key, without its label now, but at sight of which Sue's heart leapt. "These—and my watch," he said. "They're all I have. Not a letter or document of any description. Odd, isn't it?"

Was it? Sue stole a sharp, sidelong look at Samuel. And again she knew a stifled pang of alarm as she noticed how penetratingly his eyes were resting on the key.

"The nearest thing to any sort of clue is this," Bob said, holding it up. "But I wonder what it opens—and where?"

He stood gazing at the key in a concentrated way which showed the struggle he was making to remember. Samuel stretched a hand forward.

"Let's have a look, old man."

"No," Sue cried involuntarily.

"What?"

"I mean—" And Susan, covered with confusion, bit her lip. "I mean—well, I didn't mean anything, really. I was just thinking—of something else."

Samuel Carter gave her a hard look. Link Edwards and Norton Wild grinned at each other. But Bob, with a strange stare, put the key into his pocket. Then he straightened himself.

"I'm going out for a little while, if nobody

minds," he said. "I—I may be able to remember things in the open air."

Without another glance at Sue, he went out.

"Funny chap," Link Edwards yawned. "Wonder who he really is? Anyway, what about some tea? I'm quite sure Miss Frensham's dying for some."

She was. But even more she wanted to talk alone with Bob. But she mustn't hurry things—mustn't arouse suspicion. The last impression she must give was that she had anything except an ordinary curiosity in Bob.

For she knew with certainty now that Samuel Carter was playing some deep, cunning game. He knew who Bob was right enough. Then why was he pretending ignorance of his own cousin's identity? Why treat him so considerately in the house of which he had cheated the boy? She felt a sense of peril for Bob.

Somehow, when it was safe, she must talk to him—must warn him. Meantime, she must keep an eye on him. Must warn him about that key. Thank goodness, she thought, he had had the sense to take the label off it!

They had tea, served on the low table beside the cosy fire. Towards its end Bob came back, still with the same puzzled, helpless expression on his face. At Sue's invitation he took a cup of tea, but would eat nothing. He just sat as though unconscious of them all, staring into the fire. At last, with a yawn, Samuel rose.

"Play billiards, old man?"

"I don't know," Bob said slowly. "Then suppose we find out? We've got a pretty good table here. No, you needn't come, he added to his two companions, and Sue could have vowed a meaning glance went from his eyes to theirs.

"Shall I come and mark for you?" she asked eagerly.

"No, thanks. Don't like girls in the room," Samuel said dryly. "Come along, old man."

The two went off. Link Edwards threw a couple of logs on to the fire. Outside the wind had begun to moan, and little creaking noises came from the windows as the fine snow was whipped against the panes.

"Going to be another wild night," Norton Wild said. "Wonder if the ghost will walk?"

"Ghost?" Sue exclaimed, startled.

"Sure. Haven't you heard of him?" Norton grinned. "An old Johnny in white, who walks around the turret at midnight. An old ancestor who died in the room where our mystery boy is sleeping now. Not that any of us have seen him yet," he added. "And I for one am not keen. Anyway, thank goodness I don't sleep in the turret! Pass the fags, Edwards, old chap."

Link Edwards passed the cigarettes. But Sue gave a little shiver.

She, too, had heard of the ghost of the old turret—Bob himself had told her about the supposed apparition half a dozen times.

She became more than ever concerned on Bob's behalf. From what Bob had told her, she knew that it was not usual to put guests in that part of the house. What then was Samuel's game in giving Bob the haunted room? She felt more than ever that she must talk privately with Bob; must try to stir this sleeping memory of his, and awaken him to the peril—though unknown—which she felt sure threatened him.

But how to get him alone—even for a few minutes? The answer to the problem came providentially.

Somewhere in the house a telephone bell rang. It was followed a minute later by the appearance of Higham, the butler.

"Is Mr. Samuel about?" he asked. "There's a long distance call for him."

At once Sue sprang to her feet.

"He's in the billiards-room. I'll tell him," she volunteered swiftly.

And, leaving the old butler no chance to say anything, she rushed off.

Sue found both Samuel and Bob in the room. Both held cues in their hands, and when she entered were talking earnestly—Bob still with that worried, strained frown upon his brow. And Sue noted that though they must have been in the room half an hour, the game had not been started, for the balls were still set out for the game. But when she gave Samuel her message a rather startled look flashed into his eyes.

"O.K.! I'll see to it," he said. "Shan't be more than five minutes, old man."

In a hurry he departed. Sue breathed freely at last. Quietly she closed the door. Quickly she approached Bob. He stared at her, backing away a little as she came near.

"Bob, you know me, don't you?" she said softly. "Bob, listen to me—please! You know me—your friend, Sue Frensham, Bob, you know why I'm here—"

"I don't know you! Go away!" he muttered.

"Bob, that key—"

"That's mine—"

"I know. But, Bob, you know why you've got it, and why you came here." Sue went on, despairingly marking the hardening expression on his face. "Oh, Bob, won't you please let me take care of the key for you?"

"I give that key to nobody," he said stolidly. "It's mine—It's the only thing that I feel is a link with—with whatever I've forgotten. If I only knew who I was!" he ended with a groan.

"But I know, Bob. I can tell you," Sue said gently. "Oh, Bob, please—please try to remember! You're Bob Carter, the owner of this house—this Samuel is your cousin, who hates you—"

He stared incredulously. Then his face flushed with anger.

"You dare run him down!" he cried.

"But it's the truth, Bob—"

"It's a lie! It's potty!" He glared at her. "My cousin, indeed! Wouldn't he have known me? And if he hates me, why has he been so kind to me—giving me a home here until my memory returns. He has even brought in his own doctor to look after me! What is your game?" he added, with a sudden blunt suspicion. "Why are you trying to blacken him?"

Sue felt utterly despairing.

"Bob, I'm your friend. Please believe that," she said again. "You came here because—"

And then she stopped and snatched up a cue. "Let me open the game for you," she cried, on a lighter note.

And though her heart was drumming, she went swiftly to the table. And at that moment Samuel Carter came in.

"What the—" he began, and then broke off, while Sue straightened up.

She gazed at Bob, his face still hard and half-angry, feeling sickened and apprehensive. Would Bob now give her away, she was asking herself.

But Bob didn't. His chivalry to girls kept him from that. He just nodded curtly.

"Thanks, Miss Frensham, but Samuel and I will carry on now," he said.

And Sue, feeling that she had achieved nothing, an ache in her heart, went.

## HER SECRET IS OUT



SUE had no opportunity of talking with Bob again that evening. When presently he came out of the billiards-room with Samuel, both of them apparently on the chummiest terms, he did not look at her. And Sue, with a feeling of doom, knew then that he had completely

fallen under the spell of his cousin's false friendship—knew that he was suspicious of herself.

For a moment she felt tempted to wash her hands of the whole business. Then she realised that this was not the real Bob, and that he needed her now more than ever. For clearly Samuel Carter, backed up by Link Edwards and Norton Wild, was using Bob for his own purposes—was exploiting this loss of memory of his. But for what purpose? Sue did not know; could not guess. But that it would end in disaster for Bob she had not the faintest doubt. Yet what could she do?

Leaving the four males in front of the fire, she left the room and made a quick tour of the house. In the supposed haunted turret, she located Bob's bed-room.

Hoping to discover some sort of clue—though what, she had no idea—she gazed around. It was a lofty, comfortable room, warm, since it was next to the great airing-cupboard on the landing, and presented nothing unusual. The bed was neatly made, with Bob's pyjamas tidily set out on the coverlet. At his bedside was a small table containing a flask of water and a tumbler, and a small wireless set which showed a careful host's forethought.

Looking at the radio it struck Sue that it was unusual in design, but probably quite an expensive one, she decided.

Sue left the room then, glad, somehow, to know she had seen it. The knowledge might prove useful.

At supper Bob was still puzzled and silent. Immediately after supper he yawned, made an excuse, and went off to bed. Samuel Carter glanced at Sue.

"I expect you're tired, too, Miss Frensham," he said. "We're going to be busy in the morning."

Sue said good-night and went up to her room. But she did not undress. She sat for some time wondering—dare she go and see Bob? Dare she renew her efforts to warn him—to try to help him recover his memory?

"Better not while the others are still up," she thought.

She waited—a long time. The minutes ticked on, and still she had not heard Samuel and his cronies come upstairs.

The wind outside moaned, while the snow particles played on the windows like tiny fingers softly asking for admission. What were they doing downstairs, she wondered?

With anxiety spurring her curiosity, Sue at last crept softly downstairs. The sound of voices came from the library, and softly Sue opened the door and peeped in.

The fire was burning low, but the room was still snug. The lights were still on, and, seated round the fire were Samuel, Link Edwards, and Norton Wild with—most extraordinary of things—earphones clamped on each head. She stared in fascination at the unexpected spectacle. Why on earth were they listening-in in this old-fashioned way?

Then Samuel spoke suddenly. In a voice low, tense, and eager.

"Heads up! He's talking in his sleep again—"

Like an electric shock the truth flashed on Sue. She remembered the wireless set on the table at Bob's bedside. That was no ordinary wireless set! That was a transmitting apparatus linked to these earphones downstairs, so as to catch the remarks Bob made in his sleep. And what was more likely than with his subconscious mind free while he was asleep, the troubled Bob would talk?

"Hear that?" Samuel said quickly. "I caught the word 'will.' Now—listen!" He leaped forward, holding his breath. "Gosh, he says he'll go and get it. He's got the key—"

Sue fought with an irresistible impulse to cry out. So this was their scoundrelly scheme—to listen to the sleeping Bob's unconscious remarks—to find out from them exactly

(Please turn to page 317.)



# The CASE OF THE Frightened Girl

A VALUABLE CLUE

By PETER LANGLEY

JUNE GAYNOR, niece and partner of Noel Raymond, the famous young detective, went to Glen Hall to investigate the mystery of a spectral figure known as the Green Rajah, who was supposed to haunt Temple Isle.

June discovered that Colonel Raikes, who had once owned Glen Hall and Temple Isle, had hidden a crystal goblet which was the key to the lost secret of the Purple Mountains. She also found out that the Green Rajah was after the goblet.

June believed that the Green Rajah was the trickster who, disguised as Roger Standish, a friend of her host, had called at Noel Raymond's London flat and pretended to invoke her help. With the impostor had been a frightened girl, and June thought that if she could only discover where this girl lived she would be able to track down the Green Rajah.

Also staying at Glen Hall was a likeable but mysterious boy named Jack Linton, who did not seem to want June to get on the track of the frightened girl, but despite his efforts June discovered a valuable clue in an old crinoline frock—a photograph of the missing girl.

"A REAL clue at last!"

Excitedly June surveyed the photograph she had found in the pocket of the old crinoline frock.

There could be no mistaking those dark, haunting eyes, those pretty, strangely appealing features. This was a portrait of the girl who, together with the bogus Mr. Standish, had visited Noel Raymond's London flat and begged June's help.

June's cheeks reddened as she remembered how completely she had been tricked, and yet, illogical though it was, practically all her anger was centred on the impostor who had claimed to be the frightened girl's uncle. He was the real villain of the piece, she was convinced. He was the scoundrel who was now posing as the spectral Green Rajah.

But who was the frightened girl? The fact that her photograph had been hidden in the crinoline suggested that at one time she had lived at Colonel Raikes' old home.

June felt her pulses beginning to race. "If I can only track down this girl, then I'll be able to get a real move on with this case," she told herself excitedly. "Not only to bowl out the Green Rajah but solve the whole mystery."

She turned over the photograph, and instantly her eyes gleamed with satisfaction, for, as she had expected, printed on the blank side was the photographer's name and address:

"H. MANNING,  
THE PARROT STUDIO AND TEA ROOMS,  
TARNBRIDGE."

"So it was a local photographer!" she exclaimed. "Good! That simplifies things! I'll be able to pop in and question Mr. Manning this morning!"

At that moment there came an impatient call from the nearby stairs:

"Hey, buck up, June! Everyone's waiting!"

It was Mildred Henley's voice, and hurriedly donning her hat and coat, June pocketed the photograph and made her way down to the hall, where she found the other youthful guests gathered all ready for their expedition to the village. Jack Linton was amongst them, and as June came hurrying down the stairs he greeted her with a cheery smile, apparently having forgotten the embarrassing scene which had taken place between them earlier that morning.

"I say, where's your scarf?" he asked in concern. "It's cold enough to freeze a polar bear outdoors! Here, take mine!"

And he unwound the striped, woolly muffler around his neck.

"Oh, I can't rob you!" protested June. "Please don't bother."

"No bother—it's a pleasure," he grinned. "Can't have our famous detective catching cold."

And he insisted on draping the warm scarf around her. Despite herself, June felt her heart glow. What a thoughtful boy he was, she thought, and then reproved herself angrily as she remembered all the incriminating bits of evidence which suggested that Jack might be the villainous Green Rajah.

It was indeed bitterly cold outside. The muddy road was frozen hard, and the grey clouds overhead suggested that snow was on the way. But they all thoroughly enjoyed the long tramp down to the village. There, they separated, for some wanted to explore the ruins of the old castle, others to do shopping.

"Tell you what—we'll all meet for coffee at eleven," suggested Mildred. "What about the Parrot Tea Rooms?"

There came a chorus of approval, but Jack Linton frowned and shook his head.

"No, not the Parrot," he said quickly. "The Castle Cafe's neaps better. They have really home-made cakes there. Let's make it the Castle!"

June shot him a quick glance. Had he any ulterior motive in not wishing them to visit the tea-rooms where the photographer of the frightened girl lived? Remembering how strangely anxious Jack had been that she should not have the crinoline frock, June could not help feeling suspicious. Everything Jack said and did seemed to connect him more and more definitely with the mystery. The realisation filled her with dismay for, steel her heart as she would, she could not smother her growing liking for the boy. If Jack should prove to be the Green Rajah then it would be a bitter blow to her.

"O.K.! The Castle then, at eleven!" Good-naturedly Mildred smiled, then she turned to June. "You coming with us?" she asked.

June shook her head.

"No, I'm going off on my own, if you don't mind," she said. "I've got a letter to post and one or two other little jobs to do."

And off she went, heading for the quaint, whitewashed cottage which was the village post office. She bought a book of stamps, posted a letter to Uncle Noel, then peeped through the bottle-glass bow window. The street was deserted; there was no sign of the rest of the party.

"Good! Now to interview Mr. Manning," she told herself.

Having got her directions from the plump, motherly postmistress, June hurried up the cobbled street, her head bent against the bitter, northerly wind. By the church standing almost on the edge of the lake, she saw a rambling, thatch-roofed building, above whose door hung a creaking sign embellished with a vivid green and scarlet parrot.

"That's it!" she exclaimed, and eagerly entered.

The tea-rooms were deserted, but a white-haired, pleasant-looking woman in grey, busy arranging cakes behind the counter, came hurrying forward as the door-bell tinkled.

"You'll be wanting coffee, I expect," she said. "Well, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to wait just a little—it's not quite ready. Come and sit by the fire." Bustling forward, she indicated a comfortable armchair. "And I expect you'd like some cakes," she added. "They are all home-made, you know."

June gave a start, remembering what Jack had said. It did seem as if his reason for not wishing them to visit the Parrot Tea Rooms had only been an excuse.

"Yes, I'd like coffee and cakes," said June, unable to resist the appetising smell of the newly-baked cakes on the counter. "But I really came to see Mr. Manning."

The woman nodded. "My husband. It'll be about a photograph, I expect," she said. "He's out at the back. I'll tell him you want him."

And she bustled away. A minute or so later a small, wizened-up little man wearing a black smoking-jacket and a velvet skull cap, appeared in view. He blinked at the girl detective over the steel-rimmed spectacles perched on the end of his long nose.

"You wish to book an appointment?" he asked.

With an apologetic smile June shook her head.

"Not exactly. I've come to ask you to help me. You see, I'm a detective."

"A detective, my dear?"

In almost comical amazement he regarded her, and June, guessing what he was thinking, blushed.

"I—I know I'm a bit young," she said, "but—but everyone's got to make a start, you know. It's a girl I've come about. I'm very anxious to trace her, and I think you can help me." As she spoke she took the crumpled photograph from her pocket. "You took that," she added, "so perhaps you remember her."

The wizened little photographer took the photograph, adjusted his spectacles, and peered at the picture. Anxiously June waited, and then her heart leapt as he gave a nod.

"Yes, I recognise her," he said. "I took this last winter—February, I think it was. She was staying at Glen Hall at the time."

"At Glen Hall?"

"Yes—just for a few days, she told me. Her brother was employed there."

"Her brother?" echoed June excitedly.

Mr. Manning nodded again.

"Yes; that young fellow there was all the trouble about. Now let me see what was his name? The photographer rubbed his chin thoughtfully, then smiled. "Ah yes, Baring—Ronald Baring! Everyone thought he was a nice chap at one time, but apparently they were mistaken." He shook his head gloomily. "A real rogue, as it turned out—robbed his employer, that old Colonel Raikes who died a few months back, you know. He had to scoot quickly; in fact, I believe the police are still hunting him."

"And what was his sister's name?" queried June, a gleam in her eyes, a riot of whirling thoughts in her brain.

"Eva, I think, it was—yes, Eva, that's it. A very nice girl. About your age, my dear. It's a shame she should have such a rogue for a brother."

"And where did she go when she left Glen Hall?" asked June eagerly. "Where does she live now?"

The wizened little photographer again rubbed a hand thoughtfully across his chin, and on tenterhooks of suspense the girl detective waited.

Already she had discovered a lot—sufficient to confirm the startling theory which had been building up in her mind—but if only she could discover the frightened girl's present address, then—

"Then," she told herself excitedly, "I'll soon get at the truth. Once I find Eva Baring it won't take me long to find the Green Rajah."

## TIMELY AID



TO June's dismay, Mr. Manning shook his head.

"I'm afraid I don't know where she lives now," he said, and then, as there came the rattle of crockery and his wife entered from the kitchen, he turned and beckoned her. "My dear, this young lady is very

anxious to get in touch with that girl, Eva Baring. I suppose you haven't any idea where she's to be found?"

"Eva Baring?" repeated Mrs. Manning, and, laying down the tray containing coffee and cakes she took the photograph which June handed her and peered at it. "Why, of course!" she exclaimed. "That is the girl who came in here last Thursday to buy some cakes. We got talking, and I rather gathered that she is living in a cottage over at Black Glen."

June's heart pounded harder than ever. She felt that she was making thrilling progress!

"And where's Black Glen?" she asked eagerly.

"About two miles from here, my dear—on



the other side of the river which divides Tarn-bridge from the next parish. It's a desolate, rocky valley, but there are one or two cottages scattered about. If Miss Baring is lodging there you ought to be able easily to locate her."

June thanked both the woman and her husband, and when they had retired to the kitchen she thoughtfully sipped her coffee, trying to fit in what she had been told with everything else that she knew about the strange case.

It seemed fairly clear now that the theory which Roger Standish had advanced was correct. All the evidence pointed to Ronald Baring being the Green Rajah. It was he who was trying to steal the Crystal Goblet which formed a vital clue to the Lost Secret of the Purple Mountains.

Where that goblet was hidden and exactly what the Lost Secret was June had no idea, and for the moment she did not try to guess. Her immediate task must be to track down and capture the Green Rajah, and the best way of accomplishing that was to discover where his sister lived, for it seemed evident that Eva Baring was his confederate.

"I must go over to Black Glen this afternoon and make inquiries," June told herself as she helped herself to one of the cakes.

It tasted as delicious as it looked, and as she nibbled it she thought again of how Jack Linton had tried to put them all off against patronising the Parrot Tea Rooms, and once more she speculated as to what part the boy was playing in the mystery.

As she sat there piecing together the uneasy thoughts which whirled in her head, she gave a sudden gasp.

What if the boy she liked and the rascally Ronald Baring were one and the same person?

She shrank from the thought, yet she could not get rid of it. After all, the two boys were about the same age, and, allowing for disguise, Mr. Manning's description of Ronald Baring fitted Jack. Then there were all Jack's suspicious actions to be taken into account.

Slowly but surely, June found herself nodding.

"There doesn't seem to be any other explanation," she whispered. "Yet I can't believe that he was the ruthless villain who threatened me on Temple Isle the other night."

Then another possibility occurred to her. Suppose Jack was not actually the Green Rajah but only his confederate! But that theory did not satisfy her. Besides, to be a confederate was to be as despicable as to be the Green Rajah himself.

She was still worrying over the problem when she left the tea-rooms and made her way along the street to keep her appointment with the others. She found them awaiting her in the Castle Cafe, and Jack pressed coffee and cakes upon her. He seemed in the highest of spirits, and as she listened to his joking comments and realised how popular he was, June's heart gave an uneasy leap.

For the first time her detective work was distasteful to her; for the first time she found herself wishing she had never taken up this case, for she was fearful as to where her investigations would lead her.

And then angrily she took herself to task.

"You've got a duty to do, and do it you must, no matter who the Green Rajah turns out to be," she told herself fiercely.

And that resolve was still firm in her mind when they all got back to Glen Hall.

Immediately lunch was over she slipped away from the others and set off.

The grey clouds loomed lower and lower, engulfing the mountain peaks, and the wind cut through her thick coat as she made her way along the ice-encrusted road.

One of the servants had given her clear directions, and ten minutes' hard walking brought her in sight of the deep, wide river. The water was frozen over, but guessing that

the ice would not be safe to walk on June looked about her for the light, transportable bridge of which the maid had told her.

Suddenly she saw it, but instead of being pleased she stared in dismay. For the moveable bridge no longer spanned the river. Someone had dragged it from its usual place, and now it stood tilted up on the far bank. Unless she cared to entrust herself on the ice, the river was uncrossable.

Uneasily she stared at the frozen water, then bit her lip.

"It doesn't look very safe," she murmured. "Oh, bother it! Who can have moved the bridge? Why should anyone be so stupid?"

As she spoke she took a step forward, meaning to test the ice with her foot, but unexpectedly from behind her there came a warning shout:

"I say, look out! That isn't safe! Unless you want a cold bath, don't risk it!"

Round she whirled, to give a gasp of surprise as she recognised the slim, boyish figure that was sauntering forward.

"Jack Linton!" she exclaimed, and involuntarily a gleam of suspicion crept into her eyes. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

The boy made a careless gesture with one hand.

"Oh, just taking a walk," he said with an engaging grin. "Good for the digestion, you know. Suppose you're doing the same. Bit of a coincidence both of us picking the same path, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," she commented, that suspicious look still in her eyes.

"But a bit of luck for you, all the same," he went on cheerily. "You might have come an awful cropper if you'd stepped on to the ice, you know. It's not nearly strong enough to bear your weight, and the river's jolly deep." He paused and looked pensively across at the wooden bridge. "Wonder what ass can have shifted that," he remarked.

"That's just what I was wondering," said June, and her voice was unusually curt.

Surely it couldn't be mere chance which had brought Jack here. Suppose he had learnt about the inquiries she had made at the Parrot Tea Rooms! Suppose he himself had moved the bridge—so as to prevent her from discovering Eva Baring's home!

Illogically, she hated herself for her suspicions and yet she felt she must put them to the test. She looked across at the red clay bank of the frozen river, noticed the faint trace of footmarks there, then her eyes swung back to the boy in front of her. His boots had red clay on them!

"I suppose you must have set out just after me," she murmured casually.

He grinned and nodded.

"Yes; I must have been following you unknowingly all the way up here," he agreed. "I wish I'd known, for—" He broke off, and his engaging grin faded. "I say, what's the matter?" he asked.

June gave a grim laugh, and that soft spot she had in her heart for him was suddenly blotted out by an overwhelming flood of anger. In red-faced scorn she regarded him.

"Why don't you admit the truth?" she demanded, looking him full in the eyes. "That red clay on your boots shows you've been across the river. It was you who moved that bridge, wasn't it?"

He did not meet her gaze; instead, he turned away and bit his lip.

"But—but why should I want to do a fool thing like that?" he muttered.

"Because you don't want me to explore Black Glen!" June retorted. "Because you want to stop me from tracking down Eva Baring!" She realised she was being indiscreet—but she felt she wanted this boy to know what she really thought of him. "Well, let me tell you I'm going to Black Glen! What's more, I'm going to find Eva Baring whether you like it or not!"

As she spoke, she turned and went running towards the bank.

"So the ice isn't safe, isn't it?" she panted. "Well, we'll soon see about that! If it'll bear you, I guess it'll bear me!"

And she went clambering down the bank. From behind her came an agitated cry!

"Stop! June, don't be a little fool! Come back!"

But the girl detective paid no heed.

"June—"

Again came that anxious shout, and Jack himself came running forward.

But already June was on the ice—already she was racing over it. Not until she was halfway across did she realise that the boy's warning had not been false.

Crack!

Suddenly she felt the ice bend then give way beneath her. Frantically she took a wild jump forward.

Crack!

Again there came a rending, breaking noise, and icy-cold water surged over one foot. She drew back and as she stood there, too frightened to move, she could hear more ominous cracks; and white lines like forked lightning appeared on the ice on which she stood.

"Jump for it—make for that rock!"

It was Jack who was shouting, and, turning, she saw he was pointing agitatedly to a flat-topped boulder which rose out of the ice just to her left.

Panting, she half-ran, half-jumped for it, and thankfully she gained it, there to stand, marooned in the middle of the river.

## JUNE IS GRATEFUL



OH, golly, now what am I going to do?"

Helplessly June gazed about her, and she could not suppress a shudder as she saw the holes in the ice and realised how narrow had been her escape.

As she stood there, shivering in the bitter wind, there came a call from the bank, and she saw Jack waving reassuringly to her.

"Stay where you are! Don't move until I manage to get the bridge in position! I know a way across the river!"

As he shouted the boy went racing along the bank, then pulled up and crouched with tense muscles, as if for a spring.

Watching, June suddenly gave an understanding gasp. Higher up were half a dozen other boulders, jutting above the ice like a series of widely separated stepping-stones. By jumping from one to the other, Jack hoped to gain the far bank, then push the transportable bridge back into place so that she could clamber up on to it.

But those stepping-stones were covered with a film of slippery ice, and to June they seemed terribly far apart. Suppose Jack should slip—

She caught in her breath as he launched himself from the bank. All her anger against him had gone. Once again a flood of admiration for his audacity and courage surged over her. Whatever he had done in the past—no matter how he had tricked her—she could not forget that this was the second time he had taken a daring risk for her sake.

A Herculean leap carried the boy to the first boulder. For a moment he swayed, flinging out his arms in order to retain his balance, then he was jumping again.

To June the suspense was almost unbearable. She hardly dared watch as he sprang from stone to stone. One slip and he would go crashing through the ice, to be swallowed up by the fast-running, freezingly cold water beneath.

But Jack leapt with the sure-footedness of a mountain goat. His agility was astound-

ing. And then, even as the thought crossed June's mind, her whole body seemed to petrify. For as he gained the last boulder, Jack had slithered and fallen.

Crash!

She screamed as she saw him hit the ice; screamed again as she saw him plunge through and be engulfed by the dark water. Then she held her breath, fear and anxiety in her eyes.

Jack was trying to pull himself out. Beneath his clutching fingers the ice was cracking and breaking. Time seemed to stand still. Hardly daring to breathe, she watched that desperate battle in the water, and then she gave a gulp of relief. For suddenly the boy's hand had thrust out, had curved around a bush growing out from the far bank. His teeth chattering, dripping icy water, he slowly but surely pulled himself out of the river and gained the safety of the slope.

"Oh, thank goodness!" she whispered.

As if realising her pent-up feelings, he turned, grinned, and waved a cheery hand, then he was running to where the light, portable bridge lay.

Dragging it forward, he sent it shooting across the broken ice, until at last both ends were firmly resting on the frozen banks.

"Halt a jiffy—I'll lend you a hand," he called, and, running over the narrow planks, he leaned over the rail and helped her up on to the bridge.

For a moment she clung to his arm, trembling, then, misty-eyed, she gazed at him.

"That's the second time," she breathed. "Oh, thank you for all you've done. I don't know how I shall ever be able to repay you."

He smiled down at her, his dark eyes very earnest.

"I don't want repaying," he said gruffly. "I only want to be friends."

"F-friends?" she stammered, and bit her lip. Dearly she would have loved to accept Jack's friendship, but how could she, knowing what she did? How could a detective like herself ever be friends with a boy who was Number One on her list of suspects?

He grinned a little wryly.

"You think I'm all sorts of a boulder, don't you?" he said. She did not reply, and he made another rueful grimace, then his strong fingers closed over her arm, and again she saw him regarding her earnestly. "I don't suppose you'll believe me," he declared, "but I'm not as black as appearances suggest. That Green Rajah fellow, for instance. I hate him as much as you do."

"You—you hate him?"

In startled amazement she surveyed him. Could this possibly be true? But if it was, then all the disturbing theory she had built up against him must be wrong.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

He shook his head.

"I'm afraid I can't explain. I only ask you to remember that whatever happens I'm your friend, and—"

He broke off and ruefully ran his fingers down his soaking trousers. "But I'd better get back and get changed. I'll turn into an icicle if I stay here much longer. I suppose that now the bridge is back in position you'll continue with your detective inquiries. So-long. See you later!"

He gave her arm a squeeze, flashed her another of those cheery grins she found so engaging, then went running off down the road.

Wonderingly she watched him go, mixed emotions warring in her heart. Her detective sense sternly told her not to be sentimental; urged her only to pay strict regard to the evidence—and the evidence, it reminded her, proved conclusively that Jack Lin'on was, if not the Green Rajah himself, at least a confederate of that villain.

But her sense of gratitude and admiration,

(Please turn to page 312.)





# The SKATING GIRL'S Mystery Mascot

## WILL SHEILA BE DISCOVERED?

By MARIE MATHESON

**S**HEILA MAYNE lived with her family at the little Canadian town of Juniper Bend.

The "Bluebirds," the skating club to which Sheila belonged, were anxious to do well in the forthcoming ice carnival, and impress Lee Farrell, a film producer, who would be present.

Sheila possessed a mysterious totem which she believed might be a clue to a store of hidden gold, but Corinne Lefevre, her skating rival, and Karl Olsen, Corinne's uncle, were also out to discover the secret. Sheila had a helper, however, Red Eagle, a young Red Indian.

Red Eagle was outlawed and while escaping from two mounted policemen, injured his ankle, so Sheila hid him in the loft of the clubhouse.

To her dismay two bailiff's men came to stay in the clubhouse until Sheila's father paid a debt he owed.

With her young brother Jerry's help, she decoyed the bailiffs to her home for a meal and went to visit Red Eagle. When she arrived at the clubhouse her Redskin helper had disappeared. Corinne and Karl Olsen entered and Sheila heard them hoist the ladder in position to climb into the loft. She gave a gasp of dismay for she did not want to be discovered there.

**S**HEILA gasped in dismay as she heard Corinne clambering up the ladder. At all costs her rival must not discover her up here in the loft.

Swiftly Sheila concealed the remains of the food she had brought Red Eagle, then grabbed up one or two furs and a blanket. Darting into one of the corners, she crouched down, covering herself with the furs and blanket.

Next moment the trapdoor opened, and Corinne's head and shoulders appeared to view. Sheila hardly dared breathe, and for once she was grateful for the darkness.

"What a horrible, gloomy place!" Corinne called down to Karl Olsen. "There doesn't seem to be much here. Keep holding the ladder till I'm safe inside."

She had half her body inside the loft when from below Karl Olsen gave a sudden warning cry.

While he steadied the ladder with one outstretched hand, he had been keeping an eye glued to a chink in one of the shuttered windows of the Bluebirds' clubhouse.

"Come down at once, Corinne!" he snapped. "There's no time to poke about in there. Someone's coming down the trail—in a sleigh. I've no idea whom—but we must get out. Hurry!"

Sheila strangled a gasp of heartfelt relief as she heard Corinne go clambering back down the ladder. The danger was over, and thankfully she emerged from her hiding-place. From below came the patter of footsteps, then the banging of a door. Corinne and her companion had departed.

Sheila raised the trapdoor, only to discover that Karl Olsen had removed the ladder. She was trapped up here! As she stood there, wondering what to do, she heard new voices, and hurriedly Sheila reclosed the trapdoor as two men entered. It was Sweeney and Tucker, the two broker's men.

"Well, here we are again!" growled Tucker. "It's like an ice-box in here. Let's get a good fire going and make ourselves comfortable."

"Swell idea," agreed Sweeney. "I could do with some shut-eye. But, I say, I wonder why that chap Olsen paid us to keep our eyes open and to see that no one snoops about in here?"

Sheila listened intently, but all further conversation was drowned in the noise the men made as they put logs on the fire and drew up armchairs. Soon they were sitting by the fire, obviously preparing for a snooze.

Sheila racked her brains desperately. If the broker's men were in Olsen's pay, then it would be unwise to let them know that she was up here; but how was she to escape from the loft without them discovering her presence?

"There's only one thing for it," she told herself. "I've got to make a rope and shin down it when they're asleep."

Seizing one of the ragged old blankets, she managed after a tussle to tear it into strips. Then she knotted the strips together until she had made herself a long, strong rope. She tied one end to one of the rafters, but it was

some time before she dared carry out her plan. It seemed ages before the men below fell asleep, but at last she heard them snoring; so, raising the trapdoor, she flung down the free end of the rope.

"Here goes!" she murmured, and, clambering through the opening, she got a good grip on the rope and slowly began to lower herself.

Her heart was in her mouth as she dropped with a thud to the floor, then tiptoed to the door, but the brother's men did not awaken. A few moments later she was safely outside. It was bitterly cold, and already the moon was peeping through the clouds.

"Now to get home and get my costume and skates!" Sheila murmured, as she hurried round to the shed at the back of the clubhouse, where she had left her skis. "I've got to get to the rink and keep that appointment with the photographers. My, but won't daddy be surprised when he learns that I'm going to be paid for having my photo taken! Twenty dollars a pose, too! Thank goodness I learnt in time of Corinne's trick to cheat me of the chance!"

She fumbled for the door-latch of the shed, and then gave a gasp of alarm, for from the shadows had darted a menacing figure, and a gloved hand gripped her by the shoulder.

"Don't scream or make a sound!" ordered a menacing voice. "I saw you sneak round here. I want a talk with you—and I mean to have the truth!"

### OUTWITTING OLSEN



SHEILA, almost startled out of her wits, found herself looking up into the face of Karl Olsen, the rascally skating coach whom she knew now to be Corinne's uncle.

Clapping one hand over her mouth, Olsen forced her forward with the other. As she struggled vainly, Sheila felt an icy chill running down her spine. Where was her captor taking her, and what was his motive in acting like this?

"I've got a sleigh waiting by the lake," Olsen hissed. "You'll travel with me to a place where we can talk without fear of interruption."

Desperately Sheila continued to struggle, and at last she managed to pull her mouth away from that smothering hand.

"Let me go!" she panted. "I know all about you. You're a spy, and a cheat! You're really Corinne's uncle. Let me go! You can't scare me!"

He glared, tore the scarf from his neck, and whipped it round her face, holding it tightly. "You'll need all your breath now!" he hissed.

"What I want to know from you chiefly is where Red Eagle has got to and what he is doing. You'd best come quietly."

Sheila bit her lip, then nodded. "I'll be quiet," she said, as if humbled and afraid.

Olsen released the scarf a trifle, then nodded ahead. The sleigh was waiting, backed against a row of trees off the lake trail. He helped her up into it; then, still holding her firmly with one hand, he turned the horse, so that it faced in the opposite direction from Juniper Bend. Sheila realised that she was to be taken away somewhere, which would prevent her ever reaching the ice rink in time to pose for the publicity photographs.

She started to cough as the sleigh started slowly and bent forward. Olsen released his hold on her, and swiftly she acted. Seizing the sleigh rug off their knees, she threw it over his head and shoulders. He gave a wild yell, and, as he struggled to tear off the enveloping rug, she leapt off the sleigh and started to run for her life, making for the nearby woods. But it was not long before Olsen had stopped the sleigh, jumped out, and taken up the pursuit. Sheila gasped in alarm

as she heard his furious shouts, as she heard him pounding nearer and nearer.

Then suddenly he pulled up with a startled cry. Sheila also pulled up in alarm, for from near by there had come the long, blood-curdling howl of a wolf. From where Olsen had left his sleigh there came a frightened whinny, and the horse went plunging off on its own as the wolf howled again.

Olsen gave one vindictive look in the direction Sheila had taken, then whirled and went rushing after the runaway animal.

Sheila seized the opportunity to put further distance between herself and her enemy, heading in the direction of the Lodge. But suddenly she became conscious of footsteps hurrying on her trail. She halted, looked round, and caught a low hail. Next moment a familiar figure loomed into sight.

"Red Eagle!" she called joyously. "You!" Red Eagle, bearing a bow over his shoulders, came up, still limping a bit.

"I hope the wolf howl did not scare you," he said.

Sheila regarded him in surprise. "It was you who made that cry!" she gasped.

He smiled. "Yes, it was the easiest way of frightening away that scoundrel. But are you all right, Sheila? That villain did not hurt you?"

"No," she said. "He only wanted me to go away somewhere and be questioned about you. Oh, Red Eagle, I've been so worried and upset about you. Why did you go away?"

The tall young Redskin shrugged his shoulders.

"Red Eagle left as he had work to do—urgent work. It is done now. In the loft there was a broken skylight, boarded up with wood instead of glass. I opened it, got out on the roof, and dropped down to the ground. Then I made a journey to a friend's to use the telephone."

His hand pressed hers. "You must trust me, as always," he continued. "This is the most important but most dangerous time of all. Now, you must tell Red Eagle all that is on your mind."

She told him hurriedly, glancing at her watch.

Red Eagle was excited at what she had to report.

"I knew it!" he cried. "Red Eagle was right. Our enemies have two totems and a copy of your mascot, but they cannot yet read them right. But what we seek is in Chinook itself somewhere. But this is bad medicine about your appointment with the photographers. Corinne Lefevre plans to cheat you."

Sheila nodded bitterly. "I've simply got to get there in time, Red Eagle!"

Red Eagle gave her shoulder a reassuring pat.

"Don't worry," he said. "I have my ice-boat hidden down at the lake-edge. On it I can get you quicker to Juniper than any other way. Now hurry, get what you require from home, and Red Eagle shall be waiting. He will tell you where."

He gave a rendezvous, and Sheila hastened on up towards the Lodge. She entered the kitchen and found Jerry alone, reading by the fire.

"Where you been, sis?" demanded her young brother. "Is Red Eagle in trouble again?"

"Hssh! No!" said Sheila, shaking her head. "It's me. I've got to run away almost at once. I'm going posing for an agency at the skating rink. Don't tell daddy till I've gone. I need my ballet costume and skates. And—oh, to save time, perhaps you'd take me down to the lake on your toboggan!"

Jerry's eyes gleamed.

"O.K.," he said, jumping to his feet. Sheila got her ballet costume and her skating boots, then she slipped out through

the back door again, where the toboggan was waiting.

As Jerry hauled it off, to gain the trail for the run down, Sheila clutched his arm.

"What did daddy say when he came home? Was he upset?" she asked.

Jerry nodded.

"Pretty bad. He's going to sell the clubhouse and the ground round it to square the debt. He says there's no other way. Norman Wayne, that cousin who's got a share in the will, doesn't seem to be bothering much about things, so he'll probably consent if daddy allows him a half-value out of what the rest of the place fetches."

Sheila went white. Then the Bluebirds were to lose the clubhouse!

But supposing she were paid a hundred and twenty dollars for her poses? That might save things off, with what the Bluebirds had raised and other little sacrifices.

"Hurry, Jerry!" she cried, as he pushed off. "I need all my time!"

Swoosh!

Off shot the toboggan, bumping and bouncing down the trail. As she clung to it Sheila was wondering if Red Eagle could get her to the rink in time. Now, more than ever, she needed the money offered for the photographic poses.

### A SURPRISE FOR CORINNE



The toboggan made the trip in record time, and at last came to rest on the lakeside trail. There Sheila bade her brother good-bye and sped off towards the place where she had arranged to meet Red Eagle, carrying her costume and her skating boots. Her Redskin friend was waiting for her, and breathlessly Sheila clambered aboard the ice-yacht.

"Do you think we'll manage it?" she asked anxiously.

"Easily," he said. "You shall be there well on time."

As he spoke he pushed off. The sail filled out, and a moment later they were flashing over the ice at tremendous speed.

Sheila thrilled. What a joy it would be to outwit Corinne by arriving on time! And how surprised and delighted her father would be if she took home a hundred and twenty dollars!

The small ice-boat careered on, faster, and still faster. Sheila clung on, a little terrified sometimes, but secretly admiring the skill with which Red Eagle handled the craft.

At last they swung in towards the lighted settlement, whose windows had winked at them and formed a guide.

The ice-boat slowed down, the sail flopped as Red Eagle released it, and then they were skidding in to the bank.

"You will not have far to go now," said the young Redskin softly. "The best of luck! And if Red Eagle knows anything, you need have no fear of to-morrow. Chinook will remain in your father's hands."

She looked at him quickly.

"What do you mean, Red Eagle?"

He gave a little laugh.

"Remember what I once told you," he said. "The wise owl listens, but does not speak much. All will be well. Red Eagle has spoken."

He raised his hand in salute. Sheila, a little breathless with excitement, murmured her thanks, then hurried off in the direction of the ice rink.

This, of course, she remembered, was the one night in the week it was not open for skating or hockey. That was probably why it had been selected by the picture agency.

She hurried so fast that she suddenly

bumped accidentally into a man in a long black coat, with a fur collar, who came round a corner. He wore a short black beard and dark spectacles, and the collision caused him to lose the latter, for they slid right off his long nose, and it was only Sheila's quickness which enabled her to pick them up before their owner stamped on them.

"Thanks!" growled the man, accepting them. "You ought to be more careful where you're going, you know! That is the ice rink ahead, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Sheila. "I'm so sorry I bumped into you. But there's no hockey or skating to-night. Nothing for the general public."

"That's too bad," said the stranger. "Well, anyhow, I will have a look at the place. There's little enough to see in Juniper Bend. Can't even find a decent room in an hotel or privately. Everything's booked, they tell me, for this ice carnival."

Sheila nodded.

"Yes, it's going to be Juniper Bend's big week," she declared. "Lee Farrell, a big man from Hollywood, is coming down to see it. They say he's out to find new talent for a big skating film. It's made everybody keen and excited."

"You're telling me!" growled the bearded man. "I'm sick of hearing about this guy Lee Farrell! I wonder what makes folks think that a tin-pot place like this can really interest him, or that he'll find what he wants here!"

Sheila flushed at the stranger's abrupt, almost rude manner.

"There's no better winter sports centre in the whole of Canada!" she retorted proudly. "We've lovely scenery, good winter sports weather, a splendid lake, bob runs, ski slopes, and all anybody wants. And the girls and boys here are really keen. And some of them can skate!"

She tossed her head at him.

"And some of the girls are really pretty, too," she finished. "Not like some of those made-up Hollywood stars, either. They're natural, and healthy looking and—sensible!"

The stranger chuckled. The light of a lamp at the entrance to the rink was shining directly on Sheila's vivid, protesting face.

"Well, well!" he said, with a laugh. "You certainly stick up for the home town. But prettiness is not what counts at Hollywood, they tell me. You've got to be photogenic."

"Photogenic?" repeated Sheila slowly.

"Yes, it's a big word that means the camera reproduces you well. In other words, you breathe your personality on the screen, just don't look like the girls on candy-boxes or cosmetic ads. You look really alive."

Sheila started. Here she was wasting her time with a stranger when every moment counted!

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## THEIR HELPER IN THE SCARLET CLOAK

By

ENID BOYTEN

This enthralling story of school life and mystery will appear complete in next Friday's  
**GIRLS' CRYSTAL**

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"I must go now," she said. "I take the private door. The one you should go to is the main entrance. Good-night!"

"Good-night!" the bearded man called after her, peering through his dark glasses.

Sheila gained the private door, entered, and almost immediately saw one of the attendants, who recognised her at once.

"Ah, Miss Mayne! You've come for the poses. We've been expecting you and Miss Lefevre. Just go to your usual dressing-room. The cameramen are on the ice already, waiting for you."

"Thanks!" said Sheila, and hurried off, delighted to know that she had arrived well on time.

In her dressing-room she changed into her simple but well-cut costume, and carefully arranged her hair.

Very carefully she put on her skating boots and walked out into the rink. The cameramen, two of them with one assistant, had already set up their cameras, and powerful lights had been focused on one patch of ice at the end of the rink.

There was no sign of Corinne yet, and Sheila felt secretly pleased. Screwing on her skates, she advanced towards them.

"You're Miss Mayne," said the assistant, moving towards her in his golooses. "I recognised you from the ice-ballet photographs. Your friend has not arrived yet, so we will start with you."

He led her towards the cameras, and there the three men explained what was wanted of her.

"We want something lively, graceful, and natural for posters, souvenirs, and other publicity work for the carnival," said the man in charge. "First of all, you'll go right round the rink, then come at speed towards Camera No. 1."

He indicated it, and Sheila speeded round the rink. As she had been instructed, she took a sharp turn a few yards from the camera and passed it, which brought her close to the rail round the seating accommodation.

A solitary figure sat there, who now raised a hand and waved it at her, and shouted a "Bravo!"

Sheila flushed, recognising the bespectacled and bearded stranger.

But she forgot all about him in the intricacies of her next tasks. The cameramen were thorough, and, though Sheila did not quite understand all their technical language, she realised what they were after.

She went from pose to pose, then was asked to figure with the spotlight on. Out to do her best, Sheila lost herself in the swing and rhythm of skating.

Her graceful young figure lent itself easily to everything she did. As she spun round on her last turn, one leg stretched out behind her, the cameramen took several more photographs.

"Splendid!" said the boss. "That last pose was just the thing for a poster, Miss Mayne. Here's your fee—a hundred and twenty dollars. If we copyright them you'll get an additional sum later on."

Sheila, flushed with delight, took the money, and thanked them. Then, just as she was leaving the rink, she saw Corinne appear in a brand-new outfit, take the ice, then stare at her and stop, on her face a baffled look of surprise and amazement.

"Hallo!" said Sheila gaily, as she flashed past. "I was here early, Corinne. Must hurry home now."

Corinne Lefevre gasped and stood speechless. The look on her face, the chagrin, disappointment, and baffled fury that showed for a moment made Sheila thrill with triumph.

She had foiled her enemy. Now the sooner she got home the better. But, outside, she remembered Toddles, and went first to Dr.

Luke's nursing-home. The nurse told her he would be able to go home in a few days now. Sheila hugged him, and then dashed off.

On the way home she thrilled at the prospect of pouring her little bundle of dollar notes into her father's lap. She had hired a pair of skis at the rink, and, stacking them outside the door, she entered the house and ran straight for the studio.

Her father jumped away from his easel when she appeared and thrust out the bundle of dollar bills.

"Look, daddy!" she gasped. "I got this for posing. We don't have to sell out the old shack now. We can manage—this'll help us scrape through."

She panted out her story. He stared, then hugged her.

"Sheila, you've been a treasure, a brick!" he said fondly. "But you're just a little too late. I've had a trunk call from my agents. I've sold out—everything! We're due to clear out at the end of the month!"

She stared at him, wide-eyed, horrified.

"Sold out!" she gasped. "Who to?"

"Norman Wayne," said her father. "The cousin we've never seen. He wired my agents. He's taking over the Lodge, the clubhouse, everything!"

Another thrilling instalment of this fine serial will appear in next Friday's **GIRLS' CRYSTAL**.

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## THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED GIRL

(Continued from page 308.)

on the other hand, argued that a boy who could be so brave and chivalrous as Jack had shown himself to be couldn't possibly be a thief and a plotter.

Feeling disturbed and bewildered, she walked off the bridge. Somehow she had no desire to continue her detective mission. She would visit Black Glen another day, she told herself. She gained the bank, then stopped, her attention attracted by something bright and gay that lay there.

It was a woolly scarf—the scarf which Jack had insisted on her wearing only that morning. Before attempting his hazardous jump from stepping-stone to stepping-stone he had pulled it off and thrown it down. Now, forgotten, it lay there, reminding her of the mystery boy's thoughtfulness.

Stooping, she picked it up, and then she gave a gasp, for something else lay there in the mud. A letter! It must have been jerked from Jack's pocket when he had pulled off the scarf, and the name on it seemed to rise up and hit her between the eyes.

### "MISS EVA BARING."

Here was proof positive of Jack's connection with the girl whose rascally brother, June was convinced, was the Green Rajah!

What of Jack's earnest plea now? How could she square his recent protestations with this startling discovery?

Picking up the letter, she regarded it hesitatingly. She was loath to pry into Jack's correspondence. After all he had done for her, somehow, it seemed treacherous. And yet the contents of this letter might solve all her doubts—might tell her the truth about the Green Rajah!

"I've got to read it," she whispered, and, with fingers that quivered, she pulled out the folded piece of paper it contained.

Make sure you don't miss a word of next Friday's splendid chapters of this thrilling serial.

# The Merry-makers at College



## NOT SUCH FUN

"MONSIEUR BRIGGS will next address us in French," laughed Sally Warner, popping a rakish French topper on Johnny's head.

"Merci beaucoup et bon soir, la, la!" Johnny Briggs gabbed, giving what he thought were delicate French gesticulations of the hands.

"Senor Briggs will now oblige in Spanish," chortled Sally, deftly exchanging Johnny's topper for a sombrero.

"La Rosita—bambino—toreador—matador—Barcelona," rattled off Johnny, and neatly dodged a shower of hot chestnuts aimed by Don Weston.

"No bouquets yet, please!" begged Sally, diving into the college prop basket for another change of headgear.

The time was evening in Roxburgh Co-ed College—the scene was J House community-room. All had been a hive of industry until Don Weston sailed in gleefully with a sack of chestnuts. Then books had been thrown on one side.

Fay Manners and Bunty Shane had made a swoop for the chestnuts and the roaring fire. Twenty of their housemates had joined in the scrimmage.

Sally hadn't time to get a look in, being marooned on the stage at the other end of the room sorting out a basketful of theatrical props.

Johnny had been busier than anyone else, studying for the big languages exam with a seriousness that no longer fitted the atmosphere. So Sally had taken him up on to the platform to be her willing stooge in a bit of fun.

"Herr Briggs will now perform in German," she cried, planking a feathered trilby three sizes too small on Johnny's head.

"Ja, ja, donner und blitzen und hamburger und sauerkraut," jabbered Johnny—and was interrupted by a thin peal of mocking laughter from a girl who had just stepped in.

It was Sadie Flynn. Her laugh had an edge on it. Her doll-like face was twisted into a provoking look of mock-pity as she gazed at Johnny.

"Honest, Johnny Briggs, you're much funnier than you think you are," she pealed. "D'you

By DAPHNE GRAYSON

mean to tell me you're really thinking of going in for the languages exam?"

The fun in Johnny's eyes changed to a glint. "Is that Sadie Flynn down there, Sally?" he asked. "I thought she was putting flowers on old Gritty's desk."

A roar of laughter went up from J House. Everyone knew how Sadie was toadying to Mr. Grittal, the new professor in charge of the House. Everyone had seen her fussing round him, handing him his books and papers when he came into lecture hall, even winning for herself a beaming smile from his hard, overbearing countenance.

"I've been translating some Greek for Mr. Grittal, if you want to know—he's coaching me specially for the exam," retorted Sadie. "All you're thinking of, Johnny Briggs, is the cash prize."

"Sure! I can do with that hundred dollars!" nodded Johnny.

It was a handsome sum—a hundred dollars—awarded each year by the college governors to the winner of the languages exam Johnny was certainly working hard for it. And, as Sally & Co. well knew, he was slyly confident of winning it.

"Funny thing," said Sadie, "I dreamt I saw the results last night, Johnny Briggs, and your name was top of the lot."

"An omen, obviously," smiled Johnny. "But it turned out I was holding the list upside down," went on Sadie, "and really your name was bottom."

That was too much for Johnny. He heard the laugh go against him, and he came striding indignantly down from the platform, still wearing the absurd little trilby.

"Look here, Sadie," he began heavily, "you may think you're very clever and very funny, but I can assure you I've put in as much work over this exam as you have. Perhaps more. In fact—"

A dry cough at the door made Johnny break off. Sally swung round, and she saw Mr. Grittal stride in sardonically. She guessed that Sadie had expected him, and had deliberately provoked this little scene.

"Really, Briggs, your boasting is preposterous!" he snapped, his expression cutting. "I

could not believe my ears when I walked into this room. You are not only a clown—"

Too late Johnny remembered his comic trilby. In crimson mortification he whipped it off.

"You are also an incorrigible slacker!" accused Mr. Grittall. "No doubt the languages examination appeals to you on account of the money prize offered. But you have never given five minutes' serious study to languages or to anything else."

"Oh, sir, that isn't fair!" cried Sally, echoed vigorously by Don and a dozen others.

Mr. Grittall raised his hand for silence. He had only come to J House a week ago. He hadn't yet learnt that Johnny, despite his little boasts and his fun, was one of the keenest language students in the house, and that he had put in many hours of study for the forthcoming examination.

"Well, I am taking the language class myself on Thursday, Briggs," he said icily, "and I will set you a test paper."

"Thank you, sir!" And Johnny steadily accepted the challenge.

"You will have two whole days in which to devote your great mind to it," went on Mr. Grittall with ponderous sarcasm, "and on Thursday we shall see the result. I hope you will not regard it as too easy a test for your immense ability, Briggs. I shall set the same paper to Miss Flynn—excellent student that she is—and the other entrants!"

"I'll be glad to do it, sir," said Johnny, breathing hard.

Sadie's taunting smirk incensed him more than Mr. Grittall's sarcasm. She changed it quickly to a fawning smile now, for Mr. Grittall was handing her the translations she had done for him.

"This work of yours is excellent, Miss Flynn; you will see my comment upon it," he said. "Now, if you will please come to my study, I will furnish some work for Briggs."

Sadie followed him out demurely, taking care to leave her translation where Johnny could see it. Attached to it was a sheet of paper across which Mr. Grittall had written in his pompous way:

"This meets with my approval.—H. H. G."

"He'll meet with an accident one of these days!" blazed Johnny. "Calling me a slacker! Holding me up as a clown in front of Sadie Flynn, and making her snigger at me! I'll—"

"You'll get the laugh of them both on Thursday, Johnny," consoled Sally.

"Grittall threw out the challenge, and it'll be a walk-over for you, old lad. Have some chestnuts," said Don.

A shower of hot chestnuts helped to restore Johnny's good humour, but he was restless. While he munched he doodled with his pencil.

"If anyone beats you in the exam, Johnny, it won't be Sadie Flynn, anyhow," declared Pat Waters, who slept in the same chalet as Sadie. "She doesn't do half the swotting you do, even if she pretends—Ow!" Pat dissolved into a yell of laughter. "Look, everybody! Look who Johnny's drawn!"

Sally led the rush to see Johnny's handiwork.

It was Sadie's face to the very life that Johnny had drawn—Sadie Flynn smiling smugly from ear to ear—and he had drawn it boldly across the paper that bore Mr. Grittall's pompous comment.

"It's like her, isn't it?" he grinned.

"It's a wow!" yelled J House.

"Hide it quick—here she comes," gurgled Sally, and slipped the drawing under the tablecloth.

Sadie came smugly back into the room. If she noticed the mirth and suspected that it might be against herself, it didn't shake her complacency. She was carrying a sheaf of papers.

"These are the test papers for Thursday,"

she announced, distributing them gleefully amongst the exam entrants. "Here's yours, Johnny Briggs."

"Have you got your own?" Johnny asked her grimly, as he seized the paper.

"Yes, thank you!" And Sadie's long eyelashes fluttered. "And I shan't need your help with it either."

"No—not while you can get it from old Grittall," said Johnny.

For the next two days he worked like a Trojan on that test paper. Sally & Co. helped him by taking every other task they could off his hands. They were determined he should pass the test with flying colours. Mr. Grittall had called him a slacker, and Mr. Grittall should eat that word.

Thursday morning came, and all the papers were collected.

Sally & Co. were not taking part in the languages exam, but they turned up for the class just the same. They sat happily beside Johnny, who was looking pleased with himself. He knew he had mastered every word of that very difficult paper.

"So far the only worthy result is from Miss Sadie Flynn," Mr. Grittall was saying, and he reached for the next paper. "Ah! Pay attention, everybody!" And a cutting edge came into his voice. "Now we have the work of a declared expert. Briggs!"

"Here, sir!" And Johnny walked confidently out to the rostrum.

"You seem very well satisfied with your effort, Briggs!" observed Mr. Grittall, waving the folded paper at him.

"Well, I don't think it's too bad, sir."

"I'm glad to hear it!" And Mr. Grittall smiled acridly. "I hope I shall be equally satisfied!"

With heavy humour he made a great show of putting on his spectacles, then ponderously he unfolded the paper.

Next second he almost exploded with rage.

"Briggs!" he thundered. "How dare you, Briggs!"

It was no test paper he was brandishing furiously in his hand. It was the drawing of Sadie Flynn with her preposterous, smirking smile, and below it was the inscription written and initialled by Mr. Grittall himself:

"This meets with my approval.—H. H. G."

Johnny saw it and clutched feebly at the desk in horror. The class saw it and let out a convulsive roar of laughter.

"Pipe down" hissed Sally, but she knew she was too late.

Mr. Grittall was a just man according to his own lights. To charge him with favouring one of his students, favouring Sadie Flynn, and then to ridicule him for it, was more than he would ever forgive.

"Did you perpetrate this, Briggs?" he asked, his face livid.

"I—I drew it, yes, sir, but—someone else has swopped it over for my t-test paper—"

"That is enough, I will have no more of your foolery!" Mr. Grittall cut in harshly. "You have wasted your time like the born slacker you are, Briggs, but you shall not waste the examiners' time. I refuse, finally and absolutely, to enter your name for the languages examination!"

## THE LOST CHANCE



SOMEHOW, Sally helped Johnny to control his feelings during that terrible morning session.

As soon as it ended, he hurried out with the others, and then determinedly he took up his position outside the door.

"You come with me and we'll think of something, Johnny."

Sally tried to coax him. "It's no use waiting for old Grittall and trying to argue it out with him—"



"I'm not waiting for Gritty!" hissed Johnny. "I'm waiting for Sadie Flynn. She collected the papers this morning. She's the one who worked this on me!"

"I dare say she did," agreed Sally, who hadn't the slightest doubt it was Sadie. "But you'll never be able to prove it."

"I'm going to make her admit it," insisted Johnny. "Just wait till—"

And at that moment the door opened and Sadie came out—with Mr. Grittal. She was talking to him earnestly about French verbs. One shocked look she gave Johnny. Then, still lisping questions, she passed down the passage towards Mr. Grittal's study.

"Well, can you beat that?" howled Johnny. "She's beaten me this time. But just let her wait! Does she think I'm going to be struck out of the exam after all the swotting I've done? My uncle will have a blue fit if he hears about this."

"Keep your wool on, Johnny—I've thought of something," Sally whispered in his ear, and mysteriously she hurried out across the campus.

She was determined to get Johnny reinstated in the exam somehow. Whether he won the hundred dollar prize or not was of least importance. But he'd got to have his chance. He'd got to win honours in languages. His uncle demanded it, and his future depended on it.

A sure instinct led Sally straight now to the community-room. Where had she hidden that drawing the other evening? Under the tablecloth. If Sadie had found it there, where would Sadie have hidden Johnny's test-paper? Why not in the same place? It would be such a simple, mocking change to make—and who was to prove it against her?

Sally lifted the tablecloth—and there it was! Johnny's test-paper!

She seized it delightedly, grabbed a trowel from the gardening-chest, and sallied off to the dean's garden. She had been digging up imaginary weeds for about five minutes when the dean saw her from his window. Out he came in high good humour. He thanked Sally for her thoughtfulness, and very soon she turned the subject round to Johnny Briggs and his interest in languages.

"Yes, if young Briggs has any special talent," agreed the dean, "it is in languages."

"I was looking at this paper he did for lessons this morning, sir," sighed Sally, producing Johnny's test-paper. "I do think it's marvellous. I wish I could do as well."

The dean went carefully through Johnny's paper.

"Very good!" he kept saying. "Yes, very good indeed. I'm surprised. Briggs has put some hard work into this."

"He's been working up till ten o'clock the last two nights, sir," Sally said earnestly. "He'd set his heart on the big exam, and I thought he had a jolly good chance of winning it."

"Oh, yes, Briggs should do very well," agreed the dean.

"That's what I thought, but—well, I didn't mean to tell you, sir," sighed Sally, averting her eyes, "but there's been a little misunderstanding, and I don't think Johnny will sit for the exam now."

"But he must! I insist on it!" the dean exclaimed. "I can't have one of my best students dropping out of the exam. What is the matter with Briggs? Is he offended, piqued about something?"

"There was a little misunderstanding, sir," Sally said carefully—"with Mr. Grittal. He doesn't know Johnny Briggs as we do. And they had a bit of a disagreement this morning. And Mr. Grittal said he wouldn't enter Johnny's name—"

"Tut, tut! Briggs mustn't take offence so stupidly. Mr. Grittal didn't mean it," put in the dean earnestly. "Please, Miss Warner, go and tell Briggs to forget all about it. I will

speak to Mr. Grittal. We both want to see Briggs not only entering the examination, but passing it."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" And Sally scuttled off in secret glee to tell Johnny.

She found him at last in the college cafeteria, where he had succeeded finally in tracking down Sadie Flynn. Sadie was sitting up at the counter eating chocolate ice fudge and enjoying it. Johnny, red in the face, was storming accusations at her which she appeared not to hear. And motherly Mrs. Barwell, leaning over the soda fountain, was trying earnestly to pacify him.

"Come, come, Mr. Johnny, no one would play you an unkind trick, and I'm sure Miss Sadie wouldn't."

"As if I could!" shuddered Sadie.

"You don't deceive me!" Johnny stormed.

"So don't bother to waste your charm!"

Sally hadn't time to reach them, for at that moment a heavy figure strode into the cafeteria. It was Mr. Grittal. What the dean had said to him Sally could only imagine. But the look he gave both herself and Johnny would have frozen the Mississippi.

"Briggs," he said in smothered tones, "against my wishes it has been decided that you shall enter after all for the I-languages examination!"

"Yes, sir!" Johnny let out a wild whoop. "Who fixed—"

But Johnny's suddenly beaming face was more than Mr. Grittal could endure. He turned with a quiver to Sadie Flynn, thrusting a paper into her hand.

"There is the amended list, Miss Flynn. Kindly put it up on the notice-board." And in strangled wrath he made for the door. "Mind you are not late for art classes this afternoon, Briggs—or you, Miss Warner!"

Sadie's face was a study as she gaped at the paper he had given her. Johnny's name was there again in the entrants' list, written in Mr. Grittal's own handwriting.

"I—I can't make it out," she stammered.

"Can't you, Sadie—then you won't be much good at languages," Sally said brightly. "Look, B-R-I-G-G-S, Briggs!"

"Y-yes, b-but—" And strangely inarticulate for once, Sadie slid down from her stool and departed to put the list up in hall.

Johnny whirled Sally in a dance all round the cafeteria when he learnt what had happened.

"Six ice-cream fudges for Sally, Mrs. Barwell—make it seven!" he yelled.

"No time, Johnny. I want to go and make myself beautiful. The dean's coming along to old Gritty's art class to-day," laughed Sally.

It was an hour later, after lunch, when Mr. Grittal came out of the dean's quarters and called his House to assemble. He looked composed now, and important. The dean was with him.

"Line up in an orderly manner," he said, as chattering groups came tumbling out of the chalets, the cafeteria, and even swinging down from the trees which fringed the campus.

"Silence, please! Young ladies—Miss Warner—stop talking! The dean and I will lead, and we will proceed to the art-room in a dignified order. Miss Flynn, have you brought the drawing instruments I asked for?"

"Yes, Mr. Grittal, I have everything here," simpered Sadie, who was carrying his instruments for him in a beautiful moroccan case bearing his initials.

"Thank you, Miss Flynn!" And Mr. Grittal bowed to her graciously. "Now we will proceed with due decorum."

With due decorum—solemnly exaggerated by everybody—J House set off in procession to the art-room, a separate building from the college, situated at the far end of the campus. Sally and Fay and Johnny and Don walked together, all imitating Mr. Grittal's pompous gait.

As Mr. Grittal stopped before the door of

the art-room, his voice came clearly back to the chums.

"I think you will agree with me, sir, when you see the results," he said confidently. "I can always tell a pupil who is really interested in languages." He turned the key in the lock and flung open the door. Then he lurched back.

A cry of horror came from the dean.

"What is this—this outrage?"

Sally and her chums pulled up petrified in the doorway, the whole House gaping aghast behind them.

A painted, dressed-up effigy of Mr. Grittal stood in the centre of the art-room. It was a life-size marble statue—a valuable model. But it had been dressed now in a tattered old professor's gown and battered mortar-board. Its face was painted in a cruel but unmistakable caricature of Mr. Grittal, the eyes puckered as if weeping. Painted tears were streaming down the cheeks. In one hand it held a torn handkerchief. In the other hand it held the amended examination list, with the name savagely rewritten by Mr. Grittal where it had been crossed out: "J BRIGGS."

A kind of gasping laugh burst involuntarily from J House—then a dreadful silence as Mr. Grittal raised his hand, pointing in trembling accusation at Johnny.

"Briggs! So this is your doing—your threat to pay me out!" And he turned quivering to the dean. "You would have spared me this humiliation, sir, if you had upheld my decision to strike Briggs out of the examination."

"I——" Johnny had been stunned; now he burst out wildly: "I didn't do it, sir. You're not accusing me——"

He broke off, staggered, as the dean reached white-faced for the paint-boxes on the bench, opening the one marked J. Briggs. The brushes were newly wet with paint.

"Are these your brushes, Briggs?" he asked with dangerous quiet.

"Yes, sir, b-but——"

"Have you seen that amended list before?" And the dean indicated relentlessly the paper in the hand of the statue.

"Briggs was present when I handed it to Miss Flynn!" rasped Mr. Grittal.

"Why, so he was!" Sadie Flynn said as if just recollecting. "I pinned it up on the notice-board in hall, Mr. Grittal, but I didn't dream that anyone had taken it down."

Sally gazed at her in flashing suspicion, but somehow she bit back the hot words on her lips, knowing that it would be madness to accuse Sadie Flynn. Sadie was the last girl in the house whom Mr. Grittal would believe guilty.

"The art class is cancelled; the room will be locked up until further orders," the dean said in a trembling voice. "You, Briggs, will take no part in the languages examination or any other studies. You are suspended until I have decided how to deal with you!"

### THE GIVE-AWAY



ONLY one face was missing from J House as they swarmed into lecture hall next morning, and that face was Johnny's.

They were greeted with great hilarity by their assembled rivals of K House, who had heard with glee all about the effigy of Mr. Grittal, and were still chortling about it now before Mr. Grittal arrived.

"Where's Briggs?" asked Nat Piggot mirthfully. "Doing any more works of art?"

Sally and Don nudged each other, as if this were the signal for some secret plan, and Sally walked straight across to Nat Piggot and faced him challengingly.

"Who said Johnny Briggs did it? Johnny had nothing to do with it!" she said in ring-

ing tones. "What's more, he's on a clue, and he's going to prove who did do it."

"How's that, Sally?" came an eager buzz of voices from both Houses.

"Well, I'll tell you," Sally said carefully, pretending to watch Nat Piggot. "The real japer, whoever it was, put a torn handkerchief in the guy's hand. Johnny's found the other part of that hanky—and there's a bit of an initial on it. Now all he's got to do is to grab that hanky from the guy, match the two parts together, and he'll know who the culprit is by the initials."

"Yes, but he can't get at the guy, Sally. The art-room's locked up," came an excited chorus from J House.

"Oh, yes, he can!" Sally confided breathlessly. "Johnny's going to wait till one o'clock, when the coast is clear and everybody's at lunch. Then he's going to nip along to the art-room and climb in through the back window. He'll get that hanky as sure as——"

She broke off just in the nick of time. A heavy set sounded at the door, and Mr. Grittal entered in a perfect hush.

"The silence is so suspicious, young ladies and gentlemen," he said dryly, "that you have even forgotten to wish me good-morning!"

"Good-morning, sir!" thundered both Houses.

"Thank you, I am not deaf." And then Mr. Grittal's face relaxed into a solitary smile for Sadie. "Miss Flynn, I thought you promised to sharpen my pencils for me?"

"Oh! Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Grittal!" said Sadie, unusually flustered, and hurried across to his desk.

Mr. Grittal beamed at her, a glance which assured her she could do no wrong, then he proceeded to address the class on botany.

It was one of Sally's favourite subjects, but this morning her mind was inclined to stray. The only plant she was thinking of was the plant against Johnny. Unless his innocence were proved and the real culprit nailed, the consequences to him would be serious. His uncle was a hot-tempered man, and would be unforgiving if for any reason Johnny failed to take part in the languages exam.

Half-way through the morning, pleading thirst, Sally slipped out of lecture hall. She found Johnny mooching restlessly about the grounds.

"Everything's going to be all right, Johnny, I'm sure it is," she comforted him, adding in a mysterious whisper: "I've sown the seeds."

"It's the waiting that beats me, Sally," he groaned.

"Won't be long now," breathed Sally. "Nothing's going to beat you, Johnny, if only this stunt comes off."

After a few more words to him, back she went to lecture hall, and under cover of the desk she wrote a note for Don:

"No time to lose. Just seen Johnny. He wants us to keep cave outside art-room directly after lecture. Back window only way in. Risk must be taken. Desperately urgent to get handkerchief from statue, because no other clue can prove anything.—SALLY."

Folding the note in her hand, Sally leaned sideways in an effort to slip it across to Don.

Perhaps it was Mr. Grittal's eyes that disconcerted her, but in that very moment, while he was watching her, Sally dropped the note.

Mr. Grittal swooped upon it like a hawk. His eyes positively glittered as he read its message.

"I see!" he said in soft but remorseless excitement. "So Briggs is now going to defy the dean's orders! Breaking into the art-room! Seeking to remove a clue that would betray the guilty one utterly! Let me thank you, Miss Warner, for this timely information!"

(Please turn to the back page.)



# HER QUEST for the PIRATE'S TELESCOPE

(Continued  
from  
page 304.)

what they wanted to know about the missing will. She saw Samuel Carter suddenly rise.

"Come on," he said softly. "He's moving. We've got to see what he does. I'm pretty certain he's going to walk in his sleep—and that means he's going to the spot where the will's to be found."

His hands went up to remove his earphones. And then, in a flash, Sue came to herself. She saw that if she was to save Bob's secret, she must act at once. And there was only one way for her to act. She must prevent Bob from entering the curio-room, from unlocking that fatal cupboard.

In a flash she had turned, and, holding her breath, was speeding silently up the stairs again.

She raced past her own room, and, darting along the other corridor, found herself at the door which gave access to the darkened turret. Two and three at a time she leapt up the stone stairs that led to Bob's room, and on to the landing. At the same time she saw, to her chilled horror, that the light streamed out from Bob's bed-room. Bob had already left his room.

She skimmed on to where the passage branched into another, thus forming three separate thoroughfares. And, turning the corner, she came upon Bob as slowly, almost statuesquely, he walked down the corridor.

Behind her she heard soft footsteps ascending the stairs.

For one frantic moment she hesitated. What should she do? She had heard that the sudden awakening of sleep-walkers might be dangerous—especially to someone who was suffering from loss of memory as Bob was.

Anxiously she tiptoed after him. And then she saw in his hand the gleaming key.

"Bob!" she breathed, in an agony of apprehension.

She pressed on. Now she was near him, almost touching him. Bob did not hear, was quite unconscious of her nearness. Almost like a clockwork figure he continued to glide on, heading for the curio-room.

Suddenly Sue stretched out a hand. With her breath held, and her heart ceasing to beat, her fingers fastened upon the key. For one instant she felt the pressure of the sleep-walker's fingers tighten, but only for an instant. Then gently she had taken the key from the sleep-walker's grasp, and, leaving Bob walking on, she turned round.

Now, what should she do?

Bob, she knew, would continue to walk on to the curio-room, and if Samuel and others caught him there, it would give them their first big clue, might lead to a complete ransacking of the room, which would inevitably reveal the thing they sought. They must be turned away from there, somehow—must never guess the destination for which Bob was bound.

All in a flash that shot through Sue's mind. With her one aim only to preserve Bob's secret, she flew back into the passage which contained Bob's room. Brain working like lightning, she suddenly recalled the legend

of the turret ghost—and immediately she had an idea.

She found herself by the airing cupboard next to Bob's room. Swiftly she flung open the door and snatched out a sheet. In one moment she had feverishly shaken it out; frantically she flung it over head and shoulders. And then as the head of Samuel Carter appeared above the stairs, she wildly fluttered her hands, at the same time giving vent to a ghostly, long-drawn-out cry:

"Oo-oo-oh!"

Samuel Carter stopped, his jaw gaping for an instant.

"O—o—oh!" Sue groaned again, drawing back into the shadows.

The heads of Wild and Edwards popped up behind their leader. For an instant they stood, goggle-eyed.

"Quick! After it!" yelled Samuel Carter, recovering from his own momentary stupefaction.

And with a rush he came bounding along the corridor. Sue turned and ran.

It was still Bob who was prominent in her mind. She was the target for the time being; she had diverted their attention. Reaching the junction of the passages, she turned sharply to the left—not to the right which was the direction which Bob had taken—helter-skelter she pelted down the long corridor.

She might have succeeded in evading her pursuers had not Samuel, in passing, caught up a small glass vase that stood in a niche in the wall and hurled it.

The vase shattered into a thousand fragments in front of Sue. Involuntarily she paused, staggering a little. In a flash Samuel was upon her.

"So—Miss Frensham, eh? What's the game?"

"It—it was just a joke," Sue stammered. "Joke!" Samuel breathed hard. "It was a joke I suppose to steal this key—but thanks for that!" He snatched it from her hand. "How did you get this?"

She shut her lips.

"Where did you get it—hey?" Carter barked. "Never mind," Sue said.

"But I do mind. I mean to find out. I—" And he paused. "Wait a minute, Susan Frensham. That's your name—Susan—Sue? Yes, he mentioned Sue—so you're that Sue! That's the idea, Sue Frensham? What do you know about Bob—about my guest?"

"Here he is!" hissed Wild.

To her horror, Sue saw Samuel hastily thrust the key into his pocket as he turned—as they all turned—to face Bob Carter. He was no longer sleep-walking, but hurrying down the corridor, an alarmed expression on his face.

"I must have been trotting around in my sleep," he said apologetically. "The doctor warned me that might happen. And I seem to have lost my key. But—but what's this?"

"Do you know this girl, old man?" Samuel Carter asked.

Bob shook his head.

"No."

"But she knows you—"

"Does she?" Bob asked.

"More than that," Samuel Carter's lips compressed. "She not only knows you, but she's been and pinched your key."

"Bob, look at me!" cried Sue. "Bob, for goodness' sake try to remember. I'm Sue—Sue Frensham, your chum, and this—is this



your cousin, Samuel Carter He's your enemy, Bob—"

But her voice trailed off. There was no recognition in Bob's eyes—only a look of scorn and disbelief.

"I'm afraid I can't believe you," he said slowly. "I don't believe you now. Please give me the key."

"He's got it!" Sue panted.

She saw Samuel cast a swift look at Edwards. She saw Edwards, as if perfectly understanding, melt away. Then Samuel Carter shook his head.

"I don't pretend to know what her game is, old man. But she certainly stole that key. I saw it in her hand. But when we chased her—all dressed up like this as a ghost—she threw it through the window there. She—"

"Bob, you don't—don't believe him?" she cried wildly.

But her heart seemed to contract with horror, when Bob, with one stony look at her, turned on his heel.

It seemed that she had failed in every direction. Not only did the boy she was trying to help disown her, but he did not trust her. And, meantime, thanks to her, Samuel Carter had the key. Samuel Carter still had his cousin's trust and friendship. What was she to do?

What could she do—now?

### THE PIRATE'S TELESCOPE



IN the little room downstairs, which Bob's late uncle had used as a study, Sue stood half an hour later, facing Samuel Carter. Norton Wild, a grin on his face, lolled against the closed door. Link Edwards, a bunch of papers and letters stolen from Sue's own room, lounged on the corner of the desk.

It was those letters and papers which filled Sue with dismay; for they connected her with Bob conclusively. There were letters from him. School programmes, cuttings from the school magazine, even a rough draft of the telegram she had intended to send Bob on her arrival at Mistmoor. Together they had told Samuel Carter all that he wanted to know.

He made no effort to disguise either his emotions or his intentions.

"I can see the game pretty clearly now," he sneered. "You and Bob Carter found the key to the hiding-place. You knew it obviously fitted something in this house, but as Bob knew it was no use coming himself, he sent you here as my secretary. Very pretty, very clever. There are only two things I want to know."

She gazed at him with outward defiance. Inwardly her heart was throbbing.

"First," Samuel announced calmly, "why did Bob Carter come here, after all? Because he did, you know. Whether you believe it or not, it's perfectly true that the tree fell on him and robbed him of his memory—which was rather fortunate from our point of view. Especially," he added musingly, "when the doctor warned him that he might both talk and walk in his sleep."

"Which gave you the idea of listening in?" Sue asked scornfully.

"Exactly. You're not the only one with brains, you know. And now tell me this—what does that key fit? Because it must fit something—something in this house. What?"

"Do you think even if I knew, I'd tell you?" Sue defied him.

He studied her thoughtfully.

"No, perhaps not. But you'd better." There was a note of menace in his voice. "It might save a great deal of unpleasantness. You realise, of course, that none of your family knows you're here. Presumably, nobody knows

that my cousin is here, either." His eyes flickered dangerously. "Neither of you are leaving Mistmoor Manor until I've got what you came for. After that"—he smiled—"well, it won't matter much, will it? You can tell any story you like."

She said nothing, but she faced him steadily. "And so, my dear Sue, I propose that, until this time to-morrow, you think things over. At the other side of the estate there is an old round house, solid, sturdy, and empty. It has no windows, only small embrasures here and there. I am sorry there will be neither food nor drink available, for it's there, my dear Sue Frensham, you'll remain for the next twenty-four hours. Would you like to change your mind?" he added, as he saw her flinch.

She recoiled from the bleak, appalling prospect he outlined. But she thought of Bob—poor Bob who had deserted her, but to whom she was still loyal. She flung up her head.

"I defy you!" she quivered.

"O.K. Take her, Link!" Samuel Carter said, with a callous shrug.

Sue swung round, but with a bound Edwards was upon her. With Wild lending a hand, her struggles were quickly reduced to nothing. A rope was passed around her wrists and a scarf fastened over her mouth. Then, beneath the pale moon, with the snow stinging her features, she was hurried into the outer air.

Afterwards Sue had few recollections of that whirling journey. She knew only that she saw the dim, bulky exterior of a tower-like building confronting her; saw a great, heavy door swing open. Next moment she was propelled into darkness, to fall, gasping and choking upon her knees. She heard the door clang to, heard a heavy key scrape in the lock.

She struggled, fiercely, furiously, to free her wrists.

And at last it was accomplished. A moment later she had torn the gag from her face. Now, through the slit of moonlight which poured in through the one solitary embrasure opposite the door, she took stock of her surroundings. There was no furniture. An ancient hearth, sprinkled with snow which had fallen down the wide, old-fashioned chimney, confronted her, but there was no means of making a fire and nothing to burn. In one corner was a pile of dusty sacks. Near at hand the beginning of a spiral staircase which led to the regions above.

"Well, I'll explore," she said to herself.

On the floor above was another room very like the ground floor, except that it possessed no fireplace. The second and top floor also contained nothing but rubbish. She returned to the ground floor again, shivering in the draught that blew in through the embrasure. She tried the door—heavy oak and solid. She was a prisoner all right—a prisoner without light, without fire, with nothing either to eat or drink.

While Bob was in danger of giving away his precious secret! There was every possibility that to-night Bob would again walk in his sleep; would direct his callous captors to the spot they desired, and so lose for ever that inheritance that was rightly his. Oh, if only she could get out of here!

Dawn came, cold and chilly, with a snow-storm raging outside. She felt weary and hungry, tired, too, of running up and down the stairs to try to keep warm. She hated those sacks, but they were her one means of warmth now; and presently, making some sort of bed of them, she piled them over and around her and drifted off to sleep. She woke, freezing and hungrier than ever, to discover that her wrist-watch registered half-past twelve.

And still she was as far away from the solution of saving Bob as ever.

In the hearth the snow, falling down the chimney, had piled up heavily. She took another look towards the snow-pile, then stepped into the hearth and peered up. She

saw the scurrying heavens in a tiny square above her, felt the falling flakes upon her face. And she saw something else—something which suddenly caused her heart to pump. Up one wall of the chimney was an iron ladder, such as had been used by the chimney-boys of old.

"What luck!" she breathed. "And why didn't I think of looking before?"

But she wouldn't escape yet, she resolved, for it would be impossible to slip into the house unobserved in daylight. She'd wait for darkness.

Somehow she'd find the curio-room; she had a pretty good idea in which direction it lay through following the sleepwalking Bob last night. Then she'd break open the cupboard door. She herself would find the pirate's telescope and extract the will.

By running up and down the stairs she managed to keep herself just about warm, though she was faint with hunger when darkness fell. Then, to add to her anxiety, a bright, glaring, frosty moon that made the countryside as light as day, shone out in the sky.

"I'll have to wait until that wretched moon goes down!" Sue thought distractedly. "There's not much cover between here and the house." And impatiently she waited. "I'll risk it. I'll have to," she told herself urgently at last. "Bob will probably be going to bed now." It was half-past ten.

She scrambled up the wide chimney. Luckily, a bank of cloud was drifting over the face of the moon, momentarily blotting out its silver radiance.

Quickly Sue dropped over the lip of the squat chimney, flattening herself on the snow. One moment she perched there, wondering how she was to get down. But the decision was made for her, for beneath her the snow jerked into movement. She gave a gasp as she felt herself jerking down the roof. Then, with a rush and amid whirling flakes of snow, she found herself flying through space.

"Oh, goodness!" she gasped dismally. But there was no need for dismay. A deep snowdrift kindly received her and, breaking her fall with its softness, half-buried her.

It took her precious minutes to fight her way out. Her heart was jumping as she pictured what might even now be going on in the Manor. It took her another ten minutes to cross the snow and reach the turret, but at last she had gained entrance through a side door, obviously used by the servants. It was very dark, very chilly, but she blessed the darkness now, and the chilliness she no longer noticed after her cruel ordeal in the round house. Nothing seemed to be astray.

Lightly she vaulted up the steps—one flight, two. Now she was on Bob's floor—on the floor which contained the curio-room. She heard vague sounds somewhere; along one passage saw a gleam of light.

She paused, trying to decide in which direction Bob had been making last night. Then, as she saw the junction of the passage ahead, she knew.

Swiftly speeding in that direction, she found herself at the end of the corridor facing a great door.

There was a key in the lock. She turned it and went in. The moon was shining brightly again now through the latticed windows. And she breathed a sigh of relief as she saw spears and shields, animals' heads, weird ju-ju figures, and cases of stuffed fish. This was the curio-room right enough.

And there, near the window, stood a tall cupboard.

Sue switched on the light and stepped to the cupboard. It was locked, but, with no time for qualms or scruples, she snatched up a heavy, carved knife from the table near by, forcing the blade between the door and its frame near the lock. Fiercely she pulled, hold-

ing her breath as she strained and worked it backwards and forwards.

There was a sudden snap. The door swung open!

Sue's heart was beating in exultation as she saw shelves—rows and rows of them—filled with curios, each curio neatly labelled.

Feverishly her eyes ranged over them until, with a joyful little gasp, she read a label: "RELICS OF CAPTAIN KIDD." Among a collection of old maritime instruments—leather purses and silver pieces—lay a telescope. She drew it out.

It was in three sections, one screwed into the other.

With hands that trembled, Sue began to unscrew.

Crash! With a thud one of the lenses fell to the floor. Sue upturned the brass canister and peered in. Then she almost choked in her excitement. Yes, there was a paper rolled inside!

"The will!" she breathed.

Her trembling fingers were trying to remove it when there came a sound at the door. Suddenly she looked up, then became transfixed as she saw the figure which entered. It was Bob in his pyjamas, his hands stretched in front of him, his eyes wide. Bob—walking in, asleep!

And as Sue stared at him, wondering and yet fascinated, she heard soft feet in the corridor behind him. And she knew then that Samuel Carter and the others were following.

"Bob!" she whispered. "Bob!"

He was advancing. But at the sound of his whispered name he stopped, stiffened. She saw him jerk as if some taut string within him snapped; she saw a new light spring into his eyes as they fixed upon her in incredible bewilderment.

For a second he stared, and then, as the significance of her presence in that room smote him, he gave a gasp. He came forward.

"You! What are you doing here? What is that?"

"Bob!" she whispered. "Listen to me! This is the pirate's telescope. It—"

"You've come back—to rob Samuel! Samuel said that was what you were after!" he screamed. "Give me that!"

Quickly she whipped the telescope behind her; with her free hand she pushed him as he made to snatch it. Though only a slight push, it caught Bob off his balance. The small carpet on which he stood suddenly slipped beneath his feet and sent him backwards to the floor.

For a moment Sue stared in horror as she regarded his motionless figure.

"Oh, Bob!" she quivered. "Oh, Bob, I didn't mean it—"

There came a sound at the door. She drew back, her face suddenly white. For there stood Samuel Carter, and the look in his narrowed eyes showed plainly that he had a perfect grasp of all that was happening. With a snarl, he bounded towards her. Sue shrieked as she saw his hate-distorted face. She knew then that he would show her no pity, and in her desperation she did something she would never have dreamt of doing in ordinary circumstances. She hit Samuel Carter with the heavy telescope.

Carter gave a choking gasp and reeled away, crashing into Link Edwards, who was on his heels. The two went down together, and Sue was desperately preparing to make one mad run for it when Norton Wild snatched at her.

"No, no!" she cried. "Let me go!"

"Give me that telescope!" Wild gritted.

Holding her, he grabbed for it. Desperately she swept the instrument behind her. But she was powerless. His arm was round her shoulders, pinning her arms in a cruel grip. Sue felt her grip weakening.

Then, dizzily, she saw another figure in front of her—a pyjama-clad boy, shaking himself as though he had just come out of a woolly dream. It was Bob. But Bob no longer



dazed. There was the old life and vigour in his eyes and an expression of complete realisation on his face.

"Bob!" she cried.

"Sue!" he cried back. "I remember—at last. That buff has brought my memory back. And this buff—"

It was aimed at Wild. It bore all the strength of Bob's young, strong arm, reinforced now by a terrible fury. It caught Wild on the point of his jaw and sent him clean across the room. And just at that moment Samuel Carter and Link Edwards came to their feet.

Bob, as though knowing now exactly what was occurring, swept round to meet them.

Samuel Carter took a blow on his jaw that made his head rock, causing him to stagger helplessly against the wall. Link Edwards seemed to shoot in a half-circle across the room, landing on his head.

Bob turned.

"There are ropes in the cupboard. Get them," he said tersely to Sue. And as Samuel made a wobbly effort to return to his feet, he was held in a grip of steel.

"We'll just tie these rotters up, and then phone for the police," he added.

And that was done.

When, an hour later, the police arrived to question Samuel Carter and his cronies, Sue and Bob were left alone. He took her hand.

"Sue, it's all thanks to you that will's safe!" he muttered chokily. "Gosh, what a brick you've been—standing by me when you had every reason to hate the sight of me! Oh, Sue, if I could only tell you how grateful I am, and what a fine sort of person you are—"

Sue's reply was characteristic.

"You don't have to try, Bob. Just tell me—why did you come here after we'd arranged I should be the one to spy out the land?"

"Well—well, simply because I wanted to keep an eye on you," he mumbled. "I was worried about you, and—"

"I guessed it, Bob," Sue said softly. "You see, you don't have to be grateful to me. As it happens, I think you're pretty nice yourself. Oh, and, by the way," she added, "you'd better take this!"

And she fished from her pocket, where she had kept it all this time—the copy of Uncle Simon's will.

THE END.

## THE MERRYMAKERS AT COLLEGE

(Continued from page 316.)

A buzz of dismay went round the hall. Sally sat mute, expressionless. She wasn't surprised when Mr. Grittal went into the adjoining lecture hall and showed the note to the dean who was presiding there.

It seemed a long hour till twelve o'clock. Then at last Mr. Grittal closed his book.

"All may now dismiss," he said distinctly, "except Miss Warner and Weston!"

The dean came in as the two houses trooped out. He looked very grave. Mr. Grittal faced Sally and Don.

"The dean knows," he told them relentlessly, "that Briggs has planned to remove the evidence of his guilt."

"But he isn't guilty, sir—" began Sally and Don.

"Who but the culprit would remove that evidence?" rapped in the dean.

"Only the guilty one who placed the handkerchief there, and who fears that it will betray him!" rasped Mr. Grittal. "Betray him it shall—and before the dean and myself! We

shall accompany you on your stealthy mission. Lead the way, Miss Warner!"

"But, really, sir—"

"At once!" he commanded. "As your note said, there is no time to lose!"

With resigned faces, Sally and Don led the way out. Remorselessly, Mr. Grittal followed on their heels, the dean beside him, steering them into the cover of the shrubbery.

Without a sound, they approached nearer, nearer, to the locked door of the art-room. The stillness was breathtaking. Then a faint, tell-tale creak broke the stillness. The creak of a window opening in the back of the art-room!

Mr. Grittal rushed panting to the door.

"I hear him, sir—now!" The key gleamed in his hand as he twisted it in the lock. "We have caught the culprit red-handed while—O-oh!"

His voice ended in a choking gasp—echoed by a gasp of panic from someone inside the room.

It was Sadie Flynn! She was in the very act of grabbing the torn handkerchief from the effigy. She jumped back now in guilty terror.

"Miss Flynn!" In a voice of thunder, the dean spoke to her. "What are you doing in here? What is that handkerchief you have taken?"

"Mine, sir! I—I—I mean—" But Sadie's nerve was gone.

"Yours?" cried the dean. "Did you put it here? Are you the perpetrator of this shameful outrage?"

Sadie burst into tears.

Mr. Grittal went white.

"You, Miss Flynn?" he said faintly. "D-do I understand that it was y-y-you who committed this insult against me?"

"I only did it to get Johnny Briggs out of the exam," Sadie wept. "I know I could have won it without him. The way you were helping me, Mr. Grittal. Coaching me up. I couldn't have lost. And the prize was a hundred dollars, and now— Oh, you are a horrible sneak, Sally Warner!"

"Is that all the shame you have, Miss Flynn?" asked the dean, aghast. "And why do you call Miss Warner a sneak?"

"Well," blubbered Sadie, "she must have been prying in my chalet, otherwise she wouldn't have found the other part of this handkerchief. She was going to match up the initials—" And then Sadie stopped, her tearful eyes suddenly rooted on the torn handkerchief in her hand. She gave a cry. "There's no initials on this at all!"

"And there's no other part to match it by!" Sally said softly. "I only pretended we'd found it, Sadie, to catch you out. You thought you'd have time to cheat Johnny Briggs. Thought he wasn't coming here till one o'clock. As a matter of fact, Johnny had no intention of coming here at all. But we knew you would! So I made the time an hour earlier. I dropped a note for Mr. Grittal to find—"

"You dropped it—deliberately—for me to find?" Mr. Grittal said faintly.

His discomfiture was complete. He realised the justness of Sally's little ruse. But the deceit of Sadie Flynn was a mortal blow to his pride.

"I am afraid, sir," he said sadly to the dean, "my faith in the young ladies of J House is completely shattered. Oh!"

And, with a gasp, he collided with Johnny Briggs as he tottered out of the room.

Mr. Grittal was not an unjust man. He paused, looked at Johnny and said:

"Briggs, I owe you an apology. I hope you will have—ah—full success in the languages examination!"

And Johnny did! He won the exam and the hundred dollars, too.

(End of this week's story.)

Look out for another first-rate complete story, featuring Sally Warner & Co., in next Friday's **GIRLS' CRYSTAL**.