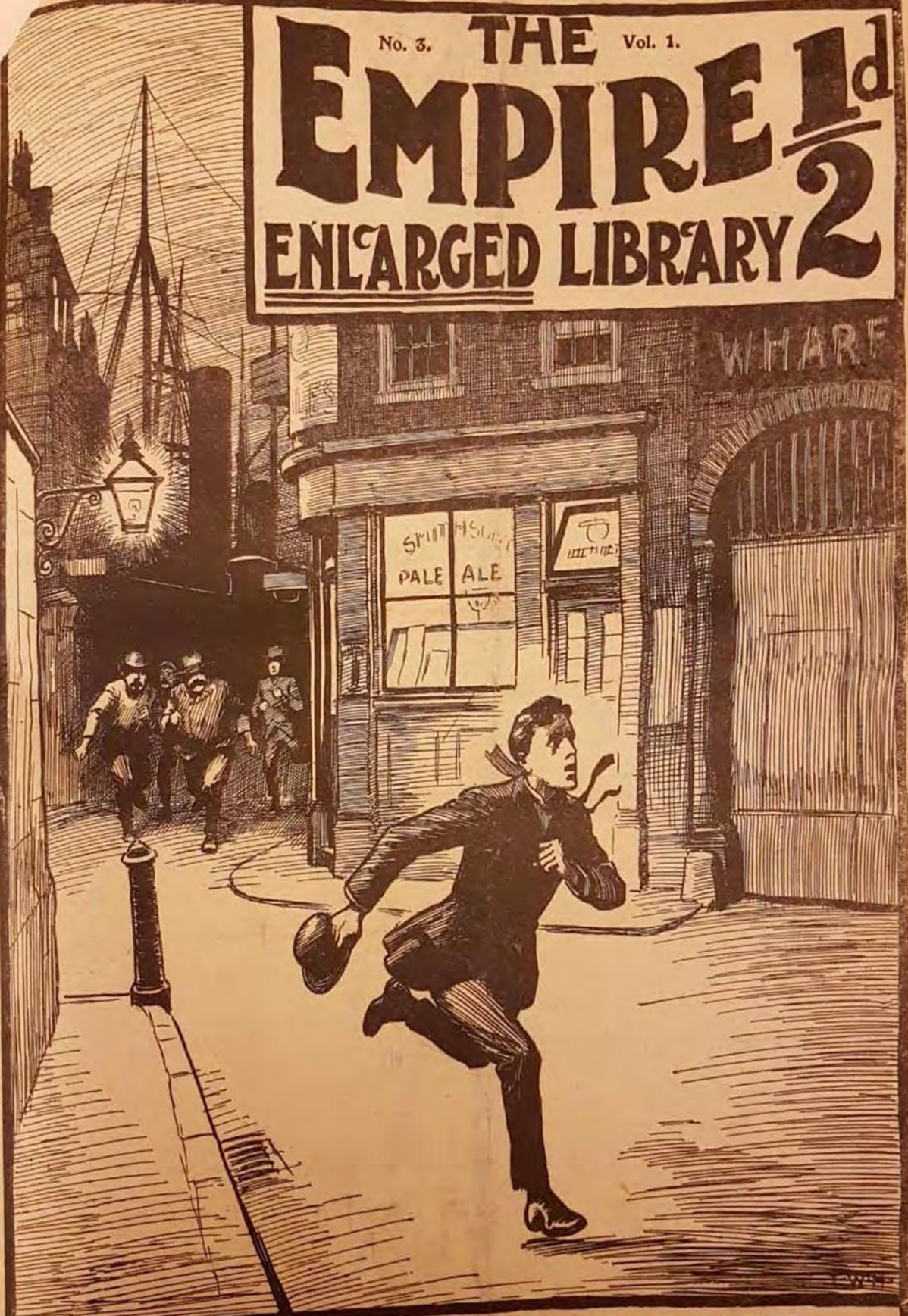


FIVE SPLENDID NEW STORIES—EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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• HE RAN FOR HIS LIFE •
(A thrilling incident in the splendid, long complete story, "The Shadow of the Revolution.")

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOL DAYS

A TALE OF TOM MERRY'S CHUM

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

YOU CAN START NOW,



ENHEL Helps. "NONSENSE! You have lots of money," said Enid. "Not lots," said Dolly. "I have a good deal, but I spend it. I'm nearly stony now. I have twopenny farthing, and you can have that if you like."

GLANCE OVER THIS. Ethel Cleveland is a new girl at St. Freda's, and on her first day at school she is attracted by the personality of Dolores Pelham, a high-spirited girl of Spanish descent. Another of her new schoolmates, Enid Craven, inspires Ethel with...

did like from the first. Enid has got herself into a serious scrape, and is trying to borrow money from one of the girls, Dolly Carew, who, however, declares herself to be "stony." (See page 20 for the story.)

"I—I—" "You were listening!" "No! I—" "You heard what I was saying!" "I—I—" Dolores released the girl. Enid drank back against the wall, evidently terrified. Ethel gave her a look of scorn. "Were you listening?" she said. "I—I was just coming in," said Enid. "I—I have been down to the village to see Mrs. Scruton, you know; I was just coming in, and I heard you talking—" "Did you listen?" "I did not mean to—" "But you heard what Dolores said?" Enid's lips trembled. A falsehood was trembling there, but under the fierce, angry eyes of the Spanish girl she dared not utter it. "Yes," she said faintly. Dolores made a passionate gesture. "Now all is lost," she muttered. "She will tell!" "I—I—" "You wretched girl, promise me that you will not tell!" exclaimed Dolores, catching Enid by the arm, with a grasp so unconsciously hard that it made her cry out with the pain. "I promise me."

But she did not know. To her Miss Penfold was a mistress, to be regarded with distrust; and Miss Penfold, who was usually successful in gaining the confidence of a young girl, had to admit that she had failed with Dolores. She did not fully understand the girl; as a matter of fact, Dolores did not fully understand Southern nature was a new thing to Miss Penfold's experience; and while most of her pupils loved her, and all respected her, she had to realize the fact that it was different with Dolores. To the other girls, punishment came rarely or never; and if it came, it usually had the expected effect. But it was not so with Dolores. It seemed to make her more stubborn and self-willed. Yet it was necessary to maintain discipline in the school, and in the last resort severity is always necessary for that. Tap! It was a knock at the door. Miss Penfold signed to a deep breath. "Come in!" she said quietly. Dolores entered. She walked into the room with her head held erect, and a slumbering fire in her dark eyes. Miss Penfold signed to her to close the door and approach, and the Spanish girl obeyed quietly, and without a word. She stood before the mistress, her eyes on the rug. She looked very beautiful as she stood there, her hands clasped before her, a slight flush in her olive cheeks. Miss Penfold thought so, and she sighed. If only she could govern this wayward nature, she could make much of Dolores Pelham. There was a moment or two's silence. "Dolores," said Miss Penfold, at last. "Yes."



"Are you not sorry?" asked Miss Penfold quietly. Dolores compressed her lips. "No!" "I told you to come to me—" "Have come." "You know what for?" Dolores smiled bitterly. "Yes. To be punished." "I do not want to punish you, Dolores. But you cannot go on as you have been doing. You must realize that yourself." Dolores was silent. "Are you not sorry?" Dolores compressed her lips. "No." "You expect me to ease you?" "No." "And you do not mind?" Dolores did not speak. Miss Penfold looked at her in silence for a full minute. She read the hard, determined rebellion in the flushed cheeks and the set lips. Of what use was a caning to a girl in Dolores's mood? And Miss Penfold disliked punishment. "Well, I shall not ease you, Dolores," she said at last abruptly. The girl started. "You will remain in the punishment-room by yourself to-morrow, Dolores, instead, and I hope you will think over your conduct, and decide to do better." A slight smile played over the dusky face. Miss Penfold was puzzled. "You hear me, Dolores?" "Yes."

COUSIN ETHEL'S SCHOOL DAYS

A TALE OF TOMMY MERRY'S CUBICLE BY MARIAN CAMPBELL

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Well, you may go."
 "Good night, Dolores!"
 "Good night, Miss Penfold!"
 The words seemed extracted by some force superior to her own from the girl. Her brow darkened as she spoke. Then she went out quietly and closed the door.

Miss Penfold sighed.
 Dolores walked away with quick steps. She passed the open door of the rooming room, and caught the sound of merry laughter within.

Her lip curled.
 She was not in a mood for sympathy of any sort, or for meriment. She went to the stairs, and ascended to the dormitory.

The cubicles occupied by the girls of the Lower School opened upon an inner passage, which communicated with the outer corridor by several doors.
 Dolores opened one, and went into the dormitory.

AM was dead there.
 Dolores entered her own cubicle. As she did so, she started a little. From the darkness of the dormitory came a sound—a strange sound to her ears—the sound of a sob.

Dolores listened.
 The sob came from a cubicle a little further down the row.
 Dolores stepped out and looked along the row. Each cubicle was open at the end on the inner passage, so that although each girl had a room, there was little privacy. The teachers passing up and down the passage had a full view of each cubicle, and could see whether the girls were all in bed at the proper time, and whether there were any absences.

Dolores listened, with a strange expression on her face in the gloom. She had not yet touched the switch of the electric light.
 The sound was repeated.
 "Enid Craven!" murmured Dolores.

She went quickly down the passage.
 She disliked the girl, yet the sound of her sobbing there in the gloom touched the Spanish girl's heart strangely.
 "Enid!"
 She switched on the light.

Enid Craven was sitting on the edge of her bed, her face buried in her hands.
 She started, blinking in the sudden light, and Dolores saw that her eyes were full of tears. Her face was deadly white.

Dolores looked at the startled, tear-stained face in pity mingled with contempt.
 "What is it?" she asked. "Did I frighten you—I mean this evening, when you were listening?"
 Enid shook her head.

"It is not that!"
 "No."
 "You have been punished?"
 "No."
 "What is the matter, then?"
 Enid gave her a bitter look.
 "What do you care?"

Dolores paused. The bitter words checked the warm impulse of her heart, and she smiled coldly and derisively.
 "You are right," she said; "I care nothing."
 And she went back to her own cubicle.

Enid sat a few minutes in silence. Then she went out of the dormitory and down the stairs. An expression of sudden determination was in her face.
 Dolores heard the girl go, and gave her little further thought. Enid was not a girl whose tears might be supposed to indicate any great suffering either of mind or of body.

And Dolores had much to do. Before the other girls came up to bed, all her preparations for her flight must be made. For Dolores was resolved.
 Her resolve had not faltered once since she had first spoken to Ethel Cleveland upon the subject.

That night was to be her last at St. Kit's.
 What was to follow she did not know—and she did not think. All she thought or cared about was to get away from the school she hated.
 She selected the things she was to take with her, and packed them carefully into a little bag, which she hid in the cubicle.

Then she went to bed.
 When the others came up, they would find her there, apparently sleeping, and so would Miss Tyrrell when she made her rounds for the night.

And when the house was silent, when all were asleep, Dolores intended to rise and steal out, unaided, alone, into the world she hardly knew, but which she preferred to the world she did know, and which she disliked.

ENID CRAVEN DOES NOT SPEAK.

ENID CRAVEN descended the stairs slowly, the determined expression upon her face fading away visibly at each step. She had left the dormitory full of resolve, but it did not last long. As she drew near to Miss Penfold's door, she halted irresolutely.

She looked at the door, and stood still.
 The impulse had come upon her to go to Miss Penfold, to be quite frank with her—to tell her of the trouble that had come upon her through her own folly.

But what would Miss Penfold say? Enid could not imagine the stern look, the raised eyebrows, the severe words. She would be punished—yes—but it might be worse than that. What if Miss Penfold wrote to her parents? In fact, she was sure to! She might have to leave St. Freda's—in disgrace!

And Enid covered at the thought.
 But to go on as she was going on now, it was just as bad. Mrs.

Scruton was hard—as hard as Miss Penfold could possibly be.
 Whichever way she looked, there was no escape.
 Was it not better to have it over at once?

She approached the door again. Her hand was raised to tap, and she paused. Then, with a sudden fierce resolve, she knocked, and opened the door without waiting for Miss Penfold to say "Come in."
 The principal of St. Freda's was seated at her table.

She had a book and a little pile of papers before her, and a little heap of money and a banknote.
 She glanced at Enid.
 The girl's heart beat hard.
 She saw that there was money enough lying on Miss Penfold's table at that moment to pay ten times over the debt that was weighing on her mind.

Miss Penfold was making up her accounts; she had not expected to be interrupted at that night. It was nearly midnight, and it was Miss Tyrrell's duty to see the girls disposed of for the night.
 But she looked graciously enough at Enid.

She saw the stains of tears on the girl's face, and the white look of suffering, and her heart was tender at once.
 She rose from her seat.
 "What is the matter, my dear child?"
 Enid told her eyes away from the money.

"The thought was singing and ringing in her brain—if it were mine! If I could take it! She tried not to think of it."
 Her eyes fell before Miss Penfold's.

She could not say what she had come there to say.
 Once in Miss Penfold's presence, she realised that she had been foolish to think for a moment that she would ever find courage to confess to the principal.

She did not speak.
 She stood before Miss Penfold, the colour coming and going in her face, and her hands clasping and unclasping.
 The principal gazed at her in astonishment.

She could see that the girl was labouring under some deep emotion, but what it was she could not fathom.
 "Enid! Come and sit down, my dear," said Miss Penfold, leading the girl to a seat. "What is the matter with you?"
 Enid's heart was thumping hard.

She dared not confess to Miss Penfold about her debt, about her dun. That was impossible. But what excuse was she to give for having come? How was she to explain her visit to the principal's room?
 And Miss Penfold was looking at her sympathetically, but inquiringly. What was she to say?
 "Well, Enid!"
 "If—if you please," stammered Enid, to gain time.
 "Yes, my dear."

"What is it, my child? You look very upset. You are not ill!"
 He had come to St. Kit's to learn what had become of Seth Black, and to learn what was known there; and he came with the feeling of a man who carries his life and liberty in his hands. As he walked through the quadrangle he met the village policeman, who hurriedly explained to the squire what had happened during the night. Eldred Lacy left the inspector in relieved spirits, and he was shown to the doctor's study.

Dr. Kent was looking worried, but he tried to banish the trouble from his face as he received his visitor.
 "I hear that you have some excitement in the school," the squire remarked. "I have just met Inspector Legg in the quadrangle."
 "Yes. It is a very strange affair," said the Head.
 "Tallot appears to have distinguished himself."
 "He acted very bravely."

And the Head of St. Kit's proceeded to detail Tallot's action, the squire listening with keen attention.
 "A bad you should be proud of, doctor," he remarked.
 "Yes, certainly."
 "But—excuse me for being curious—how came Tallot on the bridge at such an hour?" asked the squire carelessly.

The troubled look settled again on the doctor's brow.
 "As a matter of fact, Mr. Lacy, he was leaving St. Kit's."
 "Leaving St. Kit's?"
 "Yes. There has been a most un-

"No," muttered Enid.
 "Then what is it?"
 "I—"
 She paused and stammered again. Miss Penfold's glance showed growing amazement.
 "Yes, my dear!"
 "Enid's brain was working quickly. The thought of Dolores flashed into it, and there was an excuse for her visit ready-made—and it might help her into Miss Penfold's favour, too, and stand her in good stead when her own fall came—as come it must if Mr. Scruton were not settled with it."

"If you please, Miss Penfold, I—I hardly know whether I should tell you," she faltered.
 "What is it?"
 "Dolores."
 "Dolores Pelham! Do you mean that you have had some dispute with her?" said Miss Penfold less gently.
 "Oh, no, no!"
 "You know that I do not encourage tale-bearing, Enid. If you have come here to tell me something about Dolores Pelham, think twice before you tell me."

Enid bit her lip spitefully.
 It was upon her tongue's tip to tell Miss Penfold all—to break her promise to Dolores, and betray the intended flight.
 "Should she do so?"
 As if to decide her in that dubious moment, she caught the glimmer of the money on the table in the electric light.

It seemed to dazzle her.
 It was at that moment that a thought—a dark and terrible thought—flashed into the girl's mind, and caused the colour to waver in her cheeks.
 Miss Penfold looked at her impatiently.

"Well, Enid, have you anything to say?" she asked.
 "I—"
 "Come, come, you are wasting my time!"
 "I promised Dolores—"
 Enid slowly.

"You promised her not to tell me—that which you have come to tell?"
 "Yes."
 "Then I cannot listen to you."
 Enid rose.
 "I—I did not know what to do—whether I ought to keep the promise or not," she faltered.

Miss Penfold's face softened again.
 "It is but a question whether you ought to have made the promise," she said. "But, having made it, I think there can be little doubt that you should keep it."
 "Very well, Miss Penfold."
 "Good-night, Enid."

And the girl left the principal's room.
 The thought that had flashed into her mind there was still working in her brain, and it seemed to dazzle her, and she could think of nothing else.

In the Dead of Night.
 THE school clock chimed out, and Dolly Carew pitched her thimble into her work-basket.
 That work-basket was in a wonderful state, and Ethel thought it dangerous to—against Dolly ever finding her thimble again. But Dolly

happy occurrence here—some money was abstracted from the desk in my study, and suspicion fell strongly upon Tallot. Part of the missing money was found concealed in his study. I—"
 "Then there is no doubt as to his guilt!"
 "I fear not."
 "Has he admitted it?"
 "No. He maintains his innocence; and really he has shaken my belief," said the Head slowly. "I do not know what to believe."
 "Had he any strong motive for wishing to take the money?" suggested the squire.
 "Unfortunately, yes. That ruffian—I mean the man who lies upstairs uncleanly now—is blackmailing him," said the Head, with a look of keen distress.

"Then," said the squire thoughtfully, "it was through this Black that Tallot was ruined here; and—I suppose it is not possible—"
 He looked off.
 "I really wish you would speak out, Mr. Lacy."
 "Well, if Tallot met Black in that lonely place, with such an injury ranking in his breast," the squire said slowly, "if—if the man then used threats, perhaps—"
 "It is impossible!"
 The Head started back in horror. The doctor almost moaned out the words; but the very vehemence of his utterance showed that the terrible thought had taken root in his mind.

did not seem to mind. She never could find anything when she wanted it, and she was used to that."
 "Bed-time," she said.
 Ethel glanced at the lock over the mantelpiece in the common room.
 "Half-past nine," she said.
 Dolly nodded.

"That's it. Half-past nine is bed-time for the Lower School," she explained. "We're the Lower School. The senior girls stay up till ten. They're awfully steep in many ways, and have lots of privileges we don't have."
 Ethel smiled.

"Well, I am quite tired enough to go to bed," she remarked.
 "Of course you are, dear," said Dolly cheerfully. "You've had a long journey to-day, and the first day at school is always exciting, too. You'll sleep like a top. I'm glad shall be able to top you to-morrow. You'll sleep like a top to-night on one another on the partition. See!"

"Dolores is on the other side of your cubicle. By the way, where is she? I haven't seen her for a long time."
 "I don't know."
 "Sailing somewhere, perhaps," said Miss Penfold. "I asked her if she could lend me a shilling when I'm white ago, and she didn't even answer me. She is a very bad-tempered girl. Don't you think so?"

"Ha, ha! She might refuse to lend you a shilling without being bad-tempered," said Dolly, laughing.
 "You see—"
 "Well, I had left my purse upstairs."
 "Ha, ha!"

Cousin Ethel smiled, too. She was beginning to learn that having had her purse somewhere was Miss's usual preliminary to borrowing.
 "I don't see what you're laughing at, Dolly," said Missy, with a peevish shake of the head. "You will give Ethel the impression that I never pay my debts."
 "That would be too bad."

"It would, because I'm so careful in these matters," said Missy, turning to Cousin Ethel. "I'm always believe in the old proverb that short reckonings make long friends, don't you?"
 "Yes," smiled Ethel.

"I shall settle up with you, and settle some other accounts when my Aunt Caroline comes to see me," said Missy. "She's awfully rich, you know."
 Dolly laughed again.

Miss Tyrrell came into the room.
 "Now, my dears," she said.
 And the girls of the Lower School ceased their various occupations, and trooped up to the dormitory.
 Miss Tyrrell glanced into Dolores Pelham's cubicle.

The Spanish girl was in bed.
 She lay with her olive cheek on the white pillow, her eyes were closed, and her long dark eyelashes drooped over the dusky skin.
 "Dolores," said Miss Tyrrell softly.
 The girl did not stir.
 "Dolores!"

(The story of Dolores's projected flight for it success, and Cousin Ethel's visit to the water, will be continued in next Wednesday's "Empire" Library. Order it in advance. Price One Halfpenny.)

"I am afraid that you have been greatly deceived in that lad," the squire resumed. "However, let us say nothing about the matter now. It is not our business to furnish clues to the police. If they think of it themselves it is a different matter."
 "Yes, yes."
 "Meanwhile, he must remain."
 "He has declared his intention of leaving St. Kit's at once."

The squire shrugged his shoulders.
 "I am sorry for him, there; but he must remain. You understand, doctor, that I do not wish to be hard upon him, but it would not be consistent with my duty as a magistrate to allow him to go with so grave a suspicion against him."
 "You—you will interfere!" cried the Head.

Squire Lacy looked very grave and concerned, but very inflexible.
 "I am very unwilling to do so, but can you answer for Tallot?"
 "Yes—yes! He shall remain at the school."
 "That is satisfactory," said the squire. "I hope—I trust—that Tallot will be cleared of all suspicion. But in case of the reverse, I could not consent to his being allowed to depart. If you answer for him, I am satisfied."

"I answer for him," said the doctor heavily.
 The squire took his hat.
 "Good-day, sir!"
 (Another instalment of this powerful serial next Wednesday.)

A SHORT INSTALMENT FOR MY OLD READERS

TERMINALS OF ST. KIT'S

By CHARLES HAMILTON.

INTRODUCTION.
 Arthur Tallot, once the most popular boy to St. Kit's College, has been forced to leave the school by the machinations of his enemy, Eldred Lacy. One dark night he slips out, and makes his way towards the railway-station. Crossing the river by the bridge, however, he hears a cry for help, and plunges into the stream to the rescue. After a weary struggle, he succeeds in bringing Seth Black— for the drowning man is the scoundrel who claims to be his father—to shore opposite St. Kit's. Tallot obtains help from the college, and Dr. Kent asks him how he came to be out so late. "I had made up my mind to leave St. Kit's, sir," replies the lad firmly. "Without my permission!" asks the Head.
 (See page on with the story.)

A Terrible Suspicion.
 I HAD little doubt that you would be glad to be rid of me, sir, after what has happened. It was impossible for me to remain at the school, and I was obliged to save you from a difficult position," said Tallot, in a low voice.

"You should have spoken to me first."
 Tallot was silent.

Little more was said in the study till the doctor arrived from Northley. The medical man made an examination of Seth Black. His face was very grave, and he finished by shaking his head in a very dubious way.
 "You do not think he will die?" said the Head.

The medical man pursed his lips.
 "I hope not. But when he recovers consciousness, I greatly doubt whether he will awake with a knowledge of his surroundings. But we must hope for the best. Is the man to remain here?"
 "Certainly, if you consider it best."
 "Well, I should hardly consider it safe to move him to the village."
 "Then he shall remain, decidedly."

And so Seth Black became an inmate of St. Kit's. The physician's prediction proved correct. Seth Black awoke to consciousness before morning, but his surroundings were a blank to him, and he lay like a log in the bed where he had been placed—silent, motionless, with green, staring eyes fixed upon the ceiling.

Squire Lacy of Lynnwood rode to St. Kit's, and dismounted at the gate. The squire's face was pale than usual, but he had himself well under control, and his looks did not betray the fear and uneasiness that were inwardly devouring him.

He had come to St. Kit's to learn what had become of Seth Black, and to learn what was known there; and he came with the feeling of a man who carries his life and liberty in his hands. As he walked through the quadrangle he met the village policeman, who hurriedly explained to the squire what had happened during the night. Eldred Lacy left the inspector in relieved spirits, and he was shown to the doctor's study.

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