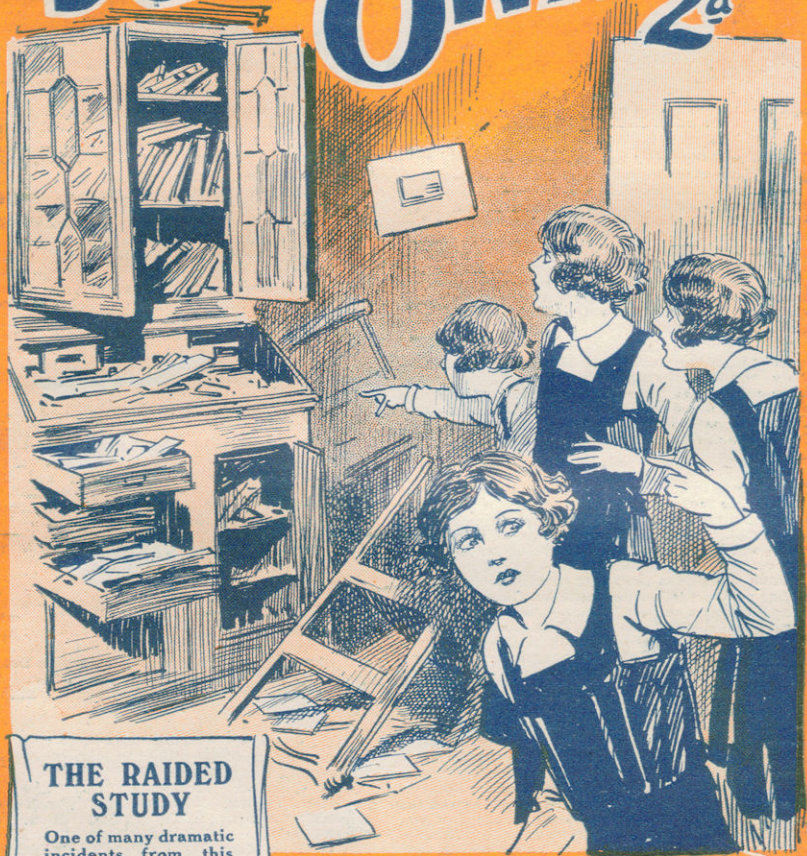


"IN THE SERVICE OF THE SCHOOL"

Enthralling Long Complete Morcove School Story Inside

The **SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN** 2^d



THE RAIDED STUDY

One of many dramatic incidents from this week's Morcove story.

YOUR EDITOR'S OWN PAGE—AND YOURS



Your Editor is always delighted to hear from you whenever you care to write. His address is: "The Schoolgirls' Own," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed for a reply by post.

WHERE MORCOVE TALES ARE WRITTEN

I HAD an unexpected call the other day from Miss Marjorie Stanton, who was on one of her rare visits to London. Miss Stanton (who, as you know, is the author of our Morcove School tales) was full of talk about her country home, and it has since occurred to me that it might interest readers of *THE SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN* to know something of the homes of the authors who contribute to our paper. Miss Stanton has told me much about her home, and I have been privileged to see many charming photographs, so I feel able to tell you quite a lot about it.

Miss Stanton's home is in a Western county, remote from the hustle and bustle of big towns—truly "far from the madding crowd." There are no main roads, with their thunder of heavy traffic to disturb the peace and charm of this delightful rural retreat. The railway is several miles distant, and Miss Stanton's home is reached by charming upland lanes.

THE house stands in a delightful old-world garden, which marches with a pretty coppice—in Spring a mass of bluebells. I have seen photographs of Miss Stanton's garden, in Spring and in Summer dress, and I only wish that I could find words to give you some idea of its charms.

From the garden there is a wondrous view across rolling pastures to the distant hills. How delightful, after finishing a chapter, to be able to roam in such a garden of old-world charm! How nice to pass out through that little wicket-gate into the meadows—a sheet of gold when the buttercups are out!—and so across the park and into the woods.

THE house is a dream! Once upon a time it was a farm, and the straggling buildings, with their mossy tiled roofs and crooked gables, are a perfect picture. The house has quaint little diamond-paned windows—almost hidden under a mass of clematis and wistaria—and tall clustered chimneys. A path of crazy paving leads from the gate up to the porch, and if you were to peep in one day you would probably see Miss Stanton's big Clumber spaniel lounging, head between paws, outside the door—just as if the house belonged to him!

There are more dogs round at the stables (jolly little black cockers), and ponies in the loose boxes. There are fantail pigeons strutting proudly on the roof, and perky little bantams in the cobbled yard. In fact, Miss Stanton's home is in every way a perfect

example of a beautiful, old-world country house. No wonder that, living in such enchanting surroundings, Miss Stanton writes for us such perfect stories!

In future Chats I hope to tell you about the homes of other authors who contribute to our pages.

THE stories in next Tuesday's issue of *THE SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN* are of the very best. You will revel in the long complete tale of the girls of Morcove School, in which popular Pam Willoughby is the central figure. This gripping narrative is packed with drama, with action, with great adventure; Morcove School and stately Swanlake are equally the scenes of this splendid romance, which you simply must not miss.

Who is Hunda Khan? What purpose has brought him to Swanlake—and how is he concerned with the Eastmans? What is the secret of the Temple of the Moon? What will be the end of the jealous feud between Zelle Duval and Muriel Floddon?

You will be longing to know the answers to these intriguing questions, so don't fail to read:

"PAM'S MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE," By Marjorie Stanton.

The second of our new series of complete circus tales will appear next week. It has been written specially for us by Ida Melbourne, and will appear under the title of "Felice and the Lion Cub!" Long instalments of two fine serials complete an extra-special number of *THE SCHOOLGIRLS' OWN*. Order your copy to-day—and please ask your friends to do the same.

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

I want to thank the following readers very much for their charming letters:

Syd (Garston, Liverpool). Polly and Jack (Oxenwood, Wilts). "Black Head" (Small Heath, B'ham). "Auburn Hair" (East Ham, E.6). "Two Cheshire Cats" (Cheshire). "A Morcove Fan" (West Kensington). Patricia Stubbs (Walsley). "Dinky Doo" (Clydach). "Rio Rita" (Chiswick). Kathleen Arnott (Hull). "Popkins" (Sandwich, Kent). "Highfield Scholar." Valerio Tait (St. James, C.P.).

With best wishes,
YOUR EDITOR.

A MAGNIFICENT LONG COMPLETE STORY OF MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE AT MORCOVE SCHOOL, FEATURING BETTY BARTON AND CO.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE SCHOOL



By MARJORIE STANTON

Mystery has come to Swanlake, Pam Willoughby's beautiful home, and though Pam is at Morcove, she must find time to deal with the strange situation which has arisen—for her parents are abroad! Lucky for Pam that she has such staunch chums as Betty Barton & Co. to aid her. It seems as if she will need all the help they can give.

Form Against Form

"PAM WILLOUGHBY? Will somebody please find Pam Willoughby."

"Shall I, Miss Everard?"

"The very one, Muriel. I fancy she is in the team for this afternoon's match, so you will find her on the field."

Miss Everard, Fourth Form mistress at Morcove School, had a young girl in cap and apron looking very eager to be off upon the errand.

"You might say, Muriel, that somebody has come over from Swanlake to see her. It is Zelie Duval, the French maid."

"Oh, is Zelie here!" broke from Muriel Floddon.

She was feeling a quickened interest. The mention of Zelie Duval could not fail to disturb Morcove's new recruit to its domestic staff.

Muriel, who had come from stately Swanlake only a few days ago, to receive valuable training under the Morcove housekeeper, was now recollecting what jealousy Zelie Duval had displayed.

Out into the sunshine of a genial afternoon ran Muriel, soon reaching the well-kept grass of the games-field.

An inter-Form match was in full swing, but at first Muriel could see nothing of the hockey-

players. It was such a big attendance of lookers-on that ringed the field of play.

A sudden outburst of cries and counter-cries, even a few tremendous shouts from partisans, carried away by a desperate rush that might mean a goal.

"Go on, the Fourth! Go on-n-n!"

"Betty, Betty!"

"No-o-o!" predicted some.

"Yes!" predicted others who were looking on.

"Goal!" they anticipated.

"Boo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Such a hubbub as this was simply music in the ears of Muriel as she got to where she could see the battle raging, the Fifth Form's goal being the menaced one.

She wanted to join in the urgent shouting, being very definitely on the side of the Fourth Form team, captained by Betty Barton. Of course, Muriel wanted that team to win, when it not only included Pam Willoughby of Swanlake, but comprised scholars who were Pam's best chums.

And there was Pam in the thick of the fray, as one could have felt sure she would be; tall Pam, the very soul of girlish athleticism, the lover of all sports, and never mind how much they got her knocked about at times.

"Goal—no-o-oh!" another too-eager cry changed to disappointment.

"Ha, ha, ha! Laugh at them! They can't get it after all!" Fifth Form supporters proudly jeered, to give a sting to the friendly rivalry. "Booh!"

"You wait ze bit!" Muriel heard dusky Naomer Nakara shrilling at the boosers. "Bekas—Ooo, look now, queek!"

"Betty! Polly! Go on-n-n!"

"Pam!" dinned a large section of the crowd.

"Oh, Pam—now!"

"Not it!" chuckled those who wanted the Fifth Form to win. "For again that goal had been saved. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Owp, ow!" howled a girl in the crowd. "Healp!"

Muriel glanced aside, fearing that somebody had got knocked over in the excitement.

But it was only that amiable duffer, Paula Creel, being forced to provide Naomer with a "back" from which the field could be better surveyed.

"Bekas what ze diggings, I must see the jolly old Fourth get—Ooo, gorjus! Hip, hip!"

"Goal!" roared the Fourth Form supporters exultantly. "Goal! Now what about it, you Fifthers? Boo!"

"One to us!" shrieked Naomer, still riding Paula in pick-a-back style. "Hip, pip-pip, hooray, ze donkey ran away!"

"Mind your donkey doesn't run away, Naomer. Ha, ha, ha!"

"She had better not!" said the dusky imp, administering a steady twitch to Paula's hair. "Whoa, zen! Bekas I want to get down."

Naomer could dismount now, there being a pause on the field after the winning of that goal.

Players, red-cheeked and breathless, sorted themselves out. Here and there a pair exchanged a few panted comments. One girl reached down to stroke an ankle. Hurt? Oh, nothing to make a fuss about. Phew, some match this afternoon!

And now Muriel could signal to Pam Willoughby, who came across, marvellously serene, considering she had been working as hard as any to get that goal.

"Hallo, Muriel, come to look on?"

"I've a message for you, miss," explained Morcove's maid-in-training, looking happier than ever as she noticed Pam's friendly smile. "Zelie Duval is here, wanting to see you."

Up went Pam's brows.

"Zelie here? What about, Muriel?"

"I'm sure I don't know, miss."

"Yes, well, I can't come now. I will as soon as the game finishes. It won't matter her having to wait a wee while. She might be given a cup of tea, Muriel."

"Oh, yes, certainly, miss. I will——"

"Will you? That's right. If she has ridden over from Swanlake on her bike she must be ready for a cup."

The signal for resumed play was given, and Pam turned back.

Dearly would Muriel have liked to remain, perhaps to see the Fourth Form snatch yet another goal from opponents who were looking grimmer than ever now. But that, she felt, would not be fair to Zelie.

No mistake, it was a long way for the French girl to have come by "bike," with the journey back to make in the same way.

Just off the entrance-hall at Morcove School there was a small room that served a very useful

purpose. Known as the interviewing-room, to it callers were generally shown who, being parents or others connected with scholars, did not desire perhaps to take up the headmistress' time.

There Muriel Floddon found the French girl waiting. Comfortable chairs and a magazine-laden table were alike ignored by Zelie Duval. She was all on the fidget, and came at Muriel with a pouncing:

"Well?"

"Miss Pam cannot come at present. She is playing in a match. If you will follow me I can get you a cup of tea."

"I do not choose to follow you," Zelie said in a tense, contemptuous manner. "I will wait, and you—you can go. We are not friends, you and I."

"But is there any reason why we shouldn't be?" Muriel submitted spiritedly. "I know one thing, Zelie. Miss Pam doesn't care to see such stupid jealousy as you have shown."

The French girl gritted her teeth and clenched her hands, her eyes glittering upon Muriel.

"So! You speak for mademoiselle now, do you? It is that you have wormed yourself as much as that into her favour. Always under her feet—I knew it would be so."

"Nothing of the sort. I——"

"Taisez-vous—shut up, you!" snapped Zelie.

"Go! I will have tea, if I have tea at all, with mademoiselle herself. I do not take any regard of what you say. All lies, deceit—bah! What else, from a woodcutter's daughter! Ha, ha, ha! So they let you answer the door, do they? They would do better to hide you in the scullery, oui!"

Muriel, walking out when this was said, did not realise that she was taking a leaf out of "Miss Pam's" own book by thus ignoring such passionate abuse.

"A moment, you!" Zelie stamped. "Tell me the study which is mademoiselle's."

"It is number eleven upstairs in the Fourth Form corridor; the last but one on the left. But I don't think I would invite myself there, Zelie, if I were you."

"You are not me. You are nobody. I—I am a lady's maid, I! I am miladi's trusted Zelie, when miladi is at Swanlake."

By "miladi," Zelie meant the mother of Pam Willoughby, at present abroad with Mr. Willoughby.

Brushing Muriel aside Zelie strode to the wide staircase and mounted to the Fourth Form quarters.

No one was there to receive the bold look which she was ready to confer. Given a fine "halfer," Morcove was for out-of-doors.

Study No. 11, she had been told, and here it was, ah, oui! One could tell instantly, for who but Mademoiselle Pam would have a study like this! Also, many of the things that made the room so charming had come from Swanlake. A few antique chairs, some rare bits of blue-and-white China, and—behind the glazed doors of a Chippendale cabinet—an eggshell tea-service and a Georgian teapot.

"Oh, la-la," Zelie laughed to herself, "and why not, truly! She is the so-great mademoiselle. Some day she will have all Swanlake, oui! And then——"

The pleasant vision of a very distant future for Pam Willoughby must have included a faithful Zelie ever in attendance. But no Muriel Floddon. Ah, no!

Meantime, Zelie was excitedly taken with the

idea of preparing tea for Mademoiselle Pam. It was the thing to do, oui! The adorable Pam would come in tired from the game; she would be so thankful to find tea ready. "Zelie," she would say, "this is sweet of you." How I wish now that you could be always here."

"If only I could be," sighed Zelie. "Toujours, toujours—always—always!"

Removing her outdoor things, she cast them aside upon a chair, then briskly set about the self-imposed task. With lightning speed she got the table laid daintily. Ah, but how the adorable one would be pleased! "And you must sit down to tea with me, Zelie. We will close the door, so that we may be private."

Hot water. Where did one get it then? It must be that even the water would be ready to go in the pot. Hark! What a turmoil, now that scholars were coming in from the field. Noisy girls—rough, truly. And to think that mademoiselle—la petite Pam, so chic—should be amongst such hoveys.

"It is not fit," Zelie chattered her comments on the usual Morcove hullabaloo after games. "It is degrading, oui! It must be that I tell miladi, on her return from abroad, how they are much too rough at the school for our angel."

The door flew open in front of tall Pam, hockey-stick under an arm and somewhat muddy about the ankles. She was whistling, but stopped whistling to exclaim:

"Zelie!"

"Mademoiselle—at last!"

"But—but what have you done, Zelie!"

"Ah! It is that I prepare tea for you. I—"

"But I didn't want tea to be laid here. I'm tea-ing in Study 12 with the captain and other chums of mine."

"Mademoiselle—"

"You shouldn't do these things, Zelie. Have you had a cup?"

"But no, mademoiselle."

"You haven't! It was understood that Muriel—"

"Pardon, mademoiselle, but I say to myself, it is not fit that I should have tea before—"

"That's absurd. You've come a long way. Oh, well, I must let them know next door that's all," said Pam, shooting her stick into a corner, "and you can have a cup with me. You wanted to see me about something?"

Too Much Zelie

"BUT, yes, mademoiselle," the French girl whispered agitatedly. "It is serious."

Permit me, however, to get the hot water."

"Oh, you don't know where—"

"Mademoiselle, it is not fit that you should—"

"How absurd!" laughed Pam. "Very well; it's at the washing-up sink round the corner. You'll find a crowd there."

In the last few moments it had indeed become a great hurry-scurry about tea in the Fourth Form quarters. Zelie passed out into a corridor which was full of juniors scampering to and fro, and there was much inquiring about who was to have tea with whom.

Pam sauntered round into Study 12 where her arrival, being expected, caused no cessation of a riot. Polly seemed to be threatening to take the ruler to Naomer, who was one continual cry:

"We wann! We wann! Hip, hip!"



"GOAL!" cheered the Fourth Form supporters. "Hurrah! What about it, you Fifth Formers? One up to us!" And Naomer, perched on protesting Paula's back, cheered loudest of them all.

"Order!" requested the captain.

"No, bekas jolly good job! We wann! We wann! Hooray! One in ze eye for ze Fifth, boo!"

"D'you see this!" stormed Polly, flourishing the ebony ruler. "Sit down!"

Then a fearful howl from Paula, who had had Naomer thrust into her lap.

"Womp! Theah you go!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Healp! Betty deah, speak to Naomer. Make her get off me. Ow!"

"No, bekas a fat lot you did, Paula, to help win ze match. You didn't even play in ze team, boo!"

"Come to that, Naomer," said the captain, "you didn't—"

"But I did shout my hardest, so see! Paula, she can only squeal, and she can only do that when she is——"

"A weck, a wuin!" wailed the oft-teased one, coming out of a mangled state. "Ah, deah, what a life! Why I put up with it!"

"Bekas you must, and serve you right. But I am not really disgrusted with you, Paula. I love you very much, and you shall sit next to me at tea."

"Betty—all of you," Pam now managed to make herself heard. "Sorry, but I shall have to have tea in my own study. I've got that French maid of mother's wanting to see me about something."

"Zelie Duval?" exclaimed Polly eagerly. "What's up now, then? Why, Pam, you and I only got back from Swanlake at nine o'clock this morning. And yet Zelie has come over to see you this afternoon."

"Yes, well," Pam nodded, turning away to the door, "I'll let you know later on."

Back in her own study she found Zelie looking excessively pleased and proud. The tea was made, and alone together, they took their seats.

"Ah, mademoiselle," the French girl chattered, "it is that you should have someone like me to do all for you at the school."

"Rubbish, Zelie! I should hate it, for one thing, and for another thing, it wouldn't be allowed. But what was it, Zelie, that brought you over to see me?"

The French girl crashed down her cup and hitched her chair nearer.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" she whispered, dramatically clasping her hands. "You know what happened in the night."

"I know quite well," Pam nodded serenely. "I was over at Swanlake with that chum of mine, Polly Linton, for the one night. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman, who have taken the place whilst my people are abroad, invited me over, and I took Polly Linton for company. It seems that Mr. Eastman went downstairs in the night, having seen someone lurking around the place in the moonlight. And he got knocked on the head."

"It was terrible, mademoiselle. I still see him lying there——"

"But he was only stunned," Pam blandly submitted. "No need to have a doctor in, even."

"Ah, and the police?" Zelie rejoined excitedly.

"Nor the police, what? Mademoiselle, if you can believe me, they have done nothing, those Eastmans. It is that they will not go to the police."

"No, well——"

"Think you, is that right?"

"I think, Zelie, that is their business, not yours."

The French girl sat back, amazed.

"Eh, bien, if mademoiselle says so, it must be so," she shrugged. "But I, who live to please miladi, and you her daughter, I say to myself: 'Zelie, it must be that you use your outing to go to Morcove and tell the young lady.' So I come."

"And you must have some more tea, Zelie. You are not eating——"

"Pardon, mademoiselle, but for me—impossible!" the excitable girl exclaimed, sitting away from the table. "It is not food that keeps me alive, but my devotion to you, oui!"

"I'd rather you mixed the diet then," smiled Pam. "Anything, Zelie, carried to excess, is bad for one."

"For instance? But I follow. It is that

mademoiselle is thinking how I am jealous of that woodchopper's daughter? Mademoiselle, I am not jealous. Why should I be? Muriel is only in the service of the school. But I—I am in the service of a great family."

"We won't discuss Muriel," said Pam, with quiet dignity. "What is it, Zelie, that you had to tell me about last night?"

"Mademoiselle, but I have told you. They will not call in the police."

"Oh, is that all! Yes, well, you needn't worry about that. If Mr. Eastman chooses to hush the affair up——"

"Petite, hear me!" Zelie spoke on gravely. "It is true, Mr. Eastman is for the worse, not much, no. But I say, the man in the moonlight was mysterious, oui. He was not the—how you call it?—the poacher. He was from the East."

She rose, and put a hand to the crown of her head expressively.

"He wears the—how you call it—the turban. So! His face, it is dark. All this I can say, for I saw him. In the moonlight, mademoiselle."

"Yes, I know," nodded Pam, and there was nothing to suggest that she and Polly together had also seen that man in the moonlight, as they had. "You told me all this first thing this morning before Polly and I came back here in the car."

"Oui! And since then I have told milor' Eastman, and he say: 'Bah, no matter!' He tell me to keep my mouth shut."

"Instead of which, Zelie, you come rushing over to me."

"Mademoiselle, the Eastmans are nothing to me—nothing. They are not—not of a great quality. That Mrs. Eastman, it is that she is one big actress, I think. I do not have the respect for them at all."

"You may find it hard to respect them, Zelie, but really, whilst they are renting the place you must try to get along with them."

"Oui. But, mademoiselle——"

"And now if you won't have any more tea," Pam spoke on, "you had better see about getting back. It's a long ride, Zelie. I'm sorry you have let yourself in for it."

She rose.

"I think I'll ride a little of the way back with you, Zelie."

"Oh, mademoiselle, that is truly kind of you!"

"No. It's only right. This Morcove side of the moor is pretty lonely. Will you wait for me downstairs, Zelie."

Pam passed out. In the corridor she became very grave, standing deep in thought for a few moments. Then she showed herself in all her usual serenity to a very crowded tea-table in Study 12.

"Girls, I'm going to ride part of the way back with Zelie Duval. If one of you would care to join in, I expect it's what Miss Everard would wish."

"Me!" offered Polly, with an emphasis that over-rode all other eager offers, except Naomer's shrill:

"No, me, Pam—me! Bekas I've only got to eat this lobster patty, and have my share of cake, and a cream-bun, and——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Neither Pam nor Polly heard any more. They were outside the study.

"I say, Polly."

"Yes, Pam, what?"

"Straws show which way the wind is blowing,

don't they?" Pam said softly. "Well, there's another little thing that goes to show that we are right about those Eastmans over at Swanlake."

Polly's stare was one of keen interest. "Zelie tells me that the Eastmans won't report the affair to the police. Mr. Eastman has told Zelie to keep her mouth shut."

"Phew! Then it's as you say, Pam; another sign that the Eastmans know quite well who the man in the turban was last night. And wouldn't Mr. Eastman have a fit then if he knew that I heard him, just as he was coming round after the attack, murmur the Indian's name?"

"Hunda Khan, or something like that," Pam murmured. "Yes, well, we are going to keep our mouths shut, too. Polly, except, of course, that Betty and the rest must be in the know. Come on, dear, Zelie is downst—Hallo, though, here's Muriel, and she seems to want me."

Morcove's novice in cap and apron was, in fact, making signs to Pam whilst coming hastily along from the stairs.

"Telephone, please, Miss Pam. I think it is Mrs. Eastman."

"Mrs. Eastman? Oh!" And Pam exchanged a meaning smile with Polly. "I must scoot down to the 'phone or they'll be—"

Again Pam became startled enough to leave a remark unfinished. Passing her open doorway she could see that Zelie had remained in the study to clear away.

"Zelie, there is no need—"

"Ah, but mademoiselle—"

"Leave those things, please. I can see to them later. You must be off, Zelie."

"Shall I do the rest, miss?" offered Muriel eagerly. "I've nothing—"

"You'll get the sack for doing it," laughed Pam. "Won't she, Polly?"

"No. You go ahead, Muriel," grinned the madeap, starting to run after Pam up the corridor.

Good enough, Muriel was thinking. She entered the study, knowing that there was but a couple of minutes' work—but what a joyous task to revel in.

There came, however, a noise like the spitting of a cat and she looked round to see Zelie in the doorway.

"So!" hissed the French girl fiercely. "Again it is you—you! Always you!"

"Oh, don't be silly, Zelie. You know very well you have to be off."

"And how you are glad that I cannot stay, tiens. Jealous! Who is it, I ask, is the jealous one? When you cannot endure for a moment that I should be with mademoiselle."

Muriel's calm British way of ignoring such insensate rage only maddened Zelie all the more.

"No matter!" the French girl gritted. "You will not last, you daughter of a woodchopper! I shall see to that. I, Zelie, in the service of the family, not in the service of a school! Pah!"

She treated Muriel to a last devouring look of hatred, then turned and walked away, chin in air.

Surprise Upon Surprise

PAM returned the telephone-receiver to its hook and came away from the sound-proof box, looking half-amused.

"It was Mrs. Eastman right enough, Polly.



"Mademoiselle—at last!" Zelie cried, eagerly. "I didn't want tea laid here, Zelie," remonstrated Pam. "I'm having tea in Study 12 with chums of mine."

Wanted to know if Zelie had been over to Morcove for her outing. I told her that Zelie is just starting for home."

"What else?"

"Only that it is obvious; the Eastmans hope to goodness that last night's business is not the talk of the studies by this time. Mrs. Eastman made it an opportunity to ask me not to talk about it."

After a cautious glance around Pam added:

"Polly, about those papers which I brought away from Swanlake this morning; I think I shall get Miss Somerfield to put them in her safe."

"I would, Pam. They want to be carefully guarded, if our theory is right."

"And I'm sure it is, Polly. Those Eastmans have rented Swanlake during my parents' absence abroad on false pretences. It isn't that they wanted a country house. They knew that Professor Donkin was working on those Temple of the Moon papers whilst he was a guest at Swanlake a short time back. They knew he was called away at a moment's notice to go to Egypt, and they are themselves at Swanlake now simply to pry into things."

"In other words, trying to collar those Temple of the Moon papers; but they won't get them," Polly declared, with a smile of grim satisfaction. "Since you got hold of those very papers last night and brought them to Morcove this morning."

Pam glanced around again. It may have been partly because Zelie was being awaited.

"We must be careful about Zelie, Polly dear. She means well by me; but she is so very French. Goes off the deep end. I'm afraid it's like a

red rag to a bull for her to see Muriel here at Morcove. But here is Zelie, so no more now."

Polly gave a faint nod, deferring a certain question that she had been going to ask about that Hindu who had been Mr. Eastman's assailant in the night.

Another minute and the two girls and the French maid were riding away upon their bicycles. A bright, dry day was going to end with an evening of golden sunshine.

Spring had come to Morcove at last. Birds, piping and carolling madly in budding branches, were doing their part to establish the welcome fact. Nor was spring failing to get into the veins of Morcove's scholars.

The after-tea rush for out-of-doors had already started by the time Pam, Polly and Zelie were clear of the gateway. They had only to look back after that to see lots of other girls coming on behind, riding the handy "push-bike."

But those other girls apparently were all bound for Barncombe. None turned aside into the little-used road that Pam and Polly had to go with Zelie.

So presently those three were quietly pedalling along, with this moorland world of gorse undulations all to themselves.

The linnets sung in the bushes and the cycle tyres maintained a steady purring sound, and for the rest there was silence.

Four or five miles Pam and Polly kept Zelie company upon her homeward way to Swanlake. That got her safely escorted to where the road forked on the fringe of the moor.

"Yes, well, I think my chum and I must turn back now, Zelie," came the quiet remark with which Pam braked up to dismount. "You'll be quite all right, of course."

Then Zelie also hopped down from her saddle, her mournful face revealing how leathery she was to part company with "la petite." Of Polly the French girl took no more notice now than she had taken throughout the ride. But she looked at Pam very woefully.

"Mademoiselle has been too kind," Zelie murmured. "Although it is that I have displeased her."

"No, Zelie. Now don't get thinking things." "Ah, but—"

"You'll have a pleasant ride: such a lovely evening. I wish I were going all the way to Swanlake," Pam laughed. "To stay another night under the old roof."

"What! You would not be afraid?"

"Afraid, Zelie? Why on earth!"

"Mademoiselle, think you. That so terrible villain—"

"Was he as bad as all that to look at? I wish I could see him."

"Ah," said Zelie, turning paler still, "do not jest, mademoiselle. Me, I am in terror. It is that I dread another night at Swanlake. Oh, mademoiselle, why—why cannot I be at the school with you! I would do so much for you."

"But I've said, Zelie; I've no need, and in any case it could never be arranged. As for being afraid at Swanlake, you mustn't be that, Zelie. There are all the other servants. Good-bye, Zelie. I may be over again soon."

"Bon-soir, mademoiselle; adieu," sighed the French maid sadly. And then with a curt nod to Polly: "Bon-soir."

"Bye," said Polly cordially.

Sighing again, Zelie remounted and rode on, whilst the two schoolgirls set off back to Morcove.

"We may yet be in time for a game," Pam remarked blithely. "How the evenings do draw out, Polly."

"Grand! I say though, Pam, now we're alone again; would it be that that Hindu Johnny is after the Temple of the Moon papers, just the same as the Eastmans are?"

"My belief, yes," nodded the little lady of Swanlake, as Pam had been dubbed by Morcove. "And the worst of it is, he saw us in that room last night where Professor Donkin used to do all his writing. Oh, well, anyhow, the papers will be safe. I'll see Miss Somerfield directly I get indoors. It won't take a minute," said Pam with her eagerness for games up to nightfall.

"When Zelie talked about being afraid, Pam, I thought to myself," chuckled Polly; "you and I might feel a bit jumpy after last night. That Hindu did give me a scare when we saw him looking in at the window of that room."

"Just when I had come upon the Temple of the Moon papers in a drawer of that desk. Both of them," laughed Pam.

Then she looked seriously reflective.

"Polly, I hope it won't be so, but I shouldn't wonder if Zelie tries to use that upset at Swanlake as an excuse for getting herself transferred to Morcove."

"You mean nerves?"

"She is not in the least danger, I'm sure. The trouble is that she hankers to be with me whilst mother is abroad. I can see her trying to get round everybody to be taken on at Morcove until mother comes home. And I don't really want it, Polly."

"I don't suppose you do," responded the mad-cap. "She's not exactly friendly with Muriel; and I must say, Pam, I prefer Muriel."

"I do myself," was the nodded answer.

The talk lapsed. Both girls were putting on speed to get back to Morcove whilst the sun still shone. The moorland looked lovely, but they could visualise a better scene; the games-field in the golden light of this evening hour, teeming with other girls.

That happy scene was realised when both cyclists swerved in through the school gateway, chiming their bells gaily.

Casting away their machines at the shed which stabled all Morcove's "bikes," the two separated, Polly scampering straight out to the field with plenty of energy for more hockey or anything else, in spite of the recent ride. Pam hurried indoors to see about the safe disposal of those papers.

From a drawer of her table upstairs she took out the bundle with its cryptic label: "T of M," meaning, as she knew for certain, "Temple of the Moon."

Carefully, almost reverently, Pam handled the taped bundle. She remembered her father's grey-haired friend Professor Donkin as a "dear." Wonderful knowledge of ancient civilisations and dead languages was stored in that grey-haired head of his; and yet the old chap was as jolly as could be.

For such a favourite friend at home one would naturally want to do much. In any case, it was up to her to see that he did not get robbed of the fruits of possibly years of research.

The Temple of the Moon, some mysterious, pre-historic edifice, far away in the mountains of North India, had become his obsession. He had some theory about it, she knew, although what that theory was he had never said.

Day by day during his pleasant sojourn at Swanlake, the professor had spent hours over these papers. And then suddenly he had been called away to Egypt, and the Temple of the Moon had had to be bundled aside, literally.

In this one tape-bound bundle he had put all the papers together, locking them away in a drawer with perfect confidence of their remaining undisturbed. But now it seemed that he was not the only man in the world by any means interested in that ancient Indian temple.

Pam went downstairs with the bundle, reached a ground floor hall where the sinking sun was shining in at a wide-flung door, then turned into a side passage that received none of the eventide light.

It was the passage leading to the headmistress' private room.

"And I only hope she's there, not out in her garden," Pam was thinking, when she saw the door she was making for come open, letting out a girl in cap and apron.

"Oh, is that you, Muriel?"

"Yes, miss."

"Plenty to keep you on the go?" was Pam's smiling remark.

"But I go off duty now, miss, for two whole hours, and even then I mayn't be wanted again to-night. It is fine here," rejoiced happy Muriel. "I have lots of time for my own needlework or a book if I like, or—"

"Would you like a book, Muriel? I can give you a good one upstairs."

"Thank you, miss, but the fact is, this evening I—I was going to try and learn a bit more grammar," Morcove's novice in cap and apron said shyly. "I'd like to improve. Where I left off at the Council school didn't seem to leave me anywhere."

Pam laughed.

"You probably know as much grammar as I do? Is it grammar to say I, without the 'do'?" Pam sure I don't know."

"Oh, miss, you do."

"Anyhow, if it's like that, Muriel. I might improve my own grammar by going over some of your exercises. Don't think I want to set up as a teacher. But if I can help you—"

"Miss, you haven't the time."

"Yes, I have. But now I must get a word with the headmistress about something important. She has no one with her, Muriel?"

"Why, yes, miss, she has, as it happens. I've just this minute shown in a gentleman, a sort of Indian, too."

The leap Pam's heart gave!

"Sort of what, Muriel?"

"Indian, miss. At least, that's what I take him to be. He wears a sort of towel thing round his head—turban do they call it? And his face is the colour of a brown kid glove."

"Er—I see," stammered Pam. "How strange for an Indian to be calling at Morcove. Did he give any name?"

Muriel could not have sensed Pam's surprise, for she answered calmly:

"Why, yes, miss; I had to take his name in first. Miss Somerfield didn't know him, but she said she would see him."

"And what was the name, Muriel?"

"Hunda Khan," said she.

Hunda Khan

PAM'S gaze dropped in that moment of staggering surprise to the papers that she held.

A Hindu was in the school, and his name—Hunda Khan. The very name that Mr. Eastman had babbled when he was coming round after being knocked senseless last night!

Hunda Khan—name of the Hindu who had been haunting Swanlake.

And now that same man was having an interview with Miss Somerfield.

Yet the thrill of it all did not end there. What if one had walked into the presence of the headmistress and the Hindu, with these papers in one's hand!

"I must go upstairs again, that's all, Muriel, and—and wait."

Pam's strong nerve was being sorely tried these days. Life for her, even though it was largely the life of a Morcove girl, was becoming pretty exciting, not to say sensational.

"Come along up to my study, Muriel."

"But, miss, do you really want to give up time to me?"

"Yes, I do. After all, I've had my whack of games; a fine match this afternoon," smiled Pam, managing to recover some of her normal composure. "Grammar, is it?"

"Why, miss, if you can spare a minute or two, then perhaps I'd rather make it arithmetic," Muriel shyly hinted. "For at arithmetic I'm just awful—always was."

Up an otherwise deserted staircase they mounted to the Fourth Form quarters, where a rare peace reigned. Girls this evening would not be coming in until the very last moment—between the lights.

"Have that chair, Muriel," said Pam, when they had got to her study, "and I'll soon have out an arith., and see where you think you ought to start. First of all, though."

And she pulled open a table drawer, to put the bundle of papers out of sight again.

"Arith—here we are, Muriel!"—throwing open a book as she sat down. "Square roots, Muriel? How would you like to find the square root of—"

"Oh, I know square roots, miss."

"You do!" And Pam, smiling archly, flicked over some pages. "If it takes twelve men to dig a trench six yards long in four days, would you like to say, Muriel, how long it would take them to—"

"I wish I could say, miss; but that's just where I get beaten."

"Not the only one, Muriel. Let's have a shot at it together, shall we?"

"Yes, miss."

But Pam's mind suddenly wandered. She sat thinking of that Hindu who had called—actually called at Morcove School.

What on earth did he want with Miss Somerfield? How could he have the nerve to show his dark face anywhere in the district after last night's happenings.

As to that, however, there was this to be said. Quite possibly he did not know that he had been seen in the moonlight, and was therefore liable to be identified.

Certainly he did not know that Mr. Eastman, coming round after a tussle that had left him a stunned man, had murmured: "*Hunda Khan!*"

At last Pam came out of her absorbed state and found Muriel Floddon agaze at her.

"Oh, this isn't getting on with the arith!"

laughed Pam. "Now to see how long it would take those men to dig their—"

Her jocular voice died away like that, whilst she reared her head to listen. A familiar voice outside—Miss Somerfield's. And now the study door opened.

"Pam Willoughby. But what's this!" the headmistress changed to smiling amusement. "Muriel, having a lesson?"

"Yes, well," said Pam, who had risen along with Muriel, "I hope you don't mind, Miss Somerfield, but if I can, I want to help Muriel."

"I don't mind, Pam, so long as it doesn't interfere with your own work. But Muriel must run away now. Here is a gentleman, Pam, who knew your father out in India."

And at the words there entered—Hunda Khan!

Conference in Study 12

ALL Pam's inherited ability to meet astounding situations with a serene air—it was inadequate to this present "facer."

The scene to her was like a scratchy film for a few moments. When all became clear there was the mysterious visitor, repeating a very graceful bow and smiling in a way that one could only call sweet.

A fine-looking man, Hunda Khan, a splendid specimen of middle-aged Hindu manhood. He even looked quite royal, so finely he held himself, whilst from the front of his turban a large jewel flashed.

Muriel had quickly effaced herself. Miss Somerfield was standing aside, and Pam and the Hindu were left to meet each other's eyes.

"I am so pleased to meet the daughter of my friend Mr. Willoughby," said Hunda Khan in a squeaky yet melodious voice. "Very good friend to me, your father; very good friend to India; very kind, very good."

"Thank you, Mr.— Is it 'Mr.' Khan?"

He bowed and smiled again.

"In this country, yes; Mr. Hunda Khan. You see, I like to be like an Englishman in this country. I like everything English. Very nice people; very good!"

"Mr. Hunda Khan, Pam, hoped to find your father at Swanlake, not knowing that Mr. Willoughby is abroad."

Pam nodded.

"Have you been to Swanlake then, Mr. Khan?"

"No. You see, they tell me before I get there; no good. The lady and gentleman are abroad. So I have all my journey for nothing."

"That's a pity, sir."

"But Mr. Hunda Khan learned that you, Pam, his old friend's daughter, were at school only a few miles from Swanlake, and so he thought he would call, to present himself."

Pam felt that it was her turn to bow. She did so.

"Thank you," smiled Hunda Khan benignly. "I am very glad, very pleased to meet the daughter of the sahib Willoughby."

His dark, flashing eyes roamed the study in a noticing way.

"Very good school; very big?" he remarked.

"Very nice here?"

"I love it."

"Thank you," he said, this time as if very grateful for an interview that must now end.

"You will tell the sahib Willoughby when you write that Meester Hunda Khan came to pay his respects? Thank you."

He bowed himself away to the door, and Miss

Somerfield moved to go out with him.

"Good-evening, sir," said Pam. "Good-bye!"

"Thank you, good-bye, good-bye, meess!"

The study door closed and Pam was alone, dropping down into a chair with all the breath gone out of her, or so she felt.

Then suddenly she bounded up from the chair to fly round into Study 12.

Betty and others were there, just in from games.

"Girls, what do you think!"

"We think you should have been out on the field, Pam," said Betty lightly, "to see the sunset."

"Bekas—gorjus! And eet has given me a thirst. So queek, what about a—"

"G'rrt, you!" Polly rounded on the dusky scholar, reading something of importance in Pam's looks.

"Well, what, Pam?"

"You'd never guess," Pam declared softly, closing the door. "I have just seen—Hunda Khan."

"Wha-a-at!"

"Bai Jove, Pam!"

"Bekas—"

"I've spoken with him."

Five or six girls again exclaimed: "Wha-a-at!"

"He called on Miss Somerfield a few minutes ago," Pam whispered, bringing blank amazement into their faces. "The reason, so he says, was that he wished to meet me, as being the daughter of his old friend, my father."

"Um!" said Polly. "He said that, did he?"

"And Miss Somerfield brought him up to my study. I must say," Pam added, "he seemed awfully nice. Charming."

"They're the worst," grimaced Polly.

"How do you know?" piped in Naomer.

"Bekas you have never been to India."

"I am talking of mankind in general—human nature."

"As wegawds human nature, geals, that is to say, speaking generally, as Polly, as I understand—Owp! Ow!"

"Then don't begin any of your speeches," said Polly, in excuse for having hurled a cushion at languid Paula. "Go on, Pam."

"But that's all."

"It can't be all!" argued the madcap. "What was he like? What did he say? What didn't he say, come to that, for that's just as important. Before I can handle this affair successfully," said Polly, in her best Flying Squad manner, "I must be told everything."

"Hunda Khan is a fine, tall man, very dignified and so polite."

"Polite?" snorted Polly. "I don't like the sound of that at all. I've no use for politeness."

"Apparently not, Polly dear, or you would wefwein from—Owp! Owch! Theah you go!"

But it was Paula, as a fact, who went, being tipped out of the easy chair so that Polly might sit down and assume a consultative appearance.

"So far, I have not been told anything that I had not already deduced," said Polly, putting her finger-tips together. "The Hindu is polite; all Hindus are polite. He is a big, strong man, but there again, we knew. Or would he have so easily biffed Mr. Eastman on the head last night?"

"My dear Holmes," said Helen Craig, playing Dr. Watson to Polly's Sherlock, "you surprise me!"

"But it is so simple, my dear Watson. The case is solved. Hand me my violin and shag."

"What ze diggings, Polly is potty!"

"I weally don't think, geals, we should be as fwivolous as this," submitted Paula. "Pam came heah, bai Jove, for fwriendly advice, I pwesume?"

"She shall have it," said Polly, jumping up. "Those T of M papers, Pam, are they put away yet in Miss Somerfield's safe?"

"They are not!" Pam answered, with a rather concerned stride to the door. "I was taking them downstairs, and then had to bring them back. I very nearly walked bang in upon Hunda Khan, in Miss Somerfield's room, with those papers in my hand."

"Howwows!"

"Bekas, you never know."

"What do we know?" Polly asked, and paused for a reply. "This much, anyway. Hunda Khan was hanging about Swanlake last night, wanting to break in. He came to a ground floor window to see if he could open it. And he saw you and me, Pam, at midnight, going through the papers in that desk."

"Yes, well, he was gone in a flash. He may not have been able to see in and see that we could see him, if you know what I mean? We had no light."

"But," said Polly, quite seriously, "but, girls, supposing he has put two and two together and has a belief that you've got those papers now? Supposing he got himself shown up to your study—simply to find out which study it was."

There was just time for Betty and the rest to turn to Pam in a most alarmed manner, and then she was gone. The girls could guess the reason for such alacrity, too. Those papers!

A few moments later those in Study 12 could hear her leaving the study next door to go downstairs with the bundle.

"Bai Jove, great relief," sighed Paula.

The madcap became Sherlock Holmes again, to the others' renewed amusement. She reclined in the best armchair, a great mind relaxing.

"Never mind, you will feel better soon," said Naomer. "Bekas I am going to mix you a refresher. Polly, and one each all round whilst we are about it."

Safe, and Yet—

THAT night Pam could go up to bed in the Fourth Form dormitory, quite at ease in her mind about one thing.

The papers were securely locked away in the headmistress' safe.

There had been no need for Pam to say much in support of her request for the safe custody of the documents. Miss Somerfield wanted to know no more

than that they were papers which Pam had brought away from Swanlake and would like her, the headmistress, to take care of.

Thus for all the headmistress knew, the parcel in which the papers were now done up might have contained something personal to Pam herself.

That scholar being one of exceptionally high position in the social scale and her parents being abroad at this time, to be asked to mind something valuable for her was nothing out of the ordinary.

Nor had Pam felt entitled to give the nature of the parcel's contents or to say why she had brought the papers away from Swanlake. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman were the approved tenants of the great country house, and nothing could be charged against them—yet.

As for the Hindu, the same ban upon outright accusations existed. He could easily deny all connection with that midnight business at Swanlake. On the other hand, he must have impressed Miss Somerfield as being a very genial, well-meaning individual, imbued with great goodwill towards Swanlake.

So the papers were safe, and Pam could feel that there was no need to lose any more of her usual equanimity over the affair. It would probably fizzle out, the Eastmans and the Hindu alike finding in the end that they had only wasted so much time and money.

But next day Pam had only to be with Betty



"Zelie must remain here until Mrs. Eastman has been over," Miss Somerfield decided. "For this one night she will have to share Muriel Floddon's room."

and other boon companions to realise that one of them was unable to let the matter rest.

Polly, so to speak, was worrying and growling over the affair as a dog worries and growls over a bone from which no more meat can be picked.

Study 12's feminine edition of Sherlock Holmes would have liked the metaphorical bone to be much meatier.

To keep such powerful mental forces as Polly's in proper trim and to provide a bit of fun for a wet Sunday afternoon, Naomer was turned into a "client"; one who wished to know what the master mind could deduce from a certain exhibition, to wit, a girl's hat found kicking about on the coat-room floor downstairs.

"Bekas, Polly, eef you can say what ze girl is like, zen gorjus!"

"That hat," said Polly dreamily, "has been worn by a scholar of low mental capacity."

"My dear Holmes!" cried Helen.

"My dear Watson," drawled Polly, "but it is obvious. The wearer of the hat will be found to be a girl with fair hair who cannot pronounce her R's. She has a languid step, and suffers from deafness on Monday mornings, first bell."

"In other words!" yelled Naomer, whisking about to point at the oft-teased one. "Paula Creel!"

"That will do! Ow! I say, that will—Owch! Naow, then—my Sunday fwock!" squawked Paula. "Staph it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Unless I am mistaken," Polly quoted the favourite phrase of the famous Sherlock, "that is our client at the door."

"What, another client!" laughed Betty. "Come in, anyhow," she called. "Oh, Muriel!" as the door opened to reveal Morcove's novice in cap and apron. "You want—"

"Miss Pam, please," Morcove's new "teeny" shyly smiled. "If you could come."

"Just at tea-time," sighed Pam, reluctantly getting up. "It's not Mr. Hunda Khan again, by the way, Muriel?"

"Bekas, eef so, ask him to tea with us—gorjus!"

"Naomer!" said Polly primly. "Do you know it's Sunday? How dare you make Muriel laugh on Sunday!"

But Muriel was already recovering from the sudden giggle.

"It is Zelig Duval."

"Zelig?" cried Pam. "What, again?"

"Yes, miss," Muriel said gravely. "And she says she has come to stay."

"At Morcove?"

"Yes, miss. She has turned up in a cab with her box."

"Phew!" gasped Polly. "Unless I am mistaken—"

"It is Zelig who is mistaken." Pam smiled bleakly, "if she imagines she will be allowed to stay at Morcove. What nonsense it is."

"She is with the headmistress now, and you're wanted by the headmistress, please."

Sighing, Pam crossed to the door.

"But, Pam dear," cried Judy Cardew merrily, "keep her. Why not, if you can? Someone to maid you, Pam."

"Bai Jove, haow I wish, geals, that I had someone to—"

"And me!" shrilled Naomer. "Bekas zen I could have snacks, without ze trouble of getting them. Gorjus!"

Pam, however, let it be seen that she did not

want Zelig Duval around her, even as a joke, and even if it were permitted, which was unthinkable. Her high step took her out of the study, Muriel in attendance.

"You mustn't let it worry you, Muriel," as they went downstairs. "Of course, it would never answer for you and Zelig to be under the same roof. But there won't be anything like that. The girl simply can't dump herself upon the school like this."

"Oh, I'm not worrying, miss," Muriel responded quietly. "I wouldn't let it worry me, even if she did have to stay. I'm awfully happy, and it would take more than Zelig to spoil my happiness."

So little did Muriel realise, so free was she from any premeditation of the havoc that Zelig Duval was destined to wreak in an hour soon to come.

PAM tapped at Miss Somerfield's door and went in.

The headmistress, engaged at the extension telephone, nodded a "That's right, Pam; just a minute." Then whilst Miss Somerfield continued to talk on the 'phone, the scholar took notice of Zelig Duval.

That girl was the picture of tragedy, sitting dejectedly in an armchair, one hand clenching a handkerchief that had just been drying tears.

Out of the sallow face her eyes sent a mournful, beseeching look to Pam, who had to let a nod serve as greeting. There could be no talking until Miss Somerfield had finished at the 'phone.

"Yes, that would be best, I certainly think," the headmistress now answered somebody's suggestion over the wire. "But I would rather you didn't come until after school hours. I am so busy all day. Could you make it the evening, and dine with me? You could? Right then, to-morrow, about seven. Good-bye!"

She replaced the receiver.

"That was Mrs. Eastman at Swanlake, Pam. I had to ring her up about this girl who has so foolishly packed up and come to us."

Zelig sprang to her feet dramatically.

"Mademoiselle! Ah, you will speak for me, oui? You know me. It is not that I want to be paid whilst I am here. I will work for nothing."

"But, Zelig, you can't expect Miss Somerfield to—"

"Oh, mademoiselle," Zelig wept afresh, "if it is that you have turned against me, then I shall die!"

"She complains, Pam, of being very miserable and nery at Swanlake. She could not stand it any longer."

"Oui!" the French girl nodded vehemently.

"I do not sleep. In the night I am in terror. How then will you be so cruel as to make me go back? But I shall not go back. I refuse. If it is that you cannot find room for me at the school, then I go away to die in misery."

She added, sweeping fresh tears from her eyes:

"It is that all my life belongs to miladi and this her daughter; but miladi is abroad. Oh, will no one show a little pity."

"Zelig, if anybody can be kind, Miss Somerfield can," Pam said, trying to speak with greater firmness than was really in her. "Nobody wants you to be unhappy."

"What is it precisely that makes the girl afraid to go on at Swanlake? That is what I want to

know," pleaded Miss Somerfield gently.

Zelie turned to her, gesturing.

"Hear me then. Comprehend, I saw the milor' Eastman when he is attacked by that monster in the night."

"Monster? What monster?"

"Ah, how can I explain him!" was the despairing cry. "He is there in the moonlight, a man whom milor' Eastman believes to be a robber. They struggle, and milor' is hurt. That assassin, he is gone on the instant, oui!"

"She means Mr. Eastman's assailant, not his assassin," Pam smiled to Miss Somerfield. "I know there was a midnight upset the night Polly and I were at Swanlake. But Mr. Eastman was not badly hurt and he made light of the whole affair afterwards."

"An intended burglary, I suppose," the headmistress murmured. "Swanlake, of course, is a home of treasures. But, Zelie—"

"That man may come again. Ah, it is that I cannot sleep; I shall go mad if I stay at Swanlake."

"We don't want you to do that," said Miss Somerfield. "And, Pam, I am thinking of your mother. I take it that she values Zelie?"

"Oh, yes. Zelie has given complete satisfaction up till now. I'm sure mother would be sorry to lose her. Only—"

"The best thing will be for Zelie to remain here until Mrs. Eastman has been over," exclaimed Miss Somerfield, ending a turn about the room. "That gives you one night, at any rate, Zelie, at Morcove, to settle your nerves. I don't know where we shall put you. Our staff quarters are full. Perhaps you can share Muriel Floddon's room, if it will take another bed. All right, Pam, we'll leave it at that."

This and a dismissing nod would have sent the scholar straight out of the room; but Zelie rushed across and stood in her way at the door.

"Mademoiselle! Ah, how it is good of you! I feel that I owe it to you. You tell this lady how miladi, your mother, values me. Bon. Merci, merci, mademoiselle. You are an angel!"

Pam did not know that she felt like one, going away to return upstairs. Very nearly she had replied to the compliment by saying: "And you, Zelie, are a nuisance."

The situation was not without its comedy touches; but Pam was thinking of Muriel Floddon. Poor Muriel, if she had to let Zelie share her sleeping quarters.

Study 12 had rattled out the tea-things whilst Pam was absent for those few minutes. She rejoined her chums in the miscalled Abode of Harmony to find them ready to sit down with her to a rather exceptional "spread."

"Bekas—Sunday!" commented Naomer, feasting her eyes upon the tempting assortment of eatables.

"Here you are, Pam, have this," said Betty, offering the first cup of tea to be poured out, "and cheer up. Something has put you out?"

"I feel that Zelie is getting her own way, when she shouldn't be," Pam frowned. "I hate that sort of thing. She made up her mind that she would come to Morcove—and she's come."

"Not to stay?"

"Until to-morrow evening, at any rate," shrugged Pam. "And at the rate she is going on she may get round Miss Somerfield to keep her here until—well, until mother gets back from abroad."

"Then how about Muriel?" asked Polly.

"That's just it. Zelie is terribly jealous of

Muriel. But there's one thing," Pam added composedly. "I am under the same roof with the pair of them. I shall keep my eyes about me. If I find Zelie treating Muriel to any unkindness, then Zelie will have to go. I'll be sorry, but I don't see why Muriel's life should be made a misery."

"Wather not, bai Jove! The worst of fowegners," Paula deplored, "they are so tempeamental."

"Be careful, bekas I am a foreigner, don't forget."

"That is precisely why I— But I won't say it," Paula hastily decided, reading danger in the dusky one's eyes. "I—er—I want you theah are exceptions to the wule, yes wather. But—er—"

"But zat is not what you were going to say. So wather were you going to say, Paula? You say eet, queek!"

"On reflection— Owp! Now then—"

Polly jumped up.

"This is Sunday," she said virtuously, "and we are going to have a bit of peace."

Thereupon, she created frightful turmoil by ejecting both Paula and Naomer single-handed.

Subsequently, it appeared that Naomer did not mind being stood outside the slammed door, provided her fair share of the dainties could be passed out to her.

If only to stop all the hammering upon a door wedged shut with a chair, Polly found a bun and, opening the door, hurled it at Naomer as something at least to be going on with.

As for Paula, she trailed away to change into another frock, intending to come back when the storm had died down.

Half-way up the corridor she was surprised to see Zelie Duval coming along from the stairs, and if ever a girl looked happy, Zelie did at this moment. It would have been very hard to believe that only a few minutes since these sparkling eyes of hers had been full of tragic tears.

With the jaunty step of a girl who has got her own way, Zelie drew close to Paula, and then noticed the latter's pretty frock, its rumpled state and its splashes of tea.

"How then, mademoiselle!" cried Zelie, striking her hands together. "Oh, la-la!"

"A weck, a wuin!" wailed the lover of elegance. "Deplovable! All the trouble of changing again. Ah deah!"

"But is that I must help you, I, the veritable lady'smaid, oui!" said Zelie, very joyfully turning to go with Paula. "Mademoiselle must let me—"

"Er, thanks, thanks, but—er—"

"Mademoiselle is so pretty, so charming."

"Yes, wather—I mean— No, thanks, Zelie, I'd wather you didn't!"

"Ah, but I must, oui!"

And Zelie did. During the next half-hour she so "maided" Morcove's spick and span scholar that Paula was raised to a purring state of delight.

Never in her young life had Paula Creel been so well toiletted. A beauty parlour could not have done more for her than Zelie did with such professional skill.

Chortling and beaming, Paula finally floated into Study 12 again, presenting such an exquisite appearance that her chums fell back into chairs, agape and gasping.

"Haw, haw, haw!" simpered Paula. Vewy wewfashing, yes, wather. I must say, Pam deah, that Zelie is a weal tweasure."

"Oh, has Zelie been getting hold of you!"
 "Yes, wather! Shampoo—most invigowating."
 "But what," said Polly, "has she been doing to your eyebrows?"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Nothing wong with my eyebrows?" Paula protested. "The fashion, that is all. And, bai Jove, the way she manicured my hands."

"Let's look!"
 "Yes, queek, bekas my turn next!"
 So Paula very proudly offered lilywhite hands for inspection.

"And she is going to wemove all those stains from my fwock, yes, wather! But what I so greatly appweciated was that shampoo. So quick, so wewfeshing. So invigow—Wow!"
 For Naomer had suddenly emptied a gum bottle over one of the manicured hands.

Pam, laughing as much as any of them, made for the door.

"I'm off, girls!" But it is doubtful if her remark was heard, there were such peals of merriment. "I must find Muriel and get a word with her."

A few seconds later Pam was going by her own study, that is to say, the one she shared with Helen Craig. As that girl was in Study 12, Pam wondered who was the cause of bustling sounds in this other study.

She threw open the door and there was Zelie. Looking very pert in cap and apron of a Continental type, she was finding herself tidying jobs to do.

"Zelie, out of there, please."
 "But, mademoiselle!"
 "I won't have it," Pam said in great annoyance. "Leave the study alone, Zelie. It is only waste of time. It doesn't need it, and anyhow, it will only be as bad again by the morning."

Which last remark Pam recalled when Monday morning had come, realising that there had been certainly no exaggeration.

For she got downstairs at half-past seven to find that the study had been entered in the night, and the scene that met her eyes was one of utter chaos.

By Whose Hand?

CHAIRS and table all awry, a corner cabinet shifted a foot away from the wall, its doors wide open, bookshelves in wild disorder, ornaments and sporting "gear" standing about all anyhow.

Chaos itself on a small scale, that was Pam's own immediate word for this astounding scene.

She would never have boasted that it was the nicest study in the corridor, richest in personal possessions; but it was. And it had been turned upside down, wrecked.

By whom? For what reason? By some of the other girls, out of pure mischief? A "rag"? Was that it?

No. She knew instantly that schoolmates could be acquitted.

Those papers! In them, and their having been fetched away from Swanlake to Morcove, the explanation was to be found.

She saw it all as soon as she noticed that table and other drawers had been ransacked, many of them being left pulled out to their full extent.

Someone had been after the "T of M" papers in the night, believing them to be in this study.

Pam's shocked look gave place to one of serene amusement.

"Yes, well," she said to herself, "whoever it was

made a mistake. Had all the trouble for nothing."

But who—who had been the daring visitor by night? Hunda Khan? He?

"I wonder!"

Her mind was flying back to that Hindu's call at the school, his introduction to her in this very study. Ah, and what was it shrewd Polly, only playing at detective for fun, had said? Something about his wanting to know which study was the one used by the girl from Swanlake.

Pam heard Betty and others coming along the corridor, so she went a step beyond her doorway to meet them.

"It's a nice thing, girls, in the night— But just see for yourselves."

They swarmed to the doorway and looked in.

"Pam!"

"What ze diggings! Bekas—"

"Howwows! Good gwacious, geals!"

"My hat!" said madcap Polly. "I say! Phew!"

Then the madcap flashed round upon Pam.

"Didn't I say, Pam?"

"You did, and you were right, Polly. Of course, that's what it means. After the papers—and they weren't there!"

"What a good thing they were not," breathed Judy Cardew. "What an attempt there's been. But how did the person get inside the school?"

As if in answer to that very question, two or three juniors now came careering down the corridor, shouting that the schoolhouse had been entered in the night. They had got downstairs a minute since, to be told of the occurrence by one of the domestics, and so they had stormed upstairs again to spread the news like wildfire.

"They got in at that larder window that has perforated zinc instead of glass, behind iron bars," panted Etta Hargrove. "You can see from outside."

"Can you?" was the eager chorus.

"Bekas— Oo, queek, come on, everybody!"

"One of the bars was filed through."

"Fancy!"

And most of the chums rushed away to get a look at the window from outside. Pam remained in the wrecked study, with Betty and Polly and Helen, and when next minute they heard excitable cries from the open air they all took a look out of window.

It was possible for them to see part of a big crowd of girls down there. But they could not see the window itself. So Naomer very obligingly yelled up to them:

"Ze iron bar is all bent out, and he must have been a thin man who got through, bekas I couldn't have done it."

"Naomer, setting up as a detective," Polly said with mock grinness, as she drew in her head at the study window. "I don't allow that. But unless I am mistaken, here is Miss Somerfield."

The great Sherlock himself could not have been more correct. At the study doorway next moment stood Morcove's headmistress, giving a lift and fall of the hands as she beheld the disorder.

"Your study, Pam, I think?"

"Mine and Helen's, yes."

"I was told I would find it in this state," Miss Somerfield continued. "Awful! But what does it mean? Why has somebody broken into the schoolhouse in the night simply to ransack this study?"

"Yes, well, I fancy, Miss Somerfield—in fact, I'm quite convinced, there was an attempt to get hold of that bundle which I gave you."



At last Muriel was able to wrench herself free from Zelig's cruel grasp. She flashed across to the door and had it open in a second.

"To put in my safe? Oh, is that it! But now I feel I must ask you, Pam, what was in the bundle?"

"Some valuable papers belonging to a certain Professor Donkin, a great friend of dad's. They are documents relating to an ancient temple in India. I formed a suspicion that somebody wanted to steal them," Pam now gave evidence crisply, "and so I brought them away from Swanlike. I'm sorry if—"

"You need not be sorry, Pam, that it has brought this trouble upon Morcove School. Better that than to have had the papers stolen. But whom do you suspect?"

"I think it must have been Mr. Hunda Khan." Miss Somerfield was electrified.

"That Hindu gentleman—for in his way, Pam, he was a perfect gentleman; a friend of your father's too."

"I know. At least, I know that that is what he made himself out to be," Pam smiled drily; "But he is the only person I can suspect now." She did not stress that last word. "There was a Hindu who was going to break into Swanlake that other night, it was thought, only Mr. Eastman came down and there was the set-to that you've been told about."

"Yes, Pam, could that Hindu have been the one who called here and was so pleasant?"

"I think so, anyhow. I think, in fact, we girls all think, that he got you to bring him up to this study so that he would know which one to make for, if he managed to break in."

"Then it is the most astonishing, bewildering thing I have ever known," was Miss Somerfield's staggered cry. "It must not, however, interfere with the routine. Pam, and you others, go down now, and I have have one of the maids sent to put this study to rights. There is more to do than you have time for."

"Just one other thing, though," Pam said, and the headmistress turned to her again.

"Yes, what?"

"I don't at all like saying it, Miss Somerfield, for it's not nearly so certain as the other is. But you have Mrs. Eastman coming to dine with you this evening, I fancy, and you may feel inclined to—"

"I shall certainly go into the whole matter with Mrs. Eastman. Yet that seems to make you very uneasy, Pam."

"Yes, well, I would much rather you didn't, please. For it's like this," Pam pursued steadily; "if the Hunda Khan person didn't come after those papers last night, then the Eastmans did!"

"Pam!" "It sounds awful, I know, but there it is," the shocked cry was answered. "The Eastmans, going by one thing and another, are as anxious to get hold of those papers as the Hindu seems to be. I've no absolute proof, and they'll deny everything, of course."

"They won't, Pam, for I shall not give them the opportunity," broke out Miss Somerfield. "If it is a case of their bona-fides being in doubt, then my best plan will be to say very little, and simply study them all the closer. But you must see me again about it all, Pam. Come to me at ten to nine."

Pam gave the bow of a girl placed under orders, and Miss Somerfield went out, frowning over her thoughts.

"Um!" Polly promptly grimaced. "Now it's all for Miss Somerfield to do. Where do we come in now?"

"But Pam was simply bound to say that about the Eastmans at last," saner Betty commented. "You did the right thing, Pam. After all, Miss Somerfield has still to mind those papers in the safe, and Mrs. Eastman is coming this evening."

"That's what I thought," nodded Pam. "I had visions of Mrs. Eastman finding out that papers from Swanlake were in the safe, and of her wangling a stay for the night."

"And coming down in the middle of the night to open the safe. Phew!" gasped Polly. "When you talk like that, girls, it is just as well Miss

Somerfield has been warned. Now I never thought of that."

"You didn't?" laughed Helen. "My dear Holmes, you surprise me."

"That joke is worked out," the madcap said, pretending huffiness. "But unless I am much mistaken, Watson, it is time for brekker, so let's go down."

The Two of Them—Together

IN school that morning Pam had little idea of what was going on in her study upstairs.

She knew that orders had been given for it to be put to rights. What she did not know was that Muriel Floddon had been detailed for this job, with Zélie Duval to help her.

Morcove's housekeeper had seen little reason why the French girl, having quartered herself upon the school, should not be kept usefully occupied. At the same time, there was the desire not to put too much upon Muriel, who was giving complete satisfaction.

Precious little help did Muriel get, however, from the French girl.

It was a steady flow of contumelious jabber that Zélie maintained, whilst standing by in the study and leaving Muriel to do the work.

"I do not soil my hands with such work at Swanlake," Zélie boasted. "So why should I here at Morcove School? It is you who are in the service of the school? I—I am a lady's-maid, I!"

Muriel still took no notice. At this moment she was exerting all her girlish energies to shift back a corner cabinet, single-handed, that had been moved away from the corner by the midnight intruder.

Evidently there had been the idea that papers might be hidden behind the cabinet. The search had been most thorough.

"Oui," Zélie chattered on with great swagger, "it is that I am here for a rest. That housekeeper, bah, she is nobody! I snap my fingers at her."

And she laughed.

"I am going to have the—how you call it—the nice time here. I see after mademoiselle, and that is all. I do those things for her that you, you woodcutter's daughter, would not know how to do. For you do not understand the grand life, no."

At last Muriel, in a state of bottled-up anger against the hatefully jealous girl, had done everything.

"Merci—thank you!" Zélie mocked on. "Now it is that I can put the finishing touch, oui. You think this study is fit for mademoiselle? Dolt, she is not a woodcutter's daughter, see you."

"The room is as it always was."

"The room is not as I shall leave it. Ah, mademoiselle is going to see what it is to have me to do for her! So, she will say, it must be that I stay. Away, dolt!"

Then Muriel fired up.

"Call me that again," she panted, "and you won't be much longer. I will—I will—"

"You will do what?" hissed Zélie.

With a vicious rush she pushed Muriel out of the study and banged the door upon her.

Then laughing in her self-esteem, the French girl began to do those things by which she expected to win high praise from Pam.

Now "la petite's" study should be really worthy of her. She, Zélie, would show the whole school, and it would teach the other girls to pay a little more respect to Mademoiselle Pam.

"For it seems to me," ran the French girl's mind, "they do not understand, they do not comprehend that she is the born lady. Pity that mademoiselle herself does not give herself the air, as I would wish to see her doing."

In the midst of these excitable musings, Zélie unfortunately upset a crystal inkpot standing in its own crystal tray.

The tray broke. Malheur—bad luck! But no matter; one could always say that the woodchopper's daughter had done that.

In a few minutes' time Zélie was flying downstairs to get flowers for the table. She raided the headmistress' garden for spring blooms, and came back with a mass of them. This—this was what it was for mademoiselle to have her mother's own maid in attendance upon her. Now—voilà! See this study, how charming it could be made to—

Crash!

Again, malheur! A vase this time had got knocked off a shelf, and it was one of the rare Swanlake vases that Mademoiselle Pam had brought along in the past, because she fancied it for her study at school.

No matter. The broken vase also could be blamed against that upstart Muriel. It would be as well perhaps to take care to be on hand when mademoiselle came out of school, to explain.

Zélie was there in the study when in due course Pam sauntered in with books to set down that had done service during morning lessons.

"Ah, mademoiselle—voilà! Flowers!"

"So I see, Zélie."

"It is that you adore flowers, I know."

"But I don't know, Zélie, that I like them dotted about like that," said Pam. "I like just one lot, more massed."

Unable to bear the sight of them as they were, Pam hastily set about collecting all the odd shards that were so stupidly stuck here and there.

"Mademoiselle, you must let me—"

"No, Zélie."

"But—"

"I prefer to do it myself, thanks. You may go, and thanks for helping to get the room to rights. You did not have to do it all yourself?"

"They gave me that woodchopper's daughter," shrugged Zélie. "Not that she was of any use, no."

"Muriel was with you?" And Pam looked concerned. "Oh, well, anyhow run away now, Zélie. Hallo, my crystal pen-tray smashed?"

"Oui! Malheur, mademoiselle, but it is all the clumsiness of that Muriel. I tell her how you will be angry about that. The vase also—v'la!"

Pam looked in the direction indicated and saw that the vase had disappeared, evidently in fragments.

"The vase also, mademoiselle."

"Oh, all right, don't keep on about it, Zélie. You go now. Miss Somerfield won't like it if you hang about up here in the girls' quarters. Come in, Helen!" Pam was glad to say to her study-mate, who had now turned up.

At last Zélie minced away, and Helen was alone with Pam.

"All in order then, Pam!"

"Except that Zélie has been making the place look like a florist's shop," laughed the little lady of Swanlake. "Lovely flowers, made to look so ridiculous. And she shouldn't have picked them, anyhow. I shall be glad altogether, Helen, when Zélie has gone back to Swanlake."

"She means well."

"Oh, yes. But I'm thinking about Muriel."

"I know you are, Pam."

It was the thinking about Muriel that soon sent Pam in search of that girl downstairs. She was going between the kitchen regions and the school dining-hall—to and fro, to and fro, helping Ellen and other maids to prepare the many tables.

"Oh, Muriel!" And she stopped as Pam offered the smiling remark. "I'm told that you helped put my study in order with Zelie whilst I was in school?"

"Yes, miss."

"I hope—I hope she did not annoy you, Muriel? I feel bound to ask, for I know—"

"Oh, that's all right, miss," smiled Muriel. "I can stand up for myself, if needs be. But I make allowances for her being a foreigner and all that."

"Quite right," nodded Pam. "Still, I don't see why you should be bullied. By the way, do you know anything about a broken pen-tray and a smashed vase?"

Muriel's bonny face assumed a look of horror. "No, miss. There was nothing broken when I came away. I just put everything back in its right place."

"I see. Somehow I felt sure you couldn't have caused the damage."

"If I had broken anything, miss, I would have let you know, not waited for you to find out and wonder."

Pam nodded and walked away, almost instantly meeting Betty and others on the way out to the fields.

"Going to get some praeceer, Pam? Come on."

"Yes, bekas—gorjus day!"

"I know it is, but I can't come for a minute," smiled Pam, serene as ever.

The others scampered upon their way, and then Pam caught parlourmaid Ellen in passing, asking her to tell Zelie, if she saw that girl, that she was wanted in Study No. 11.

The study was deserted when Pam got back to it. Helen Craig, its co-tenant, was one of the girls who had gone out to hockey practice.

With a feeling that there would not be long to wait Pam sat down, and sure enough Zelie soon came whirling upon the scene, proud of having been sent for by mademoiselle.

"Ah, mademoiselle, it is as I tell them; now that I am here—"

"Now that you are here, Zelie, I want to ask you. Why did you say Muriel broke those things, when she didn't?"

"But—but, mademoiselle—"

Pam stood up. There was a no-nonsense look about her.

"You told me an untruth, Zelie."

"I, mademoiselle? Jamais, jamais—never, never!"

"And now you are making it worse," frowned Pam. "You told me the horriddest kind of fib—to damage another girl in my eyes. Muriel smashed nothing."

"Mademoiselle, it is she, that dolt, who is the monster of falsehood!"

"Zelie!"

"I could not lie to anyone, least of all to you. Oh, mademoiselle!"

"But you have fibbed to me. It is not the least use trying to bluster out of it; that only makes it worse. I believe Muriel; I do not believe you. I can read the truth in your eyes, as I read it in hers."

"Mademoiselle, hear me—"

"No. I feel I want to be done with you altogether, Zelie. I liked you, making allowances, besides knowing that so far my mother has valued you. But my mother would not keep you a single day, Zelie, if she knew that you could be so unkind, so false, where Muriel Floddon is concerned."

Zelie wrung her hands entreatingly.

"Ah, mademoiselle, but hear me! I—"

"The less said the better, Zelie. You are going back to Swanlake this evening."

"I am, mademoiselle?"

"I hope so. You are out of place here. You spoil Muriel's happiness. I hope you will go back to Swanlake this evening with Mrs. Eastman. And remember, Zelie, if anything like that occurs again, when my mother comes home from abroad you will be dismissed!"

Pam nodded towards the door.

"You have had fair warning, Zelie."

There was a lengthy pause, a painful silence, enduring for several moments. Then, letting her breath go through clenched teeth, Zelie marched out.

Afterwards Pam had to sit down again, feeling a bit unstrung. It had taken a good deal out of her to be as firm as that. Awful to have to threaten anyone with dismissal. But there must be fair play for Muriel, who had been shamefully treated.

"Trying girl, that Zelie—most trying," Pam sighed to herself. "But there, she will be gone this evening, anyway, and can do no more harm then."

So unwarned was Pam even now, so free from any presentiment of the harm that Zelie was to bring about, whether at Swanlake or at the school.

Catching up a hockey-stick Pam went downstairs and out to the playing-field to join her chums in a game.

Her Rash Vow

"ZELIE, our dinner is ready."

"I do not want any dinner, see you."

"Well, I was told to come and find you, and—"

"And it is that I am glad that you have come, out!" raged out the French maid passionately.

"For now we can talk!"

Muriel checked the other's outburst with a shrug.

"Oh, I'm not going to miss my dinner for the sake of a lot of—"

"You shall listen—you shall!"

As she said it, Zelie darted to the door of this small room that had been her and Muriel's sleeping quarters last night. She drove the door shut with a kick, then stood with her back to it.

"Who are you to say you will not attend to me! But I will tell you who you are, my fine lady, pah! You are that monster of mischief who still tries to come between me and Mademoiselle Pam. I know—I know. You lie to her to blacken my name."

"It is you, Zelie, who do the lying."

"I will scratch your eyes out! I will throw you down and wipe my feet upon you!" panted the French girl, looking like a young fury. "It is I who am blamed for those breakages."

"I can't help that. Miss Pam would not have been cross with you if you had owned up."

"I did not choose, see you, to take the blame for what you did."

"Oh, what a thing to say! Really, Zelie."

"But I have been blamed, oui! Now it is that Mademoiselle Pam says that I am to be dismissed. And that is your doing."

"I can't believe it. But I will speak to Miss Pam, and if I find—"

"You need not!" raged Zelie, making clawing motions in the air as if she could hardly keep her hands off Muriel.

"I do not want you to plead for me—pah, is it possible? No, I can do better than that, and I shall! You will see what I will do now, miladi. Ha, ha! You wait!"

"I am not going to wait for my dinner, anyhow. So stand away from that door, please, and let me go."

Fearlessly, as she said it, Muriel moved closer to the door.

The couple of paces placed her within arms' reach of the French girl, and next moment, as Muriel had fully expected, there was another scuffle.

This time Zelie, in her frenzy of jealousy, was ready to do Muriel real harm. It was like struggling with a lunatic.

During the full minute of desperate conflict when they were fighting each other all over the room there were moments when Muriel thought she would have to call for help.

But always she refrained, not wanting to make things worse for Zelie. Only a few hours longer and then she would be gone. That was a blessing. So if one could avoid a disclosure of this actual violence—just as well.

More by luck than anything else—it certainly was not a case of superior strength—at last Muriel was able to wrench free, leaving Zelie half off her balance.

Across to the door Muriel flashed and escaped beyond it. Slam! And she was racing downstairs, to pause half-way to the ground floor and put her dishevelled self to rights.

As for Zelie, alone in that bed-room where the struggle had raged, she did not give thought or look to her rumpled state.

Alone again, she resumed her tigress-like

pacings, her mouth sagging at each corner. Her eyes seemed to have a red fire behind them.

What to do now. Even whilst she miserably realised that unbridled jealousy was liable to work her own undoing, she could not put a check upon it. Feeling that she was fated to go under in any case, she had the desperate desire to drag Muriel down with her.

"If only I could get her sent back to Swanlake with me!" the French girl raged to herself. "Then the life I would lead her. Can I do that? Let me think—let me think!"

And then, whilst sweeping a hand again and again across her forehead, an idea came, an alternative to the one that she had been pondering.

Better, far better than getting Muriel returned to Swanlake, even if that had been possible; get Mademoiselle Pam returned.

That was the idea, ah, oui!

"Magnifique!" Zelie suddenly exulted.

A strange and terrible smile overspread her white face. Conceive, plan somehow to get mademoiselle sent home to Swanlake. That was the thing to do, and one would do it, oui!

"How? I do not know, but I must think and think, and it will come!" Zelie panted to herself. "I will have her with me, and if I cannot be here with her at the school, then she must be with me at Swanlake."

She gave a tremendous shrug, stamped a foot, and held her head high.

"Oui, she goes back with me!" she said fiercely. "It is a vow!"

A rash vow, and one that she would live to rue, this Zelie, with her feeling about Pam Willoughby that could only be described as devotion gone mad.

More than sorry would she be in fate's own appointed time; more than sorry that she had yielded like this to jealousy and selfish longings.

For it was to make it all so much harder, so much more perilous for Pam herself in the end, condemning her to face those difficulties and dangers which were there, where cunning and villainy lurked.

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

Pam's Daring Dash to Morcove—

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