

THIRTY-SIX PAGES OF SHEER DELIGHT FOR EVERY SCHOOLGIRL!

# The Schoolgirl's Own 2<sup>d</sup>



TRYING TO PROBE  
ANOTHER GIRL'S  
SECRET!

(An exciting moment in the fine long  
complete Morcove story within.)

Another fine complete Morcove story, featuring Grace Garfield and Polly Delane.



# ROBBED OF HER REWARD!

BY  
MARJORIE  
STANTON.

*Shall she own up that the fortune that has been given her is not really hers after all, or say nothing about it, and so be free to go on enjoying the pleasures it can give her? This is the problem that faces Grace Garfield. How does she decide to solve it?*

## The Luckiest Girl in the World!

"HALLO, Grace! Out on your own?"  
"No, Jack. Your sister and the others are in the town. I've just been buying something at this shop."  
"So I see!"

Jack Linton, bother of madcap Polly of the Fourth Form at Morcove, gave a meaning glance to the jeweller's window, and then a meaning smile.

"Oh course, you can afford to do these things nowadays," he said to Grace Garfield. "I've heard about you. Coming into that windfall of five thousand pounds—lucky girl! I say, I think you ought to treat me!"

Grace laughed.

"I will if you like. Come along to the Creamery; Polly and the others will be there, I know."

"I'm on," agreed Jack, intending, of course, to do any "treating" himself. "I'd like to join up again with Dave first, though. Left him at the bookshop."

"We shall pass the bookshop," remarked Grace, setting off with this masculine counterpart of madcap Polly. "What's Dave doing—buying Greek grammars and things?"

"Something like that," sighed Jack. "Aynful chap for sweating; but one of the best! Ah, here he comes!"

The other boy who was approaching them bore

the unmistakable stamp of a thoughtful, studious fellow. Most girls would have preferred Jack Linton's handsomer face, with its constant jollity; but there were just a few of the Morcove girls—and Polly Linton was one—who were much attracted to Dave Lawder. He was slow and sure, silent and strong.

"Dave," said Jack jokingly, "this is Grace Garfield, the luckiest girl in the world. You've heard about her coming into a surprise fortune of five thousand pounds. She has promised to let us help her spend some of it at the Creamery."

Dave smiled his sober smile.

"Congrats, Grace. Yes, we read about it in the papers, at our school, besides Polly's writing to tell Jack. How does it feel to be rich?"

"Whoa!" interposed Jack. "Don't answer, Grace. I'm to be the one to interview you, later on, for our school mag. And I'd like a photograph for publication."

"Then you won't get it!" laughed Grace.  
"Come on, you two!"

It was but a few steps farther to the famous teasop. Even as Grace and the brace of school-boys climbed the stairs at the back of the shop, seeking the upstairs tea-room, they heard the lively chatter of half-a-dozen Morcovians.

"Jack! Oh, how splendid—and Dave!" was Polly's delighted cry, whilst she jumped up as her brother and his great chum followed Grace into the tea-room. "Just in time for tea."

"Yes, wather!" beamed Paula Creel. "Bai Jove, great treat—"

"At Grace Garfield's expense; that's promised," rejoined Jack, borrowing a chair from another table. "Don't disturb yourselves. Keep calm, my children!"

"Next to me—queek!" fairly shrieked Naomer, who adored Polly's brother in her own impish way. "Zen we eat ze cream-bun togezzor!"

"Dave I?" mused Jack, sitting down between Madgo and Naomer, and surveying the tempting pastries. "Cream-buns at my age; and then, I really ought to think about footer. I've given up tinned-lobster suppers in the dormitories, haven't I, Dave?"

"All he's eaten, after lights out, for a week," averred Dave, "has been things like potted meats and pineapple."

"Ah, I tell you"—and Jack wagged his head—"a half-back has to consider himself. Strict diet! But these cream-buns—rather tempting, what? They might be bigger; still, you can always take two."

"Greedy!" Polly censured him witheringly. "Well, Dave, what's the book?"

And she calmly relieved him of it, to throw it open. One look, and she returned it, shuddering.

"Chemistry! How you can, Dave!"

"You let my chum alone," Jack frowned at his sister. "He's not hurting you. You let him alone! Thanks, Betty!" he added, receiving his cup of tea at the Form-captain's hands. "Well, I look towards you, Grace! And may I be the next to come in for—how much was it?"

"Five thousand pounds!" several of the girls rapturously answered.

Jack frowned, shaking his head.

"Too much! I shall have to write an article for the school mag. on the dangers of riches. Had any begging letters, Grace?"

"Not yet, Jack!"

"You'll probably be getting one," he predicted, "from a chap signing himself J. L. He'll be a deserving case; treat him well. I know the fellow; very deserving. He lost all his money, standing teas to his sister and her chums."

"I like that," Polly fired up, to the increased amusement of the others. "Who is getting a free tea this time?"

"I am," said Jack. "That's why I'm making a good one."

And he helped himself to an éclair.

Altogether, Jack's jovial company was a welcome addition to the gathering. When he and his sister got together like this, it never failed to provide entertainment for the rest.

As for Dave Lawder, his quiet disposition no more made him less welcome than did Madge Minden's for instance. He and Madge were a good deal alike—might well have been brother and sister. Yet they were not inclined to be specially chummy. Extremes attract, so, whilst Madge's special regard was for breezy Jack, it was made up Polly who, in her heart of hearts, was very fond of quiet Dave.

Leisurely it proceeded, this happy tea-party that was the finish-up of Betty & Co.'s afternoon in that quaint old Barncombe. The two boys had come over from their school, by means of Jack's motor-cycle and sidecar.

It was one of those rare, chance meetings with Polly and the other girls that enabled an interchange of school-gossip to take place. As regards Morcove, the latest sensation was, of course, Grace Garfield's windfall.

Although ten days had elapsed since the sudden appearance of a London lawyer at Morcove school, to inform Grace Garfield that she had been endowed for some unknown reason, with a fortune of five thousand pounds, the affair was still on every lip.

Had any explanation been forthcoming as to why a Mr. Cranford, at present living in New York, had bestowed this huge sum of money upon the girl, excitement might have died down. But the motive for such a princely gift had yet to be made public.

Betty & Co., like the rest of Morcove, understood that Grace's parents were making inquiries. They

were rather surprised that the mystery had not yet been cleared up; but Grace had accounted for the delay by constantly reminding them that Mr. Cranford was in America.

At last the lively tea-party broke up. It came as a big surprise to the new-rich scholar to find that Jack, after all, had been standing the tea. Her expression, when she shyly asked for the bill and was told that it had been paid, became such a perplexed one, that her schoolgirl chums pealed with merriment. The girls' bicycles were stabled in the yard adjoining the tearoom, and there Jack and Dave said good-bye all round, the two lads having to seek the motor-cycle and sidecar at one of the garages.

With bells ting-tinging, along the narrow High Street rode the batch of schoolgirls, to put on speed as soon as the open road to Morcove was reached. Many a handle-bar had some little package tied to it, for the mid-week half-holiday for once had been devoted to shopping. But the special purchase which Grace Garfield had made at the jeweller's was a tiny one, reposing in her jacket pocket.

None knew about it as yet, for Grace had acted with such secrecy over this purchase as people like to use, when planning a pleasant surprise.

There was still plenty of daylight left when the scholars had put away their bicycles at the journey's end. The days were nice and long, now that March was here, but after being out all the afternoon most of the girls sought their studies.

Grace Garfield came to the one which she shared with Dolly Delane, and found that girl busy with a bit of needlework.



**IF DOLLY KNEW!** "It was too good of you, Grace," said Dolly, admiring the beautiful brooch. "Don't Dolly," protested Grace, "I owe you far more than that!" And so she did—five thousand pounds!

Dolly looked up with her homely smile.

"Had a nice time?" she asked.

"Very," responded the new-rich girl, with less jollity than anyone would have expected. "You're always doing something, Dolly. Don't you ever take a rest?"

"I do when I want one, Grace. But I like to get things done. I wonder," smiled Dolly uncertainly, "if I can wear this frock again, now I've altered it a bit? What's the matter, Grace?"

"Nothing! Why?"

"The way you looked just then—"

"Oh, well, I—I was suddenly wishing I had thought of giving you something nice to wear, Dolly, instead of—this! But I hope you'll like it, all the same."

The package was suddenly in Dolly's lap. Completely surprised, she took it up and, after staring at Grace for a few moments, opened it.

First came a tiny cardboard box, then a little nest of cotton-wool inside the box, and a lovely little brooch of gold and pearls in the nest.

"Grace! Oh, what's this you have been doing? You shouldn't—"

"I wanted to, Dolly, so don't be cross!"

"Cross! Just as if I should!" exclaimed the daughter of poor farming folk. She laughed, whilst her eyes moistened. "It is good of you, Grace! I've so few things like this. A beautiful brooch!"

She held it against her frock, just below the neck, looking down at it. The droop of her eyelids and the sweep of her dark lashes just then made her look quite pretty.

Grace, with more than the average amount of good looks, and far better dressed than Dolly, gazed at that girl as if profoundly moved of a sudden by the simplicity and goodness of the homely one.

Then Dolly raised her eyes and smiled at Grace again.

"It won't do, Grace—popping in to buy presents just when the fancy seizes you! Even though you have come into all that money—"

"Oh, don't remind me about the money, Dolly! I—I am tired of its being talked about," came sighingly from Grace. "As for the brooch, you have been so—so good to me, Dolly, all along! I owe you far more than that."

"Rubbish!"

But, ah, how true it was! Grace knew, if the other did not, exactly what was owing to Dolly. In exact figures, FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS!

"Well," Dolly exclaimed, ending a little pause, "now you are back, I'll give up my needlework! By the way, Grace, did you see that there is a letter for you?"

"A letter for me?"

"I noticed one in the rack downstairs. It must have come by the afternoon delivery. I fancy it is from somewhere abroad."

Grace paled with sudden excitement.

"I—I'll go and see," she said breathlessly, and stepped away to the door. "A foreign letter, you say!"

From New York, could it be? If so, here was a development that she had not expected!

Eagerly she rushed downstairs and flew across the hall to the letter-rack. Her hand leapt to section "G," which held one letter, bearing a foreign stamp. The postmark, New York!

So her sudden alarm had not been groundless! Here, for a certainty, was a letter for her from some member of the very family who had conferred that five thousand pounds out of their own great wealth!

### A Letter from Daphne Cranford!

New York.

"DEAR Grace Garfield,—It is funny how shy I feel about writing this letter to you.

I think it must be because I still look upon myself as being only that poor and rather ignorant girl whose life you saved that day near Morcove.

"Of course, you knew that my parents are very rich now. I am writing this in ever such a big hotel. Like me, my father and mother can't get used to being so well-off, but I expect the newness will wear off in time.

"And now I want to say something about the money that my parents have asked their lawyer in London to make over to you, as a reward for what you did.

"I have always remembered how bravely you risked your life to save mine from that runaway horse. At the time we were very poor, and then, too, I felt rather afraid of telling my people. I feared they would be so upset.

"But when, just lately, they became so rich, because father has got on so wonderfully out here, I thought the time had come to see that you were properly rewarded. My idea at first was to get him to send you a big present, without saying what it was for.

"Then he said that you deserved a share in our fortune, which I said was quite right. So that's how it came about, Grace Garfield. And now father tells me that your parents have insisted on knowing why we made the gift, and so he has told them. I am so glad they know. They must be proud of you!

"I don't know if we shall ever meet. I rather fancy not, as we are a fixture here. But if ever I should be in England with my parents, you may be sure I shall come and see you. Even though dad has made you that reward, I still feel there is such a big debt of gratitude owing to you from—

"Yours sincerely,

DAHPNE CRANFORD.

"P.S.—You had a chum of yours with you that day you saved my life. I think her name was Dolly Delane. At any rate, please remember me to her. She was just as brave as you, I'm sure, only it so happened, didn't it, that you were the one to save me from being trampled to death.

"P.P.S.—If you can spare time to write, I would love to hear from you—how you are going on. I am to go to school soon. I wish it could be Morcove.—D. C."

From this artless and shyly-friendly letter Grace Garfield raised her eyes at last, to stand staring dully.

If only she had been entitled to receive such a letter, how she would have prized it! But, like the very fortune that had been showered upon her, it was owing to another!

It was all a mistake, a gigantic blunder, as she alone was aware! In this very letter there was further evidence of the fatal blunder that the girl, Daphne Cranford had made. She had mentioned Dolly Delane in a mere postscript.

She only thought of Dolly as being the girl who had been a mere onlooker that day of the runaway horse adventure. Whereas it was Dolly who had been the heroic rescuer, and she, Grace Garfield, the helpless onlooker.

Drawing a hard breath, Grace returned her eyes to the letter. She could feel her heart pounding as she re-read some of the most dismaying passages. "If ever I should be in England—"

And again: "I am to go to school soon. I wish it could be Morcove."

If ever the girl should come to England, how in that case could the mistake fail to be discovered?

The present position was so dreadfully clear; the reason why the reward for heroism had gone amiss was so perfectly evident. After her narrow escape Daphne Cranford had been very shaky and upset. Within five minutes of her parting with the rescuer and the rescuer's chum she had got the two names mixed.

Ever since she had been thinking of *Grace Garfield* as the name of her rescuer. She had asked her father to reward *Grace Garfield*, of Morcove School. As for Dolly Delane, it was a name only remembered as that of the girl who had taken no part in the rescue.

A simple blunder it was, arising so naturally from a girl's upset state of mind at the time. But it had meant nothing less than this in the end—five thousand pounds for the wrong girl!

Made rich by mistake—that was *Grace Garfield's* position at this moment. She had known, too, for several days that she was wrongfully enjoying the money. Yet speak out she could not.

Shakily at last she folded up the letter and pocketed it. The guilty feeling was hers that it was a letter best destroyed. Yet one at least of her schoolfellows knew that a letter had come from abroad, and that girl was Dolly herself!

How, then, was she to explain it away when questioned? And how answer the letter itself? Yet answer it she must. Daphne Cranford was expecting to enjoy a friendly correspondence with the girl whose heroism she had caused to be rewarded.

Ah, how terribly difficult the path had become, the path that she—*Grace*—had started upon when she first failed to speak out!

Presently she found herself pacing about in the open air. In the twilight she had roamed as far from the schoolhouse as the school gateway. She had a sudden dread of going back to the study which she shared with Dolly, a shrinking from all the other girls.

"Why don't I own up, then—now, at once?" she railed against herself wildly. "Instead of going on like this, without a moment's peace of mind! But I don't know—it's too late! They'll say—why didn't I speak out before, instead of sticking to the money? Besides—"

Her head drooped in very shame, and her face flushed as she had to admit to herself that the truth was she could not give up the fortune after tasting the joys of it.

The twilight had deepened fast. She knew that she would have to go indoors now, and the sheer desperation of her false position threw her into a sudden reckless, callous mood. It was a mood she had been experiencing on and off during the last few days, but now it was in complete possession of her, as it never had been before.

"Bother it, why should I worry?" was the gist of her thoughts all at once. "Take my chance, enjoy the money whilst I have it—that's the thing! It isn't my fault that the mistake happened. It's too much to expect a girl to give up the fortune after being told that it was hers for life!"

At this instant she heard the churr-rurr! of a motor-cycle, and a few moments later Cora Grandways turned in at the gateway, riding her famous "combination." Cora pulled up.

"Jump in, Grace, and I'll give you a lift to the

schoolhouse?" she proposed, pointing to the empty sidecar.

"No, thanks!"

"What's the matter? You look as if you had been mooning about with the hump!" Cora remarked, turning rather snappish.

She was always making impulsive overtures of friendship towards the new-rich girl these days, and then regretting them.

"I'm all right," Grace answered coolly.

The reckless mood was enduring, and she was rather glad to have Cora to fence with. It was good practice.

"I see!" the Grandways girl said tartly. "Thought perhaps you had had an upset over the fortune—ha, ha!"

She let in the clutch and shot ahead again, finally steering round to the cyclo-sheds. Grace strolled up the drive to the schoolhouse and mounted to the Fourth Form quarters, feeling ready to stand anything. She was hardened, reckless, ready to do or say anything to keep the mistake from being found out.

First she encountered Madge, who was going to the music-room for a snatched half-hour at the piano. They talked for a few moments, and Grace felt tremendously emboldened by her own composure. She scampered the rest of the way to the Fourth Form quarters, and re-entered her and Dolly's study.

"Well, Dolly, I suppose I must have a go at my prep! I notice you've started on yours."

"You got your letter, Grace?"

"Oh, yes! It was nothing."

That airy answer was being regretted by Grace as soon as it had passed her lips. She wished that she had said straight out that it had been a letter from the Cranford girl. It would have been easy to invent a few safe remarks about what Daphne Cranford had said. But it was done now. The evasion, whether or not it was noticed by Dolly, could not be cancelled.

For a little while the two girls worked on quietly at their evening lessons. They were just closing their books when sounds came telling of a general cessation from study. In the corridor a tell-tale squeal from Paula and Naomer's roguish laughter mingled with the sudden chatter of girls coming away from their various studies.

"Grace—Dolly," came from Polly, as she put her head in at the doorway. "some of us are going down to the music-room! Coming?"

"Oh, yes!" Grace was every bit the vivacious, new-rich girl as she jumped up. "I'm through with prep!"

She and Dolly quitted their study, to fall in with a whole troop of other girls. There was talk of getting Madge to play a few fox-trots. In chattering twos and threes, the girls drifted along to the stairs. Grace was in talk with Betty and Polly, when Eva Merrick suddenly butted in:

"Grace, did I see a foreign letter for you in the rack? Got the stamp? My brother collects. Was it a good 'one?"

"Oh, only an American," let out Grace—"New York!"

"What!" cried Betty. "You've had a letter from New York, Grace?"

"Yes—"

"Not from the Cranfords?"

"Yes, from the Cranfords' daughter—Daphne Cranford." Grace felt she might as well say frankly.

But next instant she was feeling confused. Dolly had looked round sharply, and now that girl turned back.

"The letter was from one of the Cranfords, Grace? You didn't tell me!"

"No, I—"  
 "Oh, but this is exciting!" exclaimed Polly, standing still, with others. "If Daphne Cranford wrote to you, Grace, she must have said why her people gave you all that money?"

"Yes, wather! Bai Jove—"  
 "The girl explained, didn't she, Grace? What is the explanation, then? I say, do tell!" clamoured Polly. "You mustn't mind our being inquisitive for once. After all, you know how excited we have been."

"Besides, what harm in telling?" laughed Betty. "Out with it, Grace—do!"

"Ooo, yes; queek—queek!"  
 They were all crowding around her now—the entire Form, or so it seemed to her—and what wonder that there was this feverish curiosity? Resent it she dare not. They had a perfect right to be so interested. They were her friends.

So now she must put them off with the most plausible explanation that could be invented at a moment's notice.

"Yes, of course, Daphne Cranford did have something to say about the gift," the hard-driven girl answered, managing not to change colour. "That was why she wrote."

"Then what—"  
 "Oh, I find I can't very well tell you!" Grace said. "It seems that they have rewarded me for— for something I did for Daphne Cranford, that's all."

"But in that case, Grace, why on earth didn't you realise?" cried Polly. "My word, if it had been me—"

"Yes, wather!"  
 "But it was like this," Grace was forced to state, and now she felt the colour surging into her cheeks; "I didn't know the girl's name at the time."

"Oh," several of them exclaimed, with nods of understanding, "now we begin to see!"

"And what was it that you did for the girl?" questioned Betty, with friendly eagerness. "Grace, it must have been some very fine deed that you performed, and you have never told us!"

"Yes, wather! Bai Jove—"  
 "Oh, well," Grace said, feeling that if the next few words did not save her from being found out nothing would, "one does not talk about things like that! You'll never get me to say! It was nothing."

"Nothing! Oh, Grace, that's only what you say!" came from Dolly Delane, with an admiring look such as many of the other girls were bestowing. "Where did it happen, then? Not here at Morcove? During the hols, I suppose?"

Grace, growing redder in the face than ever, smiled feebly, at the same time pushing clear of her eager schoolfellows.

"No, I shall not say any more," she announced firmly. "My mind's made up!"

"Stop her!" laughed headstrong Polly. "I say, I vote we get that letter from her! Where's the harm? The fact is, Grace is being just a bit too modest about it all!"

"Yes, wather!"  
 But the madcap's boisterous suggestion was not, of course, acted upon. The others only laughed, although there was a certain girl on hand who was suddenly feeling that one might do worse than get hold of that letter!

Cora Grandways—she, in her quick-witted way, had become more than curious. She was suspicious.

It seemed to shrowd Cora that the letter could hardly have been as pleasant reading as its recipient had implied, or would Grace Garfield have been mconing about in the twilight grounds, looking so very moody?

Meantime, it was Grace's tremendous relief to know that she could have done nothing better for herself than answer as she had.

She knew that many girls were lagging behind in the corridor and on the stairs, only to discuss her in the most admiring manner. It was pretty wonderful! She had said just enough to become in their eyes a girl who refused to describe her own brave deed!

It gave her renewed courage and determination to go on in the false position in which Fate itself had placed her. After this, she felt, the awkward interest in the affair would cease. Morcove would rest content with such meagre explanation as she had given them, and so she had nothing to fear.

But the letter—that she must destroy, and at once! It was not that there would be any attempt, whether serious or playful, to get a look at the missive. The danger was that she might carelessly allow the letter to go astray. It was folly to run any such risk when she could destroy it in a moment.

As soon as the other girls were enjoying their dancing in the music-room, she herself went away. Unobserved, as she thought, Grace detached herself from the fox-trotters, to go back alone to her study.

Behind the closed door, she took out the letter and glanced it through once again. Most certainly, it was not the kind of letter to keep! Anyone had only to read it to know that the heroic deed had been performed at a time when she—Grace Garfield—was out for a walk with Dolly Delane. Let anyone find out that much, and all the rest must ultimately transpire!

She wished she could have burnt the letter, but there was no means of doing that here in the study. She could only tear the sheet across and across, until it was a handful of tiny scraps. Then, such was her guilty uneasiness, how best to dispose of the scraps of paper became quite a harassing problem.

Not the wastepaper-basket—no! Nor did she like to retain the scraps in her pocket until such time as she could dispose of them. She had a guilty feeling that they must be disposed of straight away, or anything might happen.

For a moment she stood looking around the study, never suspecting how at this very instant there was a certain girl outside the closed door, with her eye to the keyhole.

"I know—behind that bookcase!" she whispered her sudden crafty decision. "They'll never be found there."

But there was someone craftier than she.  
 That night, when every other inmate of Morcove School was fast asleep, Cora Grandways crept down from the Fourth Form dormitory, to spend a stealthy, busy hour in the new-rich girl's study!

#### Study 12 Goes Out to Tea!

"AND now, where are the others? Why don't they come? Oh, dear—oh, dear—"  
 "Betty!"

That girl laughed at her own vexation.  
 "It's such a trouble, though, getting everybody together!" she protested, at the same time drawing on her gloves. "The school 'bus is at the door. We weren't let out of afternoon school half-an-hour

earlier only to be late in getting to Barncombe Castle!"

"Gee, gee!"

"That's better, Paula," the Form captain was quick to admit, as elegant Paula floated upon the scene. "We are still waiting for Naomer, and then there are Grace and Dolly. But they must catch us up downstairs."

Naomer, however, suddenly skipped into view, giving a smart salute that created great laughter. Madgo strolled in, and after her came Grace and Dolly.

"That's the lot, isn't it?" Betty exclaimed relievedly. She looked round, dotting off the girls with a finger as she reckoned them up. "No! We are only eight now. Trixie Hope—where's she?"

"I—here!"

And the girl with the passion for French whisked into the study. She began a voluble apology in alleged French that was cut short by Betty.

"Come along, then! We were told to be there by four, and it's almost that now!"

"Howwows!" yelled Paula. "Pewsonally, I thought I was getting dweessed in wecord time."

The nine of them had come in for a surprise invitation this afternoon. Their friend, Lady Evelyn Knight, youthful daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lundy, had 'phoned through, asking them to tea at Barncombe Castle.

Miss Redgrave had readily allowed the girls to come out of school early, so that they could put on something nice for the visit. Also, word had been passed for the school motor-bus to be at the porch at half-past three. Nine schoolgirls, suddenly dashing out to the 'bus, now that the school chimed were ding-donging a quarter to four, found a chauffeur who looked reproachful.

But the chums were quickly settled in the 'bus—all too quickly for Paula's liking. There was a certain skittishness about Naomer and Polly's "bagging" seats that left Paula, as the bus sped away, squealing for "more woom!"

"We are five on this side," Polly explained to the duffer. "Cross over, if you want more room. They're only four."

Paula thought this a happy suggestion. Only when she had crossed over did she realise that she would still be one of five! However, she decided to stop, as she would be opposite, not next to, Naomer and Polly. She was standing up to smooth her clothes very primly, before sitting down, when the 'bus slewed out on to the high road.

Paula lost her balance, and toppled against Naomer and Polly.

"Healp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dweadful, dweadful!" lamented the elegant one, finding her seat at last. "A nice weck I shall look! Don't gwin! You geeals all look so smart!"

"Grace does, anyhow!" Polly exclaimed, smiling across at the new-rich girl. "What it means to be a millionairess!"

Grace herself accepted this as the compliment it was meant to be. She smiled back at Polly, in whose estimation she was standing very high these days.

In fact, the entire Study 12 coterie felt charmed with the way in which Grace Garfield was going on.

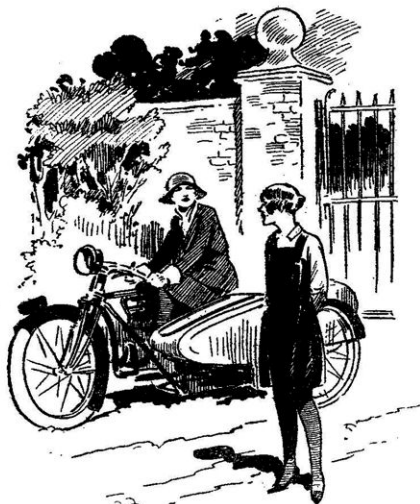
Their candid opinion was that her coming into such a big windfall might easily have upset the girl—made her high-and-mighty, inclined to "show off." Instead, they found her behaving as if the windfall had steadied her.

She was not "showing off"; the fortune was hardly ever mentioned by its lucky recipient; above all, she was being so nice to Dolly, her study-mate.

One minute after four the private 'bus drew up in the courtyard of Barncombe Castle, and the girls presented themselves en masse to the footman at the main door.

Even though Betty & Co. had often visited at this, the historic country place of the Lundy family, they felt awed by the stately grandeur of their surroundings.

Then, with all the simple charm of a grown girl welcoming her chums to some suburban home, little Lady Evelyn suddenly rushed forward to greet them.



**CORA STRIKES HOME!** "What's the matter?" said Cora Grandways. "I'm all right," returned Grace carelessly. "Oh, thought you'd had an upset over the fortune!" said Cora tartly.

"Late things! When I said four, you know I meant as soon as you could get let out of class! Ton's being brought to the Octagon Room. We shall be all by ourselves there."

And she led the way, up a few broad stairs and along an ancient passage that was hung with rare tapestries, to the very curious eight-sided room, where a log fire on the open hearth added to the general snugness.

One of the liveried man-servants brought in the tea, carrying the tray almost chin-high. Naomer said afterwards that she did wish he had fallen over himself. That would have been such a scream! But things like that did not happen at Barncombe Castle.

In the same way that the earl's daughter was aristocratic without putting on airs, so the life of the place was grand without being pompous.

Grace, almost forgetting by now that she was enjoying wrongly acquired riches, was paying keen attention to Lady Evelyn this afternoon. That girl was an example of how to be high in the world, and yet so charming.

Five thousand pounds—it was a mere nothing, of course, to Lady Evelyn's own fortune. Probably her yearly pin-money would be that when she came of age. Still, to Grace herself the Cranford money still seemed to be a fabulous sum. Her schoolfellows deemed her made for life, and so she was, unless—

Both that hateful misgiving, suddenly cropping up again! She was all right—she was SAFE! The one risk she ran was the very, very remote one of the Cranfords ultimately visiting England, and that risk she was going to chance!

"Oh, by the way, Grace Garfield!" And the youthful hostess suddenly jumped up to come round and shake hands with her half seriously. "Congrats, on your wonderful luck! You deserved it, as we all know now!"

She did not colour up. Grace was getting used to being congratulated, and to being told that she deserved such luck. Yet this occasion provided her with a secret pang of misery, after all, a sudden twinge of her conscience.

It was when, whilst the talk flowed on, she suddenly noticed Dolly Delane sitting mute and observant, awed more than any of the others by those grand surroundings.

Grace could tell exactly what thoughts were passing in the mind of the girl whom she had cheated of her due. Dolly was thinking of home, of the ramshackle farm, and of how it cried out for money—money! Money for repairs, money to help her people tide over hard times, to pay for a little extra labour, so that their own daily round would not be quite such a grinding one!

And now Grace, unable to keep from watching, saw the poor girl glance herself down. That was after Dolly had glanced at one and another of her chums, doubtless thinking how smart they all looked in their best things, and she just a trifle shabby.

And this was the girl who was not only entitled to the great windfall, but the very one who so needed such a bit of luck!

Hard indeed was Grace's guilty conscience smiting her all at once. After days of increasing callousness, she had a sudden wild desire to do right.

Then she imagined herself as being no better off than she used to be. How would she like to have only the allowance of pocket-money that her parents used to make her? Not to be able to dive into a shop whenever she fancied something in the window, not to have the comfortable feeling that an unflinching supply of money created—how would she like that?

No! This thinking about Dolly in her need must stop, once and for all! That girl would never miss what she had never enjoyed.

As usual, after one of these spasms of remorse, Grace felt very daring all at once, inclined to get full enjoyment out of her money. As she and her schoolfellows drove away from Barncombe Castle Grace was as high-spirited as any. In the High Street she tapped one of the 'bus windows, to signal to the driver to pull up—opposite the Creamery.

"I'm going in here, girls. You don't mind waiting a minute? Thanks!"

Loud cheers greeted her return with what proved to be a most expensive box of chocolates—one that she could well afford to buy. Offering them round,

she said she hoped this did not seem like swank. It was jolly awkward, having more money than others.

"Jolly nice, I'd say!" chuckled Polly, popping a chocolate into her mouth.

"I mean," said Grace prettily, "I don't want to make a show, and yet I don't want to be mean."

"You'd never be that," murmured Dolly—"not mean!"

The 'bus romped them out of the town, and purred along the open highway, now layered with March dust. The sun was setting over the sea, its last rays flaming across the undulating moorlands so beloved by Betty & Co.

They were saying what a treat it was to be going home like this, instead of having to pedal every yard of the way, when—bang!—a bad puncture occurred, causing a very sudden stop.

Out jumped all the girls, whilst the chauffeur sprang down from his seat to change the wheel. He needed no help, and so the girls stood about, quietly remarking on the beauty of the evening and the loveliness of the solitary scene.

"Hullo, here comes Cora—going all out, as usual!" Polly grimaced, as the elder Grandways girl came speeding along from Barncombe. "One thing I will say for Cora—she can drive!"

The flyaway girl pulled up close to the 'bus, if only for the sake of twitting the others about the puncture.

"Get another, and you'll have to walk!" she exulted. "But, there, I won't be hard on you! I'll take any three of you along with me. Mine's a really decent machine, not an old bloater-box!"

She swung off the saddle and swaggered about, eager for a bit of a squabble. There was, however, a refusal to enter into argument with her that she found rather aggravating. At last she fastened upon Grace.

"Can I give you a lift, Grace? You and Dolly, eh?"

"No, thanks! You don't want to, Dolly?" That girl came out of a deep muse to answer softly.

"No, Grace. I was just thinking—one day last summer, just here, near the cross-roads! You remember?"

Then a great shock went through Grace. She knew she was turning pale in front of all the girls. Dolly had suddenly alluded to that scare with the runaway farm-horse.

Strange but true, it was just here that Dolly had saved the life of Daphne Cranford!

One or two of the other girls faced round sharply. Helen Craig exclaimed:

"What's that about last summer, Dolly? I don't remember anything."

"No, you wouldn't," smiled Dolly. "It was something that happened when I was out for a stroll with Grace. I'm not going to say what it was—a bad scare with a runaway horse, that's all!"

Grace's secret dismay turned to utter despair. Even without another word from Dolly, it seemed as if enough had been said by that girl to set the others thinking. In her guilty state, Grace could imagine any of the girls suddenly putting two and two together.

Whether or not any of the girls had been fatefully impressed there was no time for Grace to tell. The chauffeur had now changed the wheel, and he invited the girls to resume their seats in the 'bus.

Their doing so was, in one way, a tremendous relief to the girl who had such a weight upon her conscience. For the sudden busting back into the



car put a check upon further questioning. At the same time, Grace would have given a good deal to be able to notice if Betty or any of the others had started a certain train of thought.

As the 'bus rumbled on with them again, she stole a glance at this face and that. But now the girls were idly chatting, and all their looks were serene.

Was it going to be all right? By a miracle, it looked like being so!

But Grace, when she said this to herself, was forgetting one girl who was not a passenger in the 'bus.

She was forgetting Cora Grandways, now speeding in advance of the motor-bus on her own famous "combination."

If Grace, at this moment, could have known what thoughts were running in the crafty mind of Cora Grandways, she would have felt almost certain that the game was up!

### Cora and a Puzzle!

ONCE more the many windows of the vast schoolhouse had had their blinds drawn against the darkness of night, whilst lights were switched on everywhere, making rooms and passages and studies all as bright as they were warm.

Once more, also, the many scholars had settled to their evening work. In that round-the-corner study which she shared with her graceless sister Judith Grandways was pushing on with her "prep."—a lonely girl, as it was her destiny to be.

Judith could have been as intimate with Betty and the rest as she would have liked to be, only her sister's objectionable nature was the unhappy hindrance always.

Cora Grandways now flaunted into the study, to give one of those bullying commands which she so often had for her peaceable sister:

"Here, get out of this, Judy! I've got something to do!"

"I suppose I shall not be in the way, Cora, if I go on with my prep.?"

"Yes, you will! What I want to do is private, so hop it, Misery!"

And Cora, striding forward from the door, gave her inoffensive sister a spiteful slap, and then dragged at the chair to make her abandon it. Before Judith could stand up, she was being almost tipped sideways off the seat.

"Ha, ha, ha! Now look like a martyr—that's right!" was Cora's jeering comment on her sister's look of suppressed annoyance. "He, he, he! But hurry up! Clear out, Judy!"

The girl, sadly resigned by now to her sister's spiteful treatment, closed her books and set her pen-tray to rights with a certain dignity. Then she walked to the door and passed out. It was like Cora to feel as jealous of her sister's quiet dignity as she had been derisive over her meekness.

No sooner had Judith departed than Cora stepped to the door and wedged it shut by tilting a chair against it, with the back rail under the lock.

This done, Cora returned to the table, sat down, and brought forth from one drawer an unsealed envelope, the contents of which she emptied on to her blotting-pad.

They were numerous scraps of paper which the girl tilted out of the envelope. Each tiny scrap held its fragment of writing—a round, schoolgirlish hand, so legible that even where only the first syllable of a word appeared Cora could easily guess what that word should be.

Even so, the scraps of paper were so tiny that the inquisitive girl had been quite baffled so far



### UNDESERVED CONGRATULATIONS!

"By the way, Grace Garfield," said Lady Evelyn Knight, jumping up and shaking her hand, "congratulate on your wonderful luck. You deserve it, as we all know!"

over the crafty attempt to piece the torn-up letter together, like a jigsaw puzzle.

Trying again now, she began by quickly fitting together the very few pieces that she had previously matched correctly, but these pieces represented the mere top line or so of the first page. All the rest were as yet a hopeless jumble.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes crept by. Still Cora was sitting there, in the secure privacy of her study, pushing the scraps of paper about, trying one alongside another.

"Bother the thing!" she seethed to herself, losing patience. "I don't believe I'll ever make head or tail of this wretched puzzle. And yet, if I only can, what a fine thing it may prove! There's writing on both sides of the paper, worse luck! That makes it twenty times more difficult."

Utterly weary of her desperate sorting over the slips, at last she began to toy with them in a listless manner. As she did so, she would murmur softly now and then some word or fragment of a phrase that was intriguing.

"A big present, without saying—" Cora frowned at the way this sentence was cut off. "Father tells me—lawyer in London—you may be sure I—how bravely you risked—"

In sheer exasperation, she suddenly pushed all the scraps of paper from her. Sitting back in her chair, she stared sullenly before her.

"How on earth can anyone piece together a torn-up letter that was written on both sides of the paper? Even if I get the first page right, I shall have spoilt the back page by pasting down the scraps. I know, though! A sheet of glass—of course!"

She jumped up, suddenly changed from deep dejection to great delight. It seemed a great

deal, all at once, to have recollected that by pasting the torn-up scraps of a letter on to a square of glass both sides could, of course, be read.

"I can do no more to-night," she decided, raking the scraps back into the envelope. "When I get a small pane of glass, I believe I shall get on better."

From the last scraps of paper, she picked up one, as the broken wording of it caught her eye.

"That runaway horse," she read softly to herself from this particular scrap of paper. "There it is, anyhow—something about a runaway horse! And I wonder," she added, with a crafty smile—"I wonder if it was of something about a runaway horse that Dolly Delane was reminded on the road home this evening!"

Pulling open the drawer, Cora put the envelope away very carefully under sheaves of paper, old exercise-books, and other odds and ends. Then she took the chair away from the door, and, being in no mood to give her mind to "prep," until later on, she sauntered out of the study.

In the main corridor she encountered Grace, on her way to Study 12, where, as usual, a number of girls would be gathering now that "prep." was done. The new-rich girl nodded, but Cora had grown tired of wooing Grace as a possible "crony," able to afford treats.

Instead of stopping to talk, Cora put on an air, walking past Grace with a tilted chin. It did not trouble Grace. She could feel that there were plenty of other scholars who had to put up with the spitfire's rudeness. And it was just as well for Grace, perhaps, that nothing warned her as to what Cora's change of front might be meaning!

After promenading to the stairs end of the passage, Cora wandered back. She paused outside a certain study, hesitated, then entered. Dolly Delane was just tidying up the table, now that she had done with lessons until first school in the morning.

"Where's Grace, then?" asked Cora, quite as if she didn't know.

"With Betty and Polly by now, I expect. Did you want her?"

"Not particularly! She's like a good many more," threw out Cora, "too conceited for my liking!"

"I don't know about that!" Dolly dissented spiritedly. "You know very well, Cora, you have always been your own worst enemy. If you would only play the game—"

"What you mean is, if I chose to go down on my knees to Betty and the rest, they might condescend to treat me as a friend!" sneered Cora. "No, thanks! As for Grace, I suppose she was bound to get too big for her shoes after coming in for that windfall. As if five thousand pounds were anything so very wonderful!"

Dolly had to laugh.

"It may seem a trifle to you, Cora. To me it seems like a fairy tale! That anyone should give Grace such a huge reward—"

"Bah, you've no idea the money some people have, and how little they miss a few thousands given away in charity! My own father—"

"The money was not given to Grace out of charity!" Dolly reminded Cora sharply. "It was a reward for something she did."

"Much the same thing! I'm saying that the people—those Cranfords—probably thought no more of it than you would think if you gave someone a shilling for—say, stopping a runaway horse that had been going to knock you down!"

Casually Cora brought out that remark, at the

same time turning away to the door. But she was on watch for the effect of her words upon this study-mate of Grace Garfield's. She did not fail to see how violently Dolly Delane started at the words "runaway horse." Cora went out, and as she drew the door shut behind her she looked excited—triumphant!

As for Dolly, left alone in the study, she suddenly dropped down into a chair. She had been going to look in at Study 12, where there was bound to be plenty of after-"prep." gossip and fun. But now—

"Strange, now I think of it!" she exclaimed to herself softly. "Grace was with me that day last summer when I stopped that runaway horse. I've never since seen the girl I saved, from that day to this. And I never got her name. We were all so upset at the time. She had mine, though—mine and Grace's."

Such distressful thoughts and feelings suddenly rushed upon Dolly that she stood up, moving about the room in great agitation.

The fancy that had seized her—what a wild and rash one it seemed! She ought not to encourage it, she felt. It was like forming a suspicion that—that Grace—that the windfall had been wrongly bestowed!

"No, I mustn't start thinking that sort of thing," the fair-minded girl rebuked herself. "Unless I'm careful, I shall begin to think that it must have been the Cranford girl whom I saved. In which case, I ought to have had the reward, not Grace! But it's silly of me. It won't do—thinking a thing like that!"

Angry with herself, she walked across to the door, but she had to pause and turn back. It was impossible for her to go along and mingle with the other girls whilst she felt like this—so greatly disturbed in her mind. Wanting to do anything but indulge the sudden fancy, with all its tremendous possibilities, she yet had to weigh the pros and cons.

The reason why Grace had received the huge reward—what was it? Grace herself had refused to say very much—simply that it was a reward for something she had done. The general belief was that this meant some heroic deed, about which Grace naturally preferred to say nothing.

That was all very well, only it left room for this sudden sensational fancy that perhaps the heroic deed had been the very one done last summer on the Barncombe road.

The chain of reasoning went on forming itself in Dolly's brain, link by link. She recalled the great adventure—every detail of it. And the great fact was that the unknown girl, saved from the runaway horse, had gone off afterwards, with the names of two Morcovce girls, declaring that she would never forget what she owed to one of those two girls.

"And supposing—supposing that she muddled our names?" Dolly stood asking herself tremblingly. "Oh, I do wish all this had never come into my mind! It's unkind to Grace—unfair! As if, supposing there had been a mistake, she would be the one to take advantage of it—at my expense!"

At this instant some girl or other went by in the passage, playfully extracting strange music from a stringed instrument. At any other time Dolly would have smiled to hear a Morcovce scholar thrumming on a ukulele, for such the instrument was.

But now she was too bothered to pay attention. It was left to Study 12 to give sudden shrieks of

laughter, as the player of the fashionable toy-instrument twanged into that den.

At intervals after that the ukulele could be heard faintly, as if the girls were taking it in turns to "have a go." There was some extra-loud thrumming that was undoubtedly Naomer's.

Then suddenly Dolly received a visitor. It was Polly, whirling into the study in the real madcap mood.

"Why haven't you come along to Study 12, Dolly? I say, may I hide something here? Eva Merrick has got a ukulele, and we are going to use it for a game—you know, sort of hunt the thimble!"

Without further explanation, Polly looked all round the study for a hiding-place; then darted across and dropped some small object behind the bookcase. Whatever it was, the object fell far in at the back of the piece of furniture.

"Sh! Don't give them any hint!" Polly begged blithely, then whirled back to Study 12.

In a few moments the weird instrument was in her hands, and she was thrumming it loudly as the other girls trooped out. If Polly played loudly they were on the right track; if the so-called music went soft they were getting wide of the mark.

"In here!" declared Betty, finding that the music went soft as they were going past Dolly's doorway.

"Ooo, yes; queek—queek!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Polly almost broke the strings, she strummed them so hard. The searchers, who included Betty, Paula, Naomer, Madge, Trixie, and Helen, drew off to one side of the study. Wrong! Because Polly was now playing softly.

So they crossed over, and again there were mirthful cries of excitement.

After some hunting about in vain, they all went down on their knees to search the floor. Wrong again! They stood up, and fiddled with one or two pictures. Still wrong!

Then Naomer moved near the bookcase.

"Ooo, queek—queek!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, wather! Geals, geals, we're getting wawm now! It's in the bookcase, bai Jove!"

But the moment they started hunting along the shelves the music went soft.

"Ah, bah, where is he, then?" exploded Naomer. She peered between the back of the bookcase and the wall. Polly thrummed terrifically.

"Ooo, queek—queek!"

"Hoo-way! Geals, geals—"

"We've got it now!" predicted Betty. "Behind the bookcase! Go it, Naomer!"

"I not feel him; I not able to reach!" cried the dusky one, a-dance with the excitement of an approaching triumph. "We must move ze bookcase—queek, queek!"

"And so we will!" chuckled Betty. "Come on!"

Grace Garfield was standing in the doorway, suffering secret terror. She was on the point of crying out: "No, don't! I won't have you move the bookcase!" Then, she realised that any such agitated cry would only excite suspicion.

After all, if they did come upon some scraps of paper, was it likely those scraps would receive attention? Better to let the game go on.

So, making a secret fight within herself to overcome the feeling of panic, she remained a mere onlooker.

There was great hilarity over the grim, earnest way in which Naomer and a few others were shift-

ing the bookcase, and Grace must have seemed to be as amused as any. She joined in the laughter.

But at last the bookcase was shifted far enough from the wall for the hidden article to be found. Naomer pounced upon it, and then jumped away, proudly waving it aloft, whilst a burst of hand-claps attended this finish of the game. Betty and two or three more pushed the bookcase back into position, but not before Grace had received another awful shock.

Those scraps of paper representing the torn-up letter from Daphno Cranford—where were they? For they were no longer behind the bookcase!

Gone! And, being gone, they could only have been removed by someone! But when—and why?

The girl who had robbed Dolly Delane of her rightful reward turned cold with horror. The scraps of paper had been found by someone, and not by accident!

Some girl in the school had had her suspicions aroused. And by now, perhaps, the same girl had pieced the tell-tale scraps together, and was thus on the track of the great mistake!

#### What's Wrong with Dolly?

FROM that moment life for Grace Garfield at Morcove School was to become a kind of nightmare one.

She felt herself to be standing in constant dread of being denounced as a heartless cheat.

Yet still she could not bring herself to owning up to it all.

There had been time for her to become accustomed to the free use of money. Her mind had formed the habit of planning for the future, as if she were fully entitled to the fortune. She had tasted the joy of being able to spend lavishly—not upon herself entirely, by any means. One of the chief delights of being rich, she had discovered, lay in being generous to others.

It was not that she wanted to buy popularity. If that had been her desire, she would have been deservedly pulled up by Betty & Co. They knew the vast difference, however, between a girl who is anxious to be generous and another who is only eager to surround herself with toadies.

But Grace's very generosity mocked at her. During the next few days she often squirmed in secret at the hypocrisy it really meant, to be dealing handsomely by Dolly and others out of money that she ought to be yielding up.

The expensive brooch she had bestowed upon her study-mate—what a constant reproach it had become, always shimmering at Grace when lessons were over for the day, and Dolly was free to wear it if she chose!

She had "generously" spent a few pounds on a present for the very girl who was entitled to the entire five thousand! Mockery, indeed! Hypocrisy of the worst kind!

That she would be found out in the end seemed fatally certain. When Grace considered how a bit of harmless nonsense such as that game of hide-and-seek by the girls had led to their prying behind the bookcase—the very spot where she had thought the scraps of paper would be as good as lost for ever—she had the dreadful sensation of being marked down for exposure.

For, although the girls had not found the scraps, the incident had served to tell Grace that someone had gathered them up.

Who it was, how and when the deed had been done, she could not guess. That was how Fate itself had set out to torment her, it seemed. She was to receive one scare after another; to become

easy in her mind, only to sustain some fresh appalling shock.

But after a week or so of this guilty suspense the new-rich girl began to ask herself whether she need stand in such constant dread, after all?

Nothing had happened in the school, and there had been no development from outside.

Perhaps there was one very simple explanation of the scraps of paper having been gathered up. Now and then the housemaids were set to clean out the studies, taking a couple one day and a couple the next. And it was a fact that Morcove's very thorough spring-cleaning was already being put in hand, without its interfering with the girls' work and play.

Thus, slowly but surely, because she was always wanting to think herself back into a sense of security, Grace managed to regain her shaken nerve.

In the end she formed a theory that gave her fresh courage. She came to the conclusion that she was not going to be found out, but she must be prepared for constant scares. They were the inevitable outcome of her being in guilty possession of what was not rightfully her own. The one positive risk was still such a very remote one—Daphne Cranford herself, as far away from Morcove as the other side of the wide Atlantic!

Unless that girl and her parents should come to England, how could it ever become known that the great reward for the heroic deed had been wrongly bestowed?

On this side of the Atlantic there was no one who had the faintest suspicion. Grace's own parents, the lawyer, Dolly herself—they would never be any the wiser!

Thus the passing of uneventful days lulled Grace into an easier frame of mind. It became less of an effort for her to mingle with her schoolfellows, to be alone with Dolly herself, without that secret fear.

Now and then she fancied that Dolly was not her usual cheery little self. If this had continued without explanation, Grace would have begun to feel afraid again—afraid that Dolly, after all, must be turning over something in her mind, brooding suspiciously!

But after school one afternoon the real reason for Dolly's moodiness seemed to be explained in very simple manner. She owned to feeling very out-of-sorts.

"Not well, do you mean, Dolly?" asked Grace, feeling greatly relieved by this admission. "Is that why you have been so very quiet and—and serious just lately?"

"I—I have been feeling very down for some days now, Grace."

That girl took Dolly's hand. It was hot. She felt the pulse.

"I say, Dolly, I think you ought to let them know you are like this! I'd go to matron at once, if I were you. Don't keep about, when you are so poorly."

"Oh, the san.—it's such a sickener!" Dolly objected, with a feeble laugh. "Yet I suppose I ought to report to the matron, in fairness to the rest of the school."

Always a thought of what was fair and right! Just like Dolly, to think of others!

She went off with a laggard step, and ten minutes later it was known that she had been ordered across to the san. She was "off colour," and for the present she must be kept under observation.

There was excitement in the Form. Wild talk of an infectious case spread around. Would the whole school go down with it? What an adventure if it did! Something new for Morcove! Or perhaps the school would break up at once?

Paula was found wandering about, anxiously looking at her tongue in every mirror. It was the



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pink of perfection, and she declared that she felt "quite all right—yes, wather!" But her tone implied palpitating alarm.

"Poor old Dolly!" chuckled Polly Linton, who held the cheery belief that it was all a silly scare. "I wouldn't mind being in the san. with the rest of the Form. But to be the only patient

"Howwible—yes, wather! Er—geals, geals, would one of you mind feeling my pulse? I mean to say, wather wapid—what?"

Polly took hold of Paula's wrist, and next second Paula was yelping:

"Ow! Yawwoogh! Dwoop it, Polly! Ow—"

"Hold still, whilst I count, duffer!"

"Healp!" shrielled the duffer, and when at last Polly let go, Paula flopped back into a chair, prostrate.

"What you want," said Polly, "is plenty of exercise."

a minute, and continued on her way, saying nothing about the nice things for Dolly.

A nurse came down to the san. doorway, in response to the girl's knock.

"Please, nurse, here are a few things for Dolly Delane. And how is she now, can you tell me?"

"I don't think you should have shown yourself here, my dear," was the half-serious answer. "We don't know what it may be. Your chum is no better—if anything, a little seedier."

"I'm so sorry! Give her—give her my love, won't you?"

"I will, my dear, and thank you for all these things! How good of you!"

Grace must have been getting very hardened in her conscience by now. She went away, feeling quite virtuous.

Then, entering the schoolhouse, she saw a buff-coloured envelope in that section of the letter-rack marked "G." A telegram—for her, perhaps!



### ANXIOUS MOMENTS FOR GRACE!

cross-roads here—that runaway horse—do you remember? — Dolly was thinking of the time when she had saved Daphne Cranford's life.

"Ooo, yes; queek—queek!"

And there was great laughter in Study 12 whilst Paula, for the good of her health, was being chased round the table by the two madcaps.

Grace went away, and in a little while she put on her things and cycled into Barncombe. She bought hothouse grapes and chicken jelly, and other invalid delicacies for the girl who had been put to bed in the san. There was all the old longing to be very nice to Dolly, to make up for what that girl was losing.

The sun was setting when Grace got back to the school. After putting her cycle away, she went across to the san., to hand in the things at the door. Some of the other girls were just leaving the games-field, after hockey practice. They called to her and flourished their sticks, and Grace had the agreeable sensation of being greatly liked.

She called back that she would be with them in

"I was just thinking, Grace," said Dolly Delane musingly. "One day last summer, near the remember?" Grace Garfield turned pale. Dolly

She ran to the rack and snatched out the missive. Yes, it was addressed to her. From home, was it? Were her parents able to come and see her at last? Well, that would not make any difference. But the telegram was not from her father or mother.

It was a cable from New York.  
"OUR PASSAGES BOOKED FOR LIVERPOOL," she read. "HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON.—DAPHNE CRANFORD."

(END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.)

Daphne Cranford coming to England, after all! The one thing Grace has had to fear! What will she do, now that it seems almost certain she will be found out? You cannot afford to miss next week's splendid complete story entitled "Her Guilty Secret." It will hold you on tiptoe with excitement!