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**THE EMPIRE**  
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Vol. 1. No. 18.

THE SCAPEGRACE OF THE REGIMENT! *A New Story*



"I say that one among the four of us is cheating," Ulyett said slowly. "I know the seriousness of that statement. I am not making it lightly. Last night and the night before I was watching—" "And I was the winner on both occasions!" broke in Jack, unable to restrain his rage any longer. "You're accusing me, that's what you're doing, and that's as bad! You're accusing us of being dirty cheats, of robbing you, and you're afraid to say it outright! You're a coward, sir—a dirt!" Jack got no further, and just as well, perhaps, for he was doing himself no good by the sort of talk. It was ungenerously said, and he would only regret it afterwards. "Now, look here, young 'un," said a dry old major, slipping his arm in Jack's. "Let's get out of this for a bit and cool down." "No, I won't!" "Yes, you will," persisted the major, who was an old friend of the boy's father. "I won't!" "I won't!" "I'll stay here," said Jack stoutly, "until this matter is thrashed out to the last straw!" "The matter will be thrashed out, never fear, for all our sakes and the honour of the regiment," said the major. "But, for the present, come along with me, like a good fellow." All might have been well if Marchbanks, another young subaltern, and not burst into an imbecile titter as the boy was being led from the tent. It was the one spark needed to set Jack's temper really ablaze. Breaking from the major's grip, he pounced on the offender like a cat. Marchbanks, a scented dandy of the "eyeless brigade," was seated in a low wicker chair, one drapelet leg crossed over the other. In a trice Jack had seized his patent-leather boots and cap and pinned him backwards, chair and all, in a heap. A couple of mighty spans on Mr. Marchbank's skin-tight expressibles and half a siphon of soda-water squirted down his immaculate collar served to warn him to let angry men get well out of earshot in future before he giggled. "It was also a lesson to the rest. To look at Jack—Fighting Jack now—it seemed as if he were meditating running amuck through the whole mess-tent, landing out right and left, even as he smiled.

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**CHAPTER 1.**

**THE ACCUSATION.**  
"TOLD! There's something here I don't understand!" Lieutenant Ulyett's words rang out so clear and sharp everywhere in the mess-tent and out of his chair in surprise, he failed to stare in his direction. At a table in one corner four young officers were seated playing cards. Three still held their hands close to their fingers, but the one had flung his face upwards in surprise. The fourth was Ulyett, one of the best and smartest officers in the West—Lancashire Special Reserve Regiment. The other three players who sat at his in black thence, one

**THE CHEAT!** "Hold! There's something here I don't understand; I say that one of us four is cheating!" Lieutenant Ulyett's words rang sharp and clear through the mess-tent.

had a face as honest as the day, a jaw like a bulldog, and eyes blue as the summer sky. He was Jack Lyon—Fighting Jack, Jolly Jack, Jumping Jack, according to the mood one caught him in. The other two had nothing remarkable in their looks, to distinguish them, except that one was very red and the other equally white, and both were flustered. Monty Lyon was the white-faced one, and he was Jack's cousin. They were both typical officers-boys. They had joined the Royal Wests together, and this was their first "camp-training." "Well, what's up?" demanded Jack, seeing that Ulyett sat knitting his brows as if undecided what course next to pursue. "I refuse to play any more," said the officer stoutly, pushing his chair back from the table to show that what he said he meant.

Jack Lyon rose, bristling like a tiger. For all his jolly, happy-go-lucky nature, he was blessed with a hair-trigger temper which usually landed him into more trouble in a month than falls to most men in a year. "Look here!" he burst out in a voice half-choked with anger. "What the dickens do you mean by that? You're driving at something! Out with it!" His eyes, so genial and kindly when he smiled, were glaring into Ulyett's soul like red-hot gimlets. "I mean what I say!" retorted the other jerkily. "I refuse to play any more! There's some henky, panky going on here which I don't like!" "Henky-panky!" retorted Jack, flinging down his own cards and clenching his fists. Ulyett was his senior, and to punch his head would mean a court-martial

and disgrace and all the rest of it, but, by George— "You blackguard!" he spluttered. "Do you mean to insinuate that we're cheating?" "I don't insinuate that you are cheating," replied Ulyett sternly, laying emphasis on the "you." "But you do!" roared Jack. "And if you don't, you're hitting at Monty, my cousin. We're the only two that have won your dirty money to-night! Calverton hasn't taken a soul here! Don't hold me, you fellows! Let me go!" Two or three young brother-officers, knowing the stamp of old Jack Lyon was when he was roused, had risen a restraining hand upon his sleeve. But he shook them off. "Go on, Ulyett! Out with it! Say what's in your mind, or, by James, I'll make you!" he said fiercely, crossing to where the accused sat, arms folded and brows black.

"Here, catch hold of him, some of you!" called out the major. "Lend a hand, Monty! Let's get the young ass out of this!" Jack's cousin, who had not opened his lips during all this hullabaloo, rallied to his aid with two or three more pals, and Jack was swept out of the door and away up the lines. Here he was bundled in and capzined on his cot, protesting, and still grappling with his escort like a tiger. Suddenly his struggles ceased and his limbs relaxed. Much relieved, his friends straightened their backs, panting with their exertions. "That's right!" Cool old major Jack said kindly. "Trust to me to see this matter sifted to the dregs. You stay here for a time and get your wind, I'll send your man to light the lantern." The tent all this time had been

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# The Most Popular School Story.

## THE RIVALS OF ST. WODE'S



THIS HAS TAKEN PLACE.  
The Cornish lad who had been a schoolmaster at St. Wode's, arrived there in a carriage with his wife and two children, and was followed by a number of his former pupils. He was met by the headmaster of the school, and the two friends embraced each other warmly. The headmaster then led him to the school, and they walked through the corridors and classrooms. The headmaster pointed out the various rooms and the progress of the school since his departure. The visitor was much pleased with the results, and they parted in mutual friendship.

On the afternoon Pen is asked to join in a football practice match, but he is a footballer who has been playing for some time, and he is not in the best of health. He declines the offer, and the match is played without him. The headmaster is disappointed, but he understands Pen's position and does not press the matter.

On the morning of the match, Pen is feeling better, and he decides to go. He is met by his friends, and they all go to the field. The match is a close one, and Pen plays a good game. He is much pleased with his own performance, and he is congratulated by his friends.

Benny's Trust.  
Blagden, biting his lips, retired. Hawke really looked as if he would kick him off the field if he did not go. "Love, you know! He must be!" said Lord Lovell, who had followed him to the spot. "Pen, old man, you are hurt."

"No," he said bravely, "not such! I can go on! Just give me a hand to get up."  
"It was a beastly fall," said the man, "but that's all over. Bagford-Bagford—or whatever his name is, it was a awful deal. What?"

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The fellows did not need a second invitation. They came crowding into the shop, and as word passed round the quad, that Lord Lovell was standing there, fellows came from all sides in great numbers.

The little shop was soon crammed. Pen and Bunny were jammed against the counter by the flowing tide of juniors. Mrs. Bramble's good things were handed out as fast as the good dame's hands could move. The juniors crowded eagerly as they hurried up to be served.

"My word!" said Bunny. "This is ripping! I wish we had a vicount coming to St. Wode's every day!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Ho, ho, ho!"

"Go it!" he said. "Oh, go it, you know! Honour! My sure?"  
"Ginger pop this way?"  
"Jam-facts, please!"  
"Doughnuts! Doughnuts! Hurry up!"  
"Cake—jam cake!"

There was a bustling and exclaiming at the door. A crowd of red-faced juniors fresh from the football ground were crowding in. The fellows already crammed in the little tuckshop protested vigorously.

"Sup it up!"  
"Oh, take it!"  
"Oh, take it!"  
"Oh, take it!"

The footballers crammed in. There was a snoring and a laughing in the little shop. Bamford and Skeat and Corton, sticking close together, forced their way through the crowd, and stamped to pin Pen against the counter, so that he could hardly move.

"I say, go easy, you know," said Bunny. "You're causing my friend inconvenience, don't you see. Go easy! What?"  
"Ginger pop?" said Bamford.  
"Get out of the way, Penwyn!"  
"Check of these scholarship chaps," said Skeat.

"Yes, rather!"  
Pen's eyes flashed.  
"Please don't push me," he said quietly.

But they were not prepared for Dick Penwyn's next move. A siphon of soda-water stood on the counter close to him. Dick Penwyn seized it, and turned it upon the three grinning juniors.

"Who!"  
"Zi-z-i-z-i-z-i!"  
"O! Grog!" roared Bamford.  
"Grog in grog!"  
"First in Bamford's face, and then in Skeat's, and then in Corton's, flew the stream of hissing liquid water. They staggered back a little, allowing the other fellows in their attempts to escape from the hissing stream.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Bunny. Bamford made a spring at Pen; but the hissing soda-water caught him fairly in the eye, and he staggered back.

"Grog!"  
"You!"  
"Verosh!"

The three wretched, dripping juniors staggered weakly away. With such was the soda-siphon was exhausted.

But Bamford & Co. were struggling out of the tuckshop. They were followed by wild yells of laughter from the juniors. Even their own friends were yelling with merriment. Bamford & Co. looked like half-drowned rats as they emerged from the crowd into the quadrangle, panting and drenched and furious.

"Oh, lovely!" gasped Bunny. "Ha, ha, ha!"  
Dick Penwyn grinned as he set down the siphon. There were many other fellows in the crowd who felt fully inclined to push and hustle him. But they did not do so. The punishment of Bamford and Corton and Skeat was a warning to them; and, considering the crowd, the Cornish lad was given plenty of room.

When that famous treat was over, and Mrs. Bramble had Lord Lovell an account for three pounds ten shillings, the juniors gasped. They had never heard of a junior paying out a sum like that before.

Lord Lovell did not seem surprised. He opened a little leather case, and

selected a five-pound note from a wad of others, and laid it on the counter. The fellows snappily gasped at the sight of the banknotes. There was no doubt that Bunny was wonderfully well provided with money; and it was not surprising that many fellows, whose pocket-money ranged from a shilling to five shillings a week, looked upon the owner of those banknotes as a fellow whose acquaintance was worthy to be cultivated.

That Lovell preferred Pen to any other fellow at St. Wode's was simply amazing. But he certainly did. He would stroll out of the tuckshop with his arm linked in Pen's, when he might have linked it in any arm in the Fourth that he had cared to choose. The fellows generally set him down as a soft in consequence. Lord Lovell might be a little soft in some respects, but in his friendship for Dick Penwyn he showed a judgment that nobody else in the St. Wode's Fourth possessed. For he recognized in Pen a lad who was honest and brave, and true and generous—who was a gentleman, in fact, in every true sense of the word, and all the more so because he was young in the labouring with the foot for that, he was not fit to be admitted. He had been admitted, and the rest followed of course.

(Another grand instalment next week)

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Study-mates.  
M. R. BUSH stopped Lord Lovell when he was leaving the Fourth after lessons that day. There was an agreeable smile upon Mr. Bush's face, as three always was when he spoke to Lord Lovell. On all occasions, as agreeable a smile as Mr. Bush could possibly work up on his disagreeable features. In spite of the most amiable intentions, Mr. Bush's odd nature would show itself in his ranging tones and his ill-natured manner.

"Goodnight, Lovell," he said, "if you please."  
"Certainly, Mr. Gorse," said Bunny, pausing at the master's desk. Mr. Bush smiled in a sickly way. He had just followed in the Fourth had called him Mr. Gorse, the offender would certainly have been roused. But a vicount, in Mr. Bush's opinion, was entitled to make little mistakes like that if he chose.

"Your study has not yet been assigned to you," said Mr. Bush. "I have had quite forgotten!"  
"You are very kind, sir," said Mr. Bush. "I think I shall give you your choice."

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"Get off the field!" exclaimed Hawke, in a voice of thunder. Blagden, biting his lips, retired. Hawke really looked as if he would kick him off if he did not go.

"Yes, rather!"  
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Our Special Complete Tale.

# HORACE TADPOLE'S TRICK

A Tale of Gordon Gay & Co. - By PROSPER HOWARD.

**CHAPTER I.**  
**Our Black Eye.**

**G**ORDON GAY'S handsome face was flushed a deep crimson, and he looked extremely aggressive as he faced the crowd of fourteen juniors in his study at Hydecombe Grammar School. "I don't care if Mr. Sharpe is a master, I think he's a blessed cad," he said wrathfully.

"And so say all of us!" asserted Frank Monk, leader of Gordon Gay's rival trio, but now—with his chums, Lane and Carboy—a more or less fearful visitor to Study 13.

Gordon Gay took another stern look at the straggled junior standing nervously before him. "I think he's an absolute outsider," he repeated. "Nobody but a cad would scrag a dummy like Taddy, and now—"

"Really, Gay," interrupted the subject of Gordon Gay's championing. "I don't think you need talk like that. It isn't as though I didn't remonstrate with Mr. Sharpe when he blacked my eyes."

"Bah! Remonstrate!"

Horace Tadpole, the artistic junior, and commonly known as the General Nuisance of the Fourth Form, blinked indignantly at the six juniors standing interestedly before him.

"I did remonstrate with him," he said. "I will explain to you exactly what happened. I was putting the finishing touches to my latest masterpiece when somebody opened the door. As it happens, the door wasn't shut, it was ajar."

"A jar, dummy?" interrupted Harry Wootton, with a grin.

Horace Tadpole nodded his head.

"Yes," he replied. "I suppose Mr. Sharpe didn't think it necessary to knock on the door because it was ajar."

"What do you mean, fishhead?" said Harry Wootton. "You don't imagine that we think that blessed door is a jar, do you?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Frank Monk. "Old Taddy thinks it's a jampjar."

Horace Tadpole blinked patiently with his left eye, which appeared to be assuming all the colours of the rainbow.

"You are purposely misunderstanding me, Wootton," he said. "You have surely heard of a door being ajar before now?"

Harry Wootton winked at the grinning juniors.

"Yes," he replied. "I did once. I heard another lunatic say so."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, Wootton," said Horace Tadpole, when the laughter of the Grammarians had died down. "I can only put your ignorance down to your having lived for so many years in the wilds of Australia. It is quite a common expression in the British Isles to say that a door is ajar. It means that it is not quite shut."

"Go home!"

"Yes. And I am surprised that you haven't heard of a door being ajar before now in—"

"Oh, dry up, dummy!" interrupted Gordon Gay. "Cut the cackle and come to the losses!"

Tadpole applied a handkerchief very tenderly to his injured eye, and then resumed his story.

"Well," he said, "you chaps know how anxious I was to get my masterpiece finished to-day—"

"But not on with the yarn,"

"All right, Gay, don't shout like that. I want you to understand that I was so engrossed with my painting that I failed to hear Mr. Sharpe come into the study. He evidently addressed me three or four times before I heard; and then, when he shouted out my name right in my ear, I turned round suddenly."

"You dummy!" roared Gordon Gay.

Horace Tadpole made another dash at his injured eye, but ignored his study-leader's remark.

"I beg pardon," he said. "My head continued to spin, and I placed my large paintbrush in my mouth; and unfortunately, in turning, the brush went right into Mr. Sharpe's face—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

"It was so comical, and so very vermillion," said Tadpole, after a pause. "And I suppose Mr. Sharpe forgot himself."

Gordon Gay & Co. and Frank Wootton & Co. stifled their laughter to listen to the remainder of the story.

"Go on," spluttered Gordon Gay.

"What happened when he tasted the vermillion paint?"

"Well, he caught me roughly by the collar and pushed me right through my masterpiece."

"Ha, ha—er, I mean, go on!"

"I remonstrated with him on his extremely rough treatment, and then he made another grab at me, and—"

"And—"

"And—"

"And—"

"I tried to explain to him," said Tadpole, after a pause, "but he wouldn't listen, and he stamped out of the study he told me to do five hundred lines for rank impertinence."

"My hat!"

"Five hundred!"

"The cad!"

"A master, too!"

"He ought to be jailed!"

Such were the comments which the eloquent juniors grunted out as Horace Tadpole finished his narrative. It was Gordon Gay who reverted to the last expression, and for a moment or two there was a frown on his handsome face.

"My only aunt," he said at last, "I think I have it! If we work properly this afternoon I think we will make old Sharpe feel sorry that he ever knocked Taddy about."

"Make him sorry?"

"Yes," replied Gordon Gay. "If he has any decent feeling he should think he'd be sorry that he lost his dummy Taddy to, and—"

"Really, Gay," interrupted the General Nuisance, making an affectionate dash at his eye.

"Well, he ought to know what a

howling dummy you are if he doesn't!" said Gordon Gay, with a laugh.

"But what about making him sorry?" growled Frank Monk.

"What's the worse? We don't mind helping you for once. Do we, chaps?"

Lane and Carboy grinned, and nodded their heads.

"Thanks!" laughed Gordon Gay. "It's a jolly well unless every kid in the Form helped it."

"Every kid?" gasped the juniors, in surprise.

Gordon Gay grinned.

"Yes," he said. "Just squat down for half a sec, and listen."

"Tadpole! Simpson! Smith! Murton! Robinson!"

One by one the heads bobbed up, and each junior revealed a similarly injured-looking eye.

"Boys!" he roared.

"And the remainder of the thirty Fourth-Formers raised their heads with a jerk."

"What's the meaning of this?"

"The meaning of what, sir?" said Gordon Gay mockingly.

Mr. Sharpe spluttered angrily.

"What's the meaning of this? Have you all been fighting like a lot of hooligans? Have you all received injuries to your left eyes? Have—"

"Our left eyes, sir?"

"Gay," roared the Fourth Form-master, "don't let me have any impertinence! Come out here, sir!"

Gordon Gay heard the murmur that rolled round the classroom and he knew that he could rely on the support of the Form. The young Australian's face bore a grim expression of stolidness as he stepped up to Mr. Sharpe's table.

"Now then, Gay," snapped the Third Form-master, "where did this ruffianly fight take place, and when?"

"Fight, sir?"

"Yes, fight, you young hooligan!" roared Mr. Sharpe. "I will know what has happened."

Gordon Gay, with difficulty smoothed a grin.

door interrupted the Third Form-master, and the new master, Mr. Monk, who had just entered the room, walked over to the table. Mr. Sharpe looked at the table with a somewhat surprised expression, and it was Mr. Monk who actually spoke the words.

"What's the meaning of this?" he asked, in the meantime of the conversation.

"Kvoxy boy with black eye?"

Mr. Sharpe put the pointer down on his desk, and looked at Gordon Gay to see if he meant to say "I have been fighting like a lot of hooligans." "But, I regret to say, we had

Head-master and Form-master stared at one another for a moment, and there was immediately a stifling sound from the ceiling, which was a fluttering and bursting of lambswool, and the object of the amazement of the Form. The young Australian's face bore a grim expression of stolidness as he stepped up to Mr. Sharpe's table.

"New then, Gay," snapped the Third Form-master, "where did this ruffianly fight take place, and when?"

"Fight, sir?"

"Yes, fight, you young hooligan!" roared Mr. Sharpe. "I will know what has happened."

Gordon Gay, with difficulty smoothed a grin.

"I suppose you did it with theatrical make-up paint?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you will all do two hundred lines to-night. Tadpole will do five hundred, as he appears to be carrying the joke further than the rest of you."

Horace Tadpole blinked in amazement.

"Really, sir, I—"

"Tadpole," roared Mr. Monk, "remove that black eye!"

"I can't! I—"

"Say, remove that black eye, boy!"

"That it's a real one, Mr.—"

Horace Tadpole stopped smiling as Mr. Sharpe whiplashed another in the head-master's ear, and the next moment, to the amazement of the whole class, the Head and his assistant-master walked out of the room.

Gordon Gay & Co. gazed at Mr. Sharpe as he went to explain to Mr. Monk how Tadpole had seen by his injury, and that they were wrong in their estimate as proved by the fact that within five minutes Mr. Sharpe, looking extremely angry, had returned, and in a few moments broke the news that all the impertinences, including Horace Tadpole's, were cancelled by order of his head-master.

"That afternoon tea in Study 13 was quite a banquet, and Gordon Gay was complimented by Frank Monk & Co. on his successful management of the bullying Form-master of the Third."

The leader of Study 13 leaned back in his chair, with a grin.

"I've told you kids about a thousand times," he said. "It is not me who deserves the credit of it. After all, it was Taddy who got the black eye, and so I think I ought to say that it was Horace Tadpole's trick."

And the rival trio agreed with Gordon Gay for once.

(Author of these amazing complete school stories: "The Wreck of the 'Hesperus' School Steamer," by Prosper Howard.)

**CHAPTER 2.**  
**Thirty Black Eyes.**

**W**HEN Mr. Sharpe, the Third Form-master at Hydecombe Grammar School, entered the Fourth-Form classroom to take the geography lesson for the first hour that afternoon he found Gordon Gay & Co., Frank Monk & Co., and the other juniors of the Fourth Form all in their places.

Mr. Sharpe was the most unpopular master at Hydecombe, although he was an extremely clever man, and often took classes other than his own Third Form for different subjects. He was a regular martinet for discipline, and carried his ruling to such an extreme that the high-spirited

"There hasn't been a fight, has there, sir?" he said, turning half-way round and regarding the grinning, black-eyed juniors. Tadpole was the only one not grinning, and he was engaged making frequent dabs at his injured eye.

Mr. Sharpe picked up a pointer, and looked sternly at Gay.

"You know very well there has been a fight!" he said slowly. "I wish to know where the fight took place, and who the boys were who were responsible for it."

"I didn't know there had been a fight, sir," replied Gordon Gay. "I know that Taddy—er—I mean, Tadpole received a black eye in an engagement. That happened in our study."

"Swish!"

Mr. Sharpe brought his pointer down on Gordon Gay's desk with a suddenness that made the Australian junior cry in alarm.

"Take that, you young—"

Tap, tap!

A sharp knock on the classroom



"I suppose Mr. Sharpe forgot himself," said Tadpole. "When he tasted the vermillion paint he caught me roughly by the collar, and pushed me right through my masterpiece!"

juniors of the Fourth Form resented his behaviour towards them, and were at times inclined to show open revolt.

However, Mr. Sharpe raised his eyes now in considerable surprise as he stamped into the classroom and found every youngster with his head resting on his folded arms on the desk.

"Boys!" he cried.

But not a head moved.

Gordon Gay jerked his head up in pretended surprise, and then Mr. Sharpe gave another start, for the leader of Study 13 dived across the classroom through a beautiful blue-black eye. Nevertheless, the Third Form-master recovered from his astonishment in a moment, and stamping his foot angrily to the floor, roared in stentorian tones:

"Monk! Lane! Carboy!"

The three juniors bobbed their heads one by one, and revealed three more beautifully coloured eyes.

Mr. Sharpe went white in the face. "Wootton major and minor!" he

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remember you with affection. And you will have the knowledge, Ethel, that during your stay here you have done good to at least one person."

The next morning Cousin Ethel was to leave St. Freda's, and it was with mingled feelings that the girl prepared for her departure. She had received a letter from her cousin at St. Jim's, who had been informed of her coming departure, to the effect that she and Figgins had obtained leave, and would be over to take her to the station. And promptly at the time appointed, a smart trolley drove into the gateway of St. Freda's, and whisked up the drive, and stopped before the School House door.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and Figgins descended, hat in hand, to greet her.

Cousin Ethel welcomed them.

Dolores stood on the step, watching them.

The Spanish girl's heart seemed to be in her eyes. In spite of all the efforts of her pride, two big tears wetted her black eyelashes.

"Adios, Ethel mia!"

"Good-bye, Dolores—"

"Bai Jove! Say so wroive, but not scoby, by, you know," said Arthur Augustus.

And the sweet voice, standing by to the hearing of Dolores, flatted by the school steps.

"Ah, wroiv!"

**THE END.**

The conclusion of this charming Tale.

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\* **COUSIN ETHEL'S** \*  
\* **SCHOOLDAYS.** \*  
\* **by** \*  
\* **Martin Clifford.** \*  
\* **Leaving St. Freda's.** \*  
\* **YES, indeed.** My mother is well again—and home."  
"I am so glad," said Dolores.  
"And as going home to her," tried Ethel gaily.  
Then she paused suddenly, struck by the expression upon the face of the Spanish girl.

She was glad to go home—to be with her mother again—to take up her old life as she had let it. But—she had grown fond of St. Freda's, too—she had grown to love the place, and the girls there, especially Dolores.  
It would not be all pleasure to leave, after all.  
"So you are glad to go, Ethel?" said Dolores, in a low voice.  
"I am glad to go to my mother again," said Ethel slowly.  
"And not sorry to leave us?"  
"Of course I am sorry," Dolores smiled ironically.  
"You do not look very sorry," Ethel said.  
Ethel's face became very grave.  
"I had not thought, for a moment, about what I should be leaving."

she said quietly. "I was so pleased with the news about my mother. But I am very, very angry to be leaving you, Dolores—and you must come and stay with me the first holiday."  
Dolores's face softened.  
"You are right, Ethel," she exclaimed, "and I am selfish and bitter. But—but I shall miss you so much."  
Miss Folford sent for Ethel to come into her study, and greeted her very affectionately.  
She had a letter on her desk, and Ethel knew why she was sent for.  
"You are leaving St. Freda's," said Miss Folford. "I am very sorry, Ethel. We shall all miss you. If you return to us we shall all be glad; in any case, we shall always

remember you with affection. And you will have the knowledge, Ethel, that during your stay here you have done good to at least one person."  
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