

Wonderful New Serial—"The SCHOOL of SECRET ENEMIES!"—Commences Inside

# SCHOOLGIRLS' WEEKLY 2<sup>p</sup>

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EVERY WEDNESDAY.

June 8th, 1935.



Patsy stared in horror at Miss Meakin and the mayor. They must not see her sand model of—Miss Meakin herself!

See this week's delightful COMPLETE Patsy Never-Grow-Up Story.



# RUINED ROSES

Enthralling COMPLETE Girl Detective Story

## BROKEN BLOSSOMS!

"FLASH! Look! Stop her!" The words burst from the lips of Valerie Drew, the girl detective, as she pulled up her smart blue sports car with a skidding of tyres. Her fine Alsatian wolfhound, Flash, sprang to life on the instant.

They were on a lonely country road and nearing a town called Dellminster, and it was the sight of what was happening in the flower garden of a wayside nursery that had caused Valerie to clap on her brakes.

A girl, her figure indistinct at the distance, was ruthlessly lashing and striking at bushes bearing beautiful cream roses, of which the nursery seemed to make a speciality. She was using an umbrella for her despicable work.

Roses in varying stages of bloom and delicate buds that otherwise would have developed into lovely flowers, were falling all about her, hewn off short from their bushes, bruised, crushed, and sadly broken.

Valerie loved flowers and she looked really angry as she leaped from her car.

Flash was already out of it and running for the hedge that shut the garden off from the road, a long, rumbling growl vibrating in his massive chest.

The girl threw a startled glance over her shoulder. At that instant Flash took a tremendous leap that carried him soaring over the hedge.

Almost simultaneously Valerie reached a gate, flung it open, and rushed into the garden.

She saw the girl wheel about. It was just possible to make out that she was attired in shabby dark clothes. That was all.

Her head was lowered, so that the girl detective could gain no clear idea as to her features.

"Hold her, Flash!" she cried, and there was

a little ache at her heart as she saw all the cruelly damaged roses, the wicked and wanton destruction scattered about the lawn where the bushes grew.

The girl seemed to know that she could not hope to outpace Flash by ordinary means. She was swiftly backing as he darted, still growling, towards her.

Suddenly she thrust out the chubby umbrella. With a snarl, Flash closed his jaws upon it—and then met with unexpected disaster.

He was on the very edge of the beginning of a trench.

Not fully dug, it was only some two feet in width. The earth crumbled and Flash plunged in, the umbrella still between his white teeth.

He became temporarily wedged in the narrow confines of the trench, and dropped the umbrella and bayed angrily as he struggled to free himself and scramble out.

The girl spun round desperately and sped into an orchard that separated the garden from the house.

The move was so unexpected that Valerie lost ground. What did it mean?

Did the wanton destroyer of the beautiful flowers belong to the house of the nurseryman? The girl detective heard a thud of feet. It was Flash. He had the umbrella in his mouth and dropped it before his young mistress.

This done, he briskly sniffed round in a circle and leaped into the orchard the way the unknown girl had gone.

Valerie stopped only to pick up the umbrella, which might offer some valuable clue, and then sped after him.

As the girl detective rushed from the orchard it was to see that a ladder had been reared against the wall of the old-fashioned, two-storied house.

It actually rested against the sill of an open window on the first floor. The girl who had destroyed the roses was at the summit and

climbing through into the room as Valerie broke from the foot of the ladder.

Flash was at the foot of the ladder. He gave a spring to try to follow, but failed to gain a paw-hold and fell back as his quarry vanished into the darkness of the upper room.

Now Flash showed the almost human intelligence that was his. He knew that, though he could mount a ladder, it was a slow and difficult task, and he made no second attempt to climb this one.

His quick eyes had seen that a rear door of the house stood ajar.

"Valerie and I will go up the jolly stairs," he declared. "And just in case that girl tries coming down the ladder while we're in the house, there isn't going to be any ladder!"

He reared himself on his hind legs and seized one of the lower rungs of the ladder in his mouth. Then Flash tugged and strained at it, and—

Crash!

It fell sideways to the ground and Flash first dodged clear of it, then ran to the partially open door.

Through this he vanished. Valerie went after him, but paused by the door, seeking some way of attracting the attention of those within. She was about to pound on the door with her fist when—

"Hallo, old boy! What are you doing here?" a girl's voice asked. "Steady! What do you want to go upstairs for?"

"May I come in?" the girl detective called, pushing the door fully open.

She found that it opened almost directly on to a back staircase. On the lower steps of this stood a pretty, fair-haired girl in a faded cotton frock, and she was holding the collar of Flash and preventing him from squeezing past her up the flight.

"Don't stop him!" cried Valerie. "Somebody—a girl—has been destroying your roses, and he is after her!"

The girl went pale. Her hand seemed to



go nerveless, and Flash easily jerked his collar free and raced up the stairs.

She seemed queerly affected by the news of the damage to her flowers. Evidently the loss of the roses or the money they might have brought her was to her a serious blow. She was staring in something akin to horror.

"Come along!" cried Valerie. "She used a ladder to get into the house! If we're quick we may catch her and be able to make her pay for the flowers."

With an obvious effort, the fair girl took a grip upon herself. She accompanied Valerie up to the room into which the mystery girl had climbed.

They met Flash coming out, and saw that it was now empty.

His muzzle close to the floor, Flash ran along the landing and into a room at the front of the house. A window stood open. Flash ran to it, and, rising on his hind legs, stood peering out.

"She's got away," Valerie said, after joining Flash. "Look!"

As the fair girl ran to her side, she pointed down at the sloping, red-tiled porch of the front door, which was below the window.

A tile was cracked cleanly across, and it was plain that this had been done recently.

"She found that Flash had tugged the ladder away from the window of the back room after hearing us with you on the stairs, so dropped from this window and broke the tile in doing so," the girl detective said. "Ah! There she goes! She had the machine somewhere round here at the front, of course."

At the front of the house the road took a slight rise, and then dropped into a steep descent.

Over the brow of this a dark-dad girl was briskly pedalling a bicycle. As she glimpsed her for a fleeting second or two in silhouette before the cycle disappeared from view, Valerie had not a doubt that she was their quarry.

"I must go down and—and see how bad it is this time," faltered Valerie's companion, and as the girl detective heard the tremor in her voice and turned she saw that her blue eyes were swimming with tears.

"She's destroyed your flowers before, then?" Valerie asked quickly.

"Somebody has. I suppose it was the same girl, though I have never seen her before. Shall we go down to—the garden?"

On the way downstairs Valerie introduced herself and Flash. The fair girl cried out in

**Flash darted forward from the shadows. Next moment the intruder was sprawling over the chair.**

excitement. Did Valerie think that there was the least hope of tracing and identifying the ruthless enemy who had committed such costly damage?

"I am Elsie Lester, and my father's in the local hospital, recovering from a long illness," she went on. "Oh!—when she saw the many once-beautiful roses and delicate buds lying scattered on the grass—you don't know what this means to me, Miss Drew."

"Perhaps I can guess," murmured Valerie, laying a sympathetic hand upon her shoulder as she stifled a despairing sob. "You would have been able to sell those roses for quite a large sum if they had not been made worthless like this."

"Yes. And—and things have not been going too well since daddy has been ill and away. I've struggled hard to keep everything straight, but I've got into difficulties, and this girl has made things worse. Oh, why does she do it? What good can it do her?"

She sank listlessly down on to a rustic seat. Sitting beside her, Valerie learned how, again and again, the vandal had made meadural raids upon Elsie's roses and other flowers, how she had destroyed the young celery plants before they could be put in the trench Elsie had started to dig, how young lettucees and the like had been deliberately trodden down.

"Every time I've planned to sell produce or flowers it has happened overnight, stopped my getting money and paying bills. Somehow I have kept it from my father, and it's worried me almost into an illness myself. I owe so much rent alone that it frightens me."

Both girls looked up as they heard a crunch of feet on a near-by path. It was the postman, with the last delivery of letters.

He approached with a cheery "Good-evening, Miss Elsie!" and left a single letter in the young girl's hand.

She glanced at it, started, and turned even more pale.

"It's from the landlord," she whispered. "Excuse me a moment!"

Valerie watched her rip the envelope open and scan the letter it held. Her blue eyes were tragic as they met those of the girl detective.

"It's the end of everything!" Elsie said hoarsely. "He's coming to-morrow evening.

Unless I can find nearly twenty pounds—and I've scarcely as many shillings—daddy will find everything sold up when he comes out of hospital!"

### THE WRONG GIRL!

"CHEER up, Elsie!" urged Valerie. "You mustn't look on the black side!"

"But—but—" "Look here!" said the girl detective, giving her shoulders a squeeze. "I'll give you a promise. I will not leave this district until I have identified the girl who has been destroying your flowers and done my utmost to force every penny of their value from her."

Before Elsie could speak the girl detective raised the chubby umbrella.

"And with luck," she went on, "I might get a clue or a lead from this. It's hers. She thrust it into Flash's mouth when he sprang at her."

Together the two girls began to examine the umbrella in the light of the moon that was now rising.

Elsie's heart sank.

The umbrella was like any other chubby umbrella. She could see nothing about it by which it might be traced to any particular owner.

Valerie, too, did not look exactly hopeful—until she opened the umbrella. Then her face lighted, and she cried out with enthusiasm.

"Why, look—the patch!" she exclaimed, pointing to a circular repair which was not much larger than a half-crown, and which had been hardly noticeable from the outside. "It might be just the starting clue we need, supposing that the umbrella was repaired locally."

"There is only one umbrella shop where they do repairs in Dellminster. A Mrs. Fellowes keeps it, and it's on the corner of the turning out of the High Street that leads to the station."

"Good!" cried Valerie, springing up. "I'll go and see what I can learn from her."

With Flash trotting after her, the girl detective returned to where she had left her car in the road.

She was climbing behind the wheel when a train thundered along the embankment on far side of the road. It was crowded with children, good-naturedly paused for a moment to acknowledge their waving hands, caps, and handkerchiefs.

Then she pressed her foot on the self-starter and went speeding away in the direction of the town, which she judged was some mile and a half distant.

Her calculations were approximately correct. It was ten minutes to eight, and some of the shops in the little rural High Street were beginning to close as she ran into it.

She found Mrs. Fellowes' shop easily enough, and the proprietress herself was standing in the doorway.

"Good!" said Valerie, opening the umbrella. "It's been patched, and the repair was possibly done here. Can you tell me to whom it belongs?"

"Why yes!" the woman replied, almost instantly. "I remember putting in that patch. It's the property of Jessie Pope. Is she known to you?"

"No. Where could I locate her?"

"In the ordinary way, up at the Grange. That's the home of Sir Edward Page. You know. We're still old-fashioned enough to look on him as our squire. Jessie's a housemaid there. But I happen to know you won't find her at the Grange this evening."

"Then—" began Valerie.

"I caught sight of her rushing round the corner, and I'm almost sure it was for the London train—an express that leaves at 7.2."

"Do you mean by express a non-stop train to London?" asked Valerie.

"Yes. Dellminster is its last stop before reaching Euston."

Valerie thanked her for her information and walked back to the car.

If this Jessie Pope had boarded the train she could not possibly have been the vandal.

But had she caught it? She might have missed it and returned without Mrs. Fellowes

seeing her, to commit, for some extraordinary reason, the heartless damage at the nursery.

That did not account for the bicycle on which she had escaped. But—well, who knew? She might have stolen that in her desperation to get away.

The girl detective drove up to the station, banking on the officials knowing the housemaid by sight. In a little country place like Dellminster usually everybody knew everybody else.

As she walked into the station with Flash at her heels she almost collided with the station-master, who was in the act of quitting his office.

"Jessie Pope? Yes, of course I know her, miss," the official said, in response to Valerie's inquiries. "I did her a good turn this evening, too—just managed to bundle her into the 7.2 for London by the skin of her teeth. She was so breathless from running that I don't believe she could have got in by herself. It'll be different when we get the halt bulls."

He put a hand to his lips and looked half-annoyed, half uneasy, like a man who had said more than he had intended.

"It'll be better for passengers out in the direction of the squire's house soon," he corrected himself. "Hi! Look at your dog trying to rob out!"

Flash spun round and broke into a laugh. Flash loved sweets of any kind. Just now he was on his hind legs before an automatic machine holding milk chocolate, and doing his best to paw open the drawer.

The girl detective walked to the machine and slipped in a penny, so that Flash could achieve his object.

While he was separating the bar of chocolate from its cardboard packet and silver paper she did some rapid thinking.

If the housemaid, Jessie Pope, the owner of the chubby umbrella, had been in the non-stop London train by two to three minutes Valerie spun round and broke into a laugh. Flash loved sweets of any kind. Just now he was on his hind legs before an automatic machine holding milk chocolate, and doing his best to paw open the drawer.

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the impression that Freda and Phyllis, in contrast to Jeannette, were as dark as gipsies, and the type of girls who might possess a gipsy-like temper.

All three were obviously slim, and any one, wearing shabby clothes by way of a slight disguise, could have been the despoiler of the flowers.

"I wonder if we are getting warm," Valerie mused. "Do any of these girls hold a grudge against you—dislike you, Elsie?"

"I'm afraid that Freda Asplin hates me and will never leave off hating me," was Elsie's reply.

Valerie whistled. "I wish you had told me this before," she said. "Freda might be the culprit and be doing it out of a mean and vindictive revenge—if there's anything for her to be revenged for. Is there?"

Elsie looked doubtful and shrugged. "I don't know, but I'll tell you what happened about two months ago, shortly before my first lot of flowers were destroyed," she said.

It appeared that Freda and the squire's daughter, Jeannette, had been out for a morning ride.

A motor-cycle had frightened Freda's horse as she was approaching Elsie, who was on the road. Instead of trying to soothe him as he reared, Freda had lost her temper and brutally started to thrash the horse.

"I couldn't bear to see it, Valerie," Elsie said, her eyes flashing in indignation even after the lapse of time. "I rushed forward and tore the whip from her hand and threw it into the ditch."

"She flew into the most dreadful temper, and I really believe she would have tried to strike me with the whip after getting it out of the ditch if Jeannette had not stopped her and told her it served her right. But do you think she would be so mean as to keep on spoiling my flowers because of this?"

"I don't know. At least, we must look upon her as a strong suspect for the time being. I am going out into the garden to look for any further clues. But I'll admit I haven't much hope of finding any."

It was to the scene of the damage that Valerie made her way. She went over practically every inch of the ground and was almost on the point of giving up her search when she started.

Something was clinging to a thorn near the base of one of the rose bushes.

Valerie moved over to it, stooped, and detected it.

It proved to be a fragment of silk torn from a bronze-hued stocking—and an expensive stocking at that!

"What sort of stockings have you got on, Elsie?" the girl detective asked, as she re-entered the house.

"Black artificial silk—all I can afford, Valerie," replied Elsie, with a trace of bitterness.

"Then you did not tear your stocking on a rose bush and leave this behind," returned Valerie, showing her the fine silk threads. "The stockings that are ruined because of this, cost eight-and-eleven or so a pair. Have you noticed if Freda Asplin favours bronze-coloured stockings?"

"I'm afraid I'm not so observant as that." "Then I am going along to the Grange to try to get a glimpse of her and find out for myself," said Valerie. "See you later."

The girl detective had passed the Grange on the way. It was only some two hundred yards back, and she decided to walk. She did not quite know to what devices or ruses she might have to resort in order to gain a glimpse of Freda Asplin, and the less she advertised her approach the better.

"Stay here, boy. Only come if I call," breathed Valerie. "Down there—in the shadow, Flash!"

Flash knew she was going to leave him, and did not like the idea at all. But as she pushed him under the hedge he stretched himself reluctantly in the gloom and pilloved his muzzle on his forepaws.

Valerie glided to the gates. As she did so she became aware of the strains of a dance-band.

She eased one gate open and slipped through. Making her way around a curve in the drive, the mansion was brought into full view. It was ablaze with light. Even from the distance she could glimpse dancing couples passing the windows.

Half a minute later Valerie was by the windows and peering through.

The music ceased, and couples fell apart, to stand and applaud the orchestra. Quite near to the casement through which Valerie was cautiously peeping a slender girl in a long white dance frock was standing with her back half-turned.



The girl spun round with a startled cry. She was caught—in a web of light! Valerie's case was complete!

From what Valerie could see she was very well complexioned. Her hair was raven black, and Valerie had pictured Freda Aspin as being the photograph in the paper and listening to Elsie's description. Valerie looked down at her feet, which were encased in a pair of dainty white kid dance shoes. Then a thrill shot through her. She could just glimpse that the girl wore bronze-coloured silk stockings! And then her suspect turned towards the windows, and all Valerie's theories tottered. The girl was not Freda Aspin. She was her sister, Phyllis!

## SECOND ATTEMPT!

**B**UT this was all wrong. Valerie realised, as she drew to one side of the windows. Bronze-coloured stockings with a white dance dress and white shoes! They simply weren't worn unless— Had Phyllis had some last-minute accident with her stockings and borrowed a pair from her sister, Freda?

Next instant she saw Freda and the squaire's daughter, Jeannette. Freda also wore a white dress, and her stockings were a suitable "suit" to match it. Valerie clicked her tongue in annoyance. This dance had spoiled everything. Probably Freda, after all, was the guilty girl and wore bronze stockings in the ordinary way, but naturally had changed them to-night when she had put on the white dance frock.

What should she do? If only she could secretly find her way into the house and to Freda's room! She might even find the torn bronze stockings.

Meanwhile, Flash was on the alert. With a curious fortiveness a man in dark clothes had tiptoed past him. Now the fellow was stealing in at the drive gates.

"Hallo! What's your game, my lad?" Flash asked himself. "Just where do you come in in this mystery? Are you stalking my Valerie, by any chance? That thought entered his dozing brain that he sprang upright.

The gate had hardly closed after the man with a faint click than Flash nosed it open again and followed him. Like a shadow the man glided towards the lighted house, and like a shadow Flash kept track of him.

Flash, who could see in the dark, could easily discern Valerie at one side of the windows.

The young man—she was quite youthful, though rather stout and red of face—saw that the windows were ajar and made straight for them.

He actually did not dream of the girl detective's presence. But to Flash his move meant only one thing—he was going to spring on Valerie from behind.

The man made to cross a lawn where there were some forgotten things on a green table, flanked with four collapsible garden chairs.

"Wouff!" softly bayed Flash, to warn his mistress, and made a lightning dart.

Before the red-faced man could do more than start to turn his head Flash leaped in and jabbed both forepaws behind his knees. "Oh, confound it!" spluttered the stranger.

He lunged forward on to one of the garden chairs. The chair rose up, then gracefully folded itself. The prowl shot into the table and it overturned with a dismal clatter and crash of breaking china, taking two of the other chairs to the grass with it.

The startled man sprawled at full length in the debris, his chin resting in tealeaves from the demolished teapot.

And from the shadow of some bushes to which he had darted Flash viewed the result of his efforts with great satisfaction.

Valerie, of course, heard the crash. She looked around and saw the stoutish young man, who was well if rather flashily dressed, looking as if he were practising swimming on the grass.

She had just time to crouch down behind a huge tub holding an ornamental palm before the windows were dashed open and Sir Edward Page, his nieces, and daughter, and a number of guests hurried out.

## .....WHO IS.....

# Carol of the Crimson Mask

?

Watch our pages closely for further details of this intriguing secret.

The squire, who was a heavily built man, was just in time to see Flash's victim picking himself up.

"The squire uttered a roar of rage. "My worthless nephew—Roland Page!" he shouted, advancing upon the younger man threateningly. "Haven't I said that I will not have you in my grounds, or my house, you scoundrel!"

"Look here, uncle, you be just a little careful with your hard names!" retorted the other, still angry from his inexplicable fall. "There is a law of slander, and—"

"I've said a hundred times that you are one of those Jerry-builders that this country would be better without—and I say it again before these witnesses! You are filling this district with flimsy houses that will be falling down in twenty years' time, and I won't have your name associated with mine! What do you want here, anyway?"

Roland Page looked about for a handkerchief he had been withdrawing from his pocket when he had fallen; he saw that it was soaked with the tea and tealeaves from the broken pot, and ground his heel into it savagely.

"That's something for you to puzzle out, my dear uncle!" he snarled, and abruptly started to walk towards the gates.

The squire started to move purposefully after him, but stopped and halted.

"Let's get back into the house," he growled. "He isn't worth bothering about."

Valerie watched them all return; then, as she heard the casement windows click shut, she stole over to the broken crockery and fallen chairs and table.

She took up the handkerchief that lay amid the broken china, as she gave it a shake an envelope, damp from the tea, fell to the grass.

"Hallo, hallo!" breathed Valerie. "Quick, Flash! I think we'll make ourselves scarce while we see just what this is."

She slipped into the shrubs whence Flash had recently come. The envelope must have been only very carelessly secured; the damp flap lifted quite easily as Valerie slipped her finger beneath it.

It was addressed in pencil to "Bubbles." Obviously the nickname of somebody in the Page household, Valerie determined.

Shielding the light of her torch so that it should not be glimpsed through the bushes, she read the contents of the envelope.

"Dear Bubbles," the letter ran—"If you haven't already made a mess of the last of the flowers, come out as soon as you can and do it now. I've information that she's at her last gasp. I'll be hanging about, and as soon as you've finished your job I'll give you enough money to pay your debts. Good luck!" "R."

Her chin setting, Valerie walked straight to the front door of the mansion, rang, and asked for Miss Edward Page "on very urgent and important business."

A quarter of an hour later her smart blue car was no longer in the road, but parked in a shed in Elsie Lester's extensive garden.

This appeared to be as deserted as it was silent, and for a quarter of an hour the lush was maintained.

Came a stealthy footfall, and the gate was opened; into the flower-garden crept a dark figure—the shabby figure of the vandal. The man was again obscured by drifting clouds and it was impossible to make out more than the dim outline of the prowler.

Swish, swish, swish! This-time she carried a thin, pliable walking cane.

She was standing by some rose-bushes that had so far escaped injury. She began to lay about her viciously with the cane, and rose after rose, but after bud, fell to the grass, leaven of short, crushed and ruined, like the others.

Then without warning the heartless girl was suddenly blinded by three beams of light from three different directions.

A hand reached away the dark scarf which this time the girl had tied about the lower part of her face.

She caught a glimpse of Valerie Drew before her. In desperation she tore herself free of the thorns and tried to dash away at a tangent.

It was to run clean into the bulky person of the squire; with the third torch-bearer, Elsie Lester, he had swiftly closed in upon her.

"Who is it?" panted Elsie.

"Look!" answered Valerie, seizing the vandal's head and none too gently forcing it up to Elsie to see.

"Jeannette Page!" she gasped in utter amazement—and she was right.

It was the squire's daughter whom they had captured!

There was a movement on the far side of the hedge dividing the garden from the road. Somebody was walking swiftly away.

"After him, Flash! Get him, lad!" rapped Valerie.

Flash shot out of the shadows, and he must almost have dropped upon the hurriedly departing person as he took a mighty bound over the bushes.

Came a series of shouted threats mingled with gasps of fright, and a great deal of growling and ominous snarling; then, with a terrific crash and an agonised howl, Roland Page came bodily through a weak spot in the hedge.

He was followed by a very triumphant Flash.

"You must admit, squire," said Valerie, "that it was rather a good idea of mine to give that Bubbles note to a servant to deliver."

"Yes, it trapped her—the unhappy girl," answered the squire almost sadly. "Jeannette, I can scarcely believe this wickedness of you. What extravagances drove you into it?"

"I owed my dress-maker so—so much I was afraid to tell you after you'd lectured me so angrily," sobbed Jeannette. "My Cousin Roland—"

"Promised to pay for it if you would come here and take risks that he hadn't the nerve to take!" finished Valerie, with a glance of withering scorn at Flash's prisoner.

She turned to the squire.

"A halt for trains is to be built near here," she said. "Your nephew saw in it a goldmine. I expect he knew that he could buy this land cheaply once Elsie and her father were turned out of this house. If he had got it he would have run up row upon row of the Jerry-built houses, or bungalow, that seem to be the speciality for city men. That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

"You miserable trickster!" said the squire to his cringing nephew. "Just how much, my dear, do you figure that they have cost you?"

"I should say it must be quite twenty-five pounds since the raids first began," answered Elsie; as he turned to her.

"We'll call it thirty pounds!" snapped the squire. "You, Roland, will pay half that amount—fifteen pounds—here and now, or I'll get Miss Drew to tell her dog to hold you until we've brought the police along."

"I shall meet the other fifteen pounds, and that amount will be deducted from your next dress allowance, Jeannette. Come along!" he barked at Roland. "Stump up, or, by Jupiter, you shall spend the night in a police cell!"

"G-r-r-r-r!" said Flash, as if urging Roland to be quick.

And Roland was.

END OF THIS WEEK'S STORY.

Another magnificent COMPLETE Girl Detective Story next Wednesday "THE PHANTOM HOUSEBOAT!" See pages 194 and 204 for full particulars.