"CARNIVAL TIME."

SPLENDID STORY IN THIS ISSUE. "WAITING AND WATCHING"

"ARE SHOP-GIRLS CHEEKY?"

Special Article Inside.



You Can Commence This Magnificent New Serial To-day.



Tells of Ethel Courtway, head girl of Morcove School, and of the mystery that surrounded herself and her adopted brother, Cyril Dudley.

By Marjorie Stanton

A Great Surprise.

E THEL COURTWAY, gently opening the door which led on to the passage, craned her which led on to the passage, craned her head forward and listened.

head forward and listened.

All was silent; and yet, with her nerves slightly on edge, the atmosphere of the place seemed charged with phantom sound. Her eyes shifted from the little dark passage to the zig-zag stairway leading to the floor above. Which should she hast explore?—or, should she explore at all?

Once more she turned and regarded the weeked exprinent—hursed so quiekly that

wrecked apartment—turned so quickly that the Morcove juniors, peering in at the window, only just ducked their heads in time.

Yes, she must screw up her courage to investigate this affair—it was her duty to try to discover exactly what had occurred.

So Ethel, treating very softly, tip-toed to the foot of the staircase and started to ascend. Arriving on the first landing three half-opened doors met her view. The interior of two of the apartments showed they were bedrooms, the third, however, was a species of boxroom.

The neat and orderly arrangement of the former told her that exciting developments were not to be expected here; but the box-room, with its view of the mill from the window, gave her an opportunity of spying out the land to the rear of the cottage.

She went over to the window and ver cautiously glanced out. A small paved yard was directly below, enclosed on two sides be rough-timbered barns. Directly in front, however, was a piece of open ground laid out as a vegetable patch, and beyond was the dilapidated old mill.

"I ought to have investigated out there first," thought Ethel.

first." thought Ethel.

Even as she gazed, the truth of this was brought home to her in starling and sudden fashion. From the door of the mill the figures of three men emerged, and in frantic haste precipitated themselves down the steps, and, bending low as if to escape observation, they scuttled away for dear life.

"Oh!" faintly ejaculated Ethel, forgetting all caution and gluing her nose to the glass in her anxiety to note details of these strangers.

But they were gone too quickly to allow of But they were gone too quickly to allow of any identification. Young or old, roughly clad or respectably dressed—none of these things could she discern.

Then it was that she found time to be thankful that she had not investigated that portion of the territory first, and the she had not investigated that portion of the territory first, one of them was Maurice the state of the short of the she was the she was the she will be shown to b

and she garnered one other fact. The occu-piers of this place—elderly Mr. and Mrs. Bramble—were also not of this party. This,

however, in no way solved the mystery, for the Brambles might very well be in league with the trio.

"At all events," decided Ethel, "there is At all events, accorded Etnel, there is nothing else for me to do but to pay a visit to the mill; and the sooner I go the better."
With the same cautious and silent tread she descended the staircase; but just as she

was about to pass the door of the room where all the damage had occurred, a sudden medley of voices brought her to an abrupt halt.

What now?

The voices for the most part proceeded from shrill, girlish throats; but intermingling with them were two of a deeper note—a man's and a woman's. Ethel peered through the half-opened door and saw assembled by the en-trance, the stumpy, square-set figure of old Bramble; his tall, thin-visaged wife, Norah— and the six Morcove juniors!

"But really and truly, sir," the latter were protesting; "we didn't do any of this! On our word of honour—"hal!" shorted old Bramble. "That's the common cry when folk are caught red-handed, Didn't do it, didn't you? Then if you didn't, who did?"

you didn't, who did?'
"'Course they did it," chimed in his wife.
"Ain't them Morcove girls everlastingly apoking their noses into other peofie's business? Aye, and it ain't the first time
they've paid us a visit, either, a trampin'
over our bit o' land, and doin' all sorts of
other damage. But this caps all! Ten
damage done, if is,
penny! And "damage done, it is,
penny! And "da

ETHEL COURTWAY is the head girl of Morrove School, and her fedned is OTHIL DUDLEY, the adopted son of her father. To Ethel's manzement, Mr. Courtway accuses Cyril of dishonesty, and Cyril has to leave home just as Ethel returns to MAURICE TROINE, one of the boys at "Prior", "school, which has just come to Morcove. She takes an instant dislike to Morcove, is be takes an instant dislike to make the control of the control of

Friend!"

Geing again to the old mill, Ethel finds
it ipside down, and reads the signs of a
struggle. Was it between Cyril and
Maurice Thorne?

(Now read on.)

Jacob-get the names and addresses And Mrs. Bramble, being now properly wound up, proceeded in this style for some

Would it help matters, thought Ethel, if Would it help matters, thought Ethel, if she disclosed her presence? A second's reflection told her it would be useless. Later on, when she got back to the school, would be the time to act. No, for the moment she must leave the girls to the tender mercies of the Brambies and make all haste to the

In less than half a minute, Ethel had flitted down the passage, across the yard, and was up the tumbledown steps at the en-

and was up the tumbledown steps as see en-trance of the mill. Pushing open the creaky door she walked boldy inside. Lumber and rubbish of all sorts and de-scriptions littered the place, for no miller had worked here for many a day. Here were scriptions littered the place, for no miller had worked here for many a day. Here were the old disused corn-bins, no longer filled with their yellow contents, but veritable dustbins choked with every sort of refuse. Yet the powdery dust had not altogether vanished, and the thick layer on the floor served the useful purpose of marking a track of newly-made footprints for Ribel's guidance. guidance

Eagerly she followed where they led until she was brought up by the opposite wall. Visions of secret passages flashed through her mind as she tapped the woodwork; but no hollow echo rewarded her efforts. Next she examined the floor. No trace of a trap-door. Yet the footprints certainly ended here and in jumbled confusion, as if they had halted for some reason or other.

they had halted for some reason or ouner. What reason? Ethel leaned across the bin to poor the other side, and, as she did so, the wooden barrier under her weight suddenly moved downwards an inch or so, and there was a distinct click, as if some catch had

Instantly she was on the alert, examining Instantly she was on the alert, examining the barrier. It was about four inches thick, very solid in appearance despite its age and battered condition, and apparently securely fixed between the wall and a poet. Swiftly her hands moved over its surface in eager expectation of finding some knob, the pressing of which would cause things to pressing of which would cause things to happen

happen.

A minute went by—two—and then close to the ground her fingers, digging in a patch of decayed straw, encountered an attachment which moved slightly as she handled it. Feverishly she tugged at it—at first without result—but suddenly it gave to her efforts, and the barrier moved inwards a few inches, disclosing a long, narrow slit in the floor.

Ethel's brain throbbed with excitement. True, the slit was only wide enough to allow her hand to go through; but doubtless

there was some other contrivance which would cause some cavity to appear large enough to admit her whole body.

And this is exactly what happened. Two rusty bolts were at either end of the slit, the shooting back of which resulted in part of the flooring inside the bin to be easily lifted up. There, as Ethel hoped, was a means of ingress to some underground apartment, the ends of a ladder vanishing into the darkness, showing how the descent

as to be made.

But had she sufficient courage to attempt But had she sufficient courage to attempt it? To go down would mean leaving the opening exposed, and if the Brambles or anyone came along what would happen then? The possibility caused an involuntary shudder. Suppose they shut her in—shut her in that earthy, mouldy-smelling place—horrible horrible.

shut her in that earthy, mouldy-smelling place—horrible, horrible!
Only a fraction of a second did these doubts delay her, and the realisation of them made Ethel's action all the more courageous. Many can be brave on the impulse of the moment, but to count the risks and rise superior to them is the highest form of courage

or courage.

This Ethel possessed, as she showed by stepping on to the top rung of the ladder and coolly and calmly making the descent.

One—two—three—she counted the rungs

until the total was twenty-then her feet

until the total was twenty—then ner sees touched firm ground.

"Is" she forced herself to pronounce the words—"is anyone herself.

Her voice, although she scarcely spot above a whisper, seemed to raise a bundred echoes that travelled along until they died away into vast distances. And then her flesh went goosey; for, al-

most at her feet came a muffled gasp, as if someone were struggling for breath.

"Who—who is that?" she breathed,

shrinking to the wall.

shrinking to the wall.

Once more that sound.

Oh, if only she had a match—if only she
could see! She bent down, groping in the
darkness, creeping this way and that until
all at once her foot came in contact with
that which she expected to encounter—somecone bring one therefore the

that which she expected to encounter—some-one lying on the ground. Her now. She had no doubts in her mind but that she had discovered Maurice Thorne, probably bound hand and foot and gagged—more likely than not, badly hurt as a result of rough bounding. handling.

Ethel heard the words, but they conveyed no meaning to her. But the voice! Was she dreaming? It was not the voice of Maurice Thorne. No, it was surely the voice of —by all that was wonderful!—the voice of her friend, Cyril Dudley!

Stella Gets Her Own Back.

S PEECHLESS, with blank amazement Ethel fumbled to undo the bonds that secured his arms, and gradually she found herself listening to what Cyril

was saying.
"I-I don't know who you are; but it's "I-I don't know who you are; but it's realty awfulfy lucky you happened to come down here. You see, they took me by surpise—Id no proper chance of putting up any sort of fight. Rather an unpleasant sort of experience. Phow! I reckon free of experience. Phow! I reckon free like a sack of can and—and— Why, you're a girl "oals, and—and— Why, "Yee, Cyril!" returned Ethel, at last finding her voice.

finding

"Yee, Cril!" returned annual "Yee, Cril!" returned annual retu

sat up and gripped her by the hand.
"Then—then you saw what happened at the cottage?" he asked.

"No, Cyril—at least, I didn't see you at-acked. But I saw you go into the cottage that is, I thought it was Maurice Thorne.

—that is, I thought it was Maurice Thorne. I took you to be Thorne!"

"Took me for Thorne, didn't say your?"

"Yes! Of course, I didn't say your face; but your back views are so similar that—"
"I know that's so. Give me a hand, Ethel.
My ankle's jolly painful—in fact, I'm one huge bruise all over."

She helped him to his feet, and he hopped by her side towards the ladder wismothered "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" of pain.
"Do you think you can climb up?" ask

"I must! We can't stop down here. I think I can manage it. You go first, please!"

please!"

Ethel rapidly climbed to the top, with many inward congratulations that the trapdoor was still open. Cautiously she peceed over the side of the bin to see if the coast were clear.

"It's all right!" she whispered. "it's all right!" she wanspered. Slowly from out the darkness Cyril's head and shoulders emerged, and shortly he was by her side.
"So far, so good!" he muttered. He gazed at Ethel with eyes eloquent of the

is under observation of enemy shipers. Any minute things might happen. But luck was with them.

No face ap-But luck was with them. No face ap-peared at the windows; no hostile voice called on them to halt. Soon they found they were away from sight of the cottage, and nearing the hedge which marked the boundary of the Brambles' territory. A stile gave exit, and over this Cyril pain-fully crayled.

fully crawled.

"A pretty sight I look!" he muttered "A pretty signt 1 1008: ne muttereu, dolorously regarding his torn clothes and dusty, battered appearance. "The mill apparently is not the sort of place for one or even two to visit; it's safer to go there in battalions-

"Which reminds me!" cut in Ethel;
"there were some of our girls there. You
didn't happen to see them, I suppose?" cut in Ethel;

didn't happen to see them, I suppose?"
"I saw no one—not even those who attacked me," replied Cyril, with a shrug,
"I appear to be the only one who didn't
see anyone. All you others seem to have
had a full view of everything that was
going on. Well, this is what happened
directly I entered that cottage. Somebody
hiding behind the door darted at my legs,
and sent me surrawing on too of the table. hiding behind the door darted at my legs, and sent me sprawling on top of the table. Before I could recover others were on me.



"Oh, of course, if YOU don't mind, I suppose it's all right!" said Stella. I should have thought it was hardly the thing for Morcove's head girl to be seen walking with Prior's boot boy ! '

feelings his tongue could not find words to "Cyril," she murmured, "supposing I had

not chanced to be here—"
She broke off with a shudder. Then she sone urone on with a shindder. Then she caught hold of the moveable side of the bin. "We must put this back," she said. He looked inquiringly at her. "Wasn't it like this when you came here?" he asked, "Oh. no."

Oh. no

She proceeded to restore things to their wrmer condition, Cyril all the while lookformer ing on wonderingly.
"I see!" he whistled. "By Jove, Ethel,

you've got a lot to tell me presently! "Heaps, Cyril. Stop here a minute while

"Heaps, Cyril. Stop here a minute while I recomnoire outside," "Right you are! Oh, it's hateful being a helpless log like this."

He watched her go to the door and peer out, and—"My word!" he thought; "what a splendid boy she would have made Still—I'm glad she's a girl," and taking his arm of the Bahe's a group into the yard. There was no ouestime of this or the yard. There was no ouestime of this or

the yard. There was no question of taking cover for at least twenty yards, and so, in full view of the windows, they wended their slow way. It was like walking a road that

and had the tablecloth over my head beand had the tablectoft over my head be-fore I could say 'Jack Robinson' I I kicked out for all I was worth, and I and the table, various ornaments, chairs, and other oddments, including my assallants, held a mass meeting on the floor. Of course, I didn't stand an earthly from the beginning. Pretty soon they had me trussed up as you found me, and they carted me across to the mill, and finally lowered me, into the cellus mill, and finally lowered me into that cellar place. And now-how came you to be at

piace. And the the mill?"

"Why," said Ethel slowly, "I called at the cottage because I was curious to know what Thorne—as I took you to be—was doing there."

And she proceeded to relate all that had

Cyril heard her through without a word.

Cyril heard her through without a word,
"Yes," he said at the firish, "the three
fellows you saw darting out of the mill
were evidently those who attacked me.
Likely enough they played the part of the
ghost Thorne declared he saw the other
evidently the same to frighten visitors
have been supported to the property of the
her things they want to frighten visitors
have been supported to the property of the same than the
her things the same than the away from the mill," For a few minutes he followed some train of thought. "Do you happen to knew," he continued, "that the mill and the ground belonging to it has lately become the property of your father?"

"Yes, Cyril; I know that," returned Ethel quietly.

Ethel queety,
Cyril regarded her intently,
"Listen, Ethel," he said earnestly, "I
called at the mill this afternoon because I
want to help your father. Yes—by helping
him is the only way that I can prove that
his opinion about me is unjust,"

"And of the lime as much as you can,"

pleaded Ethel.

"Unfortunately there isn't much to tell. I am working practically in the dark-just a glimpse of light here and there, that's all. Your father never told me that he had bought the mill; I only discovered the fact by accident. Also by accident I stumbled across—well, not exactly another fact, but across—well, not exactly another fact, but at least a very strong suspicion. There is something of great value either in the mill buildings or in the grounds." He paused. "Other people—enemies of your father—have an inkling of this. It was they who probably attacked me."

Ethel nodded in agreement.

"Now," continued Cyril, "I want you to write to your father and hint that curious things are going on there. Can you do

"It is the very thing he asked me to do."
"Oh! Tell me, Ethel, does he know I am down here? Have you told him?"
"No. Cryll. I haven't."

"No, Cyril, I haven't." He breathed a sigh of relief.

part 1 "Then say nothing about the part I played in to-day's affair," he said. "It would only make him more suspicious of me; yes, even even though you told him what I fered. Will you do this for me,

"Of course I will. I will do anything to get you and father reconciled.

well enough.

that well enough."
"Indeed, indeed I do, Ethel! You give
me proof of it every time we meet. We
lese but a splendid pal like you would
deliberately avoid pressing me to explain
all sorts of matters which you know I could
explain. No; you are content to wait because you trust me. Oh, believe me, you're
a tremendous help—a tremendous comfort,
I can't tell you how much I owe to you."
I can't ell you how much I owe to you.
I can't can be the properties of the companionability that you have
silence, the standard the standard companionability that does not require perpetual conversational stimulant. Their
thoughts were so atuned that they could

thoughts were so atuned that they could hold communion together without words.
Suddenly—it was just as they reached the
read—their happy silence was rudely shattered-by the sound of girl's voices.
"Some of your schoolfellows!" exclaimed



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Cyril, halting. "It won't do for us to be seen together. You go on Ethel. I can get back to Prior's all right by myself." Nonsense!" returned Ethel.

ronsense!" returned Ethel, "You could never get there without assistance. I don't care if they do see us together. Do you think I'd be ashamed?"
"Do please go on!" he urged, "No!"—and she caught him by the arm. "But—"

"But-The girls were close at hand now. Ethel The girls were close at hand now. Ethel could see half a dozen shadowy figures in the half light, striding along the road, and, as their pace was twice as fast as Cyril's hobble, they were soon abreast of them.

"Hallot" called out the foremost of the newcomers, peering at Ethel. "Why—it's Ethel Courtway! Cheerio! Oh!"

The cjaculation was caused by the sudden discovery of Cyril's presence. The light

discovery of Cyril's presence. The light was none too good, but it was sufficient to disclose his ragged and weebegone appear-

Then another voice chimed in. Ethel and her friend!" came "Ha, ha! the chuckling comment,

It was Stella Hawkes.

Yes, Stella was there; also Jane Possoms, Yes, Stella was there; also dane rossone, and the others who were with them were Sixth Formers, and none of them were likely to put a curb on Stella's tongue.
"Good evening, Ethel!" drawled Stella.
"Been for a nice walk?"

"Thank you—yes!" returned Ethel.
"Ah! And now you're going back to the chool. Dyou know, when I first spotted you and your friend the horid thought crossed school. my mind that you were with one of those Prior's people. But I then saw I had made a mistake. Your friend isn't wearing the Prior's cap."

Much merriment on the part of Stella's companions, for the unfortunate Cyril was wearing no cap at all, having lost it in the

"Excuse me," began Cyril, scenting that all was not right. "You see—" Stella suddenly gave a little feigned cry

Stein saturation of surprise.

"Really, Ethel," she ejaculated in mock protest. "I don't want to appear snobbish or purseproud, or anything like that—but,

or purseproud, or anything like that—out, I say, you know—"
"Well?" demanded Ethel.
"Oh, of course, if you don't mind, I suppose it's all right; but I should have thought it was hardly the thing for Morcove's head girl to be seen walking with Prior's boot-boy. Of course, I may be mintaken—p'raps it isn't Prior's boot-boy, and course, I may be mintaken—p'raps it isn't Prior's boot-boy, and

She gave an eloquent gesture denoting outraged dignity on behalf of herself in particular and Morcove in general.

"Judging by the pace at which you were

"Judging by the pace at which you were coming along you're in a burry," said Ethel evenly, "Don't let us detain you."
"Look here," suddenly burst out Cyril, "Tim not exactly Prior's boot-boy, but it's true I'm employed there as a servant. I've met with an accident, and this young lady is helping me to get back to the school, it helping me to get back to the school, the this to her. Wouldn't you help anyone who was in a plight like I am?"
Poor Cyril, he had much better have held-his tongue.

his tongue.

"Of course we should!" chimed in Jane Possoms. "We didn't understand. You see," she went on artfully, "we thought you and our head girl were friends."

"Er—why did you think that?" asked Cwell faibler.

Cyril feebly.

Oh, we heard it was so; but, of course,

"On, we heard it was so; but, of course, it isn't true—is it?"
Cyril became tongue-tied.
"I say it isn't true?" persisted Jane.
"Now, now, Jane," mocked Stella, "don't bully the lad. Naturally he's a bit overcome by our taking so much notice of him, Give him time and he'll answer your ques-

tion. Cyril looked from one to the other in be-Cyril looked from one to the other in be-wilderment. Eithel, not wishing to worry him, had told him nothing about "The Mor-cove Mirror" or of the rumours concerning their friendship, consequently he was a

trifle in the dark as to the meaning of this cross-examination. But the hostility of these girls towards Ethel was very plain— particularly on the part of the red-haired one called Stella.

business?

"Might I suggest that you mind your own usiness?" flashed out Ethel.
"That's exactly what we are doing!" business?" flashed out Ethel,
"That's exactly what we are doing?"
retorted Stella vindictively, "The goal
name of the school is our business, and we
consider the friendships you are forming
will hardly add to the reputation of Morcove." She gave vent to a scornful laugh
of triumph over scoring this point. "You
have just come from the direction of the
landslip, and no doubt you and this follow?
he had been paying a visit to all results."

Line of started. How had Stella guessed this?

Brambles-two common, illiterate people—and a servant—nice acquaintances, I must say," continued Stella. "I begin to see why you got the landslip placed out see why you got the landship placed out of bounds for the lower school. It'll be the upper school next, I suppose. Well—we shall see how the school stands that!" Thus Stella, with bitter memories of her

previous interview with Ethel, went through the process known as "getting her own the process known as back."

And then suddenly the group became

And then suddenly the group became augmented by yet another.
So engrossed had everybody been in this wordy warfare that they had quite failed to notice the approach of the tall follow who

now walked into their midst.

It was Maxwell Dyke—Prior's head boy!

"Good evening!" he said, with a slight

"Good evening:
accent of surprise.
"Good evening!" returned Ethel on behalf of Morcove. And Morcove, as repre-

sented by the present company, sniffed.

Dyke shot a brief glance at the assembly.

Naturally he rather wondered why they Naturally ne rather wondered way step were gathered here in the highway. Then be found something even more worthy of his interest. It was the battered figure of Cyril.

"Halle! What's this mean?" asked

Dyke. "Ah!" murmured Stella. "You may

"An!" murmured Stella. "You may well ask that!"
Cyril felt that Dyke's presence in a measure relieved the situation. These girls were one too many for him; but a fellow he could tackle. "Met with an accident," he told Dyke. "Sprained my ankle-er-down in the land-

"Sprained my ankie—ei—uoni..."

"Jove, that's bad! And Morco'e is helping you home—good Samaritan stunt, eh?"

"Only part of Morcove," interpolated Stella. "Only our head girl—to be exact."

"Indeed! Jolly decent of her!" said Dyke, with a curious smile in Ethel's direction. "Well—it's up to me to relieve her of the burden. Come on, young fellow, take my zrm—we'll soon get you home. But, first of all, thank Miss Courtway for all her kindness."

"Ha, ha, ha!" spluttered Stella.
"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Dyke, turning on her. "Have I made some joke?"
"Rather!" giggled Stella

turning on her. "Have I made some joke?"
"Rather!" girgled Stella.
Dyke looked from Stella to Ethel, and
finally his glance became fixed on Gyril.
"Oh, well." he drawled at length, "I dare
say the joke will dawn on me in time.
Maybe I'm a bit slow in the uptake, and

Maybe 1 m a bit slow in the upcase, and yet I fancy I can see as far through a milestone as most chaps."

Once more his eyes met Ethel's, and his look said as plain as words: "I think, young lady, I've some inkling of your secret!"

Out of Bounds for All.

Satisfied with the mischief they had worked, Stella Hawkes and her friends hastened on to the school, arriving there a good ten minutes in front of

Ethel, Stella and Jane Possoms wanted to give their "piece of news" a good start on its way before Ethel got back. There was no need to hint at this to the others—their tongues could be trusted to wag without any urging—but, as they were members of the

Sixth, only Sixth Formers were likely to hear the intelligence to-night. Now Stella desired immediate and whole-

"Well, then," said Jane Possoms, "why not call a general meeting of the whole school?"

school?"
"Don't be an idiot!" snapped Stella.
"I'm no good at public speaking, for one thing; and, for another, the bald facts of the case would make me look like a snob."
"Yas—that's true, so they would."
"Please hold your tongue until I've done!" retorted Stella, not at all pleased at this ready agreement. "The best way to do it is to tell it to some gossip under strict injunctions are some gossip under strict injunctions and the strict injunction in the strict injunction in the strict way to the strict injunction in the strict way to the strict injunction in the strict way to th

"Ah, you're right," said Jane, who, coming under that category herself, was fully able to appreciate the scheme. "And the gossip will pass it on with ope or two additions to others, who will also add a bit." "Quite so, and no one can bring it home to us for starting it. Now, there's the quinor school, Who's the most likely girl for the job? Ursula Wade I suppose?" "You wouldn't have a better! Shell I

further of Uraula Wade, I suppose?"

"You couldn't have a better! Shell I send her up to your study?"

"Yes—collar hold of the kid at once!"

"Yes—collar hold of the kid at once!"
This Jane promised to do, and Stella retired to her study to await the coming of the champion tale-bearer of the Fourth. Some five meutes later she appeared.
"I'm sorry if I've kept you waiting, Stella," she said, in the unctuous, flattering voice she put on for these occasions. But I and five others were up before Miss Somethield. A really terrible thing's happened, she went on breathlessly, and we're blamed for it, though we're just as innocent as Ethel Courtway—indeed, more innocent, for she really discovered it first, and—"

and—"
"Half a minute," interrupted Stella.
"Take a seat and compose yourself. Would you like a choolate? There's a box somewhere about the place—there, on the shelf. Right! Now let's hear all about the terribe ben's there you want to terribe thing that Ethel Courtway discovered

terrible tamig that Entel Courtway discovering first. Don't hurry, now.
"Thanks awfully, Siella!" said Ursula, carefully selecting the largest chocolate. Well, you see, this afternoon six of us decided to break bounds and go into the landslip. We pelted pretty hard so as to avoid the crowd, and when we got in sight of old Bramble's mill whom should we see on ahead but—Ethel Courtway!"

Ursula paused to give the dramatic effect which she considered the announcement de-

served. "Oh!" said Stella.

"On!" said Stella.

"Yes—Ethel Courway. She didn't see us because she was too interested in something else. Ahead of her was some chap—a Prior's boy I should think—who was walking towards the mill. Well, she followed this chap, and we followed Ethel. When he arrived at old Bramble's cottage he went inarrived at old Bramble's cottage he went inside—and didn't come out. Presently Ethel followed suit. By this time we had worked our way round to the side, and we were quite close when Ethel entered. A second after she had gone in we heard her cry out—a sort of autonished cry. We peeped through the window—and, my word the place was in a state! Table upset, thair overturned, things smasked—just as if there had been a riot there had been there had been a riot the riot there had been a riot the riot there had been a riot the riot the riot there had been a riot there had

happy home, eh?" Oh, no! Et Ethel disappeared into the "Oh, no! Ethel disappeared into the house, and we-like idiots-hung about out-side. I wish we'd have gone inside, too, for then old Bramble and his wife wouldn't have suddenly come on us and captured us." "That was hard luck!" "Yee-wasn't it! Especially as they acoused us of having wrecked his old room!

accused us of having wrecked his old room! He and his wife carted us back to the school and took us before Miss Somerfield. We got a fearful wigging, besides five hun-dred lines apiece for breaking bounds. And to cap it all, Bramblo's going to summon us for damaging his property." Stella murmused words of sympathy.

"How lucky for Ethel that she was not caught!" she remarked dreamily.
"M-yes!" said Ursula. "But-but-I-

er-that is-we had to give her away! "Ursula!" protested Stella in pretended

"Ursula!" protested Stella in pretended surprise. "Surely you didn't?"
"But it had to be done!" cried Ursula. "After all, she wasn't breaking bounds— and then, she went into the room at least a couple of minutes before we did. We flad to sort of give her away to prove our inno-

cence."
"Yes-s." said Stella. "Under the circs. I suppose you had to. What does old Bramble claim?"
"Ten pounds! That's one pound thirteen

and four-pence apiece for our parents to fork out. There'll be a fearful row at home. But, I say, Stella! I wonder what Ethel's little game is? Strikes me as being jolly suspicious; don't know what you think?"

"You're right," seturned Stella solemnly rising and closing the door—the moment for confidence had arrived—"it does! And, in view of what I saw this evening—this, mind you, Ursula, you mustn't let go any further if I tell you—" "Oh, you can trust me!" breathed Ursula.

And Stella, knowing she could trust the

to the mill. That also was out of the question-now!

She could have cried with vexation.
Listlessly she watched the written
grow, barring the landslip from all written words rom all visitagrow, barring the landslip from all visita-tion. It was a death warrant to her schemes—her plans—to help Cyril. Hence-forth she would simply be a spectator, un-able to do anything. And he? He would go to the mill again; and, if the same ex-perience befell him, who would rescue him? "There you are, Ethel," said the head-mistress. "Pin that on the notice board as you do down. Good night!"
"Good night, Miss Somerfield!"
Bearing the fatal paper in her hand, she left the room, and, going downstairs, ar-rived at the main corrision where the notice board hung. In a few minutes the supper

board hung. In a few minutes the suppore bell would ring out, and, in expectation of the summons, there was a large gathering of girls loitering about the place. All eyes turned on Ethel as she descended the stairs. A second before all torngues had been discussing her, for rumours were rempant to-right, and every one of them was to do with Morcove's head girl. It was only when Ethel drew out a draw-ing-pin to affix the notice, that the words of Stella Harwise came back to her.



The muttering grew in volume, until it culminated into a prolonged "Booh!" Take it down I" was the cry that assailed Ethel on all sides. "Take it down!

Fourth Former-to talk!-forthwith proceeded.

At the very moment that Ursula was absorbing the details, Morcove's headmistress was also listening to an equally interesting narrative. The visit of the Brambles left narrative. The visit of the Drambies left Ethel with no alternative, when Miss Somer-field had her up before her, but to disclose what had happened over at the mill. The only facts she kept back were her friendship with Cyril and her father's con-

friendship with Cyril and her father's con-nection with the mill-meither of which seemed to have any bearing on the accusa-tion brought against the six juniors.

"We must let the Brambles know of this," said Miss Somerfield, "though I fear they will hardly be convinced. To prevent

anything of the sort happening again—that is, anything of the sort happening again—that is, as far as Morcove is concerned—it will be better to place the landslip out of bounds for the whole school—junior and senior side alike. Pass me a sheet of paper, Ethel, and I'll write the notice now."

Ethel's hand trembled slightly as she handed a sheet of paper to Miss Somerfield. Out of bounds for the whole school! Then good-bye to any chances of her carrying out her father's instructions. Of all the unlucky beautiful.

happenings!

And Cyril, too. After what he had told ·her she had determined to pay many visits "You'll get the landslip barred

"You'll get the landslip barred for the whole school next, I suppose. Well, we shall see how the school will stand that!"
That is what Stella had said.
Ethel drew a deep breath as she realised the possibilities. For a second her hand trembled, so that the pin dropped to the ground. She took out another one. Yeshow would Morcove stand this?

**A ** bar ether issued the crowd, and those the possibility is the property of the pro

At her elbow jostled the crowd, and those behind cried "Read it—read it!" and surged and pushed to get nearer. As the hubbub gradually ceased half a dozen shrill voices started to proclaim the announce-ment. There was a dramatic pause for a moment as the words sank home.

moment as the words sank home.

Then arose a muttering, which grew in volume until it culminated into a prolonged and richen "book" in the prolonged and richen "book".

It down! Take it down! 'Tinit' in smalled Ethel from all quasters.

Ethel sturned and faced the angry crowd. She opened her month to speak, but her voice was drowned in the fierce cry—

"This—this is your doing Ethel Courtvan."

The school against her! Is this what Ethel is facing? The tangled web of mystery around her seems impossible to penetrate, and Morcove's head girl is indeed in a difficult position. What will she do? See a splendid instalment next week.